Pretty Boy

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating</th>
<th>Mature</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning</td>
<td>Graphic Depictions Of Violence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category</td>
<td>M/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom</td>
<td>Harry Potter - Fandom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship</td>
<td>Harry Potter/Severus Snape, Sirius Black/Remus Lupin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character</td>
<td>Severus Snape, Harry Potter, Albus Dumbledore, Remus Lupin, Sirius Black</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags</td>
<td>Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con, Implied/Referenced Prostitution, Those tags only matter in the first two chapters nothing explicit, Referenced only, Mpreg - Last Chapter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collections</td>
<td>Soullessgothic's collection of stories to read later, already read, Harry Potter Collections (MxM)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats</td>
<td>Published: 2013-09-27 Completed: 2013-10-07 Chapters: 55/55 Words: 159143</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Pretty Boy

by DebsTheSlytherinSnapeFan

Summary

Harry runs from the wizarding world, after two weeks attending Hogwarts. Running away and leaving behind the Dursley's and a manipulative Headmaster. He makes a life for himself, he was now just a normal man with no expectations heaped upon him. Then, at the age of nineteen help finds him in the form of Severus Snape or rather Harry helps him. Together they get revenge on those who hurt and manipulated them. Severus/Harry Sirius/Remus together the four of them will work together to bring and end to the war. Using all and any means possible, means the light side wouldn't approve of.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Harry walked out of his small flat, closing the door behind him, fighting with the key hole just to get his door locked. Cursing under his breath, he grunted and with a particularly vicious twist, he grinned in triumph, before walking away, pocketing his keys. He’d been meaning to get it seen to, unfortunately those kind of expenses weren’t freely available to use on doors. Having run away from Hogwarts at the age of eleven, he’d been doing what he had to do - to survive. For the first few months, he’d actually been on the streets. Until a woman, Andrea, was kind enough to take him in, they’d gone hungry more days than not, but Harry hadn’t cared. He had a roof over his head, he got more than he usually did at the Dursley’s, and he considered it a win. At the age of twelve he had begun helping Andrea, bringing in more money. Him being younger, people were willing to part with more money. Yes it was horrible thought, but Harry standing here at the age of nineteen would do it all over again. Unfortunately Andrea was no longer among the living. She’d gone out one night…and never returned her face had been on the news a few nights later. Turned out she had parents, who’d missed her a great deal, and her name had not been Andrea at all. Since then he’d been living in the flat himself, paying for it alone. It’s why he had taken a part time job in the local supermarket; he’d been there now for two years. He had cheated to get the job, using magic to create documents he’d need and it had rendered him unconscious for a day afterwards. Harry found it extremely difficult to cast magic, and so did not push past his limits, which he’d found the hard way.

Now outside he breathed the fresh air, he had been in this life for eight years and he was now nineteen years old, living his life as much as he could. With barley two pennies to rub together it was fine by him, he loved being in a place where he had no expectations. He had hardly thought about the world he had left behind or the Dursley’s.

Unbeknown to Harry, his life was about to change tonight.

It was pitch black outside, with only the street lights glowing to cast any light on the street. He stopped and leaned against the wall, this was his usual spot, and a few streets up he saw Jordan. Nodding his head at her, he waited patiently, it was something he’d learned, especially during the rather long and dull nights where he didn’t get lucky. That was usually during winter, when nobody wanted to be outside, never mind looking for ‘company’ so to speak.

Harry’s face remained impassive; shaking his head was his only sign of irritation. It really was going to be a long night; Jordan had got lucky, as she was no longer there. Just then he heard what could only be described as a backfiring car, he moved into the shadows and round the corner. His green eyes, glowing slightly as he observed the sight before him. Three men were standing around a figure on the ground; his body was shaking so he was obviously conscious.

“Enjoy your stay in hell.” sneered one the deceitfully dulcet voice. They were dressed from head to foot in black. Robes he’d recognize them anywhere, they had masks on their faces, and the only thing Harry could tell one from the other was the hair. Long blonde locks fell in waves down one of their backs.

“Let’s get out of here.” grimaced another looking around shuddering in obvious disgust.
“I agree Nott, I don’t want to spend another second here.” agreed the third voice, and before Harry’s eyes they disappeared. It was the same way he had been able to get away from Hogwarts, when he was younger. The man in the gutter continued to shake, but he made no sound.

Harry shook his head; he did not want to get involved with the magical world. Whoever it was would just have to wake up, and go... wherever he stayed. Or go to the magical equivalent of a hospital, his life was uncomplicated and that’s the way it would remain. Harry walked away in the opposite direction, making his way home. His flat was only a few blocks from where he stood, but a moan of agony from the man in the gutter made Harry’s step falter.

Groaning in exasperation he made his way back over to him, he couldn’t see him properly but he did look severely injured. Someone magical like him would freak if they woke up in a Muggle hospital wouldn’t they? Cursing at himself, he levitated the man wandlessly and wordlessly, just sheer wish magic. He wasn’t strong enough to be able to carry him back to the flat.

Looking around, grateful for the darkness cloaking them both, he went as fast as he could. He could already feel his magic draining, entering the building, he was very grateful for the first time he was on the ground floor. Keeping the unconscious bloody man afloat, he yanked his key into the hole, and turned it only to be met with resistance.

“Damn it!” growled Harry, continuing to twist it. "Come on." Harry moaned as he tried to open the door to his flat, the lock was being stubborn again and was refusing to let the key turn. Thankfully it finally opened, as a door slammed from the floor above him, gasping in panic as he got the man into the flat before he slammed the door shut. Just as his neighbour that had slammed the door on the floor above came down to the ground floor. Harry let out a sigh of relief, a second later the man would have seen him levitating the wizard that he had rescued.

Floating him through to his sparsely furnished bedroom, he let the magic stop. Leaving him he went through to his kitchen, and begun hunting for the first aid kit. Grabbing the green box, putting on the kettle, he quickly made his way back to his bedroom. Then began meticulously, began removing the clothes from the injured wizard. Which was by the way, much more difficult than one would imagine he had around one thousand buttons to undo. He left the wizard’s underwear on, he realized his bedding was covered in blood; he would have to throw them out. There was no way he could remove the blood.

The kettle had bound to have boiled by now, despite the fact that too was on the Fritz. Turning the tap on, he let the cold water fill the basin half way, before pouring in the boiling water from the kettle. Testing it to make sure it wouldn’t burn him, or the strange wizard. Nodding in satisfaction, grabbing a towel, he carried the basin through and placed in on his set of drawers. Wiping the gushing wound on his stomach first, he placed his hand over the wound. The blood seeped through his fingers, coating them in the red liquid. Closing his eyes he willed the wound to heal, pushing what magic he dared into it. Feeling it coursing through him, doing what he wanted it to then once it had done its task, it stopped. Wiping away the blood he smirked in satisfaction, it had closed completely. He repeated the processes with two of the worst slashes; these ones were bigger and much deeper.

Harry was sweating by the time he’d finished; with shaking hands he cleaned the rest of the wizard. Bandaging the rest of his less severe wounds, which were many, the others had either left him there to die or wanted him to suffer. He had an odd tattoo on his arm, a skull with a snake tongue spouting from it. He could sense the magic within it, a magical tattoo? Shrugging, he wiped his face and gaped in shock. He’d recognize that face anywhere, swallowing thickly, of all people it had to be him.
Professor Severus Snape.

Self consciously, despite the fact the man was unconscious he flattened his fringe. He’d need to glamour it, or maybe put make up on it, the wizard might be able to sense magic, so maybe he should actually. He continued to grumble about the unfairness of life, as he cleaned the rest of him up. Seriously, of all the people in the world he had to help, it had to be one he knew. Someone up there had something against him, it was official.

“I hope you are worth this,” scowled Harry to the unconscious wizard. A scowl that was rather familiar, since it usually sat on Snape’s face. Looking at his clock he shook his head, there was no point in going out now, it would be daylight soon. Looking down at his hands, he realized he needed a shower desperately.

Leaving Snape, he walked into his bathroom, and stripped out of the rather revealing clothes. Scrubbing himself until he was a wrinkled prune, he stepped out of the way of the spray and lathed shampoo into his hair before going back under.

Stepping out of the bath, he began drying himself sighing in irritation. He knew he was going to regret this. Helping the man, someway, somehow he was indeed going to regret it. He just had that feeling in his stomach, he’d had it the day he overheard those two talking…damn it. Having him there was making him remember, he didn’t want that. Cursing once more under his breath he grabbed his pyjamas and left his room. Sitting on the couch, he flung the small blanket over him, and put the TV on hoping to distract himself.

Not long after, Harry found himself dozing off, using all that magic to heal Snape had exhausted him completely. Yawning, and despite his weariness his eyes began closing until unconsciousness claimed him.

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Harry woke up abruptly, clambering of the chair, looking through his bedroom and found to his horror it hadn’t been a dream. Rubbing his eyes warily, he went through to the kitchen only to realize he had absolutely nothing in. He would need to feed Snape something, even if it was just a can of soup until he was well enough to Apparate. His mind made up, he wandered through to the toilet, removing the lid from the cistern and removed the waterproof container. Unscrewing it he took out a twenty pound note, before replacing the rest. It was enough for his rent, but the money he had right now, had to do for food, gas and electricity until he got paid in a week.

Snape would hopefully stay unconscious while he was away; judging from the blood he’d lost it was a safe bet. Swiping his keys from the TV he closed the door and prayed the lock wouldn’t give him trouble. Some god must have taken pity, since it locked without a hint of resistance.

Harry rubbed at his neck; it ached like crazy from sleeping on the couch. It was a small one and Harry wasn’t a young boy anymore. Wincing as the pain flared, he removed his hand and painfully stretched his neck, getting the kinks out.

Ten minutes later he entered the supermarket, taking a basket he didn’t dally, not that he ever did. Putting tins of soup into it, his favourites, chicken and oxtail, but found himself in the mood for some vegetable soup. Some bread, milk and butter were added in, as well as a small bottle of foundation, before he went to the check outs. Working there ensured a small discount, which reduced the price. Forgoing small talk, he merely said goodbye and left the shop and returning to his apartment.

His houseguest was still asleep, when he went to check on him. Making himself something to eat, he kept some food nearby, just in case Snape woke up. Once he’d eaten he placed the make up on his
Severus Snape groaned in agony as pain seemed to radiate from absolutely ever bone in his body. What the hell had he done to upset the Dark Lord this time? There was something off, no smell of bleach in the hospital wing and this bed…wasn’t helping matters either. He could swear the springs were purposely digging into his back to hurt him. Opening his eyes, they widened in complete horror. Sitting up he bit his own lip to stop the scream from emanating from him. He was bandaged, like a bloody Muggle. To top it off he only had his boxers on, where were his clothes? He’d never been more humiliated before in his life. The Dark Lord had actually ordered them to drop him off in the Muggle world. His entire body froze, he wasn’t capable of moving, at all, the pain was too much.

“How are you feeling?”

Severus’ eyes met the man’s before him; he could sense magic around him. He was genuinely surprised he wasn’t in Azkaban or thrown out. The Dark Mark was laid bare for all to see, much to his disgust. He hated looking at the damn thing, a constant reminder of the mistake he’d made as a teenager. One he’d tried to atone for, only to be used by two powerful wizards who both through he belonged to. He was no ones, and he wished he could show them that. Unfortunately he couldn’t, as a Slytherin; he knew when to back down. To stay alive and out of Azkaban, he had to let them both think he was loyal to them. He had dark green eyes, filled with worldly knowledge. Old before his time, he should know it’s the same look he had in his own eyes at the age of seventeen. Why was he healed by Muggle means if the man was magical? Maybe he didn’t know, but that was stupid really.

Taking a good look around the room, he realized it was more than possible the boy’s parents hadn’t been able to afford it. If they could, they certainly wouldn’t let him live this way would they? Not that he thought it was wrong or bad, he’d grown up in a room similar to this. In a small house in Spinners End.

“Are you hungry?” asked Harry arching an eyebrow, he wasn’t about to let himself be intimidated. He wasn’t eleven years old anymore, so he stood his ground, remaining impassive as the man glared at him.

The glare softened, before he grimaced in pain “Yes,” he replied grudgingly. He didn’t think he’d be able to eat anything though truth be told. He just thanked his lucky stars he wasn’t in a blasted Muggle hospital.

“Would you like a few painkillers?” asked Harry. They weren’t very strong but they’d at least take the edge of.

“Where are my clothes?” demanded Severus.

“I was going to wash them,” said Harry coldly, furious at being spoken in such a manner when all he was doing was helping him.

“Don’t bother, give them to me.” said Severus.

“Get them yourself.” snapped Harry, the sheer nerve of the man! No wonder they’d beaten him up and left him there. He’d obviously said something to the wrong person and paid the price for it. Slamming the door violently behind him, breathing through his nose, praying his magic didn’t react.

Stomping to the kitchen, he dumped the contents of soup into the pan and began heating it. Harshly stirring it causing some to fly out of the pan and onto the hob. Breathing deeply, controlling his
anger, not letting it control him. Pouring the soup into a bowl, he removed a few slices of bread, grabbed a spoon before placing it all on the tray.

Balancing the tray in one hand, the robes on his shoulder he re-entered the bedroom. Placing the blooded robes on the bed, and far more gently than the man deserved placed the tray across his lap. Then Harry said, “I healed you as best I could, I’m limited to a certain amount of magic. Hopefully it will be enough to let you get back to wherever you are going. There are your robes, eat the food you look like you could use it. Feel free to leave whenever you like.” the ‘as soon as possible’ was left unsaid but certainly understood.

“Wait,” said Severus, grimacing at how low life had brought him, “You can do magic?”

“I believe I did just say that.” said Harry turning back around to face Snape.

Severus grabbed his robes, rummaging in them for something before pulling it out. “Un-shrink this.” said Severus, “Please.” the please was offset by Snape’s screwed up face at having to beg.

Regardless of his look Harry remained impassive and replied, “I cannot. As I said previously I’m limited to the magic I can perform.”

“It is not a difficult charm, can I see if the wand will let me use it?” he knew he was asking something very personal but he really wanted the Potions. He was on fire, shaking still from the repeated exposure to the Cruciatus Curse and passed his endurance. He was simply put - desperate.

“I do not have a wand,” said Harry bluntly, watching the wizard in amusement. He looked half pissed off half completely awed and impressed. He’d never seen such a combination on anyone never mind this man before.

“You healed me…without a wand?” asked Severus gob smacked. This was one hell of a wizard, to think such a powerful man was being denied the magical world because he didn’t have the money.

“I did. You best eat it before it gets cold.” said Harry before leaving the room feeling a little bit better. He wouldn’t let Snape get to him, not that he’d be there for much longer. He’d be out of his hair hopefully tonight or tomorrow morning. He couldn’t miss another night of work, he would have to go out and make some money.

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Harry walked in to find the man once again lying down, the food though was gone. At least the food hadn’t been wasted. He couldn’t afford food as it was without it not being eaten and put in the bin. Taking the empty tray he grabbed his clothes while he was there and left.

He got dressed in the living room, once he was done; he took a glass from the cupboard and filled it with water. Putting a few ice cubes into it, keeping the water colder for longer. He took it through; thankful Snape seemed to be sleeping. His job done he quietly crept out, not seeing the Black eyes open and watching him with sorrow and appreciation - realizing without having to be told just what his… ‘host’ did for a living.

Those people survived and lived, they maybe didn't have much dignity but they did what they had to do to survive. They would all be Slytherins if they were sorted into one of the Hogwarts houses, he knew that, they knew what it took to survive and were cunning enough to see that their life was as long as possible. They were survivalists.

Severus wouldn’t be surprised in the least if the boy was gone all night. He needed to get his money from somewhere, and although he didn’t like the fact that the young man was out there in the cold
dark night. Anything could happen to him, then he would be stuck here, he needed his potions kit un-shrunk.

The Dark Lord and the Death Eaters had been particularly vicious tonight. He could feel a couple of his ribs were broken. There was no way he would get anywhere in that state. If he even attempted to Apparate he’d end up making matters worse, splinching himself in the process.

A young man with no wand, no magical experience had healed him, surely he, Severus Snape, could un-shrink one measly little bag? Determinedly he grabbed it, holding it tightly in his hand wishing with all, his might for it to work. Allowing his magic to travel down to his hand, as though he was making a potion.

Then the world promptly went black as he fell unconscious, unaware that his wish magic had reacted in his favour. The bag was now heavy and bulging with its contents.
The Unexpected Guest Leaves

Pretty Boy

Chapter 2

The Unexpected Guest Leaves

Five o’clock in the morning it was before Harry finally made it back to his flat. Closing the door quietly, he walked through to see how Snape was. He was so very grateful that the wizard was still asleep. He didn’t have a door on his bathroom, and the curtain he had up was clear. His bathroom? Well that was the room right next to his bedroom. You could see into the bathroom from the bed, creeping in, avoiding all the squeaky floorboards. He didn’t want Snape to wake and see him like this, he wasn’t exactly proud of what he did, despite the fact he did it to survive. The fact he knew Snape from before, was making him on edge. The sooner the man left the better in his opinion. Although it was admittedly good being able to look after someone, and just have someone there. Unconscious or not, he would have liked it to be the other way around, he was exhausted emotionally, mentally and to top it off thanks to Snape magically. He’d been on his own for eight years, paying rent and living alone for five. He would of course continue to do what he had to, like always, but only in moments of weakness would he self pity. It wasn’t wrong to want company was it? He was nineteen and for most part, he’d been completely isolated. In his line of work, people weren’t there to talk.

Stepping up into the shower, drawing the curtain back. He silently cursed at himself for being so weak; he didn’t need anyone or anything. He could survive on his own, or so he tried to tell himself. It was much better than the alternative, used and disposed of when he had fulfilled his duty. Shivering slightly, he grabbed the soap and began scrubbing himself vigorously. He didn’t stop until he was red absolutely everywhere.

Leaning against the tiled wall, he sighed tiredly, he ached all over. Shivering when the water suddenly turned cold. Cursing he jumped from the shower, turning it off as he did so. Grabbing a towel he moved over to the small sink and mirror. Once he dried himself of as much as he could, he applied more make-up to hide his scar. Grabbing his brush, he brushed his long hair and put it up in a pony tail, thankful for his fringe for the first time. Popping a few painkillers from their packet, he used the tap water and swallowed them over. Hopefully they’d help him get some sleep as well tonight, err, today he supposed.

Moving off towards the living room, glad his shower hadn’t woken his sleeping companion. He was unguarded asleep; it made his face look almost serene. Nothing like he was awake, he knew better than most what you showed the world, and what you felt was two different things. Sitting on the couch he put on the TV, and begun watching the news. The quite drone of the voices slowly sent him to sleep, before long he knew no more.

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Severus felt the familiar feeling of guilt creeping up on him. He’d been a bastard he knew that, all the young man had done was help him. Yet he’d treated him with distain and still didn’t throw him out. Not many people would have done something like that, the guilt didn’t stem solely from that of course. He had seen the scars on the young man’s back; it spoke of abuse and a bad childhood. He
was all to familiar with that, not just from his own past, but those he’d helped in his capacity as Head of Slytherin house.

He should have guessed really, those from good homes didn’t resort to that. No those that had no choice normally ended up in these situations, broken homes, being thrown out or very bad abuse, that see people preferring the streets or this line of work better than the alternative of staying.

He was absolutely breathtaking despite the scars, no doubt he got enough of being ogled at doing his… job, but he hadn’t been able to look away. It shocked him that someone with so much magical potential had not made it to Hogwarts. How he controlled his magic was anyone’s guess. Accidental magic happened until they learned how to control it. It was as simple as that, yet he seemed to have no problems, even when he was sneering and snarling earlier. Merlin he was dickhead, he had to apologize, it wouldn’t come easy unfortunately. He wasn’t a man who liked to admit he was wrong.

Severus had felt himself stirring in appreciation at the sight of him, making himself feel like an errant school boy. He was thankfully able to control himself before the man exited the shower. Not that he lingered in the room, he went straight back to the living room or maybe his own room? He wasn’t exactly sure; all he could see was this bloody room. The drone of the TV made what energy he had disappear, and against his will his body lost the fight to stay awake longer. In his quest to know more about his ‘host’ he hadn’t realized his potion bag was its normal size.

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Severus woke up with a start once again, looking around the room, he realized it was mostly dark in here, but some light was peeking through the cracks in the curtains. Licking his dry lips, with shaky hands he sat up and took the glass from the nightstand. The water was warm and absolutely dreadful, but his parched lips and dry mouth didn’t care. He guzzled it down like a man who’d just spent ten months in the desert. Only then did he realize just how desperately he needed the toilet.

Grasping at the nightstand, after putting the glass back, he hoisted himself onto his feet. Pursing his lips, stopping the moan of sheer agony getting out. Panting heavily, as nerve ending pain flared all over him. His ribs were definitely broken, how many though would remain to be seen. It certainly wasn’t his week; the bastard had even taken his wand, before they’d been told to Apparate him away. One didn’t need a wand to Apparate, but they sure as hell need it to cast spells to heal themselves or call for aid.

He took a single step at a time, trying not to tense up his body, moving slowly as possible without standing still. He was grateful that the bathroom was only five or six feet away. Although right now, in pain and his bladder seconds from exploding it felt like thousands. He’d been humiliated enough; he was not, under any circumstances going to soil himself. Relief shot through him when the toilet came into view, the lid was already up, and with that he relieved himself, his body still trembling dangerously.

He was used to pain, he could for most part hold his own, and take whatever came his way. Silently too might he add, with the exception of the Cruciatus curse. Nobody in their right mind could remain silent through it, no matter how many years it was cast on you for.

Once he was done, holding on to every available surface or wall, he made his way back to the bed. There was not a speck of blood on him, he prayed the boy had spelled him clean…but he didn’t hold his breath. Which meant he’d cleaned him by hand, he shoved the thoughts from his mind - not wanting to think on it. Then he saw something that made it leave completely… his eyes widened with relief when he saw his bag was large. He all but dived for it, removing the vials he needed. Downing them in one go, and relief shot through him as the pain dulled completely. His black eyes closed in bliss, thank Merlin for potions. He then drank the other potions, Anti-Cruciatus, bone
Looking around the room again, this time without being clouded in agony. He noticed it was extremely bare; it looked like a guest room. Opening the curtain, trying to find out if he could pinpoint exactly where he was. Unfortunately he couldn’t, but the area was severely lacking…it was obviously a harsh part of town. Harsh as in not able to afford a better place but it being a step up from being outside on the streets.

Leaving the room, he looked around curiously, the living room; it was just as bare as the bedroom. A simple TV set that had seen better days, sometimes it turned red he noticed, and it was at least thirty years old. The TV set looked something similar to one his own father had owned when he was a kid. He was pretty sure Muggle technology had advanced greater since then. A couch and a seat, that was pretty much everything in the small room. The boy was sleeping on the couch. Wrapped up in a blue blanket which didn’t even cover him completely.

Staring down at him, he swallowed thickly again; he’d never been so…physically attracted to someone as he was right now. He was stunning, even more so asleep, a smirk twitched at his lips. There weren’t many people who didn’t flinch away from his voice. People were terrified of him, they stuttered or stared away. Never before had anyone younger than himself stood there and talked back. Even those older than him were weary; he’d built up an impeccable reputation in his years of teaching. The only people, who saw behind it, were his Slytherins and even they wouldn’t cross him. He had a backbone; it was an admirable trait to have. One he probably needed with his line of work.

Picking up the discarded blanket, no doubt accidentally, he placed it over the young man. He didn’t even know his name, or age, he wasn’t just physically attracted to him Severus realized. He’d always been attracted to power, but neither Dumbledore nor Voldemort would do anything for him. But this young man, he could mould him; teach him things that Dumbledore certainly wouldn’t approve of. He certainly didn’t deserve to miss out on the awesome things his magic would be capable of. Heal, he actually healed him, he was utterly god smacked. Inches from his face, Severus pulled back when he realized what he was doing.

Making a beeline for the bedroom, he closed it cursing himself for his reactions. It was his own fault for his self imposed celibacy. Shivering in cold, belated realizing he’d been walking around nearly starkers with nothing but boxers on. He grabbed his clothes and dressed himself, taking care not to jolt his ribs too much. He noticed they had rips in them, but there were no wounds, it must have been where he healed them. There was no scar, no indication that magic had been used to heal them either.

Sitting back down on the bed he yawned, he was still exhausted despite the potions. Perhaps he should have taken a pepper up potion, but decided to wait until he was leaving. He couldn’t just go without telling the boy he was, he’d been a prick and had to apologize before he left.

Harry murmured unhappily, his brain wakening up before his body wanted to. Putting his arm over his eyes, blocking out the light. At least in his room he didn’t get so much light like this. His stomach growled fiercely, no doubt Snape was starving too. Soup was nice but it didn’t fill you up the way a proper meal did. The bread helped but he didn’t always have the money to afford it.

Harry shuffled over to the kitchen, opening two tins of chicken soup and placing it on the hob. Flipping the hot water on, no doubt Snape would want a shower or bath; at least then his body would feel a little better. He knew how soothing a bath was when you were sore. Sore was actually an understatement in this case, he had tended to the man as much as he could. He knew just how
badly he was still injured, at least three of his ribs felt broken. Harry was pretty sure a bone at the top of Snape’s arm was broken also.

Stirring the soup, wondering why the hell he was doing this when the arsehole was an ungrateful, moody, surly, prejudice, childish…bastard. He must be an idiot; Snape certainly wouldn’t have done it for him if the roles were reversed. No doubt he’d laugh at him mocking his vulnerability. Was he trying to prove he wasn’t anything like Snape and his father? Or was he just trying to be the better man? No he had been helping him before he found out who it was. He wasn’t a bad guy; he wouldn’t leave anyone in pain, or in the gutter for that matter.

The smell of burning brought him out of his musing, “Damn!” cursed Harry removing it from the hob. He sighed as he poured half into the bowl, he only had one so he’d need to use the pan. Removing a few slices of bread from the package he went through to the room.

“You’re awake,” said Harry, placing the food on the bed, he was fully dressed no doubt the man would be leaving tonight. Strangely enough…Harry felt a little depressed with this thought. Fortunately for him, he was good at not dwelling on things he didn’t want to think on. “The water is heating up if you want a shower or bath before you go.”

“Thank you,” said Severus, hiding his distaste for such words, not wanting the young man to think he wasn’t being honest. He was, he just hated admitting he was wrong or thanking someone for anything. “For everything.” he added.

Harry blinked in surprise, “No problem.” he shrugged.

“Have you ever heard of Hogwarts?” asked Severus once the boy turned to walk away. He knew right away, before he opened his mouth, he’d stiffened; it was a sure indicator that they did know something. Otherwise their reaction would have been relaxed confusion. The question remained had he been in the magical world and only heard of Hogwarts or had he attended Hogwarts? If so why didn’t he have a wand and why was he living here on his own in this godforsaken flat?

“Why?” asked Harry, refraining from checking his scar otherwise it would be well and truly over.

“You are magical.” said Severus it was a statement not a question.

“Yes,” said Harry bitterness crawling up his throat.

“You attended Hogwarts?” Severus remarked, seeing the ugly look steal across those dark green eyes.

“Yes,” said Harry impassively. Why was he admitting to this? It was starting to get near dangerous ground. He couldn’t let anyone figure out who he really was; he didn’t want to have to run and end up on the streets somewhere else and start all over again.

“You completed your education?” asked Severus.

“No,” said Harry, wondering how to get out of this, Snape was too curious he wasn’t going to stop until he had his answers.

“Why?” asked Severus his eyes narrowed.

“It’s none of your business.” snapped Harry crossing his arms defensively.

“Very well,” said Severus grudgingly, still he was curious now and he wasn’t going to let it rest until he had some answers. He wasn’t a Slytherin for nothing so he’d figure it out. There weren’t many
people who begun a Hogwarts education but didn’t stay. Unless his parents had died, or were unable to continue to pay the money, which admittedly did happen. Or he’d been pulled out with what happened eight years ago, with the chamber of secrets being opened.

“I’ll be back through in ten minutes,” said Harry, “Are you wanting a bath or shower before you go?” he didn’t want to waste money on heating he couldn’t afford as it was.

“No thank you,” said Severus his silky voice probing.

“Very well,” said Harry, nodding curtly before turning around and swiftly leaving the room. Giving the man no time to ask any more questions, Harry prayed that he hadn’t been the only one to leave Hogwarts…otherwise he may as well have handed his name over to the Professor. It was just a matter of what Dumbledore had told everyone after he fled. He wanted nothing to do with the wizarding world. He thought if he said it enough he would finally believe it.

He didn’t want anything to do with the wizarding world but the magic he wanted to embrace tightly and never let go. Unfortunately his magic didn’t seem to want him! He was incapable of casting the most basic spells, even when he’d been at Hogwarts. Not that he’d had the opportunity to cast much; he’d only stayed there for two weeks.

Harry flipped the switch to off, putting the hot water off; he didn’t want to waste any. He stood at the sink eating his own dinner, which had cooled significantly since it had been left lying there. He grimaced when he reached the bottom; it was burnt unable to eat the rest he put water into it and just stood there at the sink. He did wonder what the magical world was like now, and Ron, his first friend. Over the years though he’d wondered at the look Ron had supported. The greedy, self absorbed look when he’d found out his name. Had Ron really been his friend? Or had he been in Dumbledore’s pocket? He would never know unfortunately, he’d never go back.

He came out of his thoughts to see Snape making his own way through. He must be healing magically, there was no way someone as injured as him could be up and about without it. Taking the tray he placed it on the counter, facing away from the man not wanting to meet his eyes.

“What is your name?” enquired Severus, regarding the young man, noting he wouldn’t turn around.

“Harrison Edwards.” said Harry confidently; it’s the name he always used. “You?” he asked forcing curiosity into his voice, hoping to throw complete suspicion from him.

“Severus Snape.” stated Severus calmly, when it was obvious he wouldn’t turn around, he realized he had better get to Hogwarts. He’d been gone a long time, two days at least…not counting how long he’d been unconscious. “Thank you for taking care of me…I do appreciate it.” It was extremely difficult to get these words to leave his lips before he disappeared with a crack leaving Harry Potter alone in his flat feeling strangely bereft…not happy or relieved as he ought to have been.
“Severus!” cried Dumbledore, his entire face lightening up in relief as he caught sight of his Potions Master. Even more so when he saw that he was uninjured, what had kept him away? Why hadn’t he gotten in touch? The school was starting up pretty soon, just a fortnight away. He'd been dreading the thought of having to get a new Potions teacher. Minerva looked extremely relieved, a small smile playing on her face, her eyes clouded with worry regardless. “Are you well? Shall I summon Poppy?” he needed his spy in top notch condition to continue his spying duties.

“I am fine Albus,” said Severus dismissively, “Nothing I cannot heal on my own.”

“Are you sure Severus?” asked Minerva quietly, still watching him with her keen cat like eyes.

“I am.” said Severus giving her a small twitch of his lips, his version of a smile and a brief nod. She always worried about him, it was nice to see, and especially when he knew Dumbledore was more worried about his spying duties than his well being. He knew all too well the masks Dumbledore portrayed to the world. He wasn’t a Slytherin for nothing, but he did what he had to in order to survive…just like Harrison, the young man he’d just been healed by.

“I feared you had been found out as spy.” said Albus, fishing for information. He didn’t like waiting for reports, so always made sure he was around whenever Severus entered Hogwarts after being called. His information was by far the most informative than anything anyone in the Order could give him.

“No, I did not complete a task the Dark Lord assigned to his specifications, I was punished for it. I was hurt and unconscious when I was left in the Muggle world, they also took my wand.” said Severus his anger genuine, that was his wand! By Merlin he wanted it back. If anything happened to it…he’d kill whoever did it - even if it was the Dark Lord.

“I see, I am sorry my boy, we shall have to go to Ollivander’s and get a replacement wand.” said Dumbledore as if it was an every day occurrence that people lost their wands. A wand chooses the wizard, for their magic, and to lose it was to lose a part of oneself. “Do you have any news?”

“I was feigning unconsciousness when I heard them discussing an attack on a Muggle town called Little Hangelton and the Great Hangelton which I assume is nearby.” said Severus feigning ignorance. He knew exactly where it was, he had researched everything to do with the Dark Lord. Know the enemy, one of his favourite Muggle books had quoted that and he agreed. There was a few of them actually but this one more so than the rest.

‘It is said that if you know your enemies and know yourself, you will not be imperilled in a hundred battles; if you do not know your enemies but do know yourself, you will win one and lose one; if you do not know your enemies nor yourself, you will be imperilled in every single battle.’

‘If your enemy is secure at all points, be prepared for him. If he is in superior strength, evade him. If
your opponent is temperamental, seek to irritate him. Pretend to be weak, that he may grow arrogant. If he is taking his ease, give him no rest. If his forces are united, separate them. If sovereign and subject are in accord, put division between them. Attack him where he is unprepared, appear where you are not expected.’

Of course there was also this one that applied directly to him, he’d read the book so often he knew it word for word. He could utter the entire phrase in his sleep.

‘All warfare is based on deception. Hence, when we are able to attack, we must seem unable; when using our forces, we must appear inactive; when we are near, we must make the enemy believe we are far away; when far away, we must make him believe we are near.’

‘Hold out baits to entice the enemy. Feign disorder, and crush him.’

This one actually referred to both of his ‘Master’s’ who believed they owned him. ‘Pretend inferiority and encourage his arrogance.’ Sun Tzu, he was a very wise man. His written work had helped Severus through the harshest nights.

“This is where Voldemort stayed; I must do what I can for them. Please excuse me Severus, Minerva please contact as many Order members as you can, I shall speak to Tonks and Shacklebolt.” said Albus who was swiftly leaving his office. Minerva of course, eager to do as Dumbledore bid left immediately behind him.

Severus held his breath for a few seconds, before he quickly made his way around the desk. Removing the book from its sitting place, he began to flick through the pages. All of them seemed to be crossed out as ‘graduated’ few had black dots indicating death. There was only one there that didn’t have graduated, in fact their name was ominously there, not crossed out.

Harry Potter.

Impossible, the boy hadn’t been Harry Potter he was sure of it. Snapping the book closed, replacing it he sat back down abruptly when he heard the gargoyle moving once again. A bored mask displaying on his face, as he drummed his fingers on the chair he was sitting in.

Suddenly the room filled with people, Severus closed his eyes, and he was too tired to deal with this. “If it’s all the same to you Albus, I do not need to be here for this, I’d much rather take my leave.”

“Of course Severus,” said Albus giving him a concerned look as the man without another word up and left.

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Severus smiled genuinely once he was in his own quarters, sighing in contentment, he went straight through to his bathroom. The bath filled up within seconds, Severus added a muscle relaxant to the bath and lavender. Sliding in, his thoughts returned to the mystery. It was no coincidence that ‘Harrison Edwards’ wasn’t in the book, even more so that ‘Harry Potter’ wasn’t crossed off. Dumbledore had told everyone in the order that he’d been taken for private training. The school though simply through he was getting private lessons elsewhere. If this was Harry Potter, then he’d been lied to, which in retrospect shouldn’t surprise him. Yet it did, if he’d left, why? And also why had Dumbledore lied about it? And did the Order know? Was he the only one not in on this secret? Why would he be living like that? And the scars? He was sure Harry would have been spoiled…he wasn’t getting the complete picture just odd jigsaw puzzle pieces.

Harry Potter was supposed to be powerful, powerful enough to be the Dark Lord’s equal. The young
man he’d met had also been very powerful. He’d seen no indication of any hatred surely the boy would have left him knowing it was him? He had not treated the boy right - he couldn’t he had a job to do and nothing could stop him…not even Lily’s son.

He continued to sit and think about everything from the Wizarding World traditions dwindling down, there being less pureblood wizards and traditions being lost. There used to be Yule balls every year, people used to gather around and light candles and use their magic to get in touch with the dead, bring solace at Halloween or the less used term all hallows eve, the most magically powerful day in their world. There were many traditions that were being ripped and torn until they were no longer used or understood.

Potion Masters was becoming none existent, when that happened there will be no potions. There were only at least about twenty potions masters in the United Kingdom. There were fewer wizards in the United Kingdom Wizarding community, not just purebloods but Muggle born’s as well. If Voldemort was not killed soon there would be no one left at all. The world he knew and loved would cease to exist.

Not to forget if the Order (and thus the Ministry) wins, dark magic, black magic, and all grey magic will be banned. Only what they call light magic will be allowed, that was not right it was stupid, he had always wished there was something he could do. It should never have been put into those categories; it was the INTENT that made magic good or evil.

His thoughts trailed back to ‘Harrison’ could he persuade the young man to actually come back? He could not force him into coming into the Wizarding world when he had left for a reason. Perhaps if he could find the reason, and try and talk to him and make him see reason that a world of magic should not be abandoned because of it. First he had to win the young man’s trust so he would talk. Maybe then he could have someone to share all his information with, an apprentice. If he was wrong and it wasn’t Harry Potter it didn’t matter, he was still powerful and deserved to harness his power.

Sighing softly, time was all he had these days; he got out of the cooling bath and dried himself. Spelling his hair dry, he threw the towel into the magical hamper, and it disappeared immediately. He wandered through to his room, grabbing some new clean clothes and gladly putting them on. The old clothes he placed in the bin, even with magically repairing them - they wouldn’t be the same. Plus the magic in them was probably well and truly gone, spells that stopped him being caught on fire, explosions sinking into the clothes and inevitably onto him and others spells such as that.

“Rizzy,” called Severus.

“Yes sir?” asked the house elf.

“I would like some food please.” said Severus; his stomach was still rumbling the small bowl of chicken soup had not been enough. Harrison hadn’t had anything to eat; he was rather worried he had eaten food from Harrison that he couldn’t afford.

“Right away,” said Rizzy popping knowing better to bow and scrape.

Uncorking a bottle of rare wine, he poured it with a flourish and sat down. Not two second later a tray of food was on the table. Flicking his hand, he cursed, no wand. Rolling his eyes he used his arm and pulled the table towards him. Gratefully digging into the food, it went with his wine. He didn’t drink it very often, but always made sure to have a bottle of the good stuff.

Half an hour later he was still sitting there, his third glass of wine swirling around in the glass. He was deeply conflicted, it was wrong to drag someone into this mess, but he really didn’t like the thought of him wasting his life doing what he was. Merlin that much power…and not using it? It was
utter madness. Fine, he’d come out right and offer him it, telling him everything if it worked great. If not he’d give Harrison money, enough that he could move and live comfortably as repayment of the debt - saving his life. Although if he was Harry Potter, he’d have to tell him about his vaults. Which would actually be an incentive for him to come, assuming he wasn’t wrong about who he truly was. Severus wasn’t being smug when he thought he was hardly ever wrong…well not completely smug anyway.

His mind made up, he drank the remains of his glass, drank another pain reliever and left the glass and vial lying for the elves to clear away. They could use the extra work; with no students around they were bored out of their little minds.

He Floo’ed to the Leaky Cauldron and made his way up Diagon Alley, into Gringotts and made a sizable withdrawal in Muggle money. It was already getting dark, he’d been back at Hogwarts longer than he suspected. Hopefully he would still be in and not out in the streets. He had much to do and not a lot of time to do it, not without Dumbledore getting suspicious. Then no doubt the Dark Lord would be summoning him in the next few days.

He Apparated to the flat, something he wouldn’t have envisioned himself doing when he first woke up. He was still there, apparently just getting dressed, and boy, he truly was absolutely stunning. Not caring that it might be Harry Potter, he leapt forward and kissed him passionately, holding him steady against the wall, his body stopping Harry from moving.

He drew back, his smouldering gaze on those dark emerald ones, waiting…the next move would be ‘Harrison’s’. The emerald eyes regarded him suspiciously, and then with resignation before turning calculating as if sensing this wasn’t a proposition, just two men…deciding upon having a night of wild hot sex.

It wasn’t often Harry had that opportunity, so he growled and kissed him back.

Chapter End Notes

Third Chapter Up - R&R :)

Harry lay on the bed, finally wakening up; Severus Snape was the first thing he saw. He hadn’t realized his body could feel like this, he had completely exhausted him beyond endurance. He’d always been the one giving pleasure rather than receiving it. His clients were always women, with the occasional male who was ‘experimenting’ or coming out of the closet so to speak. It was always his job to make them feel good and forget their worries. It was nice to be taken care of for once, even if he wouldn’t admit it out loud. He blinked when he realized Severus was awake and observing him, he had that look in his eyes…he swallowed thickly having a feeling he was busted so to speak.

“Why did you leave Hogwarts?” asked Severus, wondering at Harry’s reason, obviously Dumbledore had lied when he said Harry was being trained. Not just to the student body and teachers, but the Order as well. He knew with definitive proof this was Harry James Potter. The scar upon his forehead was laid bare for him to see, the make-up he used had faded away. It was a rather ingenious move; no wizard would have looked for it. Last night had been amazing, considering what Harry did; he was so responsive, so maddeningly delightfully impatient and gorgeous. Harry was different from any partner he’d ever had. With what he knew, he’d been determined to make this so good for him, so much so that he would be spoiled for anyone else. He wanted to lay claim to this young man who had been abandoned. He wanted to claim him, and make Harry his; train him and look after him. That’s if Harry would be willing to allow it.

“What makes you think I didn’t complete my education?” asked Harry stiffly.

“Harry,” sighed Severus exasperated, even after a sound round of sex he was still defensive. “I know you left, I want to know why.” he wasn’t going to stop until he had his answers.

“Why should I? For all I know you could just report everything back to Dumbledore and force me back.” said Harry, suspicious by nature. He didn’t trust anyone, the last time he’d done that had been exactly that the last.

Severus smirked, half pleased with the suspicion but also unsure of how to proceed. His word probably wouldn’t mean much to Harry, yet he didn’t know about oaths and vows so there was no point in taking them. “Indeed I could, but I won’t you have my word on that - despite the fact I know you don’t trust it.”

“I left because of Dumbledore.” said Harry, it didn’t matter if they forced him back; he wouldn’t do what they wanted. He was beyond caring about others, at least those in the magical world.

Severus’ eyes widened, of all excuses or reason for leaving, this had been nowhere on his list. Just what did Dumbledore do to make Harry Potter, his golden boy, Gryffindor hero back up and disappear into the night? The biggest question still, why had he lied about it instead of searching for Harry and bringing him back? Had the Headmaster secretly been searching? And once again he couldn’t help but suspect…did the Order know and he was being kept in the dark? He might not be the only one. McGonagall wouldn’t have allowed it, she’d have been furious, slipped up at some point. She hadn’t been the slightest bit worried when she found out Harry was being tutored privately. She’d been saddened that she wouldn’t have him in her house any more, but that was the
extent of her emotions. “What did he do?” asked Severus eventually utterly gob smacked.

“It’s not what he did, it’s what I heard him saying to Moody.” said Harry his voice filled with anger and consternation. Even after all those years, he could still hear them talking about it as if it happened yesterday.

“What did he say?” asked Severus naturally alarmed, what could he have said to make an abused eleven year old run to the streets? Staying away from the magical world deciding he was better of without it? Whatever it was, it couldn’t be good. Moody? Well he was close to Dumbledore…but what could he have heard them say?

Harry snorted in derision, his face a mask of utter disgust and fury. “The run down of their conversation was that I’d be sent back to my relatives each summer. Evidently he knew just how they treated me, they abused me. So it would ensure I was malleable. I’d be ready to face Voldemort at the end of the year, I’d become his hero as I was born to be. Also that Dumbledore had added extra wards against my magic, whatever that meant, because I was still too powerful to be let loose in the world. More likely because a few weeks before I joined Hogwarts, I had made the glass at the Zoo disappear.”

Severus inhaled sharply almost choking on nothing at what he heard. “Wards…on your…magic? He said those words?” asked Severus his entire world landing on its axis. Dumbledore had made Harry less powerful…expecting him to take on Voldemort and survive? Merlin the old fool had finally lost the plot he was sure of it.

“Yes, why?” demanded Harry, his worry showing through his partially impassive masks.

“May I cast a diagnostic on you?” asked Severus, a normal spell to detect problems wouldn’t find it; you had to be looking for magical binds specifically. He remembered Harry saying to him he could only do so much magic. The fact he had been able to heal him with two bonds on his magic, at least, meant Harry was more powerful than he’d anticipated. “It’s only to see if your magic is still bound, if it is I must fix it immediately or you will die.”

“Fine,” said Harry, it didn’t look like he had much of a choice; he didn’t want to die thank you very much. He would just have to trust Severus, considering their earlier activities well…it was stupid to distrust him for the moment.

Severus pulled out his wand and began chanting over Harry, his Latin words smooth and admittedly sexy as hell. His voice, when he wasn’t snarling or sneering was a heady brew. He could have listened to it all night, not that he got to hear much more before parchment was coiling out of his wand.

Severus looked over the results, looking steadily sicker and paler by the second. Ninety percent of Harry’s magic was bound. His words had been true; Harry would die in excruciating agony upon his twentieth birthday if they weren’t undone. Everyone received a second ‘maturity’ upon their twentieth birthday, more magic once the wizard or witch was past their adolescence and teenage drama years.

“It’s bad isn’t it?” asked Harry, feeling fearful, and unable to hide it. Had he ran away, living this way for nothing? Had he always been destined to die? Had this been Dumbledore’s plan all along? Have him defeat Voldemort and die? Placing his hands over his face, hating how he was feeling but unable to help it. Unfortunately one cannot control their emotions completely, even if he didn’t show it…he would still be feeling it.

“It’s not lost, we have a year to get the bonds undone, otherwise you will die. Harry it takes trust to
allow someone to do this, you cannot fight me otherwise it will just hurt both of us. It’s down to you whether you can do it.” said Severus, feeling pity stirring within him. It was the first time he’d seen anything other than impassive or anger on Harry. Not including what they’d done that night, sex was different. He reached out, attentively touching him and bringing him into an awkward cuddle, at least on his part it was. Severus wasn’t used to comforting people; he’d rather poke a sleeping dragon with a stick.

Harry allowed himself to be manipulated; he hated himself for being scared. Scared of dying, scared of trusting someone…the last time he’d done that Dumbledore had been anything but trustworthy. He realized though, he didn’t have a choice, if he didn’t trust him he’d die anyway. He didn’t want Dumbledore to win, so yes, he’d do it. “I’ll do it.”

“Good.” said Severus somewhat relieved, he was getting in a lot deeper than he’s thought he would already. The simple emotions he was feeling were testament to that. “Now can you tell me why you are living like this? You have vaults filled with money at Gringotts, if you ran you should have taken your money with you.” he winced at how much disapproval had leaked through. Hopefully the boy wouldn’t assume it was at his job. Truth be told Severus couldn’t care less about it; he’d done what he had to, to survive. Although he still didn’t understand why he hadn’t just taken the blasted money.

“How did you acquire your school things?” asked Severus feeling a headache coming on.

“Didn’t the school pay for them? Dumbledore sent them to me…Moody took me to get a wand the day before Hogwarts started up.” said Harry obliviously.

Another injustice foisted upon the young man, he had been denied his inheritance. It was Wizard and Goblin nation law to introduce the heir to the fortune right away. Dumbledore had alienated him, for what? Obviously he’d been worried if Harry knew about his properties and money he’d run or become spoiled and not go with his carefully laid plans. A lot of good it had done him, Harry still had spoiled them and Severus respected him a great deal for that alone. He had guts; he’d left and made a better life for himself. Not many would have been able to do that, he truly was in awe at how strong Harry was.

“You’re the last heir to the Potter fortune Harry; you have more money than you could possibly spend in one life time sitting in an underground vault waiting for you to claim it. The fact that you didn’t get to go into Gringotts when you first arrived in the magical world was wrong. You should have been made aware of your standing immediately. Both Dumbledore and Moody know the law better than anyone else, they have wronged you immensely.” said Severus still holding onto the young man, loving the feel of having him in his arms. It had been so long since he’d had a partner, strangely enough he didn’t want to let Harry go. “Come back with me Harry; get your revenge on him…on both of them. Dumbledore and Voldemort for destroying your life. I will help you in any way you want.”

“Why would you want to do that? You work for him.” said Harry incredulity thrumming through him.

Severus realized he would need to tell Harry the complete truth, otherwise when he found out - that would be it. He’d never trust again, never mind anyone in the magical world. “I work for both of them.” he admitted, “I am a spy and have been since you were a toddler.”

Harry stiffened in his hold, but listened as Severus continued on.

“I joined the Death Eaters, that’s the name the Wizards and Witches who follow the Dark Lord
Voldemort when I was young. A stupid mistake I regretted immediately, but I had no way out. You do not just hand in your resignation or tell the Dark Lord you no longer want to work for him. Any sign of me wavering I would have been killed on the spot. When your mother was targeted I immediately went to Dumbledore, warning him.” said Severus stopping when Harry spoke.

“My mother?” asked Harry surprised; he didn’t know anything about her.

“Yes, we were childhood friends, I knew her from when she was eight years old. We had a falling out when we were sixteen. I stayed away after I joined the Death Eaters, for her safety. Unfortunately our measures were for nothing, they were betrayed by their secret keeper, Peter Pettigrew your fathers best friend.” said Severus.

“Betrayed?” asked Harry quietly, his voice filled with pain and perhaps longing? Severus couldn’t quite decipher it.

“Yes, the Dark Lord killed them but you survived because of your mother’s protection. You were surely told this much?” asked Severus.

“Just that they’d died protecting me,” whispered Harry, his face changing to a deep hatred. Severus couldn’t quite decipher it.

“Since then I have been spying, during my tenure as spy I had to act the part. Which included treating you and nearly everyone at Hogwarts, not a Slytherin the way I did.” said Severus, no doubt the boy could remember, he seemed to remember everything else.

“So it wasn’t me you hated?” said Harry wryly.

“No,” said Severus, “Not particularly, although people will tell you it was because your father and I hated one another. Not everyone was aware of my position as spy, so they assumed it was because of it.”

“Yes, I remember. I was constantly compared to him.” said Harry bluntly.

“Yes he couldn’t brew a potion to save himself; he barely passed…how he succeeded in making it into N.E.W.T’S classes I do not know. You need N.E.W.T’S Potions class to become an Auror. Which is exactly what your father went on to do, he’d just passed the Auror training when he went into hiding,” said Severus honestly. “Auror training is the equivalent to become a Police officer in this world, arresting bad wizards.” he added as an afterthought since Harry probably didn’t even know what an Auror was.

“Oh,” said Harry nodding his head from where he was still cushioned on Severus’ chest. It felt so good to be held this way, to be comforted, he’d been alone so long…so very long. He just wanted companionship, someone to love him, to be loved.

“Indeed,” said Severus wryly, “Unfortunately I cannot stay, I must return to Hogwarts I have things to do. I will be back as soon as possible with the books I’ll need to dissolve the binds on your magic, you have my word.”

“Alright,” said Harry, not moving, he really didn’t want to give up the warmth. His bed had been magically fixed, the springs no longer dug into him. The covers even looked brand new. He had to remember that spell no matter what! ‘Reparo’ very handy to have around.

Severus regretfully did have to move, donning his clothes once more, pulling out some Muggle money. He handed it over to Harry, ignoring the hurt in his eyes; no doubt he thought he was being paid for his services. Oh no, if he had it his way, Harry would be his completely. “Buy some food, proper food, since I’m going to be training you here…I want more than just soup - meats, chips,
potatoes, vegetables, everything is that understood? I want a proper meal.” when Harry accepted the money he knew he’d won. Harry had agreed to it without him having to convince him. Seeing the darkness lurking there, he knew, that he would indeed get revenge on both Dumbledore and Voldemort. Perhaps if they were lucky they could make Moody pay also.

The shame and hurt faded away as Harry nodded inwardly gleeful, all but grabbing the money. He didn’t get many opportunities to have proper food in the house. The thought of all the different kinds of food he could buy, with all that money had him hopping out of bed too. He was grabbed and kissed passionately before Severus disappeared again.
Severus Snape made his way into Hogwarts, his mind still back at Harry’s flat. He could barely comprehend what Dumbledore had done. Ninety percent of Harry’s magic, it was…unbelievable. The halls were silent, as they always were during the summer as he stalked through them. Before long he was in front of the Great Hall doors, it was breakfast time, and he had to make an appearance. Not just for Dumbledore, but Minerva would be genuinely worried. A twinge of pain shot through him, his ribs were beginning to hurt. Removing a potion he downed it and banished the vial. He was hoping he wouldn’t have to continue taking them much longer. Although anything was better than Blood Replenishing Potions, they tasted worse than anything else in the world. He no longer needed to take anything other than the pain relievers when the pain started up. Placing his head against the doors, he gathered himself together, shielding his thoughts, feelings and murderous tendencies at Dumbledore behind his impenetrable Occlumency shields. That done he opened the doors and entered the Great Hall, making his way down to Head table.

“Well, are you feeling?” asked Minerva, searching each available inch of him to make sure. Looking for any hints of bleeding, aching bones or limps. She of course found none, but it didn’t stop her concern for him.

“I’m fine,” said Severus as he sat down next to her. A plate of full English breakfast appeared before him. It didn’t come in containers so they could help themselves during summer. There were just not enough of them to bother, so the elves just sent a rather large plate full of food for them to eat instead. He rolled his eyes inwardly at her worrying, honestly she had the wrong Animagus, she should have been a bear, the amount of worrying she did. She was a mama bear to everyone, even if she didn’t show it behind her stern demeanour.

“If you are sure,” said Minerva, knowing ‘fine’ wasn’t good enough, but she could do nothing. Severus wouldn’t go to the Hospital wing unless he was dying and unconscious.

“I am,” said Severus firmly, “Where is Albus?” he asked barely able to keep his tone normal when enquiring about the Headmaster. Especially when all he wanted to do was detach the old fool’s head from his body.

“He’s been gone for an hour or so,” said Minerva staring at her watch, which was like most of her personal things, tartan, at least the straps were anyway. “He will be gone for another two hours.”

“Did he say where he was going?” asked Severus casually.

“No, as far as I know he doesn’t have any appointments with the Ministry.” said Minerva.

“When are the others coming back?” asked Severus, as he continued to eat his breakfast hurriedly, with Dumbledore gone it would be the perfect time to get into his office. He had work to do, and he had to do it fast, he only had a small time to remove the bonds on Harry’s magic or he’d die.
“Not until a fortnight before school starts back up, Filius is in a duelling tournament, he might be back before the rest depending on how it does.” said Minerva her lips twitching. Filius’ small size made his opponents underestimate him; he was very fast and powerful. They also forgot he was half goblin which made him particular vicious when he needed to be.

“Indeed,” said Severus, not truly listening to her, pushing his plate aside he drank the rest of the contents in his goblet. “I bid you good day Minerva.” he said as he got up, and made his way out of the Great Hall. Up the stairs, saying the password to the gargoyle, he stepped on and opened the door to the Headmaster’s office.

The Headmaster’s library wasn’t big all things considered; Severus certainly had more books than this. The portraits couldn’t see what he was doing thankfully, as he continued to give the spines a cursory glance. Copying the ones that seemed to indicate expertise in the area he wanted to research. He had to find out the counter curses to the binding spells used on Harry. Without them he couldn’t remove the spells, and Harry would die. He shuddered at the very thought, as he at long last read the words on the very last book. Nodding in satisfaction, he used the Floo Network to get back to his rooms.

He sat down, placing the books on the table, as he thought on the past, he un-shrunk the books.

Albus Dumbledore had fought Quirrell, or rather the Dark Lord, who happened to possess the Defence Against the Dark Art’s teacher. Thinking back, he realized Dumbledore had been angry and reluctant. Knowing what he did now, he realized it was because Dumbledore expected Harry to do it. Testing him, to see if he could do what needed done with his magic bound. So much magic, he wasn’t sure if Dumbledore had expected Harry to die trying or deluded enough to think he’d come out unscathed.

Then of course the delights that happened in 1992-93 the chamber of secrets had indeed been opened again. Many students, a total of ten, had been petrified, resulting in many parents removing their children. To top it off the Ministry had been determined to close the school deeming it unsafe. Ironically enough it was that same day Dumbledore conveniently found the entrance. The girl’s bathroom had been all but destroyed in the bid to find it. The fact the flooded bathroom, kept getting un-flooded led them to actually finding it. Two Auror’s had died in the bid to kill the Basilisk within the chamber. Both men had been posthumously awarded the Order of Merlin first class, for bravery and dedication. The families had been given the money made from the remains, as compensation. Hagrid was also given some, and cleared of all charges that had been applied twice in his lifetime, for a crime he did not do.

Then of course the worst year in his opinion 1993-94, Remus Lupin had become the Defence Against the Dark Art’s teacher. He would rather gouge his own eyes out though, than admit he had been a decent teacher, at least compared to the others. Which wasn’t saying much, a possessed stuttering Death Eater wannabe and a complete and utter fraud, who, could not cast the simplest of spells never mind teach them. All this paled in significance when Sirius Black had somehow done the impossible; he’d broken out of Azkaban prison. Of course soon after he’d been glad, he’d finally get his shot of revenge. Black had been the reason Lily died, the only person who’d ever been kind to him and stuck up for him. His revenge had been so close he could taste it, before he could make it a reality Black forced the true traitor to transform back into his natural form in front of Dumbledore. Black was subsequently freed of all charges, and rewarded a generous amount of money as compensation for his wrongful imprisonment.

That was the year he should have realized something was wrong, alarm bells should have been blaring in his mind. Yet nothing had, he’d been there that day…when Dumbledore told the last two Marauders that Harry didn’t want to see them. Admittedly the excuses Dumbledore had given could
have rung true.

------0 Flash Back 0------

“I want to see my Godson, I won’t move from this spot until I do Albus.” said Sirius, staring at Dumbledore in determination. He couldn’t loose Harry; he’d lost everyone else already apart from Remus. He’d broken out of Azkaban to keep him safe, lived off rats waiting for the opportune moment to reveal himself.

"Harry doesn't want to see you, I tried to convince him but he’s having none of it. He said because you were not there when he was younger, he wants nothing to do with you now. In a few years he will be off of age and then he can wipe you clean of being his godfather...he hates you for never going to see him Remus...he blames you Sirius for running after Peter Pettigrew and leaving him.” said Dumbledore his twinkle no where to be seen. “I tried to explain to him, but he’s very adamant.”

"No it can't be true! Please let me see him," said Sirius pleadingly.

"I'm sorry Remus, Sirius I don't want to give away Harry's location; he doesn't want you there. I won't destroy my relationship with the young man just so you can hear what he has already told me again." said Dumbledore sadly.

"Fine," said Sirius his shoulders slumping in defeat. There was nothing he could do, Dumbledore was his magical guardian. He had been since Sirius was put in prison; he had control of Harry and his vaults.

------0 End Flash Back 0------

He should have realized there and then, Dumbledore didn’t usually speak to people that way. He must have been desperate to get them off his back to say those things. Now he would have to tell Harry about his godfather and Lupin, before he found out himself. With a bit of luck he would feel similar to how Dumbledore had described. He hated Black and Lupin, he didn’t think it would change; they were after all still his childhood tormentors.

1993-94 was a special year; the Tri-Wizard tournament was hosted at Hogwarts. Special to most, not Severus, it had been one hell of a year. The students were all hyped up about the tournament and newcomers that they weren’t brewing properly. They were happy, heaven forbid, even in his class, causing explosions. Cedric Diggory had emerged the winner, which surprised everyone; most people had voted Krum most likely to win. But no, they’d had a Hogwarts victory, along with the worst academic results in a century. The students had been rushing their homework, not doing their exams properly and that’s what it had resulted in. Alastor Moody had taught that year, since nobody at all had applied for the job.

1994-95 was a disaster; Fudge kept demanding to see Harry Potter for himself. Dumbledore once again made excuses, and Fudge left in a huff. He put someone in Hogwarts to try and find out where Harry Potter was, Delores Umbridge. Severus of course realized it was more, Fudge was terrified Dumbledore was trying to get his job. So he’d wanted to use Harry Potter as a front for himself, to make himself look more popular. Added bonus of making it look like he’d had a part in training Harry as well. Dumbledore hadn’t budged as so Umbridge had ended up there the entire year. She had created more havoc than any Potter or Weasley ever could, using Blood Quills on the students. She was made Headmistress of the school…it was not long before she was arrested for using said Blood Quill and sentenced to nine years in Azkaban. She had made the mistake of giving one of his snakes a detention with the poisonous pen. His students came to him for everything, and his little Snake had come right to him. She’d been arrested five minutes later, which had made his Slytherin’s trust in him notch up further.
1995-96 was when his mark had begun to ominously darken upon his pale forearm. He was however, thankful that the mark did not burn. That’s when Albus Dumbledore had begun to panic, another reason warning bells should have been blaring in his mind. Yet it hadn’t the fool he had been, not all the jigsaw pieces were being placed together. He was getting more or less the full picture now.

1996-97, what should have been Harry’s seventh year, the Dark Mark had activated, burning as if someone had applied a hot poker against it. That was when he had returned to his duties as spy, serving not only one master but two. Both of them getting sick of him not able to provide them with adequate information. Dumbledore didn’t do anything…Voldemort on the other hand just tortured him and dumped him in the gutter at the Muggle world. Admittedly something good had come out of it, he’d found Harry Potter, who he hadn’t known had been missing.

Shaking off his thoughts, he had to concentrate; he needed to find answers in these books. Without the bonds removed, Harry would die, and it wasn’t something he wanted. What he did want was a partner, a life partner, someone to pass on his knowledge to…someone to look after and love. He’d never been so physically attracted to anyone like he was with Harry. He didn’t know if it was a magical pull or just how stunning he was…either way he wanted Harry for himself.

He had seen the darkness lurking in those eyes; he wanted to prevent Harry from letting it consume him. He could almost taste Harry’s need for revenge, and he didn’t want to stop him. What Dumbledore had done was illegal, he deserved to die, and he’d help Harry every step of the way. So long as he destroyed Voldemort of course, he couldn’t let his world be destroyed by the maniac. No Harry wanted magic, he wanted to learn, and he could see it, to do so would require living in the magical world. He’d come to love it, just as everyone else had without Dumbledore in his way.

Flipping through the pages, his black eyes going from line to line, searching for five types of magical restraining binds. Did Moody know what Dumbledore had done? Of course he did they had been discussing it. Moody and Dumbledore had always been as light as they come…yet they’d done something not even Voldemort had. To deny someone their magic…was worse than murder in the magical world. Screw Harry’s revenge he wanted to murder them for it himself. Closing his eyes, he truly was in it too deep. When he loved he loved possessively and deeply, it had always been that way. Not many people could get through his shields and into his heart. Even less since Lily died, yet Harry had managed it without even trying.

He cursed silently when he realized this, but there was nothing to be done. Clearing his mind yet again, wondering why his mind kept wandering. His eyes gleamed in satisfaction when he got the first spell used on Harry. It had been when he was fifteen months old, after the attack. Merlin Dumbledore was sick, binding someone’s magic after they’d just seen their parents killed. He shuddered violently the poor sod hadn’t been able to tell anyone either too young to understand anything. That little poor sod had grown up into a gorgeous young man. Ripping a piece of parchment he placed it in the book as a make shift bookmark. Then continued on, determined not to stop until he had his answers.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 5 - Enjoy! R&R
Harry shut his door a wide grin splitting his face in two, despite his hands being burdened with six shopping bags full of food. He was in heaven, being able to spend money was rather infectious. Placing the heavy bags on the counter, he began emptying them putting them away in the cupboard, fridge or freezer. He’d even been able to buy fizzy juice and even a carton of orange. Hogwarts offered its students Orange and Pumpkin but the shops didn’t offer pumpkin juice.

He didn’t know if Severus would be back today or not, so he put on some lunch for just himself. Boiling Asparagus, and baby potatoes with a fresh slab of steak, it sounded mouth wateringly delicious. He’d always been good at cooking, something he’d learned at a young age at the Dursley’s. Their bid to crush his spirit completely had ensured Harry could survive on his own. When he’d found out he was magical, he’d so badly wanted to learn magic to punish them…even kill them. Those plans had gone out of the window as well as everything else when he overheard that conversation.

Leaving the food to cook, he wandered over to the cupboard. Nothing seemed special about it of course, just a few blankets, bedding, a broom, shovel and an old vacuum cleaner. He cleared it out, and at the very back was a trunk that lay unnoticed for years. Harry grabbed it and pulled it out, it slid easily across the floor. Putting everything back messily, he dragged the trunk to his couch.

His fingers trailed across the initials, he hadn’t looked in here since he’d left that world behind. He’d been too weak to get rid of it, this had been his only link to the magical world, proof it wasn’t a dream. Opening the locks he pushed it up and saw the books and everything within. Even the cauldron, a small wistful smile appeared on his face. Magic, he was finally going to be able to embrace his magic. That’s if he survived of course, a grimace soon replaced the smile. He didn’t want to die; he hated the thought of Dumbledore winning. Picking out the first book, Transfiguration, something he’d had great trouble with. What hadn’t he had trouble with? His magic hadn’t allowed him to cast anything. He understood why now, of course, his magic had been bound.

Hearing the meat sizzling he replaced the book and went to tend to his dinner. He didn’t want to burn it like he’d done with the soup. Turning it over when he saw it was brown half way through. He stirred the asparagus and potatoes, poking them lightly with a knife to see if they were soft enough. Not completely, they’d need to remain in for a while longer.

Retrieving a plate, fork and of course a steak knife, thankfully he had one or it would have been troubling to cut it up. He grabbed his glass and poured himself some coke, drinking it before placing it on the kitchen counter and leaving the food to cook some more. Sitting back down he began to read through the Transfiguration text. It was much easier to understand it now as an adult, than it had been at the age of eleven.

He shook his head, wondering why he was trusting Snape, the man had been down right vicious to him. At least it had been for a reason, to keep his duty as spy safe. Could he trust him though? Or
would he be like Dumbledore? Using him for his magic and to kill Voldemort? Closing the book, he hugged it close unsure of what to do.

Did he really need to trust Snape for him to remove the blocks? If he was willing then surely it meant he didn’t like Dumbledore? Dumbledore obviously wanted his magic blocked for a reason. Shivering slightly remembering last night, closing his eyes, gasping when he felt as though it was really happening. He’d made him feel so very good. He certainly wouldn’t mind a repeat of it; the way he was held afterwards...made Harry realize perhaps he wasn’t the only one. He’d done nothing to deserve the distrust, so until he did, Harry would have to give him the benefit of the doubt. He’d answered all his questions, told him more than he knew... maybe he had gotten lucky.

Moving the book aside, he got up and made his dinner, he’d slept later than normal today. The bed was just so comfortable, and the duvet he’d made...so warm. Heating wasn’t something he could afford. The only time he was truly hot was when he was in the bath or shower. Plating everything, he sat back down again on the couch, and savoured the first warm, proper meal he’d had since leaving Hogwarts.

The only thing interrupting his silence was the banging of doors, and the creaking of the boiler and floorboards. You could hear every noise in the flat, the walls were thin. The place was falling apart; it’s probably why it was so cheap. At least compared to flats he’d seen advertised in the paper. Nowhere he could afford when he’d thought about moving, after he’d got his job at the local supermarket.

His stomach was so full, but he didn’t stop eating until everything was gone. Smiling happily, he put everything in the sink, before staring over at the trunk and uncomfortable couch. Making a decision he dragged it through to his bedroom, and sat on the extremely comfortable mattress. Lying on his stomach, he began to properly read everything in order.

He did wonder though if it had to be a matchstick to turn it into a needle, of if they just used it as an example. Could he pick up anything he wanted and turn it into one with the same spell? He had no many questions he couldn’t ask, he was resourceful, he’d find out himself.

Flipping to the next page, he continued on as he meant to, determined to learn all he could. Ignoring the niggling worry that maybe Severus wouldn’t come back...then he’d be in deep trouble. With his life on the line he couldn’t afford to think like that. For the third night in a row, he didn’t go out at night.

Chapter End Notes

Another :D
Not His Day

Pretty Boy

Chapter 7

Not His Day

Severus hadn’t slept in three days; he spent twenty four hours, every day, searching for his answers. Thankfully his body was used to his weird ways, when he got into a project he couldn’t sleep until he had completed it or had his answers. His body was hyped up on pepper up potions and coffee. It was beginning to have an affect, he was exhausted but he didn’t have long. Harry would be turning twenty years old in a year. He couldn’t let him down, he’d sworn to do all he could to help him. Lily would also never forgive him for it, this was her son. She would have moved heaven and hell to help him if it came to it. She would have sold her soul to the devil, that’s how much she loved her son. Everyone knew that of course, she had died for her son. He went to meals, knowing if he didn’t Minerva would come and check on him. He didn’t want her to see all the books he had lying around, otherwise she would get suspicious and refuse to leave him alone. She was such a mother hen, no not hen, she had the right kind of Animagus (feline) just wrong size, and she should have been a lion.

“Your coffee sir,” said Rizzy giving the Potions Master an impenetrable look. He was used to Master Snape, it wasn’t the first time he’d stayed up for days. It was also known that no matter what anyone did, it didn’t get through to the wizard. Instead of telling him to go get some sleep, the elf disappeared.

Severus was unaware of just how many people/beings actually cared about him and worried.

Severus gratefully picked up the coffee, black and strong like he was taking it at the moment. Sipping it as he read through another book, all but one, every single binding counter curse had been found. He was having trouble finding the one he’d placed on Harry when he was eleven. He’d had to delve into his own books; he also had twenty from Hogwarts library. He was holding off on it, thinking it highly doubtful it could be found in a school library. If that didn’t work he’d look through the restricted second - if nothing then he’d have to give up. Remove the rest of the binds in hopes that Harry somehow could pull through in a year’s time when he turned twenty. He wasn’t an optimistic man, he didn’t see the good first he saw the bad.

Hissing out in pain, he put the cup on the table as he instinctively grabbed at his arm. Squeezing painfully, he rode the pain out, until it dulled somewhat. With no choice, he grabbed his Death Eater garb and used the Emergency Portkey. Which would deposit him outside Hogwarts gates, just beyond the wards - where he could Apparate. The downside to it was the fact Dumbledore knew when he used it, he was the Headmaster and he had created it. He Apparated to the Dark Lord’s side, placing the disgusting mask over his face, inwardly cursing his bloody timing. He wasn’t going to hold his breathe; he’d probably go home in some type of agony.

Looking around, he saw they were in the old Riddle Mansion, where the Dark Lord had murdered his father and grandparents. He’d actually also bought the property, a very long time ago of course. Not that anyone knew that, except him. He wasn’t sure if Dumbledore did or not. Rolling up his sleeves, he walked forward letting the wards identify him. Having the Dark Mark was all that was needed to be granted access. His robes billowing out around him, he stalked up to the Mansion and took his place on the large table. Nagini was curled up by the fireplace, hissing contently, he hated that thing it gave him the willies. He liked snakes; he just hated that one in particular. The Dark Lord had done
rituals to it, it could constrict you, poison you, eat you as well. The bones magically disappeared; she
didn’t even need to regurgitate them. She was quite lethal; he’d hardly been able to save Kingsley
Shacklebolt’s life when he’d been attacked by it. It was thanks to the powerful and smart thinking
healers at St. Mungo’s Severus even had the time he did to help. Together, working in the lab below
St. Mungo’s he’d succeeded in coming up with an anti-dote to the poison Nagini caused. As far as
he knew they still had it, he’d taken one for himself just in case. It wouldn’t be the first time the Dark
Lord had ordered his snake to kill one of his Death Eaters.

Thankfully as a Potions Master he was too valuable for the Dark Lord to wish hurt or maimed
permanently. There was none better than him; it’s why the insane wizard had wanted him to begin
with. Still he was extremely creative in his bid to bring Severus to heel so to speak. Instead he’d
given Severus a way to destroy both the Dark Lord and Dumbledore. Neither one of them would
harm another soul if he got his way, Harry would have to agree of course. Considering the darkness
he could see, he didn’t think he’d have a problem in that regard. He was innocent in some ways, but
jaded in others. Perfect for a man like him, anyone that could stand up to him though, was deserving
of respect.

Everyone went still when the Dark Lord entered the room; Severus tightened his shields and focused
on right now. He couldn’t be caught thinking of anything else, he did observe that the Dark Lord
was in a good mood. Or rather pleased, either way it didn’t bode well for the meeting. He sat at the
head of the table; Nagini was hissing and making her way over to her master.

“Lucius,” was all the Dark Lord needed to say.

“My Lord,” said Lucius respectfully, his dulcet tones nowhere to be seen today. He knew better than
to speak to the Dark Lord in the manner he spoke to everyone else. He’d tried it once, and he’d been
on the receiving end of the longest Crucius Curse cast by the Dark Lord on his Death Eaters. He
had been at the time, honestly surprised the wizard had remained sane. “Cornelius Fudge is ready to
join our cause; his fear of what Dumbledore is up to has convinced him.” Lucius was chuckling
lightly; he had of course ensured Fudge became even more paranoid of the old man. He’d do
anything to keep the Dark Lord’s approval.

“And your son?” asked Voldemort, his red eyes gleaming with something impenetrable. Either way
Severus did not like that look, he remained impassive as he watched both Lucius and the Dark Lord
closely without being obvious. The mask he wore helped him with this so it wasn’t all bad wearing
it. He didn’t understand the need for them, he knew every Death Eater there, and they all did. So did
everyone else, it’s why Karkaroff had succeeded in naming so many of them when he betrayed the
Dark Lord.

“Is eager to prove his worth,” said Lucius immediately, sitting proud and tall, his son had turned out
greater than he’d expected. Draco was his greatest accomplishment, so obedient yet spoiled.

“Good, I shall make the preparations for him to be my consort, once I have everything I want him
given to me…willingly.” said the Dark Lord, he didn’t want to have to break him, he had other
pressing matters to attend to. Although nothing would turn him on more than breaking Lucius
Malfroy’s son. Unfortunately he doubted the father would care much. He seemed all too eager to
hand him over, his lips twitched; he had full control over his servants, good. He wouldn’t want any
of them trying to break the mould. They were his to do as he pleased, as were their children. Draco
Malfroy would carry his heir, and nobody would suspect or think for a second it was a half blood.
The Slytherin line would continue, and it would be as pure as it came. No one would be any the
wiser, the name Riddle would be lost to obscurity as he wanted.

“Yes My Lord,” said Lucius, his eyes gleaming with supreme satisfaction and wickedness.
No doubt Lucius was thinking on how this would make him climb higher up the ranks. Being the best was all Lucius cared about, Merlin he was just going to hand his son over to the evil wizard. Severus was furious, he didn’t show it though, and they were talking about his godson as if he didn’t have feelings of his own! His godson was a spoiled brat, and always used to getting his own way. He hadn’t settled down or married, just content to spend the Malfoy money and laze around. It got on his nerves when he knew what Draco was capable of. Now he wouldn’t get the chance to change, if Narcissa found out…maybe it would be all that was needed to make her up and leave. Taking Draco with her perhaps, he was limited to what he could do to help them. Hopefully soon though, it might not be needed, training Harry was suddenly even more important if he could just find that last bloody counter curse. The news that Fudge was joining did cause him to feel disheartened but not surprised. Fudge was terrified of Dumbledore, of what he was doing with Harry. He believed he’d be out of job, now look what happened, he’d betrayed his country and job. Joining the enemy, if and when they found out - he’d be given the kiss for sure.

“Avery?” demanded Voldemort.

“Everything has been quiet my lord, there is no news worth reporting.” said Avery bowing low.

“Bella?” asked Voldemort, his hand twitching, stopping himself from cursing his servant. Avery was useful; he overheard a lot in his job, a job he’d be going back to after the meeting so he couldn’t curse him. He wasn’t a stupid wizard, if he showed up shaking they’d put two and two together. He needed all the Death Eaters he could get; nearly all of them were terrified of him already so he didn’t have to do any breaking in. Although the new recruits in a few months were another story altogether…a blood thirsty grin stole across his lipless face.

“I followed Dumbledore as you requested my Lord; he’s been searching for something. Leaving Hogwarts regularly, especially during the night. Mostly accompanied by Alastor Moody, I think it’s a person they are looking for My Lord. They were showing a picture to people, but I did not get a look at it. I did ask one of the people they stopped about it, all he could tell me was he had brown hair, glasses and some weird robe thing on.” said Bellatrix grinning viciously. “If I didn’t know any better I’d say it was Potter they were searching for.”

“Well done Bella,” said the Dark Lord, causing Bellatrix to puff up proudly, looking at him with total adoration. Her husband and his brother didn’t so much as twitch, they were used to Bellatrix’s ways. Hell she would probably have slept with the Dark Lord if she could, but his preferences didn’t lie with women. As seen with the fact he wanted Bellatrix’s nephew, Draco Malfoy. “Try and get confirmation of who it is.”

“Yes My Lord,” said Bellatrix still sitting there smugly as if she’d done something nobody else could.

Severus was curious how she’d successfully hid herself from Moody’s eye. He hated to admit it but he was rather impressed she’d followed Moody without getting caught.

“Severus?” hissed Voldemort, his angry eyes latching onto his slippery spy. He wasn’t happy with him at all, the information he was bringing back was useless to say the least. He was beginning to think Dumbledore no longer trusted him, and if that was the case…he was useless as spy. Severus should be lucky he was a Potions Master; otherwise there would have been no redeeming for him whatsoever.

“I think Bellatrix might be right,” said Severus smoothly, “Dumbledore has been panicking, leaving the school for no reason. There are only a few things that could cause him to be alarmed, there is a big possibility that Harry Potter has ran away.”
Voldemort burst out laughing, even in his amusement it sounded dark and sinister. His red eyes were gleaming with wickedness; it was time to send a few of his Death Eaters out to look for him then. With a bit of luck he might find Potter before Dumbledore did, negate a threat before he got even more powerful or trained further. “Lestrange’s, I think its time you did some hunting for the boy, bring him to me before Dumbledore finds him.” he was speaking to all of them, Bellatrix, Rabastan and Rodolphus.

“Yes, My Lord.” said the three in unison.

Severus noticed the brothers had a look of doubt in their eyes. They obviously didn’t have as much faith in Bellatrix in finding Harry Potter when even Dumbledore couldn’t. Well at least the attention was removed from him, it seemed they might be the next on the Dark Lords to torture list.

“What are you all still doing here? Go!” said the Dark Lord, glaring at them all in warning before the hall was filled with individual pops of Apparation as they all left.

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Severus had just Portkey’d back to his Quarters, when he felt the wards change. Dumbledore was trying to convince the Portrait to let him gain entrance. It was the only warning the Portrait could give him. Staring at the mess, he realized he would have to go to Dumbledore or risk exposure. Removing the Death Eater garb, banishing it back to the cupboard and opened the door and exited. Pretending to be surprised to see Dumbledore there trying to get in.

“How are you doing?” asked Severus glaring at the old fool half heartedly.

“I was just coming down to see if you were well, after what happened last time.” said Albus looking concerned.

Severus blinked; arching an eyebrow somehow he didn’t believe that. Casting the ‘Muffliato’ spell he faced Dumbledore. If there was anyone trying to eavesdrop, they’d find their ears filled with an unidentifiable buzzing. Like being too close to a swarm of bees or a TV that was on the Fritz. “According to Lucius Malfoy, Cornelius Fudge has decided to join the Dark Lord. Bellatrix has been following you, she’s come up with the idea that you are looking for Potter. He currently has the three Lestrange’s looking for him. It’s a waste of anyone’s time, but at least the attention will not be on me.” said Severus, giving him a run down of what had happened. Pretending to be ignorant of the fact he knew Harry wasn’t with Dumbledore.

Dumbledore paled drastically, the vein at the side of his head pulsed was the only sign that he was extremely angry. He couldn’t believe it, he’d kept a lid on it this long, how had Bellatrix managed to follow him and Moody? Now the Death Eaters were looking for him. As if he didn’t have enough to worry about with Harry’s twentieth birthday. He had to remove the bonds or Potter would die, he was terrified rightfully so.

“I think we need to have an Order meeting Severus,” said Dumbledore, removing the coin and using a spell on it. The one Severus owned heated uncomfortably in his robe pocket. Dumbledore had been looking for better ways to contact everyone, without using so much magic (Patronus’) and of course owls. Granger had turned to Dumbledore in the next order meeting with the coin. It looked like a normal Galleon, but the thing was it had been magically created, it was a fake. Nobody would think take it from someone if they were being searched. Money wouldn’t help them if they were in a situation they couldn’t get out of.

“Why? It’s not true is it?” asked Severus feigning confusion.

“All shall be explained later.” said Dumbledore stalking off, no doubt towards his office.
Sighing in exasperation, Severus removed his coin and found the meeting was immediately. Rolling
his eyes, he went back into his quarters and Floo’ed to Grimmauld Place. Black had given it to
Dumbledore to use for the Order meetings. Despite the fact more often than not Black didn’t bother
attending. He remained in his bedroom just sulking like a school girl. Under the impression that
Harry didn’t want anything to do with him.

Almost everyone was already there, sitting down in one of the free seats. Ignoring the food and drink
that had been laid out by Molly Weasley. He didn’t trust anyone to not have tampered with them. He
crossed his arms, and stared broodingly over at the door, wanting to be anywhere but here. Actually
he wanted to be looking for the book that would free all of Harry’s magic. Having just attended a
Death Eater meeting made him even worse tempered.

The Floo flared admitting Dumbledore, and for once he didn’t start with pleasantries. He went
straight to it, and Severus had to stop the incredulity showing. Dumbledore was good, very good,
he’d have believed him if he didn’t already know the truth.

“Harry Potter has run away,” said Albus looking years older. “I and Alastor have been searching for
him for a fortnight, with no success. With his training he’s going to be difficult to find. We must pull
all our resources and find him, I’m afraid Voldemort has also found out. Our first priority is bringing
Harry Potter back home.”

Severus had seen Moody’s surprise before it was covered up; Moody wasn’t an Auror for nothing it
seemed. Fortunately Severus knew every single tell the body isn’t able to hide properly. None of the
others seem quite as put out, just shocked and surprised by Dumbledore’s words.

“Why would he run away?” asked Hermione, she was baffled by that, the magical world was the
best. She’d never consider going back to the boring Muggle world, despite her parents living in it
and her sister during the summers. Her sister was still at Hogwarts, and she was very proud when
she’d received her letter.

“I do not know, perhaps the pressure finally got to him.” sighed Albus sadly.

“We must find him before he comes to harm,” said Minerva quite shocked.

“Indeed we must,” said Albus, “Alastor why don’t you divide up areas we can search? We if we can
pull a net on at least one area tonight and search thoroughly.”

“Hasn’t he made a withdrawal at Gringotts? He cannot go anywhere without money, or Muggle
money. Perhaps Tonks could stake the place out see if we can get lucky?” said Shacklebolt.

“He won’t do that,” said Dumbledore dismissively, not bothering to go into details as Alastor began
giving the Order members streets to patrol. It was imperative they found him. He didn’t bother about
the area’s he and Albus had already searched, so he crossed those off.

Shacklebolt just stared at him uncomprehendingly, before two pieces of paper were stuffed into his
hands. Two street addresses were written down on the paper and a picture of James Potter. “Why do
I have a picture of James Potter? Isn’t there picture of Harry?”

“He looks like his father,” said Dumbledore, once against dismissing Shacklebolt. “He doesn’t like
getting his picture taken, so we do not have one of him.”

“Severus, you go back to Hogwarts, if the Death Eaters are out searching we cannot have them
coming across you. It’s important you keep your duties intact.” said Dumbledore.

“Of course,” said Severus impassively. With that everyone who was helping disappeared out of the
house and began their own duties. Shaking his head in irritation, he entered the Floo Network and whizzed away back to his Quarters. He was rather grateful he didn’t have to look for Harry, or rather pretend to. He had more important things to do. Hopefully he could get to the nineteen year old soon, hopefully with all counter charms. If not he had an entire year to search for it, so he couldn’t loose hope.
The Binds Are Removed

Pretty Boy

Chapter 8

The Binds Are Removed

It was now the fourth day since Severus had healed enough to return to Hogwarts, four days since he’d left Harry. He had been gone much longer than anticipated, he’d assumed one day maybe two at the most. No doubt Harry probably thought he wasn’t returning. He was hoping Harry hadn’t been out at night, to him Harry was his, and at least he wanted him to be. He didn’t want to share, he’d have him if it was the last thing he did. Shaking off his possessive thoughts, which had gotten steadily worse over the last few days. He Apparated to Harry’s flat, the books shrunk and in his cloak pocket.

The flat was ominously silent, but before jumping to conclusions he went through to what he now knew to be Harry’s room. It was a one bedroom flat; Harry had given up his bed for him. Opening the door, he found Harry asleep on the bed, surrounded by books. His lips quirked in amusement, as he walked in, the first year books, Harry had taken his trunk when he left evidently. Moving them off the bed, and into the trunk, HPJ seemed to stand out as he looked at it. Definitive proof, if he didn’t already have it, that this was indeed Harry Potter.

Severus slowly extracted the book from under Harry’s head; he must have fallen asleep reading. He crinkled the corner, marking where Harry had been reading his charms textbook. He must really want to have magic back in his life. Severus moved the hair from Harry’s face, looking at him once more. He was absolutely breathtaking; you wouldn’t think he was such a…screamer in bed looking at him when he was awake. Fortunately Severus knew what it was like to wear masks, and a child as young as Harry had been shouldn’t have to. He trailed his fingers down the smooth creamy flesh, Merlin how he wanted him.

Harry began to wake up; alarmed he opened his eyes when he realized there was someone touching him. Harry left out a breath when he realized it was just Severus; he’d thought the wizard wasn’t going to return. Severus was sitting comfortably on his bed, touching him. He felt himself beginning to stir at the innocent touches Severus was giving him. He could see the fondness barely hidden in those black eyes. It made him feel funny inside, out of all the people he could get attracted to why him? Then again Harry knew you couldn’t help whom you fell in love with. It was emotional not practical.

“You came back,” said Harry, unable to keep every ounce of hope from his voice as he would have liked. He didn’t want anyone to see him vulnerable, because then they would just pounce.

“Have you been working since we met?” asked Severus his black eyes boring into Harry’s. He’d know if he lied, he had no mind shields whatsoever. He was hoping that Harry wouldn’t lie, Severus hated, no in fact, couldn’t tolerate lies at all. He did enough lying or being lied to from Dumbledore and Voldemort spying.

“No,” said Harry, his eyebrow dipping as if trying to figure out the real reason behind it. There could only be a few reasons, none of which were innocent either way. He was either jealous and didn’t want to share, or he didn’t want to touch Harry if someone else had.

“Good,” said Severus, wincing slightly, he really shouldn’t have asked that. Harry didn’t belong to
him, whether he liked it or not. He was his own man, and he did what he had to because he needs to - not for fun. Moving further up the headboard, sitting on the pillows as Harry remained where he was. The flat was cold, it was no wonder he preferred being under the covers.

Harry got up onto his knees, shovelling himself closer to Severus, sitting on him as his mouth went to Severus’ ear and began whispering. “And why is that? Hmm… your body reveals more than you ever will.” he could feel Severus stirring under him. He had worked for years; he knew how to arouse someone before even touching them.

Severus chuckled, “Maybe it does, but I know what you are doing, you aren’t the only one that can play that game.” false honey coated his voice, as a single finger trailed up his leg in a taunting teasingly manner. He smirked in amusement when Harry shuddered in his arms. Oh yes, Harry wouldn’t know what hit him. Cupping Harry’s bottom, he began to massage him, bringing their covered stirring erections closer together.

Stiffening completely, he realized he was going about it all wrong. He didn’t want Harry to think for a second he wanted him just for sex. After all those years of doing what he did, there was little doubt Harry would think that. So with iron control, he managed to get his reactions under control. It had to have been the most difficult thing he’d ever done. Especially when Harry was rocking so provocatively against him, sucking on his neck hard enough to leave a hickey. Something he would probably have to get rid off.

“What’s wrong?” asked Harry stopping what he was doing, sensing a distance being put up between them.

“I have found the counter curses for the binds on your magic.” said Severus after clearing his throat. He must be an idiot. Who in their right mind gave up a night of passion to remove the bindings? It could have been done in the morning…or way, way later. He had to go about it properly, he wanted Harry to be his yes, but he wasn’t going to jeopardize it by going to quickly or making the first thing happening being sex all the time. Once everything was official he would but until then, he’d try his hardest to keep his hands to himself.

“And?” asked Harry, clearly confused, placing his masks up he removed himself from the taller wizard. He could take a hint; he did wonder though what had caused the change. A million thoughts ran through his mind, but none seem to feel right. He looked around, half expecting Dumbledore to be lurking around. It would explain why he seemed very distant.

“I would like to remove them tonight, with your permission.” said Severus; he could see Harry was already distancing himself from him. It made him feel extremely guilty but they’d get through it. No doubt this was the first time anyone had ever denied him. Suppressing his amusement tonight was going to be a long night. He had a lot to explain.

“You want to learn magic I am correct?” asked Severus, taking Harry’s hand in his and soothingly, brushing his thumb back and forth. Letting him know without saying anything, he wasn’t repulsed by Harry or what he’d done. That he’d also would have liked to continue their little…game. Unfortunately Severus was a busy man, and for a man that didn’t socialise people would know he was gone. People of course being Dumbledore.

“Obviously,” said Harry wryly, his books were lying in his open trunk, it was a sure indicator. Honestly, Snape was a conundrum, he just didn’t understand him. One minute he was eager, the next he stopped…now he was stroking his hand? What was he trying to say? This was all new to him really. He’d never had a relationship, if this was what it was.

“You want revenge.” said Severus this time he didn’t ask it as a question, no he already knew the
Harry looked away, yes he wanted revenge, and he couldn’t believe it was that obvious. He’d dreamed of it for years, ever since that night it’s all that had gotten him through the first few years. He hadn’t understood the graveness of it, to bind someone’s magic. He still didn’t, but the look on Severus’ face had spoken volumes to how bad it was. Then of course the whole ‘die’ thing had dampened his mood and heightened his fury. If anything the past four days…he’d dreamed and thought of vicious ways to deal with Dumbledore. Each passing hour the picture became more and more vindictive. To a normal person they’d have thought Harry was insane for his thoughts.

“Harry to want revenge is normal, especially considering everything you’ve been through. He didn’t just destroy your childhood, teenage years but your magical education and violated your magic.” said Severus gravely, seeing through Harry’s defences. He’d also destroyed pretty much any and all innocence Harry had. “I’ll teach you everything you need to know, everything you’ve missed not attending Hogwarts and what the light wouldn’t teach you.” what the world would frown upon, especially for their hero.

“Why?” asked Harry bitterly, “What’s in it for you?”

“He’s also destroyed your faith in people, but considering the world we live in…it had to happen, I am just angry that it happened so soon. No child should at the age of eleven distrust people so much.” said Severus, “I know the feeling, I didn’t trust many people either, but at least I had a few people - you had no one.”

Harry remained quiet his face still impassive.

“I admit I do have ulterior motives. I loathe Dumbledore; I also hate spying on the Dark Lord. I wish to end it; together we may be able to do so. Getting revenge against both of them at the same time. I help you, in turn when you get your revenge you’ll be helping me.” said Severus quickly before Harry could speak or think he was right.

“A side against them both I assume?” stated Harry.

“Not much of one, but yes, we certainly are against both of them.” said Severus simply.

“That’s all you want in turn?” asked Harry, staring straight at Severus; he just had to be sure.

“Yes.” stated Severus once again caught in those dark yet gorgeous emerald eyes.

“Fine,” said Harry, “I can live with that.” especially if Voldemort and Dumbledore didn’t.

“You have a godfather; I forgot to mention it the last time I was here. His name is Black.” said Severus. He couldn’t bring himself to say his first name, it was as if a stone lodged in his throat.

Harry’s eyes darkened further, “Let me guess he thought I’d be much happier in the Muggle world away from magic?” sneered Harry.

“Actually no, he was wrongfully arrested of your parent’s murder; everyone assumed Black was their secret keeper. He was freed when you were thirteen years old, after revealing Pettigrew for what he was. Dumbledore told him that you did not want to see him. It did devastate him; he’s been a walking zombie since. As much as it turns my stomach to admit he does love you.” said Severus quietly.

“Secret Keeper? What did he know where they lived?” asked Harry blinking blankly at Severus. The way he’d said it, made him think he wasn’t getting the entire picture.
“It’s a spell; it keeps a property and the people within it completely of the radar. Such as putting someone into the witness protection programme and in a secure home where even GPS doesn’t work.” said Severus trying to tell Harry in a Muggle way he could comprehend. “The Dark Lord could have pressed his face against the house they were in, but he would see nothing, he couldn’t get to them. Only one person knew their location, they are commonly referred to as the secret keepers. The secret keeper told the Dark Lord where they were and the magic was destroyed.”

