Thou Shalt Not!

by KusanoSaku

Summary

Severus Snape survives the war, only to realize he has nothing left to live for. While musing what he might have done differently, he is interrupted by the arrival of Dumbledore who is doing some ‘housekeeping’. A duel begins and in an attempt to save himself, Severus does the unthinkable and breaks one of the greatest tenets of Magic!

What has he done and where has he gone?
The Present

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Present-

The war was over they said…

Voldemort, or Tom Riddle that was, was dead.

So was Lily’s son…

Harry, he remembered spying on her at St. Mungos’ under a heavy Glamour when he was born.

He’d been suffering from guilt of his joining the Death Eater ranks then, he’d tried to convince Voldemort to offer them the chance to affiliate enough to keep them alive. Lily being Lily turned the Dark Lord Down flat. Retorting that Voldemort and Dumbledore were like to overgrown children. Like two schoolboys, they needed a knockdown brawl to end this nonsense so they could all live in peace…

It hadn’t worked, well getting them to join enough to protect them. Lily was too quick tempered and saw only the bad in Voldemort. Not that she wasn’t wrong, he had a brilliant vision but failed to come up with a way to make it come to pass without serious bloodshed.

Lily wasn’t half wrong comparing Dumbledore and Riddle to school yard rivals.

Dumbledore won…

He’d had his own Horcrux that bastard. Making him think that he’d killed him. Lying, murderous, greedy bastard! He’d moulded Harry, Lily’s beautiful son into a little sheep who went where he was led.

He cursed the heavens, how had he been so blind?
Dumbledore thought he was dead, killed by the Dark Lord trying to possess the wand. Too bad for him that it was Draco who had been Master of it. Draco, his godson; he still lived but for how long? Poor miserable child, he should have shown more interest in him when he had the chance. Dumbledore always hated him, why else would he led Draco on a marry chase that the laugh at him that he was too weak to kill him. It nearly destroyed him having to duel Harry, or his fellow teachers. This faces of horror and yes, he admitted to himself hatred. Would they have hated him if they knew that he hadn’t truly killed Dumbledore? Salazar help him, he didn’t know!

He wished he could fix this…

Rewrite this but from where?

From that fateful day he called Lily a Mudblood? From the day he following Sirius’ joking admonition to follow Remus into the Whomping Willow? From when he let Lucius bring him into the ranks of the Death Eaters? The day he didn’t choose to make up to Lily that day in the greengrocer’s when he’d held her birthday present clutched in his hand? The day he’d come home to find his parents dead and not run to Lily? The day he’d heard the prophecy and been fool enough to spill it to the Dark Lord? Never of course imagining it could refer to his best friend’s child. Sweet, loyal, fiery Lily, who’d been like a sister and he’d failed her…

He wanted to fix this!

“My, my Severus. Resourceful aren’t we? I never imagined you’d actually survive! Can’t have you around. I know you saw me kill Harry. He would never have recovered poor thing. I did him a favour”

Severus paled, “Monster! You did this. Engineered this all. Created Voldemort to play the great Saviour only to be out shined by a baby. In return you made him a puppet.”

“And made a slave of one of the greatest wizards to pass through the thresholds of Hogwarts. Time to die! Dreadful really but you’ve outlived your purpose.”

Severus, a genius at magic did the only thing he could, he trusted in himself. He gripped his wand, “Protego Majora! Satunia Hermes! Magica Dispersa!”

Dumbledore snapped, “Avada Kav…”
There was a great whirlwind that encompassed Severus Snape. His last thought was for that of the past…

He whispered the names of his two best friends, Lucius and Lily before it all went black. Poor misguided Lucius, his idol…gone…Kissed…

Chapter End Notes

“Sir? Are you alright? Sir?”

The voice was vaguely familiar, then achingly so. Severus’ eyes blinked the sun was bright; he covered his eyes and sat up feeling dizzy. He realized he was still holding his wand in a death grip and cast a wandless, non-verbal charm to settle his nerves and banish his dizziness. He blinked and then his eyes fell on a very familiar form, the pale face, silver eyes and long blonde hair. He gasped, Lucius…a young, shining Lucius. He couldn’t prevent it from falling from his lips, “Luce…”

The teen blinked at him, “What did you say?” Utter confusion distorting his Malfoy mask.

“My apologies,” Severus began slowly, “I thought you were someone else.”

Lucius Malfoy stared at him, then said swiftly, arrogantly, “No you didn’t. That was a tone of intimacy, yearning. I’m no fool. Who are you and how do you know my name?”

Severus sighed, wincing as he changed his position to a more comfortable one. “One question at a time. By Salazar I’ll answer them, but you must tell me where and when I am.”

“Where and when?” the teen’s brow creased in confusion.

He muttered in Gaelic, “Day and time Lucius! I haven’t time for this. I need to know where I am.”

“You’re at Hogwarts, near the Black Lake. As for the when, why it’s September, September 4, 1971.”

Severus’ face was split by a grin, “Salazar’s Basilisk! I’ve done it! It’s supposed to be impossible. I got clean away.” Then a thought struck him time, “Lucius, what time is it?”

Lucius seemed as though he thought that Severus was crazy. “It’s just gone past one.”
“How far past?” Severus couldn’t prevent this important moment in his life.

“Five past.”

Severus stood up, “On your feet Lucius. You’re on Prefect rounds, aren’t you? Better hurry. There is about to be a scuffle near the Forbidden Forest. You can’t miss it. You’ll find four Gryffindors and one Slytherin about to have an unequal duel. Don’t interrupt it until the Slytherin is about to lose. Make a lot of noise but you must detain the scrawny sandy-haired Gryffindor and the Slytherin. Bring them here and I’ll explain everything. By Salazar I well.”

It was sometime before a fifteen-year-old Prefect Lucius Malfoy returned with eleven-year-old Remus Lupin and Severus Snape.

Severus steeled himself, after about two minutes of the world failing to end in fire and water, he relaxed. He signed, “For one thing Severus Snape, the greasy glamour doesn’t suit you. Pick something less disagreeable. James Potter is, as Lily will say a useless todger at the moment. He bullies you because you react, treat him like you do your father’s taunts and ignore him.”

A young Severus stared at him in shock.

Severus turned to Remus, “As for you Remus, I’d focus more on school then pranks no matter what Potter and Black say. I’d find a way to eliminate Pettigrew before you live to regret it.

Now he had them, he chuckled, “If you’ll take a seat, I’ll explain why I know so much about you all. I’ll swear on Godric’s sword, though Slytherin I am, that every word I speak is the truth.”

Warily, the three Hogwarts students joined him on the ground.

“First of to the most skeptical and rightly so. I offer this as proof of my identity.” He handed his wand to the eleven-year-old version of himself.

Young Severus gaped at him, “This is mine.” He pulled out his wand as well and held them together, “See? Just the same.”
Severus nodded, “I was born the same day you were, we are in essence the same person. Now, study, study everything. You’re the son of Eileen Prince. You maybe a Halfblood but you’re the son of a Proud and Ancient Wizarding Line. I have broken the greatest law of magic; I’ve come back in time to change it, to create a better world. To right the wrongs I have done. I can’t and won’t tell you everything, not unless I have to. I know each of you so well.” He pointed to Lucius, “Lucius Abraxus Malfoy, age fifteen, you’ll be sixteen in December. You’re currently betrothed to Andromeda Black, Queen of Slytherin. While you yourself are the Prince of Slytherin, some say it’s a perfect match but you’re not sure.”

He glanced at Remus, “Remus Lupin, no need to be shy, I know your secret and I won’t tell the whole school. I owe you better than that. You’re a bright boy, don’t let Black and Potter hold you back. You could go far. You should have been a Ravenclaw but you’re a Gryffindor. You’re braver then you think, if I were you I’ll spend more time with Lily Evans and Severus Snape. Now, you can’t tell anyone about me, especially not Dumbledore. Contrary to what he told you Lupin, Hogwarts was not the only school you could get into. Also he’s lying about the nature of your furry little problem. I’ll explain that soon. Right now I’ve got to figure out how I’m going to do what I need to. If you stay friends with Potter and Black, Lupin you need to curb their bullying tendencies early before you find yourself unable to stop them. Severus, you can trust Lucius Malfoy with your life. He’s as loyal a snake as you’ll ever find. Watch out for a Third Year named Bellatrix, she’s crazy and violent. Her sisters are alright, I’d even venture trustworthy for a Slytherin.”

Severus stood, “You can’t call me the same as you though,” he said holding out his hand for his wand, “Call me Prince, Aurelius Prince.” Copying Granger who wasn’t even born yet, he crafted four fake Galleons and using a variation of the Protean Charm. He handed them the fake coins. “Don’t lose them or spend them, its vital you keep them with you. Go about as best you can as if you never saw me. You need to be friends.” He glanced at Lucius, “Petrovski. Graduates this next year, no one but the Slytherin prefects knows about him. His father is the ambassador from the Russian Ministry. Introduce him to Lupin. He’ll know what to do. Above all avoid Dumbledore. Trust him at your peril. I swear on Salazar’s necklace and Godric’s sword that he is dangerous.”

He spun on his heel making for the Entrance Gates, which lay just beyond the boundaries of the Anti-Apparition wards.
The Past- Chapter 2

Severus wasn't sure where he was going until he reached his first destination. He needed a plan. What was he doing? How would he accomplish it? Who he might count on as his allies? Was he really going to attempt to rewrite his past from almost the very first day of his Hogwarts career? How arrogant was he? Or better yet, how Slytherin was he going to be? He smirked, "My name is Aurelius Prince. Thus I am and thus I shall be." From hence forth, eleven-year-old Severus Snape was thus and he even in his thoughts must be Aurelius, it was called compartmentalizing and he'd become an expert at it since he was four and realized that he was a wizard and his father Tobias hated him for it.

Aurelius, that was his name, only Lucius, Severus, Remus and one very devious almost Slytherin Goblin need know what his real name was.

Above all, Albus Percival Brian Wulfric Dumbledore need never know. The last thing he needed to worry about was Dumbledore knowing whom he was, where he came from and why. He of all people should know what a cornered Dumbledore was capable of.

Upon reaching the wards, Aurelius realized he had one safe house where he couldn't be touched. Pity, he hadn't thought to hide from Dumbledore there prior to nearly being eliminated as a threat, which resulted in his rash and surprising trip back in time. Clutching his wand he Apparated straight to Merrivale Manor which lay in Dartmoor, Devonshire, the ancestral home of the Prince Family. Merrivale was between Princetown, which had taken its name from the Prince Family of course and Tavistock, on the edge of the property was a set of standing stone or as locals called them menhirs. The Muggle Locals called this set of standing stones Merrivale having long forgotten that there was a squire's home here, the standing stones Merrivale includes a double stone row 182m long, 3m wide, which are aligned almost exactly east-west forming a sort of private drive that other wizard architects and landscapes chose in later eras to do with hedges. There are also stone circles that once were places Prince seers had meditated hoping for a glimpse into the future- like Granger he was too logical and didn't quite believe in the volatile hand of fate. There was also a kistvaen, which appeared to be a ruin but was actually large fine structure that was far larger inside then it appeared outside, it was built out of the Merrivale Granite and Elvan, which is a type of quartz that came from Penzance way eons ago. The Prince Vault was not in a churchyard, it had been built within the wards boundaries but not close enough to truly disturb the view and was magically grounded enough to accommodate the generations of Princes from the building of Merrivale Manor. As the son of Eileen Prince and the only surviving male in the family this place was his.

Dartmoor was an area of moorland in south Devon, England. The house was made of the granite that littered the moorland; the Prince family had been responsible for protecting the Magical creatures that made their home there as well making sure that they didn't stray into Muggle territory. To the north of Merrivale were the hamlet, the quarry and Staple Tor, while Cox Tor was to the immediate west.

The moorland is capped with many exposed granite hilltops known as tors, providing habitats for Dartmoor wildlife. The highest point is High Willhays, which is 621m above sea level. Muggles considered the entire area rich in antiquities and archaeology.

Merrivale Manor, the Seat of the Prince Family was built in the 1300's, some four hundred or so years post-establishing of Hogwarts and pre-consolidation of the magical world to places like Tinworth in Cornwall, and Upper Flagley in Yorkshire and Ottery St. Catchpole in Devon which of course wasn't far as the crow flies. Maybe an hour and twenty minutes by Muggle means, it being
over forty miles but less than sixty depending on the route taken of course. He could drive, Mr. Evans insisted on teaching him and Lily at the same time.

If had been the family's wish, it could have been made to resemble a rather broken down ruin but that was too much trouble for if they knew it was there, they'd want to explore it or knock it down. According to the Muggles, this was a national park, this part that included the estate was not only unplottable but had wards that simultaneously transported Muggles from one side to the other without their knowing something was there.

Merrivale Manor was gaining an almost tumbled down look to even those to could see past the wards. A pity for it'd been a nice home according to those like the Malfoys, Blacks, Crabbes, Goyles, Puceys, Flints and so on who'd attended gay parties there for eons. He sighed, he'd have to become a lot like a young Lucius; vibrant, vivacious and gay- well by that he meant joyful and charming. Something he wasn't naturally but dragged to enough Slytherin hosted parties and he learned to be.

After all, the Blacks' originally lived nearby at a place called Grimpound, however when they moved away the lack of concentrated living magic caused it to decay faster then Muggles would believe. Muggles swore it hadn't been inhabited since 1300 BC, or at least it dated to that time their way of reckoning. Wizarding perception of time and eons was different. They could count how many years ago but with calendar changes between both Wizards and Muggles it was hard to know when their perception of events coincided.

Now the only family he had was his eleven-year-old self, his drunken depressed mother and his abusive drunk Muggle Father. Well that would change. He'd sweep that poor boy out of harms way; Obliviate his mother into thinking her husband was dead and try to get the woman some help while blood adopting himself and well, pretending to be a pureblood. Of course being a Slytherin and a good friend of Lucius Malfoy, he'd learned the proper mannerisms and speech.

There was as he remembered from his one glance at the Prince Family tree tapestry, an Aurelius who'd disappeared and fallen off the tree. He had no death date. He'd just convince the tapestry he was Aurelius Prince rather then Severus Snape. If anyone could convince ancient tapestry of anything, it was he! He murmured the spell in later that would open the wards that were locked when his grandfather died at least five years ago. He used a weak, carefully controlled slicing jinx to spill his blood on the edge of the north side of the property.

He wracked his memories for how much blood one needed to spill to reclaim a magically sealed family seat. When a member of an Ancient Wizarding family who inherited an entire familial estate by entail received on their seventeen birthday a sealed missive from Gringotts. Much of which he'd not understood when he had received it and it had taken Lucius time to explain it all. He'd deemed reclaiming this place too onerous. Where was his Lucius when he needed him? He sighed with a pang in his heart, Kissed that's where.

As each drop of blood landed on the wands the place changed, there was magic in a wizard's blood. More so then a witch's, not that they would agree. The place had looked half abandoned and half frozen in time, an odd mix but understandable. After the first pint of blood the lights in the Manor came on, shining though it were still daylight. The green of the lawn seemed brighter; the fountain in the centre of the courtyard could be heard. The scent of growing things filled the air.

After over a pint of blood, nearly two he, Aurelius Prince, formerly Severus Snape, Headmaster of Hogwarts stepped over the wards' edge onto the Merrivale Estate. The magic of the place strengthened as he strode towards the house.

He had created strong wards in his lifetime and weaved them into the already existing wards. No
Dumbledore was going to show up and threaten him.

He walked up the stone flagged drive, through the wrought iron gate which were guarded by two large dragons that resembled welsh greens, wings spread and mouths wide showing fierce stone teeth.

Pity he hadn't lived here in his last attempt at a life, how different things would have been.

The lawns surrounded the Manor, behind it had been a set of four cottages if he remembered correctly where the manor's outdoor servants had lived. House elves were more suited to indoor tasks.

There had been a set of farms to the south and west of the Manor house. Where the Muggle church and parsonage would have been there was an owlry and meetinghouse for the inhabitants of the cottages. Where the graveyard was, was also the Prince Family vault. There was a pond, well it was more of a lake since a steam pooled into it.

There were also barns for storage of animals, other out buildings like the icehouse and also for storing the cottages' communal harvests after giving the house its due portion. There had been a mill as well at some point. With dragons dung as fertilizer, the farms on Manors owned by Pureblood families were often more prolific and less prone to droughts or famines.

None of which he could see from this approach, though built in the 1300s originally, it had been remodelled and added to over the generations.

As he approached the large oak doors they opened of their own accord.

Lined up in the hall was a set of six house elves in varying ages.

One stepped forward, "I is being Lolly sir. Would you be Lord Prince?" the large eyes wide with curiosity, ears twitching.

Aurelius nodded imperiously, "I would. I find myself stranded by a magical accident in what would be my past." Deciding with his elves honesty would be best. "I was born Severus Snape, son of Lady Eileen. My grandfather was the last Lord Prince. Unless I can find some way to return, the safest place would be the home of my ancestors. I don't wish my true name to be known."

"Princes be disappearing sometimes. Aurelius disappear once."

Aurelius smirked, "Exactly, that is why as far as outsiders need know, I am Aurelius Prince returned. Two Severus Snapes would be too confusing for most."

The house elf leader nodded bowing, "We ready to swear."