“I see,” said Harry, his eyebrows puckered as he thought on it all.

“I must warn you Harry, removing the bindings…will be very painful.” said Severus.

“How painful?” asked Harry immediately.

“On a scale from one to ten I’d say nine,” replied Severus, then again it was all based on Harry’s pain tolerance.

“I’ll be fine,” shrugged Harry, “I’m used to pain.” its all he’d known the first eleven years of his life.

“I cannot give you anything for the pain until afterwards; you need to be completely awake and alert. You need to control your magic, which will be difficult but you cannot let it go haywire.” said Severus sternly, conveying the importance of the request.

“Okay,” said Harry his voice full of doubt, he could barely control his magic as it was, yet Severus was asking him to control more? This wasn’t going to be easy that’s for sure.

“Have you ever done any meditating?” asked Severus seeing Harry’s doubt.

“Um, not much, some.” said Harry.

“Just try that,” said Severus, “Lie down, get as comfortable as you can.”

Harry took a deep breath as Severus got up from the bed, and lay down. His apprehension and worry shining briefly before they became closed off. Whether he knew it or not he knew the basic of keeping his emotions in check. Which meant Occlumency and meditation would come easy for Harry.

That done Severus began chanting, a blue dome glowed briefly around the room before disappearing into the walls. It would stop Harry from being traced magically, he’d created the spell. It was similar to his Muffliato spell, instead of voice’s it stopped magic from getting out. That done he placed a silencing spell around them, he didn’t want anyone bursting in thinking he was murdering Harry. Which was a possibility, after all Harry would be screaming murder by the time he was done.

“Are you ready?” asked Severus placing the parchment with the counter spells in front of him.

“Just do it.” said Harry; he just wanted it over with, no stalling.

Sensing Harry’s desire for it to be done immediately, he nodded, placed a containment spell on the bed, stopping him from falling off. He started; he had to release them in the opposite order of when they’d been placed. So the first one to go was the one Dumbledore put on during Harry’s first year.

He gritted his teeth and continued chanting the different counter-charms as Harry screamed in agony. The room was heating uncomfortably as Harry’s magic came alive. The light was blinding, as his magical actually took on a physical colour, obscuring Harry from view. The last one was by far the worst, Harry had sounded as though he was being tortured viciously. He’d never heard anyone scream that way; it must have been the biggest block yet.
Severus’ wand arm fell limply to his side, as he used his left arm to wipe the sweat running down his face. Whether it was due to the magic or the heat, Severus did not know. Despite the binds being off, Harry was still writhing in pain. He was having trouble controlling his magic.

“Harry, don’t fight it, accept the magic, it’s part of you,” said Severus soothingly, touching Harry but jerking back. Merlin he felt as if he was on fire. “It’s fine Harry, just calm down, accept it, it’s yours and yours alone to control. That’s it, nice and easy does it.” he said as Harry finally began to calm, his body didn’t jerk and writhe in pain so much.

Harry listened to Severus’ voice, finding himself calming down just hearing it. Every nerve in his body felt as though it was on fire. Deep inside of him felt as though he was going to explode. Was this how he would have died? If the binds hadn’t been removed? He owed Severus everything it seemed, his very life. Then finally it stopped as if it never even started.

“Drink these,” said Severus softly, cupping him head, Harry barely aware leaned into the comfort that had been denied to him. Swallowing the potion, another was placed in front of him, then another, before Harry lost all sense of himself and drifted off to sleep.

Severus banished the vials; he’d given Harry a grade ten pain reliever, mixed with a muscle relaxant. One to bring his fever down and another to let him sleep. He spelled Harry clean and dry, before covering him with his duvet. Just then an owl swooped in, with no letter. The owl looked familiar to him, if he wasn’t mistaken it was Ginny Weasley’s, he’d seen it in Grimmauld Place. Evidently it wasn’t her familiar, she must have been meant for Harry. It didn’t surprise him that she’d been able to sense him through the ward he’d placed. He’d found out soon after creating them, that the ‘magshield’ he had up and ‘Muffliato’ didn’t work on animals. It was weird, but it was as if animals were on a different frequency.

Not willing to leave Harry again, just in case he suffered any ill affects during the night or in the morning. He removed his cloak and trousers before sliding into the bed next to him. This place wasn’t secure, he didn’t feel right leaving Harry here, but until he could convince him to come to Hogwarts. It’s where they’d need to remain, or at least Harry would. He’d need to plan something; he couldn’t show up as Harry Potter, he didn’t want Dumbledore getting his hands on him.
Harry had spooned himself further against Severus during the night, the Potions Master’s arms were wrapped around him in a chokehold. The bed was warm and cosy, Harry didn’t want to wake up at all. He didn’t get much of a choice; he choked and tried to get out of the secure arms around him. Terrified by the likes which he’d never known. Severus had woken immediately, as always alert to his surroundings. He was also startled by how gorgeous the owl was, so white and pure. He’d seen the ones at school; they were nothing on her beauty. That’s if he was right and it was a girl, but something inside of him was telling him it was.

“Let me go,” choked Harry staring at the owl clearly bloody scared stiff.

“Calm down,” said Severus tightening his hold on Harry, he’d never seen Harry like this, not that he’d known him long. Yet to see him lose his composure like that, made him feel very angsty, for reasons he couldn’t pinpoint. “She’s your familiar. When one sees their familiar they know, they can feel a pull on their magic. That’s if they are powerful enough, she must have been able to sense you. That’s how powerful you are; she took off on her own and found you.”

“I thought you had to pay for…” started Harry.

“She had an owner, Ginny Weasley if I am correct.” stated Severus, and he was never wrong. At least he made sure to never be wrong or be proven wrong anyway. “Familiar bondings cannot be disputed, even if she were to fight you to get Snowy back.”

“Snowy?” scoffed Harry in derision a sneer painted on his face.

“Indeed,” smirked Severus wryly, “Such a proud beast reduced to such a childish, juvenile name.”

“I don’t suppose I could change it?” asked Harry staring at the amber eyes of the owl, as if sensing his words, she hooted loudly, flapping her wings.

“They are also extremely smart, I do not think she’d be apposed to the name change.” replied Severus in amusement. “How are you feeling?”

“Fine,” said Harry simply.

“Fine as in I’m hurting like blazes or fine as in you feel better. There’s no need to lie, I have plenty potions that can cure any ailment you feel.” said Severus sternly.

“Ailment?” asked Harry a grin appearing on his face. “What old fashion novel did you jump out of?”

“That’s definitely a new one, most just accuse me of swallowing a dictionary.” said Severus a smirk gracing his features.

“I can see why,” laughed Harry amused. “I’ll need to think of a name for her, if she’s a her, can’t see someone calling a male owl snowy.”

“You’d be surprised,” said Severus, children were so idiotic he could barely stand them.
Unfortunately he had the displeasure of teaching them, and could do nothing while Dumbledore held his own fate in his wrinkled old hands. One word from him he’d be in Azkaban within a few hours. Its why, despite the fact it disgusted him, and his very nature, he played along with Dumbledore. If the opportunity arose, he’d have no problem killing the old man. It admittedly, made him insufferably smug that he had Harry Potter within his grasp. One that wanted revenge on the old fool, and he would ensure Harry got it; he deserved it after what the bastard had done. Twenty years nearly Harry had gone without his magic; such a gift should never be bound. Whoever had created those spells should have been killed, and the spells destroyed. Unfortunately, like all magic, it did have a good use for it. Those mentally instable, without control of their magic, it would kill them or worse others. Those in St. Mungo’s for instance, they had their magic bound since they couldn’t control their magic, use it or understand what they were doing. It would be removed of course should they regain their health, but so far only a handful in the history of the medical practise has been successful. Even in the magical world there was no cure for instability or mentally handicapped. Magic despite its wonderful presence - wasn’t any means a miracle worker.

They lapsed into a comfortable silence, but unfortunately they couldn’t remain that way. Severus had much to do and not a lot of available or free time in which to accomplish it. Soon the summer holidays would be over, and he’d be at Hogwarts full time teaching dunderheads. “How much of your books did you read before and when you joined Hogwarts?” judging by the questions Harry hadn’t been able to answer he suspected not many.

“My Uncle,” sneered Harry, an ugly look crossing his features. “Locked my trunk away, I didn’t get the chance to read any of them until the night before classes.”

“I see,” said Severus, feeling a lurch of guilt, at his actions when the young man had been but eleven years old. “And now?”

“I’ve read Hogwarts a history, and Transfiguration, I’m half way through Charms.” said Harry.

“Have you tried any spells?” asked Severus.

“Risk being found? I think not.” scoffed Harry.

“As long as it’s performed it here you will be fine, I have a shield upon this room, keep the door closed and never let magic leave the dome or they will find out. Your magic has been recorded, but considering you’ve been doing magic…I find it odd that they’ve been unable to find you. Perhaps Wandless magic cannot be traced, or the magic you’ve used were too small to be picked up.”

“Helping you wasn’t the first time, but until my sixteenth birthday I wasn’t able to cast much magic at all.” admitted Harry.

“I’m surprised you were able to at any time.” said Severus. Ten percent of magic, that of course was only judging on Harry’s scale of magic, not magic on a whole. He was surprised Harry had been given a letter to attend Hogwarts, with all that was bound before he was eleven.Had Dumbledore planned it all? Binding his magic, making him feel like a failure as a wizard and running? No Dumbledore wouldn’t allow that. He’d never let Harry two steps away from him, out of his sphere of influence.

Harry just shrugged, he was used to life being unfair, and to have his magic back was a bonus he hadn’t counted on. He took what life threw at him, embraced it and continued on. Not having magic all his life, he wasn’t dependant on it like others, especially a man like Severus or even Dumbledore come to that.

“Learn what you can, the next time I come I’ll bring more books.” said Severus. “I’ll also find out
more about your inheritance.”

“Find out about it?” asked Harry, his suspicion hidden.

“Dumbledore may be the executor of your estate, if he is, it might be impossible to remove anything from your vaults until you wish to be revealed.” said Severus, “It’s within law that the person managing the estate be notified, when the heir steps forward or claims it. Relinquishing them of their need to be an executor of the estate.”

Harry lip curled nastily, how he stopped himself growling like a wounded bear he did not know. The thought of Dumbledore anywhere near his new found wealth disturbed him greatly. “Can he take money?” he asked his horror showing, he may not have known about it. Yet he did now, and the fact Dumbledore might have got his greedy paws on his money irritated and infuriated him.

“He is paid to be the executor of the estate. He also, does have the ability to remove money, but only so much a month and he would need to confirm what it’s for. The old ways, those that came up with the law governing Gringotts weren’t stupid. They were adamant about protecting gold. Protecting their client’s money and enriching them further than needed. To the goblins there’s no such thing as too much gold. If Dumbledore tried anything untoward the Goblins would have him on his arse outside Gringotts. Thievery isn’t tolerated; you do not have to fear he has left the Potter fortune drained. Plus he cannot any longer remove money; it will have stopped upon your seventeenth birthday.”

“Well that’s some relief then,” said Harry his voice filled with rancour. “Did you not say Black was my Godfather? Shouldn’t that right fall to him? Isn’t he my… guardian? Magical guardian?”

“He would have been, but you must remember he was locked in Azkaban, he cannot take care of himself never mind anyone’s money. I hate to admit it but the fact Dumbledore told the mutt you rejected him and wanted to remove him as godfather it broke him.” said Severus grudgingly, he hadn’t even been able to get a rise out of Black since. He’d given up trying actually feeling pity for the arsehole that made his school years living hell.

“He’s weak?” grimaced Harry, as much as it made him feel happy that someone missed him, the fact he’d given up disgusted him. He couldn’t help it; it’s just the way he felt. He’d had a hard life, and he hated the ‘pity me’ crap people spouted as if their hearts were being cut out.

“Depends on who you ask.” said Severus impassively, “I’ve always hated him so you could say I am prejudice.”

“Go on then, tell me.” said Harry, it was so weird lying here talking to someone, usually when he was in bed with someone they were doing something entirely different. He certainly wasn’t going to push himself on Severus again; he’d made his feelings perfectly clear. It was oddly humbling for someone to reject his advances.

“He’s a conceded, immature, juvenile little prick who couldn’t even grow up after being thrust in Azkaban.” said Severus immediately.

Harry snorted, “That sounds like someone who’s used to getting their way, why would that make them weak?” asked Harry.

“Emotions, that’s what makes him weak, he lets them control him instead of controlling them.” said Severus, “He doesn’t know how to survive in the real world, he hides himself away in his townhouse and sulks.” he couldn’t say Grimmauld Place since he wasn’t the secret keeper. Despite Dumbledore was the Secret Keeper, Black could speak about it, it was his house despite all the
wards against talking of it.

“Sounds awful, as much as I’d be curious enough to meet him...I cannot stand overly emotional 
people.” admitted Harry, “Especially pity, it would turn my stomach and make me say things they’d 
rather me not.”

Severus smirked wryly, “Sounds like someone I know.” him in fact, which wasn’t exactly a good 
thing not in any world. It made them sceptical, easy to anger and they didn’t suffer fools needlessly. 
On the upside, at least they were never disappointed or hurt by those around them. They were too 
similar, both in attitude and the life they’d led. One could say it was a match made in heaven or fight 
like cats and dogs.

“I’ll bet.” said Harry a known look in his eyes; he knew to whom Severus was referring.

“I do have to go,” said Severus, if he didn’t appear for breakfast they would get curious. The last 
thing he needed was anyone following him or digging deeper.

“Of course,” said Harry, feeling once again strangely bereft but refused to let it show. Why was 
Severus affecting him so much? He’d gone his entire life without someone; he was nineteen years 
old for god sake. He’d never depended on anyone, as nice as the thought was he knew better. Those 
you depend on just let you down constantly, he should know, everyone he had, had indeed just 
abused it and him.

“I’ll be back.” said Severus before he Apparated out once again.

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“Severus, as always promptly on time.” said Albus Dumbledore, from where he sat at the 
Headmaster’s chair in the Great Hall, Minerva McGonagall was noticeably absent. All Severus 
wanted to do was throw himself against Dumbledore and choke the life out of him. He could almost 
see it, taste it, but with iron clad control, seemingly unbothered he took his seat.

“Headmaster,” he replied nodding curtly, suddenly not very hungry. He was almost tempted to check 
his own magic, to ensure it hadn’t been tampered with also. He didn’t trust the Headmaster as far as 
him he took his seat.

“Headmaster,” he replied nodding curtly, suddenly not very hungry. He was almost tempted to check 
his own magic, to ensure it hadn’t been tampered with also. He didn’t trust the Headmaster as far as 
he could throw him. “Am I to assume since he’d not here that you weren’t successful?”

“Unfortunately, but there is still time.” said Albus, his eyes shadowed with knowledge that he spoke 
false truth. “You must alert me right away if you are called, just in case Voldemort succeeds in 
finding Harry. He’s our number one fighter in this war, if you must show your true colours to get 
him out alive - do it.”

“I will not risk my position for Potter!” said Severus angry.

“You must.” said Albus demandingly, he knew how irrational Severus got when Potter, Black or 
Lupin’s name was mentioned. He was going to have a fight on his hands that’s for sure.

“I refuse Headmaster, that boy is nothing on the grand scale of things, the only person I’d risk my 
duties for is you.” said Severus, lying through his teeth, his mantra running through his head. 
‘Pretend inferiority and encourage his arrogance.’ his favourite quote. “He is not more powerful than 
you.”

“While I appreciate the sentiment we both know that’s not true,” said Albus, “Harry will be the one 
to strike the killing blow, he will kill Voldemort. Soon after a new threat will arise, no doubt from the 
Death Eater ranks and he too will be dealt with by Harry.”
“What are you talking about?” asked Severus staring at Dumbledore as if he had two heads, appearing both angry and horrified.

“The Prophecy Severus, he will be the one to defeat the Dark Lord’s.” said Dumbledore after erecting a silencing spell around them, stopping them from being overheard.

“Lords?” asked Severus, his lungs seizing fearfully.

“Indeed, which means the moment Voldemort is taken care of, another will try and create another war.” said Dumbledore his twinkle missing as he regarded Severus. He knew he had to explain the direness of the situation to Severus. He had to make sure Snape knew just how important Potter was to the survival of their world. Which was useless of course, if he did not find the boy within a year. He’d been searching for eight years, to no avail, he wasn’t so optimistic like Alastor about Potter suddenly reappearing.

“That makes no sense,” said Severus feigning stupidity, digging for more information.

“The one with the power to defeat the dark lord approaches, born to those who have thrice defied him…born as the seventh month dies.” said Dumbledore quietly, “That you heard what you didn’t hear was the rest of it. And the dark lord shall mark him his equal, and he will have the power the dark lord’s know not. They must die at the hand of the other for none can live while the others survive.”

“Potter,” grimaced Severus, “He’s responsible for the end of the war?”

“Yes, now you see why he’s so important.” said Albus. “Save him if you must.”

“Then we are doomed.” said Severus looking sick, as he should be, he hated the Potters and his life now hung in the hands of one. Everyone’s life hung in Harry’s hands. It truly was important to teach him everything he could, and keep him safe and hidden from both of them. The Lord’s, it must mean Voldemort and Dumbledore, since both of them considered themselves the Lord of ‘light’ and the ‘dark’ lord. “I of course, shall do what I must…no matter how distasteful the task may seem.”

“I know you will Severus,” said Dumbledore imperiously, thinking he had control over Severus. Boy how wrong was he, how wrong were they all, and soon Harry Potter would come home and Hogwarts would rejoice again.

“Excuse me, Headmaster, I have Potions I need to brew.” said Severus, making his hasty exit, without being obvious about it.
“How’s the reading going?” asked Severus, Apparating directly into Harry’s bedroom. He really shouldn’t have, but he had. It’s not as if Harry had anything he hadn’t seen before anyway. He found him in relatively the same position as last time, only awake as opposed to asleep. He stood at the side of him, once more observing the beauty Harry held. His parents didn’t hold a candle to him. It’s as though he’d gotten the best of both parents, as well as some of his own unique features. Which Severus was grateful to, if Harry had looked like James’ double, no matter how gorgeous he would have hated him instinctively. Even though James had in the end earned his respect and disgust at the same time. Dying defending his family, but being stupid enough to trust what he thought was Black, back in the day.

“Fine, although I don’t see the use for these, unless I’m going to turn Dumbledore into a water goblet, is that even possible?” asked Harry curiously, turning side ways, leaning on his elbow to get a good look at Severus. Despite himself he was beginning to trust him, after all Dumbledore or no one magic had showed up at his door yet.

Severus smirked, “They use those examples in the books to make it easier for you. Such as matchsticks into needles because they are the same size. Animals are more susceptible to transforming hence the water goblets.”

“I don’t suppose I could sell those then huh?” asked Harry wryly, “They do look like real gold.”

“They do, but they’re not.” said Severus, so he had been practicing. He went over to them, picking it up, he tried to undo it with little magic, trying repeatedly using more and more magic. Eventually he succeeded in changing it back; Harry had put a lot of magic into transfiguring them.

“These books have better spells, useful spells that you can use.” said Severus handing over fifteen books and unshrinking them. The one on top happened to be Severus’ old potions book, he’d added the effects of the spell so Harry didn’t go and make a mistake, casting the bloody curse on anyone. “It seems you might not have to make your way up, with lower spells and such so you could get a tighter grasp on more difficult spells.”

“What year are those for?” asked Harry curiously, beginning to look at the front of each book. Most seemed geared towards advanced charms, or defence with an occasional Potions book thrown in. What could be expected? After all Severus was a Potions Master and he probably had thousands of books related to the subject.

“None, well the potions book on top is the sixth year potions.” said Severus, “They are extremely difficult after all its N.E.W.T’s year.”

“I guess I won’t be brewing then huh?” asked Harry, feeling strangely disappointed, he hated Potions, and the two he’d attended had been hell on earth. Mostly thanks to the wizard standing in front of him. Yet he was no longer eleven year old, he had realized it was probably a violate subject. Neville had ended up covered from head to toe in potion, and it was just a first year potion. What if he’d continued on doing that all the way to more difficult potions? Potions that might do more
damage? Even kill. Not just him but everyone in the room.

“No unless you are in a properly sterilised lab,” said Severus. “With the best ingredients.” he added as an afterthought as he sat down, he still hadn’t fully recovered. His ribs and back easily began aching. He didn’t want to become addicted to pain reliving potions, which can easily happen. With him brewing them, nobody would notice the addiction, the only downside to being a Potions Master.

“Hmm,” was all Harry said.

“Have you been eating?” asked Severus his eyes boring into Harry’s.

“Yes,” said Harry honestly.

“Have you eaten dinner?” he then enquired.

“No,” admitted Harry.

“Then go make us something, you need to take a break from reading,” said Severus. That was the cauldron calling the silver stirrer black. He knew, since when he got into a project he forgot to do anything else as well.

“What did your last servant die of?” asked Harry, but nevertheless stood up as his stomach was growling loudly. Or so he told himself anyway, but without him, Harry wouldn’t be eating the filling meals he was these days.

“Poison.” taunted Severus lying.

“Doesn’t surprise me, you should be careful the next hand might slip.” said Harry wryly, as he left his bedroom for the first time since breakfast.

Severus chuckled quietly as he left the bedroom as well, then to Harry’s surprise, un-shrunk a worn down green leather seat. Then promptly took a seat, and sat there watching him. Glaring slightly, he shrugged his weirdness off before he began preparing for dinner. He decided upon noodles, chicken chow mien. Thankfully he’d already brought the chicken out this morning, so it would be defrosted enough to cook. He cut up carrots and broccoli and let it steam, instead of adding mushrooms and water chestnuts since he didn’t have them available. The noodles were already in the water, ready to be put on the hob when necessarily. Since they only took five minutes to cook, he wouldn’t have to put them on until everything else was cooked.

“Who taught you how to cook?” enquired Severus, assuming it going to be an innocent enough answer, but nevertheless wanting to know Harry more. This would make potions making easier for Harry, it was good news.

“I’ve been cooking since I was four years old, the Dursley’s forced me to cook for them and I never got to have any of it.” said Harry impassively, “Of course nobody seemed to care I went to Hogwarts looking eight instead of eleven. I was the smallest of them all, yet not one of you enquired as to why.”

Severus felt as though he’d been punched despite the fact it wasn’t just aimed at him. It was true; Harry had by far been the smallest of the new batch of first years flooding Hogwarts. The thought of ‘The Harry Potter’ being abused would never have crossed their minds. He was a hero, he’d survived Voldemort, nobody would treat such a boy horribly he’s saved everyone. Of course none of them had known the bitter, Jealous Petunia Dursley, who apparently hadn’t let go of grudges. The thought of comparing himself to that…woman turned his stomach but it was plainly obvious they were actually alike. Shoving the disdainful thoughts from his mind, refusing to dwell on it further.
Should Petunia and he ever meet again, he’d kill her. He didn’t care that Lily might not approve, but
when it came to her son, he had a feeling she’d kill Petunia herself. His resolve strengthened, Petunia
had better watch her back, she had a homicidal Slytherin maniac ex-Death Eater turned spy after her
blood.

“Touché,” replied Severus after some time had passed. The smell of the food was now making his
stomach grumble. He’d not eaten much at breakfast or dinner, Minerva hadn’t attended either. So it
had been just him and Dumbledore, which had admittedly diminished his appetite considerably.

“It’s almost ready.” said Harry, as if to change the subject.

“Indeed.” said Severus, still observing Harry from where he was sitting. This flat was bare, with
furniture that was well past its sell by date. Everything was ripped, torn and faded; it reminded
Severus of Spinners End, and his childhood. Merlin he wished there was a way to have Harry come
to Hogwarts. He deserved better than this, a lot of people did but unfortunately, life didn’t work that
way. It was notable that if they had a humble upbringing they appreciated the finer things in life,
unlike those who grew up with it.

Harry stirred the sauce, tasting it after cooling it down a little, nodding in satisfaction. Adding the
peppers to the chicken, stirring with experience, he swiftly added everything into one pot. Putting the
noodles on, he placed the now empty pans into the warm soapy water. He’d gotten gas and
electricity so he didn’t have to worry, the money Severus had given him would even pay for the rent
for four months.

Stirring the noodles stopping them from burning on to the bottom of the pan, as he removed two
plates from the cupboard. Wiping his brow, the steam making him sweaty as he nodded once again
in satisfaction. Everything was ready, turning everything off, he drained the water from the noodles
before plating the food. Grabbing some cutlery he walked over to Severus, and gave him one of the
plates. “Here,” he stated before he sat down on his couch.

“Thank you,” said Severus still casually observing Harry, without really meaning to.

“You’re welcome,” said Harry, knowing how much it probably cost for the man to say. He let it go
without gloating, but did wish he had a recorder since he was pretty sure he’d never hear it again.

“They do not make meals such as these at Hogwarts.” said Severus, the noodles were delicious, he
was definitely going to request his elf to get some more. If memory served him well, he’d not had
these since he was a very young boy. Pasta was cheap and stretched further than most food. Which
meant they had many meals consisting of pasta or noodles, but it was filling so nobody could really
complain.

“They don’t?” asked Harry, thinking back, it was true he’d never seen anything like Pasta and
noodles on the tables. He’d only remained there for two weeks, but the food…had almost been
worth staying there. Even after he heard those two speaking about him, as if he didn’t have feelings
of his own.

“No,” said Severus twirling his fork around the noodles and effortlessly, eating them without making
a single mess.

“I have information I feel I should share with you,” said Severus as they continued to eat. The TV
was on, but the volume low enough so they could hear each other speaking. It was flickering
different colours again.

“What?” asked Harry eyeing Severus suspiciously, unable to help himself it was in his nature as
much as it was in Snapes.

“Dumbledore told me about a prophecy concerning you,” said Severus, “Or rather the rest of it.”

“A prophecy? That’s a written prediction right?” stated Harry.

“It’s actually spoken, then recorded in our archives.” said Severus.

“The rest of it? That means you knew some of it.” stated Harry, calmly staring at Snape.

“Yes, I overheard some of it, this was before you were born, I was twenty years old and I had just joined the Dark Lord. It was also before I was able to shield my mind from people reading it. As it stood I wasn’t the only person to overhear it, Lucius Malfoy did also. He immediately sought out the Dark Lord and told him. I had no choice but to confirm Malfoy’s statement.” said Severus impassively, no hint of his nervousness showing. “It is what led the Dark Lord to hunting you down.”

“A baby?” scoffed Harry, “So he really was after me not my parents.” he wasn’t sure how to feel about that so refused to feel anything regarding it, until he knew more.

“The part of the Prophecy he heard was the one with the Power to defeat the dark lord approaches, born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies. He became obsessed with finding out who it was. He came to the conclusion it would be you, a half blood like himself.” stated Severus.

“What does the entire thing say?” asked Harry, “I assume Dumbledore told you the rest?”

“He did.” said Severus placing his empty plate on the table in front of him.

“The one with the power to defeat the dark lord approaches, born to those who have thrice defied him…born as the seventh month dies, and the dark lord shall mark him his equal, and he will have the power the dark lord’s know not. They must die at the hand of the other for none can live while the others survive.” recited Severus calmly. “Dumbledore has assumed wrongly that another Dark Lord will rise up after Voldemort is defeated. His arrogance will be his downfall. You see Dumbledore sees himself as the Light lord, apposed to Voldemort who is the Dark Lord.”

“Me? Kill him or I won’t survive? Kill both of them?” asked Harry, “Why would he bind my magic if that’s the case? If I truly was the last hope for the Wizarding world?”

“I have no idea; I do not understand the inner workings of Dumbledore’s mind. I could speculate he felt threatened by how powerful you were, perhaps he was hoping when you both battled it out… your magic would unbind and kill both of you? I truly do not know there are many possibilities but none that are concrete.” said Severus his hands together, both middle fingers in the middle of his lips as he thought deeply about it.

“I thought Prophecies were supposed to be tricky, unable to decipher until all was said and done?” said Harry, there was nothing unclear about that prophecy anyway.

“They are, it’s why Dumbledore has interpreted it wrongly, and I probably would have come to the same inevitable conclusion as him if I’d heard it earlier. As it stands, I know you want revenge on him…so I was able to correctly interpret it.” said Severus.

“I don’t like to think my life has been mapped out before me,” said Harry his lip curled in repugnance. He chose his own path! He had been doing so since he was eleven years old. Whether he liked it or not, it was his choice, his path and damn it, it sucked.
“I know,” said Severus in understanding, he wouldn’t like it either. “At least you are strong enough
 to see it through. Revenge has a tendency to make people…slightly irrational but in the end do what
 needs to be done. If know that life isn’t about right and wrong, light or dark magic, you accept what
 life has thrown at you and grown with it.”

Harry smiled genuinely, “You get that impression from me?” asked Harry.

“I do.” admitted Severus.

“Even knowing what I was…am.” said Harry.

“Was.” said Severus glaring at him as if to say, ‘just try me and I’ll make you regret being born’ kind
 of way. “And yes, that is my impression of you.”

“Heh,” was all he had to say in reply.

“Here are some pointers on magic, pay particular attention to the wrist movements. Without them
 you could create accidents, they are vitally important in spell casting.” said Severus. “Also the
 pronouncement of the spells, how it’s written and said is sometimes different.”

“I’ve noticed that,” said Harry, “Like with Wingardium Levisoa the incantation is different.”

“It is,” smirked Severus nodding his head in approval and pride.

“Are you staying tonight?” asked Harry, getting up carrying the plates through to the sink. He was
 around to begin washing them, when a spell breezed passed and everything begun washing itself.
 Grinning in amusement, his head cocked to the side, watching a pot get scrubbed with a scrubber by
 itself. This sight was new to him; he hadn’t seen much magic before leaving.

“Perhaps,” said Severus, but he knew he was already lost, there was no way he’d say no to staying
 the night - especially by this young man in front of him. The only thing that could make him leave
 was if the Dark Lord called.
Heart failure & Determination

Pretty Boy

Chapter 11

Heart failure And Determination

“Do you really think we are going to find him? It’s been three weeks, non stop searching, I’m tired and I want to go home.” said Ronald Weasley dragging his feet, scowling at his girlfriend petulantly. “Mum can make us something really nice to eat…” added the boy wistfully. This coming from a nineteen year old boy was rather odd to say the least; even the Muggles were giving him strange looks. Such a grown up adult moaning in the streets like a child.

“Shut up Ron, we are following Orders!” snapped Hermione. “You heard what he said, we have to find Harry. Without him the war will be lost.”

“He didn’t say why though,” said Ron still petulant, yet a sheepish grin was appearing on his face. Hermione rolled her eyes, “It’s obvious isn’t it?” she replied in her I know better than you tone, in a haughty voice she continued. “He will defeat You-Know-Who, just like he did when he was a baby.”

“Why him?” said Ron jealousy written across his face. An image of his life, if he would be the one to defeat you-know-who passed across his face. He’d be known everywhere, better than his brothers. Accepted into the Auror training academy despite the fact he’d failed Potions and numerous subjects, was needed to get in. The grand house he’d have, the money, he’d get from people, the acclamation and adoration. He would have the money to spoil Hermione and give her a dream wedding.

“Look there’s a café, let’s go get some lunch.” said Hermione, ignoring Ron’s question as they ducked in. “Sit down I’ll go and get us something.”

“Okay.” said Ron, he preferred that, Muggles were strange creatures; they looked at him like he was dirt. What he failed to realize, was it wasn’t him; rather it was his clothes that made him stand out. If he’d just listened to Hermione, he would know. Sitting down looking bored and uncomfortable, glaring at any of the Muggles who gave him a wide berth or stared at him oddly.

“Here,” said Hermione handing him a tray, giving him as close to wizarding food as possible. Ham sandwiches, orange juice and a chocolate gateau. That should keep him happy and quiet for a while. She loved Ron, she really did, but he was intolerable, especially since leaving Hogwarts sometimes. He hadn’t been able to get a job, no offers, no interviews acceptances, the one job he’d wanted - he wasn’t qualified for. She had repeatedly warned him, but he hadn’t cared.

She begun eating her own sandwich and drinking her coffee, Ron didn’t like it, in fact he hated any drink that was warm and had to cool down. He was too impatient; it seemed he would always remain that way no matter his age. Hermione had honestly thought he’d mature with age; she’d lost hope a few years ago.

“I can’t believe they didn’t get back to me,” sighed Ron munching on his food. “I mean I’m probably better Keeper than this new guy they’ve chosen.” his hero’s the Chudley Cannons, had accepted a new keeper, he’d sent in an interview request but had heard nothing back.

“You don’t have the experience they are looking for, it’s a professional sport.” said Hermione
avoiding using any names that would give them strange looks, if anyone overheard them.

“I played Quidditch for a year! We won for the first time that year.” said Ron irritated.

“Yes, against a second year seeker, since Draco Malfoy was no longer playing.” said Hermione simply, she hated the sport.

“I’m still a good player, only three Quaffles got passed me.” said Ron smugly, as if that was a good thing. His mind automatically replaying the games he’d been part of.

“Ron, Ron, Ron, RON!” shouted Hermione looking out of the window her eyes wide and filled with excitement.

“What?” snapped Ron not happy to be pulled from his daydream.

“Look!” she said excitedly, pointing towards a figure she could see walking passed the bus stop. Since it was still extremely early, not many people were around so she’d been able to catch him.

“What?” asked Ron glancing around in confusion but secretly not interested, he didn’t like the Muggle world.

“It looks like James Potter! It might be Harry, hurry go to the bathroom and Apparate, I have my medallion I’m going to follow him. HURRY!” she said, running from the café leaving her coffee behind as she caught up with him. Not even looking back to see if Ron was doing as he was told.

She gasped out of breath, and slowed down; she didn’t want to give away her position. Bringing out her map in hopes of passing herself off as a tourist visiting the country. She continued to stealthily follow him, but the boy didn’t seem bothered or aware he was being followed. Surely if this was Harry Potter he’d be worried against such a thing? Perhaps he wasn’t scared about someone her age? Either that or she was passing herself of convincingly.

The minutes passed as she walked, but nobody appeared beside her, she was worried Ron hadn’t gone to get Dumbledore as she’d demanded. She refused to give up, even if she had to question him herself. The streets were deserted which made it possible; she excelled at the memory charms if it became needed. She fingered the coin in her pocket, she never went anywhere without it.

A few seconds later, she heard the tell tale signs of Apparation, the sound of a car backfiring. Not just one but three distinctive pops, she looked back and saw Professor Dumbledore with Professor Snape and Ron. Dumbledore took one look at the boy they were following and his eyes began to twinkle. It did have a remarkable resemblance to James Potter, down to the shaggy mane of brown hair. Honestly the way they went on, you’d think there wasn’t anyone out there that could possibly resemble him.

Severus relaxed upon seeing the teenager, he looked nothing like Harry. He’d been terrified Harry had used magic outside his bedroom and got caught. He’d been reluctant to go, but as always, had to remain in Dumbledore’s good graces. The fact Harry didn’t know Occlumency yet added to his distress, since his deception could have been found out. He’d all but given in when he heard Dumbledore say London, so with relief he followed the old fool with the knowledge his secret and Harry’s life was safe.

“Excuse me young man?” asked Albus when he got within hearing distance.

The boy turned around, but he seemed to regard them blankly, if he did know them he was hiding it well.
“What’s your name?” asked Ron drinking in the sight of Harry, ideas running through his mind. With Harry Potter as his best friend doors should open, he’d get lots of job offers for sure and maybe even be allowed to get into the Auror academy.

“James Bond,” said the boy eyeing them wearily, as he should be, four strangers approaching you in the street, at six thirty in the morning. He was tired; he’d just finished his night shift and wanted his bed.

Hermione choked to hide her laughter, until she realized he was playing her for a fool as well.

“It’s not him.” said Ron disappointedly.

“He lied about his name, he looks like James Potter - its him.” said Hermione. “What’s your real name?” she snapped glaring at him.

“Daniel Cunningham,” said the boy stepping back looking at her wearily, feeling a presence around her that he couldn’t explain. What he did know was that he didn’t want to be near her. He unfortunately felt glued to the spot, in a weird fascinated way.

“We’ll see about that!” said Hermione, removing her wand and casting a paternity test without thought. So sure she was right, but the results…proved her wrong. She flushed bright red, biting her lip, completely mortified. Swallowing thickly when the ramifications sunk in, she’d just done magic in front of a Muggle.

A pop surrounded the area when Arthur Weasley was in front of them staring wide eyed.

“What are you doing?” he snapped angrily, how dare they do magic in front a Muggle? They were putting him in a very difficult position; he wouldn’t be able to report this call out. Otherwise the Ministry would come down hard, not just on the others but his son. Ron was finding it difficult to get a job without having a record as well.

“I apologise Arthur,” said Dumbledore, glaring at Hermione clearly angry, “A mistake on our part.”

“Obliviate!” Snapped Arthur, and once the boy were in a trance he glared at them saying tersely. “He won’t remember the past five minutes, I suggest you get out of here before it wears off.” before he too Apparated, not even waiting to see if the young man would be okay.

“Let’s go.” said Albus, with that he Apparated himself to the gates of Hogwarts.

“Sir, I’m sorry, I didn’t realize…” said Hermione weakly, her eyes filled with tears, she seemed incapable of forming a coherent full sentence.

Severus hid a smirk, as he watched her; he’d never seen her like this and was extremely grateful to get to see this. He’d always thought she needed brought down a few pegs, and by her beloved hero doing it will sharpen the knife so to speak, sticking into her heart.

“That’s your problem Granger, you do not think. You assume you know better than anyone else. If you had just been smart enough to let the adults handle this, you would have known he spoke the truth. Do you think yourself above Albus Dumbledore? Smarter? More powerful perhaps? Well let me tell you something girl, you aren’t. You are nothing on the grand scale of things.” snarled Severus. It was heaven to say that, and without Dumbledore interrupting him or scolding him like an errant school boy.

“As much as it pains me to say this, Severus is right Miss. Granger; your actions today could have exposed us all. You have broken one of the most important rules governing our world, the very one
that keeps us safe.” said Dumbledore, his twinkle missing his mouth twisted in a frown of displeasure.

It seemed to Severus whatever the girl had done, had struck a genuine cord within the unfeeling bastard. If it killed him Severus was going to find out exactly what that was.

Hermione burst into tears fleeing into the school; Ron glared at Snape but didn’t dare do so with Dumbledore and ran after her. He didn’t even have the guts to stand up for her, or perhaps he too saw the direness of her actions.

“Excuse me I must go and sooth Arthur,” said Albus Apparating to the Ministry again.

Seeing his chance to get away for a while, Severus Apparated away. It had been nearly a week since he’d seen Harry last. He was putting ever Ravenclaw to shame the amount of reading he was doing. Harry’s thirst to know everything about magic had just been an accumulating mass just added each day he’d been without it. He’d picked up Ancient Runes like a child picked up bottles.

Harry was oddly enough not in the bedroom, every time he’d Apparated he had been. Shrugging it off, he went through to the living room; the kitchen was open plan so he could see Harry wasn’t there either. Frowning, hoping Harry hadn’t been out that night, he felt deeply uncomfortable with Harry going out at night. Especially when he wasn’t here and couldn’t keep him safe.

Flicking out his wand, feeling a deep seated fear, he hated feeling that way but nobody could totally control their emotions. Even with Occlumency all you did was bury them, but the basis of them remained. He did a point me spell, and found his wand pointed towards the bathroom. Relief flowed through him, he was here and fine just simply in the bath or toilet. Sitting down on the leather chair he’d brought he waited on Harry coming out, intending on surprising him.

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Forty five minutes had gone by, and nothing had been heard within the bathroom. All manner of horrors were flashing through his mind. Standing up abruptly, uncaring if Harry got unhappy with him, he had to know he was fine and it wasn’t his overactive imagination. Harry’s showers only lasted ten minutes, no longer than that, never this long.

Opening the door he saw Harry in the shower, his skin red raw and bleeding. Cursing he went over to Harry, intending on comforting him the only way he could. Harry’s eyes were rimmed red indicating he’d been crying recently.

“Get out of here.” hissed Harry in face contorting in anger.

“No,” said Severus ripping the shower curtain away. Putting the plug in the bath and started both the hot and cold taps. Once that was beginning he removed two potions and dumped them into the water. From that position he could see Harry’s anus was red, it didn’t take a genius to figure out what had happened. Prying the cloth from Harry’s hand he moved it out of his reach. Stepping in, uncaring he was getting soaked, banishing his clothes, leaving on his boxers on. He forced Harry’s neck back and poured a pain reliever down his throat. Ignoring the protests, he didn’t let go until he’d swallowed it. The glare had no effect on him, he’d rather Harry angry than suffering. Spelling the bottom of the bath soft, he sat Harry down.

“What happened?” asked Severus washing Harry with his hands, allowing the potions to sink into
the raw and bleeding skin.

“I didn’t peg you for stupid.” snapped Harry, taking his frustrations out in the only way he knew.

Severus remained silent, biting his tongue to stop himself snapping back. He knew Harry was releasing his anger at him because he was the only one here. There would be times to snap back, but right now wasn’t one of these times. Instead he just held him close as the potions did their work, knitting the abused skin back together.

“I’m not fucking weak.” said Harry adamantly.

“I know.” said Severus in honesty. He was glad he got back when he did, now he was more adamant than ever to get Harry away from here. Somewhere where he could keep an eye on him, keep him safe from everyone wishing him harm.

“Good.” said Harry warily; slumping against Severus as the potion he’d been forced to drink started taking affect.

Severus waited until Harry was slumbering completely before he levitated him out. Drying his hair and body with a spell, he placed him in his pyjamas and put him to bed. He got in beside Harry a plan of action in place. Whether Harry wanted it or not, it was going to happen. He wasn’t going to lose him, not now. He refused to stand by and let anything like this happen again. He was beginning to think it had happened before, since Harry didn’t seem…completely torn about it. Angry yes, hurt probably, but not devastated as one would be after being violated.

Harry would sleep for a couple of hours, until then he’d have to wait to tell Harry about his plan.
Harry groggily woke up, wondering what on earth was going on, the last thing he could remember - the shower, Snape, and being held close. A big part of Harry wanted to get angry, yell at Severus for not listening to him. Yet another part, a small part that hadn’t been crushed by the world around him, screamed out to be taken care of. To allow Severus to take care of him and keep him safe. Unable to see or use his hands, his magic hadn’t reacted despite his dire situation. Fear unfortunately, if it’s experienced in such a way, it just froze you and your magic. Especially in adults, children didn’t experience fear the same way, it’s why they were actually a tactical advantage in war. They had a clear view of things, and dealt with them in a pure uncomplicated manner. The eye of the innocent can help sometimes better than those who was inexperienced. Not something the magical world would admit to, or heaven forbid realize. Wizards despite protests to the contrary from Muggle born’s, believed themselves above Muggles.

“How are you feeling?” asked Severus, his voice roughened with sleep.

“Fine, how long were we asleep?” asked Harry trying to get up, and failing to do so. Severus didn’t just have his arms wrapped tightly around Harry’s middles, but his feet locked around Harry’s legs. Stopping him from being able to move the slightest in Severus’ strong hold. Although admittedly if he’d been adamant about it, he probably might have been able to. He didn’t want to fight, or struggle come to that, it would just remind him of yesterday…and he didn’t want to think on that. He would not let it get him down, he refused to let them win the arseholes that they were, whoever they were.

“Seven hours, it’s lunch time.” said Severus looking at his watch in apparent surprise. They’d slept seven hours, give or take half an hour. He definitely let Hogwarts at six thirty, then Apparated towards the now clueless Muggle. It had only taken ten, fifteen minutes before he was here. Shaking himself awake, he had more important things to think about than what he’d been doing. “Rizzy?” called the Potions Master, receiving an ‘Are you out of your mind’ look from Harry, there was no one here. Even Hedwig, as he’d decided to call her, was out hunting.

“Yes sir?” answered a creature standing at the entrance of the room, not the slightest big perturbed to see him in bed with someone. Although if one had looked close enough, they’d have seen a sparkle of satisfaction within that gaze.

“Yes sir?” said Severus, the elf probably did know this was Harry, they were smart like that and could sense who was who. How else would the elves be able to find their masters or a particular Wizard or Witch come to that?

“Lunch for two please, and nobody must know about this Rizzy, do you understand me? No one.” said Severus, hopefully
Harry wouldn’t get patriotic on him, he’d had enough with Granger going on about S.P.E.W which was all that came out her mouth - bloody spew.

“Understood, lunch?” enquired Harry.

“Yes, Rizzy will get us it, neither of us is cooking. I’m talking; you on the other hand are going to listen. It will happen one way or another, believe me.” said Severus adamantly.

“Yes Siree.” said Harry, said like ‘SIR’EEE’ feeling amused by Severus’ sudden shifts in emotions.

“Good.” said Severus. As soon as she’d spoken a large feast was laid out for them. Rizzy had gone well beyond the call of duty this time.

“Oysters? Chocolate covered strawberries? I think Rizzy is trying to tell you something.” sniggered Harry trying to hold his amusement in and failing to do so. Before long a large bout of laughter broke out, until his chest was unable to cope with it and he had no choice but to stop or not breathe.

“Not funny,” said Severus but his lips twitched giving him away at the very last second. He banished the oysters; he absolutely loathed sea food other than battered fish. At least they were cooked, unlike the food he’d just banished. The chocolate covered strawberries though he kept.

“Here,” said Severus handing over a plate filled to the brim with food. Which thankfully didn’t also turn out to be a bed of oysters! Just a normal Hogwarts meal, at least what they ate at lunch time anyway.

“Thanks,” said Harry bemused. “So talk then.” he said afterwards, refusing to admit he was just curious about what they’d be discussing.

“Eat first.” said Severus, “I do not talk with my mouth full like a disgusting pig.” like one particular red headed boy he’d seen just earlier that morning he could name.

Harry snorted at the image that painted in his mind, but decided not to mention it.

Severus smirked at the noise; he’d successfully distracted Harry from what happened, good. Although he knew it wasn’t the end of it, and things would be difficult for a while, he would pull through. He’d pull Harry through kicking and screaming if that’s what it took. He was passed caring that he cared too much; for once in his life he allowed his emotions to guide him. If he didn’t want to end up alone forever, he would have to give some leeway. If it was with this gorgeous young wizard…well who was he to argue?

Severus eat lunch quickly, actually rather hungry, Dumbledore had pulled him away from his bloody breakfast. All he’d eaten was one forkful of scrambled egg before a red headed bovine had come charging into the Great Hall. Scaring ten years out of him by yelling at the top of his lungs they’d caught Potter that Granger was following him.

“You will pack all your belongings in this flat, anything you want to keep that is. You won’t be coming back here, that I can promise you. Even if I have to make you leave kicking and screaming.” said Severus honestly, regarding Harry pensively as he said this, but Harry didn’t seem unduly upset by his words or angered.

“Want any fries with that?” asked Harry an eyebrow rose in disbelief he couldn’t believe what Snape was saying. He composed himself, despite the fact part of him wanted to wave around, grin in happiness. He wasn’t about to go to the magical world, he didn’t want to be their stupid little hero.

Severus twitched as if he wanted to say something particularly nasty but only managed to stop
himself. “Nobody would know that you are Harry Potter, you will be taking an Aging Potion. The more potion you consume the older one gets, but its not permanent you don’t have to worry. Despite your outwardly appearance changing, your internal organs despite getting smaller or bigger in this case will still be the same age. It’s for that reason; De-aging oneself to cheat death does not work. Inevitably your organs would deteriorate whether you were in the body of a one year old or twenty year old.”

Harry so didn’t like that idea. “Sounds painful.” objected Harry, but not very strongly, so Severus knew he had Harry ensnared, it was just whether he could keep him as such.

“It is the first time, after that it should be no problem at all.” said Severus. “You will be aged to the same as myself. You will become my apprentice, and learn everything you can about Potions. Sitting right under the old fool’s nose and he will be none the wiser.”

Harry smirked “Now that is err…rather devious.” said Harry his green eyes glittering with eager anticipation. “Take him down from within.”

“Indeed.” said Severus smirking rather viciously, if Dumbledore could have seen this, well he would have been running for the hills. Yes Dumbledore was powerful, but not more so than these two Slytherins (despite being sorted into Gryffindor on Harry’s part) were.

“So when do we put this plan into motion?” asked Harry.

“Actually I cannot tonight, I have to attend another odious meeting, with Dumbledore and the Order.” said Severus, “I also have to brew the potion myself, it’s not something I ever envisioned needing, thus I never brewed it. I wouldn’t trust anyone else to brew it either, so you will have to bear with me until I get everything in order.” said Severus, disappointed he couldn’t just swoop Harry out of there. “Just do not go out, keep safe in the flat, or as safe as one can get. I’ll add a few more spells to it, everything will be safe I promise.” he wasn’t sure where Harry had been hurt, but if it was the flat he had to think of something.

“Its fine Severus,” said Harry, “You are nineteen years old, not eleven; Dumbledore won’t be standing over you while we brew. We have nothing to prove, it’s just a means to keep you safe.” said Severus, “It’s not just Potions, I will be teaching you in Defence Against the Dark Art’s and anything you’d like to learn more about. Ancient Runes however, you will need to continue learning on your own.”

“Ill need to leave and get ready for the meeting,” said Severus looking at the time once again cursing. He’d originally forgotten about it, when his ideas began forming…now he would have to go.

“Get Ready?” echoed Harry, “What do you have to wear some sort of uniform?” a grimace left him lips, a shudder racking his frame, at the thought of what kind of uniform, Dumbledore would force upon everyone. He doubted Dumbledore’s taste in wardrobe had changed much. At the time he’d
liked him, his start and moon royal blue robes, and twinkling eyes and the Santa look about him. Of course his opinion on a great deal of things had changed drastically.

“Indeed, I need to leave before sanitising myself then attending the meeting.” said Severus.

“Sanitising yourself?” echoed Harry beginning to feel as if he was a parrot, or missing something that should be obvious. Was it something to do with him? He couldn’t have helped the thought crossing his mind if he’d tried. He was insecure, even if it was only inwardly; nobody saw the raw gaping wound of insecurities lying under the surface.

“It’s nothing to do with you. Your father’s best friend, Remus Lupin is a werewolf.” replied Severus as if sensing Harry’s vulnerability. With this Wizard anything was possible; he could see things other people couldn’t. “He would most certainly remember your scent and immediately realize I had been in contact.”

“Then leave it, he might come in handy.” said Harry, “We will need all the help we can get if he’s loyal to my father. I do have some questions for him as well.” his eyes had darkened in a way that suggested it wasn’t good, happy, reminiscent questions he wanted to ask. Severus was tempted to just Apparate the werewolf here.

“I’d be happy to get Lupin here for you,” said Severus grinning sadistically, “What about your godfather?”

“You say Lupin and ‘Godfather’ with poorly concealed disgust and hatred, what happened between you all? Other than his immaturity of course.” said Harry curiously. He’d also hated Harry’s father if his words when Harry was eleven were any indication.

“Indeed, you would hate them also if they tried to kill you.” said Severus his anger obvious.

“Kill you?” asked Harry bewildered, “What happened?”

“Your godfather goaded me into going after Lupin; I wanted to know why he kept leaving every month. The idiot I was, I went down there intending on finding out, anything to get one over the Marauders, which was their name in school and out of it come to that. If it wasn’t for your father finding out and coming after me, I would have most certainly been killed or worse mauled and most certainly and inevitably turned into a werewolf.” said Severus.

“He saved your life, no wonder you hated him.” said Harry in understanding, such a thing an enemy to have over you. “What age were they?” even at that what they done could never be excused.

“Sixteen.” said Severus.

Harry winced, definitely not excused.

“I have to go, I’ve never been late for a meeting.” said Severus, or for anything since he was a young boy for that matter. They could say what he liked but Severus was and always had been very punctual.

“Alright.” said Harry.

“I’ll be back tonight, with any luck.” said Severus, but he made no promises, because he wasn’t one for breaking them.

“Be careful,” replied Harry as Severus got up he replied “Always.” and Apparated away.
Severus materialised outside Grimmauld Place, thinking of the words clear in mind. A few seconds later, like ripples in a pond, the townhouse materialized into view. Knocking impatiently, he waited for someone to answer; when they did he slunk in before they could open it properly.

“Severus, its good to see you again!” said Molly without her usual exuberance, but out in the hall she couldn’t speak as she normally would, in her overbearing manner. She did not want to put up with the screeching of Sirius Black’s mother. If there was a portrait she wouldn’t mind burning, knowing such disrespect wasn’t tolerated, it would be that woman.

“Indeed,” said Severus as he made his way up the black hall, it was aptly named, it was a grim place. Or rather grime might be more appropriate, it was absolutely disgusting. He made his way into the kitchen, probably the only safe place one could enter.

His eyes immediately scanned over everyone, stopping on Remus Lupin, waiting for the inevitable. It was near the full moon; no doubt the man would sense it almost immediately. The amber eyes went wide; nobody seemed to notice anything too busy talking to one another. Waiting on the Headmaster, the head of the Order and the leader to arrive.

Severus shook his head; his eyes filled with seriousness, confusion filled those amber eyes. Remus stared at Severus unable to comprehend; he was trying to understand what Snape was trying to tell him without words. Yet it eluded him, blinking rapidly, he remained silent as Snape made his way over, sitting next to him.

“Any luck finding our boy?” asked Albus speaking after vacating the Floo Network.

The quite ‘No’ came from dozens of people.

Remus opened his mouth, but gasped in pain instead of saying anything as Snape stomped viciously on his foot. Enough so that it was still hurting ten minutes later, he wanted to curse himself or Snape he wasn’t sure which.

“We are sorry Remus,” sighed Tonks sadly, assuming Remus was hurting because they hadn’t been able to find Harry. Not because he’d just been hit by Severus Snape.

“Its fine,” choked Remus still smarting from the kick.

Severus just smirked in devilish amusement, causing Remus to be taken aback; he hadn’t seen that look on Snape’s face since school…since before their sixth year. Mostly when he’d successfully managed to get back at them for their pranks or words. “We must continue our search, Severus you are the best tracker we have. I am sorry but you must help the search. Take Remus with you, between you both hopefully you will get somewhere.” said Dumbledore.

Severus’ lip curled, “I refuse to work with the mangy cur.” replied Severus.

“Severus.” said Dumbledore gravely.

“Fine,” scowled Severus petulantly. Under the pretence of giving up, as he always did eventually under Dumbledore’s demands. “Move.” he snapped at the werewolf, getting up and leaving the meeting without Dumbledore telling them they were dismissed in a rare move of disrespect.

“He wants us to search around Privet Drive.” said Remus, as they walked out, keeping up the pretence. At least until they got somewhere, where they’d have at least some privacy to talk. Since
Severus seemed to be unwilling to talk with an audience, whatever’s happening was actually terrifying him. His thoughts were dark indeed, and he wanted to know what was going on.

Apparating to Privet Drive together.
Privet Drive And Homicidal Tendencies

Pretty Boy

Chapter 13

Privet Drive And Homicidal Tendencies

Severus looked around, wondering which door was in front of Harry’s childhood house. House not home, since he hadn’t been welcome there. He was a few feet from Petunia, was surprisingly all that was on Snape’s mind not the abuse. He remembered the vow he’d made, figuratively speaking, he wanted to kill her. To get revenge for the fact she’d abused a wizarding child, never mind that said child was Lily’s son.

“Where is he?” snarled Remus, grabbing Snape by the front of his robes, growling lowly in his throat. His amber eyes flashing, showing his werewolf was close to the surface. By sheer willpower he managed to rein in most of his baser instincts so he didn’t hurt Snape. At least until he heard what the man had to say.

“Get off me this instant,” snapped Severus in indignation.

“Where is he Snape?” repeated Remus, not letting go. “If you’ve hurt him I swear to Merlin I won’t be responsible for my actions!”

"I swear on my magic as a wizard, that I don't intend or have I ever hurt Harry, physically, emotionally and or mentally.” said Severus with that, magic wrapped around them. Grunting as he was let go, and fell back into the fence behind them. Breathing deeply, not showing just how much it had hurt his back or ribs, which were still recovering form what happened. Magic wasn’t a miracle worker; unfortunately the bones had to get better themselves.

“You…care? You care for…him?” stuttered Remus blinking owlishly at Snape, wondering if he was dreaming or fallen head first into a coma or alternative reality.

“Of course I do you stupid idiot!” snapped Severus, releasing some pent up frustration. He loved Harry more than he’d loved anyone before. He wasn’t going to hide that from them, he didn’t want Harry thinking he was ashamed of him.

“Where is he? Please tell me he’s safe! Tell me Voldemort doesn’t have him!” said Remus in a rush, wondering how Harry was after all this time.

“The Dark Lord doesn’t have him,” snapped Severus irritated by the list of questions, it reminded him strongly of Hermione Granger.

“Where is he?” asked Remus, he wanted to see Harry so much, but Harry didn’t want to see him or Sirius. Merlin he would love for a second just to see him, maybe explain everything, but he didn’t think it would matter much. Harry seems determined to hate them; it had devastated Sirius, who hadn’t been the same since that night.

"I want your wizard’s oath that you will not speak, write down or even give clues to what has been done. Where we went, or with who. Not with anyone especially not Albus Dumbledore, unless me or Harry gives you permission,” said Severus. “Now or I will Obliviate you.”

Remus was shocked; Severus was serious, he really would Obliviate him. Why would Severus go to
all this length to keep Harry away from Dumbledore? What on earth happened? He really didn’t understand what was happening, but he knew if he didn’t give the oath that he wouldn’t find out.

"I Remus John Lupin, so swear, that no living or dead person or creature, shall ever find out what I am about to see, hear or do without the permission of Severus Snape or Harry Potter," said Remus thickly, just saying Harry’s name filled him with several different emotions.

"Hold on to me," said Severus emotionlessly.

Remus grabbed a hold of him, all too eager to meet Harry, yet scared, happy and nervous all at once. Taking a deep breath, he relaxed his hold slightly, seeing Severus was…disgusted at his exuberance, or might be his touch. Severus didn’t like people touching him, but to get where they were going, he obviously needed guided. Which meant Harry was at least protected.

Severus grimaced at the touch, but nevertheless Apparated them away from Privet Drive. It looked as though Petunia Dursley would live for another day at least anyway. He Apparated into the living room this time, just in case, he didn’t want Lupin to see Harry in any state of undress. Not only would it make Remus blush for weeks but Harry might take offence to it. Harry was used to him, but Lupin…was another matter entirely.

“Harry?” called Severus, his voice softer than Remus had ever heard it, causing the man’s jaw to drop.

A curse was heard within the bedroom before Harry came out with singed eyebrows. “Your timing is absolutely foul.” said Harry, freezing at the sight of the newcomer, but didn’t become afraid or accuse Severus of betrayal. Harry quite quickly put two and two together and realized who this was.

“What the hell have you been up to?” asked Severus immediately going over, taking a close look, touching him, ensuring Harry wasn’t burnt. He needn’t have worried, only his eyebrows were singed nothing more.

“You interrupted my spell,” said Harry rubbing his burnt eyebrows wryly. “That will teach me not to stand for interruptions.”

“Harry may I introduce you to…” started Severus but was unable to finish since Harry interrupted.

“Lupin, yeah I figured as much. I knew you were going to tell him, not bring him here.” said Harry impassively.

“I’m sorry,” choked Remus, falling to his knees in front of Harry, “I’m so very sorry, I wanted to see you, I truly did. I wasn’t allowed, they wouldn’t let me, I’m so sorry. Please do not hate me; I will do anything for a second chance. Please.”

“What on earth are you blathering on about?” said Harry, stepping away from the seemingly broken man in front of him. Extremely uncomfortable at the disgusting weak display of emotion. It took everything in him not to strike out or snarl at him but refrained only because of his confusion.
Chapter 14

The Truth

“Albus Dumbledore lied to you Lupin; Harry did not say any of those things Dumbledore implied he did. Harry left the magical world two weeks after the starting feast. Albus has been looking for him ever since, but hasn’t as you can see, succeeded.” said Severus, gesturing to Harry as if to state the obvious.

“That’s a lie,” snapped Remus defending the Headmaster, after all the man had done for him, Remus felt he owed him. Which to be fair he did, after all Albus had risked his career as Headmaster to let Remus into Hogwarts. If it had been found out, well needless to say, he’d have been cast out from wizarding society. It wasn’t so much to do with the werewolf but rather the danger it posed to the students. There was nothing more important to the magical society than the safety of its children. They were the next generation of magic, and if they didn’t survive magic would die out…old pureblood lines would die out also. The lines were extremely important, and the last remaining heir cherished and kept safe as possible, at least until another heir had been born.

“Oh just get rid of him, he’s obviously not going to accept the bloody truth.” said Harry sighing in irritation.

“Despite what you think, we have told only the truth.” said Severus, also sighing in apparent irritation. It seemed Harry wasn’t warming up to Lupin, a small spiteful part was grateful for it. On the other hand, Lupin would be handy to have on his side, so he needed to get him to see the truth for what it is.

“If that’s true,” said Remus calmly before turning on Harry walking forward yelling “What on earth were you thinking leaving the safety of Hogwarts you silly boy?! After everything everyone did for you!?” his parents had died for him and this was how he repaid them? He was simply put completely furious.

Harry flinched back, instinctively raising his arm half way before remembering himself. Fisting his hand as he removed it back down, his green eyes flashing dangerously. His magic unconsciously leaching from him in doves.

He hated himself for his show of weakness, and wished so badly he could rewind time.

“What happened to Lily’s little boy?” said Remus, still standing there staring at Harry in numb horror. He wasn’t anyone’s definition of a stupid man, to flinch like that indicated long term abuse.

“If you ever move as if to strike Harry in any way again, you will find yourself without your hands. That is just for starters, and then I’ll show you just what I did as a Death Eater Lupin.” snapped Severus glaring angrily at the werewolf. He was furious; he’d never seen Harry react like that, not even after being assaulted. That was the first indication of the abuse he’d seen, other than the scars of course. Harry had never, ever flinched back from him, not even when he’d Apparated unexpectedly into the room. An ache made its way into his heart just seeing Harry react the way he had. He was unable to help his possessive tendencies and hugged him close, giving him the comfort he obviously unconsciously sought.
“I’m sorry,” said Remus, “I’m so sorry, really I am I wouldn’t have hurt you I promise.”

“Why don’t we just sit down.” sighed Severus in irritation. “Lupin stop snivelling it’s very unbecoming.” Harry snorted trying to hide his amusement, his green eyes flashing with merriment.

Severus sat down on Harry’s couch, bringing the nineteen year old down with him. The fact he got no protests or witty remarks whatsoever, was an indication how unsettled Harry was. Perhaps he had made a mistake by bringing Lupin back here. He didn’t make many mistakes, but when he did, it seemed he made big ones.

“Why are you here?” asked Harry regarding Remus passively.

“I was one of your parent’s best friends,” said Remus quietly. Now that he was face to face with him he felt so…unprepared. Caught on the edge of a cliff with no ledge to grab on to.

“That’s it? That’s all you have to say to me? How disappointing.” said Harry.

“I, you used to call me Uncle Moony when you were a child,” said Remus, “Or Remy sometimes, your mother used to prefer that to the juvenile names we’d called ourselves as children.”

“Then when they died of course you decided to wash your hands of me.” said Harry bitterly.

“No, I, no, it wasn’t like that. I had lost everything that night, everyone. James, Lily, Sirius and even Peter…I was…not in a good way.” said Remus.

“Poor you,” mocked Harry, “Such a tragedy you suffered, how did you manage to get over it.”

Severus stared over at the kitchen, torn between amusement and feeling a small amount of Pity for the werewolf. Yet Harry was entitled to his reactions, he’d been abandoned that night to a family who’d abused him.

“But just in case you missed the memo, I lost everything that night to. My family, my childhood, my innocence and magic.” snapped Harry his green eyes flashing dangerously. “So before coming to me with another half arsed excuse, think really hard about it.”

“I know you lost everyone as well,” croaked Remus sadly, the use of ‘lost magic’ escaped him completely.

“No excuse? No nothing?” asked Harry bitterly.

“I did try and see you,” rushed Remus, “But Dumbledore wouldn’t let me.”

“Do not mention that bastard in front of me!” hissed Harry, “You accepted his explanation and just left it that of course? You are a pathetic excuse for a man.”

“Remus is used to hiding behind his friends, he couldn’t stand up to his own shadow never mind Dumbledore.” said Severus unleashing his own diatribe against the unsuspecting werewolf.

Remus said nothing, flushing red in mortification and utter embarrassment, mostly because he knew the words spoken were true. Dumbledore may have lied, but it seemed the words were truer than anything the wizard said.

“Just leave.” said Harry his consternation evident.

“You know what? Maybe you’re right, but I do a lot for the Order, without me you wouldn’t have the alliance of the Werewolves! I have more respect there than anywhere else. I was the one that got
Sirius to go to Dumbledore's office and demand to see Harry! I was the one that continued looking for him in every possible place that Dumbledore may have had him! Including Moody's residence,” said Remus snarling coming back with vengeance sounding more like an angry wolf than a human.

“Here I was thinking you were all bark and no bite,” said Harry.

Severus smirked; his Harry was back, the one that had a cocky answer for everything.

Remus just looked more confused and shocked, to Remus; Harry’s emotions were going back and forth. He didn’t know what to make of him at all, or the fact Severus and Harry was so comfortable.

"Now that we have your attention Lupin, we shall continue. Harry was never in Hogwarts for long, he left because he overheard Dumbledore and Moody talking. Dumbledore was speaking about using Harry, and pretending to take him under his wing so he could control him. The power Harry had was immense, he bound his magic." said Severus grimly.

"It can’t be true, I mean Dumbledore cared for Lily and James….” said Remus. He’d never do anything to harm their son; they saw him as a grandfather for Merlin’s sake.

"Yes he did, he recognized their potential, did he care for Pettigrew? Like he did the rest of you?" asked Severus calmly, a knowing look in his black eyes.

"Of course he did…I, well, maybe not as much…” said Remus his amber eyes dimming as he began to see the truth in it.

"I didn't even know about my vaults, Dumbledore sent me my Hogwarts supplies. I was never aware that I had any money. Severus explained that to me one night, its law to tell the last remaining heir of their estate and inheritance. He disobeyed the law, he bound my magic for fuck sake what more do you want?"

"I can't believe this without proof." said Remus overwhelmed.

Harry rolled his eyes, although grudgingly he understood, after all if someone had said something to him, he’d want proof too. Like if it had been about Severus or someone he loved, although Severus was the only one he loved right now. He would have wanted proof otherwise he wouldn't have believed them.

“Sure, heaven forbid its true.” sneered Severus but removing his pensive, indicating he’d perhaps foresaw the need for it. He placed it delicately on the table, and let Lupin go in by himself.

“Well he won’t be back out for twenty minutes,” said Harry, turning to face Severus staring blatantly. Severus was attracted to him, he could see it, and he just refused to touch him well sexually anyway. It was driving him up the wall, if Severus didn’t make a move soon he’d go insane. The way those black eyes followed him everywhere when they were together inflamed him.

“Oh no you don’t,” said Severus smirking, “Go make some coffee and tea; I think he’s going to need it.”

“Just stuff a blood calming draught down his throat.” said Harry, but nevertheless got up, “I do not look like a House elf do I? Stop treating me like one.”

“Oh no, Harry, that’s definitely one thing you are not.” said Severus staring at Harry’s behind before slowly rising to meet his eyes.

“Ohhh, you so don’t play fair!” said Harry annoyed.
“I’m a Slytherin, of course we don’t play fair.” said Severus watching him calmly.

“Pft,” said Harry grinning wryly. The kettle popped, filling them up he took two through before retrieving the other one. Five minutes had already gone by; they didn’t have much longer to wait.

“What would happen if it broke?” asked Harry in idle curiosity.

“You mean with Lupin in it?” asked Severus smirking with a knowing look in his eye.

Harry nodded curtly.

“Nothing, he would be evicted from the pensive.” said Severus.

“Sirius,” moaned Remus before being sick spectacularly all over the carpet.
“Guess he’s finally realised we are serious.” said Harry, rolling his eyes, that’s the first thing he said after getting out of a memory? He shook his head sometimes people didn’t make sense.

Severus coughed, half amused half exasperated. “He said the name of your godfather.” Severus told Harry, banishing the sick, and then the horrible smell that lingered.

“You aren’t serious!” said Harry gaping “A name like that?”

“That Sirius, serious pun has been used to death.” said Severus rolling his eyes.

“I’ve not used it for years,” said Remus still kneeling on the floor, from where he’d landed upon being ejected from the pensive. “Not since Lily and James died.”

Hoisting himself up, he sat himself down warily on the only available seat, Severus’ seat as it so happens. “What am I going to tell him? He’s not going to believe this.” said Remus rubbing his eyes tiredly. Feeling suddenly drained from all the information and world shifting perspectives he’d never considered.

“I’d suggest taking him away, to one of the overseas Black properties. Tell Dumbledore you just want to try and get your friend,” said Severus his lip curling at the last word, “Better and back to his old self again. Its as simple as that, but you need to be firm, stand up to him when he tries to make you feel bad for abandoning you duties.”

“He’ll be lucky if I don’t kill him,” snarled Remus, he couldn’t believe it, Dumbledore had locked nearly all of Harry’s magic it boggled his mind.

“I’d also suggest you ask during an Order meeting, so as you don’t go doing something stupid, as all Gryffindor’s like to do.” sneered Severus. Evidentially not changing just because Remus was on their side so to speak.

“Do I have properties overseas?” asked Harry curiously.

“I cannot say I do not know what you will receive upon accepting your inheritance.” said Severus admittedly. “Lupin however might have a better idea than I do.”

“There’s Godric’s Hollow, Potter Manor in England, a log cabin in Aspen, Colorado, James gave Lily it for their anniversary…she took up skiing. She liked to do something while James was away for days at a time during Auror training.” said Remus, “They also have a small house on a private stretch on the Caribbean, next to the one the Black’s own.”

“Why the fuck did they stay here if they had properties all over the world?” asked Harry his mind whirling in confusion.

“Would you have left your world in a state of war and ran off?” asked Remus, trying to get Harry to see it from their point of view.
“For a child of mine? I’d have run forever, I’d protect the child with every breath I had in my body. Even if it meant running and being seen as a coward.” said Harry passionately.

“They thought they were safe here, hidden under the Fidelus Charm.” said Remus quietly; obviously Harry hadn’t seen their point of view. He did have a point, but Lily and James hadn’t been cowards. They’d stood tall and fought the great fight.

“Yes, but you know what they say about assuming.” said Harry, “It just makes an ass out of everyone.”

“It does,” sighed Remus, he was better of just agreeing with Harry, he seemed to be able to convince someone of anything. A quality that Slytherins were known for. “How long?” asked Remus, as Harry gestured to the cold coffee, Remus warmed it and immediately began drinking.

Both men just stared blankly, not rising to his question.

“How long have you known him?” asked Remus, this flat looked like something he’d owned. In fact similar to something he had owned until Sirius had gotten released from Azkaban. Why didn’t Harry use his fortune? Or live in Potter manor? It’s not as if he wasn’t at the appropriate age.

“Nearing a month,” said Severus immediately.

“Just how close are you?” asked Remus, eyeing them shrewdly.

Severus stared at Harry, indicating he should be the one to reply. Considering Harry was sitting all too comfortably in his arms and in his lap, was a dead give away to it being more than just friends. Yet despite this, Severus held his breath, wondering at Harry’s answer and what he thought them to be.

“What’s it to you?” asked Harry defensively, not used to people asking about him, or caring for that matter.

“I’m just curious Harry, I didn’t mean anything by it, I wasn’t prying,” said Remus raising his hands up feigning surrender.

“We’re together.” said Harry simply, not apologizing.

“I thought as much,” said Remus, inwardly wincing, Sirius was going to go utterly ape when he learned this. He’d probably have a tougher time accepting Snape than that Dumbledore is evil essentially. One way or another, he had his work cut out explaining everything to Sirius.

“Indeed,” intoned Severus, feeling rather smug.

“Can I borrow the pensive and memories? I promise I’ll take excellent care of them.” promised Remus, knowing just how rare and expensive they were. “They will make telling Sirius so much easier.”

“His parents obviously had a sense of humour.” snorted Harry still amused.

“They had no sense of humour, the Black’s name their kids after stars, his full name is Sirius Orion Black. His brother was Regulus, he has cousins called Narcissa, Bellatrix and Andromeda.” said Remus.

“Narcissa? I’ve not heard of a star called Narcissa,” said Harry the others he was familiar with, well maybe not Bellatrix.
“She’s Draco Malfoy’s mother, if you remember him.” said Severus changing the subject.

“Malfoy, yeah I remember him.” said Harry. “Vaguely, blonde hair haughty attitude.”

“That’s the one,” said Severus wryly, “Also my godson.”

“That explains the attitude then.” said Harry wryly.

“I was barely around,” said Severus snorting in amusement, “You’ll find he got his attitude from his father.”

“What is Ron like?” asked Harry curiously.

“Weasley? Unemployed, he wants a job above his grades. His grades were laughable at best; he barely attended any classes during his last two years at Hogwarts. He would have failed them all if it wasn’t for Granger’s help.” said Severus sharply, “He eats like a pig, and moans like a bitch in heat.”

“Severus!” laughed Harry finding himself amused by Severus’ description of Ronald Weasley.

“He wants to be a Quidditch player or Auror, but he only played one year of Quidditch. He doesn’t have the experience to get into any professional Quidditch club.” said Remus.

“He failed Potions, one subject that’s required to succeed as an Auror.” said Severus as an afterthought.

“Why do you need Potions for being an Auror anyway?” asked Harry.

“You need to be able to identify any you find on someone, especially poisons and herbs.” said Severus.

“James barely scraped by,” said Remus smirking, “He was constantly asking me for help during our last year. He hated the fact Severus here, was able to flawlessly and with ease brew difficult potions.”

Severus raised an eyebrow at the news, he had not realized this.

“I am nothing like my father, I am not a substitute either.” said Harry seriously, if that’s the reason he’s there he’d be sorely disappointed sooner or later.

“I know that,” said Remus grinning in amusement, it was plenty obvious even for him.

“Good.” said Harry glad to have gotten that off his chest.

“How long have you lived here?” asked Remus.

“Nine years,” said Harry.

Remus blinked in confusion, “But that would mean you moved here straight away after leaving Hogwarts.” said the baffled werewolf.

“Yes,” said Harry.

“Did someone take you in?” asked Remus grateful for that at least.

“In a manner of speaking.” said Harry, “She died a few years later.”
“But how have you managed to keep this flat? It’s obvious you aren’t using the Potter fortune.” said Remus digging for more information.

Severus tightened his hold on Harry, making sure he knew Severus didn’t mind if he lied or told the truth.

“I worked at night to afford this place.” said Harry bluntly, evidently not afraid to admit it.

Remus just stared in confusion.

“Oh, come on…do I really need to spell it out for you?” asked Harry. “I solicited people for money.”

“You made enough money begging people outside?” said Remus his eyebrows rose in shock.

Harry thumped his head on Severus exasperated beyond words. Was he really going to have to tell him as bluntly as possible? Really? Jesus the wizard was a clueless arse.

“He didn’t beg Lupin, he propositioned them.” said Severus.

Remus looked from Severus to Harry then back again his eyes wide. Then the words actually sunk into Remus’ mind, his mouth opened with a large O as he finally understood. Oh yes, it was going to be a wonderful holiday trying to get Sirius to accept all this. “Is that how you both met?” he asked without judgemental.

“No,” said Severus, “I do not make a habit of going out looking to pay people to sleep with me Lupin regardless of what you may think of me and my looks.”

“I never meant it that way,” sighed Remus exasperated, those two were completely meant for each other and utterly annoying honestly. They took everything he said and twisted it into their own way of thinking.

“The Death Eaters dropped me off in Muggle London, on the Dark Lord’s orders for not complying with his wishes fast enough.” said Severus, “I was severely beaten and tortured, I wasn’t conscious when they dropped me off. Harry was out that night, and was kind enough to help me. Thankfully otherwise I wouldn’t have been liable for my actions at wakening up in a Muggle hospital.”

“I didn’t realize,” said Remus looking at him with concern.

Severus rolled his eyes, Gryffindor’s, honestly.
Remus was getting beyond exasperated, every time he tried to open his mouth, someone else began speaking. Mostly about how Harry seemed to have faded from the face of the earth. That each person they asked, didn’t know anyone resembling James Potter. In fact Shacklebolt had begun asking Albus for a recent picture of Harry, they needed to know what he looked like. The Headmaster just insisted that Harry didn’t like getting his picture taken, blew a lot of people’s preconceived notions that’s with that one too. That he had been there to learn not have parties and take his picture.

“Does Harry even have a friend?” asked Molly tearfully; she couldn’t stand the thought of someone so alone and getting taught all the time. Children should always be allowed to be children in Molly’s book. Whether they were the last hope for the wizarding world or not. Although Dumbledore didn’t put it quite that way, no instead it was ‘he could help us win this war’ was how he often referred to it.

“Of course he does,” said Albus, he did not want to get into an argument with Molly Weasley regarding child rearing again. The first time had been the absolute last time, the woman was scary and coming from him it was saying a lot.

“Then write to them, see if Harry has kept in touch.” said Molly.

“Of course,” said Albus lying through his teeth. Anything to get Molly of his case, she was a good fighter, brilliant mother but by Merlin she had a loud vicious mouth and perfect aim.

“We’ve canvassed all of London; I think we should spread the net further. He might not even be in the country. We need more people to search for him, I think it should be made public.” said Shacklebolt, always the outspoken one.

“No!” boomed Dumbledore immediately with harshness he didn’t normally display. “No, nobody can know.” he said a little calmer.

“The Dark Lord already knows there is no reason to keep it from the public.” said Severus regarding Dumbledore shrewdly, wondering at the real reason.

“The panic that would ensure would quite possibly unveil our world; everyone would try and find him, leave trails and be seen by the Muggles. We cannot afford such a thing to happen, you know this as well as I. Especially in mist of war, people are desperate, they are looking to me to us to keep them safe. We must do so by any means necessarily. The public cannot know.” repeated Dumbledore.

“While it’s true it might happen, it also may help find Harry sooner.” said Shacklebolt.

“It would happen,” grunted Moody glaring at the room, daring them to refute his claim.

Shacklebolt remained silent under the glare from Moody. Despite the fact he was retired, one didn’t forget the one who trained them. Moody was a scary son of a bitch when he wanted to be. He knew no matter what he said, it would be kept quiet everything he suggested was shot down. So he
remained quiet, deciding it just wasn’t worth it, crossing his arms he relaxed back into his seat and impassively watched the rest of the meeting, his brown eyes shielded.

“I assume the Dark Lord hasn’t been successful? Is he still just using the Lestrange’s?” asked Tonks, knowing Severus didn’t like people using ‘Voldemort’.

“As far as I know,” said Severus dipping his head in respect to her, “He keeps his cards close to his chest, always has done. If he’s drafted others in I do not know about it.”

“Well hopefully he won’t,” said Tonks disturbed, who wouldn’t be? Bellatrix Lestrange was insane; the thought of her getting her hands on Harry was enough to make them all furious. Surprisingly it was because he was a young man; apposed to the hero they needed to win. It would surprise Dumbledore at the majority of his Order members cared deeply about Harry. For the single fact that he was James and Lily’s son, fellow order members and someone who had brought peace to their world for however brief a time. When everyone had celebrated, they’d mourned the loss of their friends.

“Indeed,” said Severus gravely. Which was why he was taking matters into his own hands, he would ensure Harry was safe and happy. He’d already brewed it; it was lying in his cloak pocket safe for when it was needed. He wasn’t going to let the order or Death Eaters accidentally stumble on Harry. His flat was near where he usually stood at night, many people would remember him. He certainly wouldn’t have, Harry was gorgeous and stunning.

“Albus I’d like to take a break and go on holiday.” said Remus finding an opening, sitting straight backed and at Dumbledore. He wasn’t going to take no for an answer, he had to get Sirius away from here and explain. Most certainly before the school year started, according to Snape - they were putting a plan into motion now. What that plan was he did not know, he would have liked to but this was beside the point.

“A Holiday?” echoed Albus staring at the wizard completely baffled, as though he was speaking in a language he did not understand. Coming from Albus that meant a lot, since he could speak gobblygook, mermish and could understand a few words in parseltongue.

“Yes, Albus, I am leaving, I will be taking Sirius and myself of one of the Black properties. I have to get Sirius back to normal, I need to - I cannot stand to see him like this anymore.” said Remus pained, he didn’t get up unless Remus dragged him up. He practically had to force feed the wizard, he could take it no longer.

“Leaving?” asked Albus, shocked, he’d never thought he’d hear those words from Remus’ mouth.

“That’s a good idea, it might help him.” said Tonks, since Sirius was family she cared. Poor Remus was stuck trying to help Sirius, unable to do so since the man seemed broken. Dispirited and just plain depressed, it wasn’t a sight any of them liked to see.

“I understand why you would want to Remus, I truly do. I however, fear it may be a wasted one.” said Dumbledore regarding Remus sadly, his blue eyes searching Remus for underlying agendas.

“We will leave for a week.” said Remus stiffening his resolve. “Some sun might do him good, I will be back in time for the full moon.” there was nothing there to keep him safe from others who might pass him.

“What about the work for the Order?” asked Dumbledore aghast at the fact Remus was out of no where laying the law down, so to speak. He’d always been the easiest one to manipulate, and was very easy to have him go on the more dangerous missions.
“Will be done when I get back, it’s only seven days.” said Remus firmly.

“I can do them if they are important.” said Tonks.

“That’s fine Tonks, they can wait, very well Remus.” said Albus speaking to both of them.

“Thank you, I am going to get Sirius ready and leave in half a hour.” said Remus, standing up and taking his leave. Despite his words, he looked exhausted, disheartened and hopeful. As if he really wanted to help Sirius but was unsure if he would be able to.

“Of course.” said Albus watching the werewolf closely until he left. “How are things at the Ministry?” he then asked after the door closed.

“Fudge isn’t even willing to admit that he is back, I’m not sure what else can be done.” said Tonks.

“Oh he knows the Dark Lord is back,” said Severus grimly, when everyone stared at him in confusion he realized that Dumbledore had not informed the rest of them of his findings. “Lucius Malfoy has convinced him to join what he no doubt calls the ‘winning side’.”

“Malfoy has been seen going there more regularly. Is there a chance he might be under a potion or spell?” asked Shacklebolt.

“That’s not how the Dark Lord works, he blackmails them, coerces them. Potions and spells can be beaten, he wouldn’t risk it.” said Diggle.

“He does,” said Severus, he had a good idea how Lucius had convinced Fudge, no doubt Dumbledore’s name had came up plenty a time.

“Should we not do something then?” asked Hermione.

She had been very quiet during the meeting, which by the way was extremely unusual. She was always the first one to voice her opinion, no matter who was speaking. She liked to think she knew best, but truth was she was a naïve little girl. She was obviously still smarting from the talking to she’d been given for exposing them to a Muggle. Severus smirked just thinking about it. He wished the meeting would hurry; he wanted to get back to Harry and get his plan into motion.

“There is nothing that can be done,” said Mundungus staring at her in scorn, she obviously didn’t know anything about wizarding politics. He might take things that didn’t necessarily belong to him, but he knew the rules, the regulations. He’d been in the wizarding world his entire life, and seeing her sitting there smug and superior as well as thinking she knew best irritated him.

“Why not? He’s committing treason!” said Hermione shocked at their resigned looks.

“Not yet he’s not,” said Severus his voice dripping with distain. “All we have right now is him considering it. It wouldn’t go over well in court, we have to wait until he’s marked and have irrefutable proof. Someone must see his mark, he is the Minister of magic, and to arrest him is almost like starting a civil war.”

Hermione quietened down once again, flushing red at the diatribe coming from Snape.

“Molly how are the children?” asked Albus, digging for information on Charlie in particular, he was an order member but hadn’t been around for a while.

“They are good, thank you Albus, apart from Percy,” said Molly sniffling, “I’m afraid he hasn’t come home yet.”
“I see,” said Albus nodding amicably, he wondered if he should give Percy some money, encourage him to make amends. He nixed it, deciding not to interfere no matter how unhappy Molly Weasley was. He was giving them enough money as it is without adding Percy to the list. “And Charlie…?”

“Charlie is coming home,” said Molly her emotion doing a complete flip as she radiated with excitement.

“That’s good news,” said Dumbledore happy to have another helper out there looking for Harry. Especially while he’d lost Lupin, for an entire week - he wasn’t happy. “Severus are you brewing the Wolfsbane potion?”

“Of course, heaven forbid the idiot end up infecting someone.” sneered Severus. “I will need to get started right away.” not bothering to inform Dumbledore he already had some left from last month. It was perfectly fine, Lupin would suffer no ill effects, and Severus always kept them preserved.

“Good,” said Albus, “We shall expand the search for Harry, since we haven’t got anywhere so far.”

“How about checking Scotland? He might have gone there.” said Ron.

“Or around Kings Cross?” said Hermione, “He might have used the train to get back there and remained.”

“The conductor would have alerted me if anyone used it.” said Dumbledore flippantly.

“Why would he need to use the train?” asked Tonks baffled, looking between Dumbledore and Hermione in confusion.

“Just shouting out ideas,” said Dumbledore, smiling comfortingly at Tonks, none of his anger shining through. Not many people knew Harry had left on his own years ago, and he wanted to keep it that way.

“I’d suggest getting out there and searching for the brat, the longer he is missing the harder it will be to find him.” sneered Severus, his usual repugnance showing when ‘Potter’ was spoken about.

“True,” said Tonks. “Come on then, let’s get to it!” she exclaimed happily, almost tripping over in her haste to get up jubilantly.
Remus quickly packed everything he thought they’d need, being particularly careful when it came to storing the Pensive. Using his clothes to keep it well safe from breaking should it happen. Once it was packed he shrunk his belongings before starting on Sirius’, if he forgot anything well he could wait. They weren’t going there to sit in the sun anyway, they were going to get Sirius better, to wake the bloody hell up and stop sulking. It was worse than sulking, Sirius had retreated into himself. He often spoke if James was still there, Remus had been terrified that Dumbledore would suggest sending him to St. Mungo’s. The only reason Dumbledore had failed to do so, would be because he’d lose control of Grimmauld Place. His estate would be in the hands of St. Mungo’s or a lawyer, if and when he died, it would go to the closest living relative. Neither which would make the old fool happy.

“Sirius?” called Remus going into Sirius’ old bedroom, where he currently insisted he stayed.

“Yes?” asked Sirius listlessly, not moving from his spot, or looking at Remus.

“Take the Portkey, we are going on holiday for a while.” said Remus his eyes tearing up.

“No Siri, James is gone remember?” said Remus swallowing bitterly, why did Sirius have to take the easy way when the going gets tough? If he didn’t get his act together, Harry would really hate him. He’d seen how Harry reacted to him, at least he was more composed, and Sirius didn’t have an ounce of it, never mind knew what it was.

“Don’t be silly, he’s with his parents!” snorted Sirius laughing in amusement.

Remus’ heart jerked, he hadn’t heard such a laugh from him since he’d got Sirius back in his life. Azkaban had robbed him, left him vulnerable, to emotional outbursts, or rather more prone to it since he’d always been emotional. “Take the Portkey.” said Remus hardening his resolve.

“Will it take us to Mr. And Mrs. Potters?” asked Sirius seemingly already forgetting their earlier words.

“Yes Sirius,” lied Remus impatiently, finally he touched it, saying the activation words, and both men were gone from Grimmauld Place, reappearing in a small yet special and spacious cabin in the edge of the Caribbean Sea.

“Where are we? This isn’t the Potter manor.” said Sirius looking around bewildered.

“Harry’s in danger Sirius,” said Remus, watching Sirius closely, as he said it, he saw a haunted look return to his eyes. The old Sirius was coming back, the confusion with it before anger took its place.

“What’s happened? Is he okay?” asked Sirius apprehensively, despite the fact Harry rejected him he still loved him more than anything else in the world. If he didn’t, well he wouldn’t have been in the state he was right then.
“No he’s not.” said Remus grimly, thank Merlin Sirius was lucid again; if he thought mentioning Harry would have brought him around he’d have done it ages ago. He’d refrained from mentioning him, because it’s what had put him into the depressive state.

“Where is he?” asked Sirius his eyes narrowed, he wanted answers and Remus was being evasive. “Remus!” he whined when he didn’t get his answer quick enough.

“Harry hasn’t been in the magical world Sirius, Dumbledore lied about that. It’s not all he’s lied about either. Harry left when he was eleven years old, two weeks after joining Hogwarts. He wasn’t being privately educated, and he didn’t say he hated you, in fact I know he’s only just recently learned about you.” said Remus quietly.

“What are you going on about?” asked Sirius bewildered, what was going on? He felt as if he’d just entered an Alternative reality the way things were going. Why would Dumbledore lie? Why would Harry have left Hogwarts?

“He doesn’t know where Harry is, he told us those lies to get us to back off, stop asking about him and wanting to see him.” said Remus sighing sadly.

“Why would he do that?” asked Sirius suspiciously, reaching for his wand, not believing this was Remus.

“Sirius, it is me, you tried to kill Severus when we were sixteen.” said Remus, only four people knew about it, one was already dead. Severus Snape, Remus Lupin, Sirius Black and of course James Potter. Peter Pettigrew had no idea it happened, the more that knew the bigger the chance of it being revealed. “I do know the answer to that question; I have a pensive in here that will let you see for yourself.”

"Dumbledore wouldn't do that Remus, how can you think that after everything he's done for us!" said Sirius. He didn’t want to believe a man who’d been nothing but kind, more of a grandfather to him than any of his family. He didn’t want to think he’d kept his precious godson from him for no reason.

"What has he done for you Sirius?" asked Remus, he’d thought a lot on this lately, and Snape had made him see the light. Of course he had, Dumbledore acted more Slytherin than Gryffindor, so it made sense the Slytherins’ would see what they could not.

"He let you attend Hogwarts!" said Sirius. He’d always be grateful for that; it had been the best time of his life. Running around with Remus, having fun on the nights of the full moon, all of them together, alive, and happy.

"Not me Sirius I'm asking what he has done for you," said Remus sharply. He didn’t want to think on it, but Sirius’ questions were bringing it all back up. Along with the need to kill Dumbledore for what he’d done. Nothing was more shocking than the fact he’d bound Harry’s magic multiple times.

Sirius blinked owlishly unsure what to say, he was beginning to realize maybe Remus was being truthful. He truly believed what he was saying, and for Remus to say that, he probably had proof. He swallowed sharply, looking around the rather hot house realizing it’s probably why he was here.

"What has he done Sirius?" asked Remus.

"I…I…I," murmured Sirius trying to think, racking his brain for anything.

"He did nothing for you Sirius, nothing James' parents did everything for you not Dumbledore." said Remus adamantly.
"But he let you into Hogwarts." muttered Sirius. His voice was resigned; he knew by tonight’s end he’d feel worse than he had weeks ago.

"Yes, but he also thought of me as a great tool, a benefit and a good person for dangerous missions for the Order.” said Remus.

"He trusted you that's why he let you in." said Sirius. Remus had been so smart, even just joining Hogwarts; it would have been horrible if he’d been denied a Hogwarts education because he was a werewolf.

"Then why did he send me on such dangerous missions?" asked Remus.

"Because you agreed to do them" said Sirius giving his expected answers.

"No, Sirius I did them because I felt I owed Dumbledore it for allowing me into Hogwarts. He's not let any other werewolf into Hogwarts why is that?” asked Remus.

“How do we know he hasn’t?” said Sirius right back, “He didn’t publicly announce you were, for all we know there has been others.”

“Sirius,” sighed Remus in exasperation.

“Alright Remus, say you are right what are you going to do about it? Join Voldemort?” asked Sirius.

“Merlin, no, I know where Harry is.” said Remus.

“You do? Well take me to him…is he here in the Potter cabin?” asked Sirius his eyes going wide, taking off outside, hoping to miraculously see Harry waiting for him. Ready to run into his arms and they’d talk all night get to know each other. Yet the entire area was in darkness, no sign of life in the Potter cabin.

“Remus where is he?” asked Sirius standing in the sand not taking in the beauty that surrounded him.

“He’s safe, happy, and even learning magic as we speak, he’s very good with it, despite the fact he’s only been learning for a few weeks.” said Remus. He still hadn’t told him about the binding, no Sirius would find out about that himself.

“Who’s he with?” asked Sirius jealousy pooling in his stomach, it should be him with Harry.

“Someone I trust with my life.” said Remus honestly, he did trust him when he took the Wolfsbane potion, and the slightest mistake can render it toxic. Nobody would care about one less werewolf in the world.

“Who?” asked Sirius frowning, it was a very short list, shorter still without Dumbledore.

“You trust me? Believe me right?” asked Remus already knowing it, but having to change the subject.

“Of course I do Remus,” sighed Sirius warily, “You’ve never lied to me since we were at Hogwarts. Then again you didn’t lie you just omitted a few things,”

“Oh no you lied,” said Sirius again remembering something, he’d always lied about where he had been during the full moon.

“Good, I have a few memories for you to look at, but before you do I need an oath on your magic.” said Remus.
“An Oath? Why?” asked Sirius coming back to himself, shaking off his thoughts on a young eleven year old Remus making vague excuses about why he’d been gone.

“The Oath.” said Remus firmly.

“What am I to say?” asked Sirius resigned to swearing the oath first.

“That you won’t attack Dumbledore or Moody, that you won’t tell anyone anything without Harry’s permission and keep his secrets.” said Remus.

“Fine,” said Sirius, “I, Sirius Black, so swear not to attack or hurt Albus Dumbledore or Alastor Moody. I also swear not to reveal anything about Harry to anyone and keep his secrets, so mote it be.” with that magic glowed briefly before it settled.

“Alright, come on, I’ll show you the memories now.” said Remus sighing, it was the calm before the storm in his opinion. Un-shrinking the trunk, he removed Severus’ pensive and placed it safely in the middle of the table. He’d promised it wouldn’t be broken and he’d be damned if he broke that particular promise. “Before we go in, take this.”

“What is it?” asked Sirius, he’d never been very good at potions.

“Calming draught.” stated Remus as he readied himself for the second time seeing the distressing memories.

“Are the memories that bad?” asked Sirius dread flashing across his features.

“Yes.” admitted Remus quietly. Urging him to drink it, he wanted this over with, the longer he waited the more reluctant he was to go back inside it.

Sirius dunked the potion back, grimacing in disgust but his face and body relaxed as the potion began to work.

“Come on then.” said Remus, removing his wand, Sirius did the same and before long they were dragged into the swirling mercury that was Harry’s memory.

“It’s dark! Whose memory is this? Where is it?” asked Sirius as he looked around in complete darkness.

“Back of a statue near Dumbledore’s office.” said Remus, “Quiet or you won’t hear what you need to.”
“How could Dumbledore do that?” snarled Sirius furiously, having just heard the entire conversation in total darkness. Harry didn’t once move himself from the darkness, as he heard them talking. The unmistakable sound of Dumbledore and Moody’s voice. “The binds’ please tell me they’ve been removed.” terror coated Sirius’ voice.

“They have.” said Remus quietly, “He’s learning everything that’s been denied to him.”

“With who?” asked Sirius still dying of curiosity.

“Shush,” said Remus as they were pulled into the next memory. This one was more familiar, he had after all been there for it.

“Albus Dumbledore lied to you Lupin; Harry did not say any of those things Dumbledore implied he did. Harry left the magical world two weeks after the starting feast. Albus has been looking for him ever since, but hasn’t as you can see, succeeded.” said Severus, gesturing to Harry as if to state the obvious.

“Snape? He’s with Snape?! He hates us, he hates Harry!” protested Sirius strongly.

Remus just shook his head, wait until he saw them together and he’d be even more furious. Unfortunately Harry was nineteen years old; he was free to date whoever he liked. Even if he had wanted to control Harry, he couldn’t, he wouldn’t have denied Harry anything. He seemed happy with Severus, with their attitudes they were perfect for one another. He certainly wouldn’t want to be caught in one of their fights.

“Remus! What if he’s abusing him?” snapped Sirius ready to do whatever it took to rescue his godson.

“That’s a lie,” snapped Remus defending the Headmaster, after all the man had done for him, Remus felt he owed him. Which to be fair he did, after all Albus had risked his career as Headmaster to let Remus into Hogwarts. If it had been found out, well needless to say, he’d have been cast out from wizarding society. It wasn’t so much to do with the werewolf but rather the danger it posed to the students. There was nothing more important to the magical society than the safety of its children. They were the next generation of magic, and if they didn’t survive magic would die out…old pureblood lines would die out also. The lines were extremely important, and the last remaining heir cherished and kept safe as possible, at least until another heir had been born.

Sirius grimaced; it had pretty much been his reaction too. He hated himself for defending the bastard, especially after what he’d done to his godson. Merlin his godson had his magic locked by the old fool. How dare he? He should never have sworn that oath. He narrowed his eyes, vowing to find a way around it, to make his life a living hell. Either that or make Harry remove it, as much as he wanted to kill Dumbledore - he didn’t want to risk his magic unless it was necessarily. Such as if Dumbledore truly did pose an immediate threat to Harry.

“Why did you make me swear that bloody oath?” hissed Sirius furious with Remus.
“I was made to as well,” said Remus quietly.

“Hmm,” was all the irritated Black would say.

“Oh just get rid of him, he’s obviously not going to accept the bloody truth.” said Harry sighing in irritation.

Sirius’ jaw dropped, this was not how he’d imagined his godson all those years. “How long has he known Snape?” he asked with dread, was Harry even going to want a relationship with him?

“A month or so.” said Remus wryly, understanding why Sirius was asking.

“I see,” said Sirius continuing to look at his godson as if he was the Holy Grail of magical items.

“Despite what you think, we have told only the truth.” said Severus, also sighing in apparent irritation. It seemed Harry wasn’t warming up to Lupin, a small spiteful part was grateful for it. On the other hand, Lupin would be handy to have on his side, so he needed to get him to see the truth for what it is.

“If that’s true,” said Remus calmly before turning on Harry walking forward yelling “What on earth were you thinking leaving the safety of Hogwarts you silly boy?! After everything everyone did for you!?” his parents had died for him and this was how he repaid them? He was simply put completely furious.

Harry flinched back, instinctively raising his arm half way before remembering himself. Fisting his hand as he removed it back down, his green eyes flashing dangerously. His magic unconsciously leaching from him in doves.

He hated himself for his show of weakness, and wished so badly he could rewind time.

“What the fuck Remus!” snarled Sirius his heart beating through the roof. He had seen Harry’s reaction but was more furious with him raising his hand against Harry.

Remus had the grace to look ashamed at his loss of composure. Even worse his words against a child who had been so lost and confused. An eleven year old who’d fled the world thinking he couldn’t trust anyone.

“What happened to Lily’s little boy?” said Remus, still standing there staring at Harry in numb horror. He wasn’t anyone’s definition of a stupid man, to flinch like that indicated long term abuse.

“If you ever move as if to strike Harry in any way again, you will find yourself without your hands. That is just for starters, and then I’ll show you just what I did as a Death Eater Lupin.” snapped Severus glaring angrily at the werewolf. He was furious; he’d never seen Harry react like that, not even after being assaulted. That was the first indication of the abuse he’d seen, other than the scars of course. Harry had never, ever flinched back from him, not even when he’d Apparated unexpectedly into the room. An ache made its way into his heart just seeing Harry react the way he had. He was unable to help his possessive tendencies and hugged him close, giving him the comfort he obviously unconsciously sought.

“Damn right I will.” said Sirius squeaking as he trailed off, he was gaping like an idiot but for the life of himself - he couldn’t reign it in. The gesture could be quite innocent, or so he deluded himself. Even he, Sirius, who hated Snape, knew the man quite well. He did not touch people or comfort them period, no exceptions. Still he prayed he wasn’t doomed to putting up with Snape to have a relationship with his godson.

“I’m sorry,” said Remus, “I’m so sorry, really I am I wouldn’t have hurt you I promise.”
“Why don’t we just sit down.” sighed Severus in irritation. “Lupin stop snivelling it’s very unbecoming.” Harry snorted trying to hide his amusement, his green eyes flashing with merriment.

Severus sat down on Harry’s couch, bringing the nineteen year old down with him. The fact he got no protests or witty remarks whatsoever, was an indication how unsettled Harry was. Perhaps he had made a mistake by bringing Lupin back here. He didn’t make many mistakes, but when he did, it seemed he made big ones.

Sirius grimaced there goes his theory, innocent his backside. Those touches were not those between friends or even father/son relationship. The possessiveness on Snape’s face spoke volumes. He was in love with Harry. “Are they together?” asked Sirius with dread, unable to hold it in anymore.

“Just watch,” said Remus as Harry spoke again.

“Why are you here?” asked Harry regarding Remus passively.

“I was one of your parent’s best friends,” said Remus quietly. Now that he was face to face with him he felt so…unprepared. Caught on the edge of a cliff with no ledge to grab on to.

“That’s it? That’s all you have to say to me? How disappointing.” said Harry.

“I, you used to call me Uncle Moony when you were a child,” said Remus, “Or Remy sometimes, your mother used to prefer that to the juvenile names we’d called ourselves as children.”

“Then when they died of course you decided to wash your hands of me.” said Harry bitterly.

Sirius gulped once more, oh hell, he had a feeling he’d go through the exact same thing. It was going to be hard for them to get to know Harry, when he was so closed off.

“No, I, no, it wasn’t like that. I had lost everything that night, everyone. James, Lily, Sirius and even Peter…I was…not in a good way.” said Remus.

“Poor you,” mocked Harry, “Such a tragedy you suffered, how did you manage to get over it.”

Severus stared over at the kitchen, torn between amusement and feeling a small amount of Pity for the werewolf. Yet Harry was entitled to his reactions, he’d been abandoned that night to a family who’d abused him.

“But just in case you missed the memo, I lost everything that night to. My family, my childhood, my innocence and magic.” snapped Harry his green eyes flashing dangerously. “So before coming to me with another half arsed excuse, think really hard about it.”

“Oh Harry,” choked Sirius, tears running down his face. He’s failed him in more ways than one. He didn’t deserve to be in his life, but deserving or not he’d never give up trying. Harry was his godson, and the only child in his life, he’d loved him so much. He still loved him, nothing would stop it.

“I know you lost everyone as well,” croaked Remus sadly, the use of ‘lost magic’ escaped him completely.

“No excuse? No nothing?” asked Harry bitterly.

“I did try and see you,” rushed Remus, “But Dumbledore wouldn’t let me.”

“Do not mention that bastard in front of me!” hissed Harry, “You accepted his explanation and just left it that of course? You are a pathetic excuse for a man.”
“Remus is used to hiding behind his friends, he couldn’t stand up to his own shadow never mind Dumbledore.” said Severus unleashing his own diatribe against the unsuspecting werewolf.

Remus said nothing, flushing red in mortification and utter embarrassment, mostly because he knew the words spoken were true. Dumbledore may have lied, but it seemed the words were truer than anything the wizard said.

“Just leave.” said Harry his consternation evident.

“You know what? Maybe you’re right, but I do a lot for the Order, without me you wouldn’t have the alliance of the Werewolves! I have more respect there than anywhere else. I was the one that got Sirius to go to Dumbledore's office and demand to see Harry! I was the one that continued looking for him in every possible place that Dumbledore may have had him! Including Moody's residence.” said Remus snarling coming back with vengeance sounding more like an angry wolf than a human.

“Here I was thinking you were all bark and no bite,” said Harry.

Sirius laughed a little, its true really; Remus was all bark and no bite, even during the full moon. He wondered quietly if Harry knew about Remus’ problem, knowing Snape he’d probably already revealed that little detail. Yet Harry seemed to be warming up to him regardless.

Remus just looked more confused and shocked, to Remus; Harry’s emotions were going back and forth. He didn’t know what to make of him at all, or the fact Severus and Harry was so comfortable.

"Now that we have your attention Lupin, we shall continue. Harry was never in Hogwarts for long, he left because he overheard Dumbledore and Moody talking. Dumbledore was speaking about using Harry and pretending to take him under his wing so he could control him. The power Harry had was immense, he bound his magic.” said Severus grimly.

“I want to kill him Remus,” said Sirius his face a mask of fury with the likes Remus had never seen before.

“I know I want to as well.” said Remus.

"It can’t be true, I mean Dumbledore cared for Lily and James….” said Remus. He’d never do anything to harm their son; they saw him as a grandfather for Merlin’s sake.

"Yes he did, he recognized their potential, did he care for Pettigrew? Like he did the rest of you?” asked Severus calmly, a knowing look in his black eyes.

"Of course he did…I, well, maybe not as much…” said Remus his amber eyes dimming as he began to see the truth in it.

"I didn’t even know about my vaults, Dumbledore sent me my Hogwarts supplies. I was never aware that I had any money. Severus explained that to me one night, its law to tell the last remaining heir of their estate and inheritance. He disobeyed the law, he bound my magic for fuck sake what more do you want?”

“He kept his fucking inheritance from him as well?” cursed Sirius. Merlin was there anything Dumbledore hadn’t done to his godson?!

“Yes,” replied Remus quietly.
"I can't believe this without proof." said Remus overwhelmed.

Harry rolled his eyes, although grudgingly he understood, after all if someone had said something to him, he’d want proof too. Like if it had been about Severus or someone he loved, although Severus was the only one he loved right now. He would have wanted proof otherwise he wouldn’t have believed them.

“Yes, heaven forbid its true.” sneered Severus but removing his pensive, indicating he’d perhaps foresaw the need for it. He placed it delicately on the table, and let Lupin go in by himself.

“Well it took longer for them to convince you than it did me.” said Sirius before they were once again in yet another memory. Same place, same time, presumably after Remus had been in the pensive.

“Guess he’s finally realised we are serious.” said Harry, rolling his eyes, that’s the first thing he said after getting out of a memory? He shook his head sometimes people didn’t make sense.

Severus coughed, half amused half exasperated. “He said the name of your godfather.” Severus told Harry, banishing the sick, and then the horrible smell that lingered.

“You aren’t serious!” said Harry gaping “A name like that?”

“That Sirius, serious pun has been used to death.” said Severus rolling his eyes.

“Hey!” cried Sirius at the unfairness. Yet a small smile was twitching at the corner of his lips. His godson was stunning; no doubt he’d had many boyfriends and girlfriends. Too bad he seemed attached to the great bat of the dungeons. “What if Snape is using him?”

“He swore on his magic that he had never or would ever harm Harry physically, mentally or emotional on purpose.” said Remus quietly. “He cares.”

“I’ve not used it for years,” said Remus still kneeling on the floor, from where he’d landed upon being ejected from the pensive. “Not since Lily and James died.”

Hoisting himself up, he sat himself down warily on the only available seat, Severus’ seat as it so happens. “What am I going to tell him? He’s not going to believe this.” said Remus rubbing his eyes tiredly. Feeling suddenly drained from all the information and world shifting perspectives he’d never considered.

“I’d suggest taking him away, to one of the overseas Black properties. Tell Dumbledore you just want to try and get your friend,” said Severus his lip curling at the last word, “Better and back to his old self again. Its as simple as that, but you need to be firm, stand up to him when he tries to make you feel bad for abandoning you duties.”

“He’ll be lucky if I don’t kill him,” snarled Remus, he couldn’t believe it, Dumbledore had locked nearly all of Harry’s magic it boggled his mind.

“I’d also suggest you ask during an Order meeting, so as you don’t go doing something stupid, as all Gryffindor’s like to do.” sneered Severus. Evidentially not changing just because Remus was on their side so to speak.

“Do I have properties overseas?” asked Harry curiously.

“Harry should already know all this.” sighed Sirius warily. “I knew everything about my inheritance before I even entered Hogwarts.”
“You had parents to tell you.” replied Remus.

“The Goblins should have!” snapped Sirius angrily.

“They should have, but they didn’t get the chance, Dumbledore sent Harry his things and had Moody take him for his wand.” said Remus. “Harry thought the school had paid for everything.”

“Bloody bastards,” scowled Sirius resembling Snape there for a moment, especially with the long greasy hair he’d not washed in about a week.

“I cannot say I do not know what you will receive upon accepting your inheritance.” said Severus admittedly. “Lupin however might have a better idea than I do.”

“There’s Godric’s Hollow, Potter Manor in England, a log cabin in Aspen, Colorado, James gave Lily it for their anniversary…she took up skiing. She liked to do something while James was away for days at a time during Auror training.” said Remus. “They also have a small house on a private stretch on the Caribbean, next to the one the Black’s own.”

“Why the fuck did they stay here if they had properties all over the world?” asked Harry his mind whirling in confusion.

“Would you have left your world in a state of war and ran off?” asked Remus, trying to get Harry to see it from their point of view.

“For a child of mine? I’d have run forever, I’d protect the child with every breath I had in my body. Even if it meant running and being seen as a coward.” said Harry passionately.

“I tried to tell them to do that, but they talked me into being Secret Keeper instead.” said Sirius quietly.

“What you tried to get them to run?” asked Remus surprised.

“Harry was my godson, they were my best friends, and yes I wanted them to run. I’d have rather them alive and happy, away from the war. They were the best parents a child could have asked for, unlike mine. I wanted Harry to grow up away from the war; I don’t care about the Prophecy.”

“I had no idea.” murmured Remus wide eyed.

“They thought they were safe here, hidden under the Fidelus Charm.” said Remus quietly; obviously Harry hadn’t seen their point of view. He did have a point, but Lily and James hadn’t been cowards. They’d stood tall and fought the great fight.

“Yes, but you know what they say about assuming.” said Harry, “It just makes an ass out of everyone.”

Sirius laughed once again in amusement.

“It does,” sighed Remus, he was better of just agreeing with Harry, he seemed to be able to convince someone of anything. A quality that Slytherins were known for.

“How long?” asked Remus, as Harry gestured to the cold coffee, Remus warmed it and immediately began drinking.

Both men just stared blankly, not rising to his question.

“How long have you known him?” asked Remus, this flat looked like something he’d owned. In fact
similar to something he had owned until Sirius had gotten released from Azkaban. Why didn’t Harry use his fortune? Or live in Potter manor? It’s not as if he wasn’t at the appropriate age.

“Nearing a month,” said Severus immediately.

“Just how close are you?” asked Remus, eyeing them shrewdly.

Severus stared at Harry, indicating he should be the one to reply. Considering Harry was sitting all too comfortably in his arms and in his lap, was a dead give away to it being more than just friends. Yet despite this, Severus held his breath, wondering at Harry’s answer and what he thought them to be.

“What’s it to you?” asked Harry defensively, not used to people asking about him, or caring for that matter.

“I’m just curious Harry, I didn’t mean anything by it, I wasn’t prying.” said Remus raising his hands up feigning surrender.

“We’re together.” said Harry simply, not apologizing.

“I thought as much,” said Remus, inwardly wincing, Sirius was going to go utterly ape when he learned this. He’d probably have a tougher time accepting Snape than that Dumbledore is evil essentially. One way or another, he had his work cut out explaining everything to Sirius.

“Indeed,” intoned Severus, feeling rather smug.

“Smug git.” said Sirius, despite the emotionless mask he portrayed he could tell Snape was feeling happy. He just got that look in his eyes, sort of a twinkle like Dumbledore. He’d done everything in school to stop it, which would make things complicated now.

“Can I borrow the pensive and memories? I promise I’ll take excellent care of them.” promised Remus, knowing just how rare and expensive they were. “They will make telling Sirius so much easier.”

“His parents obviously had a sense of humour.” snorted Harry still amused.

“They had no sense of humour, the Black’s name their kids after stars, his full name is Sirius Orion Black. His brother was Regulus, he has cousins called Narcissa, Bellatrix and Andromeda.” said Remus.

“Narcissa? I’ve not heard of a star called Narcissa,” said Harry the others he was familiar with, well maybe not Bellatrix.

“She’s Draco Malfoy’s mother, if you remember him.” said Severus changing the subject.

“Malfoy, yeah I remember him.” said Harry. “Vaguely, blonde hair haughty attitude.”

“That’s the one,” said Severus wryly, “Also my godson.”

“That explains the attitude then.” said Harry wryly.

“I was barely around,” said Severus snorting in amusement, “You’ll find he got his attitude from his father.”

“What is Ron like?” asked Harry curiously.
“Weasley? Unemployed, he wants a job above his grades. His grades were laughable at best; he barely attended any classes during his last two years at Hogwarts. He would have failed them all if it wasn’t for Granger’s help.” said Severus sharply, “He eats like a pig, and moans like a bitch in heat.”

“Severus!” laughed Harry finding himself amused by Severus’ description of Ronald Weasley.

“He wants to be a Quidditch player or Auror, but he only played one year of Quidditch. He doesn’t have the experience to get into any professional Quidditch club.” said Remus.

“He failed Potions, one subject that’s required to succeed as an Auror.” said Severus as an afterthought.

“Why do you need Potions for being an Auror anyway?” asked Harry.

“You need to be able to identify any you find on someone, especially poisons and herbs.” said Severus.

“James barely scraped by,” said Remus smirking, “He was constantly asking me for help during our last year. He hated the fact Severus here, was able to flawlessly and with ease brew difficult potions.”

Severus raised an eyebrow at the news, he had not realized this.

“I am nothing like my father, I am not a substitute either.” said Harry seriously, if that’s the reason he’s there he’d be sorely disappointed sooner or later.

“I know that,” said Remus grinning in amusement, it was plenty obvious even for him.

“Good.” said Harry glad to have gotten that off his chest.

“How long have you lived here?” asked Remus.

“Nine years,” said Harry.

Remus blinked in confusion, “But that would mean you moved here straight away after leaving Hogwarts.” said the baffled werewolf.

“He got taken in by someone didn’t he?” asked Sirius looking relieved, at least he’d had normal teenage years. His mind trailed to the flinch, to flinch even at the age of nine…what had they done to him? The abuse must have been bad, poor Harry, Merlin he wished he could punch someone, something, anything. He felt so useless and wrenched.

“Yes,” said Harry.

“Did someone take you in?” asked Remus grateful for that at least.

“In a manner of speaking.” said Harry, “She died a few years later.”

“But how have you managed to keep this flat? It’s obvious you aren’t using the Potter fortune.” said Remus digging for more information.

Severus tightened his hold on Harry, making sure he knew Severus didn’t mind if he lied or told the truth.

“I worked at night to afford this place.” said Harry bluntly, evidently not afraid to admit it.
Remus just stared in confusion.

“Oh, come on…do I really need to spell it out for you?” asked Harry. “I solicited people for money.”

“You made enough money begging people outside?” said Remus his eyebrows rose in shock.

Harry thumped his head on Severus exasperated beyond words. Was he really going to have to tell him as bluntly as possible? Really? Jesus the wizard was a clueless arse.

“He didn’t beg Lupin, he propositioned them.” said Severus.

Remus looked from Severus to Harry then back again his eyes wide. Then the words actually sunk into Remus’ mind, his mouth opened with a large O as he finally understood. Oh yes, it was going to be a wonderful holiday trying to get Sirius to accept all this. “Is that how you both met?” he asked without judgemental.

“No,” said Severus, “I do not make a habit of going out looking to pay people to sleep with me Lupin regardless of what you may think of me and my looks.”

“I never meant it that way,” sighed Remus exasperated, those two were completely meant for each other and utterly annoying honestly. They took everything he said and twisted it into their own way of thinking.

“The Death Eaters dropped me off in Muggle London, on the Dark Lord’s orders for not complying with his wishes fast enough.” said Severus, “I was severely beaten and tortured, I wasn’t conscious when they dropped me off. Harry was out that night, and was kind enough to help me. Thankfully otherwise I wouldn’t have been liable for my actions at waking up in a Muggle hospital.”

“I didn’t realize,” said Remus looking at him with concern.

Severus rolled his eyes, Gryffindor’s, honestly.

“Sirius are you okay?” asked Remus, he’d been so very quiet.

“No I’m not alright Remus, my godson was abused, had his magic bound, doesn’t trust wizards as far as he can throw them and had to become a prostitute to survive…how the hell can I be alright?!” snarled Sirius breathing furiously.

“He survived; he’s happy now or as happy as he can be. You’ll get your chance at revenge Sirius; they are Slytherin to the core. Snape is planning something, you will get to see them brought down before long.” said Remus.

“I hope so Remus, or I won’t be responsible for my actions.” said Sirius staring out into the Caribbean Sea, not able to meet his eyes.
Going Home Early

Pretty Boy

Chapter 19

Going Home Early

They had been at the Cabin for two days, Sirius and Remus had ventured to the nearest market for food. Which now lay in the cupboard, fully stocked and preserved thankfully. They’d spoken at great lengths about everything Dumbledore had done, and how Harry could be adapting to having all his magic back. Remus had cooked all the meals, after all Sirius couldn’t even make toast without burning it. They spent most of their time outside enjoying the sun. Something they weren’t able to get in the UK at least not as powerful as it was here.

Surprisingly they also remised about the past, something they hadn’t done before. It was very cathartic, it made them realise James and Lily weren’t gone. They would be alive in their memories for as long as they were alive.

Sirius had also realised a way to get back at Dumbledore without breaking his oath. After all pranking someone wasn’t attacking them, the old fool would rue the day he’d touched Harry. He had picked the wrong person to mess with, and when he lay dying; Sirius would make that clear to the bastard. He would die, if Sirius had anything to do with it…its just how long it took. He’d convince Snape and Harry it was deserved, he couldn’t care about it making him a criminal. In the eyes of the law he had been a criminal anyway, even if he’d been proven innocent. He’d never be found guilty of it, they wouldn’t even suspect him.

As of right now, Remus and Sirius were outside the cabin speaking once more. Moving on to yet another topic, one they hadn’t discussed yet.

“I feel really bad Remus, everything that happened to Harry was my fault.” said Sirius, as he lounged on a sun bed, on the beach, which was lapping up waves in the Caribbean Sea. As the sun blazed on down before them, they were dressed in trunks, a spell keeping them safe from being burnt. It was almost too hot to bear; they weren’t used to this extremely hot weather. Despite it, they really liked getting away, from the war, from the gloom of Grimmauld Place and being ordered around, and for Remus the missions. He liked helping others, but visiting werewolf colonies wasn’t what he liked to do. He’d succeeded in making them realize it best not join Voldemort, since he was just as fearful as everyone else. They however, refused to join the order, but them not joining Voldemort was considered the greater win. After Umbridge’s laws Remus wasn’t surprised to say the least, she’d made it ten times harder for them.

“Sirius you have to stop that.” said Remus, he knew Harry wouldn’t like it; he backed away from emotional displays. He could imagine Harry would see it as being weak, since he didn’t like showing emotions.

“But it is my fault.” said Sirius sounding choked up.

“Yes, maybe it is, partly. Harry will just tell you to leave Sirius; he does not like big shows of affection. He seems to want only to look forward to the future, without the pity me party. Harry has done what needed done, he has no regrets and he doesn’t expect anyone else to either. Start anything like this then he would wash his hands of you, do you understand?” said Remus seriously leaning over meeting Sirius’ eyes.
“I suppose so.” sighed Sirius, it would be difficult not to apologise.

“Harry just wants to look forward to the future, he knows the past cannot be changed,” said Remus. Even if it could be, he doubted Harry would want to; his past had shaped him into the man he was today.

“That’s just stupid, we have time turners.” said Sirius, amused.

“Only by the hour, we’d be twisting that thing forever, if we could even manage to get our hands on one.” said Remus.

“Yeah,” said Sirius “I know.”

“Do you hear that?” asked Remus cocking his head to the side, before his amber eyes zoned in on the owl flapping its wings in the distance, hooting loudly. “Do you think that’s flown all the way from the UK?”

“Probably,” said Remus wide eyed, “Do we have anything we could give it?”

“Maybe, go have a look. It is a beautiful bird.” said Sirius as Remus got up.

“Hello beautiful,” said Sirius once it had swooped down, landing on Remus’ seat, imperiously sticking its leg out. “You are just like your owner.” which ever one it was, Snape or Harry. He removed the package; the owl hooted tiredly, Hedwig was just about to rest for a while before Remus came back, with a strip of cold bacon and sausage links in one hand. In the other there was a large cup filled with cold tap water.

He placed it down and let the owl help itself, picking the package from Sirius’ hands. Breaking the seal and opening it, reading it before passing it to Sirius.

Lupin,

Harry felt magic wrap around him three days ago. I assume it was the oath being put into affect. I am pleased with this, Harry has been working hard and he deserves a holiday. I wish to spend some time with him away from everything. Since Harry cannot yet use any of his properties or money, without Dumbledore finding out, hopefully you will be willing to let Harry use the cabin.

We will not be any more than two days, I cannot stay away to long, and I cannot bring suspicion upon myself from either Dumbledore or the Dark Lord. Hogwarts is starting up in a week, so I have to get everything done within that timeframe. The tin is a Portkey; Harry would like his owl, Hedwig back in one piece. So ensure it’s on you when the Portkey activates.

We will see you then.

Snape.

Portkey activation is Wolfsbane.

“He can use it,” said Sirius, he’d do anything for Harry. “I can see he’s not lost his sense of humour.”

“Well it’s a good job we didn’t unpack.” said Remus.

“We didn’t have anything TO unpack.” said Sirius. “I’m finally going to meet Harry.” he felt many emotions as it sunk in. Nervous, apprehensive, happiness, delight and of course he was scared. He
wasn’t sure what on earth was going to happen when they met, he so badly wanted things to go well. His mind had dwelled on the state Harry had been living in. It reminded him of Remus, he’d been saddened and hurt to see the conditions Remus had lived in. It was ten times worse knowing his godson had it ten times worse. At least Remus had been able to get work for short times, Harry… well Harry hadn’t had a choice but take the path he had. Eleven years old, he couldn’t get a job, he was too young, and he still had to make money which left his options severely limited. Limited actually to one single choice and he’d taken it. He had so many years to make up for, presents; he had to get him lots of presents.

“Let’s get going,” said Remus, “Stay there Hedwig.”

Both Wizards took off, once they were in the cabin, the few items they’d unpacked were quickly repacked and trunks shrunk. The pensive after being used, had been put back in the trunk to keep it safe. Taking a secondary look around, before they were satisfied and went back out to join Hedwig. Remus whistled, holding out his arm. The owl joined him gratefully, it as if he knew he wasn’t going to have to fly all the way home.

“Ready?” said Remus, making sure the owl was on his shoulder properly. “Then let’s go. Wolfsbane.” and with that both of them were whisked away from the sandy beach, and into Harry’s flat.
The flat was exactly as Sirius remembered seeing it; the only thing that looked out of place was the Slytherin green seat beside the TV set. Oh he knew what the TV was; he’d never watched one though. Arthur Weasley had spoken of his desire to see one and figure out how it functioned. He wanted so badly to spoil Harry, get him out of this flat and into a home he would be safe in. He was genuinely surprised Snape was allowing Harry to remain here. Especially with the Death Eaters out there looking for Harry, the Potions Master knew, better than most, what the Lestrange’s were capable of.

“You’re late.” snapped Severus as he regarded them irritably.

“I know sorry, fell asleep.” said Sirius yawning as if to prove his point on how tired they were. The time difference sucked, seven hours there was between the UK and where they were in the island beside the Caribbean. Which meant they’d been tired before dark descended upon them. They hadn’t wanted to lose out on their holiday, so kept themselves awake. Now that they were back, they had to get re-used to the change again.

“It’s fine, at least you’re here.” said Harry, Severus reluctantly nodded his head in agreement and leaned back against the couch again. Harry was lying beside him, his head rested on Severus’ lap. Or at least for a few seconds, before he got up and sat ramrod straight, staring curiously.

“Snape,” said Sirius nodding curtly, inwardly amazed, honestly, if Harry hadn’t been here, Snape would have only been half way through his diatribe by this. Harry whether he realized it or not, was making Snape soft. Not that he’d are mention it of course, instead he just created a seat to sit in. Remus sat down in the only other available chair. “It’s nice to finally meet you Harry. I hope we can get to know one another better.” he desperately wanted to hug Harry, smother him in affection, but unfortunately he didn’t think it would be well received.

Harry smirked, nodding his head in agreement and said, “Me too,” at least he hadn’t started out by mentioning his parents. Fortunately he wasn’t stupid; he knew Remus had probably spoken to Sirius about him. He would have liked to have been a fly on the wall for that conversation.

“I can give you some money for a flat, I owe you nineteen years worth of presents.” said Sirius, “Somewhere safer than here, protected magically.” using Harry’s safety as means of excuse, hopefully he’d be more susceptible to the idea that way. Deciding not to tell him about the large deposits he’d made into the Potter accounts, over the years. He didn’t care if Harry hated him; he just had to show how much he cared the only way possible. He’d also left letters, hoping Harry would get in touch with him. How stupid was he? Harry hadn’t been in the magical world, had no way of receiving the letters never mind the gold.

“No thank you,” said Harry dryly. He felt very uncomfortable when given presents. It was no wonder; his uncle had tricked him one to many times as a child. There was one year they’d given him a large gift, full of Dudley’s old clothes. One year Marge had given him a box of dog biscuits. They’d treated Harry horrifically, and one day they would pay for that with their lives.
“He won’t need it, he’s coming to Hogwarts.” said Severus.

“What? Are you out of your mind? I won’t allow that!” said Sirius gaping at Snape incredulity written across his face. He wasn’t going to let Dumbledore within breathing distance of Harry, not after what he’d done. How could Harry go along with this plan? The bastard had bound Harry’s magic! What if he tried it again? Or worse still found a permanent one they couldn’t undo? No he would fight against it, for all the good that would do.

“Do you think us stupid?” snarled Severus, angered by the implications that Black thought he’d ever let Harry come to harm. Harry just lay against him, smirking in amusement, he loved it when Severus made two grown men shrink in their seats the way those two did.

“No,” admitted Sirius, if he could call Snape anything, stupid was admittedly not one of them. So it meant he obviously had a plan, but what kind of plan? How could it help Harry remain anonymous?

“Do you think us stupid?” asked Remus leaning forward, regarding them intently. He knew they had a plan, so this must be part of it, he couldn’t deny he was curious, he’d been dying of curiosity for days.

“Aging Potion,” said Severus, as always his solutions were potions based especially if they can be. The idea had a lot of merits, and it’s why Severus was using it. It would also help divert suspicion; after all if Harry was their age, Dumbledore couldn’t suspect a thing.

“It’s devious,” said Remus, “The best part, Dumbledore won’t suspect anything.” a blood thirsty grin appearing on his face.

“You will get revenge on the bastard, wont you?” said Sirius. His blue eyes flashing in fury at the injustices foisted upon his godson. He’d find a way if Harry replied negatively, he swore he would if it was the last thing he did. He’d loose his magic, which meant it would actually really be the last thing he did.

“Are you kidding? Would you let him away with it?” scoffed Harry, his green eyes flashing.

“No,” snapped Sirius, he was so angry, he just wanted to scream in frustration, and the situation was…making feel so useless and angry. Emotions he should have been more than familiar with. Since having spent so many years in Azkaban, with nothing but negative emotions. All the good ones had been sucked up within his first week there. Even out of Azkaban, he’d felt nothing but heartache.

“Then you have your answer.” said Harry darkly. He was heartened by the fact they wanted to avenge him. It meant they actually put him above Dumbledore, these three men did, from what he remembered about the magical world - most people wouldn’t.

“Good,” said Sirius, “I want to be there for it.”

“You might get to be.” said Harry a sly smirk appearing on his face, he had a rough idea on what to do. He just had to smooth out some ideas, before he begun to put it into action. He wasn’t going to reveal it to the others either, he wanted it to be a complete surprise. He might have to tell Severus though, unless he figured out a way to do it himself.

“Why not a de-aging Potion? I mean it would make him fit in easier, how else can he be explained? There’s no position for teachers.” said Sirius.

“He’s going to become my apprentice.” said Severus.
“You really have thought everything through,” said Sirius surprised, despite the fact he shouldn’t be. He was a spy for a reason; thinking ahead is what kept him in the game so to speak.

“How will his sudden appearance be explained?” asked Remus a little hazy on that part of the plan.

“That I need your help for,” said Harry, knowing Severus hated the idea of asking his ‘enemies’ for help. He however, wasn’t so fussy about asking for it, they obviously wanted to help him. In fact he saw it as they owing him really; they’d abandoned him after all. “It will help in my forgiving you both for abandoning me.”

Severus would have kissed Harry right there and then; he was by no means a coward and would have asked. Yet he’d been deeply reluctant to do so, it was not in his nature to ask for help. He’d have done it for Harry, its himself he’d never ask help for.

“We would help you without the ultimatum Harry,” said Remus quietly, and very subdued by Harry’s words. It was as if he didn’t trust them, and felt the need to give them a reason to help.

“Yeah, we would have.” stated Sirius glumly.

Harry just stared at them impassively; he wouldn’t be the first to break.

“Alright what do you need?” asked Remus after a few seconds or silence.

“We need Dumbledore to trust Harry, assured that he is light so he doesn’t go digging.” said Severus. “I’m good but not good enough to fake credentials and a full life story. It would need to come from someone he’d never suspect lying to him.”

“Us,” said Remus deep in thought.

“Remus do you remember the family that used to stay in the old Potter cottage? The land next to them. Mr. Potter never did explain why he let them stay, but we suspected the father had saved him in some way.” said Sirius. “They had a son.” It was unusual for families to allow quests to stay on the main Potter land. If anything they were allowed to be in other properties but had to pay.

“The exact same age as James, he was home schooled.” said Remus. “Really brilliant, he put us all to shame. Harrison Williams, half blood, he and his parents disappeared suddenly without trace. We never saw them again after we finished school. He never said goodbye, we never found out if he’d been taken away from the war or if they’d been victims of the Death Eaters.”

“They did disappear the same time Mr. and Mrs. Potter died.” said Sirius paled faced, now that he thought about it, he realized with a sinking feeling they were probably gone.

“Did anyone even check the cottage?” asked Remus horrified.

“Probably not, nobody knew it was occupied, not officially, Mr. Potter didn’t charge them remember.” said Sirius simply.

“Who were they?” asked Harry curiously.

“No one was quite sure, its just one of those things that was never spoken about.” said Remus quietly. “Harrison William’s didn’t get on with James or Sirius. I spent a while with him though.”

“Why?” asked Harry.

“They were immature, he wasn’t used to people, he grew up very sheltered, he couldn’t understand
“Them.” said Remus quietly.

“I know the feeling.” said Harry wryly.

“Alright, we shall use Hadrian Williams; it will be Harry’s identity.” said Severus, “With a little luck he won’t go digging, at least not right away.”

“Not much is known about them anyway.” said Sirius.

“How did my grandparents die?” asked Harry eyeing them, feeling quite alarmed by their sudden shifty looks. “Well?” demanded Harry not giving up.

“They were attacked just after James finished school, fuelling his desire to be an Auror even more. It was the Death Eaters; the Potters were one of the lightest families out there. It was considered a boost in the ranks when you killed someone with great influence.” said Sirius honestly.

“Mr. Potter was a well known Auror, so the Death Eaters didn’t brag about it…at least not publicly. They would have wanted revenge, and would have taken it despite the consequences.” said Remus.

“It was Parkinson and Malfoy.” said Severus sounding hollow.

“You were there?” asked Harry, no judgement in his voice.

“No, I was not. They were newly recruited, Lucius is six years older than me but he liked to…brag.” said Severus; he’d had to listen to the foul bastard at it for hours, days at a time. He’d wanted to strangle the life out of him; he’d have done the world a favour.

“I will kill them.” said Harry calmly, his dark look deceptive to his tone.

“Harry, you can’t.” said Sirius in protest, “You cannot live for revenge alone, not for someone you didn’t know.”

“And who’s fault it that?” snapped Harry. “I’ll do it with or without your help.”

“I’ll help you Harry,” said Severus, he knew Harry well enough to say he didn’t say anything he didn’t mean. He would get revenge on them, and Severus would rather he be there, just in case anything went wrong. Harry was still so young, and lacked experience when it came to magic. Especially against the likes of Parkinson and Malfoy.

“Alright, I concede, I’ll help too.” said Remus, thinking much the same as Severus was in regards to Harry. He’d much rather be a part of the plan and know what was going down, and not having to worry about Harry running of on his own.

“Well I’m not being left out.” protested Sirius.

Severus and Harry rolled their eyes and Remus just shook his head wryly.

Some things unfortunately just wouldn’t change.

“The Potion isn’t permanent is it?” asked Sirius looking worried again, deciding to get to easier topics that didn’t include murder. Oh sure he wanted to kill Dumbledore, but it seemed the list was getting bigger now.

Severus snorted, “What potion is?” sneered Severus at the idiotic question.

“Well a De-aging potion doesn’t just suddenly stop working.” said Sirius defensively.
“It would eventually, they do not work indefinitely, and nobody is idiotic enough to keep it through the entire duration. Like the Aging potion, it only lasts one year or until the Anti-dote has been administered.” said Severus.

“It’s painful the first time isn’t it? Its like Polyjuice Potion?” said Remus.

“It is,” said Severus.

“And you are okay with that Harry?” asked Remus his amber eyes filled with concern.

“Yes.” said Harry, he wanted to go to the magical world with anonymity, and this was his chance to be just a regular wizard.

“Alright then, so how are we going about it.” asked Sirius, butting in wanting to know everything.

“It will all be discussed after Harry has had a holiday, his magic needs a little break.” said Severus immediately.

“Okay,” said Sirius, “You are both welcome to use the Cabin.”

“Have fun.” said Remus.

“Yes,” squeaked Sirius his voice suddenly high and squeaky “Fun.” he repeated.

Severus laughed in amusement, smirking wryly; he knew Black wasn’t happy with everything yet. Especially not him being with Harry, but he’d come around eventually. He’d been much more composed than Severus thought he would be. At least he’d not lost his composure, said anything Harry wouldn’t let him live down or forget.
Harry and Severus landed on the beach, wrapped around each other, Severus keeping Harry securely in his arms, stopping him from getting sick or falling over. This was Harry’s first time using this particular means of magical transport. Actually, the first time he’d used magical transport, if you didn’t include the Hogwarts express. Which one could argue wasn’t exactly magical; it was like any other train ride. Severus looked at the endless sea in front of him. It was the most beautiful and peaceful sight he’d ever seen. There was something soothing about the heat thrumming around them, and the lapping and crashing of the bluest crisp clear water they’d ever seen. How anyone could bring themselves to leave here baffled Severus. Two cabins were the only two buildings standing as far as the eye could see. The one in front of them had to be the Black cabin, the other one, had to be the Potter cabin.

Harry gasped, his wide green eyes looking around in fascination, he’d never been on holiday. He hadn’t been sure what to expect exactly, but this…was beyond his imagination. It was so tranquil and serene, not something Harry had much of in his turbulent life. Realizing he was gaping like an idiot, he closed any expression from his face.

“Do not hide here Harry, there’s nobody here but you and I. It’s not good to keep your masks up all the time, you’ll eventually burn. Trust me, I know what I am talking about.” said Severus honestly. He’d had a break down around five months after the Dark Lord was defeated. He’d dealt with it himself, Severus trusted nobody, especially Dumbledore.

“I don’t know how,” admitted Harry, he’d been wearing them so long, it was instinct to him.

“Just let go, have fun and allow yourself to be and feel happy.” said Severus.

“Hmm, it sounds like a good idea.” said Harry, his smirk went unnoticed, as he began removing his clothes, and it was anything but innocent. He did so in a very provocative manner, hearing Severus’ sharp intake of breath behind him. Severus had denied him too long, he’d be damned if he continued. If there was one thing Harry did know, it would be that his body was nothing to be ashamed of. It had been in his favour, who would have slept with him if it hadn’t been? Not many anyway. It was also a curse, in many ways; with his…job others decided it was perfectly line to force themselves upon him. Taking what they wanted with complete disregard to Harry’s thoughts and feelings.

Sneaky, Slytherin bugger, thought Severus to himself, but nevertheless, he spelled his clothes off and folded on the beech before making his way into the water. It was warm, as it lapped up around him.
He was glad to have given Harry a break, he deserved some time to himself.

Grabbing a hold of Harry’s leg he pulled him under before dragging him forward. Harry came up spluttering and giggling through the water, which was escaping his mouth. His green eyes twinkling, he threw himself forward, causing both of them to fly back into the water. Severus submerging underneath, coming back up, hair drenched and lying flat against his head.

“That’s more like it,” said Severus, it made him feel lighter at heart seeing Harry as a normal nineteen year old. He doubted Harry had many opportunities to act as such, even now though it was slightly reserved. Unfortunately he wasn’t expecting miracles, this was enough for now. He doubted Harry would ever change completely, he was too old, to set in his ways and too damaged so to speak by the world. Manipulated, hurt, abused, used and magically violated.

“It’s so warm,” said Harry staring up at the sun, he’d felt nothing like it before. He was used to cold; he would have stood here forever if it was possible. Yet it wasn’t, he had magic to learn, revenge to take and maybe if he was lucky, live his life.

“Indeed,” said Severus, wrapping his arms around Harry, feeling oddly peaceful. It was strange; he’d told Harry he didn’t need masks here. Yet he felt his own being taken down, he had no reason to fear someone finding them. He could show Harry how much he cared here.

“Severus…do you think I can do it?” asked Harry, his chin resting on Severus’ shoulder. As he stared across the water, beech and of course the cabin. He made a vow one day, should he survive to return here. Have a proper holiday and maybe, just maybe, have the future he’d always day-dreamed about. He’d had to ask the question, he had no reason to fear someone finding them. He could show Harry how much he cared here.

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“I never did learn how to swim.” said Harry, wryly changing the subject. He didn’t want to think too much on whether he could do it or not. He just wanted to see Hogwarts again, he could worry later.

“Why don’t we try now?” suggested Severus, there was no rush, nothing but them in the Caribbean Sea.

“Why bother?” snorted Harry.

“You know the old saying Harry,” said Severus wryly, “It’s never too late to learn.”

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Three hours later, they finally left the water, drying magically before making their way to the cabin. The sun was beginning to descend, but despite that it was as warm as ever. Harry didn’t want to
admit it, but he’d really enjoyed himself. He could now swim in various different ways. Butterfly, backstroke, breaststroke the whole nine yards.

“I’m starving, how about you?” asked Harry, as he looked around, it looked like something out of an old fashioned book. Sort of like Jane Austin or Charlotte Bronte, an old log fireplace. The couches were an old faded blood red colour, with no sign of any cushion.

“Famished.” said Severus.

“How long has it been since anyone was here?” said Harry as he moved to the kitchen, which thankfully had a few modern appliances. There was even an old wooden pizza oven; it still used logs to burn.

“Judging by the design and furniture I’d say around 1775,” said Severus, “But it’s been upgraded several times, the cabin itself looks newer. Evidently they only changed a few characteristics but kept the interior design the same.”

Harry blinked as he looked around, wondering if Hogwarts had even existed when this place was built. It didn’t surprise him magic had been around then, it had probably been around since the dawn on man. It had probably been openly practise, but with human population expanding…people began to fear what they didn’t understand. Forcing magic to hide itself just to keep it safe. “Someone must have done some shopping, unless pasta was invented in those days with a sell by date.”

Severus smirked wryly, he did love Harry’s sense of humour, and it closely resembled his own without the harsher bite.

“Pasta it is then,” said Harry, scooping six handfuls and placing it into a pot. Using water from his wand, instead of water from the tap, if it was even drinkable. He didn’t fancy getting ill on holiday, from what he knew, you weren’t supposed to drink water not your own. The body didn’t do well with it, but what did he know? This was his first time abroad. To top it off he’d travelled around the world within a few minutes.

Harry raked the cupboards, looking for some vegetables and herbs to make a nice sauce with. Tomatoes, basil, some salsa to spice it up a bit, slicing, chopping and squeezing he sighed in satisfaction. That would do nicely; putting everything into the pot he began stirring it.

“Do you think they will manage keep a low profile?” asked Harry as he continued to cook. The Cabin was open plan, since it was so small, there was no point to making if feel claustrophobic by adding walls.

“I have no doubt, they are smart when they need to be.” said Severus coming through, eyeing the kitchen. He was surprised to see a wine rack filled with dirty old bottles. Crouching down, he wiped the dust that had accumulated over the years. A nice vintage wine, he doubted Harry would be able to drink much. So he made a note to himself to allow Harry only one glass. He would love to see Harry drunk, but he wasn’t irresponsible.

“What do you think they are up to?” asked Harry, as he drained the now cooked pasta. The beauty about pasta, it was so easy to cook and quick. Putting the sauce in quickly he began stirring it until the pasta had turned red and heated further.

“No doubt trying to figure out a way around the oath,” smirked Severus chuckling wryly, as he looked in the cupboards for wine glasses. “It will probably be in the form of extreme humiliation, public humiliation at that.”
“Like they did to you.” said Harry facing Severus, he’d heard the tone of voice, it’s the same way he sounded when thought or spoke about the Dursley’s. “Your voice, it changed. Don’t look at me like that, I understand, my cousin did the same to me. The only difference was I couldn’t fight back, otherwise my Uncle would have killed me.”

Severus gaze softened, the fact Harry didn’t even have an ounce of pity on his face helped soothe him. He hated discussing his past, the humiliation of what happened to him over the years. He was just grateful Harry hadn’t asked about his parents, because truth be told he couldn’t discuss them. Talking about Lily would kill him; he’d suppressed all emotion about her and memories deep within his mind. James on the other hand, if it had only been too easy to do the same.

“It’s ready,” said Harry two plates of pasta in his hands; he sat down at the small round table that sat only two people.

“So what are we doing after we leave here?” asked Harry.

“So eager to leave already?” said Severus wryly.

“Oh yes, I can hardly wait, I so want to get close to Dumbledore.” said Harry back sarcasm lacing his voice.

“I am thinking of you being introduced to Lupin and Black in public. Since Dumbledore keeps a close eye on Hogsmeade and Diagon Alley, I suggest there. Thus it will ensure Dumbledore enquires first, he’d immediately ask them. He wouldn’t dig for information when he has a simpler way,” said Severus, “Once the potion has been ingested and I’ve informed him I’m taking on an apprentice.”

“Why would he care about someone that knows Black and Lupin?” asked Harry, seeing a flaw in Severus’ logic.

“He will when he overhears you have a Mastery in Defence and charms.” said Severus.

“Only one problem, I don’t.” said Harry, “There’s no way I could fake that either.” he didn’t know enough magic to claim he was a Master.

“Do not worry about that, he will never know.” said Severus in amusement. “It’s not as if he’d even think of testing you.”

“Alright, you know him better than I do.” said Harry.

“That I do.” said Severus in agreement, placing the fork on the empty plate. Harry was a fantastic cook; he hated knowing where it came from. Those Dursley’s his need for revenge hadn’t diminished the slightest.

“Don’t need to sound so smug,” said Harry aiming to pick up the plates but Severus just flicked his wand, with a muttered incantation they cleaned themselves before returning to the cupboards.

“I have to remember that one,” said Harry.

“You will,” said Severus confidently, “Here.” passing a glass of wine to Harry, as he relaxed back. He certainly wasn’t going to sit on the couches, although he wouldn’t mind christening the bed with Harry.

Green eyes met his, a sly grin crossing his face, almost as if he was reading his mind.
“Perhaps we should take these and retire for the evening.” stated Severus calmly.

“I have a headache.” said Harry smirking.

“Indeed? You’ll need a better excuse than that Harry, we have headache cures.” said Severus smugly.

“It’s a good job I wasn’t serious.” sniggered Harry, but ended up grimacing the pun was really out of place.

“Come on.” said Severus standing up taking both their glasses with them. As always, Harry followed him. They would enjoy their little holiday the fullest, who knows when they'd get another chance, if they'd get another chance.
As fun as it was to be secluded, knowing nothing bar the waves and the gentle heartbeat of each other, it couldn’t remain that way. Reality awaited them, and they couldn’t risk anymore than a few days. They had but a week to put their plan into action before Hogwarts begun again. The holiday’s had gone by so quickly, September was fast approaching. Severus almost wished they could remain in their own little world. Harry had been different these few days, less bitter, angry and actually showing a side he’d bet no one else had seen. Underneath that sarcastic, impassive enforced armour lay behind it a vulnerable nineteen years old.

“Ready?” asked Severus coming into the bedroom.

Severus his normal teaching robes once again back on. It was odd; they’d been walking about in their boxers for days. Harry was disappointed to see him fully dressed, even more so that he was dressed again. He had even gotten a little sun burnt; it had turned into a tan when Severus put some sort of potion onto him. Severus however, was still completely white, pasty pale as if the sun had absolutely no affect on him. “You don’t look like you’ve been away at all.”

“That’s the point Harry,” said Severus wryly, he thought of everything. He wasn’t a spy for nothing, everything he did was for a purpose, and he thought fifteen paces ahead. He’d used a spell to stop the sun affecting him whatsoever. “We are late, and I’m never late.”

“As the saying goes, there’s a first for everything.” said Harry grinning, amused by the grouching the man was doing over a few minutes of lost time.

Severus scowled but remained silent; it was a stupid thing to get irritated over. It was as if he suffered a little from OCD, especially when it came to being on time. The best bit of it all, Harry seemed completely impervious to his moods. Although he hadn’t truly lost his temper yet, but Harry could hold his own he knew that. Severus held the Portkey out, waiting for Harry to reach out. It didn’t take long, since Harry didn’t have anything other than the clothes he wore on his back. “Let’s get the show on the road.” oh he was so looking forward to it, despite the fact he didn’t want to leave.

Harry touched it, then Severus said the activation words, and with lingering sadness, they were transported back to the United Kingdom. Back to the war, back to Lupin and Black.

“Thank Merlin! I thought you were never going to get here.” shouted Sirius clearly relieved, before they’d properly materialized.

“Keep your hair on,” said Harry, steadying himself. His first time he’d Portkey’d on his own. Successfully might he add an accomplished smirk graced his features.

“You’re late.” said Sirius almost sounding wounded?

“Time difference,” sighed Harry rolling his eyes.

“Oh,” said Sirius suddenly sounding very sheepish indeed. “Err, sorry.”
“Hmm,” said Harry. “We were a few minutes late though, we slept in.”

Sirius flushed bright red, even his ears were looked as though they were burning. He couldn’t help it, the thought of his godson and Snape…it didn’t repulse him per say, it just made him on edge and a little sick.

“Did you get the Aging Potion?” asked Severus, as always getting straight down to business.

“Yes, eventually, do you really need to have so many wards?” asked Remus, it had taken him three hours to get passed them all.

“You’re luck it was just my private lab, and not my quarters otherwise you’d have been trying for a long time.” said Severus, only Dumbledore was able to override his wards, that’s because he’s headmaster and Hogwarts overrode all wards.

“Here,” said Remus shaking his head, he didn’t know what he’d been expecting, certainly not an apology.

“Wait, I want to know what you are planning first. I want to know if it’s safe for Harry.” said Sirius protectively; he didn’t want anything happening to his godson that he didn’t know about.

“I am nineteen years old, I can look after myself so stop it.” snarled Harry, irritated, he’d been looking after himself all his life, having an overprotective Godfather wasn’t something he wanted. It just made him feel pigeon holed, as if he couldn’t be trusted to live his own life, to look after himself.

“He doesn’t mean it in a bad way Harry; you’ll just have to give him time to adjust to an adult godson. He still thinks of you as a little boy he used to play with.” said Remus soothingly.

“However, I to, would like to know what’s happening so I’m at least prepared.”

Harry looked around the house, no, actually flat. It was very modern, tastefully decorated. Done in cream and soft brown, caramel colours. The couch was thankfully very plush. He’d been sitting on the hard surfaces for the past few days. It was a relief to be able to sit down on something that didn’t cause his butt and back to ache like blazes. Severus did the same, but his back as always stayed ramrod straight. Harry was beginning to think he didn’t know how to relax. One day though he’d remove that stick that was wedged up his backside.

“Do we really need to get into this again?” asked Severus exasperated, he’d been back two minutes and he was already getting a headache. Rubbing his temples in vain hope he could somehow relieve the ache.

“Fine, I’m taking the potion; we will be meeting up ‘accidentally’ at Diagon Alley where it’s guaranteed that someone in the Order will overhear. Especially when I happen to mention my Mastery in Defence and charms…and will be receiving my Potions Mastery.”

“You don’t have any of that.” stated Remus, “How do you expect to get away with it?”

“You expect me to prove myself to you?” sneered Harry his green eyes glinting coldly, fury bubbling inside of him, his magic reacting wildly scaring the crap out of Sirius and Remus. Who sat there frozen in their seats, eyes wide as if Harry had just been possessed.

“Harry,” said Severus, sounding if he was chiding Harry.

“What?” asked Harry staring innocently, as if the past few seconds had never happened, although to some it felt like minutes.
“I think they just pissed themselves,” said Severus regarding them as if they were about to spout the most disgusting thing imaginable in his direction.

Harry snorted and smothered his laughter. “I’m not going to play nice.” he finally managed to choke out, his face going red in his suppressed amusement.

“Well I suppose that would work.” said Remus, “That won’t make Dumbledore trust you.”

“Oh he’ll trust me alright, he just won’t like me.” said Harry smugly.

“Smart,” said Sirius wryly.

“I wouldn’t be able to smarmy up to the bastard anyway.” said Harry a deep shudder wracking his frame. There was no way in hell that would happen, he couldn’t do it. Not when he just wanted to kill the bastard so, he’d just have to settle with tolerating and maybe disliking people.

“No he wouldn’t and shouldn’t have to.” agreed Severus, they’d discussed it a lot and had been in mutual agreement.

“Alright,” said Sirius, “After that?”

“Dumbledore will come to you asking about him, you tell his story. I have no doubt he’d ask you to write to him immediately. After that things will take off pretty quickly.” said Severus, still sitting straight backed and smug.

“What’s the story then?” asked Remus.

“The same as Hadrian Williams.” said Severus, “You haven’t seen him in years and out of the blue you meet him in Diagon Alley.”

“When?” asked Sirius.


“No, first I need the potion. I’d like to test drive it so to speak.” said Harry. Taking the potion, he stood up before sitting on the floor.

“Wait hold on,” said Remus, placing pillows on the floor, keeping Harry from hurting himself unduly. He could see Harry wasn’t amused, but did it nevertheless. He might think he’s totally independent, and he might be. Yet Remus wanted to show he cared, even if it was in small ways without getting emotional.

“Can I proceed now?” asked Harry arching an eyebrow.

“Yes,” said Remus, Merlin they were so very alike, it was beginning to give him the creeps.

Harry swallowed the potion gagging at the taste, one second he was thinking they really had to fix the taste, then nothing but agony. As his body began to grow his bones getting longer until his entire being felt as if it was going to explode. It felt like years, but it was only minutes. He lay there, eyes closed for a while adjusting waiting for the pain to fade.

“Harry? Open your eyes,” said Severus calmly, moving hair from Harry’s face. He was crouched down beside him, scanning him to make sure he was fine. The wand wasn’t his original and he didn’t like it as much, but he wasn’t a spy for nothing. He’d had a second wand for years now, using it only in dire emergency. This was exactly that, since the Dark Lord had his proper wand.
“That fucking hurt,” groaned Harry, “Whoa.” he said holding onto Severus as he regained his equilibrium.

“Easy,” said Severus.

“Help me up,” said Harry getting clumsily to his feet. It felt so odd; he was taller, bulkier, sort off. He knew because his clothes were still on him, completely ripped and torn. Severus thankfully repaired them and made them fit him properly in this form. His other clothes, which were tighter and more revealing, would not fit him. “Thanks.” he did not want them to see him in his birthday suit. “He hasn’t changed much,” said Remus, “Just a bit bulkier a few wrinkles.”

Harry grimaced at that thought, he was nineteen! He didn’t want wrinkles.

“Go to Grimmauld Place, get an eye corrector potion from the Lab.” demanded Severus, he’d been meaning to bring it with him, yet he’d been busy and kept forgetting. Harry couldn’t see very well, he kept catching him squinting, especially reading labels with the food.

“You made an eye corrector Potion? I thought you were only supposed to brew pain relievers?” said Sirius, but Remus was already leaving.

“Yes because I only ever do what I am told.” sneered Severus, barely refraining from rolling his eyes.

Harry sniggered as he held onto the wall; it was so odd being up this height. He wasn’t used to it; he was level with Severus now apposed to being just snugly fitting under his chin. “Is this what I’ll be like when I’m older?”

“Depends on whether you look after yourself, keep fit, the diet, this is only a manifestation of yourself at this point in your life.” said Severus in lecture mode.

“Heh, I’d have loved to try this out at the age of eleven, I probably wouldn’t have changed much.” Harry mused wryly.

“Here you go,” said Remus, “What did I miss?” he then asked at the tense silence, Sirius looked pained.

“Nothing.” said Severus, “Hand it over.”

“What’s that?” asked Harry as he was handed a second potion. He’d been in too much pain to comprehend what anyone was saying earlier.

“It will correct your eyesight.” said Severus.

“How the hell did…” gaped Harry.

“You squint from time to time.” said Severus.

“He got James’ bad eyesight then.” said Sirius laughing in amusement, but was promptly stopped, when both Severus and Harry glared at him. If anything his scolding was more severe now.

Remus shook his head at Sirius’ antics, honestly he would never learn.

“Are you a couple?” asked Harry surprising everyone. He’d seen that look, it’s the one Severus sometimes gave him. When he was beyond exasperated at something he’d done or said. He moved back to the couch, sitting down trying to adjust to the new body.
“Yes,” said Sirius immediately.

“And you are a pureblood?” Harry then asked.

“Of course,” said Sirius slightly insulted that Harry didn’t already know.

“So why do you live here? Not somewhere more…extravagant.” said Harry settling on a word eventually.

“We like this flat, most of the Black properties are filled with my relative’s portraits.” said Sirius grimacing in disgust.

“And? Just put them in the attic or something.” said Harry staring at them strangely just as weirdly as they were staring at him.

“They are like the ones at Hogwarts,” said Severus.

“Oh, of course.” said Harry remembering the fat lady, smacking his hand against his forehead at his own stupidity. Opening the vial he drank the potion, this didn’t taste as bad. Wincing he closed his eyes, he felt as if he had pins and needles in his eyeballs. Just as quickly as it started, it ceased completely.

“Open your eyes, I need to check if it’s worked.” said Severus, once Harry had opened his eyes, he scanned him and realized it had worked; his eyesight had been completely restored.

“Wow, I can read the spines of those books from here,” said Harry impressed, “I love potions.”

“Good,” said Severus, “You will be brewing constantly in the coming months.”

“If this works,” said Sirius, as Remus joined him arm of the couch.

“I am taking him to Snape Manor, we’ll be in touch.” said Severus.

“Of course.” said Remus.

“Bye,” said Harry just as both he and Severus disappeared from the flat. Leaving two men wondering when they’d see them both again.
“Ready to do this?” asked Remus, as he stood at the front door of Grimmauld Place. His brown robes making him stand out in the very Muggle neighbourhood. Ever since Sirius’ release, he’d been ‘gifted’ with new robes for weeks afterwards. He’d felt as though he didn’t deserve them. He’d believed his lover, his Sirius guilty of aiding and abetting in double homicide of their best friends, then killing thirteen Muggles. Yet Sirius had forgiven him, although in the beginning Sirius was too ill to put up a fight. He had been exhausted, magically, physically and mentally. He’d helped him, repaired the damage he’d thought himself responsible for. If only he’d just suspected something, gone to see him instead of slinking off. Of course Sirius had just collapsed completely after he learned what Harry thought of him. He’d been angry with Dumbledore for his words, but he hadn’t known the true meaning of anger, not really. Not until he’d found out the real truth, and ever beat of his heart longed to taste and feel true revenge. He’d never experienced it like this before, not even when James and Lily died. It might have something to do with Harry being marked as his cub, the baby of the pack and the one who must always be protected first.

“As I’ll ever be.” stated Sirius a little angrily, he didn’t want to lose his magic, so he had no choice. He would play the good little; obedient soldier, but he’d have the last laugh. He would laugh upon Dumbledore’s dying, death decaying corpse. Once he was buried he’d joyfully dance on his grave.

“Stop thinking like that Sirius, now come in after a minute.” said Remus, it was time, let the games begin.

Sirius scowled, he hated that, it was like Remus was physic or something. He was always able to read his mind, know what he was thinking. He was either extremely predictable or…no, he was predicable no or about it. “Go.” said Sirius.

Remus opened the door, allowing Sirius to enter before closing it as lightly as possible. If the hag woke up, she’d reveal that Sirius was there, oh no, he wanted to see Dumbledore’s face when he realized his lover was fine. He went straight to the kitchen; it was the only place they used. They being the Order, Sirius had declared everywhere else out of bounds. A lot of the crap had been thrown out, the place scrubbed and tidied but it was far from an extravagant home it once had been. He’d been determined to clean it up completely back then, have Harry live there. Even if Sirius didn’t like it, it was the safest home he owned.

“Ah, Remus,” said Dumbledore smiling brightly, “Perfect timing my boy!”

“Albus,” said Remus a tense smile on his face, which faded a bit with the glare Snape was currently sending his way. There seemed to be more venom in it than ever, which temporarily confused him. Either he was just in a foul mood, or he was doing something to receive Snape’s ire.

“I am sorry,” said Albus quietly, looking years older as he regarded Remus sadly.

“For what sir?” asked Remus blinking in confusion.

“I am assuming the endeavour wasn’t successful, he is not with you.” replied Dumbledore. For that he was grateful, he’d been sick to death of the constant nagging. Then the blackmail of not being
able to use the house if he didn’t let Sirius see Harry. The nervous breakdown had stopped those questions. The added benefit of getting money from the Black estate without a fight. He could no longer touch the Potter’s, not since the brat had come of age at seventeen. He was legally an adult and had full control of his vaults. Not even the boy being missing enabled him to dip into them. He had no such worries now; the Black’s had more than the Potter’s did.

“It was,” said Remus, never removing his eyes from the Headmasters. He could see the tightening of his throat, eyes and some of his twinkle fading. He was not amused to say the least, and Remus revelled in the look.

“Talking about me?” asked Sirius cockily coming into the kitchen, grinning at the Order members. The old Sirius Black was back in all his glory, and Sirius’ Marauders side was going to come out a play. A side that hadn’t been heard from since his seventh year at Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

A snarl left Severus’ lips brought Dumbledore back to himself. He was disheartened by this news; he would have to split them up. If Black was worrying about his lover, he wouldn’t bother pestering him about Harry.

“Sirius, it’s good to see you my boy!” said Albus his twinkle returning, “I am ecstatic by this news!”

“It’s good to be back Headmaster,” said Sirius proudly, sitting down and Remus quickly followed.

“So what did you both do?” asked Tonks, they’d been gone an entire week, and Sirius comes back normal.

“I got told some home truths.” said Sirius solemnly. “After that we talked, made plans it helped a great deal.

Severus suppressed a smirk, the best lie to tell was a half truth, and that’s exactly what Black had just done. The second best thing to do, was elaborate when you lie, which he’d done. Thankfully all pureblood children got taught the art of meditation and Occlumency from a young age. By the time they were at Hogwarts they’d mastered it. Black and Potter hadn’t at least not the emotion side of the subject. They’d been two of the most emotional boys in Hogwarts; it had been disgusting to see.

“You were just in time for the meeting,” said Albus, “As you can see it’s only a few of us, everyone else still has shifts looking for Harry. Especially those who don’t work during the day.”

“How’s that going? Any luck?” asked Remus looking around the room hopeful, looking as though he wished for just a word on how Harry was.

“No, we’ve started expanding the search, so far we’ve not had any luck.” said Tonks. She was using her lunch break to be here, too bad Molly wasn’t, and she made the finest food.

“Can he Apparate?” asked Sirius in ‘Auror’ mode.

“I’ve been asking I’m not getting straight answers.” said Shacklebolt impassively.

“Well?” asked Sirius sitting staring at Dumbledore. Everyone else there remained silent, staring between the two, as if watching a tennis match. Not many people spoke to Dumbledore that way. Severus even remained quiet, he looked as though he was enjoying himself too much to go into ‘I hate Black and Potter mode’.

“He hasn’t received his license yet.” said Albus diplomatically being vague but polite. He could say that Harry didn’t know, but considering they thought he’d been ‘training’ since he was eleven it
would be impossible to buy.

“Can. He. Apparate?” asked Sirius enunciating each word carefully. He knew it was out of character, but he could use just coming out of a breakdown and wanting to do something useful.

“Sirius,” said Remus looking concerned, if looks could kill Sirius would be dead. The bloody glare the man was giving him would melt ice. He gave him a warning look as well, he was going too far.

“Look that’s my godson out there alright! Death Eaters are looking for him I want him safe and to do that I need answers!” snapped Sirius.

“We are doing everything we can.” said Tonks.

“I know,” sighed Sirius slumping down suddenly looking and sounding exhausted.

“Remus I have word of a colony of werewolf’s moving south in Scotland, now if you could go to them and warn them I’d appreciate it.” said Albus, once again giving orders, moving on from Harry Potter with gratefulness. He absolutely hated black right now, undermining him as if he was some common Muggle.

“T’m sorry Albus, I can’t do it.” said Remus, he’d just got Sirius back to normal, his cub back in his life and a plan. He couldn’t be sent away, he’d be gone for months and he wouldn’t allow it.

“Excuse me?” asked Albus, struck dumb, staring at Remus as if he couldn’t believe he had just said what he did. In all his years he’d never heard those words out of Remus’ mouth. He’d never expected them either, he’d allowed him into Hogwarts, gave him an education when he’d been turned away by everyone else. Thanks to him he’d made friends and everyone unaware of what he was. This was how he chose to repay him? He was furious, absolutely mad at the werewolf.

“I cannot do this mission for you.” said Remus quietly.

“Why not?” asked Albus sounding like he’d been died sweets from his mother.

“I am going to stay here and help the search party for Harry, my sense of smell will be a great asset.” said Remus.

“We have plenty of people searching for him Remus; you do not have to worry. I am sure we will have found him by the time you return.” said Albus, “Sirius will keep you updated on our findings.”

“I will help to find him Albus,” said Remus tiredly, tired of fighting, tired of missing his godson and for all intents and purposes tired of the war. Everyone other than Moody, Snape and Dumbledore stared at the aging man sympathetically.

“Very well,” said Albus, looking disappointed as he inwardly raged. Perhaps it was time something happened to Sirius, and then maybe the werewolf would be more susceptible to his plans. Nothing permanent unfortunately, otherwise they were out of Grimmauld Place, no perhaps a coma or something to keep him indisposed for a few months at least. The werewolf’s, giants and Dementors were the only true threats. Remus was his contact for the werewolf’s, Hagrid for the giants but the Dementors…were uncontrollable. It would only be for the greater good of his world.

“Thank you,” said Remus as if the Headmaster had just granted him his greatest wish.

“Well I have nothing further to reveal, no more information to be shared, I suggest we call this meeting to an end and FIND HARRY POTTER.” said Albus. He had but a year to find him, if not then the world would descend into darkness.
“Look an owl,” said Remus; the whole Order was away, just ten minutes ago. As always Snape was one of the first to disappear. The owl was white, nothing like the last bird they’d seen, Snape’s bird actually. The owl swooped through, both of them stared blankly. They didn’t recognize the writing either, they wondered who had written it.

Sirius checked it for Hex’s as the owl screeched in obvious agitation. “Keep your feathers on.” said Sirius wryly, removing it. Obviously there was nothing on it, but still cautious broke the wax on the back, and opened it. Looking at the bottom first and his eyes began twinkling.

“Remember the portrait.” said Remus lowly; the hag would use anything to get her son into trouble.

Sirius nodded, both of them crouched together and read the messy, childish scribbling.

Hello,

We are going to Diagon Alley, be sure to be there half an hour. Do not be late, and remember what to do.

Harry

P.S - Burn this letter immediately.

“He even sounds like him,” grouched Sirius.

“I suggest we get ready,” said Remus.

“What do we need to do? We ARE ready.” said Sirius giving Remus a weird look.

“Reply, and let’s go, I think I’ll have an ice cream.” said Remus.

“Hmm, good idea.” said Sirius dreamily, it had been such a long time since he’d been in Fortescue’s ice cream shop. He wondered what mad new flavours he’d made for those with, shall we say daring pallets.

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“There he is, game time.” said Remus, putting the spoon on the glass tub he’d been eating ice cream from. He put a Knut down before getting up slowly, despite the fact he wanted to run to him. Sirius followed his example, casually leaving his seat, observing that Snape and Harry had gone into the shop just next to where an Order member was observing the Alley. Merlin, he was glad Snape was on Harry’s side, their side. He was just too good, it was no wonder he’d lasted so long as a spy. The wand shop, why did Harry have to get a new wand? Perhaps Harry’s would have noticed.

“Look,” said Remus, peering into the window just two shops down, waiting them out.

“You and your books Remus!” sighed Sirius exasperated.

“Yes, wouldn’t hurt you to actually read one some day,” said Remus dryly.

"You wound me!” cried Sirius dramatically, while he waited impatiently, where the hell were they? it didn't take this long to get a wand. Sirius paled slightly, Ollivander always knew who was coming to his shop. He will know it was Harry, no wonder they were taking so long. He kept an eye on the shop looking for any sign of trouble. Remus gave him a wide eyed look, obviously thinking the same as him.
"They're fine, look. Let's go." whispered Remus relieved. They walked away from the shop, casually passing Severus and Harry by, before Remus turned around, sniffing gently his eyes going wide.

“Hadrian? Hadrian is that you?” asked Remus wide eyed, “Hadrian Williams?”

“Yes,” said the man in question, regarding them blankly before his eyes lit up in recognition. “Remus? Sirius, well I’ll be damned! It’s nice to see you again.”

“You too! What have you been up to?” asked Remus. The guy standing guard was not paying anyone the slightest bit of attention.

“Oh this and that, been working extremely hard in passing my Mastery.” said Hadrian.

Severus was standing there regarding both men sourly, as he waited on ‘Hadrian’ finishing his conversation.

"Mastery? In what?” asked Sirius curiously.

“Which time?” asked Hadrian chuckling good naturally.

“Err…you have more than one?” asked Sirius. Merlin Harry was good, really good he could do this. They could do this, and one day he'd get his revenge.

“You never did know what to do after school,” said Remus shaking his head in wry amusement.

“Cost me a great deal of my inheritance,” admitted Hadrian, “But I have Masteries in three subject, I’m not planning on my forth.”

“Three?” gaped Remus his eyes gleaming with awe and wonder.

“Yeah, Ancient Runes, Charms and my Defence Mastery. I’m going to give Potions a try now, hopefully after this one I’ll settle down. I am getting old after all.” said Hadrian wryly.

“Are you sure you want to take it from him?” said Sirius glaring at Severus.

“Stop it Sirius,” snapped Remus before turning back to Hadrian, “May I write to you?”

“Of course,” said Hadrian, walking a few steps before turning back, “By the way, I’m sorry about James and Lily.”

“Thank you,” said Sirius looking choked up, this was genuine, Harry couldn’t even say his father’s proper title.

Nodding solemnly the men departed ways, giving each of their partners a grin when the sudden pop of Apparation surrounded the air. Looking back, four pair’s identically mischievous eyes met as they observed the space the Order member had just vacated to tell on them.

It was time.

It would work.
More Owls

Pretty Boy

Chapter 24

A New Owl

“I wonder why he chose me,” said Harry, “I mean I already have an Owl, I have Hedwig I don’t need another.” They’d just returned from their short trip to Diagon Alley. He’d gone into Ollivander’s, where Severus had made the old man say a vow at wand point. It was freaky; his silver eyes had murmured that he’d been expecting this for a while now. How he had the perfect wand for Harry, stating that it had begun vibrating violently five minutes before he set foot in the shop. He’d also gone to see the animals, big mistake; an owl had flown onto his shoulder and refused to budge. It was apparently his ‘familiar’ he’d been about to tell her where to shove it, that he already had one when Severus stopped him. He’d just paid for it and Apparated them both to Hogwarts. They had gotten down to Severus’ quarters without trouble, Merlin Harry loved Severus; he was just so like him.

“Owl’s are extremely smart, they can sense how powerful you are.” said Severus wryly. He’d never heard of anyone having two familiars at the same time, usually people didn’t go looking for them either. Not that Harry had, but now he had two snowy white owls, both a male and female. It was difficult to find one, never mind two. If they were bred, Harry would make quite a sizable amount for the chicks.

“It says snowy owls are rare, exceedingly difficult to buy.” said Harry, he wasn’t sure which book he’d read that one from. He’d looked through so many books lately, trying to memorizing them.

“They are,” said Severus coming up behind Harry.

“I wish it had been a snake instead.” said Harry wistfully.

“Why is that?” asked Severus wryly, it had been years since he had a snake, he’d had one mostly for its skin and venom. Only for a few years until he realized it saved a lot of time just buying it.

“I can talk to them, they really are funny, and it’s as if Slytherins instinctively copy snakes. Their sarcasm knows no bounds, it actually is scary how alike you could compare us to snakes.” said Harry, “I had one in the flat, but he was gone one day and didn’t return.”

“You can talk to them?” asked Severus stunned. He could barely believe it, he was either from a branch of the Slytherin line or he had gotten some of the Dark Lord’s magic that night he was attacked.

“Yeah,” said Harry sensing Severus’ turbulent emotions, “I guess it’s weird by Wizarding standards then?” he didn’t care if it was, he liked his gift, and he’d be damned if he cared what other people thought.

“Only one other person has the ability, the Dark Lord. He has it because he’s supposedly the last living descendant of Salazar Slytherin. Either you are also part of the Slytherin family or he somehow transferred the gift to you that night. It just makes you even more special, one day you will believe that.”

“I don’t think I can,” said Harry moaning low in his throat as Severus began kissing and touching
him intimately. He didn’t understand it, why this man could drive him completely insane. He seemed unable to resist Harry, yet he did constantly, well until their holiday. Since they got back, there hadn’t been a romantic touch between them. Now he was caressing him, making him feel so incredibly good.

“You will someday.” said Severus adamantly. Harry despite the front he put on didn’t believe himself anything special. He didn’t care what people thought, yet he knew Harry cared about what he thought of him. His words a few days ago proved that, Harry had been awed at the description Severus had given of him. The description of what he thought Harry was what he was like. He cared a great deal for Harry, loved him even and the only way to show that was this way. He’d never told anyone he loved them, he kept his cards close to his chest. It kept him safe, being a spy he knew, had affected him more than he realized some days. It wasn’t just that either, the only example he’d had was his bloody parents. They weren’t one for confessing their love, all they’d done was scream and shout at each other, or his father beating his mother and him to a pulp.

“Mmm,” said Harry noncommittally. His breathing becoming ragged, he wondered what he had done to deserve such a talented man. He was talented, the potions, the magic, the created spells, even his mind was sharp. Harry felt very undeserving of Severus, but he chose not to question it too much. As much as Harry hated to admit it he had grown to love the man. His acid tongue, his loving ways although he didn’t show it much, how he kept him safe. How he understood him when he knew even Remus and Sirius didn’t understand him completely. He knew they were trying, god knows, he knew they were trying. No one like Sirius or Remus could fully understand what he had been though, Severus did though and it eased the burden he felt all the time.

“My little ones already aching and hard for me Hmm…” muttered Severus in that silky voice that sent shivers down his spine. Severus slipped his hand into Harry’s trousers. Harry’s neck fell against Severus’ shoulder; Severus head bent down and kissed him passionately. Harry felt at loss for words to describe how he felt; the tinkling in his toes caused him to curl into themselves. Moaning wantonly, in Severus’ mouth as a talented tongue invaded his mouth.

“Not so little.” rasped Harry. Remembering he was the same size as Severus right now, which made the entire thing weird. He was used to being so much smaller than him, plus he was still getting the hand of the new body he’d have to use.

Severus realized Harry still had his disguise up and quickly undone them all. He was one of the few people who knew how to painlessly banish potions from the system. It was a very old spell one he found in the Prince books. It had been used by very powerful healers to stop suicides which were mostly poisons. Severus loved looking at Harry’s green eyes; it was a passion he couldn’t stop. He noticed at once his lover was once again his right size fitting snugly in the crook of his shoulder. Severus’ own eyes flared with passion, it wasn’t just the life Harry lead that drew him in it was Harry himself and his looks. He couldn’t find a better suited partner for himself, someone who was slightly tarnished, nearly broken by the world around him but came out stronger in the end just like him. Severus knew Harry didn’t see the world as black and white, but shades of grey he understood him, his reasons for joining Voldemort, for spying, he never once judged him. That concept was a very new thing to him, and it drew him in like a moth to the flame even more.

“What do you want?” said Severus silkily, trailing back down Harry’s neck.

“You.” said Harry gasping, his emotions were going haywire and he didn’t know how long he would pass before he passed out from the pleasure of it all. Severus was trying to kill him he was sure of it, he felt Severus’ smirk on his neck and wanted to whack him.

“Come.” said Severus, getting him though to the room, Harry took off Severus’ cloak and quickly
removed his lover’s belt, removing his trousers, the only thing keeping him from his prize. All that was left by the time they’d reached the bed was Severus’ shirt.

Harry pushed Severus down onto the bed; Severus who was usually the dormant one in the relationship let him. Hastily removing his shirt he crawled between his lovers legs and began licking and nibbling the most sensitive part of his Severus. Harry loved seeing Severus loose control, moaning at the feel of Harry around him licking him, torturing him. He was always so severe, unbothered by the world around him. He made him feel giddy he could provoke such a big reaction from him.

Severus held onto Harry’s head as he bobbed up and down, as much as he wanted his Harry to swallow him whole he didn’t. Gathering his lover back into his arms, he spelled away the remaining of Harry’s clothes. He knew Harry must have done that kind of service for hundreds of men for money, he in no way wanted Harry to associate Severus with that part of his life. Confused green eyes stared up at Severus, but it was quickly gone as Severus started preparing him, spelling lubricant into his lover, his fingers quickly got to work, meanwhile Severus kissed Harry wherever he could leaving a pattern of bite marks trailing from his throat down his chest.

“Severus,” moaned Harry, he really meant it this time he couldn’t take any more torture.

He didn’t need to be asked twice, finally Harry felt his lover return home where he should be. Arching up, moaning at the feel of Severus filling him surrounding him claiming him as his. It was too much for Harry, he came spilling himself all over his Severus and himself.

“Mine!” hissed Severus as he began pounding into his lover watching the green eyes dilate in pleasure as Severus took his fill.

Gasing in pleasure as Severus entered him again and again, pleasure shooting in every direction. Sweat dripped from both of them as Severus continued to ravish and pound into Harry’s body. Each and every thrust was heaven as Harry’s silken walls squeezed around him until his body wasn’t able to take anymore. He came hard, filling Harry with his seed. He’d gone far too long without a lover, in fact pretty much since he began spying.

Harry went to move; unfortunately Severus wasn’t having any of it. He curled his legs around him. Harry sighed and smiled a secret smile before cuddling into Severus. This was what he meant by his tender side, his possessive side a side that made Harry believe he wouldn’t hurt him, wouldn’t let him go and would never betray him.

Harry idly pressed kisses into Severus’ arm and shoulder, Severus was still inside him he still felt full and wanted. It was the best feeling in the world and Harry knew he could lay there for weeks at a time and not care. With Severus at his side, he didn’t care about revenge. In fact he didn’t think much of anything other than the strange feeling in his chest. He was pretty sure he knew what it was; instead of scaring him…it seemed to comfort him. Sometimes in his dreams he felt that way, it’s why it felt familiar.

“Mine.” said Severus once again, his arms wrapped around Harry’s chest possessively. His teeth biting softly on Harry’s shoulder blade, which was a new thing but he wasn’t going to complain he really liked it when Severus showed his possessiveness. His hands, running up and down the length of Harry’s body. Harry shivered as he felt himself already responding to Severus’ touches.

“As long as you’ll have me anyway,” murmured Harry softly.

Severus ignored that statement, tracing circles around Harry’s pubic hair. Harry arched at the touches whining softly, Severus chuckled softly, deciding not to torture Harry any longer; he took a soft but
firm grip of Harry’s hardening member and began stroking him to completion.

“Look at me” said Severus softly, Harry complied his green eyes looking into sparkling Onyx. Severus could feel himself drowning in Harry’s excessive eyes; they showed every emotion on his beautiful face. He loved watching Harry loose control, he hardly showed his emotions when they first met, even now outside he never really displayed any emotions, much like himself. To see him loose control was enough to make Severus hard himself, it didn’t help Harry was squeezing him. They were so alike but so different in so many ways, yes he meant what he said he would have Harry as his forever. He would kill anyone who got in the way.

So, god help anyone - even Dumbledore if he got in the way of that.

Harry’s body stilled for a minute before with a strangled moan he came all over Severus’ hand, he also felt Severus coming inside him. Sighing softly, Severus cleaned up the mess and refreshed them. They continued lying there for what felt like hours. Severus watched Harry sleep, a content look on his face, he didn’t remain sleeping for long unfortunately. Just recovering from their physical pursuits.

“Who do you think will get in touch Severus? Dumbledore or Sirius for Dumbledore?” asked Harry.

“Remus for Dumbledore, wanting to meet with him at Hogwarts.” replied Severus his eyes keeping a close watch on Harry.

“Now why do I believe that’s what will happen?” asked Harry smirking in wry amusement.

“Because I know more about Dumbledore than you.” smirked Severus he’d been spying for the old fool for years, of course he knew everything about him.

“True.” said Harry wryly. Harry wanted to tell Severus how he felt but he was afraid to, not sure if Severus felt the same. So he resolved to continue showing him the only way he knew how. Perhaps one day he would be able to gather the courage to tell him. It was funny, he had the guts to say the harshest of things, take criticism. Yet he couldn’t say three little words for fear of being hurt.

“What’s the matter?” asked Severus softly stroking Harry’s face he could see Harry’s conflicted emotions. He was great at reading people, a benefit for being a spy all these years.

“If I told you I loved you how would you feel?” asked Harry quietly, averting his eyes. He didn’t want to lie to Severus; he had made an effort not to lie to others, especially having been betrayed as he had. He didn’t want anyone else to feel the same way. So good or bad, he gave everyone his true opinion on matters he was asked about. Loving Severus… it was worse because Harry hadn’t realized, it had crept up on him like a vine and tangled itself around his heart. Lying here and now, he realized he did, and apparently he couldn’t keep anything

“Then I would have to say the feelings mutual.” said Severus very quietly into Harry’s ear. As much as he would have liked to ignore it, he couldn’t, Harry was too insecure as it was. So he did reply, just without saying those blasted words. He knew it was just his pride and scepticism that stopped him, but he was a man set in his ways. It would do for now, but a few months maybe weeks down the line Harry would want to hear it. Hopefully he’d be able to say it, and not lose Harry.

The green eyes widened and hope entered them for the first time, he looked at Severus’ onyx eyes and relief flooded though him. He didn’t mind that Severus hadn’t said it back, it was there in his eyes and it was enough for him - for now.

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“Ah Remus, Sirius have a good day at Diagon Ally?” asked Dumbledore beaming at them as if he was happy to see them. For once he was actually very happy to see them which were truly a first.

“Yeah it was good,” said Sirius smiling softly at Albus. Meanwhile he was snarling internally biting Dumbledore’s carotid artery. Killing him dead in the matter of minutes. Oh how brilliant that would be, regardless of what he wanted. He continued to smile at Dumbledore as if he was the best wizard in the world. Oh there would come a time when he could get revenge, show his true nature. Until that time he’d give Dumbledore no reason to suspect him. Oh no, that way the betrayal would be all the more shocking.

“How did you know we were in Diagon Ally Headmaster? I didn’t realize you had gone.” said Remus surprised. Sirius looked at Dumbledore curiously too, as if he was waiting on an answer.

“Oh you know a few members are always stationed at Diagon Ally.” said Dumbledore brushing it off lightly.

“Oh, of course,” said Remus nodding his head in remembrance to something he heard.

“I heard people talking about someone you saw this afternoon?” asked Dumbledore. Digging for more information before he spoke, part of him wanted to go to the Ministry and get information that way, but it would take weeks. This way he’d get the information quickly as possible.

“Oh you mean Hadrian Williams? Yeah I was surprised to see him.” muttered Remus his amber eyes bright.

“Who is he?” asked Dumbledore curiously, his blue eyes twinkling in triumph.

“You don’t recognize him? He was always at Mr and Mrs Potters.” said Sirius sounding highly surprised.

“He was?” asked Dumbledore sounding even more surprised and happy. If he was at the Potter’s then the man was probably light as they came. The Potter’s only associated with those firmly on the light side.

“Yeah, he was home schooled by his parents...you know how it was by then.” said Sirius sadly. He felt slightly bad pretending to be a friend of the man or boy’s especially if something had happened to them. For all he knew Hadrian Williams could be dead. Although for Harry, he would do anything.

“Indeed...tell me more about him!” beamed Dumbledore.

“Well his parents had private masters come and teach him all they knew, his first Mistress was a Charms Mastery, he had an Ancient Runes Master and a Defence Master he did them all. He was learning from a Master before he was fifteen. His parents were overachieves, but now...it seemed like a good thing. Unfortunately his parents are gone, the house has remained vacant he hates going there...and from what I can gather he’s heading himself towards a Potions mastery...he was with Severus so I’m not sure what to think. Perhaps Severus has accepted him? He would be stupid not to Hadrian Williams is very powerful and dedicated to his arts. Unfortunately I don’t know anymore we haven’t really kept in touch.” explained Remus softly.

“I’m going to keep in touch with him even if he is apprenticed to Snivellus.” said Sirius.

“Stop calling him that Sirius! We aren’t children anymore!” snapped Remus.

“Whatever,” said Sirius playing his immature part to perfection.
“Could you write to him and ask him to meet me at Hogwarts? I’d love to see if he would consider joining the Order?” asked Dumbledore.

“Um…sure Headmaster,” said Remus surprised a little frown on his lips as if he hadn’t expected Albus to ask that.

“Let’s go help the others look for Harry, Remus.” sighed Sirius looking suddenly down in the dumps. Inwardly he was waiting for… that.

“I need you to send that letter now.” said Dumbledore sounding agitated.

Sirius’ eyes widened in shock “It might help us find Harry the more people we have.” replied Dumbledore hastening to explain his sharp outburst. Remus couldn’t help but think Dumbledore was loosing it; it seemed being unable to find Harry was getting to the wizard more than he let on.

“Of course Headmaster,” said Remus quickly, writing a letter out.

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Harry and Severus lay feeling lighter than ever before, finally had acknowledged how they felt for one another. He knew one day he would have to say it, he wasn’t sure if he wanted that day to come. Harry was satisfied for now, he still had time. He loved Harry have no doubt about that - actually saying it would be like opening a whole new can of worms. He liked to play his cards close to his chest, and most of the cards concerned his feelings and people he cared about. A spy openly showing his love for someone was asking for trouble. The Dark Lord wanted their loyalty to him and him alone. Love spread hope, hope made them feel compassion, perhaps even guilt.

Suddenly an owl came though the Chute into Severus’ quarters; Severus smirked smugly knowing what it was. He summoned it, and allowed Harry to pick it up, still smug.

Hadrian

I know you weren’t probably expecting a reply so soon, but I mentioned you to a good friend of mine, Albus Dumbledore. He would very much like to meet you. If you can you come to Hogwarts at four o’clock today? I’d greatly appreciate it. I will meet you in the Great Hall.

Remus

“Damn you’re right,” sighed Harry in feigned irritation.

“Of course I am,” smirked Severus self-righteously. “Dumbledore was there when they wrote it or it wouldn’t have been written that way.”

“Yeah I gathered as much,” said Harry nodding his head, too bad his first visit to Diagon Alley had been short. He hadn’t been able to look around, see the beautiful place properly. One day he’d get to go to Diagon Alley and actually see it, maybe he’d even get his snake too! The revenge couldn’t come quick enough. He wanted a normal life, with Severus and even Remus and Sirius.
When Harry in his older form, the aging potion he will be called ‘Hadrian’ but when others think about him it will be as ‘Harry’ so I’m not going back and forth on names that’s just how I’m choosing to do it.

Meeting Dumbledore

“Here, you must drink this before we go.” said Severus handing over yet another potion. Harry was once again playing his part as Hadrian Williams. He couldn’t help but be apprehensive about it, but this truly was the only way he could see, to keep Harry safe. From Dumbledore, Voldemort and even those disgusting Muggles who hurt him. He wished he knew who they were, so he could kill them. He’d be doing the world a favour, and also put his time as a Death Eater to good use. He had a feeling some time soon, it would come in handy. Harry was hardly doing all this for fun, no he wanted revenge. Which would most likely be in the form of blood shed.