This much he remembered, he accepted the loyalty and offers of service from his house elves as per the traditional vows bonding them as master and servant. Thank Salazar that Lucius; his Lucius had taken him under his wing. For this Lucius hadn't yet done so. Hopefully, besides speaking to Severus, Lucius and Remus he hadn't disturbed the timeline over much. He couldn't even be sure that this was his timeline, the past he remembered. The incident at the edge of the woods had still come to past but how much still would? Would Remus become Severus' friend? Would Lucius think to introduce Remus to Petrovski?

Petrovski was a year ahead of Lucius, the son of a Russian wizard who would in Muggle terms be considered an Ambassador. If his memory served him correctly, Petrovski was a vampire, how that stayed a secret from Dumbledore he never knew. Petrovski's mother had been turned, well bitten by
a vampire while carrying a child. The child had been born a dhampir, yet remained his father's heir. Although Durmstrang would have accepted him best, his father had as Lucius explained decided that it would be a unique experience to attend Hogwarts. During the summers, he would be tutored privately to ensure he would pass his native Ministry's equivalent of OWLS and NEWTS for he would still be expected to know all that his Durmstrang counterparts would know.

Being a dhampir, he drank no blood but during the days of the new moon he would rise during the night and a sort of violent frenzy would over take him. So it would be up to the boys' prefects to lock him away in a disused dungeon. Being a dhampir her couldn't turn anyone yet he had the dark untamed hair, sharp teeth, pronounced nose, sharp nails, and hawkish black eyes. Thinking back at the Potters' wild hair, it was possible that they had a dhampir in their lineage. Perhaps, so did Viktor Krum who shared dhampir traits as well. They were also quick, having an keen skill at flying.

Passing through the second white arch that led into the large entrance hall, he glanced around, seeing the white and black marbled floor, the half walls topped with columns that were broke by the entrance in the large front parlour. Inside the narrow breakfronts where some books and knickknacks which soon were sparkling, there were a few landscapes and portraits of ancestors on the walls.

A dhampir was in essence like Bill Weasley, who shared traits of being a werewolf without being one. He wondered how much about himself Remus truly knew, Fenrir Greyback was a half Scottish, half English werewolf who supposedly liked to attack children. He was believed to be a predator; having met the strange man he did wonder how much of it was true. For the only person he attacked at Hogwarts was Bill Weasley, well during the Battle of the Astronomy Tower. However, as for his victims during the Battle of Hogwarts, he didn't know having not been involved there.

"My Lord?" spoke the elf.

Aurelius snapped impatiently as he continued to take in his surroundings and muse about things both past, future and present, "Yes?" he was never polite when interrupted at his musings.

"Would your Lordship like the Blue rooms or Old Lord Prince's grandfather's rooms?"

Aurelius glanced over at the elf, "Blue rooms." He had little love for his grandfather who having no sons didn't seize him at birth...

Werewolves are often attributed superhuman strength, speed, and senses, far beyond those of both wolves and men. Which were true as his experiences in the company of Greyback and Lupin had shown him. They did burn with exposure to silver, thus why Remus made a poor brewer for any contact with a silver knife caused a rash and cutting himself would introduce it into the blood. That would make him sicken and rave like lead poisoning to a human.

Werewolves were shapeshifters, like vampires the product of a curse. A scholar like himself knew a werewolf had curved fingernails, thick eyebrows, low set ears and a swinging stride. They were also said to be ‘well-hung’, as well as having aggressive appetites for sex and food. After returning to their human forms, werewolves are usually weak, debilitated and undergoing painful nervous depression. While transformed they could speak like a man if addressed, they also ate what they hunted which would be whatever animal they could catch. A male werewolf varied in colouring in the manner that wolves did occasionally; they weighed between 50 and 85 kilograms and had a bushy tail, a short snout, short ears and curled fangs hanging over their lips. They weren’t truly harmful to all which was why not all ‘werewolf attacks’ resulted in the ‘victim’ becoming a
werewolf.

The how and why one became a werewolf was never explained, they tend to be secretive and lived isolated from both wizard and Muggle communities. Before the Muggleborns rose to such heights they weren’t feared, while vampires and dhampirs found it easier for the most part to blend in.

That idiotic Wolfsbane potion that Dumbledore forced him to brew and give to Lupin, Salazar’s Cauldron! It was nothing less than poison, Wolfsbane had itself been used to poison werewolves, but it was claimed cure lycanthropy for centuries.

Enough musing about werewolves and dhampirs, he was hungry. He called for food and firewhiskey. Then he went to nap, content in the knowledge that whatever demons he was escaping that he was safe within both wards and walls of Merrivale.
The Past- Chapter 3

After a nap and a meal in the small dining room, Aurelius was escorted through Merrivale Manor. Memorizing where the principal rooms to himself such as the library, the study, the potions lab and a cupboard brimming with rare and not so potions ingredients. He decided first thing he must do was make an appointment for the goblin he'd known, who told him about his inheritance having summoned him to Gringotts when he was seventeen. Griphook was his name, though youngish for his position he rose quickly through the ranks of tellers to become an estate steward, one of his principal estates was the Prince estate.

He'd request an appointment; he decided and crafted a letter so pompous that he had to resist a snort for it sounded as it was written by Lucius. How Lucius would have chuckled to see him thus, he thought as he made his way to the owlyry that had been part of his tour. It was opposite the attics that hosted the living quarters of the house elves.

So first things first, he must take on the role of his pseudonym Aurelius Prince, pureblood and now Lord Prince.

Then he'd need to make contact with the heads of powerful Slytherin families and slowly, with other powerful families.

He'd contact Lord Malfoy, Abraxus who was the sort of man who could make grown men shake in their shoes. Abraxus could put him in contact with both the Dark Lord and Fenrir. The Dark Lord was held to be more sane now, perhaps a private conversation with him and he might settle the nagging doubts.

He agreed Muggleborns posed a danger to the Wizarding World. Why not therefore do something unheard of? Why not have a spy at Hogwarts that identified magical children at birth? Then the children could be removed and their parents Obliviated. The child could be then brought up as a ward of an all-magic family. Which was simple enough, after all, all Muggleborns descended from a pureblood family through a squib who'd attempted to make their way in the Muggle world.

An interesting idea…

He'd never be completely happy unless he could brew. After settling things with Gringotts, he'd go at once to open an account with Slug and Jiggers. Then he'd see when the tests for the next Potions' Masters' exams were. Of course he'd sit for the First Class exam, he'd not sully the name of Aurelius Prince with any less.

Giving the letter to Griphook to a imperious ebony feathered owl he glared at it, "Take this to Gringotts and give it only to Griphook himself."

He remembered another thing; he'd need to retrieve the Prince seal. He'd need a new wardrobe but surely, his grandfather's robes couldn't be too unfashionable.

The relationship between the Prince and the Malfoy families was an ancient one. Making an ally of Lord Malfoy would be a wise move, he would also gain a valuable source of intelligence into the politics and prejudices that Lucius hadn't known or thought to tell his young protégée.

Then, he needed to speak to his former master to whom he'd betrayed because of a prophecy that hadn't been made yet.
Would the Dark Lord be saner now then when he'd heard about the prophecy?

Only time would tell and he seemed to have plenty of it at the moment…
The Past- Chapter 4

Aurelius was dreaming…

Lily was in the dream…

She was showing him his first meeting with her family and how her family had reacted her being a witch.

Then it was a memory of his meeting the Grangers and explaining to them that Hermione was a witch. It was clear that Drs. Granger were very proud of their genius daughter and doted on her.

Lily looked at him in that knowing way he remembered even in the seventeen years since her death, "Severus, how can you even consider taking this girl and others like her away from their parents who love them and are proud of them? Do you even know what family she's from? How do you know if they'll accept her? What if she's a Black, an Umbridge or a Yaxley? They'd never accept her or treat her as one of them. They would treat her little better than Tunnie treated me. She'd been an outcast and never quite understand why, even if she was blood adopted. This rash plan of yours, do you even know what it might become? You remember the Muggleborn Commission? Do you want to see such a travesty of justice occur again? If the child is mistreated in someway then the child should be removed, argue for a groups of specially trained Mind Healer workers to oversee the Muggleborns. They can visit the families, have them trained what to look for, how to recognize abuse. If they find a child that's mistreated then the process for removing the child can begin. You can run your precious tests to determine what family they are descended from. If the family doesn't want them, then you can offer the child up for adoption for couples that can't have children and want one very much. Why not open an orphanage for unwanted children in the Muggle World? Anything but your desire to steal children from their parents. However did you think you'd accomplish such a task?"

Aurelius sighed, "I thought we'd go over my memories of Muggleborns not yet born and take the children at birth. The parents would be told the child had died. The older one's not yet eleven would be said to have contracted a disease, a communicable one that was deadly. We'd taken them intending to 'find a cure'. Which of course would be a lie, the children would be declared dead. The children would be made to forget their families and start new lives."

"That's! Severus that is the most heinous idea you've ever had! Do you really see Muggleborns as something distasteful? As Mudbloods?" Lily's green eyes were flashing with anger.

"Of course not. You were my friend weren't you?"

Lily stomped her foot, "Oh you and your anger! You know Voldemort was a Halfblood, you remember what his irrational anger caused? Do you want to set yourself up as Dark Lord or like Dumbledore? You're not like them; you know you're not! I wouldn't have been best friends with a monster!"

Lily as usual saw right through him, she knew him better then he knew himself. He was never a good Death Eater for he didn't agree with most of their ideals. Not that he liked Voldemort or anything. He was lost and angry when he took the Mark. Something he regretted…

He hoped he'd remember this when he awoke…
"Master Aurelius? Breakfast be ready. Owl be here for you."

Aurelius woke at once. "I'll be done in a few." He shooed the house elf and dressed. Then he turned his attention to the impatiently waiting owl.

He tapped his shoulder, "come with me to breakfast and you can have a treat that will make up for my tardiness."

The owl haughtily landed on his shoulder.

Aurelius followed his nose to a breakfast parlour; he sat and held out a sausage to the owl, "Might I have my letter now?"

The owl dropped the letter in his lap.

Aurelius snatched it up reading it.

'Aurelius' Prince,

You are expected to meet with me no later then ten o'clock at Gringotts London. Do not be late.

Griphook

Custodian of Prince assets'

Aurelius checked the pocket watch that had belonged to his grandfather, "Ten past eight." He had time to have a leisurely breakfast.

XoooooX

At half past nine Aurelius presented himself at Gringotts London.

Griphook escorted him to a private room.

Aurelius sat, "Let's dispense with pleasantries. To you this is our first meeting, to me it is but one of many. It is best to deal with each other honestly. I shall allow Gringotts to verify my identity by blood. I was born in your reckoning over eleven years ago to one Eileen Prince who foolish choose to join her blood and magic to a drunken Muggle. By some quirk of Fate I have been thrown back into what would be my past. However, it would be far too complicated to explain why there are two Severus Snapes. Thus I would prefer to go about under the name of a missing relation Aurelius Prince."

"Quite the story." Griphook snapped.

"I'll submit to veritaserum."

"Pah! You're a prince, you'll have taken the counter potion."
"Test my blood I have not. Lock me in a room with no food or drink to see it I've taken Polyjuice."

Griphook snorted, "Why? Severus Snape is eleven years old what purpose would that serve?"

Aurelius sighed, "How shall I prove how I am?"

Griphook smirked, "Tell me things an adult Prince would know."

This Aurelius could do, "The Princes' primary residence is Merrivale. I have managed to awaken it. I also obtained the loyalty of what was left of the Prince elves, of which there are six." He proceeded to name the more valuable properties and heirlooms from memory, thank Salazar he possessed an eidetic memory.

Griphook's eyes widened, "You say you learned this how?"

"On my seventeenth birthday you sent a letter with particulars of my inheritance to me. As I was raised Muggle much of what you had sent was explained to me by Lucius Malfoy. My Lucius Malfoy is dead, Kissed actually. I wish to live a more peaceful life, however if I am claimed by Gringotts to be Aurelius Prince a Pureblood, then I can remove my younger self from the custody of his mother and have him raised properly as an heir to a pureblood line."

"This pureblood nonsense I never understood." Griphook shrugged.

"I think we will become compatriots Griphook. I'm going to be wielding my way into pureblood circles. I plan on bringing back some forgotten rituals and ceremonies. Might I count on your assistance?"

Griphook was thoughtful, "just what did you have in mind?"

They proceeded to talk at length about ideas Aurelius had to establish himself.

XoooooX

It was nearly one o'clock when Aurelius emerged from his interview with Griphook, he spotted a long braid of ice blonde hair. For a moment he thought it was Lucius and then he realised it was his father. He steeled himself, "Lord Malfoy?"

Lucius' father turned around, "You are?"

"Aurelius Prince, I've been away a long time. I've just returned to find my House nearly extinct. I've just finished with the executor of old Lord Prince's estate. I have convinced them that I am the proper heir to hold the title and seat. Perhaps, we could discuss what has happened while I've been away. Princes and Malfoys have been friends time out mind; both having been sorted into Slytherin for eons." Aurelius bowed a little, he needed to get the Prince family wand from the vault…

"You are the new Lord Prince? Didn't you disappear about fifty years back? I believe you went to school with my father."

Aurelius searched his brain, "You're Ajax Malfoy's son? I can see the resemblance." Ajax had predated the Dark Lord at Hogwarts.

"Ajax was my father. You don't look like you could be the same age."

Aurelius nodded, "A bit of a potions experiment gone wrong. I found myself decades from where I
had been and at the edge of the wards to my family home." A slight twist of the truth…

"Come Aurelius, we have much to discuss. I know a fine Italian restaurant that just opened, Antonio's. You must join me for luncheon."

Aurelius bowed, "It would be an honour my lord. I never expected to have to take this mantle of authority."

"Younger son weren't you?" Abraxus asked.

"You could say that."

"What career were you planning?"

"Potion Master. I once held that title as did most of my family."

"With the exception of that bloodtraitor Eileen."

Aurelius had to school his features into a mask to avoid reacting, "Eileen?"

"Your niece I suspect or some relation that is. Ran away. Heard she married a Muggle. Had a child. Probably a squib."

Aurelius shook his head, "Not according to Gringotts. Eileen is the previous Lord Prince's daughter? I think she has a son, Severus who just started at Hogwarts. Halfblood he maybe but I hope he's in Slytherin. Perhaps, you have a son you could ask?" knowing full well Abraxus had a son, a prefect named Lucius.

"I do have a son, two actually. One's a useless child and other is a prefect."

"Two? I thought Malfoys had only one child, a son?"

"They were twins. Lucius was born first and was my heir. Lucius is a Prefect this year. The second well, he wasn't worth much from the beginning. His name is Xenos, the strange one."

Xenos? As if Xeno as in Lovegood? The editor of the Quibbler? Luna's father? Odd…

"Is he is Slytherin too?"

Abraxus sneered, "No. He's in Ravenclaw. At least if he had to be Sorted into another House, he wasn't Sorted into Gryffindor or Hufflepuff."

By now they had reached Antonio's and procured a private Dining room.

After ordering a basket of bread and a bottle of chilled wine they sat down to talk.

"Do tell me my Lord," Aurelius began, "what the state of politics is at present."

Abraxus began in simple terms to lay out the state, how Muggleborns were corrupting the very fabric of the Wizarding world and how many pureblood families such as the Blacks, Lestranges, Goyles, Yaxleys, Crabbes and others had joined a powerful wizard to form a political bloc to force change.

Aurelius sipped his wine, "How do Muggleborns manage to corrupt the Wizarding world when the true powerful lies in the Wizengamot? Only purebloods can hold seats and thus do we, wizards not hold have it in our hands? After all though a witch may hold a seat and be a voice true powerful remains in the male line?"
"True but Muggleborns have attempted to force some Muggle ideas on us. Clamouring for bills of rights that only apply to humans. They’ve raised cries against so called 'mongrel' races such as centaurs, fauns and satyrs. Calling vampires and werewolves dangerous."

Aurelius shook his head, "I see that bills of rights might be useful if properly handled. What other things are they protesting?"

"Enslavement of house elves."

Aurelius was startled; he had believed that was a Granger only idea. "I see. This group of yours, it sounds enlightened. I was planning a ball to introduce myself to persons of the right social standings. I had considered having a few games or other entertainment. I have vaults full of jewels I thought perhaps, a hunt. There is a golden bowl that is usually used for flowers in the entrance hall. I thought of filling it with clues. We partner up, ladies choose their partners and we search in teams. The pair who finds the hidden jewels wins. The lady gets the jewel and their partner is allowed to choose a book from the Prince library. Of course they only get a copy but I’m sure that will satisfy them. "

Abraxus looked thoughtful, "I heard my grandfather used to attend parties like that."

Aurelius smirked, "Where do you think I acquired the idea?"

"What other ideas do you have?"

"I would like to met others of your ideological persuasion. Perhaps, I could even ask if you would arrange a meeting between your leader and myself? He might be best suited to explaining how I could help." Aurelius had to see how sane Voldemort was and if he could help, not that he liked the idea of throwing his support behind the man who ended up killing Lily. Yet he refused to support the man who let Lily be murdered and killed Harry.

"I'm sure I could convince the Dark Lord."

"Pardon my ignorance but why do you call him that?"

Abraxus acquired a pompous air, "He is our leader, our lord and has made extensive studies of the Dark Arts."

"I see." Aurelius said.

They paused their conversation when their waiter arrived.

Aurelius waited until they were alone again before commenting, "I've created some Dark spells myself and experimented with Dark potions. I need to get recertified as a Potion Master first class."

"You're in luck. I supervise the tests. There is one in a week."

Aurelius smirked raising his goblet in a salute, "Then you are very well met sir."

"So tell me, have you ever been Bonded? Betrothed?"

Aurelius shook his head, "I was interested in a Malfoy once upon a time but they were Bonded before I could speak."

"Perhaps, I could interest you in one of my sons."

Lucius? Aurelius swallowed, "It would be an honour."
"I would offer you Lucius but as it is he is betrothed to Lady Black's eldest niece." Abraxus said pleasantly.

Aurelius closed his eyes, "They won't Bond."

"What!"

Aurelius smirked, "I can see into the future some. The eldest niece? Andromeda? She will become Head Girl with your son but her aunt is such a terror that she runs away. Although the person she breaks the betrothal contract for will be a Muggleborn she will be adequately punished. Dumbledore shall strip her Head Girl title from her and she will stripped of her natural authority as a Queen of Slytherin. To embarrass Andromeda further her replacement as Head Girl will be a Hufflepuff named Emelia Bones."

Abraxus stared, "Why are you telling me this?"

"I'm giving you an out of your betrothal contract, let it be broken by the Blacks. Lady Walpurga will try to approach you to offer her youngest niece in Andromeda's place. I will accept Lucius on the condition that he proves he is fertile. You can arrange a limited Bonding contract that is only valid for production of an heir. After which the child who I reserve the right to name and adopt shall remain a Malfoy. After which you can press Lady Walpurga to allow her niece Narcissa some measure of freedom similar to that of a widow."

"You wish to ally our families that much?"

Aurelius smirked, "Who wouldn't want to ally themselves with the Malfoys?" he was going to ensure that Draco was born and then Lucius would be his. Hadn't Lucius told him that he was attracted to older, powerful men? Now he was older than Lucius and had a chance. He'd court the prickly Slytherin Prince. After all, who knew Lucius better then his former protégée and confidant?

Abraxus nodded, "We have a deal. If Andromeda breaks the betrothal contract as you predict, I will arrange things as you suggest."

Aurelius chuckled sardonically, "She will. Since she is doing us both a favour by breaking that contract, she is destined to be a fine Healer. Would you mind terribly if I arranged for them to train in Paris? They will owe us, Walpurga will do her level best to ruin them in Britain for embarrassing her."

Abraxus shrugged, "You'll welcome to do whatever you like. I'll be glad to see the back of Walpurga. She's too domineering to be a woman."

Aurelius sneered, "It's a Black trait. As for your unwanted son, he could do you a great service."

"How so?"

"He is going to fall for a young woman, Demeter Lovegood, a descendant of Ravenclaw. She's going into the field of experimental charms."

"Lovegood? My Xenos is going to Bond to a Lovegood?"

"Remember whatever you think of them, they are descendants of Ravenclaw."

"I suppose it might not be a dreadful thing. How do I push it along?"

"Stop hounding Xenos for not being Malfoy enough. Keep your association with this political bloc
from the public eye. When Xenos approaches you about it, be non-committal. Insist he take the Lovegood name, as a second son to bond to a line that is entailed upon the female is no small reach."

"What will he go into?"

"Magical creatures. I think he should be granted a large property to acquire whatever creatures suit his fancy but try to keep him out of the publishing business. He'll make you a laughing-stalk."
Aurelius warned. "I believe the Muggle would call what I'm proposing a zoo. I have a large property that is host to many rare magical creatures. We could allow him to discover what I have."

Abraxus held out his hand.

Aurelius shook it. "Pleasure doing business with you."

"I'll discuss your desire to meet with our Lord. I'll owl you at Merrivale with an answer."

Aurelius nodded, "I shall await his reply. If I wished to push for the removal and adoption of my Halfblood relation, who in the Ministry would I have to approach?"

"You want him?" Abraxus was shocked.

"Halfblood he may be but it he's a Slytherin, he should be raised in our world by the proper persons and not raised by a blood traitor. How can redeem the blood line if he's left to languish among Muggles?" Aurelius would not leave his teenage self to be raised by his drunken, depressed mother or his abusive, drunk, unemployed father.

"Rosier, Eltanin Rosier. He is the Head of the Department of Magical Family Services. I shall send him a letter to inform him that you shall be coming."

They parted.

While Aurelius could never really like Abraxus he felt he could grant the man a grudging respect. A voice called out, "Lord Prince?"

Aurelius turned to see a goblin striding towards him.

"Yes?"

"Griphook wishes to see you sir."

Aurelius raised an eyebrow incredulously. "Now?"

"Immediately."

Aurelius made his way back to Gringotts.

XooooooX

Griphook was pacing in the atrium of the bank, snapping when he spotted Aurelius, "About time."

"I was merely partaking luncheon with Lord Malfoy."

"Yes, yes that's why I sent Grimblehorn to search for you near Antonio's. Come. I'm found
something you must see."
Griphook grabbed his arm and dragged him to the cart.
"We're going to my vault?"
"Yes dunderhead. Hold tight."
The ride was like one of those Muggle jet coasters Lily was so fond of.
They stopped before vault 624.
Griphook unlocked it, handing the key to Aurelius, "Keep that." He snapped, gesturing for the wizard to follow.
Aurelius did trying to restrain his curiosity.
"Read that." Griphook snapped, pointing a large velvet tapestry.
Aurelius did.

Eileen Marcia Prince ~ Tobias Herman Snape

V

Severus Tobias Snape – Lillian Anastasia Snape

B. January 9th, 1960
Aurelius gasped, "I have a sister?"
Griphook stared at him, "You were not aware of this?"
"No. Where is she?"
"She is living in the same village as your younger counterpart. Start at Hogwarts same as you."
Aurelius whispered, "Lily Anne? Lillian Anastasia? How is it possible…"
Griphook glared, "Ask Eileen."
Aurelius sneered, "Oh I intend to." So Lily wasn't a Muggleborn after all? That would mean that Harry wasn’t a true Halfblood. He would have her blood status changed, that would explain why Lily and himself had such a deep connection. And would probably explain why they fought like siblings. He would discuss this with Eileen and with the Evans. Lily never knew she was adopted or she would have told him, right? Did Petunia know? If so why did she keep Harry?
Griphook said nothing when he used a quick photo charm to capture the genealogy of himself and his best friend.
This trip into the past was more revealing and rewarding then he had guessed.
The Past – Ch 6

Aurelius was at dinner when an owl he recognized arrived, Lucius' father's owl Ebony.

He held out his hand for the bird to land on, offering it a bit of rare steak.

The owl accepted the treat and held out the letter.

Aurelius opened the vellum envelope and unfolded the letter.

'The Dark Lord is anxious to meet you. We will be arriving by floo at ten.

Also I have arranged a 3 o'clock at the Head of the Department of Magical Family Services with Eltanin Rosier. Do not be late. Rosier has no patience with those who fail to observe social niceties.

Abraxus

The 40th Lord Malfoy'

Aurelius sighed; sadly the best tactic to take with his former master was complete honesty. A state he abhorred.

Still grumbling, Aurelius summoned a house elf. He ordered Abraxus' favourite wine, the Dark Lord's favourite whiskey and his own scotch to be ready when they arrived. He ordered his elves to treat the Dark Lord as courteously as they would receive a descendant of Slytherin for that's what he was. He just hoped Tom Riddle was saner…

XoooooX

Aurelius was up early; he bathed and dressed in his grandfather's clothes. He would have as ask Abraxus to recommend places to shop for a pureblood wizard. He chose a cologne he admired, sandalwood. It was simple yet elegant and Lucius had often wore it. He hoped he was right and Andromeda would still elope with Ted.

He wanted Lucius badly; he would do the honourable thing and wait until the youth was of age. He would begin his courtship as soon as Andromeda broke the betrothal contract. Knowing Lucius as intimately as he did without being his lover previously would no doubt prove to be a benefit. He knew Lupin was bi and if he could convince his younger self to consider him then he would have Lucius to himself. Remus Lupin had been good looking in his own way, just because the werewolf
was detrimental in a potions lab didn't make him any less brilliant.

Aurelius went to finish the inventory of the contents of his grandfather's potions lab. He had an alarm charm set to remind him to be present in the parlour to receive his guests.

XoooooX

The alarm charm went off, Aurelius sighed, he wasn't even a third of the way done. He spelled away all the dust and winkles incurred by his little project. He exited the storage cupboard in the cellar of Merrivale and made his way back up to await his guests. He opened the parlour floo and sat back to wait.

At two to ten the floo began to crackle with green flames.

A tall man with a heavy blonde braid emerged first.

Abraxus…

Then came the familiar features of the Dark Lord who was younger then he remembered and a bit saner.

Aurelius prayed that he was a lot saner then he had been in his memory. He smiled, "I'm arranged refreshments."

The Dark Lord Voldemort, aka Tom Marvolo Riddle took in the surrounding.

Aurelius spotted a bit of jealousy, "You are welcome to help yourself to the whiskey my Lord."

Voldemort stared at him, "You not only receive me graciously, you know my favourite spirit and you address me properly."

Aurelius nodded, "You could say we've met prior in my estimation and yet not in yours."

Voldemort poured himself a whiskey, "Explain."

Aurelius wandlessly and nonverbally poured himself scotch, "By your estimation I would not be joining your ranks until I am eighteen and a graduate of Hogwarts. Lucius would have been a Death Eater for five years."

His guests started visibly.

Reluctantly, Aurelius drew back his left sleeve baring his arm, "So you see I already bare your mark." He wore high-necked fashions because the scars from his near death by Nagini.

"So your knowledge of the future stems from," the Dark Lord began.

Aurelius sighed, "The fact that I lived to see the end of the war between you and Albus Dumbledore. It ended with atrocities on both sides. Dumbledore is mad, or perhaps he will be. I know not. I would
offer my experiences and memories as proofs."

Abraxus was appalled, "To travel back in time is against the laws of magic."

Aurelius grimaced, "Trust me, I know. There are some things I will hold back and others, which I
shall be completely honest about. You sent me my Lord to spy on Dumbledore; I did such until you
determined I had outlived my usefulness. Perhaps you were right, however I had a failsafe and
survived the battle."

Voldemort was thoughtful, "Tell me, who won?"

Aurelius sighed, "Would it not lessen the pleasure of trying to change the future to know? I would
much rather we strive together to strengthen the Wizarding World against the pollution of Muggle
ideas." He turned to the Dark Lord, "My Lord, hide them better, so that they cannot be used in the
future against you. For your own protection tell no one where they lay and do not place them in
meaningful places."

Voldemort's eyes narrowed "Are you referring to,"

"Your assurances of immortality. I recommend not making anymore. You would not like yourself if
they must be used." Aurelius warned.

Voldemort glanced at Abraxus, "Leave us. I would speak to Lord Prince alone."

Abraxus let himself out of the parlour.

Aurelius casted the privacy spell of his own creation. "Now we are alone. What would thou with
me?"

Voldemort stared at him, "Name. Birth date."

Aurelius nodded, "I suspected you would insist on total honesty. I was born January ninth, nineteen
sixty to Prince heiress Eileen and her Muggle husband Tobias. Unknown to me until yesterday, my
mother bore another child a girl. Her name was Lillian Anastasia. We were raised in the same
village, became friends and eventually went to Hogwarts together. I was Sorted into your old House.
I met Lucius at the Welcome Feast but we became closer when he saved me from James Potter,
Sirius Black and Peter Pettigrew."

"So like me you're a Halfblood."

Aurelius nodded, "Yes. I know about your growing up in an orphanage and for that I am extremely
sorry. Your mother did wrong by you as mine has by me. I know about your Horcruxes for Albus
told me about them. I know where they were hidden. I know he has one as well but I have no
knowledge of where it was hidden or when it was made."

Voldemort was thoughtful, "So tell me about our seemingly virtuous Headmaster."

"He was once in love with the Dark Lord Grindelwald. His sister was a powerful witch who had no
control over her magic due her being tortured by a group of Muggle boys. His brother Aberforth
hates him. Dumbledore betrayed me twice, he allowed my best friend who I learned recently was my
sister and then murdered her son. I cast the Killing Curse once at his behest because he attempted to
destroy the Horcrux that resided in your grandfather Marvolo's ring. Thus being affected by the curse
you'd laid on it. It was killing him slowly, I attempted to use my gift at potions to cure him but I
merely managed to contain it in that arm. " Aurelius admitted.
"You spied for him as you spied for me. Tell me Severus,"

Aurelius winced. "Yes my Lord."

"Would you serve him again?"

Aurelius shook his head, "Never my Lord. He murdered my nephew and attempted to kill me. I arrived here in this time, my past a few days ago and I am still getting my feet beneath me."

Voldemort stared at him very hard, "Who knows who you really are besides myself?"

Aurelius once again choose honesty, "My younger self, young Remus Lupin who was sired by Fenrir and Young Lucius Malfoy who will die in your service." He knew that to be true for Lucius was Kissed, even if Lucius had been less then completely loyal.

"I see. Are they trustworthy yourself and this Lupin?"

Aurelius nodded, "Lupin is loyal to death in regards to his friends."

"What about yourself?"

Aurelius nodded, "As long as no harm is brought to my sister or her family I will remain loyal."

"Who killed your sister?"

Aurelius glared at him, "You did, however there might be a way to prevent it. If my nephew is raised at your side how could he ever be a danger to you? If he were properly raised would make a fine lieutenant. He was beaten and starved by his adopted aunt and her family. His education was sabotaged so he would get mediocre marks, though he was actually brilliant. However you'll nearly die if you try to kill him. Then you'll spend fourteen years as a spirit but less then a ghost. Something I doubt you'd enjoy. Word of warning, do not mark Peter Pettigrew; he is a coward and a turncoat. He's a pathetic wizard who has no understanding of loyalty. He'd betray his own mother to save his own skin. He framed his friend for his own crimes as well as betraying someone who trusted him enough to make him Secret Keeper. He wanted you to murder his friend's child."

Voldemort nodded, "I see. Anyone who threatens your sister or her family will loose you. Therefore since you're are magically strong enough to not only travel backwards in time but to survive it, I shall give you my word that your sister shall never be harmed by myself. I would like to avoid death. Since you have not yet betrayed and obviously learned from that mistake I shall ignore it. Be mindful I shan't forget that you are capable of betrayal."

Aurelius shrugged, "So are we all."

"I shall support you as Lord Prince. About this pup of Fenrir's, have they ever met to your knowledge?"

Aurelius shook his head, "No. Dumbledore won his loyalty by allowing him to attend Hogwarts. However, the Headmaster lied to him about it being the only educational institution that might accept him. I know for a fact that Beauxbatons and Durmstrang have them attend. However they are watched very closely and are flooed to a safe location from the night prior to the full moon to the night after."

"I see. By the old laws, this Lupin belongs to Fenrir. Why were they kept apart?"

Aurelius shrugged, "I suspect because Dumbledore wished to create a spy. However Remus wasn't
cut out for it. I believe he manipulated Sirius to turn him into a spy however he never gave any indication that he would be open to it and had to settle for me. I think Dumbledore had him entombed in Azkaban for twelve years mostly as a punishment for not being a good pet."

"Fenrir will want to meet your Lupin."

Aurelius nodded, "I suspected as much. I listened to him rage for years about it. I would do him a good office if I could."

"Tell me who won?"

Aurelius winced, "You really want to know?"

Voldemort's eyes gleamed, "Yes."

Aurelius sighed, "Dumbledore. He let me kill him and resurrected himself. He hid in the shadows. Harry nearly died killing you after all your Horcruxes were destroyed. Dumbledore murdered him. And then came after me. He knew I'd survived and that I knew what he'd done. He tried to kill me. I cast a bunch of spells and woke up near the Black Lake on Saturday."

Voldemort nodded, "I believe you, for now. Why don't we let our friend Abraxus in?"

Aurelius ended his privacy spell and used nonverbal, wandless magic to open the parlour door. "Abraxus?"

The blonde current Lord Malfoy entered.

"Our private interview is at an end. Now is the time for discussion. I am satisfied in Aurelius' loyalty and his suitability to join our ranks."

Abraxus poured himself some wine and sat down to join them, "I see."

"Now, I believe your first desire Aurelius is for your great niece and nephew to be in your custody?" Voldemort began.

Aurelius nodded, "Yes my Lord, although I have to admit that the couple raising my niece are good people Muggle or not. She has no idea that she is adopted and I doubt her sister does either."

Voldemort was thoughtful, "It is possible that they have not adopted her. Those whose parental status is questionable were often raised by well-to-do couples as their own but not adopted."

Aurelius listened, "I had planned to visit their birth mother and the Evans tomorrow. As their nearest Magical relation the Ministry will grant me custody. I can prove that Eileen is unfit."

"How?" Abraxus asked.

Aurelius winced, "Eileen drinks and lies abed all the time. The house is filthy unless Severus is present to clean it. Tobias is a mostly unemployed drunk. He beats them both and forces Eileen to satisfy his sexual needs even if she's comatose. He hasn't yet but he will try to lock Severus up for a few days in a small space hoping he will perish in the summer heat. I don't understand why she married Tobias or stays with him. If she'd returned to the Magical world, she would bloodtraitor or not, be allowed a small income to raise the next Lord Prince. She wouldn't have needed to give up her daughter."