“Your magic will focus itself around your mind, keeping it locked and impenetrable. Dumbledore will try and read your mind, with this, you will be safe from his probing.” said Severus. “He’s accomplished at Legilimency, the ability to read others.”

“Let me guess you can as well?” asked Hadrian wryly, he obviously hadn’t read his thoughts though. Otherwise he’d have known who he was from the beginning. Still it didn’t sit well with him that Dumbledore went around reading peoples minds.

“I have mastered both Legilimency and Occlumency. The art of reading ones mind and shielding it from others.” explained Severus without being smug, those two were hard to master, but your thoughts were supposed to be your own. They weren’t there for others to snoop around in. He never did it unless there was a reason for it, which was hardly ever. The minds he’d like to read were protected, and it would result in his death if he tried.

“Here goes,” murmured Hadrian, swallowing the potion gagging slightly at the taste. It was absolutely foul; they really had to do something about the taste of it. He could feel the tendrils of his magic, creeping up around his mind. He wondered if this was how Severus felt. “Have you used this?”

“I did, until I perfected it, it’s not meant to be used long term, so we will have to work hard until you succeed.” said Severus grimly. He wasn’t exactly a patient teacher, he knew with Harry he was going to have to exercise patience, or lose him. Severus was actually very surprised how much the thought of loosing Harry hurt him. He wondered why he loved Harry so much, and how it had happened so quickly. Thinking back to their conversation last night he felt his heart constricting painfully. Harry loved him, Merlin he hadn’t expected that it meant he wasn’t the only one feeling this.
“Fantastic,” grimaced Hadrian, it sounded like fun - not. “How often am I going to have to drink this?”

“It lasts three months, hopefully you will only need to take it three times if we are lucky.” said Severus.

“Severus I can’t do all that magic I said I could…what if he finds out?” asked Hadrian staring at the door. He didn’t want to let Severus down, or himself come to that. What if Dumbledore already knew he was here? Knew it was him when they met? He was so powerful and the unknown terrified Harry.

“Listen to me,” said Severus, turning Harry’s face towards him. “Are you listening? Good. He wants you, not the other way around. You have magic, you can do Wandless magic Harry not even he can accomplish that on the scale you can. You are amazing and special in your own way. Just act normal, be insulted if they ask for proof or information. Nobody is telling you that you have to like them. This is your show, now go and show them what you are made of. If the worst happens, you are found out there’s nothing anyone can do. You are nineteen years old, nobody can control you. You can do this I know you can.”

Hadrian smirked, gaining confidence in Severus’ convictions; this was so different from anything he’d ever done. Severus’ words were true, they wanted him, no, they needed him. He was going to take full advantage of that, and doing so while he was being true to himself. He wasn’t going to make the order like him, Severus was in it and from what he could gather he didn’t get on with many of them. If any at all.

A knock at the door interrupted his musings.

“Who is it?” barked Severus in irritation.

“Snape let us in,” said Sirius Black’s voice from outside the door.

Severus rolled his eyes, and flicked the door open allowing the two men entrance. Just as they got in, the door slammed shut behind them, keeping all unwanted intruders out. A few weeks ago they’d have been included in the list of intruders…what had he put himself in for? Looking at them both impassively, he realized to live a normal life, free of Dumbledore and Voldemort, he’d let them do whatever they liked. Both men had that blasted piece of parchment they always seemed to carry around with them.

“Boy, we are glad we found this,” said Sirius waving it around, “The twins had it shouldn’t surprise us. We’ve stopped it from being summoned now so it’s safe.”

“What is it?” asked Hadrian dryly, it was just a piece of parchment from what he could see.

“This Har-Hadrian is the parchment from our school days, your dad, Remus and I made it. I think it’s time it got handed down to you, since you are the only Marauders heir ever born.” said Sirius.

“You named yourself Marauders? How appropriate, pirates like to take what they want and try to kill anyone that gets in their way.” said Hadrian, causing both older men to flinch. Telling them without being specific, he knew about the time Sirius almost killed Severus and endangered Remus.

“You activate it by pointing your wand at it and saying ‘I solemnly swear I’m up to no good’ and deactivate it by saying ‘Mischief managed.’” said Remus, knowing better than to argue with Harry. Sirius though, thankfully, seemed incapable of speech never mind having it out with Harry.

“I solemnly swear I’m up to no good,” said Hadrian, pointing his brand new wand at it, activating it.
Watching as millions of lines began squiggling out all over the parchment. Harry snorted at the words that spread out across the page. Moony he’d bet was Remus, as for the others well he couldn’t connect them.

“I am Moony, Sirius is Padfoot, your dad was Prongs, and Wormtail was the traitor.” finished Remus disgusted. He hated mentioning him, but Harry deserved to know.

“Prongs? What sort of nickname is that?” asked Hadrian.

“After his Animagus form, he was a stag.” said Sirius quietly, getting over the shock of being accused of murder and being like a pirate.

“Hmm,” said Hadrian clearly not interested anymore, as he gazed at one spot in particular. Dumbledore was pacing up and down the Great Hall. The rest of the school was pretty much empty. Filch showed up on the map, as well as a few teachers and Poppy Pomfrey.

“Dumbledore is agitated, he only ever paces when he’s extremely worried or irritated.” said Severus, smirking in feral satisfaction. Anything that annoyed Dumbledore was alright by him.

“Maybe we should wait a while more then.” sneered Hadrian his green eyes glinting in satisfaction.

“Perhaps,” said Severus wryly, before he turned on the two men. “It’s no wonder you always found me.” with that Map he’d never had a second’s peace, all his little hiding spots had been found.

Sirius and Remus looked contritely at the black haired man slightly embarrassed at their past behaviour.

“How could you send someone to a werewolf? I mean just how evil were you to even think about such a thing never mind act on it?” asked Hadrian.

Severus looked startled, obviously not expecting Harry to speak about it. Or for anyone to stand up for him even Dumbledore hadn’t so yes, he was quite shocked. The disgust he could see clearly on Harry’s face said a lot, at well.

“Look I was a stupid sixteen year old, I didn’t mean anything by it…I wasn’t evil.” said Sirius pale and shaken by Harry’s words.

“I wouldn’t have done that at the age of eleven never mind sixteen…didn’t you even think about what would have happened to them both? Did you actually hate anyone enough to wish such a curse on them? God your best friend was inflicted with it, you knew how it destroyed his life…yet you’d do it to someone else? A school boy your own age!” said Harry completely blown away, he just couldn’t comprehend the level of hate, anger or disgust it took to do that.

“I have no excuse. What I did was wrong and it didn’t help that I got away with it either. That just made me worse for a while…but it was Remus that got through to me. We broke up, he refused to talk to me, made me really see the consequences of my actions.” sighed Sirius his blue eyes staring into Hadrian’s eyes. Begging for forgiveness for something he’d done long before he was alive.

“You got away with it?” repeated Hadrian incredulity coming from him in waves.

“Indeed, I received three weeks worth of detentions, Dumbledore told me if anyone found out I’d be expelled from Hogwarts. With no money, I wouldn’t have been able to attend another school. So I had no choice but to keep quiet, otherwise I’d be expelled, my wand snapped and dropped back off at my parents house no better than a Muggle.” said Severus darkly.
“That’s fucking disgusting.” said Hadrian sickened to the core. “If I didn’t know any better I’d have said he was grooming you towards the dark. Favouring those who constantly made your life a living hell. Taking their side even after they tried to kill you. There are only two sides, Dumbledore or Voldemort, curious isn’t it? Risking it - how could he have known you’d come back?” he mused thoughtfully to himself.

“Lily,” said Remus and Sirius in sync.

“Even Dumbledore, as good as he was, couldn’t have predicted that.” said Hadrian shaking his head.

“I think we’ve kept him waiting long enough,” said Remus, trying to change the subject, even though Harry did have a good point. “We have parts to play, and I’ve never really been this late unless it’s just after the full moon.”

“Let’s go then,” said Hadrian, none of his nervousness showing, just remembering the words Severus had told him before calmed him. He could do this, he would do it, and there was no highway option.

“Ready?” asked Severus.

Hadrian nodded grimly, after all the worrying he just wanted it over now.

“Here we go,” said Sirius almost jumping up and down in anticipation, eager to see what his godson was capable of. He wanted to see if he was capable of fooling the powerful Albus Dumbledore. From what he’d seen, his godson was actually more powerful. Too bad he couldn’t display it, they didn’t want Dumbledore afraid of him and he would be. Someone so much more powerful than him? Well it was expected of the old man.

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“Headmaster, we were just coming, I’m sorry we got a little held up.” said Remus surprised when Dumbledore stepped out of the Great Hall. They’d been that long the old fool had given up? It certainly wasn’t like him.

“Why don’t we take this meeting to a more comfortable setting?” suggested Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling brightly upon seeing the newcomer. With that he led the party up to his office; Harry rolled his eyes at the name of the password. A sweet? Really? Why not just get up there and kill him? Everyone would be a suspect? But what would be the fun in that? No he wanted the bastard to suffer for everything he’d done. He wanted to draw it out, by the time Dumbledore died; he’d wished he’d never heard the name of Harry Potter.

“Please sit, coffee? Biscuits?” asked Dumbledore pointing to a tray as he made his own brew.

“No thank you Albus,” said Remus shaking his head, he didn’t trust him as he once did. He couldn’t take the risk of it being something more…than just coffee now. Who knows what the old fool put in them. “Hadrian this is Albus Dumbledore, Albus this is Hadrian Williams the wizard I was telling you about.”

“Yes I know who he is.” said Hadrian blankly, as if he’d just been introduced to a stranger at a tea party, not one of the most known wizards in the world.

“I must say it’s a great pleasure to meet you,” said Albus beaming at Hadrian as if he had been dying to meet him for years. He was slightly confused by the less than enthusiastic greeting he was receiving. Other than Death Eaters most people loved meeting him.
“I can’t say the same.” said Hadrian, knowing he’d have to have a real reason not to ‘warm up’ to the old fool.

Sirius and Remus looked extremely awkward, staring between the Headmaster and Hadrian slightly confused. As if they were physically stuck in the middle and unsure of what to do. Inwardly though they were enjoying all the emotions they could get from Dumbledore.

“Can I ask why?” asked Dumbledore his twinkle leaving; his face looked saddened that someone thought so ill of him. He had never been so insulted in all his life, how dare this Hadrian Williams speak to him in such a manner. He should ask him to leave and never darken his doorstep again. Yet he would be such a great asset to the Order, such power the man must hold. Once he signed the Order paperwork that power would be his. For the moment he would just have to play it nice.

“I was home schooled, but I heard all about James, Sirius and Remus’ adventures in school. Even at the age I was, I couldn’t believe a Headmaster would act in such a manner. In fact it disgusted me and my parents, needless to say they were glad they refused to allow me to go.” said Hadrian.

“Hadrian! We were kids, we blew everything out of proportion!” said Remus wide eyed in shock.

“I sincerely doubt it.” said Hadrian, “Unless you’re telling me you made up the werewolf incident?”

“Oh that,” said Sirius dully, wondering if he’d ever live it down. Remus had been right, it had come back to bite him in the arse.

“I did what I thought was right,” said Dumbledore soothingly, it wouldn’t be difficult for the young man to see his side of things. He was very good at convincing people about everything.

“Yes, giving the victim detention and threatening him with expulsion while the, would be killer gets of Scots free. How many others have you let away with murder? Just what become of them?” said Hadrian disgusted.

Severus’ bit his tongue; he’d never seen anyone speak to Dumbledore like that before. It was amusing to say the least, and he just wanted to worship Harry right there and then. Even Black and Lupin were playing their parts to prefect; he hadn’t thought they would have it in them. The fact Harry was defending him warmed him immensely; nobody had ever stood up for him like that before.

Albus Dumbledore sat there, confounded by the words that had come from the man’s mouth. He wanted to strangle the man, show him the true extent of his power, and scare the living day lights out of him. For his plans to move forward he needed him, so forced himself to act naturally.

“I am surprised Severus Snape wants to be within touching distance.” said Hadrian.

“I did Severus wrong, and he has forgiven me, looking to put things right - to make a better world.” said Albus, “That is all that matters to me.”

Suddenly people began wandering into the Headmasters office or Flooing into the room. It wasn’t long before the office was packed with people, all of them Order members. Severus cursed silently; he couldn’t believe the old fool had turned this into an Order meeting. Remus and Sirius stared at Snape then Hadrian before they smiled at everyone.

“Ah, ladies and gentlemen, may I introduce you to Hadrian Williams?” said Albus proudly. “He in his young age has accomplished more than most. He has three Masteries under his belt, charms, Ancient Runes and Defence. He is currently apprenticed to Severus and soon shall have a Potions Mastery to add on the long list.”
“Have you really?” gasped Hermione her brown eyes filled with awe as she stared at the newcomer. He was so young to have accomplished all those masteries, most people only gained one never mind three. She wished she had that kind of money to do what he did.

“No, I forged them.” sneered Hadrian in distain. Enjoying the look of shock that splashed across the girls face. He wondered if she was still the same irritating girl he remembered. She had thought herself better than everyone else. Raising her hand in every class as if everyone else was beneath her.

“I was only asking!” cried Hermione flushing in anger and perhaps embarrassment at being spoken to in such a manner.

“Will you show us?” asked Ginny fluttering her eyelashes at him, noticing the lack of wedding ring on his finger. He was extremely good looking, a bit old but he had money. It would be nice to have someone older, he’d spoil her, and she’d get all the beautiful things she dreamed about.

“Get your mind out of the gutter and on someone your own age, money doesn’t mean everything.” said Hadrian his lip curling at the impudence of the girl. Judging by the fact she was sitting with the Weasley’s she was one. He remembered Ronald telling him about a sister, so assumed it was more than likely her.

“Excuse me?” growled Molly Weasley possessively.

“You’re excused.” said Hadrian sarcastically. “You should keep a closer eye on your daughter; she has gold digger written all over her.”

“How dare you insinuate such a thing?” she shrieked angrily.

“Still think she’s a virgin do you? Boy she’s got you wrapped around her finger.” said Hadrian wryly.

“Please, this isn’t why I asked you here. I am hoping you may consider joining the Order.” said Albus.

“The Order?” asked Hadrian raising an eyebrow in scepticism. “What’s that?”

Severus withheld a smirk at everyone’s shocked and insulted looks. Oh Hadrian was ringing circles around them, he was very good. Dumbledore was the most affected by Harry’s off handed statement.

“What?” cried Ron looking ready to start yelling at how stupid the guy must be.

“That’s what we are,” said Remus gesturing to everyone in the room. “A group of fighters trying to bring down You-Know-Who.”

“You can’t say his name and you are telling me you all fight him?” stated Hadrian disbelief filled the room not just his voice.

“Haven’t you been reading the newspapers?” asked Sirius.

“I’ve been abroad, after my parents died I concentrated on work, not manipulated stories they put into print to manipulate everyone.” said Hadrian, “The paper is for weak individuals who believe everything they read.”

Everyone in the room flushed in embarrassment - they obviously actually read the rubbish that was printed. How so very pathetic, thought Harry as he observed everyone.
“We are using every resource at our disposal to destroy Voldemort, will you help us?” asked Dumbledore, surprised when Hadrian didn’t react to the name. He had truly meant what he said earlier, this was surprisingly to say the least. “Help us in our bid to fight the evil in our world.”

“I’ve just accepted a place as an apprentice.” said Hadrian.

If he hadn’t already loved Harry, he’d have found it right here and right now. Harry was playing them all expertly. Merlin he couldn’t wait until he was alone with him again. To show him just how awed he was with him, how much he was attracted to him.

“We would forever be in your debt.” said Dumbledore; he couldn’t believe he was resorting to begging. Yet for the power he would do anything, it is what had kept him going. If Potter couldn’t be found…he would have to do it himself.

“I suppose I could see what I can do.” said Hadrian under the pretext of giving in.

“Fantastic!” beamed Dumbledore his twinkle coming back full force.

“If this so called meeting is over I’d like to get settled in.” said Hadrian standing up dismissing himself.

“Of course.” said Dumbledore not the least bit bothered, he had gotten his way.

“Excuse us,” said Severus taking his quick get away as well.
Learning the Crafts and First Arguements

Pretty Boy

Chapter 26

Learning The Crafts

It had been two days since ‘Hadrian’ had agreed to become an Order member. Nothing was official as of yet, but there hadn’t been a meeting since to officially introduce him as one. Which just meant signing a piece of paper swearing not to betray the Order or Harry Potter. It did heighten the sense irony he felt just thinking about it. Yesterday Harry had brewed his first potion, very successfully. Today they were trying to close Harry’s mind.

“Good, you’re getting the hang of it, again.” said Severus, “Legilimens!”

Hadrian groaned as his mind was once again assaulted. He was ready to kill Severus, he truly was. He wasn’t explaining anything; he just continued shouting ‘Legilimens’ at him. He was seeing memories Harry did not want him to see. He wasn’t sure what the hell he’d done the last time, what made Severus think he was getting the hang of Occlumency? Hadrian winced; finding himself on the floor his knees bruised and bashed from yet another bad fall. Panting in exhaustion, he wiped his sleeve across his sweaty forehead.

“Again,” said Severus, “Legilimens!”

“Good. Legilimens.”

“Legilimens.”

On and on it continued Severus viciously gaining access to the most embarrassing memories Harry had. Memories Harry didn’t want anyone to see, not even someone he trusted. The anger continued to mount, and with so much magic just recently released didn’t help. It lashed out, an invisible force physically propelling Severus towards the bookshelves.

“What the fuck is that?” snapped Hadrian, shakily getting up, his magic still wildly reacting. His green eyes were flashing in true fury, as he regarded Severus as if he’d never seen him before.

“It’s what I’m trying to teach you to defend against,” said Severus wincing in pain as the magic forced him against his bookcase. The books and shelves were digging into various parts of his body. He shouldn’t have been surprised by Harry’s magical display; so much magic had to have an outlet. He was just glad nothing much worse had happened. Yet somewhere deep down, he realized something was wrong…Harry wasn’t letting him down.

“You’ll learn,” said Severus, “Control your magic, don’t let it control you.”

“Oh I’ll learn is that all you have to say?” asked Hadrian, “You know what? Fuck it, I’m done. With you, with Hogwarts, this stupid fucking charade and everything!” that said Hadrian Apparated away,
Severus was released the same second Hadrian impossibly Apparated inside Hogwarts. He fell down, still staring at the space unable to comprehend it. Not only Harry’s incredible feat of magic… but the words he’d spoken. Closing his eyes in defeat he sighed sadly. He wanted to kick himself; in his bid to protect him from everyone he’d pushed him away. He who was supposed to be able to read everyone had chased the one he wanted a future with, away. It had taken all of one day to completely alienate him. It certainly was a new record even for him.

He couldn’t let Harry run, he had to find him, and he had no idea where to start. No, actually he did, with a destination in mind he fled his quarters. Running faster than he had in his life. He was worried about Harry, so worried he couldn’t even get angry. He hurt though, his heart was aching, and he hadn’t felt like this since Lily had denounced him as a friend. He’d never let himself feel since, and it was happening all over again. All because he couldn’t just bloody get things right, there had to be something wrong with him. Growling low in his throat, he Apparated to Harry’s old flat. Removing his wand, he used a spell to detect anyone’s presence.

He wasn’t there, Severus stood there feeling useless, he didn’t know where else to go. If Harry didn’t want to be found, he wouldn’t be he was good at hiding. Harry had been the one to find him, not the other way around. His mind whirled at the ramifications of his actions, Merlin what was he to do? Black and Lupin, he would have to tell them. With a bit of luck they could find Harry before any damage occurred. Before Dumbledore or Voldemort found him, but as he was still aged, it might never happen. They were looking for a nineteen year old, not a man the same age as himself.

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“Harry? Are you okay?” asked Remus surprised to see him, he was kneeling on the floor, and he looked as if his world was ending. Alarmed he called Sirius, not sure what to do. He’d never seen Harry that way, he looked devastated and his heart went out to him. Had Dumbledore found out? Where was Snape? None of this was making sense to them.

“Harry? Come on up you get.” said Sirius, keeping himself calm and centred, he’d been reading all books about abused children. Whether Harry was nineteen or not, he had still been abused. It would explain why he seemed to distrust everyone, well other than Snape anyway. Curious, Snape had always been with him, where was he today? With great difficulty he got Harry onto the couch. Using the spell he’d learned from Snape to remove the potion. His godson promptly shrank back to his normal size; at least the potion didn’t hurt when he drank it. Otherwise he wouldn’t have removed the potion from him.

“I’ve left him.” said Harry, his eyes were closed and he was thinking of every moment they had together. He almost regretted it, but damn, Severus had hurt him so much. Treating him as though he was nothing, he didn’t want to be nothing anymore…he wanted someone to love him. To be kind to him, someone he could rely on and be happy with. He wasn’t sure what happiness felt like, but he imagined it was how he felt on the little holiday. Without care and worry, being worshiped by Severus, god, Severus could make him feel so good. Swallowing thickly, he wasn’t sure what was going to happen now.

“Why?” asked Sirius genuinely surprised, it couldn’t be that bad surely? What the hell had happened? He didn’t take it too seriously though; he’d lost count of the times James and Lily threatened to leave each other. Both of them bloody drama queens, now it seemed Severus and Harry’s relationship was going to be the same. Especially seeing that Harry had his mothers temper.

“He hurt me,” whispered Harry, wincing as pounding headache made itself known again. Even now, it was still hurting like blazes, you shouldn’t hurt someone you love, and he certainly wouldn’t.
“What did he do?” asked Sirius getting angry now.

“He was teaching me Occlumency and he never even tried to explain, he just kept hurting me over and over again.” growled Harry, his hands made into fists, as he tried to let go of the anger. Harry’s biggest weakness was that he could hold a grudge, oh he could, and for a long time.

Severus Apparated into the flat, standing at the door, Sirius pointed his finger at him, forcing him to remain quiet and stand there. Harry, who had his back to him, hadn’t seen him. It was time Snape learnt some home truths if his relationship with Harry was going to last.

“Then what happened?” asked Remus, always aware of Snape’s presence he could smell him.

“I got angry, he was hurting me damn it, I told him I was leaving then I came here.” said Harry. “I don’t know what to do.” he sounded lost. Neither Remus nor Sirius had seen Harry like that before. This was a new side to him, and it warmed them a little that he had come to them. He could have just disappeared, he hadn’t, now they had to fix it before Harry really did decide to leave. Harry didn’t love them enough to remain for them alone. They knew that, so they had to fix Harry and Snape before it boiled over.

“Harry there is something you should know about Severus,” said Remus crouching down beside him. “How he teaches, he needs to ensure people pay attention, otherwise it would be pandemonium. He keeps strict control of his students, through intimidation and fear.”

“I’m not a student!” snapped Harry angrily.

“I know, and I think he forgot that.” explained Remus quietly. He knew he and Sirius weren’t enough to keep Harry here, not yet anyway. They had to fix Severus’ bloody screw up. It seemed his bedside manner needed some fixing. “You need to learn it that’s what you both agreed to isn’t it?”

“He didn’t tell me what to do!” growled Harry, clutching at his head in desperation, the headache was getting worse.

Sirius went over to his medical cabinet, removing a headache remedy; Remus got them a lot after the full moon. “Here drink this, trust me it will help.” said Sirius handing him the uncorked potion. He smiled slightly when Harry drank it, he trusted them a little it seemed.

“Harry do you love Severus?” asked Remus, he could scarcely believe he was sitting here giving Harry advice. For so long he’d through Harry hated him, hated them both. He owned Snape this, and so he would help the man - however undeserving it was. He should have known better than to do his usual crap with Harry.

“Unfortunately,” muttered Harry darkly, his green eyes glinting angrily.

“All of him? Good, bad, sarcastic, funny…you can’t pick and choose what parts to love. The part you witnessed is a side of Severus as well; yes he shouldn’t have done it I agree. He just needs someone to show him he was wrong. If you haven’t already done that.” said Remus wryly, he felt bad for keeping the fact Snape was here listening to this from Harry. Yet he knew Snape had to hear this, he’d learn one way or another. Hopefully Harry wouldn’t be too much like his mother and reject Snape. Truth be told, Severus probably wouldn’t take it very well, just like his friendship with Lily.

“I do, which is what makes this hurt all the more, he’s hurt me more than what I’ve had to do for money all those years. At least I didn’t know them, they were nothing, I didn’t care but he made me care.” said Harry desperately.

Severus flinched as if the words had been a physical blow to the face. He’d listened to everything but
that one sentence was a dagger to the heart. He truly had messed up; this wasn’t going too fixed with a simple apology. “Can you give us a moment please?” asked Severus, his voice showing a small amount of emotion in his otherwise usually impassiveness.

“We’ll be in the kitchen if you need us,” said Sirius speaking to Harry before both men disappeared from view.

Severus cast a silencing spell to give them some privacy, he did not want them nosing in on their conversation. He’d never had to explain his actions, not really, or show how sorry he was in such a long time. It was going to be extremely difficult, but to keep Harry he would have to.

Sitting down next to the stiff figure, he wrapped his arms tightly around him. Keeping a grip when he fought him, he didn’t keep it up for long before Harry gave in and accepted the comfort. “I am sorry Harry, I just…I didn’t think, I wanted to protect you from everything I didn’t stop to think it through.”

Harry just borrowed further into Severus, knowing just how much it had cost Severus to apologize. He knew because he would feel the same having to say sorry.

“If you wish it, we can get someone else to teach you.” said Severus.

“I’m not letting anyone else see my memories.” said Harry adamantly. Hell with that choice he’d choose Severus every time. He at least could understand his actions, not many others would.

“I thought as much,” sighed Severus, “The problem with Occlumency, or rather learning it…its different for everyone Harry. Every mind is unique, like a fingerprint no two are identical. Only you know how to close your mind, to some its natural, like Lupin he has natural mind shields because of his…furry little problem. If you can’t learn Harry, we will have to stop this…charade; I don’t want to put you in danger.”

“No, I’ll figure it out, somehow, someway I’ll figure it out if you can just explain a little bit what to do.” said Harry desperately, he wanted to learn it but he just didn’t know how.

“Of course,” said Severus in agreement. Cupping Harry’s chin, he soothed him, rubbing his thumb back and forth. Merlin he couldn’t believe how much he cared about Harry. That brief moment when he thought he’d lost him…he’d felt like his heart was being ripped out. He never wanted to experience that again, part of him just wanted to back away and leave Harry. That way he knew he’d be safe from heartache in the future. Yet the bigger part, the one who didn’t want to die alone, beseeched him to keep Harry safe. Severus leaned forward, pressing his lips desperately against Harry. Needing to know they were alright, without saying anything. He’d already opened himself up too much; Harry kissed just as urgently back. Relief flowing through them both, they were fine, they’d gotten through it…they’d had their first fight. Breaking apart Severus chuckled at his thoughts, before hugging him close, relishing in the feel of his Harry so close to him.

A knock on the door caused them to part; Severus removed the charm and said “Come in.”

“We have enough dinner here if you’d like to stay?” suggested Remus hopeful, they’d hardly seen each other apart from brief meetings or when they were planning something. He wanted to get to know Harry; it wasn’t something he could do if he was never around.

“What do you think?” asked Severus, it was entirely up to Harry.

Harry stared into Severus’ eyes, not sure if Severus wanted it or not. They had been his enemies for so long, yet his eyes were peaceful or as peaceful as they could get. He realized Severus truly didn’t
care either way, Harry turned to stare at Remus and saw he did care. He wanted him there, one dinner couldn’t hurt. “Alright then, dinner it is.” said Harry, it would be nice to eat something he hadn’t made for a change.

“As long as there’s no talk or pranks,” said Severus in warning.

“The only person I’m planning on doing anything to - is Dumbledore.” said Sirius a sneer in his voice, talking from the kitchen. Sirius just wished they would tell him what they were planning.
Dinner was far from a quiet one, Sirius and Remus both asking Harry a lot of questions. They started of simple enough, his favourite colour, how his magic was going, how he was finding the magical world. Even what he thought of most of the order, Harry was very opinionated, especially about those his own age. He remembered Hermione Granger, and that had set Severus off. Regaling Harry with everything Granger had done over the years. Severus absolutely loathed the girl; to make matters worse she had a sister. A little sister and he seemed to hate her even more. Both were self righteous as they came, both thinking themselves better than everyone. Even Remus had to admit they were a bit much, having taught for a year six nearing seven years ago.

“When did you start having to work on the streets?” asked Remus, changing the tone of the conversation. Sirius stiffened beside him, he looked as if he wanted to reach over and strangle his lover.

“Does it matter?” asked Harry bluntly, staring Remus down.

“No, we don’t blame you either.” said Remus in a rush to reassure him.

“Well that’s a weight of,” said Harry dryly, his sarcasm obvious.

Severus smirked he loved sarcasm, it was like an art.

“Have you been to Gringotts then yet?” asked Sirius changing the subject onto safer matters. Honestly, what had Remus been thinking asking such a question? He didn’t want to know! Merlin it was hard enough living with the knowledge that his poor Godson had to do it out of sheer desperation without knowing his age. He knew he wouldn’t like the answer so he refused to ask it. As soon as they were in private he was going to go to flipping nuts at him.

“No,” said Harry staring at Sirius blankly. “I can’t, Dumbledore will know…won’t he?”

“Goblins value secrecy above all else, you are the heir, if you tell them not to alert Dumbledore they won’t. Just threaten to take your money and business elsewhere, and they will comply. To lose the Potter and Black estate would be a huge loss for Gringotts. Especially if word got out, they risk loosing everything.” explained Sirius.

“Potter and Black?” asked Harry frowning, why would he have any of the Black estate? It made no sense whatsoever.

“You have a few vaults from me,” said Sirius trying to keep himself from becoming emotional. He didn’t want Harry to leave so soon, and if he did start crying or being sentimental he’d drive him away. So he continued on succeeding in his quest to keep calm. “I gave you two when you were born, not that you needed it of course. Then I gave you two more when you were thirteen. There’s a letter in there, I wrote it just after Dumbledore told me you hated the thought of me going near you. I just wanted you to know I did care, I had hoped you’d read it and be willing to give me a chance. More fool me for believing him, but that’s over with now.”
“It is,” said Harry smirking sadistically, all the things he wanted to do to Dumbledore showing on his face.

“Drink?” asked Sirius handing over fire whiskeys after pouring them.

Severus said nothing, but he had a feeling that the whiskey was a bit strong for Harry. It was amusing to say the least, the faces Harry made upon throwing it back. He had to give him some credit; he didn’t start coughing and spluttering. He had the first time he’d tasted this particular drink. Sixth year in the Slytherin dorms, he’d stolen a bottle from Madam Rosmerta. Who worked and owned the three broomsticks pub, where the teachers liked to go during Hogsmeade.

“Where did you go after that night?” asked Harry, staring at Remus. He hadn’t had the chance to ask before, but he wanted answers. If he used Dumbledore as an excuse he was going to throttle the wizard.

Remus stiffened in his seat, his eyes meeting Severus and Sirius’ but found no help or pity in their gazes. Sirius certainly wouldn’t help, he’d been furious when he found out Remus had never seen Harry. When he’d gotten better and before Dumbledore told them about Harry, and Sirius going catatonic on him. He’d been so very angry that Harry didn’t even know who he was. To Sirius if he had known Remus, it would have been easier for Harry to accept Sirius. He’d left Harry alone and Sirius had made his disgust known. He’d slept on the couch for weeks afterwards, never talking to him other than short curt words.

It was a sense of déjà vu for Severus right now. The first conversation had been cursory, but now… he was demanding answers, proper answers. He knew Harry wasn’t going to be happy with the excuses given. Lupin might be lucky to get out of this intact.

"You have to understand," said Remus choking, his eyes tearing up at the thought of the rejection that was sure to come "In one night I had lost absolutely everything precious to me…my two best friends were dead, you survived, only to be told within a few hours that Sirius had killed Peter Pettigrew and thirteen Muggles and was on his way to Azkaban prison. My world had been spun on its axis and I didn't know what to do," he ended in a whisper.

“SO HAD MINE!” yelled Harry, causing Remus to jump three foot in the air.

“I know, I know Harry, I know.” repeated Remus looking utterly wretched. “I’m sorry, it’s all I can say…I am so sorry. If I could go back…I’d change it.” he prayed to Merlin Harry wouldn’t reject him. If someone was to place a Boggart in front of him in that second, for the first time since he was a child it wouldn’t be a moon. No it would be Harry dishing out the most horrendous words.

“Did you even think about me?” asked Harry disgusted.

“Every single day,” said Remus a single tear falling from his eye. “I thought about going to see you, just to look at you once but I knew I’d face this. The questions, why I hadn’t come sooner. I took the cowards way out and stayed away. Then when Dumbledore offered me the Defence position, I realized I wanted it, to see you…how you’d grown. That’s when I found out, I didn’t eat for weeks, I mean why would Dumbledore have you being educated in private? I didn’t question it too deeply trusting him…like a bloody idiot. Then I got Sirius back…I had to march on for him…but my decision just kept on coming back to haunt me.”

Harry continued to stare impassively, twirling the empty shot glass around with his fingers.

"That must have been the worst year for me…finding out you weren’t there. Then finding Pettigrew on the map. I asked for Severus' help no one knew the Dark arts like him. I knew I would have killed
him before Sirius was proven innocent. Pettigrew already tricked Sirius I wasn't taking that chance."
continued Remus his haunted amber eyes never leaving Harry’s.

"Which was ironic because I detested you both. He wasn't at work for one month and two weeks. Recovering from the fact he refused to eat...the Wolfsbane had a particular side affect that no one realized before." explained Severus. He had to teach Potions and Defence Against The Dark Arts, and brew the Wolfsbane potion; Remus had been right what a year it had been. He certainly had been glad when it was over, considering he liked teaching defence classes it was saying a lot.

"You captured Pettigrew?" asked Harry, Severus hadn’t mentioned that.

"Indeed," smirked Severus, the rat had tired to flee, but quicker than lightening Severus had the man permanently unable to change. Only until his spell wore off, he was no weak wizard either so it would have been a while. The bracelets on Pettigrew’s wrists now stopped it permanently. He was currently serving a life sentence in Azkaban Prison. Sirius Black had been awarded compensation; they both avoided each other constantly until now that is. Fudge, Dumbledore, Remus, Severus and a few Auror's had been there, and he, Severus Snape had reacted first to capture Pettigrew.

“So it’s his turn to owe you everything.” said Harry, oh he could imagine the satisfaction that would bring.

"Yes,” agreed Severus smirking full blast. “Black here practically went catatonic when the years past and he couldn't see you. He gave up hope when Dumbledore told him you didn't want anything to do with him. Go figure that you would find and help a Wizard.” said Severus softly, his black eyes glowing intently for his feelings for the young wizard.

"Dumbledore will pay for that!” snarled Sirius. Making him think his Godson hated him. The lies Dumbledore had spewed had nearly killed him, they didn’t realize how close he’d been to taking his own life. Harry had been his sole reason for surviving Azkaban. So it was little wonder he’d ended up ... slightly catatonic towards the end.

“He will,” said Severus darkly, Merlin if Harry hadn’t helped him when he did he’d still be lost. He would have died upon his twentieth birthday not understanding what was happening. Not only that Harry would have been in agony, in which the likes they could only imagine.

"So are you going to take your money? It would be a good idea to see if Dumbledore took any." said Sirius frowning in contemplation. “Or to see if he’s still managing to get money out.” That’s assuming he has taken anything, but from what they new about Dumbledore…it wouldn’t surprise any of them.

"Even if Dumbledore became the Potter executor he won’t get anything now...all money stops getting put out unless it’s into Wizarding business or something like that by Goblins when the heir turns seventeen. Whether they’ve been seen or not doesn’t matter. Not even the executor of the estate gets paid after that.”

"Won’t he have just covered his tracks? “Asked Harry blankly, Dumbledore surely wouldn’t risk being caught.

"Oh no Harry, Gringotts keep track of everything every single, little piece of paper, related to someone’s vaults.” said Severus, even James Potter’s transactions will be somewhere recorded in those vaults. Every little withdrawal, or bank transfer will still be there. Sirius and Remus nodded in agreement to Severus’ statement.

“Doesn’t matter does it? It’s not incriminating if he’s the executor - he’s within his right to take
anything out.” said Harry a sneer curling his lip at the thought.

“True,” said Remus grudgingly.

"We will bring him down regardless, just not legally." said Severus viciously.

"Sorry Sev, I just can't stand him." said Harry through gritted teeth. The anger he felt at Dumbledore had built and built up over the years. More so now that he was confronted with his past. He knew just how badly he’d been screwed over by Dumbledore, especially in regards to his magic.

"I know…We know how you feel" said Severus in understanding.

"You might,” he said to Severus before turning to Sirius and Remus. “You two can't possibly…he's destroyed my life." said Harry angrily. Severus squeezed his hand under the table, comforting him.

Sirius and Remus remained quiet, truth be told, he had a point. They couldn't imagine what Harry had been through because of Dumbledore. His magic, Merlin they couldn’t comprehend that. They’d always had it, to go a day without it made them shudder.

"Come, let’s go home," said Severus tugging at Harry softly; pulling out a potion with a regretful sigh Harry swallowed it. He liked being able to fit in Severus' arms, like a piece of puzzle. He then grew, standing just as tall as Severus, Sirius and Remus now.

“Night,” said Remus and Sirius quietly, tonight had been intense to say the least.

Home? Harry didn't have a home he had left his flat then he’d realized…home is where the heart is. His heart irrevocably belonged to Severus. As cheesy as it sounded, it was also very true. Harry wasn’t one to give his heart lightly, before Severus he hadn't at all.

So yes, Severus was his home.

No matter where they were, what house they lived in, be it Hogwarts or even his old flat - he would always have Severus.

With that thought the world spiralled out and arranged itself - he was back in Severus' quarters.
Gringotts and Dark Lords

Harry had been rather touched at Sirius’ words, when he’d had a chance to think about it. Sirius had given him money even when he thought Harry hated him. He’d never had any family, well not that he could remember anyway. He wouldn’t be calling Sirius or Remus Uncle, not just because he was an adult now, but because he didn’t have good associations with that word. Part of him wished he’d known sooner, so he could have at least, had the chance of a family. Another thing Dumbledore had taken away from him, oh how he couldn’t wait to enact his revenge. He had Severus now though, he was truly all Harry needed or wanted. He was growing fond of Remus and Sirius though, there was no denying that.

“Can we go to Gringotts?” asked Hadrian, as he put the rest of the potion into the vials. His worry had been for nothing, he was very good at potions. He’d helped Severus with all the potions he needed to make; they were going to take them down to the Hospital wing after the current batch was finished. Putting the full vial aside, he picked up the next one and filled that too.

“If that’s what you’d like to do, then yes.” said Severus as he placed the corks in the vials. Spelling them into the large crate, ready for transportation, Harry doing the exact same as him. He was impressed with Harry, he had to admit. He was very good at brewing, show him something once and he got it. He also remembered everything he’d read, and knew how to properly dissect the ingredients.

“Great,” said Hadrian, “Wingardium Levisoa!” he said pointing his spell at six crates and floating them out of the lab and down the hall. He had to use his wand when in public; Severus didn’t want them to know his true power. Neither did he come to that, it was safer that way. He didn’t want to even think what Dumbledore would do if he found out. It seemed he got jealous of anyone more powerful than him. It was extremely childish; Severus had himself checked making sure he hadn’t been on the receiving end. Severus had been relieved to see he hadn’t been tampered with in any way.

“Poppy?” called Severus as he entered the main ward, Hadrian followed as always, closely behind him. He could see Harry was curious, he’d never met her and had no reason to distrust her.

“Ah, Severus I was wondering when you’d be down!” said Poppy smiling at him, as she came out of her office, clipboard in hand. “Oh, you have company.” she added seeing the man with him.

“I do indeed, this is Hadrian Williams, Hadrian this is Poppy Pomfrey, Matron and Healer here at Hogwarts.” said Severus. “Everything you asked for is here; if you need anything else let me know.”

“So soon? I don’t normally get two batches until after Hogwarts has started back up for at least a day.” said Poppy, taking control off the crates and floating them towards the hospital wing’s storage cupboard. Only she and the teachers could get into them, there were too many potions that could cause overdoses.

“I had help,” said Severus wryly, “Hadrian is my apprentice Poppy.”

“I see,” said Poppy shocked and displaying it.
“I must leave, you know where I am if you need anything else.” explained Severus.

“Of course, thank you Hadrian, it’s nice to meet you.” said Poppy walking over, opening her cupboards she began, by hand, removing the potions and putting them in spaces she wanted them in. She had a specific order she liked them in, if anyone messed with them they received an earful from her. When in an emergency if they weren’t where she left them, she could end up hurting them she’d say. After that, neither the house elf’s nor Severus helped her put them away.

“You also,” said Hadrian, before he turned and left, he couldn’t wait to see Diagon Alley again, properly this time. Not just that but hopefully he’d have his money, that’s if Sirius was right and the Goblins would be silent.

There was one thing Severus wouldn’t need to teach Harry, since he already knew how to Apparate. He didn’t have a licence, but who really cared during war? Which is exactly what they did once they got to the edge of the wards. Harry was excited, he couldn’t wait.

Severus led the way, since Harry still didn’t know his way around Diagon Alley yet. He walked slower than normal, letting him take in the sights. Harry’s face was impassive, but his eyes, his green eyes were glowing with awe.

“I need to speak to a manager in private if you please,” said Severus once they were at the tellers.

Hadrian let him; still not sure what to say anyway, he’d never interacted with a goblin before. Hell he’d never seen one before today; they were everything he’d ever imagined and more. Ugly, vicious looking creatures, they looked like they wanted to eat you rather than help.

“Follow me,” said the Goblin staring at Hadrian intently, Harry had a feeling that they knew who he was. They couldn’t could they? Didn’t matter he supposed, after all they would know it a few minutes regardless. He couldn’t exactly talk about his account without telling them who he was.

They were led into a large, yet expensively furnished office. Gems lying everywhere, gold statues, and miles upon miles of paperwork. The smallest thing in the room seemed to be the Goblin sitting on the chair. Severus sat down in one of the chairs, and Hadrian followed.

“How can I help you Severus Snape and Harry Potter?” asked Wraith his beady eyes watching them intently. As if hoping to catch them of guard, but he didn’t, neither displayed any emotion to his question.

“Mr. Potter,” stressed Severus, not liking the familiarity the Goblin had used with them. “Would like to claim his inheritance and inquire about it.”

“How did he know?” asked Hadrian still eyeing the Goblin, evidently not trusting them.

“Their wards put everywhere else to shame; they know exactly who’s coming through their bank. The wards will have alerted them the second you stepped in.” said Severus smirking wryly at the Goblin.

“Yes, he is correct.” said Wraith.

“So, my inheritance?” enquired Hadrian, he wasn’t here to chat.

“First, I need your blood to verify and document, its standard procedure when asking for an inheritance test.” said Wraith, placing a piece of blank paper and a needle in front of Harry.

Hadrian raised an eyebrow, not seeing why he’d need to do such a thing. However, Severus nodded that it was true. Curling his lip, he picked the needle up, pricking his pointer finger and placing the
small droplet of blood onto the parchment. Severus immediately cleaned the remaining blood from
the needle and healed Harry’s finger. The Goblin didn’t seem surprised by this. Anyone that had any
sense would do the same thing; blood was a powerful tool in the magical world.

“Everything is in order, what would you like to know?” asked Wraith removing a folder from his
drawer.

“Why I wasn’t informed about my money in the first place,” sneered Hadrian.

“You did not appear at Gringotts, it’s not our duty to run down every child who has money at our
bank.” said Wraith. “Your accounts were in order regardless, the executor of the estate was
managing it.”

“It’s Merlin’s law to tell any wizarding child about their inheritance, especially and it’s underlined if
the child didn’t know about the magical world.” said Severus his black eyes flashing in anger. “Do
not presume to make a mockery of us.”

“Or I will take my business elsewhere.” said Hadrian, bearing his teeth in an animalistic manner.

The Goblin’s eyes widened in fear at the threat, immediately backing down. Bowing his head he said
“My apologies, it will not happen again.”

“Very well,” said Hadrian curtly, letting it slide for now.

“Sign these, it will give you full access to your estate, instate you as the head of your family line.”
said Wraith having more respect for them than when they had first came in.

“Nobody is to be alerted I’ve signed these is that understood? My re-entrance to the wizarding world
is to be kept on the down low.” said Hadrian.

“Understood,” said Wraith nodding in understanding.

“Good, now I’d like to see every transaction that’s occurred, monetary or otherwise, since my
parents deaths.” said Hadrian.

“Of course,” said Wraith immediately flipping through the paperwork, his eyes widening as he began
to see the amount. He winced inwardly; well the young man wasn’t going to be happy. Hopefully he
wouldn’t end up loosing one of the oldest and high level accounts.

Wraith reluctantly handed over the large bundle, wishing he was anywhere but here. He saw Harry’s
eyes widen, before shock began to make itself known. Severus and Hadrian looked wide eyed at
each other then at the Goblin hoping against hope that it was all some macabre coincidence or
mistake. Surely no one had made all those transactions.

“Those are everything?” asked Hadrian sarcastically, grabbing them and hoisting them over. Severus
moved his seat closer, so he could see the paperwork as well. Harry flipped through them, quicker at
each passing second a low growl working itself out of Harry’s mouth. “Is that a lot?” he asked
Severus, he knew nothing of Wizarding money. Galleons? Sickles? Knuts? No they could be
anything for all he knew.

Severus took the paperwork, flicking through them all, seeing the signatures at the bottom.
Dumbledore, Dumbledore, Dumbledore, Dumbledore, Dumbledore, Dumbledore, Dumbledore. He
had removed so much, over sixteen years since the Potter’s had died. He’d have continued if he’d
been able to after Harry turned seventeen. His black eyes were flashing ominously, Merlin he just
wanted to leave here, find Dumbledore and execute him on the spot. Wasn’t it bad enough he’d
almost killed Harry, not just placing him somewhere he’d be abused but by binding nearly all his magic? He’d resorted to taking Harry’s money from him? He was utterly sickened to the core, Dumbledore was one depraved soul, and how had nobody seen this before? And why had Moody went along with it?

“Severus?” asked Hadrian frowning; he didn’t like how quiet he was being. Or how the Goblin seemed to be shrinking into his seat clearly apprehensive of their reactions.

“To wizards or witches without an inheritance, the amount is substantial. In fact they could live two life times with what Dumbledore has removed. Yet with the amount of vaults you have, and the interest occurring on them all, it’s in the process of being replaced. Since nobody has been able to touch your vaults in the past three years.” replied Severus darkly.

“You let him take it all?” asked Hadrian angrily his glare returning to Wraith’s.

“He was legally in charge of your accounts, each month he took only the legal amount he was able to take. Later on he found a way around it, using various reasons withdrawing just under the amount required.” said Wraith. “We stopped him as soon as we could.”

“How’s that?” asked Hadrian.

“He needed your signature, along with your magic imbued in the paperwork to take anything out after your seventeenth birthday. He made the mistake of showing up with just the signature, it is within the pile. His request was denied, of course.” said Wraith his beady eyes nervous.

Severus looked through again, finding the one he was talking about. Forgery, fraud Dumbledore was so going down. He copied them, intending on sending them to Remus and Sirius. If anything happened to him and Harry, then he would still be found out. He was a Slytherin, self preservation and all that, always prepared for the worst.

“Has he tried again? After that time I mean?” asked Hadrian seriously.

“No, he risked it the first time, he wasn’t stupid enough to try a second,” said Wraith shaking his head.

“I think I’m done here,” said Hadrian.

“He will need a complete inventory of everything he has, as well as his key’s.” stated Severus calmly, “New keys, new locks, making the ones Dumbledore has useless.”

“Usually it’s charged, but considering all things, I will do it for free. If you can wait here for five minutes the work will be done immediately.” said Wraith.

“Of course,” said Severus.

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“Here are your keys, and a full inventory of your estate. This is a pouch; it means you do not have to come to Gringotts to withdraw money. You insert your key here, and say the amount you want and it will appear in the pouch.” said Wraith handing over a set of keys, a pouch and a large rolled up tube of parchment.

“Thank you,” said Hadrian, placing the key into the side pocket as the Goblin had demonstrated. The rest of the key’s he placed in his cloak pocket, or rather Severus’ since he didn’t have any clothes yet.
“You are welcome Mr. Potter.” said Wraith, “Welcome back to the wizarding world. May the gods grant you more gold.”

“May yours triple also,” said Severus, knowing Harry didn’t understand Goblins customs.

Wraith nodded as if he understood before he sat back down in his chair. Severus and Hadrian then left the office. They had no reason to stay after all, since their work at Gringotts was now complete.

Hadrian grunted as he was shoved aside, he opened his mouth to tell the wizard exactly what he thought. At that exact moment, Severus dug his fingers into his arm, forcing him to grunt in pain. Glancing at Severus, he saw him looking rather pale or paler than normal actually.

“Severus,” drawled the silky voice, it spoke of arrogance and smugness. Harry immediately disliked him for that alone.

“Lucius,” said Severus impassively. Oh how he hated the smug bastard, how he wished he could repay the favour he’d bestowed earlier. Beat him to a pulp and leave him defenceless in the Muggle world.

Hadrian’s hatred tripled, so this was the bastard who had killed his grandparents. The need for vengeance came flooding back, if it was the last thing he did, he swore he’d make the wizard pay.

“Who is this?” sneered Lucius seeing the man standing next to Severus, slightly surprised. Severus never really associated with anyone, so he was actually genuinely curious.

“Someone you knocked into like a buffoon, now if you’ll excuse me, I’d like to leave your presence since its making me sick.” sneered Hadrian his lip curled in repugnance as he glared at Malfoy before jerking away.

Lucius snarled as he watched the retreating figure, his eyes glinting dangerously. He’d have liked nothing better than to punish the man for his lip. Oh, how he couldn’t wait until the Dark Lord took over. Then he would have been able to enact his revenge just as he wanted to.

“How is our lord?” asked Lucius, taunting Severus since he couldn’t do anything else.

“Yes, perfect place to talk about him Lucius,” sneered Severus before turning and leaving. He didn’t want to have to put up with Malfoy any longer than necessary. Plus he was worried about Harry; he needed to find him before Lucius left the bank. He’d seen that look on his face, he usually only had it when he was torturing people.

He saw ‘Hadrian’ coming out of the sweet shop, Honeydukes, with an entire bag full. Arching an eyebrow, he made his way over, intending on getting them out of there before Lucius left Gringotts.

“I got some chocolate; I wonder if these are real frogs? I’ve never had chocolate before, do you want some?” asked Hadrian, “Holy shit!” he said loudly, trying to grab the fleeing chocolate frog. Catching it with quick reflexes, and chewing its head off, grinning like a loony.

“Harry…” said Severus quietly, alarmed by Harry’s behaviour. “Come on, we have to leave before he sees us.”

“Severus!” sighed Hadrian, “The whole point of money and this outing is to spend it!”

Severus’ eyes softened, of course being free to spend money as he pleased would be…liberating. It would turn even the hardest of person into a child in a candy store so to speak. He could remember how he felt the first time he’d spent money on himself, without worrying about if he’d have enough
to pay the rent or survive. He hated himself for cutting it short, but Harry’s safety meant more than having fun. “I have a catalogue in my quarters, you can look through that. They get delivered straight away, so you will have them the same day.”

“Fine,” said Hadrian, Apparating to Hogwarts, Severus appearing right next to him. They’d just stepped over the wards when Severus hissed in agony. Hadrian stared at him confused; they hadn’t done anything to cause him pain.

“I have to go.” said Severus, clutching at his forearm.

Hadrian just looked at him bewildered.

“He’s calling me,” elaborated Severus.

Hadrian didn’t need to ask who the ‘He’ was after all there were only two wizards Severus served. One of them happened to be in the school, they’d just Apparated to. "Be careful."

Severus grimaced but nodded, then began walking back towards the gate. Severus was glad Harry wasn't making a big fuss about him going. Harry was becoming a little too perfect for him, its something he had always thought about in a lover. Someone who understood, cares but didn't make big fuss and delay the inevitable. He Apparated away, blocking his emotions and memories, behinds his Occlumency barriers. He just knew Lucius had gone straight to Voldemort and told him. He was going to have to spin a good story. He’d no doubt, be on the receiving five Cruciatus curses for not telling the Dark Lord. Merlin he really did want to kill Lucius Malfoy right now. He didn’t want Harry to see him weak, so hopefully he could turn it back on the blonde idiot.
Meetings - The Angel Of Death Visits

Pretty Boy

Chapter 29

Meeting’s And Death

Severus Apparated outside of an old decaying abandoned building, it was Riddle Mansion. It was disgusting; of course none of the other Death Eaters knew this place was pure Muggle. Nobody knew that Voldemort had bought it from his Muggle father’s estate; if they did he sure would have loved to have seen their reactions. He rolled up his sleeve and walked passed the wards which stopped anyone that didn't have the Dark Mark approaching. Which was why Dumbledore had so much trouble fighting the Death Eaters. As much as Severus hated to admit it they were all safe in Voldemort’s lair from both Ministry and the Order. Which was why they could only stop raids and save as many as they could. He felt someone else passing the wards and didn't even look. Just continued straight on, his masks firmly in place for tonight’s meeting. The place was now dark and dreary; it had probably at one point been a very beautiful place before Riddle killed his father. He shook those thoughts off; he couldn't afford Voldemort to catch him even thinking like that. He entered the mansion his robes billowing out behind him, making him look intimidating. The look on his face made most of the Death Eaters actually flinch, Severus Snape was not a man to be trifled with - not even Bella Lestrange tried. Severus Snape had never been a nice man, at one point he had enjoyed being a Death Eater. He had made potions and spells that would make even the hardest of Death Eaters flinch including Lucius Malfoy. However, Lucius liked to try his luck with Severus thinking he was safe because of their 'Lord' as he liked to put it. Severus bowed and kissed the hem of Voldemort's robes before taking his seat two seats from Lord Voldemort. Bella and Lucius was his two right hand Death Eaters and Severus was next. He had worked hard to ensure he had a place in Voldemort's inner circle - doing things he wasn't proud of. Severus had always believed in the saying 'keep your friends close but enemies closer' and it's something he always did.

"Severus, Lucius has told me some interesting information," said Voldemort looking at Severus suspiciously. He knew about Lucius' jealousy of Severus, it always amused him that a man who had everything could be so envious. Yet Severus was more powerful, more creative and he was coveted for his Potions abilities. The only reason Lucius got that seat next to him was because he had money, and the blonde haired wizard knew that.

"And what would that be My Lord?" asked Severus, forcing a surprised yet suspicious look on his face. He never once quelled under the look the Dark Lord was sending him, he’d been a spy long enough to know looking away was a sign of guilt.

"Does Gringotts ring any bells?" hissed Voldemort.

"You mean when he asked how you were My Lord? In front of a bunch of Muggle loving fools." asked Severus smoothly. He stopped himself from gulping, a natural habit one has when they are nervous. His eyes never wavered from Voldemort's face. The red eyes went bright red, a sign that he wasn't happy.

“Crucio!” snarled Voldemort furiously, Lucius had smirked, but it was wiped of when the curse hit him. He had obviously expected Severus to be the one writhing in pain. Voldemort didn't like the thought of anyone to compromise Severus' position as spy. Especially not an elite Death Eater such as Malfoy. He realized he could have lost two of his most trusted Death Eaters because of Malfoy's stupidity, spite and jealousy.
"The man you were with?" questioned Voldemort once he had suitably punished Lucius.

His wife who was next to him didn't even flinch, Severus had to admire that. He knew Narcissa despite everything loved Lucius not as much as she loved her son. He could tell she was under a great deal of stress, possibly because of what Voldemort was demanding of her son. It was good that she knew what was going to happen; perhaps she would have the guts to do something about it. Preferably before Draco was marked, as Narcissa wasn't marked, but she had come with Lucius its how she was able to get in. They could both run, and make a new life for themselves, at least until the bastard was defeated.

"Ah, I'm assuming Lucius wasn't happy that I wasn't forthcoming, I wasn't under the impression I reported to him." said Severus feeling brave. Still watching Lucius impassively, the blonde was on the floor still panting, riding out the pain the curse had caused.

"You don't," hissed Voldemort. The warning was clear to Severus that he was about to be cursed if he wasn't careful. He was actually surprised Voldemort hadn't cursed him yet to be perfectly honest. He must be in a good mood, and that made Severus cagey.

"Dumbledore forced me to take on an apprentice, his name is Hadrian Williams." explained Severus subserviently.

"Why would he do such a thing after all these years?" hissed Voldemort suspiciously.

"The old fool works in way's I do not understand…I think he might be testing my loyalties," said Severus his lip curling in disgust. "The old fool either suspects or just wants to make sure…I have not gave him cause to suspect me. He believes whole heartedly in second chances, this will be his downfall." a smirk that promised pain was on Severus.

"Indeed it will," replied Voldemort angrily.

"Lucius, where is Fudge?" snapped Voldemort rounding on his second in command. He was furious with Dumbledore, and needed someone to take it out on.

"I'm afraid he doesn't seem as confident as before, My Lord." winced Lucius, waiting on the pain he knew was coming. He was right the curse came fast and furious, once again falling out of the chair and screamed bloody murder.

The once proud Lucius Malfoy screaming and jerking under Cruciatuus at the feet of a half blood. Severus barely concealed a smirk; it was good to see Lucius where he belonged. Perhaps he should
show this to Harry, it certainly would entertain him.

"Excuse me?" snarled Voldemort, his voice lower and deadly than anyone had ever heard it before. Severus wondered if there was going to be anything left of Lucius for Harry to finish off. Severus could say he had never heard Voldemort this furious before, not since the Potter's had vanished under the Fidelus charm. Of course the anger only lasted a week, until he called Pettigrew who gave him the location and betrayed his friends. He couldn’t deny he was enjoying himself; it had been a long time since Lucius had screwed up so much.

"It's rumoured Dumbledore has been visiting him" said Lucius sourly. "However, I have someone else who would like to join, Delores Umbridge…she hates half breeds and is very close with Fudge." he just hoped and prayed that it would be enough to avoid Voldemort's wrath.

"Crucio!" snarled Voldemort his eyes flashing a deep red. He kept it on for a good five minutes. Narcissa twitched as if she wanted to get up and help Lucius. However, she had a good sense to stay still and let Lucius endure it. Knowing if she did get involved Lucius' punishment would be ten times worse. Staring straight ahead, she showed no emotion that was until the Dark Lord spoke again.

"Present her to me next week. As well as your son." Voldemort said spitting angrily at Lucius, as way of punishing the Malfoy’s.

"My Lord he is not ready!" protested Lucius from where he was bowing at Voldemort's feet, still shaking in agony. His son wasn’t as susceptible to the plan as he thought he’d be, and Narcissa wasn’t helping matters. She was very adamant against Draco’s place at the Dark Lord’s side.

“I shall decide that,” said Voldemort, "Crucio!"

Narcissa looked shaken by the news, she had to do something, and her mind was racing with ideas.

“Yes My Lord, as you wish.” said Lucius giving in.

“Bellatrix what news?” asked Voldemort turning his attention to the woman sitting next to her sister.

"I have confirmation that they are looking for Harry Potter My Lord," cackled Bella laughing uproariously "The little saviour has ran of." giggled Bella insanely. Positively beaming that she had good news for her Master when no one else did.

"Where did you overhear this?" demanded Voldemort sitting up straighter, paying more attention to her. Causing the witch to purr at the attention.

"Privet Drive My Lord" Bellatrix told him proudly.

"Avery, Nott, Snape, Malfoy come, Bella my dear lead the way." smirked Voldemort nastily, he would find out once and for all where Potter was tonight. Dumbledore dared mess with his plans; well he would mess with Dumbledore’s. He would send Potter’s head back to Hogwarts and leave them to weep over their dead saviour.

It took them all of three seconds to appear at Privet Drive; thankfully the Muggles had the good sense to stay in. Severus thought as he walked down the street with the others. Thankfully he was covered and nobody would recognize him. Not even Dumbledore if he raided anyone’s mind to find out what happened. He saw the Squib, Figg peaking out of her window. She was in the Order, he wondered if she had known what Harry's home life had been like - he hoped not or he would enjoy her death as well. No doubt the Order would be here quickly, so he had to be sure to keep an eye out. There was
no wards on the property, they had either faded or never been there to begin with. The fact Harry had never seen them as family, would probably have a factor in it.

"Alohomora" shouted Bella laughing gleefully as she walked into the house of Harry Potter.

There was pounding, heavy pounding of something heavy crossing the landing.

Avery stalked up the stairs, a blood thirsty grin on his face, looking ready to play with his toys. He scoffed at the fat Muggle, as if plastic would help him. He was about to prove it, pointing his wand at him, just then a loud bang followed a permanently surprised look on Avery’s face. Looking down he saw a hole in his chest. Touching it in disbelief, he chuckled in incredulity before he fell back, dead before he touched the ground.

Voldemort passed a very familiar wand to Severus, finally reunited with it. Voldemort’s look was clear, he’d take part tonight whether he wanted to or not. No one noticed him sliding it up his right sleeve and pulling another the same colour of wood out into his left palm. His second wand was about to come into play for a more…fun aspect.

“Accio!” snapped Severus, summoning the gun to him, slightly shocked with the Muggles guts. He’d actually just killed Avery, what a way to go, killed by an obese Muggle. Well Severus definitely was going to remember this for as long as he lived.

“Crucio!” snarled Voldemort, fury bubbling through him; the stupid idiotic Muggle had just cost him one of his more…entertaining Death Eaters.

“Freaks! Vernon!” screeched Petunia, crouching down beside her husband’s shaking form. How he didn’t end up rolling down the stairs was anyone’s guess. “Stop it! Just bloody stop it you disgusting freakish idiots!”

Severus observed her slightly bemused; Petunia had not changed the slightest. She was just as horrible and giraffe like as she had been as a child. The girl who had once wanted to be a Witch just like him, he had always found it amusing. She called her sister a freak of nature yet she wanted to be one herself. The Dark Lord speaking brought Severus out of his thoughts, paying close attention to everything happening.

"Where is Harry Potter!" demanded Voldemort angrily.

"Potter?" spat Petunia as if it were a nasty curse; Severus himself was actually pretty impressed of how much hate she put into the name. Harry had been nothing but a defenceless baby that had been left in their care. How could she have hated him so much? Merlin he was going to kill them.

"Where is he you stupid Muggle!" hissed Bella banishing her wand.

"I don't know where the nasty little freak went! I've not seen him since they took him to that nasty freak school of yours!" snarled Petunia holding her husband who was sobbing in pain. The curse had finally been lifted, and he just lay there blubbery.

“She speaks the truth,” said Severus, “She is useless.”

"Crucio" snapped Voldemort; if he couldn’t get information from the woman then he’d kill her.

“Sectumsempra!” said Severus; aiming it at the fat boy he could see hiding just at the corner. He was down before he knew what was happening.

Voldemort’s red eyes twinkled viciously as he stopped the spell, allowing the woman to see her son
“No! Dudders, my precious boy! No please! We don’t have the freak! We never wanted the freak!” sobbed Petunia, trying and failing to stop the bleeding. Her son was dying in from of her and there was nothing she could do. Nothing stopped bleeding, no matter how hard she pressed, her tears mingled with the blood as she continued tying. “What has the freak brought down upon us? I should have put him in an orphanage the ungrateful brat.”

“Confringo!” hissed Severus, infuriated beyond words at her statement. His aim was perfect, an unholy wail rose out of Petunia’s mouth as her arm was blasted into smithereens. Bone, tissue and blood splattered everywhere in its wake. Petunia passed out unable to process the pain she was in or what had just happened.

“Enervate!” said Bella giggling at the Muggle, prodding her arm as she woke making her scream in agony.

“Confringo!” hissed Severus, at her other arm, causing the Death Eaters to move out of the way hastily. Once again reminded why they never pissed Severus Snape off, he was merciless. He was very creative in causing the maximum amount of pain without the result of death.

“Urere,” hissed Severus, repeating it again upon the other stump, causing both wounds to instantly cauterise. Petunia cried out as more pain was added to her system, twisting and turning in hopes of making it go away. A foot descended, Petunia flinched expecting it to crush her, yet it didn’t. She was forced to watch her son. Tears and snot were raining down her face, as the Death Eaters laughed around her.

Severus held her face in place with his boot, enjoying getting revenge for a defenceless child. Harry may not be that child anymore, no that child had died in their care, a stronger Harry rose from the ashes and ran away from both the Dursley’s and Dumbledore. Now she’d see what her actions had caused, even if she didn’t understand.

“Crucio!” cackled Bellatrix, jumping up and down grinning as Dudley Dursley began shaking, moaning weakly in pain. Twisting and jerking made more blood flow from the open wounds, Snape’s Sectumsempra had caused. She copied Snape and stood on her sons face, forcing their eyes to meet.

“Mummy,” moaned the dying young man, he didn’t understand, why was this happening? His mum had said they got rid of the freak…was this why? They could do the same things as his freakish cousin could do.

“Not fast enough,” grumbled Bellatrix, punching as viciously as possible against Dudley’s weak and sliced open chest. The shock of it made Dudley shake some more, before he stilled, his lips began to slowly turn blue at the lack of oxygen. His eyes began to glaze over as his mother watched sobbing her heart out.

“Sectumsempra,” repeated Severus, severing Petunia’s leg from her torso. “Urere.”

“Remind me again never to piss you off Snape.” said Nott, his eyes warily meeting Snape’s. He’d seen a lot of things, but this…this was torture to a whole new level.

“It’s a good outlet.” said Severus calmly as if he hadn’t just been torturing someone, or was about to start again.

“Fervo Sanguis,” hissed Nott at the neglected Vernon Dursley. The bastard had killed his best friend; he would pay for the crime with his life. Immediately he began screaming, his bloody began to boil,
his body began to get lumpy as his bloody literally began to cook inside his body and veins.

Severus immediately shielded himself, against what he knew was coming; the others did exactly the same. Using his foot, he forced Petunia to turn her head to the other side. He was surprised she was still alive, if he was being honest. She’d lost both her arms and leg even if the wounds had been cauterised. Like a volcano, Vernon Dursley erupted, blood and spatter flying everywhere leaving nothing behind to possibly identify him. He grimaced at the fact Petunia had screamed at the wrong moment, watching in morbid fascination as she went green. Having a piece of your husband’s flesh in their mouth would make anyone sick.

Leaning over her, when he felt the wards being tripped, he forced himself into her mind, shielding it from Voldemort and said ‘This is for Harry Potter everything you did to him. If you’d just loved him as you should…well this wouldn’t have happened. You brought it on yourself.’ coming out he removed his mask, smirking at her; her eyes widened recognizing him immediately. She gurgled but before she could say or do anything Severus acted.

“Avada Kedavra!” said Severus. It was curious that he didn’t even feel the slightest bit guilty. Normally after such a thing, he would feel that way. “My Lord the ward has been tripped, someone is coming and I think we have a good idea who it is.” Severus added grimly, no doubt it was Dumbledore, and he was genuinely surprised he’d taken so long to come.

“Leave,” said Voldemort, with a twirl he disappeared, Apparating from the house. The others followed, leaving Avery’s body to be found, there was just no point in taking it with them. He was no good to them dead after all.

Leaving behind a caved in chest of Dudley Dursley, half a Petunia Dursley with the rest scattered around the area. Let’s not forget the splattered remains of Vernon Dursley for the Order to find.

Severus Apparated to the wards of Hogwarts, and made his way towards his Dungeons. He knew Dumbledore would likely be down as soon as he was finished at Privet Drive. So he had to get the wand hidden. He couldn’t risk Dumbledore finding out about it, or realizing what he had it full stop. He was going to deny even being there, since he used his unregistered wand it couldn’t be tracked to him. Ollivander had sworn an unbreakable oath. He best get to Harry, no doubt he was worrying even if he didn’t show it. He knew how attached Harry was to him, and even if he wouldn’t admit it, it warmed his heart.
Hogwarts

Pretty Boy

Chapter 30

Hogwarts

Hadrian had gone back to Severus’ quarters by himself, surprisingly not once getting lost. He hadn’t been able to make his way around before. He’d left before truly getting used to Hogwarts and its strange ways. Thankfully there wasn’t stairs leading down to the dungeons, so he couldn’t really end up on the wrong path. On his way there, he’d begun talking to a snake; there were many of them in the portraits in the dungeons. They would let him know, if Dumbledore came anywhere near Severus’ rooms. Once he got in, he sat down and began to eat the rest of his chocolate bar. He’d never had chocolate before; it had been a luxury he couldn’t afford. He could now, and it was nicer than he could have imagined. No wonder kids always wanted it, why Dudley had always demanded it.

Getting up Harry put the rest of the chocolate in the fridge, he’d never let himself end up like Dudley. Eating all that chocolate would be one hell of a way to accomplish it. Putting on the kettle, it immediately boiled and whistled. Grinning wryly, he raked around looking for a cup, finding a large mug he made himself a coffee. Although to be honest he’d have preferred some juice, the chocolate had made him dry as hell.

“The dark one is coming,” hissed the snake.

“Thanks,” hissed Hadrian right back, as he wandered back through, getting a cup of coffee ready for him. He sneered at how…domesticated he’d become, honestly, yet…he rather liked it even if he wouldn’t admit it. It was nice, not doing the same thing over and over again. He’d spent so long just sleeping, making money at night, never talking to anyone. Now he was learning magic, finally getting his long awaited revenge.

“You alright?” asked Hadrian, observing Severus inwardly relieved that he didn’t seem hurt.

"I'm fine," murmured Severus looking exhausted, he gratefully sank into the seat. Thinking of what to tell Dumbledore. He certainly wasn’t going to admit to being at Privet Drive.

"Coffee?" enquired Hadrian.

“I wouldn’t mind,” replied Severus. He liked that - someone being concerned. Someone that didn’t demand to know what happened; he doubted Harry was even curious. He didn’t normally get to rest until Dumbledore had heard everything, and finished analysing what it could mean. A steaming brew was put in front of him; he accepted it gratefully. Harry still looking like 'Hadrian' joined him, reading a book on Ancient runes. He was half way through already, but it didn’t surprise Severus. Harry really liked Ancient Runes.

"You really shouldn't read that here, Dumbledore may walk in any time." murmured Severus softly, carding his hand though Harry's silky long hair soothingly. Harry was like a cat, purring and leaning into the affection as if he was starved for it. Which he was but still, he continued his actions drinking his strong black coffee.

“We have the map, not only that but we also have the portraits on our side, they let me know you were coming. They will let me know whenever Dumbledore is nearby, just in case we aren’t near the
“map.” said Hadrian smirking victoriously. “Since he can’t talk to snakes he won’t know.

Severus smirked, despite Harry’s lack of magical education he was fitting in nicely. He had one smart young man for a lover indeed. Severus felt like he could properly relax for the first time since he had been made a teacher and Head of Slytherin house at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Dumbledore had always made a habit of surprising him, just walking into his quarters as if he owned the place. Well no more, he wouldn’t be surprised again. “Indeed.”

The snake suddenly began hissing twenty minutes later, even if he wasn’t able to understand - Severus knew what it was about.

“He’s coming,” said Hadrian wryly, sitting up he went through to the bedroom, closing the door but leaving it open just a tad. He wanted to hear what the old fool had to say, placing the book on the drawers he got himself comfortable.

“Severus were you called?” asked Dumbledore walking calmly as you please into his employees room as if it was an every day occurrence.

“Albus,” said Severus impassively, his anger as it always was hidden.

“Were you called?” demanded Dumbledore looking enraged.

“Yes,” replied Severus, “He demanded to know why I took on an apprentice, afterwards the Dark Lord left with Avery, Bellatrix, Rodolphus and Nott. I do not know where, it was never explained.”

“I know, he went to the Dursley’s they are dead.” said Dumbledore looking sick to his stomach.

“The Dursley’s? Weren’t they protected?” asked Severus looking baffled, “The protection…surely it would have protected them?”

“When Harry went for training he didn’t return to the Dursley’s, thus the wards weren’t replenished.” said Albus, “He didn’t want to return, and now his last remaining family are dead because of it.”

Hadrian sneered at Dumbledore’s words; oh he couldn’t wait till the bastard for all his lies. Even now he continued to lie; he was amazed the old fool could remember them all. Lies always came back to bite you in the arse, and it would do the same for Dumbledore. It was just eighteen years too late in coming, Harry would enjoy every second of it.

“Harry you can come back out now,” called Severus bringing him out of his thoughts.

“I can’t wait to kill him,” said Hadrian, before he continued on, “You were gone longer than just telling the Dark Lord about me.”

“I was indeed,” said Severus wryly, “I have something I want to show you.”

“What?” asked Hadrian frowning in confusion.

Smirking he removed the pensive from the cupboard, thankfully Lupin had returned it otherwise he wouldn’t have be able to. Placing it on the table, he removed the memory and placed it in. The ghostly memory floated around tauntingly.

“What is it?” asked Hadrian stepping forward, strangely drawn to what looked like an odd stream of water. He knew it was a memory through, he’d seen one before when Severus gave Remus the memories. The urge to touch it was very strong, something that hadn’t happened the last time. His
self preservation won out, he didn’t know what memory was in there so he didn’t touch it. Not wanting drawn in, but he had a feeling he was supposed to though.

“A memory I think you will enjoy immensely.” said Severus “Ready? Touch it on three. 1, 2, 3.”

Both of them disappeared from view, immersed in the memory that had just occurred a few hours ago.

“I have to remember that spell,” said Hadrian as he was thrown from the pensive. His green eyes gleaming with malicious satisfaction. All those years of abuse…avenged, he was tempted to like the Dark Lord for that alone. He knew the snake faced bastard probably thought he’d be upset about it. He was in for a shock, no if the Dark Lord wasn’t trying to kill him; he’d have shook his hand for it.

“Which one?” enquired Severus.

“Both actually,” conceded Hadrian, “I know you invented one of them, did you invent the other?” he remembered it from the book, the Potion book Severus had given him.

“No,” said Severus. It was certainly going to be a highlighted memory, one he wouldn’t forget for a while.

“I’m going to get Sirius and Remus,” said Hadrian, wandering over to the Floo. Severus opened his mouth to object, tell Harry that they wouldn’t find…the same amusement as they did but he was too late. His head was already stuck in the Floo Network, shaking his head in exasperation. He would learn not everyone had a taste for this, especially those two.

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"Are you alright?" asked Hadrian cocking his head to the side.

"Fine" said Remus looking fainthearted.

"Well I won’t be bringing you along when I get my revenge on Lucius Malfoy." said Hadrian scoffing, shaking his head. Of everyone else he had expected the wolf to have the heaviest stomach. He was weak, and Harry didn’t know how to feel about that. There was no room for weakness in his life, hopefully he would change but Harry wasn’t going to bet on it.

Remus flushed and looked away embarrassed, he knew he looked like a fool. Especially considering he knew what those bastards had done to Harry. However, they had suffered a very cruel fate, and seeing what Severus was capable it was hardly a wonder he was in Voldemort's inner circle.

“Want to watch it again?” asked Sirius looking rather vindictively smug, the only problem he had, was the fact he couldn’t be part of it. They deserved every ounce of pain, they’d hurt his godson, even now it affected him even if he didn’t admit it.

“Yep!” and both of them disappeared from view again.

“Are you really going to let Harry get revenge on Lucius Malfoy? You know what he’s capable of…yet you are going to let Harry near him?” said Remus.

“There’s a reason I agreed, it’s to make sure Harry didn’t do anything stupid. If I am there, there’s less chance of anything going wrong.” said Severus his lip curling.

“You are going to let him do something like…this?” asked Remus gesturing to the pensive. “It will
ruin his life, killing another person will change him.”

“Shall I take him and run then? Just in case you are forgetting, he is supposed to kill the Dark Lord. Shall we leave the wizarding world to be enslaved and burnt to the ground to satisfy your life is golden view?” snapped Severus irritated.

“I just want what’s best for him…it isn’t normal watching that and being happy.” said Remus.

“No?” questioned Severus, “If it was Greyback I’m sure you’d be happy enough.”

Remus didn’t reply as he sat there unsure of anything anymore.

Sirius and Harry returned from the pensive, once Harry had righted himself he passed the pensive over to Severus. He was finished with it, once had been enough, he’d remember it always. In his opinion Vernon Dursley had got of to easily. He’d have played with him some more, but it had been Vernon who had hurt him most.

Severus returned it to its normal place, after retrieving the memory within in. Sirius kept giving Remus odd looks, wondering what was wrong with his lover.

“Harry is getting better at Occlumency,” said Severus changing the subject. If they were going to fight, he’d rather it be away from his quarters.

“Really? Well done!” said Sirius it took him years to learn it, but he had just been a kid. Nevertheless he was still proud of him.

"Yeah…I think of my cupboard." Stated Hadrian calmly. Hopefully this would remove any lingering doubt Lupin had. He wanted the werewolf to understand why he was the way he was. He would never be the golden boy Remus wanted.

“Cupboard?” asked Sirius blankly.

“That’s where they kept me for eleven years. In a cupboard under the stairs, despite the fact they had two free rooms in their home.” said Hadrian blankly, revealing nothing on how it made him feel.

Severus withheld a smirk, he knew what Harry was up to and he had to say it was expertly done. He wasn’t any happier at hearing more about Harry’s home life though. It just made him feel even better that they’d suffered as they did.

Sirius snarled furiously, his blue eyes flashing in anger - he’d never felt so willing to kill before. It was a good job they were dead, otherwise Sirius would have Apparated away and did it himself. He had sworn not to touch Dumbledore and Moody, not the bloody Dursley’s.

“I was safe in there at least, he was too big to get in and hurt me.” said Hadrian, he could see Remus was about to loose his composure, maybe now he would understand.

“I wish I had been there,” hissed Sirius.

Remus' amber eyes got a feral gleam in them, he suddenly looked satisfied. He couldn't believe he had sat there and felt sorry for the Dursley’s, for how they had been killed. How dare they put Harry in a fucking cupboard when they had a room they could have given him? Some house elves were better treated than Harry had been by the looks of things. His wolf howled at the mistreatment of his cub he suddenly wished himself he had been apart of the proceedings. Sirius smirked when he saw the changes in Remus; oh he had known Remus had felt sorry for those odious Muggles. He had been waiting on them going home before ripping into him. It seemed he wasn't going to have to, they’d known he had been abused but they hadn’t understand the extent of it.
"When I was allowed out my cupboard, which was at six o'clock in the morning. My aunt would put the water heater on, take me up the stairs allow me to relieve myself and let me wash myself with cold water from the tap. I would be forced down the stairs and made to make breakfast, if I did anything wrong she would smack me over the head with the frying pan or any kitchen utensil she can get her hand on usually the pan or rolling pin. She was awfully delicate she didn't like hitting me with her hands…I think it hurt her to hit me. Plus they hated touching me for any reason. They were scared I would affect them with my 'Freakishness’" sneered Hadrian bitterly. Now that he had started talking he found it difficult to stop.

Severus began to rub Hadrian's back soothingly, his hand on his bare back. Severus had noticed skin on skin contact calmed him quicker, although he wasn't exactly sure why. He almost smiled bitterly despite the situation; he loved it when Harry would mould again him. Sometimes he couldn't believe that this beautiful creature was willing with him. He knew he wasn't the most attractive man in the world, nor was his personality the greatest. However, Harry's personality was much like his maybe that's why they got on so well together.

"After it was made, I would set the table, and be forced to stand in the corner. Watching them eat everything I had cooked, enjoying it and smirking at me from where they sat. Forced to cater to their every whim, which included fetching them more toast, orange, juice, coffee, tea you name it they wanted it. Then I would be forced to go to the shops to get whatever it is my aunt wanted me to buy. Carrying several bags of shopping home, if it was a school day I barely got back in time to put it away and run towards school. I was normally always late, my teacher hated that. Of course I tried telling my first primary school teacher why I was so late. She then took me to the headmistress office and before I knew it I was accused of being a liar and sent back to class." Explained Hadrian his eyes dark and filled with bitterness. Nobody had listened to him, the Dursley’s had been convincing.

Severus closed his eyes tiredly, if Harry had been abused like that what hope was there for the rest of them? Severus personally couldn't wait to kill Dumbledore. It was the old fool's fault, he hadn't checked on the boy and he had known about it.

"That was probably the worst beaten I had ever received to that point, they had told my uncle what happened. My uncle had taken the belt to me and made me count; twenty times he hit me that day. I didn't make a sound, I was actually quite proud of myself." laughed Harry bitterly, "But my punishment wasn't over he then dragged me to the cooker and held me over the hob, I remember my tears sizzling as they hit it. My uncle wasn't the fittest guy in the world, he dropped me on it, and all I could feel was the burning I screamed so loudly and passed out woke up the next day in my cupboard still in agony." Harry wore a grimace on his face as if he could feel the heat of the hob even now, and Severus wouldn't be surprised if he could.

Even Severus hadn't known about this and he thought he knew where most of the marks came from. "Where is the mark?" asked Severus. There was no burn mark; he knew every single curve and scar on Harry's body. He'd mapped it plenty of times, showing Harry he didn’t care about his scars.

"It disappeared a week later...my aunt had chopped of all my hair, leaving from my fringe. I fell asleep eventually, rolled on the side that hadn't been burnt. When I woke up my hair was back to normal and most of all my bruises, scars and the burn were gone. My uncle was furious; he belted me into the next week." Replied Hadrian.

"Wish magic…very strange it usually only happens in sever distressing situations mainly death." said Remus, who looked a little green. Harry felt Severus nodding behind him as if he was agreeing with Remus. Harry hadn't heard of wish magic and was curiously waiting on them explaining it.

"Wish magic is very powerful accidental magic…only happening in sever life or death situations.
With your magic as powerful as it was you were able to force it to do your bidding without even knowing you had magic. It isn't usually something as complicated as that, usually its only Apparation to someone that will help them” explained Severus softly. With his magic bound of course, it was even more impressive, it could have actually killed him. Burnt out his magical core causing his body to shut down through the shock of it all. Merlin the more he learned the more baffled and shocked he became.

"If that's true why didn't I leave the Dursley's?" asked Hadrian.

"I don't know, you didn't know any other life, you knew no one would help you or you believed it. So much that your magic wasn't any help." Severus replied, stroking his hand through his hair, uncaring that he had company. Harry needed his comfort more than his small amount of embarrassment. They knew they were together, and got up to much more than this so really…it shouldn’t shock them too much.

"I'm glad those son of a bitches are dead." snarled Sirius angrily unable to contain his anger any longer.

"I know," replied Remus his voice calm and cool his amber eyes alight with anger.

"I think I best get Harry to bed," whispered Severus suddenly.

Remus and Sirius turned around confused, only to grin sort of wryly - Harry was sleeping against Severus. He looked so carefree, so peaceful he never looked like that awake. They wondered if he would look this serene some day, and they nodded they would make sure of it. Harry had been given such a hard life so far and he deserved some peace in his life, they were going to ensure it even if they had to kill every Death Eater with their bare hands to do it.

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Severus slipped under the covers twenty minutes later, having already put Harry into the bed earlier. He’d completed his class schedule, wanting to get it out of the way. Severus felt Harry shift on top of him, a hardness pressed against his now twitching member taking an interest in the proceedings. He was Harry again; he must have taken the Anti-dote. His hardness grew as Harry nibbled and kissed his way down his neck and chest, paying close attention to Severus' nipples. Harry loved hearing the hisses and whimpers he could garner from Severus. He was always so composed, so stern and he was so undeniably smug that he was the only one that got to see Severus like this.

“I didn’t think they were going to leave,” murmured Harry quietly as he laved his nipples before biting down on one.

“I agree.” hissed Severus chuckling slightly, Merlin if he’d known he wouldn’t have done the paperwork.

Turning then over, staring down at Harry, securely on top of him, he knew Harry loved it. Harry felt so safe under Severus, he trusted him impeccably to not let anything happen to him. The feeling of Severus all around him, his smell, his touch and more importantly his love made him feel so alive…safe. Something that Harry had felt precious little of in his life.

"I've wanted this for days" hissed Severus passionately. A strangled gasp left Severus' mouth when Harry arched up into him. Leaning over he kissed Harry hard and passionately, until the need for air drew them apart.
"Mmm Severus," moaned Harry, as Severus once again bit his shoulder. It wasn't painful but you could tell he was biting. It felt so great to be getting pleasure from sex without the guilt or disgust he usually felt. He hadn't truly gotten any pleasure from sex when he worked. There had been a few sadistic customers who had tried to arouse him, then there was a few who generally cared about his pleasure too. Harry shook his head he really didn't want to be thinking that right now, it wasn't who he was anymore. It was part of his past much like the Dursley's were now for good.

Severus knew all of Harry's weak spots, which caused him to whimper, groan, moan or even purr. "Turn over little one" said Severus panting heavily. Harry breathing just as heavily as Severus turned over which took a bit of time. Eventually he was on all fours his legs parted, making plenty of room for Severus. Harry shuddered when he felt the spell to prepare him. A moan tore out of his throat soon after, feeling Severus at his entrance.

Harry's head arched back, exposing the side of his neck; Severus bit him nibbling the bit of flesh with his teeth. As he felt Severus sink into him, inch by inch until he was fully embedded in. Harry's entire body was shaking, he had been through a lot today, the knowledge the Dursley's were dead was like a balm to his soul. He revealed information he didn't want to reveal to Sirius and Remus, and now he was panting with need for Severus to finish this. He was tired his mind needed rest and his body was finally agreeing with him. Harry was bone achingly tired, and Severus seemed to realize this.

His pace was fast and hard as he thrust deeply into him, stroking him closer to a climax each and every thrust as one. Severus held his lover up as his arms just about gave way. Shuddering Harry came hard, panting, seeing stars and ready to fall into blessed darkness. Suddenly warmth flooded him, as he clenched around Severus milking him for everything. Falling together, only the sound of panting in the air as they recovered. Harry cleaned the mess wandlessly, as Severus wrapped his arms around him. It was the last thing he remembered as he finally lost the battle, falling asleep secure in Severus’ arms.

There truly wasn’t anywhere else in the world Harry wanted to be.
Misunderstanding And Fury

Pretty Boy

Chapter 31

Misunderstands and Fury

Hadrian stared blankly at the piece of paper, he’d been given from Severus, he read it confused. Severus told him to memorize it and it would make sense in a minute, the paper was set fire to and banished no way to bring it back. Harry repeated the paper's words in his head and a house literally appeared out of nowhere. His jaw would have been on the floor if he wasn't good at hiding his emotions. Severus just smirked as if he knew what he was thinking and feeling. It wasn't long before they entered the house, and Harry could see what Sirius was meaning. It was disgusting in here no wonder he preferred to stay somewhere else.

"Hey Hadrian!" beamed Remus as if it had been months since they met up not just a few days.

"Hey Remus how are you?" asked Hadrian, he saw Dumbledore looking frustrated. Perhaps it was because he was being nice to Sirius and Remus and ignoring the old man.

"I'm fine thanks," smiled Remus kindly at him.

"Is Sirius coming tonight?" asked Hadrian a little smirk playing on his lips.

"Yes he should be here soon…he's been busy." shrugged Remus looking a little sheepish.

Hadrian just smirked some more and sat down in the very empty kitchen of Grimmauld Place. Just then screeching started up, Hadrian's head snapped up already on the defensive. He followed the awful screeching, and stood surprised gawping at the portrait of an old lady.

"Well that's no language for a lady to use," said Hadrian in mock shock and horror.

That shut her up; she gawped back at Hadrian as if she couldn't believe her ears.

"Wow…I've never seen her quiet before!" said a stunned Remus.

"If you're mother heard you, I doubt you would be sitting straight for a week perhaps longer! You are a lady of the Nobel and most Ancient house of Black!" said Hadrian shaking his head in disappointment.

The jaw of the most infamous person who had a temper that rivalled a spoiled two year old was unhinged. Portrait or not she was shocked; usually they just roared at her and shut her curtain. This man was scolding her as if she was an errant three year old. Its something the old woman had never dealt with before.

"I will speak to the Mudblood's as I see fit!" huffed Walburga Black.

"You do know the arsehole that you call Lord Voldemort is half blood? The Slytherin line is tainted with the blood of a Muggle." sneered Hadrian, remembering what Severus had said to him.

"What?" shrieked Walburga Black looking at Hadrian with such a disbelieving look on her face it made her look deeply unattractive. Not that she had been attractive to begin with, the inner breeding did make them rather…dog like.
"Shocked? Good now maybe you can keep quiet and let us get on with things," said Hadrian bowing low in a sign of respect. He had read up on the traditions of the purebloods.

"Sirius isn't going to believe this," said Remus looking at Harry in awe.

"That's the beauty of Pensive my good friend," said Hadrian smirking wickedly.

Remus' eyes went wide seeing that smirk if he hadn't known he would have swore that it was identical to Severus'. It was actually kind of freaky. Remus saw Dumbledore’s face from the corner of his eyes and grinned, realizing what Harry was up to.

"If we can get back to business?" said Dumbledore looking put out.

"Sorry Albus," said Remus a light blush covering his face.

"Just sign this Mr. Williams." said Dumbledore sliding the piece of paper over. Harry could sense the magic covering it, he couldn't tell what exactly it was but he had a bad feeling about it.

"What exactly is it?" asked Hadrian frowning.

"It's just a piece of paper that ensures you don't talk about the Order's coming and goings," said Dumbledore smiling soothingly.

"I will have my goblin check it over, one of the first things my mother taught me was never to sign anything without reading it thoroughly." said Hadrian smoothly, no emotion showing on his face even though he was shocked. He saw Severus frowning at him, Severus could see he was shocked at something; the twitch at his left eye gave him away.

"I assure you it's exactly what I said it's perfectly safe as many others before you have signed it." reassured Dumbledore.

"Never the less I'd feel more comfortable getting it checked," said Hadrian sweeping the document up and putting it in his pocket before Dumbledore could grab it back. Dumbledore's twinkle left, he looked furious for a second before it was covered up. The twinkle gradually came back, and before anyone could contemplate further更多 Order members began filling in.

"Tonks any luck?" asked Dumbledore starting off right away.

"No sir, the Muggles have cleaned up Privet Drive and are renting out the house out. Will we rent it and see if anyone comes? If Harry hears about his family wherever he is, he might come and say his respects?" said Tonks softly, the horror of the sight made her shudder in revulsion.

Hadrian withheld his snort, barely.

"We have been watching it but no luck. I think we best just keep an eye on the area. One guard posted at each end of Privet Drive at all times we need him" said Dumbledore. He wasn't using money to buy a properly, especially when they wouldn't use it.

"Why?" frowned Hadrian, everyone turned to look at him.

"It's been prophesied he would defeat You-Know-Who." said Hermione smugly.

"You-Know-Who," mimicked Hadrian sarcastically "You cannot even say his name pathetic." he scoffed.

Hermione went bright red and her lips disappeared, she really hated that man.
"Like you can do any better!" said Ron a pathetic attempt of a sneer on his face.

"You mean like call him Voldemort?" said Hadrian casually, causing most of the Order members to flinch in unison.

Hadrian shut his eyed and sighed in contempt for these people - and they were supposed to be everyone's hope for the war to end. They were a bunch of pathetic idiots, playing hero or trying to anyway. They didn’t have what it took to end the war; he could see that, they were all weak. They wouldn’t kill, couldn’t kill, they didn’t have it in them. Some of them were supposed to be Auror’s or at least that’s what Severus said.

"Calm down Hadrian, many people here have lost someone because of him." said Sirius.

"And? I haven't?" protested Hadrian.

"It's instinct to call him that now…people fear him that much" said Remus.

"Fear of a name only increases the fear of the thing itself" quoted Hadrian.

"True but they are already afraid of him." said Remus.

"Oh!" said Hadrian sighing, “Never mind.” sighed Hadrian shaking his head agitated.

"Anyone else had any leads?" asked Dumbledore looking depressed.

"Nothing so far sir," sighed Hermione looking downheartedly. She wished she could find him, get back into Dumbledore’s good graces. He’d been ever so unhappy with her since she’d used magic on that Muggle.

"Severus?" asked Dumbledore.

"Voldemort's desperate for more followers; he has told Lucius that Draco is to come with the new recruits. Delores Umbridge is going to be recruited as well…she's too close to Fudge for it to remain safe if she gets marked who knows what she will whisper in his ear. Fudge has backed out, whatever you said to him evidently worked." said Severus frowning.