"What if the children were blood adopted at birth?" Voldemort asked.
Aurelius was incredulous, "What are you saying?"

"Why would she stay there if she could return to the magical world? Unless she left to escape something?" Voldemort continued, "If she'd been raped, it would explain why she believes she deserved to be treated the way she is. She never raises a finger for her son and gave up her daughter somehow? I knew a woman who used magic to win the father of their child and when they discovered what she was, they abandoned her in spite of her pregnancy. She died giving birth but lived long enough to name them."

Aurelius knew though he was sure Abraxus did not that the Dark Lord was talking about himself. "Yet the original family tapestry claims that their sire is Tobias."

"If they were properly blood adopted yes it would. You say that her husband mistreats her? Perhaps, he knows she did something to him but can't understand what so he punishes them both."

"Why would she pretend that her husband was the father of her children if he was not?"

Abraxus spoke up, "He had funny tastes, you didn't know? He was your brother wasn't he?"

Aurelius paused, "I lived in my potions lab."

"Always was one for young girls. Your sister in law was quite young, fifteen and died in childbirth after having a second daughter. Evelyn committed suicide when she was sixteen and Eileen the elder ran away. I was suspicious that they were closer then they should be as father and daughters. He had hands where they shouldn't be when he picked them up at Kings Cross. I was a bit older then your niece but I remember."

Aurelius stammered, "Are you implying my gra…my brother raped my nieces?"

Abraxus shrugged, "Probably didn't begin that until you disappeared. If Eileen was pregnant when she left home I can see why she would have taken up with the first guy she met. Even convincing him that they were his. A Dark Witch as smart as she was would have attempted the most complete blood adoption she could. Trying to erase all taint of her father from her children. By giving up the daughter even if her father found her the girl would be safe. Being a product of incest she might have hoped you would be a squib."

Aurelius snorted, "So they're not Halfbloods or Muggleborns they're the product of rape? Just what those poor kids need."

Voldemort smirked, "This is great news."

Aurelius blinked, "What!"

Voldemort sneered, "Proves I am smarter then you Aurelius. We can put another spin on it. She fell in love with her uncle. You disappeared in a potions accident. You were going to ask your brother's permission to Bond to her. She found out she was pregnant without being Bonded and her lover gone so she ran. Already ruined in name she seduced a Muggle, married them and forced him to blood adopt her children. The Muggle was poor and she bore twins. She gave one away."

Aurelius nodded, "I see, so I am to pretend to be the father? When it was my brother?"

Voldemort snorted, "What need anyone to know that? It will elevate their status from that of Muggleborn or Halfblood. They were conceived as purebloods."

Aurelius rubbed his chin in thought, "How does one reverse a blood adoption? I've never come
across such a thing?" he would prefer to be the pureblood he pretended to be then a 'dirty Halfblood' as Bellatrix put it.

Voldemort sighed, and then muttered a spell swishing and flicking.

Aurelius felt a bit of pain and then his magic shifted. He lay there gasping, "What did you do to me?"

"Reversed your blood adoption." He turned to remove the memory from Abraxus as well as the part when Severus admitted to being from the future. "Now my good friend Lord Prince, you have time to visit your niece and convince her to agree to this story. You will give her a small place of her own and a house elf to care for her if she signs custody of her children to you. I would grant her a small income as well. You can then go visit the Evans as you call them. Explain the situation that you are Lily's true father. That you just learned that your fiancé was pregnant and that you've been away for years. That you had heard she'd died and just returned to Britain to discover it wasn't true. Eileen is moving back to the magical world. You understand that they've raised your daughter had have no doubt gained an affection for her."

Aurelius nodded, "I see. So we agree to split custody? She spends a month in the summer with them, and remains my charge legally?"

Voldemort steepled his fingers, "Yes. As for Severus, since he already knows who you are I suspect you'll have to tell him the whole truth. Between you, you can decide how much Lillian deserves to know. You'll have to file the change of guardianship with Hogwarts."

Aurelius winced, "I forgot that. Perhaps, I can just deal with his Head of House Slughorn. I detest the man."

Abraxus stared at him, "Why?"

Aurelius sneered, "He's a fool. He likes to be flattered. He pursues acquaintances with those who might reward him for the attention in the future. He gets easily jealous of any wizard whose brewing exceeds his. He enjoys trying to ruin their potions. I'm sure he does it to Severus. It I had my way I'd remove them from Hogwarts and send them to Durmstrang to get a decent education."

Voldemort smirked, "You could do that. Since you aren't active on the Board of Governors and your young relatives are already tagged as Muggleborn and Halfblood at Hogwarts changing school might be smart."

"I think Remus would profit from a Durmstrang education as well." Aurelius agreed.

"That would be up to Fenrir." Voldemort said pleasantly.

"I would like to speak with him after I've got everything settled in regards to Severus and Lillian."

Abraxus rose finishing his wine, "We'd best be going. You've got only a few hours to speak to Eileen and Lillian's Muggle guardians."

XoooooX

Aurelius Apparated to the safest place he could near his former residence Spinner's End a place he hated. He used an unlocking spell and nearly choked on the smell. He muttered a few cleaning
charms he knew. He found Tobias passed out drunk on the couch. He cast a deep sleep charm on
him and went into his mother's room; he banged loudly, "Eileen? Wake up. No use hiding in bed like
a coward. You're a Slytherin and a Prince. Acting like a cowardly Hufflepuff is beneath you."

His mother sat up and let out a screech, "You can't be! You're dead."

Aurelius snorted, "Actually I'm very much alive. You and I are going to have a nice long talk
mother."

Eileen Prince blinked at him, "You can't be my son…"

Aurelius laughed, "Sorry to disappoint you but I am. I'm a man who has made mistakes and I've got
a chance to fix them. By my reckoning I was born about forty years ago, by yours eleven and a half.
Now we're going to have a nice long talk. I met the Dark Lord, he reversed your blood adoption. I'll
be reversing it on young Severus and his sister Lillian who happens to be his best friend."

Eileen's eyes widened "Reverse…no!"

Aurelius smirked, "Yes Eileen. We're going to come up with a story. A nice story that everyone will
believe. Why? Because your children deserve better then to be tormented and called Mudblood or
that dirty little Halfblood. If you hadn't had them blood adopted or gave away your daughter that
wouldn't have happen. Now you will listen as I tell you how we are going to fix this. First off you
will never call me Severus. My name is Aurelius."

Eileen whispered the name.

Aurelius nodded, "I see you know it good. The story is you and Aurelius fell in love. He proposed
and was going to ask your father, his brother for permission to bond to you. He had a potions
accident that knocked him forward in time. However, soon after you discovered you were pregnant.
Afraid of your father's reaction, you ran away. You took up with the first man you met. You cast
magic on him to make him believe they were his child. You had twins and due to your belief that
you couldn't afford to raise them both you let one go. Isn't that right?"

Eileen's eyes filled with tears, "Only the giving away the girl…"

Aurelius snorted, "Well we can't exactly tell the whole truth can we? Now you are going to pack. I'm
going to select a nice Prince residence and house elf to look after you. You'll be granted a small
income and treated as an estranged wife. Your children will grow up my heirs. To truly bond to you
would be wrong, seeing as how you are truly my mother. I won't let you neglect hurt myself again so
until you get your head on straight you'll be kept from them. Nothing here is worth taking so you will
be removed immediately."

Eileen shook, "I shan't return to Merrivale."

"Then I shall choose another Prince residence." Aurelius said in a short but firm voice. "You will
admit Severus and Lillian are both your children yet you will claim that your uncle Aurelius is their
father. You may go to Shropshire or France, your choice."

Eileen stammered, "France…"

Aurelius snapped his fingers summoning an elf, instructing them to Apparate their mistress to the
family Château after the Mistress' rooms were readied. What was left of her wardrobe must be
adjusted to fit her. After she had quite recovered her equanimity a French tailor from the Rue de
Leon would she that she was dressed appropriately. Retrieving some parchment and ink her held it
out to his mother, "You will write a confession. Acknowledging that you are the birth mother of
Severus Aurelian and Lillian Anastasia. That you were unwise enough to enter your uncle's bed, you discovered you were pregnant after he disappeared. He was to approach your father for your hand. In your shame you left your home for fear of your father's wrath. Thoroughly disgraced you married the first Muggle you met. You convinced him that they were his children. You bore them alone and felt that you could not afford to raise two children so you left her at the local church. Asking them to find her a loving home and you would retrieve her if you could."

Eileen stared at him, "How did you know what I did? They were father's but Uncle Aurelius was going to take me away, we were to be bonded in Scamander. He was gone and there was no one to protect us. We were planning to live abroad and Evelyn would live with us. I did convince Tobias that Severus was his and used him to blood adopt them. I couldn't trust father wouldn't find me so I gave Lillian away. I never expected she would be kept in the parish. I knew or hoped that his friend Lily was his sister but I didn't want to know. I gave her away and wanted to keep her safe." Her eyes filled with shameful tears, "I didn't want her to suffer as Evie and I did."

Aurelius shook the parchment at her, "Write the confession. Give me leave to reverse the blood adoption. Your children deserve better then to be treated as less then they are. They are purebloods with Prince on both sides, they are bullied and tormented because they are falsely perceived as having dirty Blood when it is as pure as yours and mine."

"I hope Severus grows up to be a man like you. He deserves a decent father figure." Eileen said taking up the paper.

Aurelius coughed, "I'm no father figure. I am a product of yours and Tobias' neglect. My House bullied me. When I was sixteen I came home to find my parents' bodies. Lily helped me to move past it. Later I had to bury her and her husband, sixteen years later I watch her son die. I have no wish to let such thing mark your son. You will assign me custody. You will also write a letter to the parish priest, telling him that you conceived out of wedlock, you believed the father was dead. You ran and took up with the first man you met and gave them his name. You were afraid the children would suffer and kept the younger. Now your children's father has returned, you cannot marry with your husband living but you are being sent away. Your son is to live with his natural father. You wish to them to pass on this letter to the family raising Lillian. Since she belongs to her natural father. You plan to live in seclusion to pray for forgiveness for your sins."

Eileen winced, "I don't believe in this Muggle notion of sin and repentance."

Aurelius sneered, "Nor do I despite my attending with Lily's foster parents. Now by Wizarding law if I were truly Aurelius then we might Bond. However since in truth you are my mother and that would be distasteful for all of us you shall go to France leaving your children to me for it was to be a Bonding of convenience. I have my sights set on the eldest son of Lord Malfoy. Which would be a sight more agreeable."

Eileen sighed, "He preferred men too, he just wanted me and Evie safe. I often wondered if Father killed him…"

Aurelius snorted, "According to the family tapestry he's still alive for what it's worth."

Eileen handed over the two confessions, "Perhaps, someday I can meet my children and speak with them…"

Aurelius shrugged, "We shall see. I promise nothing."

Eileen fixed him with a look, "Would you be so kind as to summon my wand? It's wards against me at present."
Aurelius shrugged but did as he was asked.

Eileen gave it a few short swishes and muttered an unfamiliar incantation.

A board moved and uncovered a hidden space.

Eileen whispered, "Accio pendant." She handed it to him, "This will serve as proof. Lillian has the other half. I kept Evie's but gave Lily mine." She held out the pendant.

Aurelius held the pendant; it was a silver half circle and bore a golden serpent. He remembered Lily wearing a similar necklace that must be it's other half, "This one has snake with emerald eyes, and Lily's has ruby's doesn't it."

Eileen shrugged, "So you've seen it."

A house elf reappeared, "Everything be ready my Lord."

Aurelius waved his hand dismissively, "Take her and be gone."

Using a copy spell, Aurelius, after his mother, no Lily and Severus' mother had been Apparated away, he write a 'Dear John letter' to Tobias.

'Tobias,

We are fundamentally unsuited. You are a lazy, drunk with a temper and frankly I'm sick of being used to work off your anger and sexual needs. The truth is Severus was never yours. I took up with you because I know my fiancé died. He's returned but he's now engaged. His fiancé will be informed about his child and they will raise him as theirs. I am being sent away by Severus' father to make a new life for myself. You are welcome to file for divorce if you can afford it. Since I have no plans to marry again I shall merely live like a widow alone for I've had my fill of men.

This is goodbye and you shan't be missed

Eileen Prince'

Aurelius decided it was sufficiently biting and exactly what the man deserved seeing how he would or was it Eileen? Well whoever died first mattered not, for it wouldn't happen. Eileen probably shot his father and then herself because she hated what she had become.

Now it was off to St. Catherine's to see the priest, bishop or whomever presided over the parish. He couldn't rightly remember what denomination the church the Evans went to.

Sighing he made his way out of Spinner's end down Mill road to the church.

It was apparently part of the Anglican parish.

He let himself into the rectory and was greeted by a man he recognized, Doug Niems who was the sexton at St. Catherine's. He stopped himself before he greeted him as if they'd met before. "Good morning," he called out in the local dialect, his Welsh was rusty.

The man held out his hand and shook it, "You sound like a native though I don't believe we've met. Doug Niems, I'm the sexton at St. Catherine's."

Aurelius shook it heartily for he had liked Mr. Niems for his carrying ways the man had sometimes taught Sunday school when he could get away. "Aurelius Prince. I've come with some urgent business. Is the Father around? I would love to spend more time in this lovely town but I have an
appointment in London that I must not break. I'll be flying out of Cardiff to be back in time."

"Father James should be in his office. I'll go see if he's busy."

Aurelius let the man scurry off and calmed himself, he'd have to meet a few people he knew as a child. It felt odd to be of an age with the people had had for better or for worse looked up to."

Doug Niems returned to Father James Mauklin. "This is the gentleman Father."

Aurelius held out his hand, "It's nice to meet you. It's a lovely parish you have here and I wish I could see more of it. If we could talk privately…"

"Yes, of course. Thank you Doug. Father James gestured for Aurelius to follow."

Once the door to the Father's office closed, Aurelius withdrew Eileen's 'confession', the one intended for the clergy of St. Catherine's. he sighed, "I feel quite loathed to do this but I fear I must. You know of course the Snapes?"

Father James nodded, "Yes, it's pity. Eileen was such a beautiful young woman…I can't understand why she would take up with someone like Tobias. He's as fallen from the path of righteousness as can be. I pray for that family often."

Aurelius handed over the letter, "This should explain much."

Father James took the letter and skimmed it, "I heard from Father Thomas about a baby left before the altar. We're a small church but we leave the chapel doors unlocked for those who need to come in. Sister Dorothy used to come in, god bless her and care of the altar most mornings. She discovered the babe, wrapped her up and carried her to the rectory where she beat on the door for Father Thomas' wife Belinda. They exclaimed over the child and the note was found. There were suspicions that little Lily was Eileen's. I see it was so. You can give proof?"

Aurelius nodded, "I can prove that I am Eileen's uncle and my blood maybe tested to see if we might share a blood type. Other then that I can offer little proof, I am already engaged and I cannot call it off. My relationship with Eileen was imprudent and very wrong given that her father and I are so closely related. I thought she was dead, her father told me so. I've been out of the country and only just returned. I tracked her down when I discovered she was not. She told me about the children. The best I can do for her is move her some place quiet and let her live like a widow. Since given the type of man Tobias Snape seems to be, he might as well be dead the way he lives. Heaven pardon me for it."

"I'll call up the Evans. With no way to contact the mother, I merely knew that Father Thomas asked them to raise the girl and that if the mother ever came forward that she would be told that formally giving her up might be best but if you are the child's father, she would belong with you."

Aurelius folded his hands in his lap, "True. Yet after raising her for going on twelve years they no doubt are attached to one another both child and parents. I would consent to her visiting them during the summer. I am sure that Severus would be pleased to find out he has a decent father and a sister. I pity the girl for I doubt she has any idea that her parents aren't her parents."

Father James shook his head, "The girl knows. We spoke about it, she had been offered a scholarship to a prestigious school, the same one young Severus attends."

Aurelius nodded, "Both their mother and I also attended that institution." Which was true, "I shall be repaying the school for the scholarships, they don't need the charity and it would best be served to offer a place to others who can't afford it."
"I know they told her for they questioned me whether they should tell her before she went away to school. Such a tender age, this school must be odd."

Aurelius shrugged, "Every educational institution is different. I can promise you they would receive no better education. As pleasant and hard working as the teachers are here."

Father James reached for the phone, "I'll call the Evans. I'm sure they will wish to speak to you."

Aurelius checked his watch, "Would you like me to step out?"

The parson should his head, "Shan't be necessary."

Aurelius nodded, turning his attention seemingly elsewhere

"Mrs. Evans? Is your husband going to be there for lunch? He is? I'll be right over. I have someone who'd like to speak to you."

Aurelius heard a gasp.

"Is it?"

"No it's not Lily's birth mother."

"Oh well come along over."

"We should be there in ten minutes."

Aurelius could have made it in seven knowing a short cut but he was assuming the role of stranger and not former/current resident of the parish depending on how one viewed it.

They did arrive in less then ten minutes for they spent the walk in silence because they had not the time for admiring the town.

Father James knocked the painfully familiar door.

Aurelius wished he were Severus that he might throw himself into her arms…

The door was opened by their mother Rose…

"Come in Father. We're just about to sit down for lunch. Have you eaten yet?"

Aurelius remembered Mrs. Evans cooking fondly, he said quietly, "I wouldn't want to impose…"

"Impose nothing, I cook as if Lily's still here bless her heart." The woman's voice cracked, "I've got plenty. We're just having tea and cold chicken sandwiches."