"Do you think Draco wants to be a Death Eater? I know you tried to make him see reason subtly of course." asked Dumbledore looking as if he was contemplating something.

"I do not know Albus…I don't want him marked if I can help it" said Severus looking pissed off. He knew what the old fool was thinking; he didn’t need to read his mind.

"You cannot give up your duties…not even for Draco," said Dumbledore it was more of a demand than a plea. Severus growled low in his throat looking extremely pissed off. He refused to answer just stared at the table as if it were the most disgusting and evil thing in the world.

“And you call yourself the light side?” asked Hadrian looking at them in disgust. “Is this what happens? He tells you what to do and you do it without thinking for yourselves?”

“I do what’s right,” said Dumbledore inwardly furious with the nerve of the man.

“I’m sure you do,” sneered Hadrian.

"We shouldn't use all our resources looking for Potter" said Shacklebolt his black bald head had a rough scar across it as if he had been hit with a nasty curse. He looked as if he wasn't sure how his statement would be taken, and rightfully so they were all looking at him furiously including
Dumbledore. The argument Hadrian had started was promptly forgotten, he too would forget it in a matter of seconds.

"How can you say that!" shouted Sirius standing up wand in hand, acting his part to perfection.

"Sit down Sirius, hear him out!” snapped Remus always the level headed one shoving Sirius back down. Although he looked quite angry himself at Shacklebolt's suggestion.

"Voldemort's getting more active, I think those with great defence skills should try and figure out where he will hit next. He killed Potter's relatives and he's killed a lot more people in the past few weeks than ever before…all that looked remotely like a Potter. The Ministry hasn’t put the pieces together but I did." said Shacklebolt.

"Maybe…maybe he does have a point." said Tonks.

"Potter is needed to win this war…no matter what happens to others." said Moody.

"Relying on Potter, stupid move to make." sneered Severus.

Hadrian looked at him stonily, and Severus felt extremely guilty, he should have told him about how he’d have to act.

"Shut it Snivellus!" snarled Sirius looking ready to jump across the table and throttle Severus.

"Calm down Sirius, don't let him get to you." said Remus.

"Severus come now, you know how much we need him. You better be kind to the boy when we do find him." said Dumbledore a note of warning in his voice.

Severus looked constipated at that but thankfully remained silent. Remus and Sirius had a worried look on their face, by the look on Hadrian’s face; they’d say Snape had screwed up. Sirius and Remus looked at each other in exasperation and wondered if they were going to have an emotional Harry at their door again tonight. Not that they minded far from it, they just didn't want it to go too far one day and have Harry disappear. Not when they had just gotten him back, and it was only about a few days ago they had fought last time.

Thankfully the meeting didn't last much longer, Sirius and Remus followed Severus and Hadrian back to Hogwarts. It was a tense silence; Remus and Sirius were almost tempted to leave them to figure it out themselves. Both of them were too bloody stubborn, and they might need to referee.

"What the hell was that all about?" demanded Hadrian as soon as the doors shut. Green eyes flashing angrily at the three men, he had felt his heart jerk painfully when Severus had said it. The three men saw the hurt behind the anger and the guilt grew in Severus even more.

"I'm sorry love," sighed Severus, guilt settled in an uncomfortable position in his stomach. It only got worse when Harry stepped back from him.

"Harry you do know that your dad and Severus were enemies don’t you?” asked Remus.

"Obviously," said Hadrian, still staring at the three men stonily.

"Well before Severus knew how you were treated…before you got together he hated you. No he hated the image he had built up of a spoiled boy. We were all guilty of it I thought you were spoiled too…and Sirius imagined a miniature James," said Remus softly.
"If he changed Dumbledore would suspect something. He's always been very negative towards any mentions of the name Potter. He will have to continue if you want your revenge." said Sirius.

Hadrian looked at the floor suddenly looking tired and utterly confused. He didn't know what to believe, that hate had seemed all too real to him. Then again he knew how good Severus was at acting. However, Harry began to doubt whether the real Severus was the one that hated him or the one who loved him.

"I'm sorry love I should have warned you…but it didn't even enter my thoughts until it was brought up." said Severus warily.

Hadrian sighed and sat down beside Severus feeling wrenched.

"I've got a present for you," said Sirius looking extremely pleased. Deciding to change the subject, with his present Harry might be able to let off some steam so to speak.

"Me?" asked Hadrian frowning.

"Yup" replied Sirius wagging his eyebrows in a very doggy fashion.

"What?" asked Hadrian, he'd never seen that kind of look on his face before.

"Come and find out," said Sirius a sinister smile on his face.

"I'm sorry Sev…it's just the hate on your face," said Hadrian his face drawn and haunted.

Severus closed his eyes and sighed he had promised not to hurt Harry and he somehow continued to do so. He knew just how insecure Harry was and things like this weren't helping any. "I am so sorry love more so than you know," said Severus; he brought Harry into a hug letting out a sigh of relief when Harry allowed the contact. Sirius and Remus smiled grimly when they realized everything was going to be alright.

"So are you coming?" smirked Sirius.

"Sure," agreed Hadrian.

"You might want to bring any experimental potions you have Severus," said Sirius his eyes looked cold and hard. A sight Severus hadn't seen before in his entire life, curious now he did as he was told. Sirius had mental shields up so he couldn't even find out what on earth it was.
Pretty Boy

Chapter 32

Contracts and Torture

Sirius, Remus, Severus and ‘Hadrian’ all left Hogwarts, Apparating directly to Sirius and Remus’ flat. The three clueless wizards followed an extremely pleased Sirius Black. As soon as they landed in the flat, Harry removed the potion from his system, gratefully returning to normal. He still wasn’t used to walking around in his older body. Wrinkles! Who willingly got wrinkles at nineteen years old? It was madness. He wasn’t vain, he just didn’t like wrinkles, nobody did.

“Why didn’t you sign the contract?” asked Remus curiously, he was sure it had whatever it was, had more to do than just looking it over. He’d seen the look on Dumbledore’s face when Harry had put it in his cloak pocket. He didn’t think anyone had walked out with a copy unsigned; Dumbledore normally just took it back and put it away somewhere. Probably had a drawer filled with them at Hogwarts.

“I won’t be signing it,” said Harry, “My magic spiked just being near it, there’s something wrong with it. I can’t tell what, but it’s not just the oath either, which wouldn’t take affect until its signed right?”

“Yes, nothing should happen until its signed.” said Remus looking confused.

“May I see it?” asked Severus, wrapping his arms around Harry’s midsection. He still felt incredibly guilty about his earlier actions. Harry had been hurt by his words; he’d actually backed away from him. Thankfully he hadn’t done that again, he was leaning into him, and all was forgiven. He knew Harry wouldn’t forget, and he would have to make sure Harry didn’t doubt him for a second. He did love him, hopefully Harry would realize this one day.

Harry fished the contract out of his cloak pocket, or rather Severus’ cloak, he was only borrowing it. He’d still to order any clothes from the catalogues Severus had lying around. He passed it over, his magic once again reacting violently. His magic hadn’t done that before, it was a warning, but a warning against what? If anyone could find out though it would be Severus.

“You are right,” said Severus, “Finite Incantatem!” and the words disappeared, a whole new set reappearing as if the other had never existed. That is why you should always check all magical documents, not just to make sure there wasn’t magic on it, but to make sure you were signing what you thought you were. The fury exploded across Severus’ face was more telling than if they were reading it themselves.

“What it is?” asked Remus, dread written across his face, as he shuffled forward, not sure if he wanted to see. He had signed one of those when he was what? Eighteen years old after Hogwarts. If there was something on that one, there might have been something on his. Closing his eyes, he walked further over, opening one eye and looking down. His face went pasty white, gaping at the parchment as if the devil himself was about to leap out. “That bastard.” croaked Remus in incomprehensible disbelief. The faces of each Order member flashing though his minds eye, had they to fallen victim to Dumbledore? All this time…what if Harry hadn’t been the only one Dumbledore had magically blocked?
“What’s going on?” asked Sirius coming back up from the basement hearing the end of Remus’ statement. Staring at the three of them, he’d gone away and they’d been curious, come back and they were horrified? Well needless to say he was confused.

“He’s…he’s…been leeching our magic,” said Remus still staring at the contract, but his eyes was glazed over. He was looking passed the paper, deeply betrayed and horrified. He shouldn’t feel that way, but he did, and he hated himself for feeling it.

“What?” yelled Sirius, his eyes boggling as he joined them, taking the contract from Snape and reading it himself. He followed Remus’ reaction and became paler than a Snape on a good day. “Has that bastard been taking my magic?”

“Hold still,” said Severus, removing his wand he chanted he words to see someone’s magical core.

“Could it just be Harry’s he wanted?” asked Remus horrified to see the yellow leech at the centre of his lover’s magical core. Sirius stared down just as revolted and aghast as him, if not more so - it was his magic being tampered with.

“Nobody can, it’s permanent until Dumbledore dies and the contract is nullified.” said Severus sympathetically. Which was a first, he was grateful he’d never signed one. He couldn’t sign the contract, because every time he went to the Dark Lord, he had to tell him something. The oath, if he’d signed it, would have seen that as a betrayal and he would have lost his magic. He certainly wouldn’t have been useful to anyone without magic.

Sirius swallowed thickly; nodding in agreement he knew that, he’d just clung to some hope. Hope that maybe Snape would have been able to help. He was finally beginning to understand Harry’s words from dinner that night. He truly hadn’t understood, how could he have? It wasn’t his magic that had been bound. Now though, he was finally beginning to realize what he’d lost, how Harry truly felt. The blood thirsty need for revenge. Oh he was furious, and he couldn’t wait, there would be no pranks, he’d wait, bid his time and then when he could he would relish in his death.

"Finite Incantatem," said Harry, touching the spot where Dumbledore's magical leech was. It should have been impossible to do, but Dumbledore's magic quickly faded like a star in the night sky. The contract was now broken, and without anyone even truly trying. Sirius’ magic went from burnt orange to deep blood red. He had been taking twenty percent of Sirius’ magic; Sirius became dizzy at the influx of magic. Remus quickly grabbed him, stopping him from falling as he recovered.

“ Weird isn’t it?” said Harry, “Feeling it like that?”

“Yeah,” agreed Sirius, if that’s how he’d felt how had Harry felt receiving nearly all his magic back again? He must have been in agony, that had hurt him and it was only a little bit.

“But that was impossible! It shouldn’t be possible.” said Remus gaping in shock, almost expecting the leech to return. It didn’t, it remained gone and Sirius’ magic stayed the same. "The contract was unbreakable, that shouldn’t have happened.”

“Harry is very powerful, more so than even Dumbledore.” explained Severus, “He somehow destroyed the leech, nullified the contract. What I do not know, is if Dumbledore has found out. If
he’s doing it to more than one person, there’s a good chance he won’t notice it.”

“Check me,” said Remus, his amber eyes flashing, his werewolf close to the surface.

“Ostendo veneficus aura,” repeated Severus once again. He wasn’t surprised to see the leech on Lupin’s magical core. His magical core was blue, but Harry wandlessly removed the leech from Remus, as he had done for Sirius. With a simple ‘Finite Incantatem’ and his magic flared, turning a deep purple. Indicating he’d been taking the same amount from Remus as he Sirius.

It was Sirius’ turn to help Remus as he temporary suffered from vertigo. Once he’d righted him, Sirius ripped the contract into a million pieces before burning it. There was no way in this world his Godson was signing that thing. “You just tell the old fool you’ve lost it.”

“And if he wants me to sign another?” asked Harry wryly.

“He won’t, he can’t risk you going to Gringotts with one, if anything he will be relived this one is ‘lost’.” said Severus darkly.

“Ready to see your present?” asked Sirius changing the subject.

“I suppose so,” said Harry, wondering once again what on earth the man was up to.

“Follow me.” said Sirius grinning that sadistic way once more.

“Oh man,” said Harry a vindictive grin spreading across his face, there sat Lucius Malfoy bound to a chair in Sirius’ basement. He was snarling like a rabid dog; spit flying from his mouth at his current situation. “This might be the best present I’ve ever gotten. You are brilliant!”

Sirius beamed at the compliment, wondering if he’d ever hear anything like that from Harry again. He was like Snape in a way, never saying much of anything positive.

“You!” hissed Lucius, “You are a traitor, and the Dark Lord will kill you! Filthy little coward!”

“Quite finished?” asked Severus dryly.

“You filthy little half blood, he should never have trusted you!” shrieked Lucius, still trying to get out of the magical bonds futilely. Nothing could get out of them, unless someone else removed the bonds.

“None of that now, its not very becoming of a man of your stature to say such words in someone else’s home, as a guest.” said Harry his green eyes glinting maliciously.

“Now your godson might be saved,” said Sirius quietly, speaking to Severus, “He has a choice at least.”

Severus nodded, his black eyes filled with gratitude.

“Who the hell are you?” sneered Lucius, sitting up straight, his mercury eyes boring into Harry’s, trying to intimidate him.

“I go by a few names, Hadrian Williams is one of them, but you might know me better as Harry Potter.” smirked Harry.

Lucius gaped, the apprentice…was Potter? Snape had betrayed them more than even he realized. The boy looked nothing like James Potter, maybe a superfluous resemblance, but that was it. Then he remembered, the eyes, Evan’s eyes, the boy had them.
“You will pay for killing my grandparents,” growled Harry.

Lucius gulped nervously, if he didn’t know any better he’d say the boy was channelling Snape. He had that look on his face, if Potter had anything to say about it, he would die this night.

“How did you catch him?” asked Remus surprised and slightly awed, even the Auror’s couldn’t get him.

“Black blood, Narcissa and no doubt Bellatrix get entrance to Malfoy Manor, I took a chance and it paid off. It was ridiculously easy to overpower him, smug bastard.” said Sirius.

“I’ll kill you Black, slowly.” snarled Lucius.

“Reducto!” said Harry, not using his wand, aiming it at Lucius Malfoy’s pinkie. It blasted right through it, and Lucius screamed bloody murder. His body shuddering at the agony lancing through him, blood continued to ooze copious amounts of blood.

“You call yourself the light side?” croaked Lucius his long blonde hair matted with bone, blood and skin. His body continued to shake in pain; he stared away from the mess, not daring to look at his hand. He’d never have imagined they had the guts to do this, not them, never in a million years.

“Who said anything about us being light?” sneered Harry, “Reducto!” and the next finger was blasted off, causing Lucius to scream bloody murder again.

“Looks like he cannot take his own medicine,” said Severus his black eyes glinting with mirth. Seeing Harry like this, was actually turning him on, it shouldn’t but it was and there was nothing to be done about it.

“Oh I think his victims are cheering somewhere,” Harry said vindictively. “Reducto!”

Lucius wailed in agony as his middle finger was severed, panting in anguish “Damn you Potter.”

“No Malfoy, damn you.” said Harry. “Sectumsempra!”

Lucius flinched as that spell came at him, he’d seen the affects and he knew he wouldn’t survive it. He was going to die here in some awful basement. For something he’d done when he was twenty two years old. He’d never thought it would come back and bite him in the arse; he probably wouldn’t be the only one either. Parkinson was probably next on Potter’s list, then his Lord. Struggling once more, trying to Apparate finding it useless. He was going to die; his breathing became erratic as the reality of the situation began to sink in.

“This is for my grandparents.” said Harry, “Crucio.”

It was a testament to the hate Harry held within, the spell worked its first time, with such force the chair was knocked flat on its back. The magical bonds tightening as Lucius writhed within them screaming as blood continued to ooze out of him.

“Harry,” said Severus, using his hand to lower his Harry’s, he didn’t want Harry using those spells. He knew the darkness they caused, how addictive they were. Revenge was one thing, but not the Unforgivables. The hatred Harry must feel to use to so...casually, so powerfully and so Wandless left him with the chills. “Do not taint your soul for him.”

"Our Lord will kill you," whispered Lucius looking at Severus fear in his eyes, he knew what Severus was capable of; he was going to died in pain. He had been shown what Severus had done to Potter's family. Nott had come to the Manor afterwards, making them all realize why they didn’t
screw with Snape.

“Not before I kill you,” said Severus impassively, “Plus I had nothing to do with his.” he added wryly.

“He killed your family, the Dursley’s, he killed them.” said Lucius loudly, gasping in pain he was finding it difficult to remain awake and aware.

“I know,” said Harry grinning in supreme satisfaction, “Too bad I wasn’t there, otherwise they would have suffered much greater.”

The light in Lucius’ eyes faded, nothing would get him out of this, and his last attempt had failed. He was so tired, in so much pain, he felt as if he had a crushing weight on his chest. Each breath he took was torture, coughing weakly, blood dribbling out his mouth. Blinking, he could see the four of them just standing there watching him. This isn’t how he envisioned his death, his son and wife…he loved them so much…he had so much he wanted to do still. He saw Severus hug Harry close, he would have grimaced in disgust if he had the energy. The last thing the evil wizard saw was the green light of a very familiar curse.

“Avada Kedavra,” said Severus, giving the man something Lucius hadn’t given his victims. Mercy.

“Make sure his left arm is visible, when he is found, no cover ups, he will be known as a Death Eater.” said Harry, there was no way in this world he wanted Malfoy getting a sob story in the papers.

“It will have to remain there for the night, the magic will be gone by tomorrow, with the cold it will be quicker.” said Severus. He’d used his proper wand, so he had no choice but to wait. He wasn’t about to let himself be found out this close to success and vengeance.

“You can stay for the night if you like,” said Remus quietly. As he headed up the stairs, the stench was unbearable. His werewolf nose could smell the decay a lot quicker than normal wizards.

“Yeah,” said Sirius in agreement following Remus up the steps.

“Are you okay?” asked Severus once they were alone.

“I’m fine,” said Harry.

“Not what you were expecting was it?” said Severus a knowing look in his eyes.

“Not really,” admitted Harry.

“That’s because he wasn’t directly the cause of your problems,” said Severus.

“Good practise though,” said Harry wryly, “No need to ask if you enjoyed yourself.”

Severus smirked wryly, gasping when Harry rubbed his backside into him, teasing him.

A shudder ran though Harry’s body when Severus kissed his neck; it took all his will power not to moan. He was very sensitive to Severus; it was as if he knew all his sweet spots that drove him wild. Needless to say they bolted to the spare room Remus had offered them. Silencing spells were thankfully remembered and Sirius and Remus didn't hear anything. Good job really since Severus seemed determined to see Harry shouting and moaning louder than he had ever done before. The pace was fact and furious, leaving them sated within twenty minutes.

"Love you Sev," whispered Harry breathlessly, his arms wrapped around Severus. His head on his
lover's chest, just enjoying the feel of Severus' heartbeat. It anchored him, made him realize this was real he was finally home. Someone to love him despite all that he had done in the past. Harry still found it hard to believe he had more money than he could spend in two life times, still found it hard to believe Severus really loved him. He hoped he could defeat Voldemort and Dumbledore and live his life, but life hadn't been kind to him until now. He was afraid that something bad would happen, it usually did. It was the story of his life. Finding out about Hogwarts, then finding out about Dumbledore…his life then finding Severus…it was time for the tide to turn. He hoped he could be happy for just a while longer…he hoped fate would be kind to him for just this once. He would never ask for anything again, just a life with Severus.

"I love you too." whispered Severus softly. There he'd finally said it, and if truth be told, it hadn’t been as difficult as he thought.

Harry felt his heart clench tightly as unknown emotions swamped him. A sweet smile broke onto his face, as he looked up at the onyx eyes love clear as day written in his own emerald eyes.

Severus had been unsure about saying it, but he thought it was worth it to see such a carefree sweet smile on Harry's face. Harry never let his masks down for long, only a small period of time. He wore his masks a lot more than he wore his and that was saying something. A very tender kiss was pressed on his lips, as he lay back down. Severus carded his fingers though Harry's silky fine hair. It had been worth saying it, just to see the look on Harry's face.

Severus liked watching Harry sleep, his beautiful face peaceful in slumber. He wondered silently if all his masks and defences would ever come down. He hoped so, because Severus didn't think he could live with it if Harry didn't show the world who he really was. It was as if he was afraid of the world around him, as if he had a low opinion of people. Perhaps Harry did, having done what he did since he was twelve it wouldn't surprise him. As he carded his hand thought Harry's long silky hair he mused to himself that he didn't care. He, Black and Lupin knew the real Harry and perhaps that was enough for the nineteen year old.

It was certainly enough for him.
"It smells disgusting," said Remus. The four of them stared down at Lucius Malfoy's remains from the top of the basement stairs. The twisted mangled remains that had once been Lord Lucius Malfoy, a proud pureblood. He wasn't much of anything anymore and they couldn't help but wonder did the Dark Lord know? They did feel slightly sorry for Narcissa, especially Severus, he knew she loved the sadistic bastard. How he would never know, but there was nothing that could be done now. Perhaps she'd have the guts to leave, save Draco before he walked down that very same path his father had trod.

"I thought it took longer than that?" said Harry almost gagging at the smell, disgusting didn't quite cut it in his opinion. He'd watched TV shows, it normally took longer for such a smell to begin. He knew they weren't always accurate, but surely they should know that?

"Our magic causes us to decompose quicker," said Severus in explanation. "The magical residue will be gone by now, we can get rid of him."

"How do we do that without leaving our signatures?" asked Sirius, "If we transport him it will leave a trace, unless we dump him somewhere he won't be found for a few hours."

"I won't leave a signature," said Harry, he wasn't using a wand for it to leave any signature behind. "I wonder..." murmured Harry casually, walking forward he pressed his finger into a part of the uninjured Death Eater. Pushing his magic through, willing the wizard to be Apparated somewhere he'd be found, to the Ministry of magic - without him. It worked; Lucius Malfoy disappeared from the basement. Although they wouldn't find out if he'd appeared in the proper place until they received word.

"You Apparated him...without going yourself." gaped Remus wide eyed. That shouldn't be possible, nobody had ever thought of that before. Otherwise many people would survive Death Eater attacks. They'd be force Apparating people to safe places, away from the attack.

"Yes," said Harry, "I don't know where though." a sheepish grin appearing on his face.

"Brilliant," said Sirius in amazement.

"Breakfast?" asked Remus.

"Sure," replied Harry nodding in agreement.

"It's better to have something in your stomach when taking the Aging Potion," said Severus as if that was the only reason he was agreeing to stay. Sirius and Remus just smiled wryly, they were getting to know the man better. They realized it was just his way of agreeing, he wanted to be there but felt the need for an excuse.

"Great, come on then, let's get out of here." said Sirius, as Remus finished cleaning and sanitizing the entire area. By the time they were stepping out of the basement, the awful smell was no longer lingering up their noses. By then Remus had relaxed for the first time, if they had thought it was bad,
well it was ten times more overpowering for him. His sense of smell was greater than the normal wizard, more so nearer the full moon. Which was quickly approaching yet again, thankfully Snape had brewed his Wolfsbane potion.

Twenty minutes later, they were sitting in the kitchen eating breakfast which had been prepared by Remus and Harry. Sirius couldn't cook to save himself, he'd asked to help but Remus just shouted 'no' adamantly. Apparently he even burnt toast; some people just shouldn't be near any electrical appliances. Sirius had been distracted by a letter that came for him a few minutes later anyway.

"Dumbledore kept everyone in the Order up all night looking for Harry, what the hell is going on with him?" asked Sirius as he joined them.

"What do you mean?" asked Severus.

"Tonks wrote to me, or rather me and Remus; to let me know they didn't find any trace of Harry. They were out all night looking for him, she has work today she's bound to be exhausted!" said Sirius shaking his head in confusion.

"He does seem more desperate doesn't he? It's not as if the war has gotten worse or anything." said Remus. "Now we know he's always known…why is he so willing to tell us now?"

"It's getting closer to Harry's twentieth birthday." stated Severus darkly.

Two confused men stared at him not understanding where he was going with it.

"You receive more magic, with ninety percent of his magic bound…it would have burnt out. Harry would have died on his birthday if I had not removed them. Four magical bonds I removed blocking his magic." said Severus

Sirius and Remus' confusion turned into a deep seated horror.

"Despite that he was still able to use Wandless magic when the need arose." said Severus proudly.

"Merlin," breathed Remus utterly blown away.

"Amazing isn't he?" said Severus satisfied.

"Yes," said Sirius, his godson was unique, he'd always proudly thought it, but right now…for the first time he began to see it was true.

"We best get back," said Harry, he didn't like being looked at that way. He was nothing special, never would be. So what if he could do magic without a wand? As far as he was concerned, everyone probably could if they had to.

"Indeed," replied Severus, Hogwarts was starting back up and he had things he had to do before the students returned. With Harry's help though he had the most time consuming job done, brewing the potions for the hospital wing. He just had a few other things to do; handing in his class schedules was one of them. The last thing was filling in his students timetables, making sure they weren't conflicting with another teacher's schedule. Not only that but he and Harry needed to talk.

"I'll see you soon," said Sirius, it was more of a question than a statement.

"Yes," agreed Harry. "Floo?" he suggested to Severus, that way they wouldn't have to walk back to Severus' quarters the long way. Removing a vial from his cloak, he downed it and immediately aged almost twenty years in a few seconds. Merlin he couldn't wait until he didn't have to take this stuff
"Yes," said Severus, with that both of them got up, making their way towards the living room. Sirius and Remus waved them goodbye, getting only a nod in return before both men disappeared one after the other.

"We need to talk," said Severus after he was spat out of the Floo, wandering over to the Marauders map and opening it. Checking for Dumbledore's dot, he was in the Great Hall eating breakfast, he'd probably remain there for at least twenty minutes. The other teachers had also returned the Great Hall was filled with Professors.

"Yes, we do." said Hadrian, "What on earth made you think I was spoiled? If my father had raised me fair enough but I was brought up by Muggles. Muggles Severus, who didn't know much of anything never mind the magical world."

"Why do you think?" said Severus defensively, "You were the boy who lived, what else was I supposed to think?"

"Oh, yes, because the Boy-Who-Lived is invincible and nobody would dare hurt him." snapped Hadrian furiously.

"I thought Dumbledore would have told them how bloody important you were!" hissed Severus, "This was way before I knew what Dumbledore was capable of."

"Oh I am sure he did," said Hadrian his voice filled with sarcasm.

"What do you want from me Harry? An apology?" asked Severus impassively.

"I remember the first potions class, I walked in so excited, I could cook I knew this was one class I thought I'd excel in." said Hadrian, pacing up and down along the fire, his face a mask of stone. "Those questions, I didn't know them. My Uncle had locked my trunk up, I tried I really did, to learn everything that this world had expected of me."

Severus watched Harry warily, letting him get it off his chest.

Hadrian chuckled bitterly, "Turned out they didn't care, I could have been a complete dunce and they'd still have gaped at me. Nobody cared, as long as they had their saviour or in your case a scapegoat."

"I am sorry for my preconceived notions, there I've said it." said Severus gritting his teeth. "Are you going to let my past actions dictate everything we are building now? Or are we going to forget about it and move on?"

"You already know the answer to that," said Hadrian blankly, "What you did was nothing on what Dumbledore did. I knew who you were before this all started. What you have done for me since…I owe you my life."

"Consider it even." said Severus.

"You're still the most cynical, cranky and impossible person I've ever met." said Harry, his words may have seemed harsh, but his words were filled with exasperation and fondness.

"You aren't any better." replied Severus wryly.
Harry grinned sheepishly at him.

"Ready to brew again?" asked Severus, the argument forgotten.

"Yes." agreed Harry.

Ironically enough both of them felt more at ease and more comfortable in their relationship.

Harry was Severus' light in his dark cold world.

Severus was Harry's true light in his dark drearily life. For Harry was under no illusion that if it wasn't for Severus; he would still be back at his flat still unhappy. He also knew he would have died on his twentieth birthday never mourned, unwanted, unloved and cast aside. His body burnt and left in an urn to fade away into nothingness. On the urn the name of his fake name 'Harry Edward's' would have remained in storage. Oh no, no matter what Severus did - he would always have Harry's love for the simple reason that he saved him.

Separate they were both cold, hard men fighting for survival. Together they were stronger, happier more carefree and still fighting for survival. Now though both men had something worth fighting for at last.

It had been a long time coming but it was finally here and they could both appreciate it more. More than most people, but then again Severus and Harry weren't most people. They were both powerful, smart and going to take the wizarding world by surprise. There was a storm brewing and they were going to be in the eye of it.
To say the day Lucius Malfoy was Portkey'd to the Ministry of magic was a day of changes was putting it lightly. Madam Bones the DLE officer took charge, Shacklebolt and a few other Order members agreed with Madam Bones when she suggested Fudge be questioned. Everyone knew that Lucius was a Death Eater, and it seemed they had been waiting for an excuse like this to do something. Madam Bones had been sick at the sight in front of her, she was a Department of Law Enforcer, but it didn't mean she saw sights like this every day, and on her doorstep too. There was lot of screaming when Lucius turned up; Madam Bones didn't even pay much attention to the weak willed Ministry workers. She along with everyone else assumed it was Voldemort and that Voldemort had been furious with his supporter and killed him. Sending him to the Ministry to set an example, and warn the Malfoy family of defying him. She had immediately called the Auror's who levitated the gruesome sight that used to be Lucius Malfoy away. It was then they caught sight of his left forearm, a dark angry skull with a tongue sprouting out identifying it as the Dark Mark.

Madam Bones was a very intelligent woman, and didn't believe it when Lucius Malfoy said he had been under the imperious curse. She believed Lucius would have been able to fight it. Alert anyone, even his wife. No, this was her chance the chance she had been waiting for. To get Fudge out of office, and someone decent in who could run the Ministry properly with a war going on. She knew it would be hard to find anyone interested in being such a high profile target with Voldemort on the move.

Fudge was tried under Veritaserum, confessing all - how Delores wanted him to kill all the Vampires, werewolves, centaurs, Trolls, Giants, Half Giants all kinds of creatures. How Lucius had told him all about Voldemort's ideas, how much money he would get out of it. How Dumbledore was trying to take over the world by defeating the Dark Lord himself. That he would be cast aside, and Dumbledore put in his place. How he had spent the past year trying to convince him - only to have Dumbledore threaten him in the end. Fudge had confessed under Veritaserum if it came to it he would accept the mark to save his own skin. As soon as that answer was out, every single member of the Wizengamot had gone crazy. Demanding that the Dementors kiss to be administered, for his traitorous ways.

"Madam Bones, we think you should take over being the Minister of Magic until the elections." nodded the second in command of the Wizengamot. Dumbledore wasn't there, so it was up to Zechariah's Ingus second head of the Wizengamot to make a decision. Zechariah's wasn't needed much; it was seldom that Albus Dumbledore missed a meeting. Unfortunately Dumbledore was nowhere to be found; they'd checked Hogwarts, even his own Deputy didn't know where he was.

"It would be my honour, I'd also like to put my name forward with permission to try for the title." said Madam Bones, she had never been ambitious but knew she would make a decent Minister of magic. She wasn't sure if she would be popular enough, she knew money and corruption was everywhere. She wouldn't resort to that, and she knew she couldn't compete against it. She had to give it a try, for her own peace of mind, when all was said and done at least she could say to herself that she had tried.

"It would be our honour to place you up for nomination," said Zechariah's nodding his head curtly.
It was decided that Fudge hadn't really committed any crime other than culpable treason. So he wasn't arrested but the Wizengamot told him that they would be watching him. One toe out of line and he would be brought back in to face them - facing possible prison time, or the Dementors kiss.

Fudge had stuttered and thanked them; wide eyed he had all but run up to his office. Cleared out his desk, took everything that was actually his and walked away. Fudge was sure he felt every single stare against his back, as he exited the lifts and made way to the Apparation points in the Ministry Atrium.

The newspaper had a lot to say that day; no one could quite understand why Hadrian Williams had a smirk on his face as he read. He looked like a Hawk that had caught a big juicy worm, and devoured it whole.

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Later that night they were once again sitting around Grimmauld Place. Hadrian was beginning to hate every member of the Order; there were a few who he could tolerate. He never bothered speaking to any of them though; he also never hid his boredom. It was just torture sitting at Order meetings getting useless information over and over again.

"Did you have the contract looked at?" asked Dumbledore as soon as he came through the Floo.

Hadrian frowned before shaking his head. "I actually forgot about it, I am not even sure where I put it."

"I see, very well, just forget about it." said Dumbledore dismissively, his blue eyes momentarily flashing with relief. He'd been trying to find out which Goblin he was using, hoping to stop the inevitable.

"We have word that Greyback is going to attack an Orphanage." boomed Moody in his usual no nonsense voice.

Hadrian sat up straight, wondering who Greyback was, and why he was going alone. Was there even a magical orphanage? If not why on earth was he going to raid a Muggle orphanage what would be the point? He just didn't understand the Dark Lord; his actions had no rhyme or reason. Maybe he was doing it out of anger; he was bound to know Lucius Malfoy was dead. And he was suspected of ordering it or carrying it out.

"Where did you get this information?" asked Dumbledore, staring intently at Moody.

"Knockturn Ally" boomed Moody. Hadrian was coming to realize was his normal voice. It reminded him of Vernon Dursley actually, if he was honest.

"I see," said Dumbledore looking conflicted, did he continue searching for Potter or did he help? If he didn't help he knew the Order would be deeply unhappy. They'd begin questioning his motives, and he couldn't have that.

"I heard the same thing...I think this information is credible." murmured Dung. His bleary eyes looking around at everyone, he knew he wasn't trusted and he hated that fact. All because he had abandoned Privet Drive to sell some stolen Cauldrons. It wasn't as if Potter was going to show up anyway, forty five minutes he had been done. No harm no foul, yet he had been scolded like an errant five year old.

"Perhaps we should send some of our numbers to a few just in case?" mused Dumbledore, nodding his head as if he had decided on that course of action. He had a feeling he knew which orphanage it
was, his eyes zoomed in on Hadrian and decided to test the man.

Dumbledore began pairing them, and giving them an orphanage to patrol that night. Hadrian had been paired with Bill. Moody and Tonks, Sirius and Severus, Charlie and Shacklebolt, Diggle and Dung. The names continued.

As much as Dumbledore didn't want to risk anyone he couldn't allow Greyback out in the full moon to attack defenceless children. Their world would be exposed beyond anything ever seen before. He shuddered to think of all the children he could infect and turn into werewolves. The curse would be spread unlike anything ever unleashed before.

Severus and Sirius all stared at each other, all of them worried despite it never showing. Harry had never been away from Severus yet, to send him on such a dangerous mission was unconceivable. They were extremely worried about him; they made sure to 'ask' which orphanage he was visiting before they left to stake out their own.

Severus and Sirius say didn't have their head in the game, for the next three hours it was a constant state of panic. A werewolf, if anything happened, he dreaded to think what the ramifications could be. The thought of Harry being bitten made them cold deep inside, and the information did seem credible.

Remus was the only one unaware of what was going on, he was currently in wolf form in the cellars of Grimmauld Place. Waiting impatiently for Sirius to come in and tell him what had happened during the meeting. Yet as the hours continued to tick by he felt rather worried, what were they up to?

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'Cole Orphanage was attacked…Greyback is dead get back to Hogwarts'

It was Dumbledore's Patronus message, Sirius and Severus stared at it as it disappeared in horror.

"Harry!" Sirius whimpered his blue eyes filled with so much fear.

"Move," Severus snapped, his own eyes filled with terror. Both of them quickly began running, faster than they ever had before. Not caring that they were seen by the Muggle caretaker in the Orphanage. Cursing themselves for putting up Anti-Apparation spells up, once they were out of sight both men Apparated to the gates of Hogwarts.

Dumbledore wouldn't allow any of his Order members go to St. Mungo's. So they knew without a doubt he would in the Hospital wing if he was hurt. They prayed he wasn't and they were just overreacting. Skidding to a halt, their hearts beating faster when they saw all the red heads. Bill must be in there, Bill was hurt. Even as emotionless as Severus could be, he winced when he saw the claw marks. Down his face and chest, which were in the process of being closed and rubbed with a foul smelling concoction that Severus had brewed just a few days ago.

Severus' heart was beating too fast for his body to handle, if Sirius hadn't nudged him he could have passed out. He really didn't want to see his lover, especially if he was anything like Bill Weasley. What if he was worse? What if he was dead? Sure Harry was powerful but Bill Weasley had the experience of using magic whereas Harry didn't. Merlin he almost wanted to back out, leave, and never find out. Harry needed him though, if he was hurt…infected he'd need him. He'd prefer infected to dead, Merlin he loved Harry and damn it, he didn't want to lose him.

"Where's Hadrian?" demanded Sirius, when it became obvious Snape couldn't open his mouth.
"He's down in his room, I think Molly scared him," said Arthur looking exhausted, trying to smile but it just made him look constipated.

"Scared him?" asked Sirius looking surprised. If he was in his rooms then he wasn't hurt! Harry was fine, Merlin, it was the best news he'd heard for years.

"She was hugging, crying and thanking him continuously." said Arthur knowing how overwhelming his wife could be. He'd wanted to thank the man himself, he'd saved his son, and no matter what he'd always have Arthur's gratitude. He hadn't been fond of Hadrian; he'd called his daughter a gold digger. Yet he'd saved his son, Arthur had began to realize he was much like Severus. Sarcastic, distant, somewhat cruel yet he'd do anything for anyone. Maybe Hadrian had not had a good life, or he'd been hurt.

"Do you know what happened?" asked Severus.

"We aren't sure but I think Hadrian saved my sons life." said Arthur looking so relieved and thankful. Severus could guess how Molly had reacted; Harry had probably not reacted favourably to the woman's...actions.

"I'm going to see if he's okay." said Sirius turning and leaving.

"Thank him for me will you?" asked Arthur.

"No problem," said Sirius not turning around, turning into his Animagus form he ran down to the Dungeons. Severus remained beside him the duration of the run, which surprised Sirius. He was much faster in his Animagus form than when he was human. It's why he'd transformed; the same obviously couldn't be said for Snape.

Severus snapped the password, and skidded inside, they were thankful to see Hadrian was unscratched. Severus knelt at Harry's feet just drinking in the sight of him. Harry was sitting on the couch, staring straight ahead, seemingly unaware of his presence.

"Harry," whispered Severus his lips almost touching Harry's, almost but not quite, given Harry's state of mind. There was just no telling how Harry would react, so he stayed on guard.

"What happened?" asked Sirius staying standing, both lovers a bit of space. Sirius shouldn't have been surprised, but he was. The depth of emotion Severus was showing. His face showed normally that he didn't care, but if you looked for other signs you would see them. The shaking hands, the eyes and the trembling body. As soon as Severus had flung himself into his quarters his face had spasmed in agony at the thought of anything happening to Harry.

"Severus," whispered Hadrian shuddering slightly, putting his arms around Severus tightly. Severus could feel Harry's irregular fanatic heartbeat against his chest. Everything that had just happened kept replaying in his mind.

"It's ok, you're fine now I've got you." said Severus somewhat ineffectually he hated that his lover felt wrong in his arms. Sirius who seemed to understand what was wrong used the spell this time, and suddenly Harry was cuddled in his arms as he should always be. Almost immediately Harry melted into his arms, burying his head in Severus' chest.

"Bill said there's something about the orphanage, he said he could feel the fear and hate residing within its walls. It gave him the creeps, and he was distracted and he was distracting me with his constant bloody chatter!" snapped Harry, getting it of his chest. "We heard children screaming, on the ground floor. Bill tried to subdue Greyback, he wasn't having much luck but he held him off till I
got the children out of the way. By the time I had got them away, Greyback had attacked him; he
turned its disgusting beady eyes on me! Weasley was bleeding, I knew I had to get him out of there
and I knew of only one way to do that."

"Merlin," whispered Sirius wide eyed, unable to believe Harry had successfully managed to kill
Greyback. He'd half expected it to be Bill who had killed him; he was the one that knew more magic
after all. Then again this was a Weasley they were talking about; they didn't have it in them to kill.

"Nobody saw fit to tell me what GREYBACK REALLY WAS!" hissed Harry after a few seconds
of silence.

"Killing curse?" asked Severus hesitantly. He sighed when he realized Harry spoke the truth, no one
had thought to tell Harry that Greyback was a werewolf. They seemed to all be failing no matter
what they did; Harry seemed to be finding out more information himself than they could give him.

Harry swallowed thickly "Yes, but Sev…I had a flashback…did you know my parents didn't even
have wands on them when Voldemort stuck them down?" he had whispered that part so low they
barely heard it.

Sirius and Severus shared a wide eyed look; Severus tightened his hold on Harry more. He
swallowed the bile threatening to rise in his throat; of course he would have a flashback like that.
Having to use the spell would certainly do that to someone. Especially if they had trauma in their
past, which Harry most certainly did.

"I had no idea love, I'm sure whoever found them would have realized this," soothed Severus.

Sirius shook his head, he hadn't even noticed and he had been the first one there. What kind of friend
was he? He hadn't even noticed that neither James nor Lily had their wands on their person. It
explained so much that Sirius had asked over those years. Why hadn't James or Lily Apparated out
of there? Why hadn't they killed him? After all James was an Auror and out of anyone Sirius knew
James would have kept Voldemort on his toes for Lily and his son to get away.

"Mum was told to stand aside, I don't understand I mean he killed my dad no problem…why was he
reluctant to kill a Muggle born?" asked Harry confused.

Severus sighed sadly "That would be me…when we are initiated we are given one thing we want. I
asked Voldemort to spare your mum; she was one of the few bright things in my life. She was my
best friend until I messed it up."

"Oh," was all Harry said, nodding his head.

"Come, let's get you cleaned up, you need some rest." said Severus, helping the exhausted young
man up.

"I best go, Remus will be worried, let me know how he is?" asked Sirius.

"Of course," said Severus nodding immediately, once the Animagus was gone he led Harry through
to the bathroom. He knew from personal experience what Harry was going through. Although in the
end he'd been saved, Harry had been forced to protect himself and Bill Weasley. That was bad
enough, but enduring flashbacks of his parent's murders was even worse. Even Harry had his limits,
and it was obvious to him he'd met it tonight.

"Come on then, in you get." said Severus, guiding him into the bath as he continued to shiver. One
quick spell had their clothes removed. Washing Harry, inspecting every part of him for even one
single tooth mark. There were none, he wasn't infected, to his greatest relief. Leaning back, he
continued to hold Harry, silently giving him the support he needed. He knew what was coming before anything was said, almost like a sense of déjà vu.

"I'm sorry for being weak." said Harry.

"You aren't weak, just remember I know what you are going through, I went through it too." said Severus tightening his hold. There was going to be only one way to distract Harry tonight. Severus ran his tongue along Harry's neck, suckling as he went. He could already feel the affect he was having on Harry, it made him hard thinking about it. A low moan was already being torn from Harry's throat, he started nibbling and sucking at the sensitive place below Harry's ear and twisting the hardening nubs of flesh on Harry's chest.

Retrieving his wand, he cast a silent spell and ribbons shot out of Severus' wand, before he put it back then turned once again to his prize. Harry's arms were raised above his head, tired together Harry's genitals were covered by the water but that was it his entire chest was bare, heaving but bare.

It seemed as if Severus was trying to send him into oblivion without touching him much. As his chest was devoured by Severus, small licks, caresses and nips. Harry was moaning and arching into him, begging for more. It seemed as if everywhere Severus touched sent wave after wave of sensations straight to Harry's groin. Severus smirked in smug satisfaction when he felt rather than saw something poking him in the leg though the bathwater. Something that was standing up and demanding all his attention. Harry was rocking bath and forth trying to get some friction to take some of the passion, the heat away to stop himself going insane with pleasure.

Harry had closed his eyes, and wasn't ready to feel a wickedly warm wet mouth encase his entire shaft. He had always done this to others, never once had anyone done this to him. So he was unprepared for just how good it felt. As sensation after sensation shot though him, Severus' hands stopped him arching up. Long nimble hands that knew what they were doing were massaging Harry's sac, along with the combination of Severus' tongue rubbing his slit he came unable to stifle the grunt or scream that tore out of him.

Moaned Harry slumping against the bathroom. The ribbons that had held his arms above his head fell away. He would have slumped under if it wasn't for Severus grabbing him. He smiled at Harry who was breathing raggedly, slumped as if boneless against him.

"You haven't had that done before have you?" asked Severus not at all surprised.

"No," rasped Harry, he could feel Severus' erection against his backside. Rocking back and forth it was his turn to see Severus loose control. Harry bit down on Severus' lip and drew the man down for a passionate kiss all the while rocking back and forth.

It had been way too long for Severus' vaunted control to last, he had been far too worried tonight about Harry, and too much strife by playing spy for two power hungry men. With a moan ripping from his chest, Severus disentangled himself and pushed Harry against the tub minding not to hurt him. Kissing him hungrily. Severus used a spell to prepare Harry, it wasn't long before they were both moaning and screaming. Each time he pounced into Harry, he hit that sweet spot inside of him, and worked Harry into a full hardness. Despite the fact he'd came just a fifteen minutes before, he released again, Harry's tight hot channel spasmed around Severus' penis, drawing out Severus' own orgasm. His bid to distract Harry, had evidently worked.

"Come," said Severus, getting them out the soiled water, spelling both of them dry as they both sated. Made there way to Severus bedroom, no their bedroom. Slipping into their bed, Harry curled himself around Severus, before exhaustion claimed him completely.
After the day Severus had, the worry, the strife, and scare it shouldn’t have surprised anyone that he fell asleep just as quickly.
Harry and Severus had just finished breakfast when Dumbledore made his way down. They'd noticed him on the map before the snake could tell them. After that, Harry who was once again playing his part as 'Hadrian', he disappeared into Severus' Potions lab. Severus remained where he was reading a Potions Weekly magazine. Acting as if he had no idea that Dumbledore was currently on his way, the only indicator were his dark eyes filled with irritation.

"Severus I must speak to your apprentice at once," said Albus Dumbledore, calming walking into Severus' quarters.

Severus regarded Dumbledore blankly, putting the magazine down frowning at the man.

"Hadrian!" snapped Severus his lip curling, he wasn't a bloody house elf, and refused to be treated like one. Once the Dark Lord was dealt with, there was little doubt they'd have to kill Dumbledore as well. He was merely tolerated because of his usefulness as spy. Dumbledore would probably refuse to help him after the Dark Lord was defeated permanently.

"Yes?" called Hadrian sounding confused from inside the Potions lab.

"Come here," said Severus rolling his eyes, giving Dumbledore the impression he was barely tolerating someone living with him. This is exactly what Dumbledore was probably expecting of him.

"What is it?" asked Hadrian staring at Severus in confusion.

"The Headmaster would like a word," said Severus pointing out the irritated man.

"Can I help you?" asked Hadrian his voice immediately changing.

"Care to explain what happened yesterday?" demanded Dumbledore looking extremely pissed off.

"Excuse me?" said Hadrian his voice going cold and hard, his eyes shutting off every single emotion. They looked like dark endless emerald tunnels, much like Severus' - only Severus' was black endless tunnels.

Dumbledore looked completely stunned and thought perhaps he had taken the wrong approach with the man. Swallowing sharply, Severus was extremely surprised to see Dumbledore looking nervous. He hid his smirk, inwardly gleeful. Severus knew all of Dumbledore's weak points - things he couldn't hide. Pulsing temple when he's angry, swallowing hard when he was nervous and twinkling when he was happy about something. There were many more to point out but Severus knew what to look for.

"Care to explain what happened?" asked Dumbledore sounding a bit apologetic, summoning coffee and tea he sat down as if it was his office not Severus' private rooms. It was Harry's turn to see Severus stiffen angrily, it was a good job Dumbledore's eyes were on him - even Harry had noticed he looked pissed.
"We canvassed the Orphanage; Weasley was constantly going on about how evil and disgusting the Orphanage was. He could feel the evilness of the place or so he told me, how I do not know." said Hadrian shrugging indifferently.

"Weasley is a curse breaker; he can see wards, magic basically and can dismantle anything. He works at Gringotts for them, and as much as I hate to admit it he is good at what he does." said Severus grudgingly.

"Ah," said Hadrian nodding thoughtfully before he got back to his original topic at hand. "We waited hours but nothing happened, Weasley was once again going on about it, as I had nothing else better to do. We got distracted then we heard screaming coming from the ground floor. We ran as fast as we could, barrelled in and found a werewolf salivating over children…defenceless Muggle children at that." said Hadrian disgust clear to hear in his voice.

After a few seconds of silence Hadrian spoke again.

"Thanks for letting me know what Greyback was by the way! Next time information is withheld from me I walk." snarled Hadrian angrily.

Dumbledore paled but nodded solemnly both Severus and Harry didn't miss the bulging vein at Dumbledore's temple

"Weasley distracted the werewolf as I led the children out of the room…not an easy thing to do." snapped Hadrian, not explaining if he meant getting the children out or Weasley distracting the werewolf. "When I got back, the werewolf as tearing into Weasley, I did the only thing I could think of to save his life."

"You should not have killed him. He could have provided useful information. He deserved Azkaban not death." said Dumbledore angrily.

"That creep was going to kill defenceless children. Even if it was on Voldemort's orders and you seriously trying to tell me, that you would rather him in Azkaban? Only to be broken out again in a few months time?" sneered Hadrian looking at Dumbledore in disgust.

"I have cleared the situation up for you do not let it happen again, we apprehend them not kill them." said Dumbledore.

"Even if it meant mine and Weasley's lives?" scoffed Hadrian.

"It wouldn't have come to that!" said Dumbledore adamantly.

"You are so sure of yourself aren't you" said Hadrian his lip curled in repugnance.

"We are not the Dark side we do not decide their fate." said Dumbledore.

"They decide their own fate." said Hadrian.

"You may believe so…next time I will leave it to the Ministry," said Dumbledore threateningly.

"Go ahead, tell them what the big bad Hadrian Williams did…I merely defended myself and a fellow wizard from a werewolf. Not to forget the dozen Muggle children that would have been turned." snapped Hadrian. "Do not try and make me feel indebted to you, Albus Dumbledore, you will not like the consequences. My parents did not raise me as a fool."

Dumbledore looked at Hadrian flabbergasted, Severus wasn't sure if it was because Harry saw
though his ploy or if he was genuinely shocked that he had been spoke to in such a way. Severus couldn't help but think it was perhaps it was a bit of both. Severus now had to fight very hard to stop the smirk erupting on his face. He couldn't help but admire Harry; he had Dumbledore displaying every single one of his emotions in a short conversation.

"I'm sorry you feel that way," murmured Dumbledore getting up and leaving his shoulder slumped as if wanting sympathy. He wouldn't find it here from either of those men.

"Believe me, you do not want to know what I really feel or think." said Hadrian furiously.

"I have said my piece, I shall leave you to it." said Albus before making his way out of the room, as if the grim was on his heels.

"That felt good." said Hadrian smirking wryly at the closed door.

"Dumbledore wont like that," muttered Severus but his smirk outshone Harry's. Severus had waited years to hear someone say that. Hadrian unlike him had nothing to lose, which was a good thing really. He didn't want Harry indebted to Albus Dumbledore for anything.

Suddenly the Floo flared, Sirius and Remus stepped out, and looking relieved to see Harry up and about.

"Is this invade my quarter's day?" grouched Severus. Giving a small token of protest at the fact they were there, just in case they forgot who exactly he was.

"Dumbledore been down?" asked Remus. It's a good job they hadn't come through sooner then if that was the case.

"Indeed," smirked Severus his black eyes shining with mirth.

"Oh this I have to hear!" beamed Sirius sitting down, Harry eventually sat down looking rather like a peacock, a proud peacock.

"Why did you come?" asked Severus, ignoring Sirius' words.

"I just wanted to make sure Harry was alright, and tell you Bill Weasley was infected." murmured Remus sadly.

"He's a werewolf?" asked Hadrian looking on in sympathy.

"Yes, Greyback's saliva must have gotten into one of his wounds as he had no bite marks." said Remus looking saddened. What made him feel more guilt was the fact he was glad it wasn't Harry. So much for not wishing the curse on anyone, given the choice he'd pick Bill all the time.

"Are you going to help him?" asked Hadrian.

"I am. I'm the only one available to help him adapt." said Remus shuddering as he remembered his own lonely days trying to get by. His father and mother, locking him in the cellar, every full moon with tears in their eyes. They hadn't been able to help him much; the Lupin's hadn't exactly been rich so he suffered the transformations and got well without the aide of a potion. It had been a godsend when he finally got to Hogwarts, after each fool moon he got potions to help him get well quicker and easier. That was until Severus had invented the Wolfsbane potion, making his infliction easier to bear.

"When were you bitten?" asked Hadrian.
Remus didn't look like he was going to tell him, then his shoulders sagged and realized Harry wasn't a child and he should tell him. "I was bitten when I was five years old…my father you see had offended Greyback and I was the price my father paid. My father was a Wizard; my mother on the other hand was a Muggle…the strain of watching me transform all the time weighed heavily on her. Her heart eventually gave out on her, and it was just my father who is no longer in this world."

"Greyback was the one that bit you?" asked Harry, just how long had that creature been out there biting innocent people? And why had they let it continue? It wasn't right.

"Yes," confirmed Remus.

"Fucking hell, how long has he been a werewolf? What age is he? And why hasn't anyone done a fucking thing about him?" snapped Hadrian furiously.

"Nobody wanted to cross him." said Remus.

"Do you get re-named after being bitten?" asked Harry smirking slightly.

"No," said Remus a small smile playing on his lips as if he understood Harry's little joke. In fact it had been Lily who'd said it first. She'd been amused by it to say the least, and even Remus, who didn't like talking about it, had been grinning.

"You'd think so…after all Remus is the name of a twin boy that mythology said was raised by a she-wolf. Not only that but Lupus means wolf your name couldn't have been more predicted if it tried" said Hadrian. "Then there's Fernier, it's a moon on Saturn isn't it?"

"Yes," said Remus simply as if he had those thoughts running through his head for years now. Wondering if he had truly been destined to be a werewolf all the time.

"Won't the fact he can see magic make it worse? His transformations I mean?" asked Hadrian curiously.

"I…hadn't even thought of that." said Remus clearly stunned by the question.

"When you are in wolf form you can see better right? Which means he will see the magic wherever he is and it could be bad…" said Harry in contemplation.

"You have a point…it could very well have adverse reactions." said Remus nodding deep in thought.

"Did you see the way his family was looking at him though Remus?" asked Sirius looking pensive.

"Unfortunately," said Remus looking disgusted.

"What does that mean?" asked Hadrian his eyes narrowing in on them.

Severus' nostrils flared as if he already understood what they were talking about, his black eyes flashed in fury.

"Most of the family acted like he was about to jump up and kill them," said Remus shame faced.

"Surely not," protested Severus, he hadn't seen a family so loyal to one another to think they were turning back on one member of their family was shocking to say the least. He had held the Weasley's in a high regard for that particular trait if nothing else.

"Only Fred, George and Charlie looked sad instead of scared." said Sirius.
"Well they aren't the family I thought they were," said Severus disgusted.

"No they aren't...even I had my family with me during the hard times." said Remus his hand covering his face in tiredness. It had just been the full moon last night, so he got exhausted easily, even with the Potions.

"Well he's going to need you a great deal, they see family as everything. Exactly how the Weasley's were raised, it's going to kill him." said Severus looking pissed off. He may not like the children but damn it! How could they do that? How could they turn their back on one of their own? Especially Molly Weasley of all people?

Harry changed the subject to cheer them up; putting his memory into a pensive he let them watch it. They came out wide eyed, laughing very much amused with Dumbledore being taken down a peg or two. Unknown to Harry, Remus and Sirius had shivered hearing Harry speaking so coldly. They had gotten used to the casual tone of voice they had forgotten Harry cold be a cold, hard young man. That life on his own and doing what he did to survive, the looks and voice were probably bred into him through-out his life. It was serving him well, and they just hoped they were never confronted by an angry Harry Potter. If he had been in his normal form they could have bet all Sirius' gold that he would have been even more intimidating.

They only stayed for a few more hours before going back to see Bill Weasley. They would be doing it a lot in the coming weeks, preparing him for his first full moon as a werewolf.

Harry refused to allow himself to feel guilty; he had done what he had to do and couldn't change a thing. It still made him very uncomfortable that Weasleys family seemed to have deserted him, no one deserved that - then again either had he deserved what life had thrown at him. Or rather what Dumbledore had thrown at him anyway.

Harry had learned long ago that life simply was never fair, and everyone should learn that sooner or later. You make your own way in the world, and screw everyone else. Or at least that's how he used to think until he met Severus. He had a partner a life partner now and he truly wanted it to last. Remembering how Severus had comforted him earlier made his stomach jolt pleasantly.

Later that night, with the memories of the night before, Harry took control once he'd taken the Anti-Dote to the aging potion. Harry had proceeded to worship Severus' body everywhere, returning the favour from last night. Knowing how much pleasure it brought another person made Harry want to allow Severus that pleasure. So he shrugged Severus off when he tried and failed to urge him up. Only then did it dawn on him exactly why Severus was doing it. He had then shaken his head, told Severus there was a difference and that he loved him and wanted to share this experience with him. Severus didn't need any more convincing after that, he lay back and allowed Harry to have his wicked way with his body. Harry didn't often take control, but he liked it when he did...he also knew Severus wasn't used to bottoming so he didn't make a habit of it. Even after being in control Harry still wrapped himself snugly in Severus' arms before drifting off to sleep.
Hogwarts had started back up; Harry had sat next to Severus watching everything during the Welcoming Feast. He’d felt rather melancholy watching, he could remember his own excitement like it happened only yesterday. Being away from the Dursley’s, making his first friend, learning something truly wonderful. He’d been such an ignorant child, despite the abuse the Dursley’s heaped upon him. Two weeks of wonderful bliss before his life had irrevocably changed. He wasn’t sure what had led him to overhearing Dumbledore and Moody. He’d gotten lost, and before he knew it he was stuck behind some sort of statue.

Harry was unaware that Hogwarts herself had helped, concealing him both magically and physically from Dumbledore’s powers and Moody’s magical eye. She had even weakened the bonds, allowing him to use as much magic as he was. He was the heir after all, it recognized him as much. And the heir’s were more important than even the Headmaster, the school, the sentient that she was, had been borne through the founders of Hogwarts. He would be able to go into places that the Headmaster didn’t know existed. As sentient as she was, she couldn’t remove the bonds completely.

Now they were sitting at dinner after the first day was finally over, Harry couldn’t help but think the food wasn’t as good as he remembered it. It’s funny that, he’d dreamed of Hogwarts food for so long, yet it wasn’t what he expected. His disappointment as always didn’t show, right now he was biting his lip to stop himself laughing. Severus was complaining about the students.

“They never listen to the simplest instructions,” hissed Severus his black eyes flashing with fury. He hated teaching, always had done, and he couldn’t wait until he no longer had to do so. He’d be celebrating the day he no longer had to teach stupid dunderheads.

“With you breathing down their neck waiting on them messing up I wonder why?” said Hadrian amused.

“I’d like to see you try,” said Severus refraining from scoffing, since he did not scoff, it would mean he actually cared what someone else said. Evidently others did care what he said, since Minerva and Filius who were on either side of him and Harry were listening intently.

“I probably could,” said Hadrian arrogantly. At least he’d be able to give both a break, Severus and the students. Severus couldn’t be nice to them, he was a spy, but he could if the students would be willing to listen. If not well he could put one down to Severus being right, although it would be difficult to admit.

Severus grinned maliciously; the teachers looked at them warily. Wondering if they would have to stop to teachers, or rather Severus and his apprentice from fighting. “Really?” asked Severus with deceptive mildness. The students stared at their teacher with dread. The Slytherins who’d noticed were gazing at their Head of House with interest. He didn’t normally speak to anyone, well except with Dumbledore, and it always looked forced. They still weren’t sure what to make of the new Apprentice.

“Yes,” said Hadrian staring blankly, not rising to Severus’ bait.
“Then you can take my classes for the week, we shall see what you have to say then.” said Severus vindictively, maybe then Harry would realize why he taught the way he did. He was so sure in his convictions that without fear, the students would slack off, and cause accidents. That was exactly how Slughorn had ran his classes, and many had been hurt, and a two had died if he remembered correctly. They had been rumours when he first entered Hogwarts, but he didn’t know for sure.

“Ten galleons that I succeed,” said Hadrian, it was pocket change to him now.

“Indeed,” said Severus his dark eyes twinkling.

Hadrian nodded wryly, unsure if Severus was pissed off or amused. Either way he’d find out soon enough. As he continued eating his dinner, he wondered if he’d be sleeping in the spare room for the week. Oh he could change his mind, eventually…might take a few days to wear him down. He noticed Dumbledore’s twinkling blue eyes as he plated some dessert for himself. Dumbledore looked too happy, or maybe it was the fact he had pissed Severus of. So it looked like Dumbledore was still furious at Hadrian for his words. Man, Dumbledore sure could hold a grudge.

Harry swore that if it was the last thing he ever did, would be to dispose of Dumbledore. In the most violent and painful manner possible.

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After dinner Harry couldn’t get away quick enough, seeing Dumbledore even remotely happy turned his stomach. He hadn’t been able to enjoy his dessert, once inside he removed the potion and gratefully sat down at his normal self. Despite how long he’d been taking it, and spent in his aged form it was still odd. If he ever got used to it then he could worry he supposed.

“Dumbledore was too happy for my liking,” said Harry, scowling at the thought of making the old fool marginally pleased.

“You shouldn’t have started anything in public then,” smirked Severus wryly, not as worried as Harry was.

“What I said was the truth though.” said Harry, “I knew I was looking forward to your class, how many others have been put off by the vitriol coming out your mouth? You say there’s no Potions Masters, you are in the only magical school in Britain…doesn’t that tell you something? You are responsible for the degradation of students not willing to put up with Potions.” Harry was nothing if not honest.

Severus just stared at Harry disbelievingly; nobody liked his class before they came. If they did then they’d know the answer to his questions. Questions that were in the first few chapters of the book! If they liked it they’d pay attention.

Harry seeing the look on Severus’ face went through to the bedroom, unshrinking his trunk and raided around in it. Finding it after a few minutes he wandered back through. Passing the paper to Severus, an impassive look on his face.

Severus took the paper confused, his eyebrows began to climb after that, he could barely believe it. He flashed back towards his first class; he’s started on Harry while he was writing that. Accusing him of not paying attention, well more fool him it seemed.

You are here to learn the subtle science and exact art of potion-making.
As there is little foolish wand-waving here, many of you will hardly believe this is magic.

I don't expect you will really understand the beauty of the softly simmering cauldron with its
shimmering fumes, the delicate power of liquids that creep through human veins, bewitching the mind, ensnaring the senses... I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, and even put a stopper in death.

“Then of course you singled me out, how many others do you reckon have gone through the same thing?” said Harry. “Admittedly I preferred that to the other teachers, they looked at me as if they were expecting miracles, while the students couldn’t care less.”

“If I had been more like the others I probably would have,” said Severus admittedly, still clutching the piece of paper tightly.

“What’s do you mean by that?” asked Harry, wondering if he really wanted to know.

“Your mother was fantastic at charms, a real natural, your father was brilliant at Transfiguration.” explained Severus. “Lily was good at potions as well, that’s because my passion for the subject was all she knew for years.”

"I know you can't change because of Voldemort, but I just had to prove my point Sev. People would like your classes if it was taught fairly." said Harry.

"Perhaps," said Severus nodding his head his eyes still never left the paper clutched in his hands. Severus felt detached, as if his entire world had been spun of its axis. He was contemplating everything he had just learned, wondering if it truly was him that stopped upcoming potions students from excelling in his class.

The doors of Severus' quarters opened abruptly; before they could react Harry was punched in the face by a very seemingly enraged werewolf. Severus had got up ready to curse Bill Weasley, but before he could Harry had taken a swing back. It seemed Harry wasn’t unfamiliar with the means of Muggle fighting. Well of course not, the Muggle world was all he knew. Severus felt like he was having the oddest nightmare in his life. Two people fighting like common Muggles in his living room. With Harry looking like Harry! If anyone came down right now that would be it, the entire scheme will be blown to smithereens.

“ENOUGH!” roared Severus furiously; removing his wand aiming it at Bill Weasley but it was like he’d never spoken.

"Why didn't you leave me to die? You stupid, stupid idiot!" snarled Bill angrily. Landing a punch on Harry’s nose, causing a loud crack to resonate around the room. Harry didn’t even twitch, he just continued fighting as if his nose hadn’t just been broken.

"Well excuse me! Maybe I should have you ungrateful buffoon!" snarled Harry just as furious. Kicking him as hard as possible, in a place that was guaranteed to hurt.

Suddenly two more forms were bursting into the room, grabbing the red head immediately. Restraining Weasley from attacking Harry further. Sirius and Remus had trouble keeping Bill still, he was still fighting against their hold. Severus helped Harry up, wincing at the state of his nose.

Harry spat the blood from his mouth, he winced at the feel of the bruises already forming on his face. For a guy that's always been in the wizarding world, he sure knew how to pack a bloody punch. Three times the buffoon had hit him; thankfully he had caused the worst damage. At least his ego hadn’t been injured. Thank god he was in his normal form, he’d never had to fight older or bigger, it might have meant Weasley would get the better of him.

Bill was clutching his groin, supporting black eye and a broken nose like him. Finally giving in and
no longer trying to attack Harry. Sandwiched between a furious Sirius Black and an even angrier Remus Lupin. Bill came out of his anger and felt rather afraid, they were rather scary angry. He’d never seen them that way before.

Severus cupped Harry’s face, removing his wand “This might hurt for a second,” said Severus giving Harry a warning before he uttered the spell. “Episkey!” Harry didn’t even twitch as his broken nose fixed itself. His green eyes filled with relief, no doubt at being able to breathe again. Removing his potion bag he removed a tub. Opening it he began spreading it across the injured face, with tenderness that had Bill gaping like an idiot.

“It will still be tender for a few days, try not to touch it too much.” said Severus. Summoning a towel he wetted it before cleaning the residue left behind by the potion.

“What do we do with him?” said Harry, staring at him as if he wanted to gut him where he stood.

“We have no choice but to tell him, I think he’s working it out on his own.” said Severus grimacing, as much as he hated to admit it Bill was the smartest of all the Weasley’s.

"Are you sure about this?" said Sirius he didn’t trust others when it came to the safety of his godson.

"He's going to need us and this is the only way I can see it working." sighed Severus tiredly, plus Bill Weasley would be a good advantage to have at the end of the day.

"And if he tells?" snarled Remus angrily, how dare that bloody idiot touch his cub? After everything he had done to try and help him.

"He won't get that opportunity he will be making an unbreakable vow or he dies right here just like he wants.” said Severus darkly, his lip curled. His black eyes glaring coldly at Bill as if shaping him up for a coffin.

Bill flinched at the look, despite his earlier words, he didn’t really want to die. He just felt very bad about his life right now. His own family were ignoring him, afraid of him, and it hurt more than anyone could imagine. For once he wasn’t thinking about that, no he was thinking about Snape. He was being extremely weird, he felt as though he was missing something. Probably something right in front of his eyes. He knew Snape was a spy for the Order but isn't that taking it a bit too far? Unbreakable vow just because he knew they were lovers? Way too serious.

"I know you are a spy for the Order Snape, but this is going to far making me swear a vow to keep him safe. It’s not like I give a shit, I’m not going to tell anyone.” said Bill it was the first time he had said anything that wasn't he wished he would die, or he wished Greyback had finished him off. So it was considered process at least, for all concerned.

"He’s not just my lover Weasley, the man…young man you were hitting.” said Severus carrying on regardless of Bills laugh or maybe it was a snort Severus couldn't really tell. "Is Harry Potter."

Bill burst out laughing; it made the scars on his once handsome face look worse. No one there even winced at the look; they knew it wasn't the looks that defined someone. Not that the scars were going to remain, Severus was making a potion to ensure that. It was being made with the tears from a phoenix and it was a very complex potion. It would make him two weeks to brew, it was one of two very important potions he had brewing. Wolfsbane potion, the potion that should get rid of the scars on Bill’s face.

Severus just signed and lifted up Harry’s fringe, which had been concealing the scar.

The laughter got caught in Bill’s throat as he once again gaped at the sight in front of him.
"I don't believe it, everyone's out looking for him and here he is hiding under their very noses. Why haven't you told Dumbledore Snape?" demanded Bill. There was something going on, there had to be. Snape wasn’t one for acting without thinking it through.

"Dumbledore wants to use me as his tool; it's not something I'm prepared to be. You don't have to worry about your precious little life. I still plan on defeating Voldemort - just on my own terms." snapped Harry, his emerald eyes cold and unforgiving boring into Bill's brown ones.
What will become of Dumbledore?

Pretty Boy

Chapter 37

What will become of Dumbledore

"I know Dumbledore is a little manipulative but he's running a war - he has to be." sighed Bill, he wasn’t oblivious to Dumbledore’s ways, even if his family seemed to be. To them he was light and goodness itself; it did exasperate him some times. His family, Bill’s heart clenched tightly. What happened had divided them all, Charlie, Fred and George had disowned themselves. After Molly had gone crazy and disowned Bill, terrified of the consequences for all her children, having a brother for a werewolf. Fred and George had changed the name on their shop; it was just Wizarding wheezes now. Charlie was engaged and would be marrying his partner soon. It’s just his mum, dad, Ron and little sister Ginny who hadn’t been to see him since he’d woken up.

"Manipulative? Tell me have you signed the contract with the Order?" asked Harry prowling forward looking like a panther ready to pounce. Bill flinched back, the green eyes were boring into his own promising death and his walk promised pain.

"Yes" replied Bill his forehead wrinkled in confusion and his brown eyes watching Harry warily. The teen was scarier than Snape, only thing that stopped him from actually shaking was the fact he was taller than him.

"You really are stupid aren't you," sneered Harry looking at Bill in disgust.

Bill flinched at the cold harsh diatribe.

"And they say you can see magic…I don't buy it for a second," said Harry scoffing at the thought.

"You do have a point…how come he didn't notice the contact was tampered with?" asked Sirius catching on.

"Dumbledore knew he could see magic he must have done something to the fool," said Severus smoothly wrapping his arms around Harry. Harry did raise a very interesting point, Weasley should have seen it.

"Is there a spell known to stop his talent?" asked Harry his voice changing completely when he was talking to Severus.

"Nothing could stop that kind of talent" said Severus shaking his head, nothing he had ever come across anyway. He had read a lot over the years mostly Dark arts.

"Then he mustn't have taken Bill's magic." said Remus he had let go of Bill and shoved him roughly into a chair. He still wasn't happy with the bloody man after hurting his cub.

“Yet Dumbledore has the ability to see magic? Has he always had it?” asked Harry.

“I have no idea,” admitted Sirius.

“What the hell are you talking about?!?” snapped Bill standing up, confused, a strangled moan leaving his lips. Clutching himself in agony, gently lowering himself back down onto the couch. None of the
others even moved to try and help him. Harry was already healed and it looked as if he’d never been hurt!

"Ostendo veneficus aura!" said Harry, copying the movements he had seen Severus using on Remus and Sirius.

The magic appeared, “Are you telling me you can’t see that magical leech?”

Bill looked down, frowning, evidently not able to see anything.

“ Weird,” said Sirius. “You can’t see it?”

“No,” said Bill a sinking feeling in his stomach why couldn’t he see it?

“Finite Incantatem,” said Harry, the leech faded and Bill slumped on the couch. His magical aura flared three different colours before it settled. Dumbledore had been taking a lot more magic from Bill than anyone else.

“Here,” said Severus handing over a pepper up potion, leaving him with the injuries, he deserved them for hurting Harry.

Bill swallowed it; his mind trying to get around the fact Dumbledore had been leaching his magic. Just as the spell had been released, he saw Dumbledore’s leech, his own powers had been feeding Dumbledore’s.

“He will know,” said Severus grimly. “He will no longer have access to magical auras, it’s no wonder he was eager to Harry in the order.” Harry’s magic would have been brighter than anyone he’d ever seen.

All in all Molly and Arthur had just lost four of their children; Percy hadn’t been home in years and hardly had anything to do with them. So essentially they had actually lost five children.

Bill spitefully and bitterly hoped that they regretted it till the day they died.

Harry was still glaring at Bill; he must still be smarting from being attacked. Then again he knew how Harry felt; if he’d seen it coming he’d have frozen. The fact he hadn’t had given him the edge and he’d fought back. Severus had realized soon after their relationship began Harry was uncommonly proud and refused to accept charity and could hold a grudge just as long as he himself could. Bill might have his work cut out before Harry would trust him.

"Is he doing that to everyone's magic?" asked Bill alarmed.

"I would imagine so, Harry removed it from me and Remus as well." said Sirius his voice a little colder than usual. "Now perhaps Dumbledore won’t be able to see magic... makes all kinds of sense now he had Bill's gift I thought he just enchanted his glasses or something."

"He did something much worse to Harry," said Remus his amber eyes flashing dangerously. He growled lowly letting everyone know just how close to the surface his wolf actually was.

"What did he do?" asked Bill warily.

"He bound Harry's magic four times. The only reason Dumbledore is so desperate, is because he knows what will happen should Harry turn twenty. Without removing the blocks.” sneered Severus.

Bills jaw met the floor, unable to believe Dumbledore could have done something as stupid as that.
With what was supposed to be the last hope for the wizarding world. Something was nagging at Bill as he finally put all the pieces of a Puzzle back together.

"You killed Lucius Malfoy didn't you…it wasn't the Death Eaters or Voldemort at all." shouted Bill. He could remember how the newspapers had reported Malfoy’s Death, and how the old allegations had been dredged. Lucius had claimed his innocence by claiming to everyone he was under the imperious curse. Now of course he’d been found guilty of it once and for all. Half the Malfoy fortune was pending approval to be put in the Potter vaults as compensation. It was a good thing they couldn’t be sure of his other crimes, or Draco Malfoy wouldn’t have any fortune left. It would serve him right the smug overbearing rich brat that he was; it would teach him a lesson.

Harry's grin would have had Bill running if he hadn't been too stunned.

"And I plan on doing a lot more." said Harry a sneer on his face.

"I want in…I'll swear your Vow." said Bill adamantly.

"What?" asked Harry taken aback by Bill's abrupt changing demeanour.

"It's us or them…I understand that now. The Order isn't going to do fuck all…I want in." said Bill abruptly "I have a skill you could use." Bill wasn't sure what had come over him, but since he’d been bitten, he had felt dead and depressed. For the first time since then, he felt hope. He wanted to survive this war, wanted to ensure the only family he had left survived too. Fred, George and Charlie. If Snape…Severus and the others could get to Lucius Malfoy and kill him…they must have a lot of resourcefulness. Suddenly he understood the war in unending clarity unlike ever before. Like when he had joined the Order he thought he would help, make a difference but he never truly did. This time he knew he had the right group; these men were going to ensure the war put a stop. And he would be damned if he didn’t join in. Harry had taken care of Greyback but he was going to get his revenge on the other Death Eaters.

Five minutes later the vow was spoken, and Bill Weasley was officially an added member of their little group. “How are you planning on bringing Dumbledore down?” asked Bill growling low in his throat.

"I was thinking about that actually…I want us to all write everything we know about Dumbledore. Find out anything useful. Old acquaintances that we can drowse with Veritaserum and obviate them so they have no idea what they did. The more we know the better." smirked Harry nastily.

"Why? What are you planning?" asked Remus sitting forward eagerly. This was the first time Harry had made any references to his plans for Dumbledore.

"I want to make it obvious that it's me doing it…Harry Potter not Hadrian Williams. Then we stop it suddenly the night before I turn twenty…hopefully we can actually get that much information on Dumbledore. I'm putting it in about him blocking my magic…then stealing my inheritance and taking money that wasn't rightfully his. Then I'm going to tell them about how Dumbledore put me with my abusive aunt and uncle to top it off the conversation I overheard with Dumbledore and Moody then hopefully everything you can find. I want it to get better and better as we split it up into groups. I want him to get more furious as the weeks go by, and then stop it all together. He will think I'm dead and he will fear the worst I'd I'm going to sit back and watch him sweat." grinned Harry coldly. His eyes were twinkling with menace. Which promised that Dumbledore would be in a world of pain afterwards. Severus smirked in supreme satisfaction that was the perfect, Slytherin revenge. Hopefully the old fool wouldn’t have a heart attack before they were finished with him.

"You aren't going to tell m what you have planned for the finale, are you?" whispered Severus
nibbling Harry’s earlobe.

Harry shook his head 'no' he didn't plan on telling him.

"We will see about that…I'll get it out of you somehow.” whispered Severus seductively.

Harry just managed to stop the moan slipping out at Severus’ honey chocolaty words slipped out. Severus hadn't used that kind of seductive tone with him before. He was almost panting with need; the baritone voice his lover had was arousing him. In front of the others as well.
While Harry was preparing to take over Severus' class, or rather 'Hadrian' was in public opinion. The others, Sirius, Remus and Bill were digging into Dumbledore's past. Using all every connection they had, whether they were paid of or just someone they knew. Like Bill's 'Great Aunt Muriel' she was more than willing to spill everything she knew on Dumbledore. The old woman didn't like him, and made it known, even to Molly and Arthur. Hence why none of the children had seen her other than special occasions where it was considered proper for them to invite her. Weddings, funerals, baby showers and even christenings. Muriel though had quite a lot of information on Dumbledore, stuff he certainly wouldn't approve of being spoken about. She had also much to Bill's shock, disowned Molly from the Prewitt name and given it to Bill. He was now the heir, which meant when she died; the title of Lord will automatically pass to him. He felt a sudden fondness for the woman he'd never felt before.

"You were serious weren't you?" sighed Hadrian, as he waited on Severus coming of the front door. He was concealed from all magical items, magical auras and of course invisible. All those actions from just one potion, Severus really were brilliant wasn't he?

"Of course I am, I take no chances, you should know that by now." said Severus, although part of him was going to see how Harry would do. He wasn't sure how to feel, one day the school had been back and suddenly Harry was taking over the classes? They were either going to love him or hate him…he wasn't sure which he preferred.

"Hmm," said Hadrian stalking of towards the classroom, taking the shortcut that Severus quietly recommended he take. It had him inside Severus' office, then through to the classroom. Looking around at the tables, he felt remarkably calm, despite the fact he was about to teach a bunch of students, students he'd call snotty nose brats.

"Get in and get your cauldrons set up now," said Hadrian, banging open the door, before walking confidently to the front of the classroom. Flicking his wand at the board, the instructions began writing themselves out. With the amount of instructions being magically written, he'd have been there all night. The seventh year students were talking quite loudly, wondering where there 'Greasy Git of a Potions Master was'. Not a good thing to say in front of Harry - as Severus was his lover and wouldn't put up with anyone disrespecting him in his presence.

"Silently or you will find yourself fifty points short." Said Hadrian sharply. The nerve of them! To say such words no wonder Severus was always pissed off. Couldn't they find somewhere else out of earshot to say anything degrading?

That sorted them out no problem; they quietly did what they were told. Still glancing at Hadrian curiously from hooded eyed, especially Severus' Slytherin's. Hadrian just smirked at them, if they thought they were going to get special treatment they were in for a surprise. He wouldn't favour anyone, they would be treated equally. This was his chance to prove to Severus what he'd done and continued to do - wasn't good for the Potions community. He went on about the lowering numbers, yet he continued to do this - it was madness.
"Now I'm going to show you how to shield your cauldron, only you will be able to add the ingredients. So the student adding them best be the one to do the spell. Deciding before you start might also be a good idea as well. You have three minutes to perfect the spell before we get moving on to the potion. As you well know spells are dangerous to potions so the wands will be put away afterwards am I clear?" said Hadrian his voice demanding respect and their attention.

"Yes sir," said the students in unison clearly understanding.

"You may call me apprentice Williams if you prefer, now say after me, Maximus Protego." he said smoothly, showing the wand movements.

The seventh years had no problem with the spell. Particularly the Slytherin side, they were ready by the time Harry had finished explaining. The Gryffindor's took a minute more, but by that time they'd all got into order. Who was retrieving the ingredients, cutting them up and who would be adding them. It was a much more orderly fashion than Severus was used to.

"You have three minutes to gather the ingredients, Gryffindor's go first." said Hadrian. That way nobody would end up injured, with the pushing and shoving. Let's not forget the purposefully hurting each other. The Slytherins immediately began grumbling in anger, not amused, they were used to being first in this class.

"Quiet, the next time you will go first, there is no longer favouritism in this class…is that understood?" asked Hadrian sternly.

"Where's professor Snape?" demanded one of the Slytherin's students. Hadrian didn't know his name; he didn't know any of them yet unfortunately.

"Slytherins go fetch your ingredients," said Hadrian once the Gryffindor's had returned.

"Sir! You didn't answer my question." snapped the same student looking angry.

"I have no need to answer your question; you have no need to know where Professor Snape is. Now shall we get to the real reason you are here? To learn the craft of brewing potions, which will last you throughout your life." said Hadrian.

"Sorry sir," said the student quietly, looking a cross between sulking and genuinely worried about his Potions Professor.

"As you know this potion takes forty five minutes. Now if you are unsure of anything, raise your hand before anything happens. The directions are in your book and on the board, double check as well. I want complete silence unless you need something, begin." said Hadrian.

"But sir, you haven't told us what the potion does!" protested Sara Granger looking shocked.

"I thought it would be pretty obvious don't you?" said Hadrian blankly, the instructions were on the board. There was also her book, explaining exactly what the potion did, why on earth was she wanting him to tell her what she already knew? He was genuinely confused, she also reminded him of someone but he couldn't put a finger on it.

Sara Granger went bright red, but tried to stutter out "Bu-t - Pr-fessor Snape tells us what it is!" she protested looking horrified.

"I am not Professor Snape, if you haven't read the book you have that is not my problem." said Hadrian smoothly, daring her to open her mouth again. He noticed the others were quietly getting to work, checking their books as they waited on the cauldron to begin boiling so they could add their
ingredients, one slicing and dicing, another crushing, mincing and measuring. Even her partner was chopping ingredients looking embarrassed to be paired with her.

"That's hardly fair sir, we cannot learn if we aren't forewarned," protested Granger angrily, her partner trying and failing to get her attention to their potion meanwhile shaking her head in agitation.

"And you are?" asked Hadrian irritated but hiding it as best as he could. Everyone else was doing the work why couldn't she? It was as if she was deliberating goading him. Perhaps trying to get him back for how he'd been at the Order meetings.

"Sara Granger sir," said Sara smugly.

"Fifty points from Gryffindor. Granger you are trying my patience." snapped Hadrian furiously, finally understanding why Severus snapped at them all the time. She had to be the most infuriating little idiot he'd ever met. Granger…she was Granger's sister. Hermione had never mentioned a sister, not that they'd been friends of course.

"That's unfair you aren't even a teacher!" protested Granger wide eyed, clasping her hand over her mouth when she realized what she had said. Even Severus was surprised at her actions, her big sister was better at holding her tongue and obviously smarter - even Severus had failed to get a rise out of Hermione Granger in her seven years at Hogwarts.

"Pack up your things and leave," said Hadrian his face harder than stone, his voice deceptively soft.

Sara Granger gawped at the man as if she couldn't believe her ears; she'd never in all her years at Hogwarts missed a single class. Never got sick enough to miss one, she had the prefect unblemished record, and now this happened.

A few flicks of his wand he had Grangers’ things packed, and had her expelled from the room. He wasn't under any circumstances going to put up with anyone as obnoxious as Sara Granger. Severus nodded understanding his need to take such action. But hadn't actually had the guts to do it. However, he mused silently to himself as he watched Harry prowl the room slowly ensuring everyone was doing everything correct. Sara Granger hadn't treated him with any sort of disrespect she had just shown Hadrian.

"Do you want to brew alone or join one of your fellow Gryffindor's?" asked Hadrian, enquiring to Granger's partner. He needed to find out who everyone was; they seemed to sit at the same place, so hopefully Severus would provide their names for him.

"I'll be fine sir," said the Gryffindor smiling before immediately getting back to work.

"A-apprentice Williams?" asked a hesitant voice from the Gryffindor side of the room.

Hadrian walked over and asked "What's the problem?" his voice was quiet as everyone else was working quietly.

"It says to let it simmer for five minutes, but it says it should be light purple. Mine's is a little dark…what did I do wrong?" asked the Gryffindor obviously bewildered and upset that his potion hadn't turned out right.

"Add a pinch of this and only a pinch." ordered Hadrian, handing over the mortar and pestle. Staying nearby as the boy did as he was told. Severus watched surprise as the Gryffindor beamed as he went on to correct it. No one had ever done that before, not even his Slytherin's, who usually just smirked in satisfaction at having perfected something as usual. His Slytherin's did so well in his class to win his approval. It was nothing to do with the fact they actually liked potions.
"Congratulations, you've successfully brewed this potion correct, two points to each of you for your hard work." said Hadrian; he knew a little praise went a long way. That certainly got them whispering heatedly. "Quiet, now you know what to do next. Bottle and place them on the desk, Professor Snape will grade them."

"The beauty of this potion is that the lighter the colour the more powerful the pain relief is. Also that it gives you enough time to correct any mistakes you make in between shimmering. There's a more difficult pain reliever to brew which doesn't allow you that chance…and it can end up poison instead. Which is why it's very important to be precise, and careful while brewing." said Hadrian, as students tidied up their desks listening as well quite intently to what the man was saying.

"Do we get an opportunity to brew it?" asked one of the Slytherin's curiously.

"I have no idea, I'm not aware of Professor Snape's lesson plans." said Hadrian honestly.

"Oh, I'd love the chance to try it" sighed the Slytherin almost wilfully ignoring the incredulous looks he received from most of his year mates. Hadrian however, did notice them and became curious, what was that all about?

"The bell is about to go, pack up and get to your next class, no homework today." stated Hadrian calmly. "You, what's your name?"

"Layton sir, Colin Layton." said the Slytherin swallowing thickly, as he was glared at by every Slytherin there.

"Mr. Layton please stay behind." said Hadrian smoothly as the students began making there way out of the class.

"Yes sir?" asked the student standing in front of Harry respectfully.

"Tell me, how much do you like potions?" asked Hadrian softening his face.

"Um…well as much as everyone else" shrugged Colin looking very uneasy.

"None of the others are here and I'd very much like the truth if you please," said Hadrian coolly. He wasn't sure why but Colin was reminding him of himself when he was younger.

"I really like them!" declared the teenager passionately.

"Care to explain why the others looked at you the way they did?" asked Hadrian grimly.

Colin Layton stared at the floor a sad look on his face.

"Well?" asked Hadrian clearing his throat rather loudly.

"They don't believe I deserve an apprenticeship under Professor Snape," sighed Layton looking if possible even more saddened.

"Why?" Hadrian asked surprised. Severus didn't take on apprentices, why would they even assume the boy didn't deserve the apprenticeship. Was this some sort of Slytherin thing he didn't understand? If Severus had lied to him he was not going to be happy.

"Because I'm a Muggle Born," said Colin bitterly, his lips twisted. "I'm alright to bully into doing homework but when it comes to an apprentice I don't deserve it!"

"You believe Professor Snape takes on apprentices?" asked Hadrian sitting down. "Who told you
"The head boy, when I first started Hogwarts, Malfoy I think." said Colin confused.

"I'm afraid you've been tricked, Professor Snape's never taken on an apprentice, least of all a student at Hogwarts before. I am the first exception to the rule and I've never been a student here." said Hadrian feeling rather sorry for him.

How could he have missed it? How his students were treating one of their own? He should have realized really. He was a loner but then most Slytherin's mostly were...he had been. He had never seen Colin with any of the other students, he ate by himself, went to class by himself. However in the common room he had seen him with boys his own age and older than him...go figure he missed the obvious right in front of him. Even worse he hadn't realized his students were getting their work done by this boy. To think he had accused the Gryffindor's of getting help, ever since Harry had come into his life all his decisions were getting called into action. How he treated his students, was the most particular one. Severus felt as though another rug was being pulled from under him.

"May I go?" asked Colin looking uncomfortable now.

"Why haven't you told your head of house?" asked Hadrian. He had been forced to do his cousins and friends homework all the time, and had his own ripped to shreds so his teacher used to berate him for his stupidity. He understood all too well how Colin felt, he wasn't just angry at the situation as well but at Severus' blindness.

Colin laughed bitterly his face showing everything "I know what he thinks of Muggle Born's sir,"

"That would be...?" asked Hadrian he had a fair idea what the boy was meaning.

"It doesn't matter, he'd probably just encourage it and I've only got this year to go before I can leave this place." said Colin emotionlessly.

Colin slipping out saying a quiet goodbye; Hadrian rubbed his eyes tiredly, wondering how many other Slytherin's were treated the same way. "He thinks you are a Death Eater." said Hadrian after silencing the room. "You don't give him the time of day, yet he protects you."

"Indeed," said Severus swallowing bitterly, giving away his location. "I think some private tuition might be just the thing to repay him. I also know a Potions Master that would be willing to take him on."

"He wants you," said Hadrian, "Not someone else."

"I know, but I'm not wasting three years of my life training a student, at least not right now." said Severus sounding slightly regretful.

"He would only get in the way," agreed Hadrian, "Speak to the students as well Severus please; I know what its like to be used all the time."

"That I will be doing." said Severus his eyes narrowed in fury. "Will you be alright for the next class I'd like to have a word with him now."

"Yes," said Hadrian, once again talking to thin air, he heard footsteps and he shouted "You might want to remove the potion before you go. Nobody can see you remember?" he bit his lip stopping himself from laughing. Oh this was rich, Severus Snape appeared in front of the door, and if he wasn't mistaken, Hadrian could see red stains on his cheeks. He was embarrassed; he stalked out though without pausing or saying anything.
"Hey Harry how you doing?" smirked Sirius coming though the Floo and landing gracefully. Harry was without the potion again. The map already out and keeping watch, the snake keeping a second eye out just to make sure. Remus followed almost immediately after sitting himself quite comfortably in Severus' quarters as if they had been friends from birth. If either of the men were uncomfortable they didn't show it. It was rather odd when you think about it. They had been enemies until this year, now they were joined at the hip.

"Great! Its fun teaching potions actually." said Harry smirking, he was proud of the changes he had brought to Severus' classes. Even if he had to put up with a lecture, from Dumbledore. Because he had kicked Sara Granger, from his class. Not that he had listened to the old fool, just tuned him out and walked away five minutes later. He has been teaching for a month now, and it was always the first year through fourth. Even the Slytherin's had warmed up to him after a few weeks; they grew to like being treated equal to the other houses.

Remus laughed in amusement, Harry could be polar opposite from Severus sometimes. Then there were instances they were that alike it was scary to watch. Then again that's what probably drew them together, being so alike but different at the same time. There was no doubt they were more similar than different.

"Don't let Sev hear you say that," teased Sirius.

"He knows," shrugged Harry unconcerned, smirking wryly, he knew the man was only teasing.

"Did you get any more information?" asked Harry sitting down himself, coffee was summoned for everyone.

"I did… surprisingly a lot. Did you know Dumbledore's father was arrested and sentenced to Azkaban for killing three Muggles?" asked Remus his voice and face grave.

Bill entered the room though the Floo, wiping himself of he sat down looking apologetically at them. The four men didn't pay him any mind; the scars on his face were gone. Severus' potions had done their job. If only it was as easy as that to stop the transformations all would be well. Severus never in a million years thought he would have been entertaining two werewolves in his home. No quarters, this wasn't his home, never had been.

"Dumbledore's father? Killed three Muggles? Whatever for?" gaped Severus.

"It didn't say, never did. Do you know Dumbledore has a brother and had a sister? She died when Dumbledore was seventeen." said Sirius. "The mother died and the girl died not even a month afterwards under suspicious circumstances. According to the paper there was a bust up at the funeral between the brothers. Apparently the brother blames Albus for the sister's death."

"What else?" asked Severus; as good as the information was it wasn't truly that shocking and damning to Dumbledore's built up character.
"We spoke to Bathilda Bagshot, she um…was rather fond of James and Lily having lived next door to them." said Remus looking unsure if he should continue.

"Where did they stay?" asked Harry.

"Godric's Hollow," whispered Sirius painfully. Even after all those years the death of his two best friends still got to him - got to them both he and Remus actually.

"Where are they buried?" asked Harry, he didn't know the most basic thing about his parents. It's time he found some information out though.


"Alright, so Bathilda what did she say?" asked Harry.

"According to her Dumbledore and Grindelwald were…very…very um…friendly." said Remus wondering if they would catch his drift, if their stunned expressions were anything to go on he would say they got it all right.

"Urgh I think I'm going to be sick!" grimaced Bill uttering his first words since he got there.

"Nice," said Harry sarcastically.