They followed her into the kitchen, "This is Steven."

Aurelius put out his hand to shake, "Aurelius…Prince."

"And you are?" the man asked stiffly.

Father James spoke before he could reply, "Why don't we sit down and discuss this like Christian folk?"

Rose said quietly, "Yes of course." Pouring two more cups of tea and handing out plates of sandwiches.
Aurelius reached into his pocket and set the other half of Lily's pendant on the table, "I hate to ask this but have you seen anything like this before?"

Rose Evans let out a cry, "It...looks like Lily's..."

Mr. Evans shook his head, "It does not, this is some dragon snake thing, Lily's is,"

"A bird, a Phoenix. This is the other hand to it, Mrs. Evans is correct. In our family the Phoenix is given the eldest daughter and the serpent to the second eldest. When Evelyn died the serpent passed to her. So when Lillian was born she left the phoenix with her daughter. She intended to use the serpent to prove who she was. As it happens, sad to say Eileen was already pregnant when she married Tobias but he didn't know. I was away on business and her father, my much older brother told us both the other had died. I returned recently to learn that Eileen had fled the family home. I found her and she told me the truth."

Mr. Evans snapped, "Have you come to take her away? We raised her for eleven years. She's our daughter in every way that counts."

Aurelius cast a light sleep charm on the parson., "Now we can talk." Casting another to make the parson unaware of their conversation. He lay his wand on the table beside the pendant, "I'm going to trust you. The truth is, Lily's mother is Eileen Snape, which makes her Severus' sister. They get their magic from their mother and father. I am sure you love her dearly just as she loves you. I don't intend to take her away for good, I am however willing to agree to share her."

Mrs. Evans let out a joyful cry.

Mr. Evans was shocked.

Aurelius continued, "Now, if you acknowledge that I am her father, her guardian I shall take care of everything in the Wizarding World as it were. I will allow her to spent the month of July but in August she shall come to Merrivale where I live. We shall go over summer homework, go shopping in Diagon Alley and I shall cover all her expenses for school. I shall be repaying Hogwarts for her and Severus' tuition. If the thought it would not upset you, I would repay you for the care you've given both children."

"We took her in and baptised her. The parson of St. Catherine's Father Thomas insisted she be taken to the hospital for she had a cold. We said that she was my sister's baby and that my sister had taken very ill. We were going to look after her. We just raised her like our own and we requested that the church treat her like an Evans. Not even Petunia knows. We told Lily when we decided she would go to Hogwarts, she cried. We told her we loved her and couldn't be more proud. I gave her the necklace her mother left for her and promised to tell her if I heard anything." Mrs. Evans said quietly.

Aurelius was shocked, "So she knew the whole time she was technically adopted? Petunia has no idea?"

Mr. Evans was forceful, "What should she? Whether Lily is our daughter by blood or not we couldn't love her any more or less then we do. The moment she opened those green eyes of hers, we were in love."

Aurelius said under his breath, "If Petunia knew she would have sent Harry off to the nearest orphanage. A basket on a doorstep, abandoned baby, history repeating itself. Not if I can help it." then he spoke in a more audible tone, "If Lily spends so much time in our world, how will you explain it to her sister?"
Mr. Evans looked like the air had been let out of him, he seemed to collapse in on himself, "I suppose we'll have to tell her. I had hoped no one would come to try to claim her so she'd stay ours. It was selfish but my Rose can't have more children and Lily was like a gift."

"Was she given a last name? In Eileen's letter?"

Mrs. Evans shook her head, "No. does it matter?"

Aurelius felt cold all over, "What name was on her letter, what surname?"

Mr. Evans blinked at him, "Evans...why?"

Something was wrong terribly wrong, adopted or not Hogwarts wasn't fooled, it would when a magical child was born their name appeared in the book of students. Not all magical children born in England, Cornwall, Wales, Ireland and Scotland as well as the rest of Britain attended Hogwarts. Some were privately tutored, some weren't Squibs but not magically strong enough either, and some attended smaller magical schools.

Aurelius was shaken, "Magically her name was still Snape, that would have been the name inscribed when she was born. So why would her letter be addressed to a Lily Ann Evans when her name would be Lillian Anastasia Snape..." when she was born it would have read Prince but it would have changed quickly to Snape.

"What do you mean 'magically'?" Mrs. Evans asked quietly.

"I told you I'm her father. Through magic there is a way to change the father of a child so it resembles the new father. It's common when a child is sired with someone you're not married to. Such as if one spouse is infertile, the child is then adopted so they belong to both parents."

"So if she was a Snape, her letter should have read Snape?" Mr. Evans said understanding.

Aurelius had no explanation for it, he'd been Headmaster, not for long but he had been. He knew how things were supposed to work and clearly something was wrong. "It's a custom of Hogwarts to send a staff member to explain things. Who came?"

Mrs. Evans smiled, "Why Headmaster Dumbledore, he was ever so kind about explaining things."

The cold feeling sunk deeper into his bones, "Did you read the letter?" his voice had a sharp edge, "Who signed it?"

"No need to raise your voice sir."

Mrs. Evans was quiet and then replied, "It had the Headmaster's signature."

"That's impossible! The letters are supposed to have the Deputy Headmistress or Headmaster's signature. Mine did!" then he caught himself, "My apologies, it has been a trying day." Why had he not asked to see Lily's letter? He would have know something was wrong then...

Mr. Evans coughed, "For all of us concerned it has been. So are you implying something was wrong with her letter?"

Aurelius sighed, "I can't say wrong just yet. However, I can say with a certainty that it was highly irregular to have her letter addressed the way it was and from who. Who took you into Diagon Alley?"
Mrs. Evans was still in a bit of shock, "Professor Slughorn. Called himself Head of Slytherin House whatever that is. I didn't quite understand. He offered some money to cover her expenses but Steven insisted on changing some of our own money at the bank knowing Lily would want more books then just her textbooks."

He remembered that, Professor Slughorn showing them around. "I see. Thank you. I have much to do and I have an appointment that is pressing. I must get to London." Aurelius quickly but politely finished his sandwich and drank his tea. He put away both wand and pendant before waking the parson.

Father James sat up and rubbed his eyes, "Dear me. Did I drift off? My apologies. I guess slept more ill then I realized." He then tucked into his lunch.

Aurelius stood.

Mrs. Evans got up and escorted him to the door, "You'll come back when you know more?"

Aurelius nodded, "Yes. Don't speak to anyone about this until I return. Until we can prove there is no dishonesty in the Headmaster don't trust him."

Mrs. Evans turned white, "Is Lily in danger?"

Aurelius patted her shoulder, "Not if I can help it. Severus is there at her side. Trust me, he'll not let her be hurt."

Mrs. Evans smiled, "He's a dear boy. I once hoped…never mind. I'll look at it this way, I'm not losing a daughter but gaining a son."

Aurelius remembered clearly all his fondness for her, "Trust me, he already does and always will look up to you both. You've showed him that there are good people and parents out there. They were both extremely lucky that Lily came here."

Mrs. Evans stared at him, "You talk as if you know them."

Aurelius laughed, "In a way I do. It takes a very special woman to take in an abandoned child and raise them as their own. It even more to take pity on a lonely boy and include him out of the goodness of their hearts."

"Who are you?"

"Someone who owes you more then they can ever repay." Aurelius said quietly before slipping out. He'd have to guard his tongue. Rose Evans was too perceptive. She'd known things weren't good at Spinner's End. She'd always made a habit of cooking extra in case he came by and more then once she'd make up the couch for him so he wouldn't have to ask to stay.

XoooooX

Aurelius found a safe place to Apparate and Apparated to Diagon Alley. He'd order a stiff drink at the Leaky Cauldron before flooing to the Ministry. He had an hour to kill before his appointment with Rosier. He disliked the man's son and no great opinion of his father but he needed the man's good will. He'd get his drink and pick up some ingredients at Slug and Jiggers'. There were a few
items he preferred to use that didn't keep well. He'd also set up an account there, they could sent his bill to Gringotts. Merlin help anyone who attempted to cheat the goblins.

Still sober yet calm, Aurelius made his way to Rosier's department. He would be fifteen minutes early when he arrived.

The door to Rosier's office opened at five to three.

"Ms. Johnson! Is there a Lord Prince waiting?" came the voice from inside.

The young woman, his secretary moved to the door, "Yes sir. Shall I send him in?"

This Miss Johnson put him in mind the Miss Johnson he'd taught, must be her aunt or great aunt.

The voice he recognized sounded again, "Yes."

"Lord Rosier will see you now." The statuesque black woman said pleasantly.

Aurelius was quite pleased he'd taken don't be late to mean be early. He stood, brushed lint from his robes as Lucius would have and strode into the office with confidence he didn't truly possess but had schooled his face into the infamous Slytherin mask.

"Sit!" Rosier said briskly.

Aurelius did but gracefully lowered himself into the chair before the desk. He would imitate Lucius as an adult if it killed him. "Thank you for seeing me on such short notice. I shall have to thank Lord Malfoy for troubling himself on my account."

Rosier ignored his greeting, "You're claiming to be one Aurelius Prince, uncle of Eileen and Evelyn Prince? Younger brother of Amphion Prince?"

Aurelius nodded, "I've satisfied Gringotts, Our Lord," lifting his sleeve enough to give Rosier, a frighteningly loyal Death Eater a glimpse of the Dark Mark, "Lord Malfoy and my niece of my right to claim Headship of the Prince Family. My niece could verify in person but she is currently in seclusion in my Château in France." He withdrew the 'confession' of his, Severus and Lily's mother, "I offer this as proof as well as this." Holding out the parchment his mother wrote and Evelyn's pendant.

"I recognise that, the pendant. It's been in the Prince family for generations." Rosier said shortly.

"Of course. The other half is worn around Eileen's daughter's neck, she was blood adopted by Eileen's Muggle husband against his knowledge or will. Therefore her name should be Lillian Anastasia Snape yet her Hogwarts letter was sent to Lily Anne Evans and she's believed to be a Muggleborn when she was born the child of two purebloods of the Prince Bloodline." All embarrassingly true.

Rosier read the letter, his voice cold when he spoke, "You're telling me that you are Severus and Lillian's true guardian. That a Hogwarts letter was misaddressed and someone knew that Eileen had a second child and I was not informed?"
Aurelius nodded and then sneered, "Her letter was signed and delivered by Dumbledore himself rather than signed by Deputy Headmistress McGonagall or delivered by a less important staff member."

The Head of the Department of Family Services or whatever this ridiculous and pretentious Department was sniffed at him, "Headmasters' don't sign Hogwarts invitation letters, even a *house elf* knows that!"

Aurelius sneered back, "Even I know that! My experiences with Hogwarts were clear on that. I don't need you to tell me, I who served as," he cut himself off before he said something true like he'd been Head of Slytherin or Headmaster for *Aurelius Prince* never had been but *Severus Snape* had yet, this new incarnation of himself probably wouldn't. "I mean attended that institution. Now I know *Muggles* don't have any standing in legal grounds but we could summon my niece and ask her if you insist. From what I know of her, she's saved her letter. Now all I want is you to declare that both the so-called children Severus Snape and Lily Ann Evans are my wards, my children as it were who should be referred henceforth as Severus Aurelian and Lillian Anastasia Prince. I would like the forms to register them as they should have been years ago." That would be tricky, the forms were had to be filled out properly, no matter, he'd glamour them to read Aurelius rather than Amphion.

Rosier summoned the forms, binding ink and the proper quill.

They landed on the desk in front of Aurelius.

Aurelius unstoppered the inkpot and dipped the quill expertly in the in ink before filling in the requisite information.

**Child's name: Severus Aurelian Prince**

**Gender [M, H, B or G]: Boy**

**Order of birth in relation to sire: Third (Glamoured of course to read as first)**

**Order of birth in relation to bearer: First**

**Sire: Amphion Rigel Prince (Read as Aurelius Nihal Prince)**

**Bearer: Eileen Marcia Prince**

**Date of birth: 9 January 1960**

**Place of birth: Cokeworth, Wales**

**Child's name: Lillian Anastasia Prince**

**Gender [M, H, B or G]: Girl**

**Order of birth in relation to sire: Fourth (Glamoured of course to read as second)**

**Order of birth in relation to bearer: Second**

**Sire: Amphion Rigel Prince (Read as Aurelius Nihal Prince)**
Bearer: Eileen Marcia Prince
Date of birth: 9 January 1960
Place of birth: Cokeworth, Wales

He signed them as Head of the Prince Family, Lord Severus Tobias Prince (Glamoured to read as Aurelius Nihal Prince)

With a smirk he handed them to Rosier, "Might I have two sets of copies as well?"

Rosier swore at him but copied the birth registry documents, "Why would you need them?"

Aurelius shrugged, "One set to file with Gringotts and the second to prove my case with Hogwarts. I am thinking that irreparable damage has already been done to their reputations at Hogwarts. I was considering sending them to Durmstrang or even Beauxbatons where they might receive a more through education."

Rosier scowled, "Hogwarts under Dumbledore has become quite narrow in its curriculum. He had too much influence on Dippet and now has all the authority of its Headmaster. As if his other titles aren't ridiculous enough."

Dumbledore had been head of the Wizengamot as well at other Wizarding Political bodies for years. How he managed to fool them all was quite beyond him.

Aurelius had always been the time to pride himself on his perception and he was still plagued with prejudice and pride. Misjudging Albus the first time nearly broke him, his blinkered state had him reacting to Harry as if Lily's son had been cursed by the Cassandra Curse but his taking the Dark Mark nearly cost him his life and believing Albus was dead cost Harry his life.

The silence of his thoughts was broken harshly.

"Is there anything else? Or do you plan to annoy me by brooding?"

Aurelius pocketed the copies, "It's been a pleasure. I may have to summon you to verify my proofs."

"To whom and why?"

Aurelius smirked, "Why to the Hogwarts Board of Governors of course. It should be no problem to summon them. That is if the Governors haven't changed; Longbottom, Diggory, Crouch, Burbage, Potter, Black, Malfoy, Weasley and wasn't it Lovegood and Prewett?"

Rosier sneered, "You forgot Bones."

Aurelius shrugged, "No matter, who is the current head of the Council?"

"Black I think."

Aurelius winced, "Yes, Lady Walpurga."

"An estimable woman." Rosier said with a smirk.
"If our lord had more then one of her, she would bring the opposition to their knees." Aurelius said with a forced smile; he had Walpurga and Bellatrix but thankfully not Umbridge. He detested that woman…

"Send me word. Until then I'd like my office to myself."

Aurelius flooed to Merrivale closed the floo and went to the battlement where the owls perched. He tugged out ink and parchment, sending a letter for the Dark Lord written in Parseltongue a language he could read but not truly speak. He sent it Care of Abraxus.

'My Lord,

More revelations arose then expected. Would like an interview at best convenience. Spoke to Lily's Muggle Guardians, to Eileen and filed birth registries with Ministry. Will be requesting audience with Board of Governors.

Will need to file a will with Gringotts and arrange vaults for twins. Plans to sit exams for Potion Master first class. Still considering whether to transfer children to Durmstrang. Will discuss with them.

Aurelius'

He also sent a letter thanking Abraxus for arranging the meeting with Rosier, as well as requesting an audience with the Board of Governors and information regarding the Potion Master exams.

He sent a quick note to Griphook asking him to name a time to discuss Prince matters.

Aurelius must arrange for their inheritance, Lily's upon her marriage to Potter and Severus when he came of age. Lily as a Prince Heiress would deserve a more fitting Bonding ceremony and other things then she'd received last time.

There was much to do before revealing himself to Dumbledore.

Aurelius sneered; he would strive hard to keep Severus, Remus and Lily from that man. Where Lily went, James would follow. He could only hope…

Chapter End Notes

The gender options from the birth registries are as follows:

M- Metamorphamagus
H- Hermaphrodite [yes, intersex but they are being backwards]
B- Boy
G- Girl
Aurelius woke, dressing in the slightly uncomfortable but tried and true fashions of his grandfather. He made his way to the breakfast room.

Waiting for him were three impatient owls, which he recognized.

He silently considered which was the more imperative to address first. Aurelius choose to turn his attention to the Dark Lord’s missive. Offering the stoic owl a tidbit before taking the letter.

“My child,

I will be willing to come to you at one o’clock. I expect you to instruct your wards to admit me. If you knew me as well as you claim you would know my magical signature.

Call me Tom Riddle again and I shall endeavour to remove your head from your shoulders. Even you shall not refer me as a Halfblood; though I am exceedingly pleased to remain in your confidence. You keep my origins to yourself and I shall keep yours.

Lord Voldemort’

Aurelius summoned quill, ink, parchment, and sealing wax.

He quickly wrote a reply promising to be ready to receive the Dark Lord’s august company at the hour appointed. This appearance of fealty was draining but he had no choice but to throw himself whole heartedly behind the Dark Lord’s cause and hope that he might restrain the man’s vindictive nature.

Turning his attention at once to Abraxus’ missive.

‘My friend,
I have received your request and I shall be arranging an audience with the other Governors this Thursday at eleven. We shall meet at my Home, so that I might offer suitable refreshments during the course of our labours. I shall expect your arrival no later than ten that we might prepare.

Yours truly,

Abraxus

The 40\textsuperscript{th} Lord Malfoy’

The third letter was of course from Griphook.