"No problem with you both… it's just them. The Dark Lord Grindelwald and Dumbledore, it gives me the willies. Seriously he was my headmaster, you don't want to imagine him with a love life do you?!" said Bill shuddering in disgust.

"Tell me about it," said Sirius screwing his face up slightly.

"My aunt told me how Dumbledore was obsessed with finding the Deathly Hallows." said Bill.

"He already has one," said Harry stretching out "The Elder ward, the death stick."

"How did you know that?" asked Severus shocked.

Harry blinked and frowned he summoned the book 'tales of the beadle and the bard' and flicked it open. The wand description and drawing was Dumbledore's wand down to the smallest detail. Severus had to agree that Harry was probably right.

"So that means the resurrection stone…and well I'll be damned!" swore Sirius looking shocked.

"What?" asked Bill curiously, looking between them.

"The bloody invisibility cloak, the cloak of invisibility." smirked Sirius the irony was almost choking him.

"That dratted cloak…is one of the Deathly Hallows?" asked Severus shocked to the core, but never revealing it.

"Makes sense…James gave it to Dumbledore before they went into hiding." said Sirius a bitter frown twisted on his face. They could all understand why, if James had kept his beloved cloak they might have survived that night. All they would need to have done was hide until help arrived.

"Why did he give it to Dumbledore?" asked Harry a snarl leaving his lips.

"He told Dumbledore to give it to you…if anything happened to them. It was before they went under
the Fidelus charm." explained Sirius looking pained.

"So why didn't I get it?" asked Harry his lips pursed in anger.

"I have no idea." murmured Sirius.

"How do I get it back without him knowing?" asked Harry his eyes nearly black with fury.

"I'm sure he probably stopped it from being summoned though a charm, best bet would be to go into his office, but no doubt it's very well hidden." said Remus.

"Hmm…I'll get it out of him one way or another." said Harry a nasty smirk on his face.

"Anything else useful?" asked Severus.

"Isn't what we have a good start? Start with the information we have…work our way up to Harry's revealing information. The juiciest worm I think would be Dumbledore using Harry and letting him be abused…I think that would send him and everyone over the edge." said Bill throwing in his two cents.

"Nah I think theft would be bigger…Dumbledore is supposed to be well off to find him stealing would be bigger." said Harry.

"Bill is right…child abuse just isn't done in the wizarding world." said Severus.

"Not publicly no." sneered Harry.

"True." conceded Severus lightly, he and Harry weren't the only ones abused they knew that.

"Did you know Tom Riddle was at the school when the Chamber of secrets was opened fifty odd years ago?" asked Remus.

"Yes" said Severus smoothly.

"His first kill was Myrtle; through the basilisk…he was after all Slytherin's heir. Dumbledore would have been Transfiguration teacher back then…and I think he may have known who opened the chamber." said Remus cautiously.

"Wouldn't surprise me if he did," sneered Severus his obsidian eyes glittering angrily.

"That's something else we could use…kill two birds in one stone kind of thing. Voldemort and Dumbledore…might stop Voldemort getting any more willing followers if they know he's a half blood?" suggested Remus softly.

"That's blood brilliant, but who are we going to get to write this? Who would risk the wrath of Dumbledore and Voldemort for a story?" asked Harry his green eyes twinkling full of deviousness.

"I think Skeeters would." stated Bill.

"She would do anything for a story…especially a big one as this." smirked Sirius in amusement.

"She is known for her lies, that is the only problem…many might not believe her," said Severus smoothly.

"But she will have all the proof she needs…especially where it counts." said Harry smugly.
"Then they would believe us," said Severus nodding his head, it was true enough they did have proof for the most shocking things of all. Dumbledore stealing and knowing about Harry being abused. The rest would be swallowed up as truths if they were printed first. "The things we have proof of will have to come first…anything else that's mentioned without proof would be believed."

"True," nodded Remus his frame almost quaking in excitement. He hadn't felt this kind of excitement since the Marauders were at school. Going out romping at the full moon, sneaking around the school creating a map that any wizard would have been jealous of. Sirius was thinking the same exact thing, his blue eyes were twinkling that would rival Dumbledore who had just got his way once again.

"Let's do it!" smirked Bill, he just hoped he was there when the paper came or perhaps Severus would let him see it through the means of a pensive.

"To Skeeters we go," agreed Harry in devilment.

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It took a month before they could go to Skeeters as they finalized their plans, gathered more information and between order meetings, teaching and learning magic - it was full time.

The five men had cloaks keeping their identity hidden, being cautious, they also used glamour charms. Ready to shock the world. Dumbledore had better watch out - Harry Potter was finally getting his pay back - and he was doing it in a way that was Slytherin. With Severus, Remus, Sirius and Bill at his side, the revenge was going to be the showdown of the century. Harry couldn't help but wish it was time for him to reveal himself. Oh he had something planned for the big finale (no matter what Severus did, Harry had managed to keep his wits around him even if they were scattered everywhere) and Harry couldn't wait. He almost, almost wanted to skip the revealing of Dumbledore part to get to the best bit.

But no - he had been planning this for so long, well not this but revenge on the old fool for what he had done. What was the hurry? He didn't want Dumbledore of too lightly, so he was going to watch and wait and see the old fool crumble. A fortnight after his twentieth birthday Dumbledore was going to be in for the shock of his life.

Dumbledore would soon find out he had picked the wrong boy to mess with - he would also find out that payback was a bitch a very long painful bitch at that.

Harry Potter was finally showing his face to the wizarding public - by the means of the Daily prophet.

Oh how the mighty will fall thought Severus though as he walked with his lover. Dumbledore was going to be begging for death by the time Harry was through with him. Even he wouldn't have thought of going down this road for revenge…but Harry was the ultimatum Slytherin - he was going for revenge best served cold. Severus would be by his side, and get to see the great and powerful Albus Dumbledore brought down by a nineteen year old he had so very wronged.

He silently wondered if the men in white coats would get Dumbledore before Harry finished with him.

He almost laughed at the thought of it, Albus Dumbledore blabbing insanely about Lemon Drops and Sherbet Lemons as he was led away to St. Mungo's.

If anyone had seen Severus' eyes they would have ran for the hills his obsidian eyes twinkling brightly as he thought of everything. They left Hogwarts in the dead of the night. Not even
Dumbledore knew they were there, good thing the Daily Prophet station remained open all night.

Rita Skeeter had better get a hold of herself as the story of the century was coming her way.

Needless to say Rita Skeeter's eyes widened and fear entered her eyes. Her body froze with horror; under the impression that they were Death Eaters. The fact that all five of them had their wands trained on her didn't hinder her assumptions. She did something that surprised them. She turned into a beetle and tried to fly out of the room. Remus and Sirius quickly said the counter spell and forced her human again. She just stayed there trembling, the five men thought it was funny but it wasn't nice to play with someone they wanted help from.

"Tell me how would you, like to bring Albus Dumbledore down?" asked Severus smoothly.

Rita just gawped at them, her bright red glasses slightly askew.

"We will give you stories that will have your name go down in history. Of uncovering the truth and true nature of Albus Dumbledore." said Harry just as smoothly as Severus. You could tell they were different voices, but it was a hard pressed thing to do.

"No more lies for you…we will give you all the truth you need. You needn't worry about a job as you will be paid handsomely for all truthfully published stories." smirked Severus smoothly.

If it was possible Rita's jaw fell further to the floor it was completely unhinged. For a woman who always had something to say, well, she had nothing to say at all. She was stunned; you could have knocked her over with her quill.

"This will continue on for half a year at the most, new stories every day, with the proof along with it. You will need to remain vigilant; Dumbledore may try and dispose of you for what you are writing. If we have it our way he won't be interested in you but finding someone." smirked Severus.

"How much?" asked Rita her beady eyes lightening up at the prospect of an actual story with decent money to go with it. There was only so much fun lying can cause, if they were truly asking it of her and had the truth to back it up then hell yeah, she was going to go for it. Especially against Dumbledore - she hadn't ever been able to dish up dirt on someone so beloved by the Wizarding community.

"One hundred galleons per story," said Harry smoothly, it was a pittance compared to what he had in his vaults. However, for people working for their money it was a lot - especially if it was per story.

Her entire body changed she relaxed and smirked at them almost greedy for the story she was promised.

"What kind of story do you have in mind?" she asked coming forward strutting confidently.

Severus withdrew the pensive, pushing the stone bowl forward, she looked at them worriedly. She wasn't sure if she trusted herself to actually enter the pensive. Not while they were there anyway, but she also knew they wouldn't leave a memory with her. She wasn't stupid memories were sacred things, and not many left their secret thoughts and memories lying around in a bowl for others to rifle through.

"We promise not to hurt you…unless you go back on our agreement. It has to be the truth you print. Any trying to sabotage us then you die, and we will find you beetle or not." said Remus his amber eyes flashing dangerously even underneath his hood. Skeeter's eyes widened in fear when she caught sight of the amber eyes and nodded before immersing herself into the memory.
When she came back out she didn't know if she should be laughing or being sick. She chose to be sick; abuse as Severus said wasn't done in the wizarding world. Magical children were sacred or at least they were meant to be. The fact that Dumbledore had allowed Harry Potter (The Hero of the Wizarding World) into that situation sickened and horrified her.

"Why?" was all she asked sitting down like all energy had fled her leaving her pale and shaken.

"So he could control his tool to win this war as he suggested." said Severus smoothly, he didn't feel any sympathy for her, well maybe a little but he didn't show it. He too had felt the same when he was first told, never mind when he was shown. Let abuse happen to a powerful young wizard, Severus could only be thankful that Harry's childhood hadn't led him onto an Evil path like Voldemort. There was a difference between Harry and Tom Riddle.

Tom Riddle blamed everyone for his misery of a childhood, not just Dumbledore and in the end went for a full out war of revenge against Muggles and Wizards alike. Harry wanted revenge yes, on the people who had ruined his life - his Harry wouldn't ever, harm an innocent soul unless he had to or it was by accident. It didn't get passed Severus that three of the most powerful wizards of this century were abused, Tom Riddle, Severus Snape and Harry Potter. It was one of the ironies that made him want to laugh; each had their own side in the war too to add to the amusement. He had to wonder if Dumbledore had been abused too, because he seemed content to let his hero's or powerful wizards be treated as such - thinking probably that they could be controlled or actually killed perhaps? Who knew the inner workings of Albus Dumbledore's mind - certainly not him.

"This is the first of many memories or incidences and perhaps even snippets of information you will get." said Sirius coolly. Severus took the pensive back and held it to himself.

"You will write truthfully, and you will make sure you remain hidden from Dumbledore." said Bill smoothly.

"Do not let Dumbledore get to you," said Remus in warning once again

"Who are you?" asked Skeeter's.

Dumbledore could make a good guess as to who had sent Skeeter's the memory. It wouldn't take Dumbledore long to put two and two together and make up four. Then realize it was why Harry had run away - because he had overheard something he shouldn't. That would sure to make Dumbledore furious for being so damn stupid to do it in the first place.

"That is of no concern right now…you will realize who I am sooner or later." smirked Harry in amusement his green eyes, which were hidden, glinting in cold amusement.

Harry threw her a pouch filled with money, and then copied the memory. The entire scene when added to the paper would play out again and again until the magic wore off or the paper was destroyed.

"We will be back." said Severus smoothly.

Then they disappeared into the night, the threat still lingering in the air.

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The next morning Sirius and Remus made their way to Hogwarts, using Harry as means of an excuse to be there. They wanted to see his face; they'd been waiting so long for this revenge. The best part was the fact that this was just the beginning.
"Albus how did the search go last night?" asked Remus his amber eyes filled with hope and misery.

"I am sorry but there have been no sightings of him," said Dumbledore morosely. Dumbledore needed to find Harry he turned twenty years old. Then try and get the boy alone and remove all the charms he had on him. Then start training, a few potions here and there giving him complete control of the boy. A loyalty potion was a given, he needed the boy's loyalties to be to him and him alone.

"Damn this Remus where is he!" whined Sirius as Severus and Hadrian sat down near them.

"What are you doing here," sneered Severus screwing his face up in disgust.

"I'm here to find out about my godson Snivellus shut the hell up." snapped Sirius his own face screwed up in disgust. No one seemed to notice the lack of magic that usually surrounded them. Severus and Sirius were powerful. Their hatred had once upon a time been real, real enough to spark their magic with the anger.

After months of planning the first of the daily prophet newspapers had finally come.

If anyone had thought to look, they would have seen matching smirks appear on four men. Sirius, Remus, Severus and Hadrian opened their papers and watched Dumbledore closely. Waiting for the fireworks to start, and oh, it was worth the wait. Dumbledore actually began choking!

Albus Dumbledore and Alastor Moody allowed the Boy Who Lived's abuse!

Dumbledore seemed to be choking up with the headline alone, it got worse when he finally saw the pensive memory replaying over and over again. He just looked at it in mute horror it had replayed twice before Sirius' enraged snarl brought him out of his shocked stupor. His blue eyes widened further, as he watched Black go rabid. He was baring his teeth, snarling viciously, as Remus dragged him back spit flying from his mouth as he continued to shout.

"DUMBLEDORE!" snarled Sirius standing up at his full height looking ready to pulverise Dumbledore. This time his magic did react, for the first time since he found out he was finally allowed to show his disgust for the man who had hurt his godson.

Unfortunately Remus knew Sirius would go too far, he couldn't allow it otherwise the oath would come into affect. Giving Dumbledore a glare, Remus dragged his best friend out of the room. No one noticed Remus had put his own copy into his pocket; he wanted to see it.

"I knew you didn't give a fuck about your students…but this is far too much. Consider my part in your flimsy Order done; I will no longer be a part of it. To think I had almost forgiven you for what happened to Severus Snape it makes me sick…you are no better than Voldemort! Voldemort would have killed the boy and be done with it…at least he has mercy unlike you." snarled Hadrian standing up throwing the paper at the old fool before walking out. Dumbledore had flinched very noticeably by Hadrian's declaration and Severus wanted to laugh. It seemed Hadrian had a gift for making Dumbledore lose control.

"Albus please tell me you didn't know…this interferes with my oath to keep the boy safe…" said Severus looking pained; as if he hated admitting it and didn't like the fact his mentor could do such a thing.

Dumbledore just stared dumbly at Severus as if he couldn't believe this was really happening. He truly expected this to be an absurd dream that he was having. His mind was working overdrive, and as Severus predicted Dumbledore did put two and two together. Anger and fury entered his eyes, before it was wiped clean of any emotion.
"Minerva, ensure the students go to their classes and banish all those papers," demanded Dumbledore.

"Did you know?" whispered Minerva getting up as Dumbledore did, the aguish in her eyes was genuine.

"I did not those memories have been tampered with," said Dumbledore angrily. Hurt and angry that Minerva could accuse him of such thing. After all he'd done to ensure his reputation as genial Headmaster. They still had the nerve to ask him such questions? If she could...he knew the Order would doubt him as well.

Now that Dumbledore was away, he left to find Harry wanting to ensure he was alright.

"How are you feeling?" asked Severus soothingly, coming into his quarters.

"Let me guess he denied it? Told everyone it was faked?" asked Hadrian sarcastically.

Severus grimaced and nodded his head curtly.

"That was why I wanted the stealing to go first," said Hadrian "At least there would have been do denying that."

Just then the Floo activated and a blonde boy jumped into Severus' arms, on instinct Severus caught him.

"Severus!" whimpered Draco in relief.

"Draco what are you doing here?" asked Severus wide eyed, his godson was aware he was a Death Eater. No doubt he had seen him at the meetings, yet here he was. Was the boy suicidal or just stupid? It was a good job he was a bloody spy or he would have taken the boy right to Voldemort.

Severus saw Harry watching him with his arms across his chest his face closed off. Glittering in those green eyes was jealousy, Severus wanted to laugh. This was his godson; obviously Harry didn't remember their earlier conversation. Either that or Harry didn't recognize him, which was possible he had grown. Not that he could see anything but Draco's back at the moment.

"Hadrian I'd like to introduce you to my godson Draco Malfoy," said Severus clearing his throat.

Feeling more than a little thankful that 'Hadrian' still had the potion in his system. He had been about to remove it and have his wicked way with his lover. Those plans unfortunately were on hold now, and he had to deal with his very spoiled immature godson. He loved him, but he was just so annoying to be around. Between his pureblood bigotry and thinking himself better than everyone else.

"Nice to meet you," said Hadrian smoothly his face carefully blank. Inwardly he felt like a right idiot, now that his name had been mentioned he knew. The blonde hair was unmistakable, yet he still didn't like how he was pawing at his lover.

This being his first proper relationship, Severus knew Harry would get insecure very easily. Especially with his past, and the feeling of unworthiness. Not that he'd get angry for Harry being jealous; it was a first for him too. Who would have thought someone as stunning at Harry would be jealous of him? He wasn't something to look.

"You also," said Draco smugly also confused, but he didn't show it.
"I am his potions apprentice," said Hadrian when he noticed Draco's confusion. Harry did not like the look of relief that had crossed Draco's features. It could mean too many things, that Draco was interested in Severus and wanted a relationship with him. Or it could be relief that Severus didn't have a lover in his life. It could even mean that Draco was hoping that Severus didn't want him as an apprentice.

"What are you doing here?" asked Severus. Sitting Draco down on the couch, Harry continued to stand looking like a statue. It was times like this where Severus wished he hadn't learned Occlumency. He'd love to know what was going on in that head of his.
"You are my godfather, mother has sent me over." said Draco relaxing on the sofa.

Harry couldn't imagine going to Sirius and saying those things. Draco had just invited himself to stay regardless to whatever anyone else had to say. Harry didn't like it at all; the boy was spoiled and selfish with no ounce of respect for his elders. His attitude left something to be desired. This boy was Severus' godson? Draco was just as spoiled as Severus had accused him of being.

"Where exactly is your mother?" asked Severus smoothly.

"She's at home," said Draco airily, he un-shrunk his trunk and looked expectantly at Severus.

Severus seemed unable to form words, which was unlike him. He was incredibly stunned by Draco's actions. He'd just decided to invite himself to stay, at Hogwarts with him. Draco and everyone else in Slytherin assumed he was a Death Eater. The fact he attended the meetings was a dead give away. It's not as if he could trust them to tell them the truth. He must have a death wish, that's all he could think.

"I'll be having the spare room I take it?" asked Draco without even waiting for confirmation he began striding over trunk in a tow. Severus just watched him unable to form a coherent sentence. His godson had always been spoiled, immature and downright thoughtless. However, he was taking it to a different level knowing how honest his lover could be he snapped into action.

"What the hell do you think you are doing?" asked Hadrian calmly as Draco entered his room. He may not use it, but everything he owned was in this room. It was a front only just in case Dumbledore enquired or nosed around.

"You are to find a room elsewhere, Severus is my godfather. I want everything out of this room when I return." said Draco haughtily.

"Excuse me?" asked Hadrian his voice going cold and hard. All thoughts of trying to get along with Draco Malfoy left his mind altogether. Godson or not, he wasn't about to be spoken to like that.

"You heard, unless you are deaf." sniffed Draco, looking very condescending at Harry.

"You have three seconds to get your things and leave this room. NOW!" snarled Hadrian. He refused to be spoken to in such a manner, not by a snobby bastard who thought him so superior. It didn't matter that Draco was the same age as him.

"Severus is my godfather, you are just his apprentice." stated Draco snobbishly, so sure he would get his way.

The words were barely out when Draco was flying out of the room his trunk following very closely behind. The spell stopped so abruptly it actually smashed the trunk spilling the contents onto Severus' floors. Draco landed with a very big thump on his backside. Screaming in pain he pulled out his wand, aiming it at who he knew as 'Hadrian'. Harry used an additional spell to create a barrier and
stop Draco from getting into the room.

"Hadrian" chided Severus wryly.

"What?" asked 'Hadrian' innocently.

"You won't let him away with that will you Severus? Tell him to get out of my room!" screeched Draco angrily. Gaping at Severus as if he was something strange, had he just chided the man? Instead of getting angry on his behalf?

Harry just smirked at the boy; he was like a spoiled petulant five year old. Instead of angering him it just made him want to laugh. Nineteen years old, and he was acting like a toddler. How Severus could put up with Draco was beyond him. His was a boy who'd just lost his father? Well he obviously hadn't cared much for the man.

"Draco Malfoy do not raise your voice at me!" hissed Severus angrily; he couldn't believe how his godson was acting. Sure it had been alright when he was eleven but he was nineteen years old, had never had a job and lazed about his manor all year round. He had just utterly disrespected him and his apprentice, of his mother had been here, he'd never have attempted such a thing. To think his lover was seeing all this - it was a huge embarrassment to Severus. He had hoped perhaps in a year's time to introduce the two of them, hoping Harry would befriend someone his own age. He could see quite clearly he was mistaken in his assumptions.

Draco look stung looking at Severus in betrayal his blue grey eyes looking ready to start crying. Severus had never spoken to him like that before, and with father just dead it made him feel worse. "But Severus I'm your godson what's he?" whined Draco. What was going on, his godfather should always take his side. His father had no matter what, except when it came to grades and Grangers.

"My apprentice." said Severus bluntly; unfortunately he knew Draco couldn't be told who Hadrian really was. He couldn't keep a secret, if for a second it could get him somewhere he'd tell someone.

"So? You've known me since I was born." pouted Draco.

Hadrian growled low in his throat obviously getting pissed off and Severus didn't blame him - his own patience was wearing thin.

"Take your trunk, go home to your mother tell her you cannot stay here." said Severus. He couldn't stay, and that was final, but it did make him feel slightly guilty. He had a feeling why Narcissa was sending him. Yet he wasn't about to play her games, she could deal with her spoiled son again.

"What? Why?" asked Draco gaping. He was stunned; his own godfather was turning his back on him? His father was dead by Voldemort's hands. Bellatrix had been on at his mother to get him to join, he didn't want it. With nothing else she could do she had sent Draco here in hopes of Severus being able to protect him. It was his duty as godfather after all, and Draco knew his godfather loved him.

"I do not have the room," sighed Severus shaking his head; he felt a huge headache coming on.

"There's that one there!" exclaimed Draco.

"As you can see it's currently occupied," said Severus groaning warily. Wondering if he could perhaps tell his godson the truth, get a vow and give him the blasted room. He knew Harry wouldn't be happy about it, probably furious he wondered silently if he would think he was picking Draco over him. He nixed the idea knowing good and well Harry would think the worst. He had given Harry that room and reassured him it was his, his own private place. Not that Harry used it often,
heck all that was in here was his clothes and a hoard of chocolates in the dresser. Harry hadn't bought himself anything else, to think he thought Harry was spoiled. They couldn't be more different if they tried Harry and Draco. Draco hadn't savoured anything in his life. Harry on the other hand savoured everything from chocolate to Severus' hugs. It made his heart clench in love, at everything Harry had been though in his short life. Yet he'd risen above it and came out on top.

"But…" was all the stunned blonde could say. It was the first time anyone he loved had said no to him, and he was unsure of him to handle that.

"Draco why are you really here? Why did your mother send you?" asked Severus, withdrawing his wand and repairing the trunk.

"Mother is hoping you can protect me from the Death Eaters…Bellatrix keep's pressuring mum into sending me to him." whispered Draco sounding impossibly young and vulnerable. He knew what they were expecting of him, and in truth it terrified him. He hadn't been able to sleep every time his father came near. Scared stiff that he would be sent to Voldemort. He hadn't been able to grieve when his father died, his relief was too profound, and to premature. Bellatrix was now the go between, expecting him to go next week. The Dark Lord was sick of waiting, and he wanted Draco in his bed now.

"There's a spell called the secret keeper use it." grunted Hadrian looking very uncomfortable. He didn't want to be a Death Eater; it was always a good thing. Doesn't mean he wanted to like the spoiled brat, although he seemed insanely terrified for just being marked as a Death Eater. Unless it was Azkaban he was terrified of, but he didn't know for sure.

"Hadrian is correct Draco, have your mother cast it and keep everyone safe." said Severus. As much as he wanted his godson safe, he knew there were better protected places for him. Plus he didn't want Harry getting sick of this place and leaving. No doubt Harry would go to Remus and Sirius, and he didn't relish the thought. He loved having Harry with him every night, in his arms. He shuddered inwardly at the thought of being without Harry now; he loved the man too much for that. He had been without a lover for so long, and then having one again he couldn't cope returning to an empty bed. Harry came first now - his godson was a grown man. He needed to grow up. He couldn't keep hiding behind him and his parents.

"It's your duty as my godfather to help me Severus," said Draco quietly his voice sullen.

"No Draco its not. You are nineteen years old, a grown man. You should be out there working. Starting a family, getting your priorities right and stop hiding behind people." said Severus honestly.

"Work? Why would I work?" scoffed Draco offended at the very idea, the Malfoy's didn't work.

"Go on through, ask Narcissa to fire call me immediately." said Severus his voice left no room for argument.

"Fine!" snapped Draco when it's obvious he couldn't get Severus to change his mind. He threw a death glare at Hadrian Williams it was his fault, Hadrian just glaring as nastily back, mock lurching at him snapping Draco into action with an 'Eep' from his mouth. As he jumped into the fire and Floo'ed home.

"My god Severus!" said Hadrian gaping at Severus.

"I am sorry you had to witness that," said Severus embarrassed.

Harry sighed and pressed his and Severus' foreheads together softly. He shook his head and said
"And you thought I was spoiled?" Severus' anguished black eyes met him. Harry realized there and then it was obviously bothering Severus more than Harry had assumed. There was nothing to be done right now as Narcissa had already Floo'ed him.

"Severus you wanted to see me?" asked Narcissa sounding despondent.

"Yes I did indeed" said Severus, sitting down so Narcissa could see him in the flames.

"What is it? Why can't you take Draco?" asked Narcissa her face twisted in concern.

"I think it's best if you went on an extended holiday. Perhaps under different names and glamour's until the war is over." asked Severus his voice held warning. "You know what our lord wants from him, it's your decision."

"I do," said Narcissa looking sick and worried.

"Then leave, I suggest you go to Italy," said Severus.

"I don't know Severus...will we be safe anywhere?" whispered Narcissa.

"You will if you use the Fidelus charm and Glamour charms. I suggest you get your son interested in work, so he can at least gain a little respect." said Severus. His face disapproving.

"Oh Severus, I know he's gotten so bad it's all Lucius' fault now he's left me alone! Do you know how he displeased the Dark Lord?" asked Narcissa wide eyed, she knew her husband had suffered. Unlike the Muggle world, the wizards didn't need family to identify the dead. A simple spell did that for you, but Narcissa had wanted to see her husband one last time. She had regretted it immediately, and ended up sick in public.

"I do not. It's not like our lord to do such a thing." said Severus. He had to be careful here - just in case Narcissa was caught.

"It had to have been," said Narcissa looking ill as she remembered her husband's body.

"It's entirely up to you, but I think Draco has to grow up quickly if he has any hope of surviving this world. He's not eleven years old anymore Narcissa and he barged into my rooms demanding my Potions apprentice to give up his room quite harshly as well." said Severus perhaps that would get though to his mother.

Narcissa looked horrified "I apologize for my son's foolish behaviour and be sure to pass them on to your apprentice." said Narcissa bowing her head in the flames in apology before she said a quiet and sad goodbye and her face was gone.

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"Harry?" called Severus later on that night.

"I'm in our room Severus," murmured Harry, Severus smiled despite his headache - his young lover was back. He could hear the differences in the voice and he was correct. Harry had removed the potion. Severus took of his own clothes and slid into the bed, bringing his love into his arms.

"I'm sorry about Draco's actions," said Severus clearly still embarrassed by his godsons earlier display.

"I know, its fine." said Harry. He didn't want to talk about Draco Malfoy when they were in bed.
"Still, he's my godson and he acted despicably." said Severus.

"He did, now let's move on and forget about it. He was lucky he didn't get cursed! I was close to doing it. Him hugging you like that." replied Harry.

Severus laughed his rich baritone voice sending shivers down Harry's spine. Oh yes, if he was asked what he loved best about Severus it would be between his sarcasm, his voice, his fingers, or possessiveness. He would never be able to answer, Harry was sure if Severus tried he could come alone to the sound of Severus' voice.

"Oh Harry, you never have to worry about that, I do not take and discard lovers that easily. As you know I do not trust fully with good reason, it has served me well. The chance of me actually doing something like that to you is nil. So get such thoughts from your mind for they have no place there." said Severus seriously, unconsciously clutching the younger closer. "If anything I think I should be worried." he added almost as an afterthought.

"If you think I could take and discard lovers at all, you don't know me very well." said Harry in a voice similar to Severus' own.

"I hope not, I'm a very possessive man, Merlin help anyone stupid enough to try!" said Severus a rumbling purr leaving his throat as he thought of it.

"That is one of the things I love about you." murmured Harry softly.

"Mmm what else?" asked Severus, teasing Harry's nipples, watching Harry's flesh wake up and twitch taking an interest in the happenings. Severus' own flesh twitched in sympathy he loved knowing the affects he was having on Harry.

"You're voice, so wicked, sinful, so seductive, smooth like chocolate, you command attention by speaking," hissed Harry, breathing deeply.

Severus hissed removing Harry's boxers; he wanted to be inside Harry now. He quickly prepared Harry, a lot rougher than usual but Harry seemed just as desperate as him. He did ensure he was properly prepared, he in no way wanted to hurt Harry no matter how desperate they both were. He didn't know where this desperation was coming from; perhaps it was because they hadn't done anything for what felt like weeks.

Finally he breached the outer ring of muscle; a tortured moan left Severus' lips. He continued sinking in, gasping in pleasure when Harry clenched down around him. Finally he was imbedded inside of Harry, possessing him, claiming him as his. He knew he wasn't going to last long tonight; he had already begun trying to stop the inevitable. The pace was hard and fast, sucking on Harry's nipples urgently worrying them with his teeth it was too much for Harry he came hard. Hot wet semen lay between both men, who didn't seem to care as Severus continued to pound into the hot wet tight channel that was spasming around him. He could feel his end nearing, with one last hard thrust he stayed still as he emptied himself into Harry. Harry's tight channel milking him of every last drop.

Rolling Harry onto his side, still buried deeply inside of him, he wrapped his long legs around him. Spelling away the excess spillage, keeping himself buried to the hilt inside the one he loved. He wrapped his arms around Harry, with possessiveness that rocked both of them to the core. Harry just melted against him. Pulling the covers over them, that's how they remained. The night was far from over, the last time Severus had done this they hadn't stopped until Harry fell asleep exhausted.

He was right; it seemed Severus wanted to see Harry completely lose control that night. Severus seemingly with a leisurely pace explored all of Harry's sensitive spots still snug and warm inside
Harry. His member getting bigger each and every time Harry moaned wantonly for him, and bigger still whenever Harry would grind against him. Harry was begging before Severus finally stopped. His harsh panting breath was the only thing that filled the room besides the begging. Long nimble fingers wrapped around Harry's flesh, nibbling and kissing at his sensitive and delicate flesh on his neck. Whispering words, causing Harry to lose complete control with a final incoherent plea he came hard and fast. Severus too found it too much with a stifled grunt, biting down on Harry's shoulder blade he came.

Still he lay there, with a lazy flick of his wand cleaned up the mess. He could already hear Harry's harsh panting easing into the soft even breathes of sleep. Exhausted himself, he nuzzled Harry's neck he fell asleep as well.
The End Of Moody

Pretty Boy

Chapter 41

The End Of Moody

It had been a month since the newspaper spilled the beans on Dumbledore. The reactions had been mixed, at least within Hogwarts and the Order. They weren't sure about the public's reaction, since they'd not been out when it happened. Half the Order barely spoke to Dumbledore, the only reason they remained was for the good of the war. The other half seemed to believe him when he said it was faked. Surprisingly the Weasley's had been cool in their dealings with Dumbledore and Moody. They weren't sure if it was true or not so they remained distant. They'd also remained distant with Bill, which infuriated Severus, Hadrian, Sirius and Remus badly.

Alastor Moody had received it worse than Dumbledore, he'd been fully retired and his pension halved. He had been banned from the Ministry, and any of the events they'd hold. Everyone was treating him like a leper, the respect and fear everyone once held for the 'great' Auror had been reduced to all out loathing. His medals had been taken from him, and he was a disgrace to wizard kind.

Dumbledore was taking to holding the Order meetings in Hogwarts. He was no longer allowed access to Grimmauld Place. In fact Sirius hadn't been seen in Hogwarts or near Dumbledore since the newspaper incident. Neither had Remus come to that, but they were always coming down to Severus quarters though. They couldn't keep holding it there; the whole point of the Order was that they were meant to be secret. It's not much of one when they were seen wandering around Hogwarts, now was it? It hadn't been so bad, since most students had gone home for Christmas. Hadrian had

Celebrated his first Christmas at Hogwarts with his lover, Remus and Godfather. They were back now, and it couldn't continue. No doubt Dumbledore realized this, and would act accordingly.

"Severus," said Albus nodding his head, none of his staff would talk to him other than his Potions Master. Even that was strained at best; the fact the vow he swore had been affected made him angry.

"Albus," said Severus as he sat down, as always Hadrian wasn't far behind him. As always Dumbledore treated Hadrian as though he was an Ex boyfriend. That is to say with disgust and general moodiness.

"When shall you return to teaching full time?" asked Albus his twinkle as it had been all month noticeably absent.

"I don't think I will," said Severus, enjoying the constipated look on the Headmasters face.

"I see. I'm surprised no student has ended up in the hospital wing. Mr. Williams is just an apprentice after all," said Dumbledore his disapproval clear.

Hadrian just snorted as he continued to smirk; nothing Dumbledore did riled him up. Especially not today, he'd started round two; Skeeter's will probably have the paper printed by now. Salivating over the news, he had waited until now since it's the student's reactions that wound Dumbledore the most.

The smirk turned vicious when he heard the tell tale of owl wings flying into the hall. Oh this was
going to be good; the best part was Dumbledore wouldn't be able to talk himself out of this one.

"What could the Ministry want?" frowned Albus opening the letter, his curiosity getting the better of him. His eyes widened as he read the missive, utterly shocked by its contents.

Albus Dumbledore

In regards to the allegations brought forth by the Daily Prophet we have decided to set a trial. As you know we take child abuse very seriously, as each magic child is important. Given whom the child was we feel we must get the matter cleared up.

By public demands we have decided a trial will take place.

Trial Date - 30. 3. 1999

Trial time - 3.35

Trial place - Courtroom ten (full Wizengamot body)

Amelia Bones

"Damn it," murmured Dumbledore unable to believe this was happening. Everything was unravelling and Potter was somewhere in the magical world. He had realized very quickly, that it must have been Potter. He must have overheard them and ran; now he was back and apparently getting revenge. When he found the brat he would make him pay for this. He'd been looking for him every free available minute. So had Alastor come to that.

Just then he realised how… unearthly the silence in the great hall was. Looking up he frowned in confusion, when he saw the shocked looks he was getting. Surely he hadn't been that loud when he cursed? So what had caused it? Had they put the trial he was to attend in the newspaper? Merlin he hoped not it, everything was bad enough as it was. No it was much worse; his heart sank deeply when he saw the headlines.

Albus Dumbledore A Thief - Stealing 'The Boy Who Lived's Money' Is This The Reason For The Abuse?

Severus had to admit she was good at what she did; no one could put it quite like Rita Skeeter. It didn't only reflect badly on Dumbledore but Gringotts as well. They had been handing money over to Dumbledore from the Potter accounts. Thankfully though they had brains and had stopped it as soon as it was legal for them to do so.

"Get to class now!" boomed Dumbledore angrily, furious at the looks he was receiving. Startling the children so badly, a few first years actually began crying. Wide eyed Dumbledore high tailed it out of the room, he was loosing his composure and everything was falling to pieces.

"I cannot believe this…I guess the prophet was telling the truth last month?" whispered McGonagall almost to herself.

"It looks like it." said Severus warily. He couldn't be seen enjoying himself too much now could he?

"The world is going to go to hell with this information…no one will trust him again…even I wouldn't and I've known him for years!" said McGonagall barely stopping the tears from falling. She had protested against sending Harry to the Dursley's and she felt guilty about not doing more. For listening to Dumbledore when she should have just spoken to someone, anyone about it.
"I know," murmured Severus, he so wanted to laugh at the faces of betrayal that surrounded him. This was something he had dreamed about for years! But never actually imagined it to happen. Dumbledore had just been too damn popular for anyone to hate. He was just even gladder now that Harry had come into his life, or he had been bodily thrown into Harry's.

The rest of the day passed in a haze, Harry couldn't seem to get the children to concentrate. The only people that managed and seemed less affected were the Slytherin's. It got so bad that Harry cancelled the rest of the Potions lessons, after the tenth potion explosion. Severus agreed it was the best thing to do after all - they were obviously very upset more so than he would have originally thought. Did people really trust Dumbledore so fully to be this badly affected? Even the students, not just the Order? It was unexpected and disgusting to say the least.

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"Moody is at the door, Master." said Kreacher grudgingly. Glaring at Remus nastily before disappearing again.

"Sirius, don't," said Remus but he was too late, Sirius had already Floo'ed to Grimmauld Place. Cursing angrily, he grabbed a handful of the Floo powder and following him.

"Come in," said Sirius, a dangerous glint in his blue eyes. He'd sworn not to touch Dumbledore - nothing was said about Moody. He'd been stewing for a month, and he just wanted to hurt someone.

"You don't think we really would do such a despicable thing do you laddie?" asked Moody thumping into the kitchen. "I taught you everything you know, and you think so badly of us? Not just us but the entire order? You are putting them all in danger."

"I know it's the truth Moody," snarled Sirius, glaring at Moody for his lies.

"Do yer now?" asked Moody his wand twitching as his eyes moved alarmingly around the house. As if he was looking for Harry, thinking perhaps he was here, it's the only way he'd know after all.

"YES!" hissed Sirius.

"Obliviate!" snarled Moody, but Sirius moved out of the way in time.

"Crucio!" snapped Sirius, as the old man began writhe in agony.

"Sirius stop!" yelled Remus coming from the fire. "That's enough!" but he realized belatedly it had gone too far. Moody couldn't survive this, otherwise Sirius would be arrested. He couldn't see Sirius going back to prison, he wouldn't survive it again.

Sirius stared at Remus a stone look on his face; he had to do this, for Harry. "Avada Kedavra!" and before Moody could stop writhing in agony his life ended in a flash of green light. Not dying of old age or against a Death Eater as he always imagined.

"Sirius," said Remus looking stunned.

"You best get Severus and Harry," was all the man had to say as he sat down. He didn't even look sorry for what he'd done, but after what the arsehole had done to his godson, he didn't really care. Just a while ago, he'd got to spend his first proper Christmas with him. Feeling awkward for receiving gifts and it was his and Dumbledore's fault. He hadn't got Harry half of what he wanted to, because he knew how he'd be. So he just made sure he got a few things that were considerably expensive.
Remus did what Sirius asked still completely stunned. Sirius had just killed Mad Eye Moody in cold blood. It was different with Lucius Malfoy; they'd done the world a favour. It was different now, what did they do? There would be an investigation now.

"Hogwarts, Severus' Snape's quarters!" shouted Remus, his face unknowingly shockingly pale.

"Snape?" called Remus, making sure to call him Snape just in case he has company. Well the Dumbledore company anyway, since nobody else ever ventured down there, apart from them.

"What is it?" asked Severus coming into view.

"You best get over here," said Remus, there was no point in telling him to bring Harry. He would regardless; they were two peas in a pod, always together.

"Very well," said Severus glancing into the fire, as if somehow hoping to read Remus' mind. Remus simply nodded before he disappeared, without another word.

Severus and Harry both Floo'ed over to Grimmauld Place together. Stepping out the fire and into Grimmauld Place. Sirius was sitting calmly at the table, and Remus was leaning back against the fridge, arms crossed.

"What the fuck happened here?" asked Hadrian, he was furious he had wanted his revenge damn it. Now it was gone, staring at Remus and Sirius stonily.

Alastor 'Mad Eye' Moody was dead.

"You let him die easy," said Severus bitterly recognizing the signs of the killing curse immediately. Nothing else was wrong with the ugly, bitter, vengeful Auror. This was the Auror that had cursed him when he had been first arrested as a Death Eater. Then continued to call him one even after all those years of spying for them. Always going on about how he was 'once a Death Eater always a Death Eater' the disgusting oaf that he was.

"I couldn't help myself," snarled Sirius angrily, kicking the body of the dead Auror.

"I tried to stop him." said Remus from where he was standing.

"Idiots!" snapped Hadrian furiously.

"I wouldn't have bested him in a duel. There's a reason he's the best Auror in the division." said Sirius.

"So you took him out quickly?" said Severus. He had to concede the point. There would have been no way Sirius could have bested him. Severus was sure Moody could give him a run for his money. Maybe even beat him or come close to it anyway. He wasn't sure but they would never know now.

"I am sorry Harry," said Sirius slumping down on the chair. Maybe he shouldn't have killed him, just bound him and let Harry have his revenge.

"I wanted answers damn it!" snarled Harry. He wasn't angry at Sirius just at the entire situation.

"Calm down, I think you already know the answers," said Severus, touching the delicate skin of Harry's neck. With just one touch Harry relaxed, shaking his head warily.

"Do you think I didn't?" asked Sirius angrily.

"Just forget about it…at least I can get an answer from one of them." said Harry shrugging his
shoulders. No point in 'if' 'what' and 'butting' it made no difference. Mad eye Moody was dead and nothing was bringing him back no matter how much Harry wished it. He would die again within an hour or two anyway, since he'd just kill him again after some torture.

"What are we going to do with him?" asked Remus calmly.

"I'll take him back. I can hide my magical signature the best, and I'll throw the Dark Mark into the air." said Severus. He was the only one with a spare wand, so not to draw attention, if someone actually tried to use Priori Incantatem. That's if any of them were suspected of course.

"Be careful," was all Hadrian said. The quicker Severus went the quicker he got back. Harry Floo'ed back to Hogwarts by himself, leaving the three men there.

"Is he going to be alright?" asked Sirius looking depressed, he felt bad now; Harry had obviously wanted to be the one to do it.

"Yes, he just wants answers. None would have ever satisfied him. Even if we had plied Moody with Veritaserum. They viewed him as a tool, a weapon he knows this but still hopes for a more valid reason. I think he would rather have Moody blame Harry for his parent's deaths, than just letting him suffer to hone their weapon." explained Severus quietly.

Sirius and Remus nodded in understanding, their eyes full of sadness for their godson. Perhaps he wasn't as healed as they originally thought; Severus it seemed knew this and wasn't surprised.

Before both men knew it they were alone, Moody had been Apparated away with Severus. Thankfully Severus knew where Moody stayed, not many ventured there knowing the defences he had on his home. Severus just levitated him past his wards and hid him behind the trash cans.

Firing the Dark Mark into the sky and Apparating away, nobody would notice Moody missing for at least a few days, maybe weeks with any luck.
Meetings

Pretty Boy

Chapter 42

Meetings

Harry sat there a coffee going cold in his hands, he didn't know why but the death of Alastor Moody was affecting him. He'd never get his answers, was it so wrong to want answers to why they'd made his life a living hell? What had he done to deserve it? He was a child, or at least had been. They'd been planning his life since he was a baby for god sake. He hadn't done anything to deserve what they'd done to him. Squaring his shoulders, he realized the truth in it, plus there was still one man he could interrogate. The better of the two, since Dumbledore was the planner, if anything he'd have the answers. Then again Harry wasn't stupid; there might not even be a genuine reason for it all. Even if there was…what gave them the right to play god with other peoples lives?

Harry noticed smoke coming from under the door, he watched it form a doe and it began speaking in Severus' voice. "I've been called, stay in our quarters and be careful, I'll see you as soon as I can."

Harry realized Severus was going to be a while probably, with nothing better to do he decided on reading a book. He decided to finished his defence book, he'd been reading it. Wandering through to his own room, he was just about to pick up a book when he fell over in incredible agony.

The pain was all he felt, then his vision tunneled black, wasn't in Hogwarts anymore; he was suddenly seeing black robed figures and watching one of them being cursed. He couldn't think past the pain he was experiencing. He couldn't even make out what the man was saying, as more and more pain coursed through him. His entire body bowed and jerked under the Cruciatus Curse. Harry was scratching furiously at his head; chunks of his own skin were now under his fingernails. The pain in his head seemed to get worse. He was aware of nothing other than the pain. The smell of sick invaded the air, as Harry regurgitated his food, from the pain of it all. Then everything went completely black, his mind blissfully unconscious. Despite the fact was unconscious his body still writhed as if the spell was still on him. His mouth open, as he screamed bloody murder. It continued on for ages before finally his body stilled completely.

"What happened to Lucius?" hissed Voldemort furiously. Cursing his fifth Death Eater, for not doing his bidding. He was just really doing it because he'd just lost someone very loyal, and was totally pissed off.

"We don't know My Lord," whimpered most of the Death Eaters fearful of drawing Voldemort's wrath upon them. The other five looked as if they'd be joining the Longbottom's in St. Mungo's. They'd always been eying Lucius' place within the ranks, with envy.

"You better not have killed him! You have lost me one of my best!" snarled Voldemort furiously, they all began shaking their head, and no they hadn't killed him. The Dark Lord knew this; they couldn't shield their mind from him.

"I shall find out what I can from the Ministry," said Avery.

"Do that. Bellatrix where is the young Malfoy?" hissed Voldemort furiously.

"Malfoy manor has been emptied My Lord, the house elves and all valuables have been taken." said Bellatrix looking at her lord warily, she knew what was coming and hoped she was wrong.

"What happened to Lucius?" hissed Voldemort furiously.
Voldemort was nothing if not predictable and she was under the painful torture curse.

The Death Eaters didn't even look or wince when Bella was under the curse, hoping that Voldemort would forget they were there. They hated when Voldemort was in a foul mood knowing they would pay. It was happening more and more often. They couldn't help but think about following Narcissa and Draco Malfoy's lead and leaving quickly and as quietly as possible.

"Severus how is that apprentice of yours working out?" hissed Voldemort setting his sights on a new target.

"He's tolerable, considering I can actually brew more potions for you My Lord," said Severus.

"What has the Order been up to?" asked Voldemort red eyes gleaming, begging for an excuse to use the curse on Severus for any wrongdoing.

"Looking for the missing Potter brat, it's also falling to pieces because of Rita Skeeter's. Dumbledore has lost a lot of allies and his own Order is in disarray. A perfect time to strike." smirked Severus looking satisfied.

"Perhaps we should tell her a few other pieces of information," smirked Voldemort. He had been deeply amused at what Skeeter's had written. He wasn't going to have to kill Dumbledore - someone else was going to do it for him.

"No doubt Dumbledore will be furious," said Severus his amusement showing.

"Parkinson how's your mission going?" hissed Voldemort leaving Severus alone satisfied with the information he received.

"I have not had any luck My Lord," whispered Parkinson's weakly.

"Crucio!" snarled Voldemort furiously, obviously the anger was back again, Severus was just glad his turn had been and gone.

Voldemort lifted it before moving on to his next target.

"Dolohov? Any luck?" hissed Voldemort furious with his incompetent followers.

"No My Lord," said Dolohov his voice loud his posture stiff as a bow waiting for the inevitable.

"Crucio!" cursed Voldemort, and Dolohov began writhe under the curse as well.

By the time the Dark Lord got around them all, only a few had been spared his wrath.

"Get out of here!" snarled Voldemort, his red eyes flashing, his anger evidently not abated the slightest. He had lost a lot of money without Lucius, now he learned Lucius' wife had stolen his prize.

They couldn't have moved any quicker as they Apparated out of the Dark Lord's reach gratefully.

He Apparated outside Hogwarts, the relief of being near the castle was staggering. He hated teaching children, but Hogwarts had kept him safe for so many years now. He would miss it once he and Harry left. He was bone wary and tired, he just wanted a coffee and to curl up next to his lover and sleep for the next year.

After the long trek to his rooms, he smiled at the thought of Harry waiting on him. A coffee on hand and just sitting quietly with him. Yet when he got there, Harry was nowhere to be found. "Harry?"
called Severus frowning; perhaps he had already gone to bed. He knew he was disappointed by Moody's death, perhaps more affected than he thought.

Walking into the bedroom, all sleepiness left him completely. Instead of a panic by the likes he had never felt before, overcame him. Stumbling and almost falling, he reached Harry, shakily feeling for a pulse. He may have well just been punched in the gut as he exhaled in relief; his heart was hammering crazy in his chest. His heart felt like it was about to burst though his ribcage. Using a diagnostic spell to see what on earth was happening. Then the results came up, multiple Cruciatius curses and nothing else...who the hell had gotten into his quarters and did this? He swiftly stood up, running to the fire and flung powder into it. Shouting for Remus and Sirius to get through now.

"Hang on Harry," whispered Severus spelling the potion from his system making him easier to carry. He placed him on their bed, his face strained with worry and fear. His mind was working overdrive to figure out what on earth had happened had Dumbledore done this? No it wasn't exactly like him to do things like that. He never got his own hands dirty; he left that for everyone else. It would have been like signing his death warrant. He was already skating on thin ice and now the theft being uncovered - maybe they had pushed Dumbledore over the edge. Summoning potions he grabbed them in mid air, and placed them on the nightstand, opening them as he went.

"What's happening?" asked Remus, bursting into the room looking terrified.

"What the fuck happened?" asked Sirius wide eyed, at Harry's side in seconds. Looking sickened by the large crescent shaped sores on his face. Bloody was seeping steadily out them.

"I don't know," growled Severus, rubbing his lover's throat to get him to swallow the potion. It was hard to do with Harry's continued spasms. There was no denying that he had been under the Cruciatius curse. By the time he had swallowed the second Anti Cruciatius Potion the spasms had slowed down. He knew how bad it was as he had to pour two more before they seized completely.

"That was a lot of potion," whispered Remus warily.

"There may be permanent damage," choked Severus his onyx eyes held nothing but fear for Harry. The fear was greater than the time Harry had faced a werewolf at that orphanage.

Severus summoned a healing balm. Before sitting down, and began to rub it delicately over the bleeding cuts on Harry's face. Did they give Harry a dreamless sleeping potion or see if everything was alright. He decided there and then he wouldn't be sleeping until he knew; the thought of Harry being insane turned his stomach. He had seen Frank and Alice Longbottom once and he swore to himself he wouldn't see Harry reduced to that. He would either try or come up with a way to reverse the damage or kill Harry and put him out of his misery. He shook off his very dark and disturbing thoughts and focused on Harry. He needed him, not his negatively.

"Should we wake him?" asked Sirius nervously.

"I don't know Sirius; it might not be a good idea..." Remus trailed off unsure.

Severus looked extremely conflicted; clearing his throat he summoned the dreamless sleeping potion. Clutching it close, he closed his eyes and praying to whatever deity that looked over wizards.

"Enervate" whispered Severus, swallowing thickly, his black eyes wary.

Harry groaned his eyes fluttered under his closed lids.

"Harry?" asked Sirius choked up.
"Can you hear us?" asked Remus softly, not raising his voice in case Harry's head hurt.

"Harry, squeeze my hand if you understand what I'm saying," said Severus holding his breath, placing his hand in Harry's.

When nothing was forthcoming they began to fear the worst, then suddenly very sane green eyes opened up. Looking between the three relieved men confusion clear as day on his features, before recognition dawned on them and he grimaced in pain.

"Harry who did this to you?" asked Severus softly, summoning an additional pain reliever mixed with a muscle relaxant.

"Nobody," whispered Harry, after he drank the potion Severus gave him.

"You couldn't have done it to yourself!" said Severus sarcastically he couldn't help himself sometimes. Easing a hand under Harry's neck, letting him drink some water.

"I'm serious," said Harry glaring at them, this wasn't the time for puns. "Nobody did, I went to get a book, and then suddenly I feel onto the floor. Then I could see a bunch of robed people. I couldn't concentrate on anything other than the pain. Uh, I just remember wanting the pain to stop. There's one name I remember but I'm not sure if I imagined it, but I think something said Parkinson's. I'm not sure what happened but it's the first time it has. Am I some sort of seer?" asked Harry tiredly, his green eyes already flicker closed.

"It's ok, you are fine now. That's all that matters, we will speak more when you are up for it." said Severus putting another vial to Harry's lips. Harry wanted to fight Severus, he wanted answers, but he was just too exhausted. He couldn't fight Severus when he opened his mouth for him gently and poured the potion in. Harry's eyelids fluttered shut within seconds, and he fell asleep feeling Severus' hand brushing away his sweaty locks of hair.

"What the fuck…if I didn't know any better I would have said it was a…" Sirius seemed incapable of saying what he thought - the horror of it was too unimaginable to contemplate.

"Death Eater meeting?" finished Remus looking years older. He left the room and went to Severus' liquor cabinet, and poured three glasses of whiskey. Handing one of them each of them. He sat down looking years older; Harry was fine, but for how much longer? Why was he seeing Death Eater meetings? He just didn't understand it.

"Voldemort was furious tonight, he must have used the Crucius curse about twenty times. It's the exact amount of spells on this piece of paper." said Severus infuriated.

"This isn't possible! Why has it happened today? Why now?" demanded Sirius. Pacing as he knocked back the drink in one go.

"Harry is getting more and more powerful…and Voldemort's getting more furious. Perhaps it's a combination of both, causing some sort of delayed connection between them?" said Severus bleakly.

"I hope not!" said Remus loudly, sickened to the core at the thought.

"If it is, I'll work something out for him." said Severus adamantly.

"We know you will," said Sirius. If anyone would and could save his godson it was Snape.

"You can sleep in the spare room," said Severus under no illusion that he would be able to kick either of them from his room till Harry was better.
"Thanks," said Remus tiredly, he'd gone through hell tonight and it was still going.

Severus left for his room, undressing Harry, and got him into his night clothes. He followed suit, by the time he had gotten in and curled Harry around him he couldn't think anymore. As soon as he had his face buried in Harry's throat he had lost the fight with sleep that had been calling him for hours.
Pretty Boy

Chapter 43

Dealing With The After Affects

Severus woke with a start, wondering why he felt so dour, and then he remembered. Cursing when he saw the time, he slid out the bed was quietly as possible, not wanting to disturb Harry. He’d been through enough, and sleep was the best thing for him. Dressing in his normal teaching robes, he left the room. The smell of coffee was divine; obviously Black and Lupin were awake. Merlin so much had changed; he was actually letting them stay in his quarters.

"I posted a note on your classroom door, telling them to go to the library and study the next potion they are brewing, I hope that's okay?" said Remus, knowing how possessive Severus was of everything he saw as his. He knew Severus wouldn't care, not with Harry being so injured.

"Thank you," said Severus sighing gratefully, as he relaxed. Though the kitchen he made himself a steaming hot brew of rich black coffee. His mind wondering at that last night meant, would it happen again? One of? But Severus didn't think it was as simple as that. He honestly didn't know and that's what angered Severus the most. The unknown, he normally had an answer for everything.

"Is he going to be alright?" asked Sirius, feeling useless. He wasn't the academic type, but Remus and Severus were. If they didn't know what was happening, it made him extremely edgy. He prayed to Merlin that it wasn't what they suspected, twenty Cruciatus curses, Harry would never survive this.

"I don't know," said Severus grimly. Just then a thump sounded from within his bedroom, gesturing to Sirius and Remus to stay. No doubt Harry would be extremely embarrassed if they saw him in anything less than perfect health. He saw Harry on the floor; he'd obviously tried to get up.

"What the hell?" murmured Harry, his mouth drier than a mummy's and his body ached like blazes.

"Calm down," said Severus "Come on; let's get you back to bed."

"I can do it myself," said Harry, batting Severus' hands away, only to fail his legs, in fact all of him was failing to cooperate. It was so humiliating, at least it was Severus, small consolation, and at least he wouldn't laugh at him. With shaky hands he held onto Severus, and allowed himself to be lifted onto bed. "What's wrong with me?"

"Drink," said Severus, enjoying the feeling at being able to take care of Harry for once. Harry drank the potion and his shaking immediately stopped, his aching muscles relaxed. Lying back against the pillows, he closed his eyes in silent relief.

"Do you remember what happened last night?" enquired Severus; it wouldn't surprise him if Harry didn't.

"Yes," said Harry "Can I get something to drink?"

"Of course," said Severus leaving immediately to fetch some Pumpkin juice.

"Tell me what happened from the beginning," said Severus as he helped Harry drink some juice.
"I remember you being called; I made my way down here right away. I had a coffee; I was waiting on you coming back from disposing him. I got your Patronus and realized you'd be gone a while. Then I went through to the bedroom, my bedroom, the next thing I know I'm in agony." said Harry. Unconsciously rubbing his forehead, before he added, "I felt a weird tingling in my forehead, the pain definitely started there."

"Then it is as I feared," said Severus quietly, his voice grave.

Harry stiffened at Severus' tone and words, what the hell did he mean by that? "What?" he asked. Whatever it was it didn't sound good.

"Harry you saw a Death Eater meeting, not only that but you felt the pain the Dark Lord inflicted upon his followers." said Severus quietly unsure of how Harry would take it.

"Fantastic," said Harry sarcastically. That's exactly what he needed, some sort of damn connection to Voldemort. As if life wasn't complicated as it was right now, dealing with being older, Dumbledore and his band of chickens. "Why can't I walk?"

"Nerve damage, twenty bouts of Cruciatus curses would do that to anyone. Harry you are lucky to be alive, that amount of damage should have rendered you insane." said Severus, his eyes filled with fear.

"Takes more than that to get me down," said Harry dryly, making light of it. Regardless of his words, his eyes spoke volumes, he was wary, extremely so. "Is this normal then? Connecting to people?"

"I think your scar is an unwilling connection between you and the Dark Lord. With your magic so badly bound, the bond was bound as well. Now you are back and using magic, getting more powerful as you should have been all along. Voldemort is getting more and more furious opening the connection unknowingly." said Severus.

"Great," murmured Harry his lip curling in distaste. Grimacing he added "I need the bloody toilet, please tell me there's a spell." anything was better than the humiliation required to help him do a pee!

"Unfortunately not," said Severus wryly, helping Harry up, and slinging his arm over his shoulders. Keeping him safe from falling, but not carrying him 'bridal' style. He would have gotten a lot of satisfaction out of that, but Harry would have been humiliated enough not to get help again.

"Turn around," grumbled Harry.

"You don't have something I haven't already seen Harry," chuckled Severus in amusement. He turned around, giving Harry some privacy, smirking in amusement. Once Harry had done he helped him back into the bed.

"Do you want to stay in the bed or come through?" said Severus. "Sirius and Remus are still here."

"I'll go insane if I stay here, can you get me some chocolate?" asked Harry as Severus helped him up, on shaky legs they managed to get him through. Sitting him on the couch, he disappeared into the bedroom and brought out the duvet and some pillows.

Severus gave both men a warning look, not to overwhelm Harry right now. He was still getting used to people caring, never mind actually displaying it. He went into the spare room and took out a few bars of chocolate for Harry. Placing them in Harry's lap he made a new coffee for himself and one for Harry.
"Thanks," said Harry taking the coffee gratefully. He was no longer shaking but his muscles were weak as a new born baby's. He grabbed at the cup tightly, before taking a long drink. He had never felt more vulnerable and weak before in his life. He hated it, yet at the same time he felt gratitude and love.

"How are you feeling now?" asked Sirius hesitantly.

"I'm not dying so you can stop bloody worrying," snapped Harry; he didn't like people worrying about him.

"Harry," sighed Severus exasperated giving him a very pointed look. The world had truly turned; he was defending Sirius Black of all people.

Harry's lips curled in distaste before he said "Fine, I'm alright ok? Just stop making a fuss."

Sirius just turned to stare at Remus exasperated; honestly Harry could be more hostile than a nuclear bomb. From one day to the next, he didn't know how Harry was feeling. He hid his emotions so well, and Sirius felt as though he was walking on egg shells sometimes.

"I wonder what was on the Daily prophet today?" mused Sirius quietly. After five minutes of silence, which by the way was driving him mad.

"The chamber of secrets, myrtle dying and Dumbledore being at Hogwarts while it happened. She's speculating that Dumbledore might have been able to stop the first war with Voldemort happening." smirked Harry despite his weakened state.

"The Dark Lord has been very amused with Skeeters. I think he's planning on sending something in as well." smirked Severus.

"How often do these meetings happen?" asked Harry, dread pooling heavily in his stomach.

"Perhaps ever three four weeks. If he's out on raids four or five times a month." said Severus, wincing at the thought.

Harry closed his eyes in dread; he was going to have to put up with this four or five times a month? What about their plans? His plans? Why didn't anything go right for him? Yet he wouldn't wish it away, wouldn't go back to his small flat with nothing but silence for company. For Severus he would put up with anything, even if he'd never admit it.

"I'll do anything I can to cut it off, I promise." said Severus sitting behind Harry. Putting his arm around him, giving him some comfort he probably needed but never would admit to.

Harry nodded before opening a bar of Honeydukes chocolate and began eating. Severus opened his book back up, and began reading from that. As promised he would find a way to keep him safe.

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"Albus was any of this true?" asked McGonagall sitting in Dumbledore's office along with nearly every Order member.

"Of course it's not! How could I have known Tom Riddle would have done this?" stuttered Dumbledore. His reputation and nerves were shot to hell; he had added more calming draught to his lemon drops just to get by. He was as paranoid as hell, and the Death of Moody wasn't helping matters. His reputation had been totally trashed by the fact he knew about the abuse Harry suffered. His usual supply of lemon drops hadn't been delivered, nor had anything else. He was receiving
Howlers by the handful every day. He no longer went to the Great Hall to eat for fear of being accosted with one during it. It's bad enough someone actually sending him one, but for them to be heard by children was just the icing on the cake.

"Everything else reported was true," snapped McGonagall. "If it wasn't for the children I would leave. I've never been more ashamed of anyone in my life. To let Harry be abused... I told you they were the worst sort of Muggles but you already knew that didn't you?" said Minerva, her voice pained.

"That memory was faked! And the money I took out was for Petunia and Vernon. I also admit I took some for the Order, I knew Voldemort would be back and we would be facing war again." whispered Dumbledore.

"Some? SOME? That wasn't some! That was a lot!" snarled Bill Weasley, "My mother could have survived ten years on what you took out once never mind again and again. You still tried taking money after Harry came of age! I hope he sues you for all you are worth when he is finally found!"

"Listen to me! I regret it! I haven't tried again I did what I needed to do. I also swear I didn't know about his abuse, and when Harry is found I shall get down on my knees and beg for his forgiveness and repay what I took. We are at war, we cannot continue to fight among ourselves!" boomed Dumbledore.

"Some things are just too damn bad for forgiveness!" shrieked Molly. She hated thieves or thievery above all others. Her children knew this she didn't tolerate it at all, the children had learned that at a very early age. If she knew two of her children were up to she would explode.

"I will attend the Order meetings but that's it." said Shacklebolt, scornfully. "I don't want anything else to do with you, no more favours." This was going too far, stealing money was just so wrong. He hadn't been sure about Dumbledore and Moody being behind Harry's abuse. After all they were leaders, they had solid principles, but it was looking true now.

Most of the Order members were nodding along to Shacklebolt, they didn't trust Dumbledore anymore. The only Order member's not there, but was looking in vain for Harry Potter was Ginny Weasley, Ronald Weasley, Hermione Granger and Sara Granger.

Having said their piece, they began to Floo out or leaving Dumbledore's office. Which Included Bill Weasley, instead of leaving though he made his way down to the Dungeon's. He had been away for a few days doing a job for the Guilin's in Wales. Warding their new home and also getting rid of any harmful cursed objects. Which had made him some money, he didn't so much as look at his family, or Ex-family now.

"Albus..." sighed Minerva sadly. "I have to agree with the others. I am sorry; I just can't talk to you. I think you might want to stay up here...the students are heartbroken."

Nothing was going right, he was going to be going to a trial soon, and everyone hated him. His secrets were all spilling out, how was Potter doing this? How did he know so much and where the fuck was he? How could he see the Leaky Cauldron? His magic was bound. He had exhausted himself completely just binding a one and a half year olds magic. Even at one and a half the child had been Voldemort's equal. If he hadn't bound the magic he would be more powerful than anyone by now. He had to find the boy before his twentieth birthday or the world was boomed.

Chewing another three lemon drops he felt the calmness invade him. He sat slumped on his chair wondering when things had begun to fall apart. No one was listening to him anymore, if the Ministry had its way he wouldn't be Headmaster anymore. Thank Merlin Fudge wasn't Minister anymore;
otherwise he would have already been removed as Headmaster and replaced.

"Someone's at the door, stay there," said Severus, putting the measuring cup down. Both of them were in the lab, Severus was brewing an experimental potion, hopefully it would help Harry. Fortunately with two more anti-Cruciatus potions and a bone strengthener, he seemed be mostly recovered. Sirius and Remus had left a few hours ago, promising to Floo and see how Harry was later.

"Come in," said Severus relieved that it was only Bill Weasley.

Severus began walking back to his potions lab, not waiting to see if Bill followed or not. Harry was sitting on one of the benches helping Severus prepare ingredients. And a book was popped open in his lap. He was reading when no potion ingredients needed prepared. Some ingredients needed to be freshly cut.

"So what's up?" asked Harry his attention on Bill Weasley.

"Dumbledore has lost every Order member, they want nothing to do with him." smirked Bill.

"Who wasn't there?" asked Severus intently. "Other than me."

"Just Ron and Ginny…oh and the Grangers." said Bill.

Severus grimaced. Sara Granger had been given special permission to leave school for 'family matters'. Of course Severus knew she had been joining the Order to look for Harry Potter.

"So what's been happening? Apart from the papers? Any new information?" asked Bill curiously. He was getting a kick out of everyone's reactions, they were so shocked - he didn't get it really.

"Nothing much," said Severus. He wasn't going to share the information, about the bond Harry seemed to have with the Dark Lord. Not even to Bill, vow or not they didn't want too many people knowing. The more that did, the greater the chance of Voldemort finding out. That thought sent shivers down Severus' spine. He knew what Voldemort would do then; go on the longest raid in the wizarding world history. He would drive Harry insane, he felt sick with that thought. No as far as he was concerned better safe than sorry.

"We need a new leader." said Bill. Sitting down on one of the stools, watching Severus begin preparing ingredients and stirring them in a precise, standard order.

"We do," said Severus nodding, agreeing with Bill but knowing it was useless to think about such thing.

It was two weeks before Severus felt the tingling of the Dark Mark. He watched Harry like a hawk, holding his breath. Waiting to see if the potion he'd created had worked. It didn't work; Severus jumped across the room and held Harry down. Harry screamed in pain, causing Severus to wince. The Dark Lord wasn't in a good mood that much was obvious, cursing them so soon. Severus summoned a dreamless sleeping potion, prying open Harry's mouth, keeping it that way. Once he'd stopped screaming, he poured it in hastily. Rubbing at his throat, until it had all disappeared. Then Harry went lax in his hold, and drifted of into a peaceful sleep.

The potion he had created hadn't worked; Severus wasn't used to his potions failing. Cursing in
irritation, he placed Harry on the couch, covering him up. Severus got his journal once more and began creating yet another potion, a more powerful potion to see if it would work. They couldn't rely on the dreamless sleeping potion; it was highly addictive and could cause permanent damage.

The Daily Prophet, Skeeter's was very good at what she did; no one could have done it better. Today had been about Dumbledore's father being in Azkaban, and the mysterious death of Dumbledore's little sister. He had all but been accused of killing her, so he could go after the legendary Deathly Hallows.

Dumbledore no longer left his office; the students had left immediately after he came in. It would have started hunger strikes, if it wasn't for the House elves sending the food up. Now the Headmaster no longer made appearances, and his trial date was looming incredibly closer.

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"Any blow ups?" asked Harry curiously. When Severus walked in, he'd been teaching all students today. As Harry had to recuperate, this normally took one day maybe two. Harry would be going back tomorrow, as 'Hadrian' obviously thankfully it had happened on a Sunday this time.

"Of course not," said Severus chuckling wryly. "How are you feeling? Any pain at all? Did you take anything?"

"No I'm fine," said Harry. With the dreamless sleeping potion he hadn't felt a thing, for that he was eternally grateful.

"Good," said Severus sitting down, immediately opening his journal and planning a new potion.

"Coffee?" asked Harry, standing up, proving he was better.

"I wouldn't mind," said Severus, rubbing his forehead tiredly.

"Alright," said Harry moving off towards the kitchen grateful that he could use his legs again. If this kept up he'd need to defeat Voldemort really quickly. He didn't want to continue this for a year! It would drive him insane.
Difficulties

It was now June and the months were flying by, Hogwarts was about to clear for the summer holidays. Voldemort had stepped up his attacks and Harry was suffering because of it. The Prophet was continuing its vendetta against Dumbledore, and it worked like a charm. Dumbledore had been brought in front of the Wizengamot. Remus had been the only one there to 'support him'; as soon as it was over he shared the memory with Severus, Harry, Sirius and Bill. He had been put on house arrest, and since Dumbledore didn't have any properties, Albus had sold them all before the war ended, to keep the lifestyle he was accustomed too.

Albus Dumbledore was completely broke, especially after they compensated Harry. He was magically confined to Hogwarts. He literally couldn't leave; the magical restraining binds stopped him. He had lost his popularity, his place on the Wizengamot and as soon as the Ministry could, they planned on replacing Dumbledore with a new Headmaster. Which basically meant after Voldemort was dealt with. After that who knew what would become of Dumbledore, they'd probably just throw him to the wolves. Nobody wanted anything to do with him. The worst had yet to be found out; no doubt it would get ten times worse when it did.

Albus felt like he was going insane; he had tried and failed many times to leave the tower. Through all magical and non magical means. He was still trying to get the Order to do his bidding, continuing to try and find Harry Potter. They were of course, just not for Dumbledore but the entire magical world. He knew somehow that Potter was responsible for all those bloody paper reports, he didn't understand how. The boy must know someone in the magical world and Dumbledore feared it was a Death Eater otherwise why would he be so against him? He was only doing what had been best for the wizarding world after all.

The school was due to finish in a week, and Dumbledore was madder than ever trying to get out. He had tried to convince the Ministry to take off the magical restraining bonds. Unfortunately he was just laughed at and reminded of his misdeeds. Potter was going to turn twenty soon and he was utterly petrified. Potter would die and the world would be doomed. He regretted putting so many magical restraining bonds on the brat, if he hadn't the boy would have survived. If Potter wasn't responsible for bringing Voldemort down he'd be content, he'd get the last laugh.

"Severus, come to my office," demanded Dumbledore through the Floo. The only means he had to communicate with anyone.

"Very well" replied Severus through the flames, irritated beyond belief.

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"Can I help you Albus?" asked Severus impassively. It had been months since he had actually seen the old fool. He looked a right state, his clothes were a mess and his face was haggard and worn, if he hadn't known what Dumbledore did to his lover he would have felt sorry for him. Now instead of feeling sorry he actually felt a great deal of satisfaction. Truer words were never spoken than those who say 'How the mighty fall'. 
"Severus…is there a potion…any potion that could track down Harry Potter?" asked Dumbledore desperately.

"Yes, but they are banned and extremely illegal to use." said Severus.

"Would you brew it?" demanded Dumbledore.

"You know I'd do anything for you Headmaster, I made a vow to do as such. Unfortunately the ingredients are hard to come by." said Severus.

"Just tell me what you need and I'll get it for you," said Dumbledore dismissively, so sure in his confidence he could get Severus what he'd need.

"Including basilisk hide?" asked Severus calmly.

Dumbledore looked as if he had just swallowed a lemon Severus could almost see the pout forming. He suppressed his amusement, almost wanting to laugh at the state of the old fool. "I see."

"Is there any other potion?" asked Dumbledore desperately.

"No Albus there is not." said Severus impassively.

"A spell?" asked Dumbledore grasping at straws.

"I do not know of any," said Severus, "Albus, why are you so desperate for something now? He's been missing for years."

"When Harry was a child…his magic was going haywire. Too much for him to handle. He consented to having his magic bound, to protect him and his family. Despite what the papers say, I know the Dursley's were fond of Harry. They were distraught when I told them he had run away last year. You know it's impossible to fool me." explained Dumbledore, looking distraught.

Severus wanted to snort, fool him? He and Harry had been doing it for nearly a year now, impossible my backside. He couldn't believe the lies Dumbledore still insisted on spinning, even when he knew people truly knew the truth about him.

"What magical bond?" asked Severus.

"All of them," said Dumbledore honestly. He knew Snape wouldn't turn on him after everything he had done for the Dark wizard over the years. He had kept him out of Azkaban, testified at his trial and gave him a job and somewhere safe to stay. He was an Order member and wouldn't tell anyone what he said.

"Why would Potter agree to that?" asked Severus dubiously, he couldn't believe Dumbledore had told him.

"His magic was out of control it was the only option," said Dumbledore indignantly. As if he couldn't believe his Potions Master would ask such a thing about a Potter no less. He was too preoccupied that he never heard the lack of hate, directed at the Potter name.

"I see," said Severus. It was so difficult to hold onto his anger; he wanted to curse the old fool to hell and back.

"I need to find him before his twentieth birthday," said Dumbledore. "I need you to look for him Severus; you cannot give up not until we are sure it's too late."
"I never knew Potter...how am I supposed to know where to start?" asked Severus. He had no intention of faking to look for Harry. Not when the young man in question was down in his quarters. Inwardly petrified of what was going to happen to him when Voldemort calls everyone again. His lover didn't show it but Severus knew what to look for.

"I have complete confidence in you, here is everywhere the Order has been." said Dumbledore handing over a piece of paper. Severus grabbed it and recognized the handwriting immediately; he had corrected it for seven years, Hermione Granger.

"I shall look when I have a free moment Headmaster," said Severus abruptly, getting up he stalked down the Headmasters office and went straight to his quarters. Everyone avoided him, sensing his mood. It surprised them, since as of late, he'd been in a rather good mood.

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"What did he say?" asked Harry as Severus stalked into the room, he knew something was wrong just by his demeanour.

"Dumbledore told me about what he did to you. Insisting you had consented to having your magic bound." sneered Severus angrily, his face twisted in revulsion.

"Why does he insist on playing that game? Surely he knows you aren't stupid?" asked Harry snorting in amusement nothing Dumbledore did surprised Harry. He couldn't think any worse on Dumbledore so really nothing could surprise him.

"He thinks he has complete control over me. That I'd listen to him and not think for myself because he saved me." said Severus bitterly. For a long time that's exactly all he'd been. He sat down on the couch, with a thump looking tired and wary.

Harry got up and wandered over, straddling Severus, staring into his eyes. Twining his fingers in his hair, before leaning down face to face, kissing him passionately. Smirking when he felt Severus' interest stirring. It had been months since they'd done anything. Between his constant brewing, teaching, learning everything about Dumbledore and the attacks he suffered through the connection.

Suckling and biting Severus' neck, causing Severus groaned, it had been months since Harry had touched him intimately. Everything had gotten on top of them. It seemed perhaps now they could relax a little. Both were hard and aching already. Slowly, bone achingly slowly Harry began removing his own clothes teasing Severus as he showed his pale milky flesh.

Standing up to remove his underwear, teasing his nipples moaning wantonly, Merlin he had missed this. Once he was completely revealed before his lover, he slowly began removing Severus' clothes. Removing the shirt, kissing and nipping his way down his pale chest paying extra attention to his hard nubs worrying them between his teeth. His tongue laved up and down his lovers navel making Severus writhe under him causing him to gasp and arch into Severus.

"Severus," said Harry his voice a whisper of a sensual caress against his lips.

Sliding down, removing himself from his lover's body, he licked his lips in anticipation. It had been so long since he had seen him properly like this. His hands slowly lowered the boxer shorts, causing the fabric to scratch against the over sensitive head. Casing Severus to arch up his body just about flinging from the couch in overwhelmed with pleasure. "Move now before I do it for you," hissed Severus unable to take any more torment.

"Bed now!" said Harry, no more waiting.
"Bed," murmured Severus in agreement.

Once they were on the bed, hungry green eyes snapped to Severus' causing the older man to gasp. Bending over and took Severus' member into his hot wet mouth which devoured him whole. Severus fell back, trying to stop himself from bucking up. Severus didn't even hear Harry oiling one of his fingers, but he did feel it entering him touching that pleasure spot inside of him repeatedly. Until he couldn't think anymore and wave after wave of pleasure shot through him. He came, fireworks exploding in front of his now closed eyelids, opening them sluggishly it was almost enough to get him hard again, seeing Harry milking him for every drop he had.

Severus turned them around, so Harry was laying spread eagle on the bed looking debauched and Severus hadn't seen such a more welcoming sight in all his years. The knowledge that this boy was all his made it even sweeter. He was a possessive man and he would keep Harry. No one would ever get the chance to see him like this, touch him the way he did or get to drink in his green eyed bliss. Bending over he began kissing Harry, softly, one hand holding himself up the other wrapped around Harry's very hard organ. Severus was hard again just watching him, it overwhelmed Severus how much he loved this man in front of him. He didn't care if Harry was years younger than him, he had been through things most nineteen year olds never would imagine.

Harry's mouth fell open as he arched into Severus gasping and arching up greedily trying to bring himself to completion. Severus' tongue found its way into Harry's mouth mapping every detail. Tearing himself away after breathing became extremely difficult. Harry was still arching into him, but he was drawing himself away ever time he did so causing Harry to whine.

"Please Sev let me come" gasped Harry unable to take anymore of it.

Severus sped up his strokes, his thumb stroking Harry's sensitive head harshly. That did it, Harry arched even further than before, his body releasing harder than he could ever remember. His body slumped like a puddle of goo, both breathing heavily as they rode out the pleasure together. Severus buried his head in Harry's neck, inhaling the scent that was uniquely Harry. The one main thing Severus loved about Dumbledore's house arrest was that Harry didn't have to worry about being caught. No one else other than Dumbledore could get into his quarters. Not even McGonagall had the authority to make Hogwarts do such a thing. So he was able to go around as himself, and it caused Severus problems all day just seeing his lithe toned lover walking around all day.

Swinging his leg over he planted himself on top of Harry, causing Harry to gasp once more. Harry automatically raised his hips and allowed Severus to put a pillow underneath him for comfort. Severus just stared at the quivering hole for what seemed like hours, it was as if it was begging for Severus to enter where no one else would. To claim him again, he was brought out of his lust filled thoughts by Harry moving causing him to gasp.

He grabbed the oil from the table, brewed by himself. He didn't trust anyone else's he was a suspicious man and it usually served him well. Coating his fingers he began preparing Harry, his own cock leaking at the thought of being inside him again. It had been far too long.

Once Harry was prepared enough to accept all of him; he coated his leaking member in the oil. Placing himself at Harry's entrance, his body urging him to take him, claim him. Severus wasn't sure if he had ever been so hard before in his life, deciding to get Harry back, he began to sink down slowly. He took a grip of Harry's hips stopping him from arching up. Harry's rasping breath was all they could hear in the room, Severus wasn't breathing at all as he tried to stop himself sinking into that tight welcoming heat. Eventually it became too much for him, he thrust back out before jerking back in powerfully.

"Yessss," hissed Harry clutching at Severus' shoulders his body overwhelmed with pleasure.
So Severus gave in to Harry's command, swivelling to hit the small bundle of nerves. It was too much for Harry who came once more this time without having been touched, Severus thrust in three more times before the heat of that tightenng channel overwhelmed him. He emptied himself inside Harry, claiming him again.

Breathing ragged Harry curled himself around Severus his body shaking as he came down of his explosive high. Severus banished the mess they had made, and wrapped his arms around Harry. Both of them lay there basking in the afterglow of such an incredible orgasm.

"Never going this long again," sighed Severus tiredly but none the less rubbing circles on Harry's back.

Harry grinned cheekily and said "Good," his voice was hoarse and breathless.

Both men fell asleep, feeling better about everything. Harry's twentieth birthday was coming up; Dumbledore was getting more unhinged if he was telling people what he had done. The week after his twentieth birthday he would get Severus to send the memory of Dumbledore confessing to Skeeter's. The betrayal would push him over the edge. He wouldn't get a chance to hurt Severus because Harry…why Harry had a plan for the old fool.

He would reveal himself to the world and then he would kill Voldemort. Then he and Severus would be able to live in peace, and he couldn't wait for that to happen.

Soon, he'd be free, soon they'd be free, and soon the world would celebrate.
Harry woke up once again from a horrendous night; the tingling in the mark had been the only indication. This time though Harry had just about ripped the skin around his forearm where five new recruits had been marked. Severus had held onto Harry as much as he could, stop him from injuring himself further.

"How are you?" asked Severus coming in with a wet cloth and applying it to Harry's sweaty forehead.

"Sore," croaked Harry, his body felt as if it had been used for target practice. It just showed how sore Harry was by the fact he was admitting it to Severus. Usually he would suffer in silence, Severus realized this and got the appropriate potions and gave them to his lover.

"Better?" asked Severus, knowing better than to overly fuss when Harry was concerned. Harry usually let him away with it but hell if he let Sirius or Remus fuss over him, it made him feel undeniably smug.

"Much," admitted Harry practically melting into the bed.

"I think I might have it perfected this time," said Severus barely able to contain his excitement ever part of him screamed that he had finally found it. Most of the ingredients in the potion had much to do with the mind and nerves in the body. He was positive it could bring someone back from insanity by the Cruciatus curse.

Harry reached over and stroked Severus' face a look of fondness on his face, he loved this man more than he thought possible. He had never loved so much before in his life, or at all come to that but that was besides his point. What he felt for Remus and Sirius were nothing on Severus.

"I've always knew you could do it." said Harry softly, before moving himself so he could burrow deeply into Severus' side. He felt exhausted and he just wanted to sleep after everything that had happened last night. He wasn't sure how much more of it he could take, the pain was excruciating. It was driving him insane.

Severus sighed sadly, running his hands through Harry's long hair. He wished he could stop it or take it for him but he couldn't. He was used to the spell but even he couldn't take that kind of torture, and come out intact. His nerves were completely shot; the pain was worse than before, Severus knew this because Harry wasn't even attempting to get up.

He wished he could give Harry the potion right away unfortunate it had to cool down first. Attempting to give him it now would result in Harry's mouth and throat being scalded.

Harry slept through most of the day anyway, with the amount of potions he took. He was however, awake and alert for dinner, and Severus was hoping he could eat. Another side affect to the blasted curse, the queasy, sick feeling that never faded. Harry had lost weight, it was only thanks to the nutritious potion he wasn't ending up malnutrition.
"Hungry?" asked Severus softly, running his hands down his lover in a soft caressing manner.

"Not really," grimaced Harry.

"Some lukewarm soup and a piece of bread. You need something substantial in your stomach to get better." said Severus, not accepting no for an answer.

Severus watched Harry eat it all; giving him a stomach soother once he'd eaten everything. It was an hour before the wards alerted him to the fact someone was sitting in the fire Floo calling.

Rolling his eyes as he left the bedroom.

"How is he?" asked Sirius.

"I don't know how much more he can take." admitted Severus throwing a silencing spell up, he knew it irritated Harry to hear people talking about him behind his back.

"What about the potion? Remus has been looking through all the books that have connection in the Black library. You have all the potion books from the Black library. You can keep them by the way. I never did like potions, might as well go to someone who would use them." said Sirius. So much had changed in a year. A year ago he had hated this man with a vengeance, and then tolerated him but now. Now he knew him and actually liked the dour man. He knew there was no one else in the world out there more suited for his godson, maybe if his parents had raised him it would be a different story. However, they hadn't Harry had been caught in the shit end of life until now, and Sirius didn't care what he had done or where he had been or who he was with, he was just glad to have his godson back.

That shocked Severus, the potions book in the Black library was priceless. Ancient tombs and books. He could end up with more money than the Potter's or Blacks if he sold them. He could never do that though, Potions was nearly everything to him, and it had been for such a long time. Even since he was a child, he had loved potions. Those books, the secrets they no doubt held would make sure Severus kept them for himself. Well him and Harry as it was, but Harry was no where near mastery level yet.

"I think I've got it this time, if it works on Harry I'm going to send some batches to St. Mungo's it might help cure the Longbottom's." admitted Severus.

"What is in the potion?" asked Remus curiously, his head now peeking though the flames as well.

"It's most with healing the mind and the nerves. It should regenerate the mind and nerves if it works properly." explained Severus.

"Well if you say it does, it probably does. You were always amazing with Potions." said Remus. The Wolfsbane had changed his life, and he'd always feel indebted to potions and the Masters of the crafts.

"We will find out tomorrow or whenever he decides to call his followers." said Severus his lip curling in distaste. He didn't get called during the year very often, Voldemort not wanting to risk his spy for a meeting. Now that the year was over, well it was anyone's guess.

"I hope it does work," admitted Sirius looking worried.

"You and me both," grunted Severus, he didn't like seeing Harry in such pain what's worse he couldn't do a damn thing about it but watch. He knew what it felt like for the victims of the Death Eater attacks more than ever.
"Can he walk?" asked Remus "Or is the nerve damage to bad?" his amber eyes full of worry.

"He hasn't tried if that's any indication on how he feels," said Severus sighing tiredly.

"Great," sighed Sirius agitated, it must be bad he knew how proud and relentless Harry was. He had been on the receiving end of it too many times to count after all, especially when asking how he felt.

"We will leave you to it. Keep in touch Severus," said Remus pulling himself and Sirius out of the fire.

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"Go," rasped Harry, when Severus started helping him instead of leaving. He knew Severus had been called, he'd hissed clutching his forearm at the same time.

"I'm not leaving you." said Severus through gritted teeth.

"He won't stop! There's no point in both of us being in pain." said Harry before screaming in agony, writhing in pain.

"I'm staying," snapped Severus. He ignored the pain on his arm. Knowing it was nothing compared to what Harry was going through.

He draped himself across Harry, holding him down and trying to soothe him as best he could. Until Harry got a reprieve from the curses. Rasp ing breath was all that could be heard as he tried to get his breath back. The worst of it was Harry didn't seem to be there. He just stared straight ahead at nothing.

It continued for two hours, stopping and starting each time the Dark Lord did. His mark had stopped hurting ten minutes into it.

Once it was over two hours later he gave Harry a pain reliever, a calming potion and a sleeping potion that didn't have the same addictive qualities as Dreamless sleeping potion. No one should sleep without dreams it wasn't supposed to happen. It's why it was addictive and dangerous.

It was a long time before Severus could sleep that night unfortunately. Tomorrow was Harry's birthday, and he had plans for his lover.

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Harry woke up the other side of the bed was cold; Severus must have been up for a while. Yawning and stretching lazily, he opened his eyes. It was ten o'clock he had, he'd despite his night, and he felt very refreshed. He could smell breakfast wafting around their quarters, he was about to get up when Severus walked through, a tray floating behind him. He was getting breakfast in bed. It was obvious Severus wanted his birthday to be special and Harry was speechless. No one had ever celebrated his birthday as long as he lived; the only acknowledgement he allowed himself of his birthday was a quiet 'Happy birthday at midnight'. He had something he had never had before, a lover, a proper home, a job and it was the best birthday ever.

Harry gave Severus a smile, as the food was deposited on the bed.

"Happy birthday love," said Severus, kissing Harry passionately, before joining him on the bed.

"Thank you Sev." said Harry feeling very blessed right now; it was moments like this Harry truly appreciated. He loved Severus with all his heart, and it showed in his eyes. As both of them dug in to
the breakfast Severus had brought them, Harry after drinking the stomach soother.

"I have something I want to give you," said Severus steeling himself. He never thought he would do this or have anyone in his life to ask this either. Seeing Harry in so much pain and unable to help had continued to move deeply. He had realized there and then he loved Harry more than anything in the world.

He handed over the packages his onyx eyes regarding Harry closely. Harry eagerly opened the presents, gleefully his usual masks abandoned in the simple pleasure of opening a present. He found a bundle of chocolates and an assortment of sweets from Honeydukes. He gleefully looked at the toffee tray; he couldn't wait to sink his teeth into that. There was also an assortment of truffles, Harry had never had truffles. It didn't take long before he pushed them to the side, and opened the others. Books, magical and Muggle books Severus knew Harry loved to read. Being denied any decent education he was making up for lost time now. Lastly he found a beautiful gold bracelet, the design was exquisite.

"It has magic embedded in it, it will protect you from simple spells and curses." said Severus as he placed the bracelet on Harry.

"Thank you Severus," said Harry staring at the bracelet, it was probably the most expensive thing he owned. He threw his arms around him, drawing him close and hugging him. Closing his eyes, feeling truly blessed as he inhaled the various potion ingredient smells that always hung around Severus.

"I have something else I want to give you," admitted Severus. Inwardly steeling himself, for any possible outcome.

"That was too much Severus!" said Harry honestly.

"This isn't technically for your birthday," said Severus smoothly.

The box was placed in his sight, open a gold band sitting in a velvet setting.

"Is that?" gasped Harry; he was in no way prepared for this.

"Yes," said Severus, giving Harry the box, so he could see the rings. They were gold bands, similar to the bracelet, he had just received. Harry could barely breathe, and Severus couldn't believe he was actually doing it. The gold bands were brand new; Severus had spent a lot of money on them.

"You going to put it on?" teased Harry, his heart pounding.

"Go figure you'd make this harder," grumbled Severus. Harry had accepted him, without having him say the damnable, detested, romantic words. He wasn't a romantic man, Harry knew that.

The ring was placed on his finger, and it shrunk down to fit him perfectly. Harry took the other ring and put it on his fiancé. Feeling insufferable smug, he and Severus were engaged. Nothing could part them, he could feel the magic mingling with his and Severus' combining them together. Engagements weren't like normal ones, magical ones were permanent. If they did part ways and marry someone else there would always be a part of each other in one other.

"Thank you," whispered Severus softly, wondering if Harry had any idea what he meant to him.

"No Sev, Thank you," said Harry kissing him passionately, it was just getting heated when the Floo activated.
"Yoo-hoo! Anyone awake yet?" asked Sirius from the living room.

Harry groaned before reluctantly getting up, and dressed for company. Which he most certainly wasn't right now, Severus smirked in amusement and followed Harry's lead. Severus banished the paper that littered there room, feeling very proud of himself that Harry liked his gifts. The engagement band he had on felt weird he wasn't accustomed to wearing much jewellery. His fingers were too long and dexterous for jewellery to look right on him. However the gold band looked perfect. Severus noticed that Harry wouldn't stop looking at it, grinning like a proud peacock.

Despite the fact that he hadn't bought them, he couldn't deny it gave him more satisfaction in the world to know Severus was his. That he wore a band that let everyone else know he was taken.

"Happy birthday Harry!" grinned Remus hugging him in a quickly.

"Thank you," grinned Harry extra happy today. Too happy to scowl at the contact, or hyperness.

"Here," said Remus simply, knowing better than to make a fuss, he had been forced to give Sirius a calming potion. He'd had to do the very same on Christmas morning.

When Harry unwrapped it, he found a very nice trunk with his initials on it H-J-P. The trunk itself was state of the art, compartment ten of them, and there was enough room for him to sit in each of the compartments.

"Open mine," grinned Sirius a lot calmer than he had been half an hour ago.

Harry shook his head, and took the packages and begun opening them, Sirius had bought him more clothes. Shoes, wand holsters, boots, everything Harry could ever imagine. They were from Gladrags Wizardwear. On top of the clothes there were lots of different books; Harry's favourite by far had to be ancient runes. And also paid the fee to go to the Ministry and sit his O.W.L's and N.E.W.T's.

"If you don't want to tell them so the money can be put back into the bank. They won't give it back if it's less than a week's warning before the test." explained Sirius.

"I think I will do it." said Harry.

"You're engaged?" asked Remus.

Harry grinned at that, it was probably the first grin they had ever seen on Harry yet. He proudly displayed the ring for them to see before beginning to unwrap more presents. Surprise, surprise it seemed Sirius Black couldn't resist buying Harry the state of the art broomstick. Funnily enough it was called the lightening bolt.

"Thank you for the gifts," said Harry.

"You're welcome," smiled Remus. Harry had liked his gifts and that's all that mattered.

"Oh yeah, this is from Bill," said Sirius handing over a smaller package, the cards were on the table unopened still.

When Harry opened it he found it was a dragon tooth. It was beautiful and Harry loved it. The tooth fit in the palm of it comfortably, it had been shrunk.
"So how have you been? Has the potion worked?" asked Sirius leaning forward.

"It has, Voldemort called his followers twice. I've remained unaffected." smirked Harry, his green eyes glinting with pride for Severus' awesome abilities.

"That's brilliant," said Remus.