‘Lord Prince,

Your request has been received. I shall expect your presence at ten o’clock to discuss the estate.

Griphook

Custodian of Prince assets’

Thus far a satisfactory morning.

Aurelius quickly wrote notes of appreciation to Griphook and Abraxus. He owed the present Lord a debt of gratitude. He hoped the intelligence that the Black Family would be the one to break the betrothal contract thus saving the Malfoys from the threat of such a scandal might equal them. However if Abraxus did follow through and grant him Lucius’ hand it would tie their families closer.

As would the prospective Bondings between Lucius’ twin to the Lovegood heiress Demeter and Lily to the Potter heir. As much as he’d disliked James Potter he had to admit that Lily tempered him and they made a good couple. He had to ensure that his manipulations didn’t prevent the births of Draco and Harry. In his own naivety he had neglected to notice how vitally important they both were to him. He cherished them in his own way and he would do his best to ensure they were born.

After looking into his mother’s eyes, Aurelius wondered why he hadn’t realized it sooner. Lily and
Harry had Eileen’s green eyes. While Lily had Tobias’ red hair, Severus had his black eyes. Why hadn’t he put it together sooner?

XoooooX

Aurelius had decided that Lily’s dowry would consist of twenty thousand Galleons, which would appreciate in value between now when she would prospectively be bonded to James Potter. Severus would inherit Merrivale in due course; the remaining Prince estate would be split between Severus and any proceeding male heirs that might result from the expected union of himself and Lucius. With Severus to carry on the Prince Line and Draco to continue the Malfoy line there would be a new pureblood line Prince-Malfoy to be granted to any future male heirs.

Ah yes, for once the future seemed less menacing. He had a few years to spend subtly courting the icy Slytherin Prince who was Abraxus’ heir apparent.

When the estate was properly settled, Aurelius left Gringotts.

He would lunch at Antonio’s and then be home to greet the Dark Lord.

XoooooX

Aurelius Apparated the very edge of his wards and manipulated them to allow only the Dark Lord to Apparate through them. He could himself if he wanted…

Then he made his way from the stone lined path/drive to the front door.

Just in time to hear the familiar crack of Apparition.

Aurelius steeled himself.

The Dark Lord had arrived.

Aurelius opened the door and stood waiting for the Dark Lord.
It didn’t take long for Voldemort to join him

“What did you need to speak with me about Aurelius? My time is valuable. I do appreciate your tuning your wards so promptly.”

Aurelius gestured for his guest to accompany him the parlour they’d spoken in the previous day.

After seeing that Voldemort was comfortably and nursing his preferred drink, Aurelius sat opposite him in a comfortable armchair.

“First no offence intended but there are certain things you should know. “Were you or were you not sent a letter from Gringotts on your seventeenth birthday?”

The Dark Lord stared at him, “I was not.”

“That insufferably menace! As a former Headmaster of Hogwarts and appointed you personally I will inform you things you ought to have known. You are a direct descendant of Salazar Slytherin yes. Not only did that grant you access to the Chamber of Secrets- I do know where it lies, it granted you one-quarter ownership of Hogwarts. Through Salazar you also are the closest blood to the family the Peverells. They are extinct in the line descended from Antioch; you however are a descendant of the second brother Cadmus, which makes you heir to their Wizengamot seat as well as their seat on the Board of Governors. Along with a few properties I’m sure and vaults. Salazar was granted a Lordship for his work in establishing Hogwarts, a title that was never rescinded. Now as lovely as the power and fear being a Dark Lord gives you, you’ve got to drop it.”

At first Voldemort was stunned, “I own one quarter of Hogwarts?” then he registered the Wizengamot and Board of Governors seats, “You better not be joking.”

Aurelius smirked, “Believe me I have nearly died at your hand and seen you kill more people then I’d like to remember. Now, you’ve been treated like an unwanted and unworthy member of both Wizarding and Muggle society. You’ve been hiding in the Shadows. That gives Dumbledore more power then that useless excuse for a Lord of Light deserves. We’re going to need to do serious character revision. Before I file for acknowledgement of custody of my nephew and niece we need to have you acknowledged as Lord Slytherin and Lord Peverell. As creative as Voldemort is I think you’ll need to file for a change of name. Not meaning to be insulting to your mother’s memory but your birth name is hardly worthy of the name Slytherin-Peverell. It will annoy the Ravenclaw faction because when Peverell was granted a voice in the board of Governors they were associates of
“I will not go by the name Tom Riddle, nor do I wish to go by the name Marvolo. The Gaunts were rather a distasteful lot.”

“Of that I can understand. I’ve seen memories of them, no offence meant but character-wise Marvolo reminds me of Tobias. If you will pardon the presumption I might have quite the name for you.”

Voldemort leaned forward, “I will hear you.”

Aurelius smirked, “Alaric meaning ruler which is appropriate for owning Hogwarts. Your mother was Merope the name of a star. Now she didn’t have any interesting offspring but her sister Maia did. Therefore I offer that your second name should be Hermes, a winged messenger, which should satisfy the Ravenclaws.”

“Alaric Hermes Slytherin-Peverell? I think I approve. Now how do I accept the titles?”

Aurelius sighed, “How much you and Harry had in common once upon a time. You can’t accept them, they must be granted. You must pass trials. I was exempted due my having already taken them. I believe because of a grave injustice we can request an emergency meeting with the Head Goblin of Gringotts.” Then his smirk returned, “In fact I think he would be most pleased. He has a great hatred for Dumbledore if I remember correctly.”

Voldemort stood, straightened his robes and finished the last of his drink. “I shall rely on your guidance. For the moment I might add.”

Aurelius bowed, “I assure you that as Lord Slytherin though uninvested, I am at your disposal. The House of Prince has always been most loyal to the House of Slytherin.”

“I do hope you are being entirely honest. I’ve had to deal with enough nonsense I believe.”

Severus felt strange magic coming from his companion, “My Lord, I beg pardon but might I cast a few spells? To my knowledge and on my loyalty as a Slytherin it will not cause permanent harm. However, you might feel some discomfort or perhaps pain.”
Curious but obviously wary, Voldemort agreed.

Aurelius cast a spell to detect memory charms and found a few. He cast a spell to determine if one has ever been under the Imperious Curse. He grimaced, “I suspected at much, although you show some signs of memory charms you do show signs of the Imperious. I have great skill in the mental arts due to my own research and to my inheritance. With your permission I’d like to remove it.”

Voldemort nodded sharply, “If you wish.”

Aurelius narrowed his eyes, “You’ll have to temporarily lower your Occlumency shields. This house is properly warded so that only a member of the bloodline can use Occlumency or Legilimency.”

Voldemort swallowed, “I shall lower them, but I am capable of repelling invasion after the fact.”

Aurelius nodded, “I have been forewarned. “Legilimens.” The spell was cast and he was inside the dark lord’s mind.

A person’s mind could manifest itself in a variety of ways. Aurelius’ was a library but Voldemort’s was a castle. He stood as it were to a young teen’s interpretation of Hogwarts. He opened the entrance door, and stepped inside.

Knowing the imposed limitations Aurelius bypassed the ‘Great Hall’, which would represent the manifestations of Voldemort’s unconscious in connection with food. In his own mind it was the ‘cooking section’ of the library in his mind. Suspecting exactly where the Imperious would be Aurelius made his way to the ‘Headmaster’s Tower’. To his annoyance he was wrong.

Then he remembered that in ‘Tom Riddle’s’ day Dumbledore hadn’t been Headmaster, grumbling to himself he turned on his head and made his way to the Office that was currently in the present day of course belonging to Minerva. It had belonged to Minerva in 1998 just as it still did in 1971 but it had belonged to Albus Dumbledore in 1943.

Standing outside the door was a younger Dumbledore.

“Who are you? What right have you to cross this point?”
Aurelius smirked, “I was born Severus Prince. I hold the title of Lord Prince; I have a seat in the Wizengamot and in the Board of Governors. I will release the memories you have locked away.”

“What right have you to order a Head of House?”

Aurelius sneered, “The right of a Headmaster of Hogwarts and the permission of Lord Slytherin whose mind you invaded.” He uttered a string of ancient but powerful incantations that destroyed the Imperious curse that had manifested as Head of Gryffindor Albus Dumbledore.

The door opened at his approach.

With great care not to damage his mind, Aurelius stayed outside the doorway. Uttering another string of incantations to release the memories bound by the memory charms. When it looked like the last was free Aurelius turned to leave; but not before realizing that the ‘heart of Hogwarts’ was chained.

Someone had locked away part of Voldemort’s power, a large amount. This could not bode well.

He retreated carefully back to the entrance of Hogwarts but not before he heard/felt ‘Hogwarts’ scream in anger.

Aurelius was back to himself and poured himself a drink, “That is always draining. Now, do you need time to assimilate the memories?”

Voldemort sagged back into his seat on the settee and held up his tumbler, “Another.”

With a practiced flick of his wand, the glass was filled with two fingers worth.

Voldemort threw it back, shuddering. “That bastard! He told me I was the heir, he inferred where the entrance was. He Imperioed me to do his dirty work and clear out Muggles. When it didn’t get Dippet fired he had me frame Hagrid. At the same time he was privately training me to defeat Grindelwald. Told me there was a prophecy! That I was to defeat a Dark Lord, then when I finally duelled Grindelwald when we were both weakened I was stunned by Dumbledore. He then defeated Grindelwald himself. Took his wand as a souvenir and imperioed me again. Told me that I was to make seven Horcruxes. Seven! As if being forced to make two weren’t bad enough. How do you think I found my family! He helped! I was to kill them! Well the Muggles anyway and frame Morfin.
It was his idea to use heirlooms and Artefacts! I want my life back!”

Aurelius sighed, it was worse then he’d expected. So that’s what Albus meant when he failed with Tom. He raised him to defeat a Dark Lord as a Dark Lord. He started killing and torturing people at a young age. “Tell me, were you bullying people in the orphanage of your own free will?”

Voldemort stared at his hand, “They used to bully me because I was the only one who never knew their mum or dad. I was born in the Orphanage mind. It is very, very unpleasant to grow up there. Then I learned I could do things. I only did it to get back at the kids who bullied me. For the record I didn’t steal from them, I made them give it to me. The rabbit died because I got angry and spit poison at it. I’m a born animagus. I was human enough to find the idea of eating a rabbit whole rather disgusting. They wouldn’t feed it properly and I could tell it was ill. So I put it out of its misery. I knew things I wasn’t supposed to because I snuck around as a snake. Dumbledore figured it out too quickly. I thought he was spying on me.”

“He must have been.” Aurelius said dryly.

“How do you know?”

“Simply because I think he put that block on your core.”

“My magical core?”

“Yes, however if we attempt to remove the block before your soul is restored it will probably kill you or make you a wraith.”

“Lets go to Gringotts. I’ve got my own to take back. We’ll start with my social and monetary inheritance.”

They then proceed to floo to Diagon Alley and entered Gringotts.

Aurelius walked to the counter.

A goblin seated on a stool looked up from his scribbling, “Yes?”
Aurelius bowed, “I request an emergency private meeting with the Head Goblin of Gringotts.”

“Names?”

“Lord Prince.”

“Substance?”

“Violations of the Charter of Gringotts.”

“Name of violator?”

Aurelius smirked, “Privileged information that is for his ears only.”

The goblin snapped at a passing goblin, “Renok! Inform Gridnak that Lord Prince wishes to speak to him on urgent business. Charter business.”

The goblin called Renok hurried off to do as he was told.

Within six minutes he returned, “Gridnak will see you follow me.”

Aurelius and Voldemort followed him.

They were ushered into a spacious marble chamber, it had a crystal ceiling and large mahogany desk with a granite top. Sitting on a high dragon skin covered chair was the current Head Goblin.

“Lord Prince I presume?”

Aurelius bowed, “As a member of the Wizengamot and the Head of an Ancient Line dating back to
the founding of Gringotts I ask to speak under the Charter. I request your assistant.”

“Request? That’s unusual for a wizard.” Gridnak gesture for them to sit.

Aurelius politely accepted the invitation, “Thank you Head Goblin. I have intelligence of current, past and future violations of the First and Second Charter of Gringotts.”

“Who is your companion?”

“An uninvested heir to the Peverell and Slytherin lines through his mother.”

“Legitimate or illegitimate?”

Aurelius smirked, “Legitimate after a fashion, his mother used Amortentia to convince a rich Muggle to marry her. They were married but when she stopped giving him the potion he left her.”

Voldemort glared at him.

Aurelius shrugged, “The Goblins are our greatest ally. They control the economy to a great extent. If they stopped coining money and closed the bank there would be a depression. The Greatest Depression occurred during one of the last goblin wars. If my knowledge became public knowledge among his people then we’d have another war on our hands. However I am hoping that we can get this sorted out quietly.”

“How old are you sir?” Gridnak asked sharply.

“Prince or Slytherin?”

“Both.”

“I was born on January 9, 1960. I was accidentally propelled back in time from the date May 12, 1998. I have previously be tested and invested with the title Lord Prince. One cannot be tested by the same ritual twice. I still hold both wand, ring and have been recognized by Manor and house elves.”
“You sir?”

“I was born Tom Marvolo Riddle, grandson of Marvolo Gaunt on December 31, 1926. I was raised at Wool’s Orphanage. My first introduction to the Wizarding World was through Professor Dumbledore. He has grievously used and assaulted my person. He kept my inheritance from me. Had Aurelius not told me I would not have known.”

“Gaunt…yes last known member perished in Azkaban. Which makes you heir to the title Baron Gaunt- which is a title belonging to the Slytherin family. How close are you related to the Slytherin’s?”

Voldemort smirked, “I own his locket and I know the secret of the Chamber of Secrets.”

“The senior line of the Peverells, Antioch’s line is extinct. Salazar himself held the title Lord Peverell when the last of Antioch’s descendants died without issue. Who did you say your father was?”

“Tom Riddle.” Voldemort said through clenched teeth.

The goblin opened a drawer in his desk, “Riddle…a Muggle to be sure. Yes, last known holder Baron Thomas Thaddeus Riddle found dead in his Manor House in 1944 along with his wife Mary and son Thomas. Properties included Riddle Manor, Riddle Castle and accounts in Muggle banks. You were born under a legal contract therefore have claim.”

Aurelius was slightly speechless, he had no idea that Tom was peerage on his father’s side.

The guilt was evident if one could read a Slytherin, “I see. I believe Riddle Manor was sold…”

“It is on the market as the Muggles say, no one wants to live in a house where persons died suspiciously.”

“So I have claim the Wizarding Titles Slytherin, Gaunt, Peverell and the Muggle title Riddle.”
“Let me summon Ranuk, he is the Custodian of Slytherin/Gaunt/Peverell assets.”

“Pardon but if I pass on without descendant, who inherits?”

“The Peverell inheritance passes to the Potters who are descended from the youngest Peverell. I believe Slytherin and Gaunt would pass to the Puceys. Riddle would be completely extinct you are truly the last of that line.”

The entrance to the chamber opened, “You summoned me Head Goblin?”

“Ah Ranuk, this is one born Tom Marvolo Riddle.”

“Riddle, son of the Lady Merope Riddle nee Gaunt and the Honourable Thomas Alvin Riddell. Heir of Slytherin, Peverell, Riddle and Gaunt. It is a pleasure to see you again.”

Voldemort was confused, “What do you mean again? I’ve never been here to claim my inheritance.”

The goblin was clearly angry, “You have indeed, you arrived on your seventeenth birthday. You received and delivered the papers I sent regarding your account. I’ve sent you monthly reports. You chose to forgo the tests to claim the titles but claimed the vaults.”

“I’ll subject myself to veritaserum and Legilimency. This is my first visit to the Gringotts in regards to my inheritance.” Voldemort protested eyes narrowing.

“It seems that someone has been committing embezzlement and fraud against the Goblin Nation. Perhaps, you were being completely honest in regards to our speaking under the Charter of Gringotts. This is clearly a violation of those on the Wizarding side.”

“I am sure I know who it is.”

The Head goblin glared, “Who?”

“Albus Dumbledore, the wildly hailed defeater of Grindelwald.”
“Activate the tracer charms on the Gringotts reports Ragnuk.”

Ragnuk did, “Hogwarts. Headmaster’s safe.”

“Very well then. Summon me a Howler.”

The Howler was programmed with the following message.

‘To Albus Dumbledore,


Greetings.

It has come to the Attention of Gringotts that you have in your possession records from us to one Tom Riddle. You will have them delivered post-haste to myself, Head Goblin of Gringotts within one Quarter of an Hour. Should you fail to return all things entrusted to or sent from Gringotts within the appointed time Gringotts shall close its doors and a request will be sent to the King of the Goblins to declare war on the British Wizarding World on the grounds of gross violations of the Second Charter of Gringotts.

At exact a quarter of an hour regardless of your action your assets shall be seized. Any removal of monies or items from Riddles Vaults shall be debited from your own. Should you not have enough to cover the debt the case with be sent to the Court of Gringotts. Where within three hours a Writ of Arrest shall be granted. Gringotts private guard will then be under the Second Charter of Gringotts eligible to Arrest you.

Time is ticking Professor. I suggest you send your phoenix with the missing items.

Gridnak

53rd Head Goblin
Aurelius smirked, “Why a howler?”

Gridnak sneered, “Why not? One it’s embarrassing. Two Gringotts Howlers can’t be silenced or burned. Any attempt to silence one of our Howlers makes them only louder. Who do you think invented Howlers? The goblins. Same as Portkeys. Your kind analysed them and made their own versions but they are inferior.”

It took just under twenty minutes for a very familiar phoenix to appear in a flash of flames. Clutched in his talons was a satchel.

Gridnak passed it to Ragnuk, “Verify that all relevant papers are accorded for.”

The office was mostly silent but for the sound of shuffling papers.

Ragnuk nodded stiffly, “All present including the letter to Tom Riddle on his Seventeenth birthday.”

Aurelius wondered why exactly he would have been allowed his mail from Gringotts and Voldemort would not?

“I shall be filing a complaint with the ministry immediately against the Warlock.” Gridnak said stiffly.

“I would like to consult with Tom about his inheritances and if he would like to take the challenges to claim his titles.”

Voldemort nodded, “I would also like to file to change my name. That is allowable by Gringotts is it not?”

“You can file adoptions, births, deaths, Bondings, wills and name changes with Gringotts. In fact we highly encourage it. It makes our job simpler when it comes time to determine heirs.” Ragnuk said sharply.
“I would like to be appraised of what I have present. I would also request that any monies removed from my accounts be summarily returned.” Voldemort said as he followed the goblin advisor.

Aurelius cleared his throat, “My Lord, It would probably be wise to let what your inheritance is be a private matter until you are willing to share.”

The Dark Lord nodded, “Many thanks Lord Prince.”

“It was no trouble my Lord. It was a pleasure to right a wrong of the old goat’s.”

Voldemort shook his hand.

Aurelius set off to return home to Merrivale wondering exactly what world’s past he’d fallen into.
Aurelius was sitting down to dinner when he felt the wards flicker as they admitted someone.

The only person who could enter the wards right now was the Dark Lord.

What reason could the Dark Lord have for visiting him at such an hour?

Lolly scurried in, "Lord Slytherin-Peverell. Should Lolly arrange a second place?"

The Dark Lord entered with even strides, he seemed different: most sure of himself and saner…

Aurelius rose, "Seeing that it is dinner and we have a guest I would suspect so. My lord, would you care to join me?"

"If it is not an inconvenience, I was a mite overwhelmed with my inheritance and subsequent trials. I find myself with few persons that I can trust. I don't wish to advertise how I have been misused quite yet. As admirable a supporter that Abraxus can be, I cannot trust him with all my secrets. You however know the most important ones. We both have secrets that our mutual enemy would love to use to destroy us. I would like to be instructed in the way that you claimed this place. I find I have inherited many places and I claim descent through more than just Slytherin and Peverell. I shamed my family lines and names by my actions. They nearly refused to allow me to submit to the trials."

"What other titles have you claimed?" Aurelius asked gesturing for his Lord to join him.

"My name is at present no longer Tom Marvolo Riddle nor Lord Voldemort. My name is Alaric Hermes Slytherin-Peverell-Merlin."

Aurelius blinked, "Salazar's Cauldron! I hope Albus does not know…"

The former Dark Lord now officially named Alaric nodded, "I don't believe he knew about Merlin. That was something that was revealed to me by Salazar in my trial. Having taught the famous wizard and served as his Head of House he knew his blood. I took the trial and passed. I am charged to repair my soul in seven years or else the curse laid upon me during my trial by Merlin will kill me."

Aurelius stared, "No one knows how to reverse a Horcrux. We know how to des,"

Alaric raised a warning hand, "Don't say it. If any of the Horcrux are damaged, the curse will assert itself. I have little time. If you truly know as much about them as you claim or are quite as brilliant as you seem; perhaps, we can discover a way to remove the pieces of my soul and have them rejoined to what I have. I haven't made seven…I have four."

Aurelius nodded, "The Peverell ring, Salazar's locket, Helga's cup and Rowena's diadem. The Diadem belongs to the Lovegood family. If we can extract the soul from it and remove the Dark magic inhabiting it than it would make an excellent Bonding gift to the Lovegood heiress for they trace their lineage to Ravenclaw line. Hufflepuff's cup belongs to the Smith Family. It belongs to the Head of the Family which is I believe Abigail, she would be."

"Hepzibah's great grand neice. I did them a disservice by coveting their Ancestor's cup and
Imperioing the house elf into murdering her mistress. I owe them a debt. Returning their Ancestor's cup would help soothe my guilt.

"The guilt is not yours alone. The true fault lies with Albus. He has directed your path for far too long."

"We have much to discuss."

They began to partake of the dinner before them and discuss how they might go about righting the wrongs Alaric had done as Tom and Voldemort. As well as how to claim the properties he had in his possession as Aurelius had claimed Merrivale Manor.

Alaric Hermes Slytherin-Peverell of the House of Merlin would have a hard road ahead of him.

Who knew how many Death Eaters would continue to follow him after his 'conversion... The Former Dark Lord was now a Lord in truth...
The Past- Chapter 9

Abraxus had sent Aurelius the date of the next Hogwarts Board of Governors' meeting: the fifteenth of September.

The three of them Abraxus, Aurelius and Alaric; Lords of Malfoy, Prince, Slytherin-Peverell-Merlin respectively were at Merrivale discussing how to approach the meeting.

"You have to be members of the Board before you bring up the twins." Abraxus insisted.

"Why?" Aurelius asked a bit annoyed.

"Business brought up by a Governor is considered sealed and privileged. They are not when you are a non-Governor. I will put your names up to fill the open seats. I don't see Walpurga complaining. You both are filling empty seats that belong to the Slytherin Bloc. However, Alaric you also hold claim to the Peverell seat. Which has always been considered a Ravenclaw loyal seat since it was granted to a companion of Headmistress Rowena."

"What? I thought the First Head of Hogwarts was a wizard." Alaric was shocked.

"A common misconception." Aurelius said with a wave of his hand. "One propagated by Dumbledore. Access to the right records are how you find that out."

"How did you find out? I didn't until I became a member of the Board of Governors." Abraxus asked surprised.

Aurelius shrugged, "Let's just say at one point of my life I had full access to the Headmaster's Tower. I know many things Dumbledore would prefer remained lost."

Alaric resolved to question Aurelius further. As one-quarter owner of Hogwarts he should be privy to its secrets. "So how do you recommend we approach this delicate situation Abraxus?"

"I would like permission to bring Walpurga into our confidence. She is the current head of the Board despite her not being a member of the Founders' Council." Lord Malfoy said lazily.

"The Founders' Council?" Alaric asked curious, he hadn't put much effort into education beyond his attempt to succeed Professor Merrythought.

"It is composed of the Heads of the Families descended from the Founders. Lord Arfang Longbottom holds the Gryffindor Seat and its heir is Franciscus. Lady Hera Lovegood holds the Ravenclaw Seat for their heiress Demeter. While Lady Abigail Smith holds the Hufflepuff Seat at present, though it was held by Hepzibah for years before she passed it on to her niece Ruth since her sister Chavva had no interest and it wasn't considered proper to allow her bonded Pauline to hold it even by bonding. She had no Smith heirs naturally as she joined another House, Belby to be precise but kept her name." Abraxus shrugged.

They continued to plan and plot with Alaric and Aurelius agreeing that bringing Walpurga into their confidence was right and proper. Yet knowledge of Andromeda' future jilting of Lucius would remain private since both Aurelius and Abraxus wished to be free of that encumbrance.
Lady Walpurga Black was met at the floo by Aurelius and Abraxus.

Aurelius helped her out of the floo and bowed over her hand before escorting her to the settee.

"What manners," she said blushing like a girl. "Where were you when I was looking for a Bondmate?"

Aurelius smoothed his robe as he sat down, "I was too young so that I would have been beneath your notice."

She nodded. "I was surprised that I would be invited here. I was sure that the Prince Family was extinct."

Aurelius shrugged, "It might have been if I hadn't been returned to this time." He proceeded to give her his 'cover story'. "I had been working on a potion that resulted in my being thrown forward in time. Sometimes even the best potions masters make mistakes when handling dangerous ingredients. I returned to find my brother dead, my youngest niece perished and my elder niece deemed a blood traitor. I was stunned to find out that my niece Eileen had been pregnant with my children and had joined herself to a Muggle after I'd disappeared. I find myself trying to put my family back together. My niece is now living in France in Seclusion."

Being the Bondmate of a second cousin, the impropriety of being Bonded to a family member or having sexual relations with one was politely ignored.

"Since Eileen had been legally married to Tobias if only by Muggle standards when the twins were born, they are technically considered legitimate. Therefore I can declare Severus my heir. His sister Lillian will be granted the rights of a pureblood heiress, since she is Prince on both sides just as are your sons are Blacks." Aurelius said politely.

"So why am I here?" Walpurga asked stiffly.

"We have a problem. Dumbledore knew full well that Lillian was a Prince, it would have been written down upon her born. While she was blood adopted without consent using her mother's Muggle Husband's blood, her Hogwarts letter should have been addressed to Lillian Anastasia Snape despite being raised at Lily Anne Evans. She was never formally adopted and Dumbledore signed her letter himself, which was against protocol. WE all know that the Deputy Headmaster or Headmistress signed the letters inviting students to attend. I never liked him, he's always too conniving for a mere Gryffindor. He turns a blind eye and sometimes, encourages bullying of Slytherins. He doesn't say much when Bella torments Muggleborns either." Aurelius grumbled.

"What exactly does my niece do?" Walpurga asked through pursed lips.

"She has a handful of pureblood wizards who follow her every command: Rabastan Lestrange and Evan Rosier to name a few. They have it out for Mary MacDonald and Severus. If Lily wasn't so quick with her wand, then she'd be a target as well. James and Sirius have it out for Severus because James is jealous of Severus' relationship with Lily. They are best friends and twins, James Potter has nothing to be jealous of." Aurelius said with a shrug.

"You know a lot for someone who just returned." Walpurga said raising her eyebrow.

Aurelius shrugged, "I have my ways of learning these things. When I returned, James and Sirius..."
were tormenting Severus. If Lucius hadn't stumbled upon it, he might have been grievously injured."

"I will give Sirius a stern talking to for this. To attack another heir at Hogwarts is unfathomable."
Walpurga sniffed, "Just like that boy to embarrass me this way. He will be lectured about this and
told to leave Severus alone. If I find out he has injured him in anyway, I will be suspending his
income from his trust vault."

Aurelius smirked, he'd never liked Sirius and knowing he was essentially being a tale-bearer pleased
him to no end. Sirius was going to be punished for tormenting him and his suffering would bring him
great pleasure.

"So why did you ask me to call? Surely not just to inform me of my son's misdeeds and to inform me
of Dumbledore's overstepping of his authority." Walpurga had almost a gossipy aura.

"We wanted to discuss a plan for the next meeting of the Board of Governors. I would like to
introduce the holder of the Slytherin and Peverell seats, Lord Alaric Hermes Slytherin-Peverell. He is
also according to Gringotts, Merlin's heir. He nearly defeated Grindlewald at sixteen and was
formerly known as Lord Voldemort."

Walpurga inclined her head, "My Lord, it is an honour."

"You are the Head of the Black Family?" Alaric asked curious.

"Essentially yes, though the legal power is my Bonded Orion."

"I have a bonding contract in my vault, it was supposed to be between my mother Merope Gaunt and
Phineas Black. Unfortunately, it was never completed. If there are any females who are still of age to
conceive I would be willing to allow the contact to be considered sealed and fulfilled." Alaric said
with a bow.

"A bonding with Lord Voldemort? To a Black heiress? Oh my…if only I didn't have contracts with
the House of Malfoy and Lestrange."

Alaric frowned, "I was hoping for someone older. I don't think a relationship with a teenager would
be wise. Surely there is an unbonded or widowed witch in the Black Family."

"There is Cassiopeia, she is my aunt but I'm sure she's older than you are. She was born in 1915 and
is the widow of Madam Gaia Lovegood. She has previously born three daughters Hera, Athena who
joined blood with a disreputable family, the Hitchens who are unfortunately related to the House of
Black and Pomona who joined blood with the House of Sprout so her fertility would not be in
question. " Walpurga said thoughtfully.

Alaric seemed pleased, "I was born a mere nine years later. I would prefer an older woman to a
younger one. She would be less flighty and not need to be doted on or spoilt; as well as have the
needed skills and experience of a former consort. I would like to meet her and Court her, if she is
agreeable then we can discuss the legal arrangements. I have some business I must complete before I
can bond."

Aurelius knew it had something to do with retrieving his soul shards from the Horcruxes and finding
a way to rejoin his soul. He had a short time to do so before the curse his ancestor Merlin laid on him
would take away his life.

"I will speak with my Aunt Cassiopeia. Perhaps, dinner this Saturday?"

Alaric bowed, "It would be a pleasure. Now, what duties do I have due to my relationship to our
revered Founder and the Peverells?"

"You have the weight of two votes due to your right to sit on the Founder's Council. You are one-quarter owner of Hogwarts. You should have your right to sit on both the Founder's Council and the Board of Governors' discussed first thing at the next meeting."

Alaric winced, "Will I have to name all my titles then?"

Walpurga chuckled, "No. You will when you are announced at the first Meeting of the Wizengamot you attend. The herald will announce them, I suggest you have them all listed on a piece of parchment or a calling card for them."

"I hold quite a lot, I hope they don't fall asleep hearing them."

Aurelius chuckled, "What were they again? Lord Slytherin, Lord Peverell, Baron Gaunt, Baron Riddell, Viscount Lincoln, Baron Ensington, Guardian of the Cauldron of Knowledge, the Heir of Slytherin, Master of Snakes, Prince of Enchanters and Grand Master of the Order of the Table. The Order of the Table was the previous name for the Order of Merlin."

Walpurga's eyes widened, "My Aunt will gain how many of those?"

Abraxus counted them off as he named them, "Lady Slytherin, Lady Peverell, Baroness Gaunt, Baroness Riddell, Viscountess Lincoln and Baroness Ensington. She may be able to claim Merlin but I am not sure. That would be six without Merlin's title…that would be wonderful. I didn't attend with Cassiopeia but I did attend with you Lord Vold…Alaric. It will take some time to get used to. I used to slip and call you Tom when we were in school. You like changing your name, don't you?"

Alaric shrugged, "I am leaving the person I was before behind. I am not proud of who Tom was, and some of the deeds I did as Voldemort will need repenting. I was not in control of myself until Aurelius discovered I was under the Imperious. It has been thrown off and I am learning to strengthen my Occlumens shields. I don't want anyone to have access to my mind…"

Aurelius was surprised that Alaric was so honest, it seemed anti-Slytherin to him. He shrugged, it was the former Dark Lord's choice who he took into his confidence. A powerful woman like Walpurga Black could be a powerful ally or a dangerous enemy.

They continued to plot and scheme like the Slytherins they were about how to best bring up Aurelius and Alaric's Governor seats. As well as when to bring up Lily and Severus during the meeting…

Since Walpurga was the current head of the Board of Governors, her opinion proved quite helpful.

They were quite pleased when they broke for lunch.

While Alaric had some soul healing to do before he could truly forge a relationship with someone, bonding should be no issue since he wasn't really a snake-faced bastard. He wasn't merely the good-looking sort you'd bring home to mother but he had an aura of power and confidence that drew people to him. With his looks, it really wasn't any wonder that a teenage Bellatrix once fell into an obsessive love for him that Voldemort had manipulated.
It was very awkward to say the least that Alaric, the former Lord Voldemort had practically moved into Merrivale.

Aurelius was stunned how his life had changed.

He had gone from the angry, snarky man who snapped at everyone to a politician. He was now Lord Prince, an identity he had shunned before. He had taken his younger self from his mother, sent her away, helped the Dark Lord on the road to sanity and was friends with his two least favourite former Slytherins.

He had severely disliked Walpurga and Abraxus…

Now he was finding he was someone they respected…

His thoughts were interrupted…

“What are you thinking Aurelius?”

Aurelius shrugged, “Merely about how my life has changed in such a short period time. At one point, I would have thought I couldn’t be alone with you without wanting to kill you.”

“I am not the person who killed your sister. Nor are you still that man who would betray me. We have made peace with that part of your past/future. Now I have some questions I couldn’t ask with Abraxus and Walpurga here.”

Aurelius sighed, pouring himself another drink. “What do you want to know?”
“However did you become Headmaster?”

Aurelius chuckled darkly, “You took over the Ministry and had me appointed. Illegally I might add but the Castle accepted me as its guardian.”

“What knowledge did you gain access to?”

“The tome of students. When a magical student is born, their name is recorded on its pages. You would have appeared there at birth, the moment your mother whispered your name. Lily would have appeared there first under her birth name and then once blood adopted would have taken the name Snape. She is probably still there under the name Snape. A seated Headmaster cannot change the Tome but it can be Glamoured by them I suppose. I never checked what names Lily and I were registered at Hogwarts under. I never had a reason…” Aurelius shrugged, “An oversight on my part. I should have realized that a girl that magically powerful had to be very closely related to a powerful family…”

“I see. Nothing regarding former abodes of the Founders?”

Severus smirked, “My former apartments as Head of Slytherin and Resident Potions Master were once Salazar and Gryffindor’s. Professor Merrythought’s old apartments were Lady Rowena’s. She chose not to reside in the Head’s Tower during her tenure as Headmistress as it was still mostly under construction. As for Lady Helga’s, I never felt the need to find out where it lay. Though like the Hufflepuff Basement, it was probably near the kitchens.”