"Within the next week, I'm going after Voldemort. When he dies, Dumbledore will know who it was. Then I will take him down too." smirked Harry.

"Err, Harry…are you sure you want to do that?" asked Sirius wide eyed.

"Yes." said Harry sharply.

"We will be with you every step of the way; will I try and find other trusted Order members to come with us? Just in case there are too many Death Eaters?" asked Remus calmly.

"How can we know who to trust?" asked Harry doubtfully.

"I'll know." said Remus firmly.

"As long as none of them try and stop me, and aren't full of themselves, risking everything I've worked for." said Harry a cold edge to his voice, he hadn't gone through this to die at the hands of the bastard. He would kill him and show Voldemort pain he had inflicted on him.

"When will you tell us what's to be done with Dumbledore?" asked Severus in dark fury.

"Just one more week, and you will know." said Harry; actually Severus would know before then. When he started to brew the potion. Severus wasn't stupid he would know what the potion did. He couldn't brew it anywhere else it had to be here, in the privacy of his own rooms. The potion wasn't exactly legal but he had managed to get all the ingredients using his alias Hadrian Williams, which had spread over the wizarding community. Severus didn't take on apprentices; if he had taken on Hadrian everyone knew he had to be very good.

"Well I just hope I'm there!" said Sirius a wistful look on his face.

"You will be." said Harry grimly.

"So, what are you doing for the rest of your birthday?" asked Remus changing the subject.

"Severus is taking me to a restaurant," said Harry softly.

"That's nice something normal for you both to do." mused Sirius, remembering how many times he and Remus had gone out.

"Yeah I can't wait," said Harry. It would probably be the most normal thing he and Severus had done. He couldn't wait until the day where he could go as himself. Show the world that he loved Severus, and he was loved in turn. The ring upon his finger proved that, he wasn't about to be abandoned. Not even when he defeated Voldemort and Dumbledore. Severus was here to stay, and he would have him forever.

His future was looking good, now he just had to deal with two problems and he'd be free.
Severus Knows All

Pretty Boy

Chapter 46

Severus Knows All

The potion had been delivered to St. Mungo's three weeks ago, Severus not one for pussyfooting around had simply named it a Nerve regenerator. He'd patented it, but to prove its success he had sent it to St. Mungo's. Once word got out, he had no doubt there would be rush orders from all over the world. It's why he'd been brewing it for days, stocking up for the inevitable. St. Mungo’s contrary to popular belief wasn't the only wizarding hospital in the United Kingdom. It was just the most, well known, and expensive to boot. Thankfully some got treatment free thanks to various donations and charities.

Harry was in awe of Potions and everything they could do. He'd been told about the Longbottom's and what happened to them. The Death Eaters had thought they had information regarding the Dark Lord. In the end the Lestrange's and Crouch, had tortured them into insanity. They'd been that way ever since, a few weeks after the war had ended. No doubt they'd all thought themselves safe, they'd failed to take into account crazy, power hungry and desperate Death Eaters. At least Neville had his grandmother though, he'd had a family.

Chopping up the roots, he added them to the potion, stirring anti- clockwise. This potion, he had been brewing all day. His revenge, he still wasn't one hundred percent sure how to administer it. One way or another Dumbledore would be swallowing it. His arm began to ache as he continued to stir, keeping a steady count of every one of them. The potion wasn't difficult, but it was complicated, certainly didn't need a Potions Master anyway. Which he was eternally grateful for; otherwise he wouldn’t be brewing it. Severus didn't know yet, but as soon as he saw it he'd know.

"It seemed Alice Longbottom has made even more improvement. She recognized her son. I hope it works or I think this just might tip the boy over the edge." said Severus coming into the lab. Neville Longbottom may not be a boy anymore, but he sure had a difficult time of growing up.

"Why would it do that?" asked Harry blankly.

"He has grown up with a very strict unemotional, yet powerful grandmother.” said Severus. The woman had an emotional range of a teaspoon; the boy had come to Hogwarts a stuttering mess. Very different from what Frank Longbottom had been like as a teen. She'd messed him up completely; it had taken him seventeen years to become anything to be proud of.

"She doesn't love her grandson?" asked Harry frowning, why did everyone seem to have a hard life? Was there no help for children in this bloody world? He was frankly sick of it. Other than Remus, everyone seemed to have really crap or abusive families.

"She does, she just doesn't show it." said Severus. At least he thought so, but what went on behind closed doors, happened behind closed doors.

"Would my grandparents have been like that?" asked Harry.

"No, the Potter's had your father late in life and they spoiled him rotten." said Severus honestly, answering Harry's questions despite the fact he loathed James Potter. Unfortunately that would probably never change. There was one thing he was grateful to Potter for, and that was Harry. He
was just grateful Harry didn't ask too much. "The Evans' were down to earth; they spoiled her but raised her right. She was a little hell, staunch defender of anything she saw and didn't like."

"Ah," said Harry noncommittally.

Severus peered at the potion Harry was making; he'd been in here nearly all day. He'd been visiting St. Mungo's and gathering additional ingredients he'd need to brew more potions. He realized immediately what it was; it also made sense why Harry had been reading more Potion books lately. Especially those from the Black library, he wasn't sure how to feel about Harry brewing this particular potion. Yet it was poetic justice when one thought about it.

"It's for Dumbledore." said Harry finally relaxing his arm gratefully rubbing his shoulder absently.

"I gathered," said Severus dryly, "Just how are you going to get him to swallow it?" he added sarcastically. Dumbledore was more cautious than him, he checked everything he ate. Even food that the house elves sent up from the kitchens, nobody bar him had noticed it though.

"He won't be drinking it I don't want to take the magic away totally. I just want him unable to use it. I want him to go the rest of his life, feeling his magic but unable to use it." said Harry a wicked gleam in his green eyes. Oh he couldn't wait to enact his revenge.

"How?" asked Severus frowning, trying to figure out Harry's plan.

"I'm going to soak the potion in these bands." said Harry, lifting up the cheap silver cuffs. He recognized them, they would clip together, magically sealed by whoever's magic was in them. They had been used way back in the past, as a way to keep track of children. Imbued with tracking charms, although they had more serious uses, such as one to make sure their kids remained shall we say, pure for their wedding. They weren't removed until they were married, and everyone would know the person was taken. This was instead of marking them, with either a tattoo or brand, this idea really was an old one. Harry must have gotten these from Gringotts; they were the only place that still sold them. Well other than a few dubious shops in Knockturn Alley.

"I will turn invisible, nobody will be able to see or feel them. So if he tries to tell anyone, they will think he's insane. I've been trying to look up spells that stop him telling people about magic. I've not been very successful on that front." admitted Harry grudgingly.

"Then you should have come to me, as Head of House I know the spell. I've had to use it a few times on Muggle born students and parents. Who want to tell everyone about magic, to anyone that would listen. It's not often done, I've only had to do it three times." said Severus, smirking in amusement.

"There really is something that stops them talking about magic?" asked Harry, he truly hadn't expected anything to crop up.

"Indeed," said Severus wryly.

"How does that work exactly?" asked Harry curiously, eager for all the information he required.

"The spell will give them a shock, when they even think about telling anyone about magic. Or anything remotely related to it." said Severus.

"Curious," said Harry thoughtfully. Dumbledore was from a magical family, and he hadn't ever been in the Muggle world. It would be instinctive to think about magic and talk about it; perhaps he could even make the voltage of the shock bigger it would make revenge even sweeter. A sadistic grin spread across his face, he liked that idea, he liked it a lot.
"You will have to set timers this is the tricky stage. It requires ingredient every two hours, throughout the night." said Severus as he peered at the perfect potion.

"I know," said Harry, it was going to be a long night.

"How are you doing with the spells?" asked Severus sitting down.

"I have them all." said Harry, "Tested them as well, they were all successful after a few tries." Sprinkling on his next crushed ingredient, stirring it clockwise five times, anti clock wise ten times and letting it simmer. It required nothing more for two hours so Harry was free to do as he wished.

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"What are they?" asked Remus inspecting the two wristbands curiously, they looked cheap but unbreakable.

"Magic blockers, the beauty about them is, you will feel your magic responding but will be unable to use it." said Severus smirking. Bragging about Harry's handy work, to both Sirius and Remus. Harry was sleeping having been up all night last night, brewing the potion.

"Really? Interesting which potion?" asked Remus wide eyed, his amber eyes displaying awe and amazement. This was Harry's revenge? Dumbledore forced to live without his magic until he died? He didn't know if he was disappointed or not. He had half expected Harry to just kill Dumbledore, similar to the fate he'd brought upon Lucius Malfoy.

"I wouldn't have thought about using it. There's a spell and a few runes embedded into it. One that shocks you when you think about telling someone about magic. It's ingenious in its simplicity." said Severus. Harry had created a combination of potions, spells and runes mixed them together artistically. Not created, rather he had mixed them together. For someone with only one year of magical training it was a bloody beautiful piece of work. Severus was proud of his fiancé, it's just a shame it couldn't be published.

"He made this by himself?" asked Sirius in awe. What goes around comes around, like a boomerang and Dumbledore would regret the day he cast those magic restraining spells on Harry Potter. The only thing he'd created or rather co-created was the map. This thing though, was ten times more complicated than that, he was proud of his godson there was no denying it.

"Yes," smirked Severus, he hadn't even helped with the potion. Harry didn't need his interference; it wasn't a difficult potion, although he doubted Black would be able to brew it. It was a testament to his teaching, and Harry's strong will and desire to succeed that had made it happen.

"How will he get them on Dumbledore?" asked Remus cautiously.

"That he hasn't told me," admitted Severus looking thoughtful.

"Well let's just hope it works." said Remus handing them back.

"Well if his plan is like this it will." said Severus holding up the band before sliding it back in its box.

"Here's hoping," murmured Sirius he unlike Remus didn't have the same conviction.

"I heard about the Longbottom's, congratulations." said Remus.

"How did you hear about it?" frowned Severus. Remus of course already knew about the potion helping Harry. Severus hadn't told them about sending it to St. Mungo's yet.
"Neville has been telling everyone he knows. That includes the Order members." said Remus.

"He isn't a member so how?" asked Severus.

"He isn't, but he is friends with Ron who is. He knows many that are in the Order. At least the younger ones anyway." said Remus.

"I see," said Severus.

"I wonder if they will get better and what happens then they do. I mean they've missed eighteen years of their lives." shuddered Sirius he knew the feeling. He'd been in prison for nearly twelve years. He had missed a lot, but at least he had not left behind a child. Well one could argue he had, he'd left Harry behind. Perhaps he had more in common with the Longbottom's than he thought.

"At least they will have their lives back," Severus "They will get to live their life again, something of which, without this potion, wouldn't be possible." in fact if it wasn't for Harry and the connection he wouldn't have been so desperate to invent it.

"What do you think will happen if they get their minds back?" asked Remus curiously.

"It could take months even years to get better, between physical therapy and mind healers it will be tough. No doubt they are as weak as a new born baby. They haven't used their muscles for eighteen years; it will be a long and gruelling process. It will be basically like coming out of a coma, not only that, they will have to deal with what happened to them. Being cursed into insanity isn't something easily gotten over." said Severus grimly.

"Well I hope Neville is prepared for that, it's not as if his Gran could cope with it. She's so cool, calm and unrelenting she doesn't care or at least she makes it look like she doesn't. She makes my mother look soft and that's saying something." said Sirius wryly.

"True, I wouldn't want to get on the wrong side of her, she's something else." said Severus.

"That cannot be denied she is a powerful bloody witch!" said Sirius nodding his head.

"I meant to say, I spoke to Poppy earlier. Dumbledore's in the hospital wing. He suffered from a minor Heart attack, Poppy thinks the stress of the war is getting to him." said Remus abruptly.

"What? Since when?" asked Severus cautiously.

"She had to call someone in from St. Mungo's she doesn't have the expertise to deal with it." said Remus. Not many students had heart attacks after all; no she'd had to call in a healer. As a Medi-witch she didn't know what to do.

The time was coming. Soon both Dumbledore and Voldemort would be dead and the world would be at peace. Then he and Harry would be free to live their lives as they wished. Finally coming out from the shadows, they had been sulking in for far too long. Some more than others, but the light was finally coming, and it was all thanks to one man - Harry Potter.

Sirius had hope now, of a future, a life beyond insanity. That he had been getting up close and personal with, before Harry came into his life. Harry wasn't a little boy who he could look after, but it didn't matter. Harry had someone that loved him, and a godfather that would spoil him and love him too.

Not only had Remus been blessed Harry in his life, he had gotten his lover back from the brink of insanity. Sirius had been going downhill the longer Harry was missing from their lives; the fact that
he thought Harry hated them was probably a big part of it. That had just about killed both men but
understandably Sirius had been more affected. To both men life was finally good again after all the
years of despair and darkness.

They supported Harry's decisions one hundred percent.

Severus' life had changed; he now had a lover, a fiancé, to share his life with his light in the
darkness. Both the men that had governed his life since he was a teenager were going to be dealt
with. He had for the lack of better words, even if Severus refuses to use the word - had friends. He
had also created yet another prefect potion that would make him even more respected in the
wizarding community. To Severus Snape - life was good and it had been a long time coming.

Harry, well Harry's life sure had gotten interesting to say the least. He found two men who just
wanted him in their lives. Not caring that he was his parent's son, just wanting to get to know him as
Harry Potter. He had a man who had essentially saved him two times over, a man who was now his
fiancé. He had acquaintance in Bill Weasley, and he was respected by the students in Hogwarts. He
was about to get his much needed and thought about revenge. On Dumbledore only after kicking
Voldemort's ass to the ground. Harry knew all Voldemort's weaknesses, including his insistence of
bragging as he fights. Plus he had two wands, one the brother of Voldemort and the new one he had
gotten as Hadrian Williams'. He knew what happened with brother wands and it gave him an even
bigger advantage which was why he was so sure he could defeat Voldemort when no one else could.
Then his life would be perfect and he would be free to show the world who he truly was.

If they didn't like him - well screw them. It was his life and he wasn't there to impress or please them.
Voldemort and Dumbledore had better watch out - the shit they had started nineteen years ago was
about to just hit the fan.
Voldemort's Demise

Pretty Boy

Chapter 47

Voldemort's demise

"Severus, Voldemort's attacking Diagon Alley, it's time." said Harry.

Severus stared at his fiancé completely struck dumb, he looked years older, and no it didn't have anything to do with an aging Potion. It didn't have anything to do with the words that had just come out of his mouth. He looked stunning, dressed in the finest battle robes he'd ever seen. The deepest green, with a sheen of gold if you stared at it a certain way. His hair was up with a large leather strap, manly as one could get. A pair ofWelsh green dragon hide boots to complete the outfit. He looked magnificent, and every bone in his body wanted to lurch across to him and take him right here and now. His green eyes stood out firmly with his choice of clothes. Merlin, he was lucky, how had he been so blessed with someone as gorgeous as Harry in his life? He actually owed Malfoy and Nott for how his life had turned out, it was their actions, the place they chose that led him down this road. The prophecy though, indicated one way or another…Harry had been destined to do this. Life was funny, but he chose not to question it. It was time as Harry had said to end it once and for all. His beautiful fiancé was looking forward to this; he was vibrating with so much magic and anticipation.

"Then it's time," said Severus, nodding his head grimly, "I shall alert the others." he immediately grabbed a handful of Floo powder, and flung it into the flames. The green harmless fire blazed on up, and Severus quickly immersed himself within it after calling out his destination.

"Every-" asked Remus looking up into the fire, his cup of coffee half way to his lips.

"It's time, get Bill and as many others as you can. He's attacking Diagon Alley." said Severus. His voice conveyed more than just the urgency of the situation, but the dire nature of his mission. Should Remus fail, then none of it would work. The success of what they were doing now rested firmly on Remus' shoulders.

"Of course," said Remus immediately, the cup of coffee falling onto the table, spilling everywhere. It suddenly didn't matter, Sirius who had been beside him nodded grimly, not saying anything yet.

"Good." said Severus.

"I'll go to the Ministry," said Sirius grimly.

"I'll get the Order." said Remus as Severus disappeared from the fireplace. Both Apparated out, they were on a time sensitive mission with little time to accomplish it. They weren't going to let Harry down, not again.

Severus stood up, and went straight through to his lab; grabbing the large bag of potions he had handy for this occasion. All in unbreakable vials, so if anything happened to him, nothing would damage the potions. He knew the chances of survival was fifty-fifty, he didn't have expectations. He was more worried for Harry than he was for himself. He was very good, especially for a man with only one year's magical experience. That was the crux of the problem, one year magical experience against the Darkest Wizard the world had ever encountered. Merlin he prayed to whatever deity out there to protect them both this day.
"Are you ready?" said Severus standing next to his fiancé, cupping his face once again musing how lucky he was. If this was the end of him, he'd die happy in the knowledge he'd be missed, mourned instead of discarded and hated forever as a Death Eater. If he survived today, he'd spend the rest of his life making Harry's life as carefree and happy as possible.

"Oh yes!" said Harry grinning widely, excited he couldn't wait.

"Then let's go," said Severus, both of them made their way to the fireplace. Flooing directly to Diagon Alley, more specifically the Leaky Cauldron. Which was packed with customers, calmly eating their lunches unaware of the oncoming danger. They received a few curious stares, especially from those who recognized Severus.

"What can I get you?" asked Tom cheerfully, staring expectantly at the two newcomers, they seemed in some sort of trance. He was about to ask them if they were alright, when the words that came out of his mouth scared ten years out of him.

"We need strong fighters, those willing to stand up and fight. The next generation now rests firmly in your hands. There are Death Eaters descending upon this Alley as we speak." said Harry grimly, staring around at them. Unfortunately his words just created chaos, as they all lunged for the fireplace, desperate to get away. Some just grabbed their kids and Apparated on the spot, leaving only a few handful of people behind.

"Better than nothing," said Severus looking disgusted at the amount of people who had fled.

"I expected less, they like running with the tail tucked beneath their legs." said Harry eyeing the place shrewdly. "Let's go." as soon as they stepped outside, they ducked an oncoming barrage of spells with easy. Their wands out and casting curses back, hoping someone would get here soon. The smell of smoke was thick in the air. Buildings were on fire, but they couldn't do anything about it, they had to fight first. They could rebuild later. Stunning each black clad figure he could, they made themselves easy targets wearing those robes and masks. Idiotic if you asked him, but that's an insane dark wizard for you - they didn't think rationally.

Back to back, they continued to fight the masses, a few wizards helping here and there. Unfortunately most were cowering, or trying futilely to protect children and fight at the same time. Spells continued to launch back and forth, both Severus and Harry had to rebound them back at the Death Eaters. They couldn't duck and avoid it. Thankfully nothing they couldn't shield had been sent their way yet.

"Help me!" screamed a seven year old, banging against the window desperately, choking on the smoke billowing around the shop. "Please help me!" others joined in, trying desperately to leave the Quidditch shop, they were stuck in.

"Get us out of here!" yelled another voice, the door shaking violently, desperate to get out.

Harry looked around, nobody was the slightest bit inclined to help them, cursing he ran off. Rapidly gesturing for them to move away from the window, to hide, take cover. Thankfully one of the older ones seemed to realize what Harry wanted. He quickly shouted for them to get over the counter, unfortunately the smoke was the thickest. Once they were safely out of harms way, Harry basted the unbreakable windows with a violent blasting charm. The entire shop shook on its foundations as glass and wood sprayed everywhere. With a new release the smoke immediately tripled as it sneaked out the window.

"Come on get out!" yelled Harry, shaking his head as he turned away from the shop, it was up to them now whether they got out or not. Coughing roughly, he wiped his face leaving a trail of black
soot in its wake.

He'd just found Severus again, when he heard the laugh, the most evil laugh one he instinctively knew from his bouts of connection with the evil wizard. The Dark Lord Voldemort had just entered the game; Harry truly hadn't expected him to appear so soon. This was probably his favourite part though, seeing the death and destruction surrounding him. What kind of life had the man had…to want to see such a beautiful world reduced to rubble and slavery? He'd had a tough life, yet he would never do such a thing. There were innocent children here, all ages, just celebrating finishing school and being able to do what they wanted all summer. They had no place in war, and yet here they were, stuck, thanks to sadistic Death Eaters locking them into burning buildings.

"So you did betray me my slippery spy," hissed Voldemort drawing Harry's attention from the battle. They had some help, those who were trying to anyway, but it wasn't working long term. The Death Eaters were just un-stunning their fellow comrades.

"Of course I did, I've been spying for twenty one years." said Severus, fighting three Death Eaters, and winning flawlessly. He was truly a sight to see, he was also very powerful and Harry loved it. He could have stood there watching all day just how fluidly Severus moved. He'd been nothing like that while teaching Harry, it turned him on so badly it wouldn't have mattered but they were currently in battle.

He saw Voldemort had his wand raised; ready to curse him. Harry knew he wouldn't be able to avoid all four curses. He was being put to the test fighting three Death Eaters as it was. He saw the green light bursting from the wand; raising the wand he had gotten at the age of eleven he snarled the killing curse too as he knocking Severus out of the way. The Death Eaters ended up taking the spells meant for Severus.

Bill, Remus, Sirius, Shacklebolt, Tonks and many others were appearing. Sirius immediately went to Severus, who was by that point back on his feet. They quickly subdue the three Death Eaters that had attacked Severus. Sirius knew that if anything happened to Severus, Harry wouldn't survive. All his life he'd dealt with people leaving him, well he would make sure Severus wasn't one of them. Even if he had to sacrifice his own life, to ensure his godsons happiness and survival.

Everyone stared in shock when a phoenix thrill resonated all over the alley. Replacing the fear with hope, compassion, calmness and a sense of belonging. They could feel it deep in their heart, reinserting their belief in the world. It was time this war came to an end, they could do it, and for the first time everyone truly believed it.

"What's happening?" cried Sirius in shock, as a dome began to form around Harry and Voldemort. Somehow locking them inside the gold magical shield, he swallowed thickly as they began to levitate further. He'd never seen anything like it in all his years. The magic, the feelings, it was the most…magical experience in his life.

"Keep fighting!" hissed Severus shoving Sirius, bringing him back to here and now. They had Death Eaters to take care of and people to save. Once Sirius was shoved from his shock, it seemed the entire alley did as well.

Despite his words, Severus almost tripped when ghostly apparitions began to emerge from the Dark Lord's wand. People that had been declared dead, their bodies tortured beyond recognition. The ghostly figures were surrounding Voldemort causing him to become fearful. He couldn't break the connection for some reason; it wasn't for the lack of trying on his part. The Dark Lord kept yanking at his wand, trying to break the barely visible strand of magic. Keeping both Harry and the Dark Lord attached, a brother wand, that's why Harry had been reading about them. He truly had planned this down to this exact detail. He was amazing, and Severus was in awe of him.
"Mum," whispered Harry his eyes wide in astonishment, he hadn't planned on this.

"James," choked Sirius, staring at the sky, as the battle around him continued on. Although it wasn't much of one, with help, they were gaining the upper hand against the remaining Death Eaters. At least the ones that had been summoned to this raid, which would be around thirty percent of his Death Eaters.

"Do it Harry, it will work. We love you, and we are so proud of you." said Lily softly. She was so proud of her son, she wished she had longer. Yet she knew the gift she had been given, at even being able to be here at all. Her beautiful baby boy was all grown up. He had Severus to look after him now, her oldest and fondest friend.

Harry's green eyes glistened with tears he had never thought he would ever hear such a thing. It meant the world to him; his parents were proud of him. He'd never felt proud before, yet her words and the phoenix song resonated deeply within him. Gripping his wand he nodded, breathing deeply, he took his other wand out. Pointing it straight at Voldemort ready to say the curse that would end him.

"I never thought I'd say this Snape, but…thank you and I approve of his choice. You have our blessing." said James Potter his spectre floating towards the edge of the dome, looking years old as he gazed proudly at the sight of his son before turning back and adding. "I am sorry for everything I did to you, I was a jealous prick."

"James," whispered Sirius, tears running down his face. He didn't even feel jealousy that he was speaking to Severus and not him.

"I don't blame you Padfoot, you did what you could. Dumbledore tricked you. Just be there for him, since I can't" said James a haunted melodic note to his voice.

Remus closed his eyes this was just so unreal, how was this possible? What had Harry done? "Well Moony, you finally got your stubborn butt into gear and finally asked him?" With his piece said, he joined the fray, yelling obscenities at Voldemort along with the rest of those who'd been brutally murdered by the monster.

Remus choked on his laugh with the lump in his throat. He was ready to break down and cry, in the middle of pandemonium that used to be Diagon Alley. Bodies of people, animals and owls littered the once clean happy cobbled street, half dead and half suffering from horrific curses cast on them. Families were huddled together crying at the mere sight of Voldemort too petrified to even raise their wand to protect themselves.

"I love you too" said Harry. Gripping his wand tightly, continuing to stare at his parents. Delaying the inevitable, but everything was fine below, they had control of it.

"I will be there for you always little one!" said Lily, wanting so badly to touch her son. Yet she could only raise a ghostly hand, putting it as close to his face as though to cup his cheek, in a manner similar to how Severus did. "Think of me by your side when you marry Severus and I will appear."

Harry blinked in confusion, what could she possibly mean by that? They'd just got engaged, yet she was speaking as if he would marry him. Regardless he nodded, if only to indicate he heard her.

"Good luck son, do it now we're disappearing." said James. It was gradual and nobody would haven noticed, but they were connected to this plane only temporarily. They could feel themselves starting to move on; time to go back to their own plane.
"Who the hell are you!" snarled Voldemort furiously, his red eyes blazing with fury.

"I think the son should have given it away, don't you?" sneered Harry, his green eyes glinting maliciously. "What are you an idiot? I'm the one prophesied to defeat you."

"Potter," cursed Voldemort his magic flaring as his anger increased rapidly.

"Avada Kedavra!" said Harry at the same time Voldemort was busy cursing his name. The green light flew out of Harry's wand, the emerald glowing ball heading straight for its target. Unable to break the connection, the Dark Lord was helpless to evade it. The look of shock, fear and surprise would forever remain on the snake face monster. Who had lived to terrorise the Wizarding world for decades. His mouth still open from when he had uttered the last thing he ever would "Potter" as he had done when Harry was a year and a half, this time there was no coming back.

The web of pure light broke, as both Voldemort and Harry fell on the cobble stoned path with a thud. Only Voldemort seemed to bounce a few times before his body lay broken on the cobbles defeated at last. The onlookers just gaped in shock unable to believe their eyes. Dumbledore had been unable to defeat him, yet a young man had done so.

"Harry!" yelled Severus running towards him, just glad he'd survived, and he'd done it. Cupping his face, staring into his eyes. He could see by the dazed look on his face, Harry had a lot of magic. The magical strand, the dome, must have been feeding from his magic. Opening his potions pouch, he took out the ones he needed and threw the rest at Remus.

Remus caught it, since he was close by. Nodding he began to tend to the fallen, helping where he could.

The spectres were disappearing; Harry could see them from the corner of his eyes. He grimaced in pain; he had broken his ankle in the fall. He swallowed the potion as Severus watched his face intently. Harry grabbed Severus' wrist and whispered a rune Severus wasn't familiar with. He could feel it tingling along the Death Eater mark. He was about to ask what it was, when Harry spoke, putting it at the back of his mind.

"We need to get him now, its now or never" said Harry, intently gripping Severus' arm.

Severus nodded his head grimly, Poppy would no doubt be on her way here. She was the best Medwitch, someone would notify her. He didn't get a sense of satisfaction attacking Dumbledore while he was down. But what the hell, Dumbledore had done the same binding a baby's powers.

"Are you ok?" asked Bill grimly he had a burnt shoulder, and his arm was at an odd angle, broken. He was alive that's really all that mattered, and the attack hadn't happened after the full moon or he wouldn't have been there.

"I'm fine," grimaced Harry standing up on his broken ankle. The pain wasn't half bad, since Severus had given him the potions. Pain reliever and one to begin knitting the bone back together. The last one had been one to strengthen his magic and replenish it.

"Come on," said Severus, guiding Harry away, keeping some weight off his foot. Using a spell quietly, causing bandages to wrap Harry's ankle snugly. It helped relieve the strain greatly; he didn't need to much help after that.

They walked away from the Alley, making a hasty walk to the Leaky Cauldron. They entered it, and began walking towards the fireplace no one even thought to stop them. There was no one there paying attention, merely just trying to put the rest of the fire out. Then moving on to another building.
trying to do their part to help.

Remus had watched them go; hastily giving the pouch to Shacklebolt, he ran after them. He knew where they were going, back to Hogwarts. He knew because like Severus, realized that everyone's attention would be on Diagon Alley, not Hogwarts this day. Grabbing Sirius as he hastily made his way over. Taking care as they entered the burnt shop, not wanting to fall through the foundations.

"How many?" asked Severus grimly as Harry took his time his ankle still paining him. Severus cast another spell to numb the broken bone, and only the broken bone. Nobody could walk properly on a numb foot it would cause them to stumble and possibly injure it more.

"Twenty five dead, forty five wounded that I counted." said Remus sadly, his amber eyes worn.

"Merlin," swore Severus; he had a good idea that most of them were probably children. Thankfully they would be the last thoughtless kills that Death claimed. Voldemort was gone; finally the darkness would recede for the moment. He wasn't stupid enough to think Voldemort would be the only darkness that tried to claim the Wizarding World. For now everything would be safe enough, the children could once again be just that - children. That's if the war hadn't already stolen their childhoods from them.

"Honeydukes!" shouted Harry, and he disappeared, everyone else followed him, leaving one by one. The shop was ominously silent; there wasn't a soul in sight. They were now able to breathe, since the air was clogged with smoke and the smell of burnt wood and metal. Moving the latch, he began walking down the steps, thankfully able to go at a reasonably fast face. In the darkness they lit their wands as they continued talking.

"All the Death Eaters were captured, the Auror's were taking them into custody as we left." said Sirius as they descended the cellar in Honeydukes. They walked towards Hogwarts until they finally got to the other entrance which led them right to the one eyed witch passage.

Harry fished through his cloak, bringing out the map. He never went anywhere without it, it had kept him safe within Hogwarts. He didn't know that Hogwarts herself had kept him safe too. Opening the map he looked around, absolutely every human was gone from Hogwarts. All expect one, Albus Dumbledore. His dot lay unmoving on the map.

"Let's go," said Harry, taking the lead looking imposing. Even if he was limping. All traces of emotion were gone from his face. As he resolutely, began making his way to Dumbledore.

Severus shared a look with Sirius and Remus before he caught up effortlessly with Harry. Sirius and Remus grinned feeling much better about everything now that it was over. The hard part was over; Harry had defeated Voldemort now all he had to do was take down Dumbledore. Then they could all live their lives in relative peace, perhaps after Harry got his revenge things would die down.

James and Lily didn't blame them, didn't think they had let Harry down. James as usual had teased them. It had been a very surreal experience for sure.

"What happened with the wands?" asked Sirius curiously as they walked down the stairs.

"When I first went to Ollivander's for my wand, I got the Brother wand of Voldemort's. Why do you think I had to get a new one? Dumbledore would have recognized my old one in an instant." said Harry, wincing as a sharp stab of pain hit him. He refused to stop; he was so close to completing his goals. He could handle pain; he'd been living of it for months when the connection had sprung up.

"How did it happen?" asked Sirius confused.
"They are brother wands, brother wands cannot harm each other or their bearers."
explained Harry. "That's why a phoenix song was heard, I knew it would happen and it was an opportunity to defeat Voldemort so I took it. I didn't realize people were going to come out though." said Harry. Not that he regretted it; he'd actually spoken to his parents.

"So many needless deaths," whispered Remus quietly.

"Yes and that was just Voldemort." said Harry bitterly. "If only they had gotten of their arses, and done something. It would never have come to this."

"True." said Severus.

"I know," said Remus sighing sadly; it didn't stop him feeling awful about the death's he'd seen today. The only thing that consoled him, was the fact he was gone, there was no coming back. There was also the fact that if Harry hadn't fought, the death toll would be even higher.

"What did you do to the mark?" asked Severus. Remembering the spell Harry had cast on him earlier. There was a reason for everything Harry done, and he was curious to know what this meant.

"I put a tracker on it" explained Harry. As they continued to walk through the halls of Hogwarts.

"Why?" asked Severus cautiously.

"All marks are bound together, if it's on one it's on them all. I'm going to make a sort of like um…the marauders map of them all. The Auror's can track them and have them arrested. Once I've made the map I'm going to remove your mark." said Harry in explanation.

"What kind of spell did you use?" asked Remus wide eyed, gazing at Harry's back in shocked awe. Harry was just unbelievable, the cuffs were an awesome magic but to actually connect the marks and give the Auror's access to all Death Eaters was just…amazing and awe-inspiring. Harry didn't think like most Wizards' it was as if he was on a different frequency. It wasn't a bad thing, Remus, Sirius and Severus knew that Harry could bring the world to a whole new age should he wish it.

"It was a live tracking rune," said Harry smirking wryly.

"Similar to the one we put in the map!" said Sirius loudly. Seeing where Harry was coming from. The map knew who it was, even if they were under poly juice potion. Nothing could fool the tracking rune, it was amazing.

"Yeah," nodded Harry.

"Brilliant!" exclaimed Sirius.

"They were smart enough to avoid the potions shop," said Harry, "Did you notice that's the only shop they didn't aim at?"

"Yes, it could have back fired on them and killed everyone, potion ingredients are dangerous things indeed." said Severus, stopping abruptly when Harry did.

Harry just raised an amused eyebrow at him. Turning to Severus he smirked wryly before they stopped. "Well this is it." said Harry outside the hospital wing finally. Taking a deep breath, excitement thrumming through him.
Dumbledore Get's his Just Desserts

Pretty Boy

Chapter 48

Dumbledore Gets His Just Desserts

It was almost pathetic really, walking into the hospital wing with a sleeping Dumbledore, just lying there. It took Harry all of a few seconds to break Dumbledore’s wand and place the bracelets on him. It was even less anticlimactic than the fight with Voldemort, Remus, Sirius and Severus had expected…more for some reason. Harry had a look of sadistic glee on his face; he truly was in some ways worse then a Death Eater. Death Eaters killed their victims quickly, much like Moody’s death had been, what Harry had planned was torture at its greatest. Dumbledore was an old man, one hundred and sixty five years old and had never gone a day without his magic. Now he would die alone, friendless and without magic. It was probably the magic part that would get him the most; it was truly going to be hell on earth.

"That's it? Cant I torture him for a while?" whined Sirius, he hated, no loathed the old man for what he had done. Kept his godson from him, putting Harry in jeopardy of dying at the age of twenty because of the.

Harry just smirked in amusement; they'd changed since he first met them. He didn't know if it was a good thing or not. They seemed capable of handling the darker nature and side of him and themselves apparently. From what Severus had told him, they'd been the ultimate light side figures. Ones that would never dare step a toe out of line, yet they had.

"Not here we cant, we need to get out of here now. They are bringing some of the wounded to Hogwarts." said Harry wryly. "Let's go." Pulling out a Portkey gabbing Dumbledore, just as the held on. "Revenge."

With a dizzying, navel jerking lurch, landed with a thump outside an abandoned building.
Dumbledore began stirring, his blue eyes opening blearily as he looked around. Not understanding what was going on, he had been in the hospital wing; it's the last thing he remembered.

"Where the hell are we?" asked Sirius wrinkling his nose up in distaste. The building looked as though it had been abandoned for centuries. There was four rickety walls surrounding them, but the roof had at some point caved in. there were tiles everywhere, along with puddles upon puddles of water. He didn't venture further to see if there was more of the building.

"An abandoned building, it used to be the Daily telegraph a Muggle and wizarding newspaper that went busted years ago." said Harry in explanation. Nothing else was needed; Pureblood's did not like being associated with anything Muggle. So without people buying shares, it quickly became redundant

"Why here?" asked Remus curiously.

"I'm bought it, plus we needed a quick get away. It's not like he's staying here." said Harry scoffing at the very idea.

"Bought it? Why?" asked Severus curiously. They seemed to forget Dumbledore was with them.

"I'm going to fix it up." said Harry, someone needed to do something for the orphaned children.
They couldn't keep getting dumped in Muggle orphanages, or with family that didn't want them. It wasn't fair, and if nobody was going to do something then he had no choice but to. He wouldn't let the magical world continue as it was; it had to come out of its dark ages at some point. It was so basic, it was severely lacking in almost every way. Using quills, and parchment, no orphanages, the lack of progress was making the magical British world at a stand still. Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade was all they had. It was time for a new era, one that wasn't afraid of progress. It wasn't as if they didn't have money to rise up and become better.

"Severus what is going on?" demanded Dumbledore, trying to sit up but unable to do so as he was extremely weak. He didn't understand, Poppy had kept him in under observation but he had been fine before. Why was he feeling so weak and shaky now? He felt as if the planet had shifted on its axis. He knew Black and Lupin weren't happy with him but what on earth were they doing with Severus Snape? And who was the stranger?

"So glad you asked that," purred Severus darkly. Satisfaction clearly displayed on his face, as he stood looming over Dumbledore, looking very intimidating indeed.

Harry bit his lip, oh Merlin, Severus looked hot like that. The purr and the vindictive twinkle in his eyes. Breathing deeply, he maintained control over his impulses; this so wasn't the time for that. Instead he focused on Dumbledore's face, he wanted to memorise everything about this day.

Dumbledore's twinkle of confusion disappeared leaving behind a serious man. A man who hardly made an appearance, unless he was fighting Voldemort. Or of course, threatening someone. He stood up proud and tall and tried to Apparate, tried being the key word, when his magic tried to react to his commend it made him knees buck. He cried out as he fell once again to the floor, a red flush decorating his features obviously extremely embarrassed. All men present got a rush from seeing the all powerful Dumbledore weak and powerless. Considering they had all only ever seen him as a benevolent man until lately or at least Remus and Sirius had until a year ago it was a sight they wouldn't soon forget.

"What the hell is happening to me!" grimaced Dumbledore wide eyed, his magic wasn't working what kind of wards did they have up? Normal magical dampening wards didn't work for him. He had so much magic in him, there was no wards up, he couldn't see anything…with Bill's gift he'd always been able to see the wards surrounding everything. He was so used to cutting it off in Hogwarts that he hadn't noticed it gone. Hogwarts had been too bright for him, the ancient wards; he was hardly able to see, so he'd never had a choice but to stop it.

"You think its wards stopping you old fool? That's where you are wrong." sneered Severus his onyx eyes twinkling. He had been looking forward to this for so long and it was better than he ever anticipated. In the hospital wing seeing how easy Harry had 'subdued him' he had to admit it was a disappointment but now…oh now it was even sweeter.

"How are you doing that?" asked Dumbledore his blue eyes flashing fearfully. Trying to erect his mental shields. In doing so, it caused pain to lance though him. Screaming in pain he fell completely onto the floor his head felt like it was on fire. Dumbledore writhed, clutching his forehead. Panic seizing him completely, his heart beating erratically. Nothing he did could stop it, he was supposed to remain calm or he could end up with another heart attack.

"How the mighty fall," sneered Sirius sounding like Bellatrix chucking nastily.

"What have you done?" rasped Dumbledore; if they had bound his magic it shouldn't cause him pain. Why would they do this? Had they found Potter's remains? That thought alone made him cold inside. If they knew, then he was dead for sure…Snape because of the vow and his love for Lily. Lupin and Black because it was their godson. They would have had to find him pretty quick, after all
magic disappeared within hours. He'd doomed the world, and now only he could save everyone, if they killed him they were condemning the entire magical population to death or slavery. He paled drastically, when he realized Snape could read his every thought, if he wanted to.

"He thinks we are together to extract revenge, for what happened to Harry Potter." smirked Severus chuckling wickedly. Harry shivered hearing it that alone turned him on like nothing else ever had. So dark and wicked and utterly forbidden like dark chocolate and he loved it. Onyx eyes latched onto his own as if he knew what thoughts were running through Harry's head. Merlin he was almost tempted to forget Dumbledore and get back to Hogwarts. Have his wicked ways with his fiancé, who apparently he'd marry, if his mother had anything to say about it.

"In a way I guess we are…I'd suggest leaving him until the full moon." snarled Remus causing Dumbledore to flinch back in fear. The threat had obviously struck a cord in the powerful Wizard.

"As much as I'd love that idea, especially considering what happened to Severus, I'm not waiting a fortnight for my revenge. Not only Severus but Bill. He sent us to that orphanage for a reason, do you think I wouldn't realize Voldemort grew up there?" sneered Harry, his green eyes flashing in dangerous fury.

Us? What on earth did that mean? Dumbledore's eyes widened this boy was Hadrian Williams? He had been tricked. Who was he really? Lord Voldemort's son? The Prophecy! Potter was supposed to kill Voldemort then his son! The Lord's it all makes sense what had he condemned the world to? There were certain resemblances. He glared at Severus when he began laughing; he couldn't believe his spy had betrayed him to Voldemort no less. He must have found a way around the vow and Veritaserum.

"Oh Dumbledore you senile old fool, don't you recognize him?" sneered Severus furiously gnashing his teeth together in fury. Walking towards Harry, wrapping his arms around him, smirking victoriously.

"What is it?" asked Sirius. His wand was out pointed at Dumbledore. Yet he was staring curiously at Severus. The laugh had sent shivers down his spine, and made Goosebumps appear on his arms. He had never heard it before, and it sounded so evil, the way he'd laughed. He noticed his godson much to his internal horror had reacted completely different from him. He did not want to think on that, in fact he refused otherwise he'd need to bleach his brain. Or Obliviate himself, but this moment was too vindictive to allow such a thing.

"Oh he just thought Harry was Lord Voldemort's son, he doesn't know." smirked Severus chuckling wickedly. He was enjoying himself; he hadn't felt like this in a long time, not even torturing Lucius Malfoy. The fact he knew things Dumbledore didn't, or hadn't even imagined was even more thrilling. He wondered what his lover had up his sleeve.

'Harry? It can't be' gaped Dumbledore, it's just a nickname for Hadrian.' The feeling of fear and dread, even more prominent now. If this boy was Harry Potter then it would explain the bindings. He didn't understand why they were actually causing him pain to try magic. He wasn't about to give up he was Albus Dumbledore and he was more powerful than Voldemort.

"Keep telling yourself that." said Severus.

Moving Harry's hair out of the way, showing the very famous lightening bolt. A symbol that everyone saw as hope. Dumbledore's heart just about gave up, he couldn't believe it, and how on earth had Harry Potter managed to get one over him.

"I will see you dead for what you done." sneered Harry, Severus hadn't moved from where he was.
His arms wrapped securely around his fiancé feeling very smug, even Dumbledore would know who Harry belonged to before he died.

"I'd introduce you to my Fiancé, but you already know whom he is." smirked Severus ferally.

Dumbledore couldn't stop the grimace that spread across his face even if he tried; the hero of the wizarding world was gay, that was just disgusting. The boy should be setting an example for others to follow, not allow his unnatural feelings get the better of him.

"You are a fine one to talk Albus, everyone knows you loved Gellert Grindelwald." said Severus.

"You know it's weird, listening to you have a one sided conversation." commented Remus wryly.

"It is getting boring, can I torture him now?" asked Sirius eagerly.

Dumbledore paled at that announcement, and once again tried to Apparate out. For his troubles, he only to end up in agony again.

"Go ahead, I have things I want to do this evening." said Harry, his intense green eyes meeting Severus' before returning to Dumbledore's.

Sirius grinned almost as ferally as the rest of them he didn't give any warning before striking Dumbledore with a curse. "Crucio!"

He had become a man his family would be proud of. For once in Sirius Black's life he didn't care, and applauded all the curses his family had taught him. Each one more creative than next. None unfortunately lethal, because they didn’t want him dead yet. Curse after curse was cast, causing Dumbledore unimaginable amounts of pain. The writhing was entertaining to say the least, but his begging, and pathetic attempts of intimidating was even more so.

"Impressive Black, I didn't realize you knew so many spells. Why didn't you display all that at Hogwarts?" asked Severus an eyebrow rising in curiosity. He had been the boy to go to if they wanted help with spells on Defence against the dark arts. As Sirius had once said, Severus had known more curses and hex's before he entered Hogwarts than most seventh years.

"I tried to forget everything they had taught me." said Sirius embarrassed.

"Why? Its intent that makes it dark," shrugged Harry, his green eyes putting Dumbledore's to shame with their twinkle. Damn it but it felt good to get revenge on the bastard that had made his childhood a misery. Then condemned him to life as a prostitute, because he wanted to test his magic, or what magic he did have.

Harry stood there watching the three most important people in his life. He knew without a doubt, he would go through it all over again just to stand here. He knew he could trust these men with his life; he finally had a family that had been so long denied to him. For some absurd reason Harry felt truly blessed.

"You will be in Azkaban for this! They will find out" snarled Dumbledore.

"Your reputation is shot to hell, why would they bother trying to find out? Probably sweep you under the rug and forget all about you. No one cares about Albus Dumbledore anymore. Face it old man you've had your glory days." sneered Harry satisfaction in his eyes.

"Yes, did you like Harry's presents? I thought the one with the insinuation you knew about the Chamber was rather good didn't you?" smirked Remus. The information they had gathered on
Dumbledore had turned out irrefutable.

Dumbledore just lay there panting in fury. He knew it; he'd known the brat was behind it. He now had the proof; Potter had been under his nose the entire time.

"Morsus," said Remus. Watching Dumbledore writhe in pain emotionlessly. "That was for lying to me."

"Cruciamentum" snarled Remus. It still caused the victim intense pain to course through him like lava and knives being inserted into you. Slightly different and not as illegal as the Cruciatus curse.

"You will rue the day you lied to me, and told me my godson wanted nothing to do with me." snarled Sirius furiously casting his own curse on top of Remus' "Crucio"

"Stop." said Harry eventually, seeing as the Crucio curse had been on the old man for two minutes. Another few minutes and permanent damage would be inflicted on the old fool. Sirius was about to demand why, when Harry walked up to Dumbledore with a potion, it was clear liquid they all knew it to be Veritaserum.

Severus Sirius and Remus all shared a look; they knew Harry's desire for answers and knew he wouldn't get one - not a satisfactory one. Dumbledore just liked playing god, loved having puppets. They knew it deep down and wondered if this would send Harry of in the deep end. They were actually surprised Dumbledore hadn't had another heart attack yet, he was an old man he wouldn't or rather survive much else.

Dumbledore weakly put up a struggle, but Harry was to strong for him. Three drops was put on his tongue. Harry dropped Dumbledore like a rag doll, unable to bear touching him any longer. He took a step back and waited on it working. Soon he went limp and his eyes glazed over.

"Who are you?" asked Harry.

"Albus Dumbledore," said the drugged man lifelessly.

"Why did you put me…Harry Potter at the Dursley's?" asked Harry emotionlessly.

"Because I couldn't have him raised in the wizarding world or he would have been too full of himself." said Dumbledore.

"Did you know they would abuse him?" asked Harry, his lip curled in repugnance.

"Yes" said Dumbledore.

"Why did you let that happen?" asked Harry, staring at Dumbledore as if he was dirt on his new shoes.

"I wanted him to come to Hogwarts beaten and subservient." replied Dumbledore.

Sirius growled, angrily raising his wand to curse him, only to have Remus push it down and shake his head sadly. Harry needed this, for some reason, they had to let him get it out of his system. He understood how Sirius felt, because right now he was feeling it as well. The rage, the fury, the disgust and every other damnable feeling of anger.

"Why" demanded Severus.

"So he would be easier to control, and turn into a weapon to defeat Voldemort." said Dumbledore.
Unable to fight the potion, not even a little bit. He was helpless as his secrets continued to pour from his mouth. He had no filter, and it would damn him.

"Did you know what the prophecy was referring to?" asked Severus smirking wickedly.

"I thought it referred to Harry taking out Voldemort and then another Dark Lord that rose from Voldemort's ranks." Dumbledore said. He was regretting telling Snape about that prophecy now, when it was apparent Snape had known Potter all along.

"It was you the Prophecy was speaking about you insane idiot!" snarled Sirius furiously. Remus holding him back, stopping him from throttling the bastard.

"The Lord's of the so called light and dark. You and Voldemort, of course Voldemort has already been dealt with. Why do you think Poppy wasn't there?" smirked Sirius gnashing his teeth in a very doggish grin.

"Voldemort's gone?" asked Dumbledore. His wide eyed gaping at them. He had always imagined being there, the credit given to him. The fact he hadn't been there, and Potter had everyone's gratitude was like a blow to the solar plexus.

"Yes," smirked Harry in utmost satisfaction.

"You aren't going to get a satisfactory answer from him Harry, just let it go." said Severus softly, whispering the words into his ear running one of his long dexterous hands down his arm in comfort.

"I already have," said Harry, he wasn't going to let his life revolve around Dumbledore. After this day he would forget about him, and focus on living his life.

"Just let's be done with him." said Severus, "What did you have planned...I'm guessing you don't want to kill him. Or you wouldn't have asked about the spell. So he couldn't talk about magic." said Severus.

"I'm going to use a rune on him, and Apparate him outside a hospital. Where he's going to spend the rest of his days, unable to talk, walk, move, use magic. He will die alone and friendless, he will rue the day he decided to use me." said Harry his voice cold and hard.

Severus' eyes widened, just how long had Harry have this planned? It was the ultimate revenge. He couldn't tell anyone who he was, he wouldn't be able to get in touch with any Order members, and it was fantastic. He would lie in a bed, for the remainder of his days cursing Harry Potter. He slightly wished Harry had wanted to do it to Voldemort the revenge would have been even sweeter. The hater of Muggles stuck in a bed being cared by them. It just wasn't the same Dumbledore was a Muggle lover and the biggest one still he would be without his magic and that meant more.

"It's a shame you didn't do that to Voldemort, now that would have been a sight to behold." smirked Severus, Remus nodded beside him obviously agreeing with his assessment.

Severus, Sirius and Remus watched Harry draw runes out with his wand. Then begin flinging them into Dumbledore. The old fool was screaming, before it came anywhere near him. It was as if he knew what the Ancient Runes were. It wouldn't surprise them, Dumbledore did know a lot of magic, but right now it was useless. They smiled in grim satisfaction when Dumbledore ceased moving altogether; Dumbledore's mouth was opening and closing. Nothing was emerging; panic bloomed in the terrified blue eyes.

"I think this is the best I've ever seen him look," said Severus dryly.
"Revenge was sweet!" grinned Sirius, it was brilliant, and he loved it. It certainly had been worth the long year waiting. Dreaming up fantasies of what he wanted to do to the old fool.

"He deserves it." said Remus simply; he had changed a lot over the past year. He would never have thought of hurting a soul. Harry had changed that, his dark past made it impossible for Remus to remain a light wizard. Although in all honest Remus always had it in him to be that way, if he hadn't been such a coward most of his life.

Life had indeed changed, Severus found it the most ironic, a Potter, Black and Lupin all on the wrong side of the law. Torturing people and killing them, it's what Death Eaters done but unlike Death Eaters - they didn't hurt people for fun. They did it purely out of the need for revenge, and wouldn't continue their actions on anyone else. He would never have believed anyone, if they told him twenty years ago this would happen. Then again, he hadn't seen the bad side of Dumbledore at that time. He had just been grateful to have a safe heaven away from Voldemort.

"I'm going to take him to a hospital in London." said Harry. Grabbing Dumbledore's unresisting arms, he looked unconscious if not for the open eyes blinking in terror. He couldn't move, or talk and now they were taking him to a Muggle hospital? He was half beginning to wish Potter had killed him. No his faithful followers would find him, they'd never stop. When he got out of this he would show Potter who was boss.

"I'm coming," said Severus immediately. "We will meet you back in Hogwarts, in ten minutes."

Sirius and Remus just nodded before they left the secure building and Apparated to Hogwarts.

"Let's go," said Harry. Severus wrapped his arms around Harry once more. The three of them Apparated away. Once there, Harry spelled Dumbledore's beard and hair away. Leaving behind only white bushy eyebrows. He banished his glasses and transfigured his clothes into ones a homeless Muggle would wear. He looked like a beggar; Severus added his own spells, by making the clothes smelly, soiled and dirty. He looked exactly like the part he would now play.

They heard someone coming, and quickly made themselves invisible; it didn't take long for the person they heard to make an appearance. He took one look at the old man, and left screaming, that there was a dead guy around the corner. Harry had to muffle his snickers, the boy had only been about ten, they noticed the ball at the curb and realized that's why the boy had been there. The mother quickly came running around, gagging at the stench. Grabbing her boy and moving him back, away from Dumbledore afraid he might be 'contaminated'. She was joined by a few nurses; it wasn't long before he was taken in on a bed. They were oblivious to the fact the old man would never be leaving.

Both lovers nodded in wicked satisfaction, before Apparating to Hogwarts to join Remus and Sirius.
Harry Potter, Welcome To The Wizarding World!

Remus and Sirius went ahead to Hogwarts, letting Severus and Harry to deal with Dumbledore. They got half way to the castle, before they were actually ambushed, by what looked like every journalist in the magical world. They were being hounded by people all around them. Demanding to know where Harry had went, if it was him, why he hadn't been found before. Hell there was even people accusing them of hiding Harry from the world. Sirius and Remus couldn't get a word in edge wise, and their eyes were beginning to hurt with the thousands of camera's flash's going every second. They couldn't escape, they were actually trapped. They were surrounded by all areas. They were being bashed and prodded; they didn't even have enough room to manoeuvre their arms to get their wands.

It came as no surprise that Harry and Severus managed to Apparate without being heard. Severus smirked in amusement, at Sirius and Remus' predicament; a year ago he would have sneered at their misfortunate. Indeed a lot had changed and it was all down to twenty year old Harry James Potter.

"Severus, help them!" said Harry rolling his eyes, his mouth also twitching in amusement giving him away.

"In a minute." smirked Severus watching.

"Harry Potter! It's nice to finally meet you!" said a fat chubby man wearing a green cloak and a funny looking hat. Harry had never seen such a sight before in his life, he would have laughed if it wasn't for the tight grip the man had on his arms. Not only had the man touched him but he had drawn the crowd's attention to him.

No surprise that they were running in his direction, flashings coming from every direction. Harry didn't care about the crowd that had just formed around him; he was glaring at the Ex-Minister of Magic in disgust. When he spoke his voice was low and menacing.

"Remove your hand from me, before I rip it off and beat you to death with it." snapped Harry an ugly look on his face.

Fudge let go as if he had been burned, looking stunned at the Boy Who Lived. As if Harry had just told them, he loved Voldemort for killing his parents. He got himself under control, before puffing out proudly. Then loudly proclaiming who he was, as if it made one bit of a difference.

"I am the Minister of Magic Mr. Potter I'd suggest you treat me with my due respect!" puffed Fudge indignantly. Which wasn't true he was actually now the Ex-Minister of Magic.

"Ah, the man who joined the Death Eaters to save his own skin." said Harry, grabbing the so called Minister's arm before he could move. Fudge squealed and tried to take his arm from the death grip Harry had on him. Everyone gasped as one, upon seeing the Dark Mark on his forearm. Fudge knew he wouldn't be able to avoid Azkaban this time. They had warned him about it, now Voldemort was dead he had no protection, no guarantee he would become Minister again. Which was what he had been promised when Voldemort took over - that he would be the Minister of Magic.
A stunner was thrown Fudge's way; Harry looked curiously and saw Shacklebolt. The Auror from the Order and Ministry, someone who would make a good Minister. Harry wasn't taking any chances with anyone. This world was so behind it was utterly ridiculous.

"Auror Shacklebolt, please come here," said Harry loudly.

Frowning Shacklebolt did as he was told, Harry gave him a piece of paper, and it had a very long list of names. Some very familiar to him, Snape had told them of all Death Eaters. The ones he had seen initiated during his years as a spy, the only person who had a Dark Mark not on the list was Severus. The list didn't just include names, but exactly where they were. The list constantly changed when the Death Eaters moved locations. He gaped at it completely shocked and admittedly mesmerized.

"Is this…." asked Shacklebolt wide eyed still.

"It's the name of every single Death Eater along with their location." said Harry bluntly.

He could see the mouth of every reporter there moving, but he couldn't hear a thing. Severus had obviously used a spell on them, one obviously stopped them getting closer and another to keep them quiet. He was grateful for it really, he didn't want hounded by reporters.

"Where have you been all these years?" demanded Hermione Granger hands on her hips.

"Just ensure they are giving trials they might have been forced into it." said Harry "Do the right thing for once, make our world better."

"Of course," he said respect lightening his back eyes, "We need to speak to you at the Ministry as well."

"Where have you been?" asked Hermione again, slowly getting redder in the face at being ignored. It wasn't something Hermione was familiar with anymore, only Snape had ever ignored her. And she hadn't been a student for three years now.

"Why is that?" asked Harry dryly.

"To get your events on what happened." said Shacklebolt.

"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME?" shrieked Hermione, unable to take it anymore.

"ONE MORE WORD GRANGER AND I SWEAR IT WILL BE THE LAST THING YOU DO!" Snarled Severus furiously, how dare she shout at his fiancé like that? To put it simply he was sick and tired of her.

"Sev don't bother about her." said Harry. Grinning in amusement at Granger, who went sickly pale. Ron tugged at her, glaring at Severus in disgust but not stupid enough to say anything.

"Did you know him before today?" gasped Tonks wide eyed staring between Harry and Severus utterly bewildered.

"Of course I know my Fiancé." scoffed Severus; as one every eye there went to the rings on their fingers. Harry smirked widely, almost preening like a proud peacock.

"But why didn't you tell us?" gaped Molly looking only confused.

"Why should we have to?" grunted Sirius. Rolling his eyes standing beside Severus and Harry. Remus did the same, coming to stand beside Sirius, the united four once more.
"You knew everyone was looking for you, why didn't you come forward?" asked Shacklebolt quietly. He didn't want to have the anger of Harry Potter or Severus Snape on him. Especially Harry Potter - he had just defeated Voldemort after all.

"If I had, Voldemort would have known I was here." said Harry bluntly.

It was obvious to Severus, Remus and Sirius he wasn't planning on telling the world about his other identity. It seemed Hadrian Williams was going to fade back into obscurity from whence he came.

"It's very nice to meet you Harry Potter. I'm Molly Weasley, and thank you for what you did." said Molly kindly, putting her hand out hesitantly. She had watched Harry, since they had went over. She noticed he was very much like his Fiancé, so she treated him like she would Severus.

"It's nice to meet you too," said Harry said curtly, shaking her hand as long as she remained like that he would treat her with respect.

"I would like to introduce you to my family…but they aren't all here just my two youngest Ginny and Ronald." said Molly kindly.

"I already know one of your children. Of course you aren't acknowledging him, just because he was following Dumbledore's orders." said Harry pointedly.

"Bill," whimpered Molly looking years older "I let him down; I just didn't know how to handle it. I've wanted to talk to Remus to see…if maybe he could help me."

"I'm going to take him to the Ministry, Tonks bring them along when they are ready." said Shacklebolt before he floated Fudge to the end of the wards and Apparated away.

"You have some making up to do; you hurt him, more than you could ever know. He needed you and you turned your back on him." said Harry.

"Come, let's get this interrogation over with." grunted Severus he hated the Ministry. Always had ever since the first time he had been arrested, they had treated him like crap.

"I suppose, we must." sighed Harry in agitation. He nodded sharply to Tonks, and the four men quickly made their way from Hogwarts grounds. Tonks went with them and five of them Apparated away. The Ministry was in pandemonium, there were thousands of little pieces of papers floating at the top of his head. Zooming in and out of elevators. People were running around like headless chickens, shouting from the top of their lungs, that You-Know-Who was dead.

"Come on then, we can get the paperwork over and done with for you. Just come to the Auror department, Shacklebolt is in charge now. Moody was killed by Death Eaters." she chatted on not seeing the two dark haired men rolling their eyes at her, or the other two who merely smirked in amusement.

"Sit down then, let's get this over with." sighed Shacklebolt he had hundreds of others to see. Death certificates to sign and alert the appropriate authorities, so they could visit the homes of the deceased. Tell the parents, partners, and children, whomever they lived with. Many had died that day and thankfully it would be the last of Voldemort's victims.

"How did you know Diagon Alley was under attack? Many others have said you told them before the attack started?" asked Shacklebolt professionally.

"You might be forgetting who my fiancé is, Severus told me. I Floo'ed Remus and told him to bring as many people as possible." shrugged Harry. Nothing in his features gave away his lie.
Remus, Sirius and Severus were all probably saying the exact same thing. Harry didn't want anyone to know about his connection to Voldemort. He didn't want it to reflect badly on him, or be accused of possibly going dark. He might not care what they say but he did want to remain in the wizarding world. It wasn't something he could do if they would accuse him of that; it would end him up in Azkaban. One too many people saying that he would probably kill them all. Prove them right.

"What did you do during the battle?" asked Shacklebolt.

"I have no idea, I was on autopilot, and I was cursing Death Eaters left right and centre. When Voldemort started on Severus, I began my battle with him. It was after all prophesised, I had defeat him, or the world was doomed." said Harry arching an eyebrow waiting on the next question.

"How did that connection spring up?" asked Shacklebolt. More out of curiosity than maintaining professionalism.

"My wand is the brother wand of Voldemort." said Harry curtly.

"Can I see the wand?" asked Shacklebolt.

Nodding in satisfaction, he gave Harry his wand back before saying, "You are free to go." said Shacklebolt writing something else down and the paper disappeared with a puff of smoke.

"Thank you." said Harry somewhat sarcastically.

Harry waited in the corridor, ignoring all the looks he was receiving. Tapping his foot impatiently. Nobody approached him; word had already spread about how he reacted to Fudge touching him. From outside he heard Shacklebolt ordering Auror's to start getting the remaining Death Eaters. With the paperwork Harry had given him, they had the locations already on hand. They had all the proof they needed, that they were Death Eaters, they trusted him - he was Harry Potter after all. He was all things good and light; they could see him kill someone and would say the person deserved it. They were too enamoured with their saviour, their hero to ever tear it apart.

"Finally I thought you had gotten lost in there." said Harry as soon as he saw Severus.

Severus smirked in amusement, "He was too intimidated to get the words out properly. Apparently I taught him a few years ago, he's a Gryffindor if I remember correctly."

"Oh, what did they ask?" enquired Harry.

"Just wanted to ensure I had my money and titles, I'm a hero now." said Severus sarcastically. He cared not for titles or self made names, he had the only title he wanted and that was Potions Master. He knew it wouldn't die down quickly, in a few days they would get notifications for awards. They would probably be up for the Order of Merlin first or second class, everyone who'd helped would receive them also.

Remus and Sirius joined them a few minutes later; it was a good thing because Severus was even more impatient than Harry. They were already getting special treatment, they'd gone before the dozens of others, who'd been there and saw what happened.

"So what's happening now?" asked Sirius.

"I've handed in my resignation, we are leaving for Snape Manor." said Severus smirking in supreme satisfaction. He had wanted to do that for as long as he could remember. He couldn't however, because Dumbledore would have had him arrested. Now he was gone, he had nothing hanging over his head anymore. Minerva however, wouldn't threaten him with such a thing. She had gratefully
accepted his resignation, wishing him well.

"Meet up tomorrow then?" said Remus.

"At some point, I'll talk to you later." said Severus smoothly.

"Alright, I'll see you then." said Sirius nodding curtly. For the past few weeks they hadn't slept very well. Or rather Sirius hadn't, he had been too damn worried about Harry fighting Voldemort. Now it was all over, both men who had destroyed his life gone, he might just get some sleep.

"Bye." said Harry, grabbing a hold of his fiancé they Apparated away.

"I can't believe it's finally over." murmured Severus as they appeared in what Severus called Snape Manor. Mostly out of spite, since it was actually the Prince's who'd given him it.

"We're free." agreed Harry softly, cupping Severus' face in his hands and kissing him passionately. Suddenly desperate crushed Harry against him. He used a spell and he was feather light. Once that was done he hoisted his lover around his waist and practically staggered to the bedroom. His lips never moving from Harry's, other than to take a few gulps of air, before re-attaching them again.

Harry unclipped Severus' cloak and it fell to the floor, removing the rest of his clothes magically. Severus still insisted on wearing clothes with a million buttons, it was annoying to say the least. His own followed, his lips never stopping their exploring of Severus' mouth. They had just reached their bedroom door, it was the master bedroom, done in deep black and it was beautiful.

Harry began biting and nibbling down Severus' neck, smirking upon hearing those small gasps Severus couldn't contain. He loved hearing them; it turned him on badly.

Severus walked over to the bed with his precious cargo, before dropping him on it. Simply standing there, watching his fiancé removing his belt, trousers and his boxers. Watched him lick his lips, he moaned embarrassing loud when Harry licked him. Seeing those sweet lips lick away his essence hardened him further. This just made his swollen member leak all the more.

As much as he wanted to let it continue, he was desperate to be inside his fiancé. After all the worry, the fear and the fighting and satisfaction he just needed something to do. To let off some steam, and what better way than to have his wicked way with his lover? Harry used his legs to jerk himself further back onto the black bed. Letting Severus get his fill, Harry knew he had a good looking body and he wasn't ashamed of it. He loved knowing how his body made Severus feel. It was evident by the fact a part of him, was swelling further.

Severus looked at his lover sprawled out on their bed, his skin looking pale on the black silky bedding. He sat himself comfortably on top of Harry. He had noticed how Harry's eyes would change when he did; he wasn't sure exactly what it meant. He just looked at peace, when he was under him like this.

Kissing him on the lips once more, he moved down, kissing along his neck and chest, leaving livid purple marks behind. This time Harry wouldn't be covering them up, the world would see he belonged to him. Harry jerked under him suddenly, Severus smirked in satisfaction. Harry had a very sensitive belly button, and didn't last long with him laving it with his tongue. He paid no attention to the mess as he nipped and sucked at Harry's nipples before retrieving a pillow. He placed it under Harry, kissing him urgently once again.

Severus moaned at the gentle possessive kisses being delivered to his neck, no doubt he would support purple livid bruise tomorrow as well. Grabbing a vial, he dipped his fingers into it. Sliding
himself into Harry, moaning when Harry practically sucked him in. twitching and begging for more.

"Sev," gasped Harry his hands gripping the bedding tightly.

Severus spread what he could on himself before propping himself at Harry's entrance. Shifting position, he buried himself in Harry's neck biting it as he slowly slid in. Finally he was in, claiming him, possessing him and cherishing him. He'd wanted this since he'd seen how gorgeous Harry was, then his fighting, and his revenge; Harry was amazing and all his. He made sure to hit Harry's special spot with every thrust, as he drove himself again and again possessively deeper into Harry. Harry didn't last long, with a cry he came flinging his juices over them both, causing Severus to moan deeply. As Harry clenched around him, writhing beneath him, with a muffled grunt he came spilling him deeply inside him.

Severus collapsed, breathless and deeply sated, and utterly exhausted. As soon as he was on the mattress, Harry moulded himself against him. Severus in turn wrapped his arms around him. Holding him securely against him, they had both survived the madness, and Dumbledore was suffering.

"What did my dad say to Remus and Sirius?" asked Harry a few hours later, after a very refreshing nap. They'd been woken up by Rizzy popping in with their dinner. Thankfully no chocolate covered strawberries or oysters this time. He had refused to leave, determined to serve them.

"Just that he doesn't blame them for what happened, and said to Remus that it was about time." snorted Severus in amusement. "He also added that I had his approval."

"I see." said Harry.

"What did your mother say?" asked Severus softly.

"That it would work and she loved me." he told Severus, he positively radiated happiness when he revealed that. It seemed them coming, had closed a lot of wounds Harry had in his heart.

"That she did Harry," said Severus softly, his fingers trailing up and down Harry's body.

"She said something else though…to think of her when I marry you, and she would appear." said Harry.

"Hmm, that is odd. Perhaps she knows something we don't." said Severus softly. Then again he had plans to marry Harry some day, or would never have asked him. Or rather what he had done was present him a ring without saying the words. It was a good job he liked his own gender; he doubted a woman would have accepted that very well.

"Maybe." laughed Harry softly.

"When do you think we will be told Dumbledore is missing?" asked Harry quietly after a few minutes of silence. Harry's face was on Severus' chest, he never even raised his head while talking far too comfortable to move.

"Who knows? Might be a week before they realize it." said Severus; he knew just how long it would take the world to get back to normal. It had happened once before, when Harry was only a year and three months old. When Harry had defeated Voldemort everything was one big long party. Ministry workers on over time trying to get everything sorted. The Muggles had even suspected something happened, the Obliviators at the Ministry had been busy that was for sure. Then again this just wasn't anyone it was Dumbledore. Poppy would presume he had gone back to his office, people would try and get him for a while, but it would soon become apparent.
"Do you want that mark removed now?" asked Harry softly, trailing his fingers around the outline of it.

"Yes." said Severus immediately; he hated looking at the mark - a stupid mistake of his youth.

Harry smiled and brought Severus' left forearm closer, before hissing in Parseltongue. Unlike Voldemort, Harry didn't sound threatening and angry, it sounded pure and untainted.

"There." said Harry grinning at his success.

Severus grabbed his forearm back, looking at it in surprise. He had expected it to hurt, it had hurt receiving it. It was gone for good, he was truly free. Closing his eyes he had to stop his emotions overwhelming him, without opening his eyes he curled Harry into his arms and all but squashed the life out of him. This was his way of saying thank you, he didn't believe in very emotional outburst displays of affection. However if he had ever come close to believing in it, it was right now.

"What is it you want to do with that building?" asked Severus curiously.

"I'm planning on turning that into an Orphanage. I don't want any children treated like I was. Or even Dark Lord's created because of bad childhood's. Every child deserves to feel loved and safe." said Harry, his passion for the project evident from his tone.

"You would need the Ministry's approval." said Severus.

"Not if I am it." said Harry.

"You're going to try to become the Minister of Magic?" asked Severus stunned. Harry didn't have the nature needed to win the world over. He was far too honest for his own good.

"Well it's the only way to get things done; you said you wanted the Dark Arts back at Hogwarts. Free rights for all magical creatures…what better place to do that from…than being the Minister?" said Harry somewhat smugly.

"You have been thinking about this for a while then." stated Severus.

"Actually no, just since we went to Hogwarts." said Harry softly.

"Well you would be picked, after all you are Harry Potter…but there is a lot of work involved in being a Minister. Plus you would have to change your attitude they wont like you if you sneer and snap at them." said Severus wryly.

"No I have you for that." smirked Harry in amusement.

"I'm serious Harry…if you want to do this, you will have to become something you aren't." said Severus.

"No I wont, I will put forward my name. Show the world the real me, if they don't like it then they can lump it. Plus I so can make that orphanage by myself; I've bought the land its mine. I'll build the orphanage and the children going in there will have been abandoned…it's nothing to do with them." said Harry a little defensively.

"Harry," sighed Severus softly, realizing he had upset his fiancé "I didn't mean it in a bad way. Running an orphanage costs money, money the Ministry can help with. They can help run the orphanage so they can attend Hogwarts, be brought up until they are adopted."
"Oh," said Harry relaxing slightly "I see. I've got plenty of money Sev, more than I could spend in my life time." he wasn't going to have children, it was impossible as he was a man and he was going to marry a man. There was no way he could have a child, with Severus and he sure as hell didn't want one with anyone else.

"True." nodded Severus softly.

"What do you think Remus and Sirius are up to?" mused Harry.

Severus choked and muttered that "I don't want to know." shuddering at the mental image Harry had given him.

"I didn't mean it like that!" laughed Harry swatting his fiancé backside. The tense discussion forgotten.

Severus wasn't sure what to think of Harry desire to be the Minister of Magic. It did sound like a good idea, especially with his ideas. He would have rather it had gone to someone else, but nobody else in their group could do it. Nobody else knew what they had fought for, so he knew he would have to face the inevitable. He would support Harry in anything he wanted to do, it's not like it was forever after all. He would step down in a few years. He would help him, but he still thought Harry was doing the wrong thing. There was just no way Harry could deal with the public.

He had wanted to settle down, perhaps somewhere with a warmer climate. Have a normal life, away from the public, students, Hogwarts and everyone else. Yet it seemed he couldn't, not while his lover had ambition. He'd never ask Harry to move away if he had his heart set on being the Minister. He'd stand by him no matter what, he'd created this world, and he deserved a piece of it.

He wondered what Remus and Sirius would make of Harry's career choice. He almost smirked, thinking about it; he was definitely going to be there when Harry told them. When he came out of his musings he saw Harry was snoring lightly, deeply asleep. He wasted no time in doing exactly that as well.
Hermione, Sara, Ron and Ginny were sitting in Ron's room. The bright orange Chudley Cannons wallpaper, from his childhood days still plastered the walls. Hermione was sitting next to Ron, and Sara and Ginny were busy pleating each other's hair out of sheer boredom. They were waiting for the house to empty, which didn't take long at all. Fred and George went to work in their shop, which was a joke shop they had blackmailed Ludo Bagman into paying for. Every product they sold was their own invention unlike Zonko's Joke shop.

Charlie had already left, he was looking for a job at the moment, and Bill had bought himself a flat away from the family and still worked at Gringotts. He was probably the only werewolf who had a job; he got the Wolfsbane potion from Severus, which had a temporary magic suppresser added into it. He had tweaked it so it only worked when he was in wolf form. Otherwise his ability to see magic would have driven him and his wolf insane.

Molly and Arthur were going over to Remus Lupin's flat to speak to the man about how to help their son. They felt undeniably guilty about how they had treated him; of course Ron and Ginny simply thought they were mad.

In the stillness of the house they heard Apparating, indicating that Molly and Arthur had just left. No one wanted to work today, unfortunately most of the Ministry had to. This didn't include Ronald's father. His father wasn't important enough, and Ron hated that he hated how poor his family was.

"Finally." sighed Hermione gratefully, silencing spells were already up but they didn't want to take any chances. After all those inventions from the twins worked, even when Silencing spells were up. They certainly didn't want anyone overhearing, what they were going to discuss.

"Where do you think Dumbledore is? Poppy says he isn't in the hospital wing and he hasn't been back to his office!" said Ginny looking rather worried.

"I don't know, perhaps we should alert the Ministry that he's missing?" suggested Sara quietly.

"No, they won't do anything for forty eight hours, it's just like in the Muggle world." said Hermione shaking her head.

"This is Dumbledore we are talking about they would get people looking straight away." said Ron. Still under the illusion that anyone other than them gave two hoots.

"I guess…maybe we should just look for him? We need to know what to do." said Hermione looking rather lost.

"Potter is engaged! I was supposed to get him Dumbledore promised me!" snapped Ginny angrily.

"You will don't worry, there's probably already a contract signed." said Ron flippantly.

"I thought engagements couldn't be broken here?" asked Sara.
"Of course they can, although they will always have a small connection to one another. Its marriage that cannot be broken, and divorce isn't an option here." said Hermione in lecture mode.

Ginny shuddered at the thought of them married, or even being still connected to one another. Harry Potter was his, and she'd have him and the titles and money that would follow.

"How do I find out if there is a contract?" asked Ginny sitting forward the nineteen years old was almost eager to hear what Hermione had to say. She would be Mrs. Harry Potter if it killed her. She deserved this after all; she had been loyal to Dumbledore for years. She deserved the money and fame that came attached to Harry Potter, she didn't care if he loved her or not. She could ever work that in her favour, pretended to be broken hearted over the fact he didn't seem to want her. Make him out to be the bad one, plus love potions were her speciality, he wouldn't know what hit him.

"Gringotts, if it's official. If not Dumbledore's office." said Hermione smiling kindly at Ginny. They were going to soon have all the money they needed, when Ginny married Potter. She would get enough money for the perfect wedding, she already had a lot of money, but it was nothing compared to what she wanted. Dumbledore had given them money for years, since they were eleven years old. It was from Harry Potter's vault, they hadn't touched it yet of course. She had no reason to, although sometimes Ron would take some and send it on chocolate. He had to wait until he had a job before he could go and spend serious amounts of money. Otherwise his mother would wonder just how on earth he got it. Especially on the new broomstick he wanted the lightning bolt. He still had his old broom a shooting star.

"Well it's best to check Dumbledore's office first, and then go to Gringotts and see," nodded Sara. Hermione just nodded beaming proudly at her sister.

"For all we know all this worry is for nothing!" cried Ron in exasperation.

"We will find out, let's go." said Ginny adamantly, she had to know if she had Harry Potter in her clutches before they married. Or everything would all go down the toilet, something she didn't want. She would marry him, and he wouldn't have a choice Dumbledore was his magical guardian. If only she realized Sirius Black hadn't been given a trial, and that he had always been and always would be - Harry James Potter's magical guardian and Dumbledore had lied to get what he wanted.

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"Hey love," said Severus softly, he had been awake for hours just thinking about everything. He was still coming to terms that he was truly free; he would never again have to answer to either Dumbledore or Voldemort. Wouldn't be summoned up to the old fool's office and have to listen to him or drink tea and decline those lemon drops. He wouldn't have to put up with the threat of Azkaban hanging over his head. He wouldn't be in agony every time Voldemort called, wouldn't have to put up with the constant Cruciatuus curse on him for his preserved misdeeds by a mad man.

"You're up early," murmured Harry tiredly, that was something Severus had noticed. Since getting his revenge on those men that had wrecked his life, his masks hadn't gone up. He seemed so much more relaxed, less cautious, less guarded. He didn't even realize he himself was the same.

"I've been up for a hour," replied Severus wryly.

"There's something bothering you…what is it?" asked Harry from where he was burrowed. He could sense it, he wasn't stupid and he had been with Severus long enough to know him by now.

"I just think you are making the wrong decision that's all," sighed Severus eventually. He wasn't one
to fear speaking his mind, and he refused to start lying especially to the man he loved. He might sound petulant or jealous (of sharing Harry) but he did not want him becoming Minister of magic.

"You don't want me to run for Minister." stated Harry dryly already knowing what was bothering him.

"No I don't." replied Severus immediately.

"Why?" asked Harry, there was no accusation in his voice just curiosity.

"It's just not right for you, you aren't meant to be stuck behind a desk Harry. The spells you created, are brilliant, that rune alone would enable the wizarding world to keep track of all Azkaban convicts." explained Severus passionately "And the spells and potions in the bracelet is a work of art…and I think you should concentrate on those…Harry you are capable of so much more than being some Minister."

"You believe that?" asked Harry his heart clenching painfully. It didn't show just how needy he was on his face but some of it bled into his voice. No one had ever believed in him like that and it blew him away. He wasn't used to positive influences in his life; all he had known was the Dursley's and he had been a freak and abomination in their eyes. One that should have been downed at birth. Then Dumbledore who knew about it and let it continue. He had been a tool to Dumbledore, something that could be discarded. Then he had been a prostitute for many years, allowing others to use his body to pay the rent and put some meagre food on the table. Severus' words had startled him; he hadn't realized what he had done. He had assumed what he had been doing was possible, but the way Severus spoke … it seemed as if he had actually invented something. Not just anything but invented new magic - someone who had only been around the magical world for a year or so. Maybe just maybe…he had finally found something he was good at.

"Of course I do or I wouldn't say it, just because I love you doesn't mean I will lie to you Harry you know that." said Severus sternly. He had to get it through to Harry's head he hadn't lied to him and wouldn't ever contemplate it either. He wasn't a liar and nobody could accuse him of being such. Sure he could avoid the issue or just outright not bother telling you but he would never lie.

"What if I can't make anything else?" asked Harry thoughtfully.

"There's always something to make, we will never be short of money. The Potter and the Prince money will last us multiple lifetimes. Every month, money for the Wolfsbane alone gives me enough to live on for seven years…that doesn't include my other potions." explained Severus patiently.

"What about everything you wanted done?" questioned Harry bluntly.

"There are other ways to accomplish that, the Prince's have two seats, one on the board of governors and one on the Wizengamot. The Potter's have two on each, Black has the same amount. If we instate Black as Minister we should be able to get everything done. As much as I hate to admit it Black would make a good Minister, I'm not saying you wouldn't."

"True," said Harry grudgingly. He wasn't like Sirius he wasn't open, bubbly and emotional, he was reserved, stoic and didn't suffer fools. He hated the public, the thought of being near them, was enough to make him want to kill the lot of them. In other words, he was a younger version of the man he was going to marry one day.

Severus let the matter drop.

"So now that everyone knows you are here…what are you doing first?" asked Severus smirking
"Going to Gringotts, getting every penny that was taken returned." said Harry bluntly.

"I doubt Dumbledore has the money to return it to you. Otherwise he wouldn't have resorted to taking it. I don't think, regardless it is yours." said Severus, a great deal of money had already been transferred to the Potter accounts for the abuse Harry had suffered because of Dumbledore.

"I don't care if they have to sell all his properties. I want my money back." scoffed Harry quite angry and rightfully so.

"We can go immediately," said Severus smoothly.

"Let's go." said Harry, agreeing, there was no time like the present.

They Apparated to Diagon Alley shocked at the state it was still in. It seemed ten times worse now that the battle was over, seemed impossible but nevertheless true.

"Look at the state of the place." grimaced Harry the smell of burnt wood and ash still clogged his nostrils.

"It will take a while for it to get back to normal, magic can only do so much - it most certainly cannot repair damage caused by fire or any element. Can't even repair all magical messes either." said Severus as they walked on.

There were flowers and teddies on the floor, where families and people had died. Messages in permanent ink were written near the devastation. It wasn't surprising that Diagon Alley wasn't the same as it had been the times he had visited.

After walking passed the devastation, they entered Gringotts. No potions or disguising who he was this time. He was finally able to walk around as himself - Harry James Potter.

He cared nothing for the title as 'The Boy Who Lived' or 'The Chosen One' whatever blasted title they gave him now.

"Can I help you gentlemen?" asked Griphook.

"I'd like to speak to Wraith about my account's please we have some unfinished business to settle." stated Harry confidently. Much different from his first encounter with the bank.

"Very well follow me," said Griphook, and he took Harry back into the office he had once been in.

"Ah, Mr. Potter I'm very pleased to meet you." grinned Wraith looking nasty.

"Nice to meet you too." smirked Harry in amusement.

"Are you here to ensure all money is replaced?" asked Wraith viciously.

"All of it?" asked Severus frowning as he took his seat.

"Indeed, I found out a very interesting piece of information." smirked Wraith looking very proud of himself...or at least that's what Harry thought it was hard to tell the Goblins features never truly moved much.

"What information?" demanded Harry sitting forward his face emotionless.
"Black never received a trial, which means he was never convicted of a crime. He was and still remains to this day your magical guardian; Dumbledore had no right to take even a Sickle of your money. The Ministry had no right to appoint him magical guardian." said Wraith.

"I can get every Sickle back?" asked Harry a vicious smirk of his own spreading across his face.

"Indeed." said Wraith.

"Alright, then do it," said Harry adamantly.

"It will be done, I shall get in touch with you once it's all returned to its rightful place." nodded Wraith curtly.

"Good," said Harry "Then I shall look forward to hearing from you."

Wraith just nodded.

Severus and Harry were leaving the room when the Potions Master noticed four Order members in Gringotts. Severus hid Harry and himself just at the corner, listening curiously to what they were doing there.

"I need to speak to Albus Dumbledore's goblin now!" demanded Ginny as if she were the Queen.

Severus frowned in confusion why would Weasley need Dumbledore's goblin. His eyes narrowed in on the four of them, his possessive tendencies rising to new levels.

"Can I help you?" asked a vicious looking Goblin, joining them.

"I need to know if Albus Dumbledore created a contract for me and Harry Potter please. As you know he is Harry Potter's magical guardian and he has that right." said Ginny smugly. There was nobody else in the bank, other than the goblins so she felt safe enough to ask it.

Harry stiffened, just about to step around and give the girl a good slap around the face. She wouldn't want to speak to him, or see him again if he had anything to say about it. However, he couldn't Severus had grabbed his arm tightly, holding him in place. A long dexterous finger was placed on his lips, telling him without saying anything to keep quiet. Harry grimaced and stayed still, not that he had much change of getting out of Severus' hold.

"There was no such contract created, Albus Dumbledore wasn't Harry Potter's magical guardian it has always been Sirius Black." grunted the goblin nastily.

Hermione gasped in shock, immediately understanding what was happening.

"What does that mean now?" gaped Ginny looking stunned.

"It means we have to find Dumbledore now." said Hermione gravely.

"Or we wont get any money!" grumbled Ron unhappily.

"Let's get to the Ministry he's not at Hogwarts, and he never goes anywhere else." said Hermione logically.

"Let's go," snapped Ginny furiously leaving the bank. Nothing had gone her way at all; she had searched Dumbledore's office high and low. Nothing of that nature had been there; she had been so sure he had one at Gringotts for her. He had promised after all, now Dumbledore was missing, her promised contract and marriage was falling to pieces and she wasn't happy at all. She didn't even
know where she could find Potter, to give him the love potion. He wouldn't know a love potion if she gave it to him, they had only trained him to defeat Voldemort she was sure.

"I'm going to kill her," snarled Harry viciously, kicking the marble wall furiously. She was talking about him as if he was some piece of property! He was rightfully furious at her.

"No you wont, there's no need. She has no chance calm down." said Severus soothingly.

"You fucking heard her!" snapped Harry practically gawping at Severus as if he hadn't seen him before.

"Indeed I did, wouldn't you prefer to let her see what she will never have?" whispered Severus seductively into his ear.

Harry bit his lip withholding a groan. Severus could be very convincing when he wanted to be that was for sure.

"Fine she tries anything else…I'm killing her." stated Harry calmly as if they weren't talking about murder - again.

"Fine," conceded Severus, actually hoping for Harry's sake that she didn't. He didn't want Harry to become any more of a murderer. If he started he wouldn't stop, it was a dark path and he didn't want that for him. He would kill the girl himself, if it saved Harry from committing more murder. He had unfortunately, in his Death Eater days something he wasn't proud of now.

"Good," smirked Harry in feral satisfaction, he had gotten his way again after all.

"You want me to what?" asked Sirius choking on the tea, spluttering in shock. He just could not believe what he'd been told.

Remus just smothered his grin behind his cup of tea.

"Become the Minister of Magic," said Severus secretly amused.

"Are you freaking nuts? I hate the place!" said Sirius his eyes were huge.

"It's either you or me," said Harry bluntly.

Sirius couldn't help himself he snorted in bitter amusement, he regretted it immediately afterwards. He saw the flash of hurt concealed behind Harry's now emotionless face. He had to think of something fast before Harry didn't speak to him for a year or two. One thing he had learned about his godson - wrong him and he could keep a grudge worthy of Severus Snape. Oh boy Snape could hold a grudge, had held onto one for what? Twenty five years or so. All over his joke gone wrong in the Shrieking Shack that horrible night.

"No way would you sit at an office all day, you'd be bored out of your skull within hours! Plus the spells you created and that potion … no way! You'd be wasted there; you belong in the academic structure. Remus would be if he wasn't a werewolf." replied Sirius grimly, and honestly.

"Why not write under a false name?" frowned Harry in exasperation.

"He shouldn't have to…it's a male alpha, pride thing." smirked Sirius.

"And he is still here!" said Remus indignantly at being spoken about like a child.
"Think about it this way Sirius, you can change the rules about werewolves and enable them to get a job…not just werewolves but other creatures as well." said Severus smoothly basically blackmailing him, without being that obvious about it.

"You do have a point," said Sirius thoughtfully.

"You don't have much time, there's only a week left before they decide on three candidates they feel could win." said Severus.

"I know Madam Bones is trying for it as well," said Sirius thoughtfully.

"It's a good idea, plus they will pick you out of pity…well almost since you were wrongfully imprisoned." smirked Remus deviously.

"I can stop that happening again too," said Sirius grimly.

"Indeed," said Severus in agreement.

Harry just grinned in amusement knowing what Severus had done. He had skilfully manoeuvred Sirius into trying for Minister. Now all the changes he wanted to do would be able to go ahead.
A New Minister

Pretty Boy

Chapter 51

A New Minister is announced

Desperate times called for desperate measures, a war had just ended a Minister found corrupt and on his way to Azkaban. They needed someone light to guide the Wizards and Witches of the world. For the first time in nearly sixty years no one asked for Albus Dumbledore to be entered for Minister of Magic. In fact he had yet to even be mentioned by anyone, they were acting as if he didn't exist. It was better they thought than facing the reality that Dumbledore simply wasn't any better than Voldemort.

What hurt them the most of everything they had learned, was that Dumbledore could have stopped both wars. Could have stopped all those needless deaths if he had only had a shred of compassion. Taken Riddle under his wing, and perhaps the world wouldn't have been such a horrific place. Then again after hearing what Dumbledore had done to Harry Potter, perhaps he might have done regardless.

Minerva McGonagall had been brought before the Wizengamot, where she willingly underwent questioning via Veritaserum. Shortly thereafter she was instated as Headmistress Minerva McGonagall of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Minerva had decided Filius Flitwick would be picked to succeed her should anything happen - and so it was he became Deputy Headmaster of the school. Minerva had wanted to use Severus, to her utter dismay he wanted to leave. Minerva unlike Dumbledore wouldn't try and blackmail the black clad stoic man to stay. In fact she hadn't seen Severus since the war had ended, but she had heard the stories of him and Harry Potter being engaged.

That had surprised the life out of her, considering all the things he had said at Order meetings it couldn't be faulted. Although she and she alone had joined the dots, it was a curious thing that 'Hadrian Williams' had disappeared and 'Harry Potter' had reappeared. Even more curious everything had gone downhill for Dumbledore when he came. He knew without a doubt that they were one and the same. She wasn't about to let anyone in on it. She desperately wanted to meet Harry but considering the rumours she had heard about him threatening Fudge maybe she was best to keep a distance from him.

She had also gone to see Frank and Alice Longbottom, to say she was astonished would be an understatement. They were awake and aware after nineteen years of being insane. She had always known Severus was brilliant, he had been creating his own potions and spells for years now. This though had been admittedly beyond her wildest imagination. It had been no wonder he wanted to leave Hogwarts, leave teaching children to work full time on his potions, well not full time now that he had a lover she thought with a secret smile. The Wolfsbane had made her proud, knowing what she knew about his history with Remus Lupin. Right now Frank and Alice had to re-learn how to use all their muscles. Even their mouth, they couldn't speak for long but they were talking. Minerva had seen the nurses doing the physical therapy with Alice, trying to get her to walk - she had managed three steps. Neville was over the moon to have his parents back even if it was this late in life - he was after all twenty years old.

She had a letter on her desk along with a Gringotts check for Severus. She had just sent a letter to him with an old school owl so he would visit. Maybe she would be lucky and Hadrian Will…er,
Harry would come with him. She so wanted to meet the son of her favourite Gryffindor's again. Severus was her favourite Slytherin, she had her favourites alright she was after all only human. Despite how severe and stoic she appeared to be, much like a black clad man she could mention.

Right now on the Wizarding wireless they were announcing the names of who was being picked to become the new Minister of Magic. Not that many were listening to the wireless, they were actually in the Ministry of magic wanting their chance to vote for someone. Minerva was sitting in her new office which had vastly changed since she had taken up the mantle of Headmistress. It wasn't all red and gold, but a mixture of all four houses, despite the fact she was proud of being a Gryffindor this was a Headmaster's office. No favouritism was supposed to play a part in her duties. Unlike the Black Headmaster or Dumbledore come to that, he was conveniently missing - Minerva thought he was just being a coward and staying away until the heat died down.

"The nominees for this year, the year of 2000 are, Amelia Bones!" cried the Public announcer Tam Smith, uncle of Zacharias Smith. Who had also incidentally joined the Ministry of Magic - the Auror programme. "Sirius Black!" another round of cheers started up. A picture of a cheesy grinning Sirius Black fell down displaying his name then display 'Vote me for Minister of Magic'. Unfortunately that hadn't been Sirius' ideas everyone voted got one.

"I knew you could do it!" smirked Harry watching Sirius walk up to the platform. As Sirius passed the banners/pictures he grimacing at them revolted. He had to concede it was better than the Azkaban wanted posters though.

"I wonder who else will be picked," mused Severus, it had been the first time he had attended any of these. He had two votes as did Harry and Sirius Black too. He had given over his votes to Remus Lupin, which was allowed in this day and age. So without even trying Sirius Black had already got six votes ahead of everyone else.

"Hermione Granger!" belted out the announcer.

Harry growled his displeasure as people cheered politely.

The three nominees all gave a speech declaring their dedication to being the Minister of Magic.

Hermione Granger went up first, a large piece of parchment clutched in front of her. Severus groaned, knowing without a doubt that this was going to be the longest speech he had ever heard.

"Hello everyone, my name is Hermione Granger; I believe the world is in great need of change. Muggle born's and pureblood's alike are magical, and three of the most powerful Wizards of our time were all half blood's. Albus Dumbledore, Tom Riddle and Harry Potter. We need to mix magic and Muggle in our lines or eventually they will die out. Making me the Minister of magic would be the first step to making a great world. My role model's would have to be Artemisia Lufkin the first female Minister of magic and Albus Dumbledore and my good friend Harry Potter. I swear to you all here and now the changes would be vast and welcoming, I know I am young but those of us having to grow up amidst a war were forced to grow up before our time. My first move would be to set up a safe place for House elves and all other creatures alike. They are not evil just misunderstood; Albus Dumbledore always told me that. Vote for me and I shall endeavour to listen to the public and do as they wish…"

She was of course about to say more but the hall was cheering loudly, obviously thinking she was finished. She was nudged by Tam Smith and Amelia Bones took up the podium to say her piece.

"What the fuck was that all about?" whispered Harry angrily. How care she use his name to try and become Minister of Magic. Imagining lying outright to everyone when she knew he wasn't
approachable. Then again maybe that's why she had done it, maybe she thought he wouldn't find out or let the press anywhere near him.

Severus just shook his head, it was rather devious of her, but stupid especially considering Harry had returned to the magical world.

"Thank you very much everyone," she said clearing her throat as people continued to cheer. "My name as you know is Amelia Bones, what we need is a respectable, none corruptible and wise Minister of Magic. I have grown up in the Wizarding world, have many friends and acquaintances and I know more than most just what we need to have peace rein over our world. There will be no more Mr. Fudge's or Dumbledore's in this world. I will turn the Minister of Magic into a respected place to work in and also give certain people raises. We will have no more betrayals or scandals as we have seen these previous months!" she finished her voice booming and full of adamance.

"She's quite convincing," murmured Harry impressed. He had a cloak on hiding his face so nobody knew who he was. Severus was of course similarly fashioned. Severus nodded a smirk spreading across his features, he knew Black would win his speech was actually quite … Slytherin.

"Hello, everyone! Good morning!" beamed Sirius his blue eyes twinkling happily. "My reason for wanting to become Minister of magic is rather quite selfish really. I just want to avoid the circumstances that led my godson having a solitary life he has lead for the past nearly ten years of his life. If he had known that the Ministry might have helped him then he might never have felt the need to leave. I shall never forgive myself for my own part in it, and all I can do is ensure all innocent children know that I as the Minister of magic would be there for them. My godson already has plans to build an orphanage for all the orphaned children out there. Also plans on building flats and homes for those that aren't well off…to help them get on their feet. If I was accepted as Minister of magic my first thing would be to grant him permission to do it and also give him a sizable amount of money to help his endeavours. Not that he needs it no, but it isn't his place to do it alone its up to us as a community to help and guide all magical children. Some say it takes a village to raise a child, some say it takes a family to raise a child…but I say it only takes one adult to notice a child and the rest to fail them." said Sirius stopping, facing them solemnly, letting his statement sink in before continuing.

"My second move will be to abolish the werewolf legislation act. As you know my lover is a werewolf, and because of this he cannot get a job, get married or have children. He is not dangerous, my godson loved his uncle moony when he was a little boy, before the devastation and even now he couldn't care less. Even when he was confronted by the werewolf Greyback. Yes there are some evil werewolf's but are you trying to tell me there aren't evil Wizards? Shall we make a law to stop Wizards from marrying getting a job or having children because of a few bad ones? No we won't. Vote for me and tonight if I am chosen as Minister the legislation will be burnt before your eyes." said Sirius Black passionately.

"He's won it hands down," smirked Severus in satisfaction. "Not many people were happy with Umbridge when she made that law; most people knew Lupin and knew he was the kindest man you could ever meet."

"I guess we will find out," whispered Harry.

Half an hour later people found out that Harry was there. They all clamoured around him, wanting to know who he had voted for. If it was hard to vote for his chosen since his 'best friend' and godfather were both in for it.

"Hermione Granger is no more my best friend than Tom Riddle was, I've voted for Sirius Black my Godfather. I know he will make the best Minister this world has seen!" said Harry curtly, Apparating away he would be back later when the votes were done with.
"I can't believe it! He came and…he let the others know!" whispered Hermione looking devastated. It had spread like wild fire that Granger had lied on the podium about Harry Potter. Her first lie and she wasn’t even made Minister yet - it didn't bode well for her right now.

"Don't worry some people are very fickle they believe what you tell them," encouraged Ron.

"How was my speech…I didn't even get to finish it!" sighed Hermione.

"It was brilliant!" beamed Sara happily. She had just graduated Hogwarts and was soon to be eighteen years old. "My sister Minister of Magic! It's time for the Muggle born’s to shine and the Granger name too." she finished adamantly.

"Exactly," exclaimed Hermione.

"It's odd though…I mean it only takes one day here…in the Muggle world it takes ages." said Sara a contemplating look on her normally scheming face.

"That's the beauty of Apparation." shrugged Hermione, and the community being so small in the first place as well.

"Do you think we could talk to Shacklebolt now?" asked Ron pensively, he didn't like how long Dumbledore had been missing. They had gone to McGonagall and she had just dismissed them. Claiming that everything was alright and to get on with their lives. She was now the Headmistress and they didn't want banned from Hogwarts. So they had left when they were told, they never knew when Hogwarts might come in handy to them.

"Good idea Ron, we need to find Dumbledore…I also need to get Potter alone. I have the potion brewed, I didn't get close enough when I realized he was here to put a tracking charm on him." said Ginny wandering over and hearing her brothers sentence.

"You will eventually don't worry, Dumbledore will be proud of you," said Ron smiling softly. Dumbledore was more of a father to them than their biological one Arthur Weasley. Who had never truly given them anything they had wanted - money respect and decent clothes or a decent home to live in. They hated living in that place their mother called the Burrow. There was a reason for it; it looked like it was constructed by beavers! They hated being bullied about it too.

"Let's go then," said Sara, her hair much like her sisters but it lay flat without the aid of spells. Sara unlike Hermione had been popular in primary school before receiving her letter. She was everything Hermione wasn't, loud, happy, friendly, didn't have her nose in books all the time. Yet she did well in all subjects.

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"Kingsley! Can I speak to you for a minute?" asked Hermione quickly walking up to him.

"What is it?" asked Shacklebolt frowning in confusion. He hadn't spoken to Hermione very often during the Order meetings. In fact he had hardly said ten words to her in all the time he had known her. She had been a child to him when she entered the Order, and she was too close too Dumbledore for his comfort. Especially now of all times, Dumbledore's name was very bleak and if he wanted to survive it then he had to distance himself from everyone who still mentioned him all the time. He knew she wouldn't be the Minister, she had mentioned a name blackened by the wizarding world, nobody wanted reminded about Dumbledore.

"Dumbledore is missing, he's been gone ever since Harry defeated You-Know-Who." said Hermione quietly.
"He's old, and powerful nothing could have happened to him…now if you will excuse me I have more important things to do," said Shacklebolt. Which was a lie; all Death Eaters had been dealt with. Swift trials with Veritaserum and they were spilling their guts. Either found guilty or innocent and dealt with, given their money and properties back or sentenced to Azkaban. There had been a surprising amount of people genuinely under the imperious curse. The cells underneath the Ministry were empty, nobody was doing anything illegal too happy to even care about much else other than celebrating.

He walked off leaving four stunned Wizards and Witches with their mouths agape.

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"So when will they be naming the winner?" asked Harry curiously.

"Seven o'clock tonight," said Severus.

"I can't wait!" said Harry hyperly. "That's John, he's finished my blueprints!"

"And is it to your liking?" asked Severus wandering over, and watching Harry unrolling them nodding his head in satisfaction.

"The gardens really should be bigger, as nice as it is to have a big area…they will prefer being outside." Severus pointed out as he looked it over. Other than the small 'garden' surrounding the Orphanage everything else was as to be expected.

"I thought magic could help with that?" asked Harry.

"It won't help outside, it just makes buildings look bigger on the inside." explained Severus explained wryly. As much as Harry had read and retained he didn't know everything. He didn't pretend to either and Severus loved that about him.

"That's awfully strange…but I suppose so I shall inform him then, to make the building itself a little smaller and garden bigger." nodded Harry scribbling away. John knew who he was working for, John Ollivander he was the grandson of the Wand-maker Mr. Ollivander. He had also sworn a wizard oath to keep it quiet, he didn't want his business spread across the Daily Prophet - the only downside to using his real name and self in this world. However, he wouldn't have it any other way; he knew Severus would have hated him continuing to use his alias Hadrian Williams. He had hated it when it had been necessary it would have killed him if it had been unnecessary.

"You cannot explain magic it is what it is," smirked Severus sardonically.

"True," shrugged Harry, sending the letter away on Hedwig. His other owl hooted in dismay, but Harry just smirked at him. He had just come back from a trip of his own so it was Hedwig's turn. He had named his male white owl Hermes the messenger god.

"I've finally got you to myself." whispered Severus seductively; he had wanted to do this for days. Despite how long they had been together, the passion had yet to die down. Severus still loved looking at Harry, watching him lose control. Loved seeing him writhe under him in passion his green eyes flaring in debauchery. Severus nibbled at Harry's ear and down his neck, he already knew his lovers sensitive spots. Nothing got Severus harder than to hear the low whimpers and moans leaving his fiancé delectable lips.

Twisting his head up, Harry caught Severus' lips in a needy kiss; Severus swallowed his moans as if he was gasping for breath. Severus was suddenly desperate to be inside his fiancé again. It had been too long he decided wrapping his arms around Harry bringing him flush against him; Harry in turn
wrapped his legs around his torso without breaking the kiss. Severus got them up the stairs not even thinking about Apparating too far incoherent for such thoughts.

All that penetrated the air for the next hour was Harry's sweet begging, moans, groans and the sound of flesh meeting flesh. Harry couldn't and wouldn't ever get enough of Severus filling him, over and over again until it was too much. Severus didn't last much longer after Harry, having the most intense orgasm he had yet to have, as he filled his fiancé claiming him once again.

"Mine" hissed Severus passionately and adamantly as he came. His eyes closed tightly, biting into Harry's shoulder as he came inside him. Harry panting and utterly spent just lay there soaking up the love he never thought he'd have. Moulding himself against Severus, snuggling into the crook of Severus arm and neck.

They lay there for what seemed like hours just basking in the afterglow. Severus though was deep in thought, eventually though he voiced his thoughts to Harry. "I want us to be bonded, I want the world to know you are mine." he said eventually tightening his hold on Harry as if he was scared someone would take him away.

Harry was surprised by this admission, but it didn't take long for a glow to settle into him. He was shifted slightly so he was on his back and Severus was on top of him. He grunted slightly but remained silent as the onyx eyes of his lover bored into him.

"Bond with me." said Severus softly, he detested the word marry, bond was fine.

"Severus, I love you, you know that. Yes, I'll bond with you." said Harry, his eyes never leaving Severus. Watching each emotion splash across his fiancé's eyes.

"Good" said Severus in supreme satisfaction. He and Harry would bond, and Harry would be bound to him permanently. They would be together forever and no one shall ever separate them. The only people that would come see it would be Sirius and Remus, perhaps even Filius and Minerva the only two people who were truly decent to him. The wizarding world wouldn't know until they saw the certificate which he would send them. The Granger's and the Weasley's would get the hint and stop their silliness. There was nothing they could do of course; Harry was too powerful for that. He could undo magic that even probably Merlin could only dream off.

That said and done, both men relaxed once more, ending up falling asleep. They had woken up early that day, getting Sirius Black ready to become Minister. Severus and Harry both knew his name held power, and people would follow in the great Harry Potter's lead and vote for Sirius. Then the progress would start free rights for all creatures. Severus and Harry would do all this from the background and let Sirius Black handle the limelight of being the Minister of magic. They had taken a chance with Sirius telling them all about Remus so openly, but it was a chance they had to take. Severus also knew just how many werewolves' there actually were. He knew how many letters he got people asking for it, even a few people begging that didn't have enough money for their child to take it. He always had a few left over and had sent them along anyway.

They both woke up to the alarm going off, it was six fifty five.

"Shall I just put the wireless on?" asked Severus, his fingers sliding effortlessly up and down Harry's back. Causing Goosebumps to appear everywhere.

"Mmmhmm," murmured Harry sleepily he didn't want to move - ever.

They got it on and listened to the replays of what everyone had said already. Then listened to a few people being interviewed on who they had voted for. Finally after what seemed like forever, they
were ready to announce the new Minister of Magic. As the votes were magically counted in a goblet much like the Goblet of fire. The winner was spat out, and everyone held their breath wondering who had won.

"The new Minister of magic for the year 2000 the beginning of a new millennium…" said Tam, the silence was deafening you would have heard a wand dropping." SIRIUS BLACK!" screamed Tam, and the noise was thunderous. Even from the wireless you could hear the fireworks, the bangs going off from people's wands and the screaming of hundreds of Wizards and Witches.

Severus put the wireless off a smug smirk on his face as he buried his face in Harry's long hair. It didn't take them long to nod off once more, things were going their way and they were happy about it. Right now they were exhausted and wanted some sleep.

Things were indeed looking up.

Miles away a woman who usually didn't show emotion smiled brightly saying "Well done Sirius Black," was all she said before turning into a tabby cat and retiring for the night in front of the fire in her office.

keeping his promise Sirius Black did indeed burn the werewolf legislation act in front of hundreds of people quite a few of them werewolf's.
Talking and Bonds

Pretty Boy

Chapter 52

Talking and Bonds

The next few days were extremely busy to say the least, between Remus and Sirius working, and Severus and Harry doing their thing too. Severus was brewing more anti Cruciatatus potion for the American branch of St. Mungo's. Harry was putting the final touches to his blue prints and giving John the go ahead to start construction. He had also put enough money into a vault for the man to get all materials he would need. Only after getting a vow that the money would only be used for his buildings. Harry wasn't stupid, and didn't trust easily so the vow it had to be. Severus approved of his decision giving someone a vault full of money could be too much temptation sometimes. Harry might have a lot of money, and maybe hadn't spent much of it but at the end of the day it was Harry's money and nobody else's. It was three days later before Harry managed to finally tell them he was bonding to Severus.

It was eight o'clock at night on the third day Sirius Black had been elected as Minister of Magic that he stood in the lounge of Snape Manor. He looked exhausted but utterly elated and cheerful - excited to see his godson again. Harry and Severus were already sitting down on the sofa, Harry had a large mug of hot chocolate and Severus had coffee. There was a big tray filled with treats and a pot of coffee and tea. It was testament to how far they had come when Remus and Sirius sat down and calmly helped themselves.

"How's it going?" asked Severus curiously.

"There are so many legislations! I had no idea how many restrictions had been placed on creatures," said Sirius shaking his head in dismay. "We have to hold a meeting for each and every one of them to abolish them. Unfortunately I can't just abolish them all…it's also up the Wizengamot. Thankfully they are in a listening mood; there are still nearly a hundred to go."

"Really? That's surprising I assumed they were all just placed at the same time." commented Severus a surprised look flashing across his face momentarily.

"No they have been added over the years, a very surprising number by our beloved Dumbledore." sneered Sirius, his lip curling in disgust.

"You are bloody joking?" choked Harry surprised.

"No I abolished two of them today, stopping them getting a decent education." sighed Sirius sadly. Dumbledore had been a manipulator indeed; he had fooled them all for so long. Playing the benevolent Headmaster to perfection for years. Yet it had taken one young eleven year old boy to begin unravelling them, and to come back for vengeance when he was nineteen years old. Now twenty years old he had gotten his revenge and yet more information was coming to light about the so called champion of Muggles and Muggle born's.

"I wonder how he kept that quiet," said Severus almost to himself, the others nodded agreeing completely with Severus' statement.

"Severus and I are going to be bonded. We want you to be our witnesses, err, well best men however, it goes here." said Harry suddenly out of the blue surprising Remus and Sirius.
"We'd love to!" exclaimed Remus before even Sirius could open his mouth.

"Which bond are you going to perform?" asked Sirius calmly and curiously. He knew his godson wouldn't and couldn't find anyone better than Severus. Severus was a good man, and it had taken him a very long time to see that. Hey, better late than never as the saying goes at the end of the day. A year ago he would have pitched a fit worthy of a two year old deprived of their dummy. Plus as much as it pained him to admit it, only because he wished his godson was more … childish and happy than anything else; that wasn't ever going to be - Severus was the perfect match for his stoic severe cautious godson.

"The soul bond." said Severus with a note of finality in his voice.

"You do know what that means don't you?" squeaked Sirius in surprise whatever bond he had suspected they would perform it wasn't that one.

"I know I'll die if Severus does and vice versa." said Harry rolling his eyes at his overly emotional godfather.

"Well congratulations to you both, when are we attending the ceremony?" asked Remus patting Sirius' leg in comfort. He knew what Sirius was going through, they had just got their godson back and now he was going to be married. They both wanted to see him be a child a normal teenager, even if he wasn't technically one anymore. He was too serious for a boy at the age of twenty but then again having the life he had it was no surprise.

"Two days," said Harry.

"So soon?" asked Remus "How did you manage that?" his voice full of wonder and surprise.

"Come on Remus, you know the power my name holds." smirked Harry wickedly.

"He had the man swear a vow; we went three days ago. The others all had too many guests, and good reputations, that would hurt the chapel so he refused to move them. Having Harry Potter marry there meant everything to him, so he eventually moved someone. Of course it was after Harry and I suggested quite frankly of getting married in Gretna Green." chuckled Severus nastily.

"You are both evil," laughed Sirius amused he would have loved to have seen the vicar's reaction to that. Harry Potter the boy who lived, the second time vanquisher of the Dark Lord Voldemort marrying like a Muggle in a gaudy place like Gretna Green.

"At least we do not pretend to be anything but!" sneered Severus lightly; his eyes alight with amusement showing both Remus and Sirius he wasn't truly being vicious.

"The Weasley's and Grangers have been sniffing around the Ministry. I got word from Shacklebolt they are worried about Dumbledore. I'm not sure, but I think they are going to be trouble." said Sirius while they were on that topic.

"I knew it!" hissed Harry grinding his teeth furiously.

"I think they are hoping Dumbledore will help them get Ginny Weasley married to what's mine." growled Severus furiously, perhaps he should have listened to Harry.

"I hadn't thought about that!" exclaimed Sirius shaking his head in dismay. He knew about it, Severus had told him all about Ginny Weasley's obsession about his godson. Also the need Harry had felt to permanently silence them and stop them bothering him. He couldn't blame Harry for that; he just didn't want his godson to become a third time murderer. Although technically he hadn't killed
Lucius Malfoy, Alastor Moody, or Albus Dumbledore just Voldemort.

Just Voldemort, as if he had been happy about Harry having to do it. He wasn't any happier about it than when he found out all those years ago. Then again there was a big difference between a baby and twenty year old. At least Harry was old and wise enough to know he had done it to live, not to end it for the ungrateful Wizards and Witches who didn't want to get of their backsides and do something.

"What are we going to do then?" asked Remus a frown marring his now constantly unscared face. The potion Severus had created had worked wonders for the werewolves. Those that couldn't afford it were being told to go to the Ministry and get money there to help pay for at least half of it. Some of them were getting the leftovers from the batches Severus made as well. With the werewolf's getting jobs it wasn't going to be long now before they could afford it themselves anyway, this change had been a long time coming.

"It's nothing I can be involved with now," cautioned Sirius "People are being questioned under Veritaserum when they are giving high standing jobs. Minerva McGonagall was brought in and questioned before she was allowed to become Headmistress of Hogwarts."

"I know Minerva keep's in touch she wants to have a word with me later on today." said Severus nodding curtly.

"Subtly trying to get me to come," snorted Harry in amusement.

"Minerva is a smart woman, I wouldn't be surprised if she has put two and two together." smirked Severus wryly.

"Glad its Minerva if we can trust anyone with discretion it is her," replied Remus gratefully.

"Mmm there isn't another I'd trust with the secret," agreed Severus.

"She seemed awfully stiff to me," said Harry not understanding where the fondness for Minerva McGonagall was coming from. He had barely spoken two words to her in his year at Hogwarts. Minerva hadn't been a proper official part of the Order just close to Dumbledore. Or rather she was until the whole sordid business started.

"If she had known it was you Harry, she would have been fawning all over you." smiled Sirius in amusement.

Harry shuddered, his entire face contorting in horror.

Sirius and Remus burst out laughing at Harry's look, Severus just smirked in amusement. They had of course been jerking Harry's chain; Minerva had more restraint than that. Or at least Severus hoped she had or Harry wasn't going to like her much at all. Harry was truly horrified at the thought of someone being overly emotion with him. He didn't know how to deal with it and would rather snap at people. Pretty much like himself.

"When are you going to Hogwarts?" asked Remus curiously after his amusement had dimmed down. His amber eyes were still bright with laughter though he had a lot to be happy for lately. Things were finally looking up for him, he would have just been happy with having Harry back. Yet he had gotten all this too, his freedom, and his happiness and found a very good friend in Severus Snape.

He was going to see his godson (not officially but it's what he thought of him) married and perhaps be able to marry his long time partner Sirius Black one day as well. He had lost hope of ever feeling normal when Umbridge had made the legislation act. He had never imagined this would all come to
"Twenty minutes," said Severus smoothly, nine twenty she had written in her letter. Sirius and Remus had been there now for almost an hour, he would need time to get to Hogwarts.

"So back to our main worry what are we going to do about the Grangers and Weasley's?" asked Remus.

"You, Harry and I will get together soon if the situation hasn't been resolved. Hopefully when news of our bonding reaches the papers they will back down. Get over their deluded hopes that Harry would somehow fall in love with her and they would live happily ever after." said Severus his lip curling at the words coming out of his mouth. Happily ever after, he didn't believe in such things. However, he looked over at Harry and he felt his lips' twitching perhaps it wasn't so absurd after all. Not that even on pain of death he would ever admit it. He wondered though silently if Harry felt the same - some part of him obviously did or he wouldn't have wanted the soul bond. He and Harry had sat down the morning after he asked, after Sirius Black had been named Minister. Looked through the old bonds they could do and made up their mind together. There was magical bond, marriage bond, heart bond, love bond and the most inseparable one - soul bond. It in essence did all the above married their souls, hearts, their love and their magic together as one. It was true if one died the other would follow shortly, Severus wouldn't want to live without Harry in his life. He never wanted to go back to the life he had lived before Harry had miraculously levitated him wandlessly to his flat from the street. He didn't know how Harry had managed to do it without falling unconscious, so tightly his magic had been bound.

"Of course," said Remus nodding his understanding, obviously Sirius wouldn't be a part of whatever they did. The wolf in Remus growled threateningly at the thought of anyone endangering his cub. Their new lives they had worked hard for and created for themselves. If he had to kill the four of them himself to save Harry and keep him happy he'd do it in a heartbeat. He didn't want him committing any more murder, he had no idea Sirius and Severus and himself were having exact same thoughts. It was a good job Bill was no longer part of their little group. Now that Voldemort was gone he had gone back to his job full time and had been welcomed back into his family. None of them were bitter towards the ginger haired man; his family's rejection had hurt him a lot.

"I understand if it was just the female Weasley but why the hell are the rest of them going through with it?" asked Sirius exasperation first and foremost of his features.

"Good question…I thought the Grangers were supposed to be smart," said Remus a look of general confusion on his face.

"They are supposed to be, unfortunately Dumbledore has manipulated them for years apparently…" sighed Severus shrugging his shoulders helplessly. He hated the Grangers, he honest to Merlin hated teaching them but to think they had been manipulated he could feel a small measure of pity.

"Maybe it's not just them…who else has he manipulated?" asked Sirius grimly.

"Only they four were in the Order, typical Dumbledore sending children out to do adults jobs." scoffed Severus.

"Yes too true," mused Remus, feeling gratification for what Dumbledore was going through after everything he had done. Harry had gotten the best revenge on the old fool - Death truly was too good for him. Remus hoped with no small amount of glee that Dumbledore lived that way for years.

"We must get going," sighed Severus looking at the clock on the wall.
"Alright, I need sleep I'm going in at six tomorrow morning, yet another Wizengamot meeting," sighed Sirius, "I'll see you tomorrow I finish earlier...what time is the ceremony?" he finished.

"It's not tomorrow, it's the day after and it's first thing." finished Harry smirking in amusement.

"I know I just wanted to know the time so I can make sure I have time off for it." said Sirius rolling his eyes good naturally.

"Alright see you both later, and it's six o'clock one hour before the Daily prophet prints and two before they are delivered." smirked Harry wickedly.

"You have this all planned don't you? Why am I not surprised?" grinned Remus his amber eyes twinkling blindly almost similar to Dumbledore's.

"We Slytherins like to plan, we don't rush in where angels fear to tread." said Severus a smirk gracing his lips.

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"Ah Severus! So pleased to see you come in!" said Minerva, causing Severus to blink in bewilderment. Minerva had a small Cheshire grin on her face that was rather, scary. "You brought him! I didn't think you would." she said.

"Hello" said Harry coolly coming into the room properly. Staring bluntly at her studying her curiously wondering truly what the others saw in her.

"It's nice to meet you, Harry Potter, my name is Minerva McGonagall, you can call me Minerva should you wish it." she said gesturing them to sit as she took her seat on the Headmistresses chair. Which was level with the others instead of a raised platform like Dumbledore had his. No doubt another way to make himself feel more important.

"Thank you," said Harry rather bluntly, not saying it was nice to meet her because truthfully Harry didn't know what to make of her.

"Tea? Coffee?" she then asked getting down to it.

"No thank you, we both just had something," said Severus bluntly, the war might be over but he wasn't chancing it. He truly didn't want to offend Minerva by actually checking it.

"I'm sure you are curious about why I called you up here?" asked Minerva.

"Of course," said Severus cocking an eyebrow curiously at her.

"Here." said Minerva handing over an envelope.

Severus opened the letter curiously but cautiously, his eyes widened in surprise. He had been given five thousand galleons, and half the shares in an apothecary and a Herbology garden. He would never have to buy any ingredients again with what he had just been given. From Frank, Alice and Neville Longbottom in appreciation for what he had done. The Gringotts check was already signed and sealed once he handed it in, it would go to his account.

"That's some thanks you got there Severus," whistled Harry in grudging respect.

"Indeed," said Severus.

"A lot of people have begun donating to you, helping you make the potion for those in need. A
charity has been set up for those who are affected and cannot afford it." said Minerva.

"I did not have any intentions of selling it individually, has St. Mungo's been charging the families?" asked Severus his eyes narrowing in anger.

"Oh no, not at all but you do realize a lot of other less known hospitals could never dream of being able to afford such potions for their patients." explained Minerva quickly.

"St. Mungo's isn't the only magical hospital?" asked Harry curiously.

"Oh no, there's a small hospital in Scotland who has more patients who suffer from insanity through the Cruciatus curse than St. Mungo's ever received. Same with Wales and Ireland, St. Mungo's has only two branches that I know of. One in America and the other of course in England." explained Minerva delighted to just be able to teach Harry something.

"St. Mungo's is expensive; I believe a good bulk of the Longbottom estate has gone into keeping them there. Which was why Neville Longbottom came to school with a second hand wand." said Severus.

"Then how did you get so much?" asked Harry bewildered. "What happens to those who cannot afford care? It's free in the Muggle world here why isn't it the same for the magical world here?" completely angry.

"The Longbottom's are or rather were as well off as the Potters. They have given me only what it would take for a months stay in St. Mungo's. Instead they have given me something more valuable and something I'd appreciate." replied Severus patiently surprising Minerva greatly.

"Also it may be free in the Muggle world…I wouldn't know, but it isn't here. Potions and buildings cost money; the Ministry doesn't supply enough to St. Mungo's for them to care for so many without needing help. Emergency operations and such are free but long term staying costs." said Minerva.

"That's just bloody ridiculous!" cried Harry shaking his head in dismay. The Muggle government cared more for the lives of their people than the Magical world did.

"I suppose so" said Severus. He had no doubt Harry was thinking of those who couldn't afford medical treatment. For all the snapping, sneering and harsh words Harry liked to show the world, he truly had a big heart.

"Was this the only reason you asked me here?" asked Severus doubtfully.

"I was wondering if perhaps Harry would like to become my Potions teacher…since I lost two recently." Minerva mock glaring at Severus sternly.

"Ask me again in a year's time…then you might just get your wish. I want to let the fawning die down, experience normal life before I do anything." said Harry. Minerva didn't know what he had done before; he had worked since he had left Hogwarts. Not something he was proud of, but it had kept a roof over his head and food in his stomach. The past year he had learned everything he could, hardly taking a break. Well it was about high time he thought about himself for once. Well this was that time, he was going to marry Severus and be happy for a while before he thought of working. It's not as if he was strapped for cash. Even if he had all the money in the world he knew he would work some day. He wouldn't live off the money his parents had given him forever. It just wasn't in his nature; he had been working for too long now, the boredom would kill him. "I'm not making any promises though."

"Very well then," said Minerva smiling.
"There is something else I wanted to ask you Minerva, if you would perhaps attend mine and Harry's bonding ceremony. Only Sirius, Remus and perhaps you, Filius and Poppy will be coming. I have yet to ask Poppy or Filius of course, but you were always very supportive off me and you knew the truth about my … spying duties." said Severus, they had seen him unfortunately. Bleeding, shaking and staggering back to his quarters, it wasn't long before one of them was always waiting on him to help him from time to time. Thankfully by the end there Severus hadn't been cursed too badly, possibly because of what he had done to the Dursley's.

"I'd love to!" she said louder than her normal tone, that and her wide eyes was the only indication that proved she was surprised.

"Thank you," said Severus smoothly.
Harry, Sirius, Remus and Severus were sitting in the living room of Snape Manor. The Prince suit of armour gave way that it hadn't always been named as such. Severus had admittedly changed it out of spite; his grandparents had disowned his mother. They'd never once helped her or him. He'd gone to Hogwarts in second hand robes, and with books his mother had once used. It was ironic really, when one paused to look at the facts. In his youth Severus had daubed himself 'The Half-Blood Prince', it definitely had a nice ring to it. Certainly much better than 'The Half-Blood Snape'. One didn't have to like the family to take on the name. There was also the added fact the Snape name was well known in the academic circles. There wasn't a Potions Master or apprentice that didn't know his name. He was the youngest Potions Master in the world after all. Everyone aspired to be as good as him, if not better but so far nobody had succeeded in beating his scores or his title.

"All this paperwork is irritating," grumbled Harry, he'd spent the last fortnight filling in everything, only after reading it. Goblins whether they could be trusted or not, weren't on Harry's list. He read everything that passed through his banking information. Checking everything that required his signature thoroughly. "Dumbledore just took the money and left everything in disarray. Nothing has been signed since my parents died, I've even cancelled a few charities they were donating to and started a few others, more worthy ones."

"When he stopped being able to get your money he began taking it from mine." said Sirius snorting, "You're quite lucky, otherwise I'm not sure what the old fool would have done." he had no chance of getting the money back, since he had willingly given him access to one of the vaults. It had just been a small one though, at least compared to the other vaults he had. Most of it had probably gone to financing the Order though, so he couldn't complain too much.

"Now wait a fucking minute," said Harry staring at the parchment in irritation, shaking his head, he shouldn't be surprised and to be honest he wasn't really.

"What is it?" asked Severus leaning over, cautiously wondering what was making Harry irritated.

"Wraith has successfully given me nearly everything that was taken by Dumbledore. The vaults, the ones he's emptied weren't just in Dumbledore's name. He's just informed me that they belong to the Grangers and two youngest Weasley's. Why the hell would he be giving them money? And out of my bloody vaults?!" said Harry furiously, "The Weasley's were getting it two months before I even met them."

Sirius and Remus winced, he had stopped obsessing over them, but now it was going to be brought back.

"Oh I'm such a bloody idiot," cursed Harry his green eyes glittering dangerously. "I met the Weasley's at the train station. Want to guess what they were doing?"

"What?" asked Remus blankly, wondering what they could have been up to.

"She was shouting at the top of her lungs about platform nine and three quarters, and something about Muggles. I'm not quite sure what she was saying actually but Muggles was brought up. It was
designed to bring my attention to them." said Harry, having met her; he realized Dumbledore could have tricked her easily. She certainly hadn't been getting paid for it anyway. She would be very easy to dupe, she loved everyone and had such a sickening outlook at life. Everything was light, sweet and goodness to her, anything that didn't fit it was shoved aside. Although she was finally realizing that herself, she knew she'd messed up with Bill and was making up for it. He was happy for Bill; he'd missed his family desperately. Only the thought of revenge on Dumbledore had kept him going; now he didn't have to worry about it. He still wasn't a Weasley anymore, he'd have to stay a Prewitt otherwise the name would be lost.

"Why would she do that?" asked Sirius scoffing, "She's been at that bloody platform like fourteen times or something. Bill and Charlie had left Hogwarts by the time you went, Percy only had a few more years left!"

"Exactly." said Harry bluntly, he could calculate himself.

"Dumbledore," said Remus shaking his head, his depravity knew no bounds. Setting Harry up to be friends with Ronald Weasley, paying him for it. "What was the purpose?"

"I was told by both Moody and Ron that Gryffindor was the best house. That my parents had been sorted there and that every Slytherin was evil, dark and in league with Voldemort. If it wasn't for them, I would have ended up in the snake house. I'd wanted to badly to stay with my new friend and made everyone, including my parents proud. I talked the hat out of placing me there."

"Naturally, to survive abuse one has to becoming cunning, pretend to be weak. Perfect masks, and keep safe. I've had a few abused students to grace Slytherin. It's perhaps why the hat wanted you to be placed there. I would have realized what was going on, I would have acted. As you know I vowed to Dumbledore and Lily to keep you safe. Dumbledore did make me break my vow without even knowing about it." said Severus. "It looks like Dumbledore predicted a great deal of things that were coming to pass." he hadn't heard about that piece of information. Harry hadn't told him about the hat choosing Slytherin for him. Then again he had put himself first and ran; he hadn't stayed and went willingly to the slaughter that was a Gryffindor trait. He should have worked out it sooner, but he knew now that's all that mattered.

"Well all their work was for nothing, it's back where it rightfully belonged." said Harry his lip curling into a satisfied smirk. He wondered if it would make them more desperate to get him, or if they'd realize how futile it was. She was nineteen years old; she should be out getting boyfriends, a job not fixating on him. He wasn't a total bastard, but if they kept it up they'd find out just what kind of man he really was. Underneath his passive enforced armour lay a man, who'd do anything to survive and be left in peace. "I wish I could see their face the next time they try and withdraw something."

"Granger will probably try today," smirked Severus, "There's a new book out, sounds interesting I've ordered it." Granger was the biggest bookworm he'd ever seen, worse than Lily had ever been. Then again it might have something to do with her learning everything from him. They'd say in the part for days at a time discussing the Magical world, admittedly mostly about Potions once the expected questions were asked.

"I'm too busy to hang around Diagon Alley today," grumbled Harry, most of the Alley was back to normal. The bookstore, the ice cream shop, the potions shop which hadn't really been touched. Even Madam Malkin's had been reopened. Good thing really, since Harry and Severus were getting married. People needed to buy outfits to attend it after all. Nobody turns up to weddings in their every day clothes and cloaks. There were a few shops that still had structure problems, and fewer items on sale. Especially the Quidditch shop, fifty brooms had been burnt, ten of them being the brand new model. That wasn't including all the Quidditch gear, sets, and little memorabilia things,
posters, statues, and trading cards. All of which were extremely expensive, and until his insurance came through, he'd be selling what he could, what was left that wasn't damaged. Tomorrow was the big day, and in their character they didn't go crazy. A small ceremony was all they wanted, nothing extravagant. Which by the way they could have done, since they were both rich enough to do so. It was a bonding, and they were simply showing their love through their chosen bond.

"We need to go to Diagon Alley actually, the outfits need picking up, I also need to pick up the rings." said Severus wryly. The rings he'd had special made, paying for them, unlike the engagement rings. The bonding rings were important, very important to the couple being bonded. The metal that had called out to them had surprisingly enough been Platinum.

"Then we might be lucky enough to see them," said Harry wryly, "Oh I have a question, is the Potter cabin the same as the Black one?"

"It's completely different; the land was only thirty years ago or something. The construction started on it when I was sixteen. I remember Mr. And Mrs Potter taking us during the summer before our seventh year - on holiday. I avoided the Black cabin as though it were the plague." said Sirius, which had been for nothing, since there hadn't been any relatives living there. "It's modern, comfy and spacious, there's two bedrooms Ensuite. Proper kitchen as well, but I'm not sure if the house elves are still there."

"Good," said Harry, it's where they were going for their honeymoon, but this time they were going to go to the nearest town. He was excited to see more of the place; he hadn't got that opportunity the last time.

"Lunch is over with, I must get back, more legislations to abolish, what fun," said Sirius dryly, he was only staying Minister until the re-election and wasn't applying again. It was hard work yes, gratifying work too but he wasn't cut out for it. He was abolishing the legislations and making sure they couldn't be made again. So he had nothing to fear when he stepped down. To avoid another war, they realized all creatures had to have the same rights as wizards. Otherwise they could risk another war, and having just survived two, they certainly didn't want it happening again.

"HA!" laughed Harry, Sirius had moaned constantly since becoming Minister, and it was making Harry very happy he hadn't applied.

"By the way who's invited to the bonding?" asked Remus curiously, as Sirius got up, getting ready to leave.

"Bill, Draco, Narcissa, Minerva, Filius, Tonks, Kingsley, you and Sirius of course." said Harry.

"That's it?" asked Remus slightly depressed; both men truly were antisocial as they come.

"Yes, who else is there? I don't know anyone." said Harry, and he was happy with that, he'd never be a social butterfly.

"How about Hagrid?" asked Sirius.

"Hagrid? I've never spoken to him before." said Harry amused.

"That's not like him, how about Poppy? I thought you liked her well enough Severus?" said Remus.

"Actually I had completely forgotten about her," said Severus, slightly embarrassed.

"You worked with Sprout for years as well!" pointed out Sirius.
"Doesn't mean to say I was friends with them," said Severus rolling his eyes, his lip curling at the mention of friends. Years ago he would have said he didn't do the friend thing, yet having been friends with Sirius and Remus for a while; he realized it wasn't such a bad thing. It was rather depressing that he knew more people than Harry did, but he knew Harry didn't care for friends. They were both alike that way, preferring solitude to a gaggle of friends around them.

"Alright, alright!" said Sirius wryly, holding his hands up in surrender. "I really have to go."

"See you later," said Harry pushing the paperwork away, folding up the paperwork requiring his signature. He'd hand it to Wraith; they were going to Diagon Alley anyway. Hermes and Hedwig hooted in protest, and flew out the window. Harry just shook his head; the animals were moody as hell just like him and Sev. Even Severus' owl was just as irritating, but he was already outside. He heard the Floo activate and saw Sirius and Remus leave, back to the Ministry of magic. "Let's get going to Diagon Alley and get everything done." tomorrow would be a busy day indeed, for everyone.

"I'm here to pick up my order, it's Snape." said Severus at the counter, Harry was having a nose around Madam Malkin's. He had more clothes than he knew what to do with, but Harry revelled in the fact. He'd never had a full wardrobe of clothes before, any colour he wanted and none of it was casts of from his cousin or from a charity shop. They were brand new and everything fitted him perfectly.

"Of course," said Rachel, immediately wandering through to the back, searching for the orders. She found it, all bundled up and ready for them. Rachel took them back through and asked, "Would you like to see them before you leave?"

"Yes," said Severus curtly, better safe than sorry, it could be the wrong order, or that they might not fit. Tomorrow would be too late a time to find out, so he would make sure.

Rachel quickly unwrapped it carefully, making sure not to rip the package. "Here you are sir," she said. Handing both robes over, smiling kindly at him, they were already paid for so she required nothing from them.

Severus allowed the robes to unfold, holding his against his body before nodding in satisfaction. He checked Harry's and found that they were perfect, a spell had them refolded and in the package. They would need aired and straightened before the wedding, but that took two simple spells.

"Ready to go?" asked Severus watching his soon to be bonded with fondness.

"Yes," said Harry wandering back over, as both left the shop. They only had one other shop to attend before they were done. No make that two, he wanted to go to Hogsmeade and get some chocolate from Honeydukes. He wanted to take some chocolate with him on holiday; the supply he'd bought six months ago was gone. He'd eaten a lot during the times he suffered from the connection with Voldemort.

Entering the jewellery store, he decided to look around again; most of this store had remained intact. Only suffering a minor blaze and broken widows, it looked brand new though. He still had to buy something for Severus, but he couldn't think of what to buy other than potion ingredients. Sev didn't wear jewellery, he had nearly every book in existence, and it was in other words extremely difficult to buy for.

"I'm here to pick up the Order, its Snape." said Severus bluntly; in fact it wouldn't be tomorrow.
Tomorrow both of them would be Potter-Snape's; they'd decided to hyphenate their names. Harry didn't care much about it, and would have become a Snape, but the Potter name was important. As just a Snape they wouldn't get as much respect as they'd get for Potter-Snape. Not many chose to hyphenate their name; in fact it had been generations since it occurred.

"Of course si-sir!" stuttered the twenty years old, stumbling into the front of the shop.

Harry just snorted in amusement from the back, where he was currently browsing.

"Is there anywhere else you'd like to go?" asked Severus, as he waited.

"Honeydukes actually," said Harry, "I'm out of chocolate."

"Didn't you go last week?" asked Severus curiously.

"Yes, but the place was packed, I wasn't trying to fight my way around them." said Harry. "The Weasleys and Grangers were there as well if I remember correctly. I just got out of there as quickly as possible."

"Ah," said Severus in understanding.

"H-h-ere you are sir," said the guy still clearly overwhelmed by Severus Snape's presence.

Severus accepted the package, opening it and finding both rings nestled in their spaces. He nodded in satisfaction; they were plain no jewels and certainly no bulkiness to it. It was thin and would fit on their hands without the 'show off' factor. "Perfect, thank you." said Severus grudgingly, his mouth twitching at the relief pouring of the shop assistant. He was surprised the man didn't swoon to the floor in relief.

"Ready?" asked Harry making his way back to them, obviously already loosing interest in the gems.

"Yes," said Severus wryly, "Honeydukes?"

"Yup, but if you want to go get your book I'll meet you back there." said Harry in suggestion.

"I can wait," said Severus stepping forward, "I won't be doing any reading on my honeymoon. I'm further certain you won't be doing anything Mr. Potter-Snape." he drawled sexily, biting his earlobe before backing away as if nothing had happened.

"You never know, I just might," smirked Harry, his green eyes glinting in amusement.

"We shall see," said Severus his own eyes flashing with desire.

Harry's breathing hitched, other than that he seemed unaffected by Severus' words. They both Apparated to Hogsmeade, which was pretty much back to normal. They hadn't been attacked but they'd spent a lot of time helping repair the shops. The wizarding world was determined to stick together from now on.

"I'll wait here," said Severus his lip curling at the amount of students gouging themselves on sweets. He had never done that as a child, and found it utterly ridiculous that they spent their money on sugar. Of course if his childhood had been normal, he would have been doing the exact same thing as them. His eyes narrowed in on the familiar foursome, they'd been getting his fiancé's money, had they known? Is that why they'd been so desperate to get Harry? And worse still a niggling question wondered…had they known Harry's magic was bonded? It made him sick and disgusted thinking about it.
Harry grabbed a basket, making a beeline for his favourite sweets, he didn't want to linger. He had to squeeze in around people, taking which ones he wanted, as he evaded being shoved and prodded. Why did the damn shop have to be so busy all the time? And why did they only have small premises? Oh he knew he wasn't that small, it's just all the room the supplies took. They should have realized this and bought much larger premises, one where you could walk around without being trampled on.

"Oh sorry," said a voice after bumping into him, smiling and batting her eyelashes at him in a flirting manner. It would have worked of course, if Harry wasn't one hundred percent gay. "Hi! Nice to meet you I'm Ginny, Ginny Weasley."

Harry arched an eyebrow did she seriously think he hadn't saw her doing that? She was completely idiotic if you asked him. Sneering at her, watching her face turn a nasty shade of red. "I'm surprised you can afford anything in here." sneered Harry before he walked off, putting the basket on the counter. The look on her face was bloody priceless.

"Would you like to try our new product today sir?" asked a plump woman, smiling widely at him as she rung the total for his supplies, placing them in plastic bag. A few shops in Hogsmeade and Diagon Alley had started doing it instead of packages. It quite frankly saved time, and with a simple spell made everything fit into the one bag.

"No thank you," said Harry eyeing one of the sweets in particular, he didn't like it and he had not put them in his basket. No Ginny Weasley had, he'd seen her doing it, and he did wonder what was in it.

"Three galleons please," she said still smiling pleasantly.

Harry removed the three galleons from his pouch, handing it over he left the shop.

"Give me the bag," said Severus immediately looking infuriated.

" Noticed as well did you? Wait until we get home, I want her to think she succeeded." said Harry, before Apparating, knowing Severus would follow right behind him.

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"We did it," said Ginny smugly, as she returned to her brother and two friends. Soon Harry would be hers, and she would be rich and famous. It wouldn't be trouble giving it to him again and again after this time. Although she didn't want to have children and ruin her figure, she would have to, the Potter name did need continued. Plus if she was figured out, she'd get plenty money through the heir.

"It's not going to be easy you know." commented Hermione whispering, "You'll have to get him to break the engagement, get married as soon as possible and pregnant."

"I know," said Ginny smugly. He was gorgeous; she would enjoy seeing what he was like in bed. Although she certainly would be the one dominating, she probably had more experience than him anyway. He might never have taken a woman before either; he'd need to be introduced in how to please a woman. Soon Harry Potter would be hers, they hadn't even noticed the sweet she'd slipped in. "He said something odd though, that he was surprised I could afford anything in here."

"Snape probably exaggerated and told him you were all poor," said Hermione flippantly, obviously not brothing to think about it to deeply. If she had, she would have realised the Potions Master didn't exaggerate about anything. In fact he told it how he saw it, and the truth.

"How will he find me?" asked Ginny, visions of her life flashing around her eyes.
"He will, you don't have to worry, finally everything is going according to plan." said Ron smiling widely. When they had Harry where they wanted him, he could convince Sirius to step down as Minister and his girl would become the Minister of Magic. The Weasley name would be known for its greatness, not poor and being a 'blood traitor'.

"Come on then, lets get to the book store," said Hermione radiating excitement.

The three others rolled their eyes in fond exasperation, honestly Hermione would never change.

They Apparated from Hogsmeade to Diagon Alley, and found the bookstore quickly. It was easy to find, since it was a new release a thousand of them were lying around the store with special offers on them. Hermione sighed, if she wasn't so ambitions, this was where she'd be working. She loved books, cared for them and knew them from back to front.

Taking the book as the others waited on her, she took it to pay for it, not interested in any others.

"Five galleons please,"

"Here you go," said Hermione handing over the key, already taking the book and starting to read the first page. Waiting on the teller to take the money from her Gringotts around, her hand out waiting for the key.

"I'm sorry ma'am it's been declined," said the shop assistant removing the book from her surprised numb hands.

"It can't be, you must have made a mistake, please try again," said Hermione trying to remain calm.

Sighing in exasperation, managing to maintain a calm smile, she ran it through again for the results to be the same. "I am sorry it's been declined; please take it up with your bank."

Hermione grabbed the key looking confused; digging into her cloak she pulled up the necessary gold coins and paid for it. What had happened to Gringotts? Had the network been affected by the attack on Diagon Alley? Were none of them working? She'd have to go to Gringotts to find out.

"What's wrong?" asked Ron, seeing the look of confusion on Hermione's face.

"My key was declined," said Hermione baffled, "It must have something to do with the attack, everything must still be wonky." although deep down, she began to suspect it. Not that Hermione would let herself think it never mind say anything.

"I used mine to get sweets days' ago." said Ron shaking his head, "It can't be the attack."

"I must get to Gringotts and find out!" said Hermione her brown eyes fearful, the thoughts stirring like a raging inferno - had her money been taken? No impossible, it was in her vault and it couldn't be touched.

"Let's go," said Sara, worried about her own account now.

"You don't think he did…do you?" asked Ginny her eyes wide as she remembered Potter's earlier words.

"No, he can't do that." said Ron adamantly, as they crossed into the side street that would take them straight to Gringotts.

"I'd like to find out what's happened to my account please," said Hermione kindly, treating the
Goblins as she did all magical creatures, as if they were stupid and didn't know what they really wanted. "It's not working is there something wrong with the service?"

"Key please," the goblin ground out between clenched teeth. He was over seventy years old in goblin years, far older than this…human. Yet she had the nerve to speak to him as though he was a baby? By Merlin it sickened him to the core. Why wouldn't she have gone to one of the other goblins?

Hermione haughtily handed over her key, thumping her foot impatiently waiting on an answer.

"This key is no longer in service," said the Goblin a grin unconcealed upon his face. The key burst into flames on his hand before evaporating into steam. Leaving nothing behind, not even a burn mark to show for it.

"What did you do that for?!" shrieked Hermione gathering attention from all the other customers. Who stared unashamed in naked curiosity at what was going on. They all knew her after all she'd tried out to be Minister and lost to Sirius Black.

"Your account is now inactive and closed," said the Goblin straight faced.

"How can that be? I had money in it!" hissed Hermione getting in the goblins face. Jumping back in shock when goblin spears surrounded her and her friends.

"It wasn't Albus Dumbledore's to give, he stole it and its all been replaced." said Wraith making an appearance.

"Now leave this bank," said the goblin that Hermione had started with.

Hermione knew better than to argue, Goblins were ruthless. The amount of wars they'd won attested to that.Stepping down the stairs, all of them looking haggard and worn, if Hermione's was gone… they all knew theirs would be too.

"Ginny Weasley you are herby under arrest for attempted tampering with an illegal love potion. You do not have to say anything; anything you do say will be used against you in front of the Wizengamot. You have the right to a lawyer, if you cannot afford one, the wizengamot will procure one for you." said Shacklebolt.

"WHAT?!" shrieked Ron trying to protect his sister, shoving Shacklebolt out of the way, only to be bound as well. Only then did he realize that Hermione, and her sister were receiving the same treatment.

"What did I do? I didn't stop you!" protested Sara her brown eyes filling with tears.

"For aiding and abetting, you do not have to say anything; anything you do say will be used against you in front of the Wizengamot. You have the right to a lawyer, if you cannot afford one, the wizengamot will procure one for you." said Smith.

"I didn't know!" screeched Sara, "I swear I didn't know." she sobbed as she was led away, Auror Smith paid no mind and force Apparated her to the Ministry of magic. The others received the same treatment.

Auror Shacklebolt took Ron Weasley, Auror Smith took Sara Granger, and the Head Auror Scrimgeour, took Ginny Weasley, and Auror Tonks took Hermione Granger.
Bonding Ceremony

Pretty Boy

Chapter 54

Bonding Ceremony

Groggily waking up, Harry looked around, a yawn leaving his lips as he tried to get his mind to function normally. Where the hell was he? He was obviously still in Snape Manor, the furnishing and the room was tastefully decorated in pretty much the same design as the rest of the house. Harry rolled his eyes when an alarm started going off, waving his hand absently the noise ceased. He never usually used alarms, sitting up wide eyed, his bonding; he would be getting bonded in two hours. He stank like hell, and his tongue felt like sandpaper and his head was thumping painfully, even his stomach was rebelling. He was never drinking again, although he had enjoyed himself. Everyone, absolutely everyone invited to the bonding had come over, surprising both he and Severus with drinks and made a night of it. Even Draco Malfoy had been tolerable. He'd been over the moon with the news that the two remaining Weasley's and the Grangers had been arrested. Shacklebolt and Tonks had refused to talk about it through. Not that it mattered for long; they weren't there to discuss them after all. Bill had looked grateful; the betrayal of his little brother and sister, in blood had hurt.

He didn't remember them leaving, if they had left at all. In fact things got very hazy after his second fire whiskey. They'd started of with Butterbeer, which by the way had been fantastic; he certainly would be drinking that again. At least it didn't get him utterly drunk; hopefully he hadn't done anything embarrassing. When he was sitting on the edge of the bed, trying to decide what to do first, he finally caught sight of three potions. A smirk left his lips, Severus was up, and obviously been in. Grabbing them gratefully he chucked them back swallowing thickly; the taste on his tongue wasn't a pleasant one. "Rizzy?" called Harry, he didn't normally ask the house elves to do anything. Preferring to do it himself, he wasn't anyone's definition of lazy. He really wanted a bath as soon as possible.

"Yes sir?" asked Rizzy appearing before him, "Congratulations Master Potter-Snape!"

"It's not happened yet," said Harry wryly, "Can you bring me up something to drink? I'm thirsty Rizzy."

"Of course sir, Rizzy will get you breakfast immediately!" said Rizzy, but before he could go away Harry interrupted him

"No, just something to drink, I'll have breakfast down stairs after I have a bath." said Harry quickly.

"Yes sir," said Rizzy his eyes twinkling brightly, he really liked Master Harry, he was kind to him and he was marrying Master Severus. His Master had been alone for too long, he deserved someone to look after him. Master Harry was perfect for him, they were happy together.

Harry gratefully took the goblet of Pumpkin juice and quenched his thirst, thanking Rizzy again before getting into the bathroom. His stomach, headache and hangover were gone, he truly loved Potions, and otherwise he'd have ended up going to his own bonding feeling like shit. Starting the taps, the water flowed in quickly and before long he was sinking into the warm, scented bubbled water with gratitude.

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Severus looked up when his fiancé entered the room, in just an hour he would no longer be his fiancé but his bonded, his husband. He didn't understand what pre wedding jitters were, he had none of them. He just couldn't wait until Harry was his, and for the whole world to know it. Normally he'd never willingly want his life plastered across the Daily Prophet. Yet today that would change, if people knew, or more specifically the Weasley's and Grangers', they'd get the hint and live their own lives. Dumbledore had manipulated them; they didn't understand the severity of their actions. It's exactly what would have happened to Harry if he stayed. This might be the wake up call they needed. He didn't have to fear them finding him, without his beard, glasses, robes and hair he would be unrecognisable as Albus Dumbledore. There was spells imbued in the cuffs, they would stop him being found by any magical means. Which included illegal potions, and event he point me spell or illegal variations of it.

"How are you feeling?" asked Severus his lips quirking into a smirk. He had seen a new side of his lover last night, and made a vow to see it come out more often. Drinking lowered your inhibitions, so you weren't exactly your normally reserved self. Unless of course your name was Severus Snape, he had been perfectly normal last night. Or so he would insist anyway.

"I'm fine, did everyone go home?" asked Harry rather grateful that nobody was here. He needed to wake up first, and it was going to be a long day. He wouldn't get another opportunity to just sit in silence. Not until they were on their honeymoon, which no doubt Severus wouldn't expect… quietness. A grin spread across his face as he thought about it, oh it's too bad he couldn't just skip ahead and just leave. If they did that it wouldn't be a honeymoon, it would just be another holiday, and that wasn't acceptable to either of them.

"They did," said Severus wryly, he was honestly surprised they made it home alright without getting lost in the Floo Network. It wouldn't be the first time; some drunken fool had ended up at the back of some poor Muggles electric fireplace. Scaring the living day lights out of some family, hearing a voice pounding against their fire. Somewhere it shouldn't be possible for a human to fit never mind yell and bang.

"Your breakfast sir," said Rizzy once again appearing before him, placing the tray on the table before leaving again.

"Thanks Rizzy," replied Harry, despite the elf not being there, he knew nevertheless the elf heard him.

"I better go and get dressed, we are expected there in one hour," said Severus standing up, almost reluctant to leave Harry's sight.

"I should have set my alarm sooner," said Harry, eating the food faster, thankfully his stomach had settled down so he was able to eat it without a problem. "I'll be up in five minutes." he murmured through his lips, not talking properly because of his full mouth.

"Alright," said Severus smirking wryly, before he disappeared up the stairs. Soon Harry would be his forever and by Merlin it made him feel giddy, even if he'd never admit it.

Harry watched him go, admiring the graceful way he walked, and his backside.

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Harry rolled his eyes as Sirius brought him into a great rib cracking hug. Honestly, it was like they were never going to see him again. He was only getting bonded and going on a honeymoon for a fortnight. Not going to the moon and staying there! But he was used to how…emotional Sirius could be. Although Harry actually didn't know the half of it, that was Sirius with a calming draught in him.
Azkaban had screwed him up more than anyone realized. Being in Azkaban he hadn't been able to grow up, mature, so now he had to play catch up with them.

"Alright, get off me already!" said Harry, pushing him away but not violently just a little shove. Remus brought him into one, patting his back before letting go, knowing Harry still wasn't used to physical contact from them all yet - especially emotion contact.

"Is everyone ready?" asked the Vicar standing at the podium, "Can I ask everyone to take their seats?"

Harry moved stepping into position that they were expected to take, only then did he remember his mother's words. Think of me by your side and I'll appear, closing his eyes, feeling all kinds of stupid for doing it thinking desperately for her.

People began to gasp, talking quietly; Harry opened his eyes and found everyone gaping in shock. Harry would have found the situation hilarious, turning around he gasped himself. There stood his mother, she looked real, and he just stood there unsure of what to do. It shouldn't have been like that, she was his mother. She had died for him when he was a baby, before he could get to know her. She had died for him, creating a shield so powerful the Dark Lord himself, was unable to complete the deed.

"Harry!" cried Lily, embracing him in a hug, she was real, and she wasn't a ghost. She was flesh and blood and she was here.

"Lily!" cried five voices in unison.

"Um, this is…very…unexpected…" said the Vicar staring wide eyed.

"Lily come with me," said Tonks, hastily pulling the mother in the direction of a door.

"What are you doing?" asked Lily trying to jerk back.

"You can't get your pictures taken in that!" said Tonks shaking her head, "Come on!" closing herself in the toilet, she removed her baby blue dress, it would fit her.

"What about you?" asked Lily confused.

"I hadn't thought that far," said Tonks sounding sheepish. "Here put it on, we have to hurry it should have started by this already."

"Here, hopefully these will fit!" said Lily, throwing her own clothes over to her.

Tonks stared at them her stomach churning unpleasantly. Lily had died in those clothes, she wasn't sure she wanted to wear them. "Um…thanks for the offer, I'm just going to err, Apparate home and find something else…I'll be back as soon as possible."

The tell tale sign of Apparation indicated that Tonks had left the building.

Looking down she realized the dress was rather revealing, coming out of the toilet she stood at the mirror. A small sad smile on her face, she was twenty one, still, she'd be forty one today if she'd survived. She wondered how she would have looked then, but no, she shook of her thoughts. Today was for Harry, her baby boy; the powers above had granted him this, for his actions. Taking action when everyone in the world had not. He hadn't gone about it lightly, but she didn't care her son survival was all that she cared about. Dying at the hands of a madman, betrayed by her husband's best friend, well it's no surprise she wasn't a light witch anymore.
"I'm sorry, please start!" said Lily beaming in happiness, her green eyes sparkling with life and love. She sat down in between Sirius and Remus, who still seemed completely stunned. She swatted Sirius' hand away irritably when he poked her. Sirius then looked at his hand as if it was alien, Lily was actually here! Why not James? Why hadn't James come as well? Was she staying? He wished he had the answers to everything. But at this very moment the Vicar began speaking.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to join the souls of Harry Potter and Severus Snape together as one. To follow one another through space and time, to be reunited in the next life." said the Vicar speaking to everyone. He didn't even blink or stop when Tonks reappeared in a red dress this time.

"Do you, Severus Snape take, Harry Potter, to be your bonded to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death?" he continued.

"I do." promised Severus.

"Do you, Harry Potter take, Severus Snape to be your bonded, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death?" preached the Vicar.

"I do," said Harry, grinning in amusement, neither of them liked emotion our pouring of words. They preferred to show their love by simple ways. You learn very early in life that people lie, say things they didn't mean.

"Ligo quod redimio veneficus, pectus pectoris, mens quod animus una ut unus una ut unus una ut unus una ut unus!" chanted the Vicar, strain clear on his face. They were extremely powerful, more powerful than anything he'd ever encountered. It was taking a lot of his magic to co mingle theirs together. He breathed in relief when the souls connected, and the rest magic did itself. Joining them together as one forever.

Severus and Harry gasped as their magic intertwined together. Some of Harry's magic slammed into Severus, the same happened to Harry and both of them were almost driven to their knees with the power flowing through them. The magic as quickly as it came was gone, a new light in both now bonded wizards hearts. They would always be able to feel one another, and the longer they stayed together the stronger the feelings would become. Until they would be able to feel each other, even at the far reaches of the universe.

"Blessed be, May Merlin bless you both with long and happy lives. You are now bonded." said the Vicar sweating slightly with the power it had taken him to say the spell. Hastily wiping his brow as the newly bonded couple, were surrounded by congratulations and handshakes. No hugs though it seemed these people knew Severus and Harry Potter-Snape well. A very special person had indeed come to the wedding of her only son - Lily Evans. And he'd sworn an unbreakable vow of all things, now he couldn't tell anyone. Then again the world would find out if she stayed. Today was just odd, a dead woman back from the veil of death.

It certainly wouldn't be a bonding he'd forget any time soon.

"Time for the pictures!" said Sirius loudly.

"Oh come on are you kidding me?" grumbled Harry.

"Harry this is your day sweetie, one to remember, you will be thankful one day, trust me." said Lily smiling smugly, her eyes twinkling in a way that told them she held a secret within her that nobody
"Fine," said Harry, giving in much to the surprise of Sirius and Remus who goggled at Harry as if they hadn't seen him before. Harry had never given up like that before; a grin broke out on their faces. Well it was his mother, if anyone could do it - it had to be her.

So Severus and Harry bravely faced the camera and allowed their pictures to be taken, even managing a small smile. Unbeknown to both of them, there really would come a time where they were glad to have done it. Just like Lily had told them.

"This is for both of you," said Sirius handing over an envelope. "From both of us."

Taking it Harry opened it curiously, a small smile worked its way onto his face, and Sirius had given him vouchers for Honeydukes and the ice cream shop. Severus had vouchers for the potions shop, one hundred galleons each.

"Congratulations to you both." said Sirius dipping his head, it was tradition and he'd been brought up with them.

"Thank you," said Severus he actually really liked that present, he wouldn't have to buy any ingredients for a while with the amount on the voucher.

"You are both welcome," said Remus smiling.

"This if for you Severus, and this Harry is for you," said Minerva handing over the presents.

Severus opened his and found a chalice with half the Snape coat of arms and the Potter coat of arms joined together. Their names were written on opposite sides, Harry James Potter-Snape and Severus Tobias Potter-Snape. He saw Harry had the other one; they were silver and very beautifully crafted. There was an extremely rare potions book under it, and Severus' eyes lit up in excitement. Harry had gotten an Ancient Rune book from Minerva. It's obvious she had done her homework and knew what they liked.

"Is that supposed to help me celebrate a honeymoon or skip it?" asked Harry sarcastically.

Severus smirked, Sirius, Lily and Remus laughed out right, Filius, Draco and Narcissa and Poppy just snickered behind their hands. Minerva's lips had disappeared which everyone knew by now was her suppressing her amusement.

"Here you are," said Poppy handing over two identical boxes to the bonded couple.

Poppy had given them a pendant each. The pendants like dog tags, Harry had one with Severus' name on one side and the Snape coat of arms on it with an onyx stone at the bottom left hand corner. Severus had Harry's name and the Potter coat of arms on it and a small emerald stone in the corner. The dog tags were imbued with magic, healing and protection magic no doubt connected through the gems. It would glow and heat up if they were near anything harmful or dangerous to them, potion or spell or even someone wishing them harm.

"They are beautiful, thank you," said Harry a genuine smile on his face.

Filius had got them matching cloaks with silver trimming, both coat of arms and their new last names stitched onto it.
"They're beautiful, thank you." said Harry it was silk, and it was crafted exquisitely.

"This is from me," said Shacklebolt handing over his presents.

Severus and Harry opened them finding inside something for each of them. Shacklebolt had gotten Harry a pensive, and Severus had received a gold cauldron.

"Thank you," said Severus in disbelief.

"You are welcome." said Shacklebolt.

"Open mine!" squealed Tonks, who had already fallen over three times already tonight. That was sober, so hopefully she wouldn't attempt to move drunk.

Harry and Severus opened them to reveal a set of candlesticks, with long green candles fitted in. The coat of arms already stamped into it. It was tradition to get them something to use in their home, most usually had a new house to go into but it wasn't needed since they were the last of their lines.

"They are beautiful thank you," said Harry smiling as he placed the lid back on keeping it safe.

"Here, hopefully you'll find a use for this." said Bill. The last to hand his gift over, normally they didn't wait to open gifts, perhaps because there was so many people. Yet they seemed to want to see Harry and Severus' reactions to them. The dog tags were great, he had no doubt Harry would be wearing his. The dragon tooth he'd got him for his birthday was always around his neck.

"It most certainly will come in handy, thank you." said Severus, it was a wide array of stationary. Different coloured inks, inkwells, and an assortment of quills, self inking ones were even there. There were envelopes the Potter coat of arms on it, as well as parchment for official documents and letters. There were even three square wax sticks, the old fashioned red ones they used to close letters - before adding your insignia ring into it.

"This is from me and mum," said Draco, handing over two envelopes.

Harry opened his first, a Pegasus? Really? Wow that was actually a really generous gift. "A Pegasus? Do we even have room for something like that? I mean a place for it to go?" asked Harry, speaking to Severus.

"Of course, the stables have been unused for years." said Severus, "With a bit of cleaning it will be perfect for it. They are magnificent beasts and very rare, thank you."

"Thank you so much," said Harry, dipping his head respectfully.

"You are most welcome Mr. Potter-Snape." said Narcissa smiling sweetly at him.

"Drink?" asked Severus.

"Butterbeer," said Harry, grinning he really liked it.

Severus nodded before leaving the table, after the others had declined. He was the one being celebrated tonight, it should be them offering. Yet they all knew better than to try and stop him.

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"Lily are you here to stay?" asked Remus sitting down next to Lily, passing her a drink. Everyone else seemed rather wary of her presence, especially Narcissa and Draco. Minerva and Filius just looked completely stunned.
"No, I'm not Remus, I'm sorry." said Lily watching her son dance with her best friend. Merlin she would never have predicted this, not if she hadn't seen it herself.

"But you are here," said Sirius confused.

"Yes, for Harry's special day, those above allowed it, it's a present you could say for what he did." explained Lily.

"You mean there's really a higher power? Even for those that are gone?" asked Remus, his amber eyes twinkling as he absorbed the new information.

"Yes," said Lily smiling, Remus hadn't changed a bit. Still as inquisitive as ever, not that she'd expected it to change. He'd been like that since they were eleven years old.

"Wow," said Remus completely gob smacked, "Why doesn't it happen more often then? I mean sending someone back."

"It does, it just doesn't get around." said Lily.

"I see," said Remus thoughtfully.

"Its madness," said Sirius, "But why didn't James get to come?"

"Do you know the power they're using just to get me here for a few hours?" said Lily shaking her head, "Too much, there's no way they could have sent us both."

"Harry deserves it, after everything he's been through." said Remus quietly.

"Yes he does." agreed Lily.

"You know what he…err…we've been doing then?" asked Sirius awkwardly, his finger yanking awkwardly at his collar.

"Yes," said Lily grinning in amusement, "You don't have to worry, if I could have done it myself I would have."

"Would you really?" asked Remus bemused.

"You tell me," said Lily, her green eyes filled with fire, "What wouldn't a mother do for their child?"

"There's nothing a mother wouldn't do to protect their child." said Remus wryly.

"Exactly." said Lily, "Now if you will excuse me, I'm going to get another drink…you never know it might be my last." plus she wanted to speak to Severus who was at the bar right now.

"Lily," said Severus staring at her, Merlin he'd nearly had a heart attack when he saw her. For years he'd wanted nothing more than to apologize. Beg for forgiveness and tell her she'd been right all along. Now though he wasn't so desperate for that, he had Harry in his life, he barely thought about his past. Now though old feelings were starting to arise, yet he'd received James' blessing, a shock in itself.

"Oh Severus!" said Lily, hugging him tightly, and of course Severus allowed her, her and Harry seemed to be the only one Severus could tolerate touching him.

"I am sorry, Lily." said Severus thickly.
"Don't be. You warned us, Severus. It's our fault like Harry said, for picking the wrong person." said Lily.

"You've been…"

"Watching him from above? Yes of course. You know I was so afraid the rune wouldn't work, that he'd die anyway. You know what happened? I had a vision, of several things coming to pass." said Lily confidently as she withdrew still smiling at him. He hadn't changed a bit, still had long hair, and still had the smell of potions lingering around him and black clothes. The only difference, a big one to be sure, was that he was happy, truly happy.

"You weren't a seer," said Severus taken aback.

"No I wasn't, but it was all hallows eve Severus, when magic is at its strongest…if you just believe." said Lily.

"What did you see?" asked Severus curiously.

"This, I knew my little boy would survive, would marry you and have both Sirius and Remus in his life," said Lily. "And something else, just a word of advice, don't worry you're going to bring him up wonderfully. He's going to be so gorgeous."

"He?" asked Severus astonished, what did Lily mean by that? The orphanage was complete; she wasn't talking about them adopting anyone was she? There was no way they would do such a thing; he and Harry didn't like kids.

"You'll see, I don't have very much longer, I can feel myself being pulled, I must say goodbye to my son." said Lily sounding hoarse, her face was pale, and Severus realized she was beginning to fade. Soon she'd fade out of existence and out of Harry's life again, perhaps the coming hadn't been such a gift. Yet Harry was strong, good job he was, otherwise this would have been too much torture to endure.

Severus ordered their drinks, getting an additional fire whisky, watered down of course, so Harry wasn't too drunk later. He saw Lily and Harry walking away, Severus sighed grimly, and he knew Harry would be walking back without her.

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"You're leaving aren't you?" asked Harry, staring at her, she was beautiful he wondered what life would have been like growing up with her. Would she have let James spoil him to the extent he would have attended Hogwarts as a spoiled brat? He didn't think so, she seemed so level headed.

"I am son," said Lily, cupping his cheek, she would have loved to stay but getting to see him like this was more than she'd hoped for. "You are so smart, you will do great things and bring Wizarding Britain to a new age, a new era. The world has needed someone like you for a long time. Never forget whatever you do, you have a proud mother. I don't regret one second of having you. You are worth everything my gorgeous boy."

Harry felt a lump forming in his throat, tears stinging in his eyes, as a young boy he'd imagined this so many times. His childish mind hadn't been anywhere near the truth of the feelings associated with it. Taking a deep breath, willing away the tears he hugged her tightly, closing his eyes just relishing in the contact. "Thank you mum." whispered Harry.

"And don't worry, you will be the perfect father, and Severus will be to once he gets his head around it." said Lily before she let go and began disappearing.
"What do you mean by that?" asked Harry naturally alarmed, surely his mother was jesting! He was no parent material.

She just smiled at him before he saw nothing but the hall he was standing in.

Harry stared at the wall, trying to understand what she meant. Shaking his head, no there was just no point in dwelling on it. Opening the door, the music playing away he rejoined the table, they were all using just one.

"Are you okay?" asked Severus squeezing Harry's hand in comfort.

"I will be," said Harry grimly, squeezing back, he would be fine he always was, eventually. Harry turned to his guests and spoke again.

"Everything is beautiful thank you for sharing this day with us, it means a lot considering I never thought I'd ever have this." said Harry in a rare move of honesty. Sure he was honest but not about his feelings and everyone knew realized this.

"The Prophet, no doubt are changing the headlines," he commented before raising a glass after passing one to the others there "To Harry and Severus Potter-Snape!" said Sirius toasting them.

After two hours of talking, surprising Severus and Harry greatly, they hadn't realized the time. Harry hadn't thought he would get on with them so well, but he rather liked Filius he knew so much about charms and duelling. It was Sirius who had decided to give the married couple the privacy they no doubt desired. "Enjoy yourself, I'll see you in a fortnight," he said hugging him again.

"You will," said Harry smirking wryly.

"Have fun," said Remus happily, patting Harry's shoulder.

"It's been a great night, thank you for inviting us to this special occasion." said Filius.

"It is nice to see you both happy." said Poppy.

"Very," said Minerva agreeing with Poppy.

"Take care," said Narcissa standing up also, the night was over and they were all going home.

"Bye Severus, I'll talk to you soon." said Draco hugging him, he didn't get to see his godson often.

"Thank you, I doubt I'd be here if it wasn't for you. Both of you, I really owe you one." said Bill shaking their hands.

Minerva, Filius and Poppy went back to Hogwarts beaming from ear to ear Severus was finally happy. With Harry Potter of all people, despite the aloofness they displayed at the chapel almost as soon as they left Harry had positively melted into Severus arms. Severus hadn't let him go the entire time they had been there. Well other than to get drinks of course, and when Lily wanted to speak to him. Despite the fact they had been holding different conversations and such. The people who deserved it most were finally happy. Poppy, Minerva and Filius had also learned about Harry's plans to open the orphanage. They had heard on the wireless, but it hadn't really dawned on them - it had been Harry's idea his from start to finish. There was no doubt many magical children would be better off thanks to that newly erected orphanage.

Harry Potter was good for the wizarding world.
Perhaps now they would learn from their mistake, at least two generations worth would. The older and younger generation, who had grown up thinking Harry, was training then missing. Only to realize he had ran away at the age of eleven and he had been betrayed by Dumbledore of all people.

Everyone could have sworn, they heard an enraged scream, magically enhanced all over England. The scream of one Ginny Molly Weasley, who was currently sitting uncomfortably in a cell, in the ministry of magic. Unable to pay her bail, she had no choice but to remain there. Her parents hadn't been to see her once, and simply put it hurt her.

Too bad Harry would be in his honeymoon when their trial came and gone. He would hear about it though, there was little doubt.
"When do you think they will back?" asked Sirius curiously, pacing back and forth in his office. The Ministry of magic had undergone serious changes, and much to Sirius' embarrassment. They were saying he was leading them into their golden era. Arthur Weasley's department had been moved, given a much larger space and more employees. They weren't just charged with protecting Magic, but also the Muggle born children. They were to keep an eye on them, make sure they weren't mistreated. Much to Sirius' anger, two children had already been brought to the Ministry. They had been healed, and were temporarily staying with Molly Weasley until Harry got back. The Orphanage was unplottable, nobody could find it, anyone wanting to adopt would have to come through the Ministry. They would be fine with Molly, who was all too happy to take up to six children if required. Sirius of course paid her for their food, clothes and lodging. Molly was unable to refuse, since she was trying to get the money her two children had wrongfully taken, saved up. She and Arthur had never been more ashamed in their life. They were determined to do the right thing, and pay Harry back with what they spent. Which thankfully, considering the circumstances could have been a lot more. Ronald, Sara and Hermione had all received six months in Azkaban for their part in aiding and abetting Ginny's actions. Ginny herself had received one year six months, they were already on the island.

"They've only been gone a fortnight," grinned Remus wryly, honestly, Sirius was like a child without his mother. He'd been asking that question for hours already, and truth be told it was getting on the werewolf's nerves.

"It's the longest I've gone without seeing him," said Sirius sitting down in his chair. His office was sparsely furnished. It was an office nothing more; he didn't have a million things in it just to make himself look better. Although he had the items that would, down in the Black vaults. He did have a picture though, of his godsons wedding on display. He had actually grinned; he still didn't know what surprised him more. Lily appearing or Harry actually listening to her. He certainly didn't listen to anyone else, or do what he was told.

"It's their honeymoon, they won't leave until they are ready, and it's not as if it's a package holiday, Sirius. They could decide to stay there for another few weeks, if they put their mind to it." said Remus.

"True, but I hope not," said Sirius.

A knock at the door disturbed their quietness.

"Come in," said Sirius curiously.

"We've found three children to have magic in St. Mary's Orphanage in Muggle London. What do you want us to do about it?" asked Arthur staring at Sirius respectfully. Old friend or not, Sirius was the Minister of magic, and it was a position that demanded respect. He smiled and nodded at Remus,
nobody bothered anymore, since they were used to Remus being with Sirius at odd times of the day. In fact Remus actually did odd jobs around the Ministry, especially those requiring information from books.

"How did you find them?" asked Sirius curiously, Harry wasn't back yet, he was planning on asking him to find a way to give locations of all Muggle Born's. He wasn't sure if it was possible, but if anyone could do it Harry could. The book of magical children had been very handy, but they hadn't got around every Muggle born child yet. They were still getting the hang of the new regime.

"Accidental magic records," said Arthur feeling rather smug, his idea had actually panned out. He had gone down with not much hope, yet he'd succeeded, he went through twenty years of records. There was just no point in going through more, since they were too old. Passed graduating age for Hogwarts at least anyway.

"Placing them against the magic book?" asked Remus his amber eyes twinkling brightly.

"Yes, I noticed their guardians were all the same, despite the different names - the caretaker in the Orphanage." said Arthur.

"What are their ages?" asked Remus.

"Six, Seven and nine." said Arthur, "What do we do?"

"Bring them home, where they will be accepted and learn their crafts." said Sirius grimly. It would be a huge cultural shock, but its would be better this way, at least they'd be wanted, know about their history and perhaps even find parents who were also magical.

"Shall I take them home to the Borrow? At least until the orphanage is open?" asked Arthur, his wife was perfectly happy to take them on. She missed having people to dote on, although it's him who did the explaining.

"Harry will be returning today, but yes take them to the Borrow just in case. They can stay there for the night. Plans will be made for them as soon as possible. Has the social worker moved the files up yet?" asked Sirius. They had only one social worker, because adoption was rare in the magical world. That would change now, especially with an orphanage in their world.

"Yes she's settled in, seems very excited as well." said Arthur nodding in understanding.

"There will be three more employed, ask her to see about it, but they must be appropriately qualified. I will be doing the interviews myself, but I'd like her to be present." said Sirius, he hated speaking so properly, but it was a must when holding a position as Minster.

"Of course, I'll let her know right away." said Arthur, "Shall we advertise in the paper?"

"Yes," said Sirius.

"Very well, consider it done." said Arthur before turning and leaving. He held no anger at Sirius, or even Harry over his daughter's actions. He was baffled, even to this day what had caused her to go of the rails so badly. Trying to feed a potions masters lover a love potion! What part of her thought that it would really work? Never mind actually attempting it. They'd had proof, so it was irrefutable. Her magic was imbedded in a sweet, which was given as evidence since Harry was on his honeymoon.

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"Finally!" cried Sirius, pulling his head out of the fire before Flooing over to Snape Manor.

"What's wrong with him?" asked Harry smirking in amusement. Being fire called for him to say finally and leave again? Then the fire flared to life, and Sirius stepped out and once again embraced Harry in a huge hug.

"Alright, stop it!" said Harry shoving him away, shaking his head.

"What have you done to your hair?" asked Sirius wide eyed, there was like a million pleats with green and silver beads at the bottom. He looked like he'd gone native while he was over there.

"Do you like it?" asked Harry, a grin on his face.

"It's different," admitted Sirius, Slytherin colours why wasn't he surprised? Then again Harry had been meant for Slytherin. Remus appeared in the room a few seconds later.

"Did you both have a good time?" asked Remus sitting down.

"Yes, we went to all the other islands, it was absolutely amazing, and Severus' translator spell made them all sound as if they were speaking English! When we spoke English they thought we were tourists who understood their tongue." said Harry explaining in happiness, he loved that spell.

"Other than the fact he couldn't keep anything down, he must have caught some sort of bug while eating their food." said Severus, hiding his concern, but they all knew he was worried.

"I'm fine," said Harry rolling his eyes, although it was unusual, the only time he was sick was when he'd been connected to Voldemort through the link. It certainly wasn't normal behaviour for him, but he had been eating strange foods, obviously something had disagreed with him.

Harry was of course unaware of the life growing inside of him, but he would be alerted of the fact all too soon.

"Oh, that reminds me," said Harry handing over gifts notably Muggle in nature, but Remus and Sirius didn't care. He had thought of them on his honeymoon, it meant more than anything else in the world. They loved Harry, and sometimes they wondered if he loved them. Yet it was instances like this that made them realize yes, he did love them.

"Thank you," said Sirius nosing around, magnets, Muggle playing cards, cups, odd foreign sweets. Pencils, pens, even small mini flags, from places he couldn't name, and a few things he didn't recognize.

"A bandana? I've never had one of those," said Remus grinning wryly, realizing what was on them. Marijuana, it would have given away the fact the bandana was bought in Jamaica. Without the flag printed in the background. Harry certainly did have a sense of humour, buried under his armour.

"Smart isn't it?" said Harry his lips pursed as he tried to keep himself looking normal. "I've got one, its being washed through." two weeks of sweat, - not good. They'd changed into their normal clothes upon getting back. Even with the fire and heating spells, it was freezing compared to the Caribbean.

"Why the flags?" asked Sirius curiously.

"It's every island we went to visit, I have a set for myself," said Harry smugly.

"How is everything?" asked Severus, obviously wanting to get down to business.
"How ready is the orphanage?" asked Sirius, he in all honesty didn't know. Harry hadn't been forthcoming about it.

"Why?" asked Harry frowning, Severus had his eyes narrowed, he didn't like being ignored.

"We have four children in need of a place to stay, they can't remain with Molly Weasley forever." said Sirius.

Severus snorted, "You think she'll let them go? Oh no, you don't have a chance. Those four children will end up adopted by her." Molly Weasley was the most infuriating motherly woman he'd ever met. She was admittedly one of the few he'd actually trust. Despite the fact Ron and Ginny had turned out so…diabolical. Unfortunately the blame wasn't solely Molly's, it was Dumbledore's, and he'd had access to the kids since they were eleven. With Molly's adoration for Dumbledore…they had no reason not to believe him. There would never be another Dumbledore, if the Ministry always remained cautious.

"I have everything I need; it's full of everything they will need. There's a lot of Muggle stuff to help them integrate easier. Just because they are magical it doesn't mean they should forget the Muggle world." said Harry.

"Everything?" asked Sirius wondering why he was surprised.

"Yes, a lot of people donated, when I say a lot of people I mean it. The house elves had to go through the mail for days apparently. Dividing it into different sections, toy's, educational games, books, clothes and of course stuff unsuitable for children." said Harry, "There was also a lot of money, which has already been deposited into the account that's been set up for the orphanage."

"Including wages?" asked Sirius, the Ministry was going to deposit a certain amount each month as well.

"Yes," said Severus, "We have a full staff ready to get started, things will be slow for a while but it will pick up. Only then we will have to employ more staff."

"Are you going to run it Harry?" asked Remus.

"Behind the scenes, I was hoping someone would want to." said Harry dropping hints.

"I could do it." stated Remus; it would be nice to have a steady job.

"Really?" asked Harry, inwardly smirking, he'd got his way.

"Of course," said Remus.

"Brilliant one less thing to worry about," said Harry.

Severus just smirked behind his coffee cup, Gryffindor's; they just didn't know when they got played.

"This is the location and coordinates, only you get to see them." said Harry handing over a piece of paper. Location so he knew where it was and coordinates so he could set Portkey's up.

"Best hold of on that just in case Molly does want them all!" exclaimed Sirius wryly.

"Indeed," said Severus wryly.

"What happened to Draco and Narcissa? They were different than I've ever seen them?" asked Sirius
"Narcissa put her foot down, she stopped his money, and he was forced to get a job. He learned just how normal Muggles got by and ended up respecting them I think. It's a nice change; at least he has some self respect. Hopefully it will remain behind despite them being back here." said Severus.

"Where did they go?" asked Sirius.

"Italy, it's the only home Lucius didn't brag about. Its in a Muggle neighbourhood, the last Malfoy to use it was six centuries ago before they moved here." said Severus wryly, the move to Italy had only been temporarily, since they'd originally come from France.

"He was more tolerable," agreed Harry grudgingly. Then suddenly he slammed his hand over his mouth and bolted out of the room.

"What's wrong with him?" asked Remus standing up ready to go after him.

"Leave him be, he won't appreciate you hounding him," said Severus gesturing for him to sit back down.

"He might be sick Severus, you should go see a doctor." said Remus.

"I did a diagnostic, nothing seems wrong," said Severus, but both men could see he was deeply conflicted.

"It's better safe than sorry," said Sirius.

"Perhaps." said Severus his eyes clouded.

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One week later, Harry was sitting on a chair in the waiting room of St. Mungo's sulking. He had refused to come, repeatedly, until today when Severus practically dragged him here. Of course they'd said they didn't have any free appointments until they caught sight of Harry's scar. Harry had been quite happy with that, but no, they had to go and give him special treatment.

"Mr. Potter-Snape?" called a Medi-Witch staring around the waiting room.

"Come on," said Severus hoisting Harry up and guiding him towards the Medi-Witch and the room he'd be examined in. Harry grumbled under his breath the entire way, unable to believe he was being forced into this. "Can you give us a minute please?" asked Severus as they reached the door.

"You can use my office if you like," said the Medi-Witch in understanding.

"It's fine, I'll stay out here." said Severus, telling her without saying anything that he wanted her to leave them alone, now.

"Very well, just come in when you are ready," she said before disappearing into the room, closing the door with a click.

"Harry, you need to stop being petulant! You haven't kept anything down in nearly four weeks! You are loosing weight and none of my potions are working! If you are sick we need to know…" said Severus irritated, "I'm worried about you dammit!"

"Alright," said Harry sheepishly, he knew he'd been acting immature, which by the way was very odd for him. He put it down to having never been before, it's not as if the Dursley's had taken him.
He had never gone, even after he’d left the Dursley's and the magical world behind.

"Then let's get this over with," said Severus, "I don't want to be here any more than you do."

"Good morning, so what can I do for you gentlemen?" asked the Medi-Witch professionally.

"I've been getting sick for weeks, at first I thought it was something I ate on my honeymoon." said Harry impassively.

"I see," she said nodding.

"I've ran basic diagnostics on him, but nothing is showing up. He's not been able to keep anything down, he's loosing weight." said Severus adding his own opinion.

"Let's see if we can find out," she said smiling reassuringly at Harry, before she began scanning him, in a long complicated motion. It wasn't the one Severus had used, or the one Poppy even used.

"I see what you mean," she nodded in agreement; the Medi-Witch scanned her findings, eyes rolling down the list from the parchment that flowed from her wand. She could see nothing on the list at all, it wasn't normal for anyone to constantly sick up their food for so long. "I'll give you a prescription for stomach soothers and nutrition potions. With a bit of luck that will work."

"Neither are working, I am a potions Master." said Severus feeling insulted that she'd think him incapable of giving him such things.

"I see, with your permission I'd like to take some blood and get it checked," said the Medi-Witch; most purebloods didn't allow that practise. Although half blood's and Muggle born's weren't as fussy. "You have my word that it will be banished as soon as we are finished with it." it was standard procedure to destroy all blood works; it was too dangerous to leave lying around.

"Very well," said Harry, he just wanted to get home.

"It won't hurt a bit," said the Medi-Witch, tapping his hand, a small incision appeared. The blood was drawn up her wand, before being placed in a vial from her cupboard. It was named and dated, stamped urgent. "I will have the results back to you as soon as possible, would you like the potions until then?"

"No, I have what he needs." said Severus curtly.

"Very well," she said, replacing her prescription pad back into its drawer.

"How long will it take?" asked Harry bluntly.

"You should know by the end of tonight," she said smiling kindly at him.

"Alright." said Harry getting up grateful to be going.

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Later That Night

Harry looked up when a nondescript owl started pecking at the window. Waving his hand he opened it, and allowed the owl to land on his arm. Taking the envelope, it was from St. Mungo's he could tell by the insignia. Taking a deep breath, he knew Severus was just over reacting, he just had to be. There was nothing wrong with him; he'd never gotten sick - ever.
Opening it up, he began to read it, his breathing hitched as his eyes widened comically. Blinking as if suspecting it to be a joke, or some weird strange dream. It was neither, and Harry could do nothing but pale drastically. The letter floated to the floor his fingers numbly dropping it.

His mother's words echoed around his head, dumbly 'Don't worry, you will be the perfect father, and Severus will be to once he get his head around it.'

Picking up the letter, he blankly made his way to the potions lab where Severus was currently brewing. Well here goes nothing, thought Harry, feeling as if he'd just been transported into an Alternative Universe where he was secretly a girl.

"Severus…can men get pregnant?" asked Harry; how he kept his voice even he did not know.

"Of course, but its extremely rare," said Severus without looking up. "Why do you ask?"

"The results are back," said Harry, "I'm apparently pregnant."

Severus dropped too much of the powder and cursed hastily, banishing the potion before it blew up, just in the nick of time. He stared at Harry as if he'd never seen him before. He closed his eyes and groaned, he too remembered Lily's words - after all they'd been uttered only just a fortnight ago. Don't worry you are going to bring him up wonderfully. A son? He swallowed thickly, he could barely believe it. She'd known Lily had known…what had she seen? Oh Merlin he wished he could go back and find out exactly what she saw. He'd assumed she meant a child they'd adopt like ten years down the line.

"Severus?" asked Harry, his voice filled with fear, something Severus had never heard before.

Snapping into action he hugged Harry close, Harry was probably feeling it ten times worse than him. He was the one with the child growing inside of him, their child. Their son, oh Merlin, he had never suspected or expected to have a real family. The Potter and Snape name would live on, in their child. He'd never heard Harry so vulnerable before, perhaps because he'd been faced with uncertainty. Despite his own feelings on the matter, Harry would need his love and assurances more than ever. Plucking the letter from his hand he read it over. Two months, he'd been pregnant while fighting the Dark Lord, Merlin that thought left him cold. They could have done damage to their son. "Lily told me this was going to happen." murmured Severus soothing

"You too?" he asked wryly, shaking his head.

"Indeed." said Severus dryly. "We will get through this, I promise you."

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Seven Months later

Molly had indeed taken on the four children, but she couldn't take on them all. The orphanage was up and running, with plenty of children waiting on being adopted. With Harry Potter at the helm, a surprising number had stepped forward. Only the best got to adopt the children.

Draco was working in the Potions lab in St. Mungo's helping to brew the potions for the sick and injured. Despite the fact he now had his full inheritance back, as always Severus Snape knew best.

Of course a few other surprising events had happened, including another marriage. Sirius and
Remus' actually, although their wedding was a lot bigger than Severus and Harry's.

Ronald, Sara, Hermione had been released from Prison, but they weren't welcomed by Wizarding society, inevitably they left the magical world altogether, choosing to remain in Muggle world. Easier for Sara and Hermione than it was for Ron, who took months upon months to adapt.

"Well how is he?" exclaimed Sirius rushing into the room, out of breath and frazzled. Remus as always, walked calmly in beside him, grinning at his husband's antics. They had married six months ago, just as Harry had begun to show. They were godfathers to their little boy. Apparently the only ones they actually really trusted, but their bond had started upon meeting Harry and slowly got stronger as they created a world they could safely live in. It was by no means legal, but those four - they hadn't cared. Even less now knowing that this little boy sleeping in his daddies arms would never know the touch of evil. He would have the childhood both Severus and Harry had been denied, innocence, purity, happiness, love and to love. Freely allowed to use magic and never be made to feel inferior.

"I'm fine," said Harry dryly, looking rather pale.

Oh yes he was fine, if he was being sarcastic there was definitely nothing wrong with him. He'd been amusing for the past five months, temper tantrums, crying, shouting. So out of character for Harry that he couldn't help but laugh. Which only ended him in trouble, never mess with a pregnant person. Never laugh at them either, otherwise you just got hexed. Remus had refused to help him, getting enjoyment out of his suffering.

"Say hello to Kellan Severus Harry Potter-Snape." said Harry, holding his son close, leaning into Severus who was sitting at the top of his bed. He'd been given a Caesarean section; there was after all no other way to get the child out. He'd been asleep through the entire thing, wakening up in this room. The first thing he saw was Severus sitting on the chair calmly talking to his little boy.

"Can I hold him?" asked Sirius, when he was given permission he held the baby delicately. Merlin he hadn't held a baby this way since Harry was a one himself. Twenty two years ago, such a long time, yet it came naturally to him.

"You are a pretty boy, yes you are." cooed Sirius. He was going to be one protected and loved little boy.

"He is that." said Remus. Pretty boy indeed.

THE END

Chapter End Notes

There we go, the story is finished - Thanks for the reviews :D I appreciate them ;) Take care and its goodbye for now.

End Notes
There we go that's the first chapter posted :) enjoy R&R

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!