Alaric nodded, “I see. Hufflepuff was the least important of the founders to me.”

Severus arched an eyebrow, “Oh really? It was Godric you skipped when it came to Horcruxes.”

Alaric glared, “Whether that was because I couldn’t find one or because I wasn’t allowed to tarnish his perfect reputation I know not, nor do I care. I am glad that you have chosen to help me. You have proven a better friend then any I had before.”

“Perhaps, it is because we are similar if you pardon the comparison. We naturally understand one another.”

Alaric rolled his eyes, “Another thing I was wondering, what would we have to do to retire the old
“To my knowledge,” Aurelius began, “he was been Headmaster since 1956 and it is now 1971. I don’t believe that Minerva would make a good Headmistress. I was present for her attempt to run Hogwarts after Albus was suspended.”

Alaric leaned forward intrigued, “Suspended? How did that occur?”

Aurelius scowled, “Under your orders Lucius placed your diary Horcrux into the cauldron of a not yet born Ginevra Weasley, the daughter of Arcturus Colan Weasley, firstborn of Septimus Weasley and Mary Lynette Prewett, the only daughter of Drystan Prewett. She was possessed by the diary and opened it. Lucky that time no one died but there were plenty petrified. Because he couldn’t contain the situation and he hardly tried, Lucius had him suspended. However his attempt was thwarted by Albus who claimed Lucius used nefarious means. He was instrumental in getting Lucius replaced as the Head of the Board of Governors.”

“Well it seems that Abraxus’ son isn’t as subtle as he would like.”

“Lucius was acting on your orders. Had he been under his own, he might have chosen a more productive plan.”

“Well since those orders were given by an insane version of myself, I shall forgive your imprudence.”

Aurelius raised his glasses, “Touché.”

Alaric rolled his eyes, “You are an odd one.”

Aurelius laughed, “I was raised by Muggles, tormented by Bellatrix for five years, moulded by Lucius, manipulated by Albus and forced to live a life I detested.”

“What life was that?”

Aurelius was silent, “Teaching. I detested it.”
“Hmm…so I probably shouldn’t consider making you Headmaster again?”

Aurelius frowned, “Why?”

“If I have my soul mended and bond to Lady Cassiopeia Black, hopefully I sire children to continue my line. I would prefer that the school was headed by someone I trusted.”

“Well, someone should replace that arrogant git Slughorn.”

“He started back in 1920, I remember he mentioned that. He was a young professor, about twenty-eight. I remember he bragged about doing his Potions Mastery in five years after a three year apprenticeship.”

“Bah!” Aurelius spat, “I started when I was eighteen and was done in three years. I was a Potions Master by age 21. I didn’t fool around, I also had Lily, she was like a fellow apprentice despite her choosing to go into Charms Research.”

“Truly Aurelius, you grow curiousever all the time.”

XoooooX

Aurelius had finished organizing his lab to his tastes when Alaric was busy at Gringotts.

He had selected an old Duelling practice chamber for their experiments.

It was warded so only himself or Alaric could enter. If it would not disconcert his guest, he would ward it so they could only enter together.

He was making final changes to it to make it safe. He knew what happened to Albus when he destroyed the ring Horcrux. It was amazing that the Resurrection stone still worked but it was old magic not easily destroyed he supposed.
Alaric was making a list of his Horcruxes and hiding places. He would have to retrieve them.

The former Dark Lord had admitted that they weren’t exceptionally well hidden. They had no extravagant protections. Alaric hadn’t created the curse for the ring and cast it. He had not created Inferi and filled a cave lake with them. Nor had he brewed the Potion that had nearly finished the job the curse on Marvolo’s ring began. The fact that Aurelius had admitted to being able to isolate it to Albus’ hand and slow his death had surprised the man. The locket was hidden at Grimmauld rather then the sea cave from Alaric’s childhood as Tom. The Cup had been hidden in the Lestrange Vault but since Bellatrix was too young and not yet enamoured with Alaric, it had been entrusted to her future father-in-law Renard.

He heard the indignant squawk of an owl and a curse from Alaric.

Aurelius left the chamber with a sigh.

Outside was Alaric trying to take a letter from an owl.

It was Lucius’ owl Ganymede.

The owl landed on Aurelius’ shoulder and dropped a letter into his hand.

“Dumb owl. Tried explaining that the room you were in it couldn’t enter.” Alaric grumbled.

Aurelius chuckled and opened the letter.

‘Merrivale Manor

Dartmoor, Devon

To ‘Aurelius’ Prince,

“We have waited four days for some sort of our promised
Aurelius sighed, “That might be difficult. I suppose it is understandable that the three have lost patience with me.”

“Who is it from?”

“Abraxus’ son Lucius.” Aurelius ran a finger over the perfect calligraphy, “He is merely reminding me that I promised to give them some form of contact and information. Unfortunately, I forgot in my efforts to make arrangements.”

“Well I shall let you decide how to answer.” Alaric shrugged leaving.

Aurelius closed his eyes, how to answer?
The Past- Chapter 11

The Past- Ch 11

September 10, 1971

Alaric had grabbed Aurelius as breakfast and told him they were going ‘Horcrux Retrieving’. Well not as glamorous as Horcrux Hunting but it was still interesting.

They found Marvolo’s Ring under a floorboard in the Gaunt shack but it was missing the protective curses that might have been created if Aurelius hadn’t freed Alaric from Dumbledore’s Imperious and Memory charms.

Slytherin’s necklace was on the top of a cliff that was unplottable and heavily warded.

Hufflepuff’s cup was still in the Lestrage vault and Renard, a former schoolmate of Alaric’s who was only too willing to return it.

Abraxus did have the diary because he had been a loyal supporter for years.

Rowena’s diadem was the hard one, so that would have to wait for a later date.

It was a relief to lock them in Aurelius’ Horcrux lab.

They were resolved to deal with them another day, they bathed to clean themselves of the dark magic.

They spent the rest of the day doing relaxing things like brewing or reading.

Actually, since his re-certification exams for Potions Master, First class were Sunday Morning. It was prudent to work on that. He chose a potion he’d invented, a soothing draught that calmed one, gave
you a bit of energy and didn’t tire you. It was actually more complicated then it sounded, you had to throw out the Calming draught recipe.

You could use a few of those ingredients but the amount of lavender was lessened, it relaxed but also put one to sleep. Ingredients like Valerian root and Passion flower couldn’t be used, however one could use rosin rose. It was sometimes used in muscle relaxants, migraine relievers, anti-anxiety potions, mild sleeping draughts, appetite stimulations potions, anti-depression potions and it was found in potions to treat bad hearts. It was a multi-use plant that had many applications. It was always stored in vials made of Amber, and stored in cellar labs. It’s medicinal and magical properties were negated after harvesting by sunlight.

Ginseng, Gotu Kola, Liquorice root, Chamomile, lemon balm, Hops and wild oats all had calming effects when used properly and in decent amounts.

It didn’t take long to write a dissertation on his Soothing Draught, his previous dissertation back when he was Severus Snape had been only one hundred and twenty pages. Lily had grumbled at him but agreed to proofread it and make suggestions.

His eidetic memory was extremely helpful, even though he had started it yesterday. Having already written one was essential experience, since this potion had not been created previously and Severus hadn’t discovered how to create one until he join the Death Eaters.

Once the dissertation was complete, all that was needed was a finished potion and to bring his supply of ingredients. It would take two days to brew, since he was merely being re-certified and he was an extremely gifted Potions Master, he was sure that he could gain Abraxus’ permission to use a rarely used and almost never taught spell that allowed one to speed up time inside a cauldron. It wasn’t Dark, but like Fiendfyre it required a powerful witch or wizard to cast that had intense focus and control.

It was near dinnertime when he set down his quill after signing the dissertation. He used a drying spell to dry the ink before he neatly stacked the pages together. He used a large piece of dragon hide from a worn cloak of his grandfather’s and an empty journal and created a proper cover after copying his parchment to the journal. He was a lord, why should he use plebeian measures and just turn in a stack of numbered parchment? He ought to have taken Lily’s advice had turn in a book instead.

Aurelius pushed the pain the thought brought, she wasn’t dead and Alaric wasn’t about to kill her.

He carried the stack of parchment and the empty dragon hide journal to the small dinning room.
Alaric was already waiting for him.

“What have you been doing? You weren’t in the library.”

Aurelius set down the dissertation, “Just finishing my paper for the Potions Master exams. Aurelius has been gone a long time and I have to prove he still has the qualifications to retain his First Class, Potions mastery.”

Alaric whistled, “How many pages is that?”

“Two hundred. My last one was only one hundred and twenty. I know they don’t accept anything less than that. This is not a new adaptation of a common potion. It is a new one that I created myself.”

“You wrote all that in one day?” Alaric said with a raised eyebrow.

Aurelius chuckled, “Hardly. I started it yesterday after I finished the lab we’re studying the Horcruxes in. I have all the ingredients; I discovered that after I finished organizing the potions lab. It may sound simple but the combinations of the ingredients in the wrong amounts can create a powerful sleeping draught rather then one that relieves stress and eliminates anxiety. Technically, the Soothing draught has all the benefits of a Calming draught without the side effect of sleep. I merely recounted in proper language how I came about proposing the research to myself, the pitfalls and successes of my experimentation, the ingredients and how they were known to react with one another and of course what it’s effects are. I also included possible adverse reactions and what ingredients in the potion a witch or a wizard might be allergic too. It also contains proposals and descriptions of how a test group on humans might be accomplished. It wasn’t hard to add in descriptions of animal testing, which is frowned upon but useful.”

“You didn’t test it…you don’t have any animals other then the owls that I know of.”

Aurelius smirked, “You forget this is research I did for me over twenty years ago. In your reckoning I haven’t done it yet. It helps that I have an eidetic memory.”

“You have a photographic memory? Of everything?”
“I remember everything I have ever done, read or saw. It is helpful in battle when I have had to rely on spells I may have read but never used previously.” Aurelius shrugged.

“Why did you bring it to dinner other then to show it off?”

Aurelius bit his lip, “When I prepared my previous dissertation, I had Lily to read it and offer corrections. I was hoping since you are around and you are highly intelligent that you could peruse it. I know that Potions isn’t the field you are truly gifted at but I am sure that you are more than capable of understanding. I wouldn’t give it to Horace for fear that he would try to claim it as his own. It annoyed him that he could never rise above third class.”

Alaric stared at him for a moment before searching his face. ‘Very well, I shall read it. While Potions is not my field of expertise I am a dab hand at it. Slughorn would rave about how I was so diverse in my aptitude for various fields of magic. “I do have a Master of Defence Against the Dark Arts but I also know a great deal about the Dark Arts. Not all of the so-called Dark Arts should be banned.”

Aurelius inclined his head a little in gratitude, “I would be honoured.”

“Now,” Alaric said rubbing his hands together, “perhaps we should partake of this wonderful food. I’ve not tasted anything so scrumptious since I left Hogwarts.”

Aurelius chuckled, “Neither have I.”

So they turned their attentions to the food.

Aurelius hoped that his letter to Lucius arrived today. He would prefer that they had warning of his arrival.

XoooooX

September 11, 1971
Why exactly Alaric decided to accompany him to Hogwarts, Aurelius had no bloody clue, the man refused to say anything other than he missed the place.

They both Apparated separately to Hogsmeade and made their way to the Whomping Willow under disillusionment charms.

Aurelius pointed his wand at the knot that revealed the secret passage and cast the water conjuring spell.

It hit the knot just right.

Alaric watched in silent surprise and amusement as the violent tree stilled in it’s movements. It then lifted up revealing a secret passage, opening like a wand case.

“That is surprising. I thought I knew all the castle’s secrets.” Alaric mused.

“Move. Before someone notices the passage.” Aurelius said softly before making his way down there.

He forced his mind not to replay any of his memories here: not the time that Sirius tricked him into exploring it, or the time he tried to capture Sirius only to let Lily’s true betrayer escape and especially, not the time that he was almost killed here by Voldemort.

The irony of his willingness to enter here with the man who tried to kill him was not lost. The fact that he could forgive this man for something had not done yet but was capable of was intriguing. Perhaps, for all of Albus’ flaws his claims that forgiveness was always possible had some merit.

They had arrived early but apparently not early enough if the murmur of voices were anything to judge by.

“Are you sure he’s coming?” Remus’ soft voice carried down the tunnel.
“He claimed he would be here at eleven and it is ten till. He has a few minutes to show himself.” Lucius mused.

The sounds of pacing was heard.

Aurelius sighed, that would be himself.

“Severus you sit down. Your pacing will give me a headache. All you’re doing is stirring up the dust. Where in the world did he learn of this place? Perfect Malfoy didn’t know about it. For that manner Remus, how did you know about it?”

“Because I’ve been here before…”

“Would it have something to do with what Potter and Black were muttering about? That you disappeared after dinner and never returned to the Tower?”

“Can we not talk about this Lily? Please?”

Aurelius opened the door slowly negating his disillusionment charm, deciding and spooking or startling was unwise.

“Who…oh it’s you Aurelius.” Lucius drawled in a bored tone but his eyes were curious.

Aurelius nodded, “My apologies for not owling you sooner. I was rather busy with Gringotts and family business. My apologies for bring an uninvited guest but he insisted on joining me.”

Aurelius entered the room and allowed Alaric to join them as he conjured a comfortable chair.

Lucius stood up and bowed at once, “My Lord, it is an honour. I did not expect you to grace us with your presence. “

“I am not who I was before. I have no desire to conquer the way I did before. However I shall introduce myself. I am Lord Alaric Slytherin- Peverell, Baron Gaunt, Baron Riddell, Baron
Ensington, and Viscount Lincoln.” He bowed slightly, “It is an honour to see you again. Your father is well.”

The first years stared at them in confusion.

Lucius bowed, “My Apologies my Lord. There are my companions First Year Remus Lupin of Gryffindor.”

Alaric nodded and then turned his gaze to Severus and Lily, “The Honourable Severus Aurelian and his sister the Lady Lillian Anastasia of the House of Prince. It is an honour to make your acquaintance.”

The pale boy with black hair and obsidian eyes glanced at his friend who had flame red hair and bright emerald green eyes. “How are we related?”

“It seems that your origins have not been properly explained. You see when your mother Eileen was young,” Aurelius began quietly, “she had a relationship with a near relative and conceived. She was to be Bonded but before the person who promised to ask her father for her hand could do so, he disappeared without a trace. Horrified at her discovery of a pregnancy Eileen fled. Taking up with the first man she met. She married him in a Muggle ceremony, moved in with him and born two children. At birth, she forced him to exchange his blood for that of the children’s sire. Both children instead of having similar black hair and green eyes changed to resemble their new blood father. The boy’s eyes turned black and the girl’s hair because the colour of fire. Since her husband was a mostly unemployed drunk, Eileen left the girl at church with a letter, asking them to find a nice family care for her. If the mother became able to care for the girl, she would reveal herself.”

Severus frowned, eyes darting.

Lily blinked, “I knew I wasn’t the Evans’ child but…I’m Severus’ sister? How can that be?”

“Yes, your parents chose the date of your ‘birthday’. There have been suspicions in the parish that Eileen was your mother but no proof until she wrote a confession.” Aurelius replied. “Eileen has left Tobias and is now living in seclusion in France. Until she recovers her equanimity, she shall not have contact with either of you. I have spoken with the Evans, I shall permit you to spend one month in summer with them and you may also join them for Christmas. However. I shall require that you spend Winter Solstice with me so I will retrieve you from Platform Nine and Three-Quarters at the beginning of Winter holidays. On December 23 of each year, I shall deliver you to the Evans. You are welcome to spend Spring holidays with them if you wish to attend Easter services.”
“Who are you sir?” Lily asked, “How do you know all this? How have you managed to learn this?”

Aurelius sighed, “I am called Aurelius Prince now but I was born Severus Snape.”

Lily gasped.

“I was tossed into the past in a Magical accident. I have no way or wish to return to my own time. Since it is too confusing for there to be two of us, I have chosen to take the name of a member of the family who disappeared. I have with evidence managed to gain custody of you both through the Department of Magical Children. I will be informing the Board of Governors of this on Thursday. Prior to that I shall be re-certifying myself as a Potion Master, First Class. I have created Trust vaults for you both. I have set aside a set amount for Lily’s dowry that will gain interest until the time she chooses to Bond. I have set aside a set amount to be paid to the family of Severus’ chosen Bondmate. I could arrange them but I would rather you fell in love naturally.”

The children stared at him dumbfounded.

“Do you know who I married?” Lily asked softly.

Aurelius nodded, “He’s a bit immature now but he grows up.” He scowled, “He will be a decent father and a brave Auror.”

Severus growled, “Not Black!”

“Of course not. Black is responsible for most of your torment. Potter only goes along with it because he likes to keep Black occupied. Foolish boy.”

“What is it that you want of us?”

“Seeing as how you were both born purebloods and are tormented here, I was thinking that we might decide to transfer you. You would gain a greater education at another school where there are more options. You can choose to take classes that will count towards your futures. Although, classes are later and are often on weekends. Some merely last a single term.”
“What about Remus and Lucius?”

“With Lucius’ brother here, if Lucius wished I am sure that Abraxus would allow him to transfer without loosing face if Lucius was willing to Sacrifice his Perfect status. As for Remus, if he wished to meet the man who turned him and discuss his future.”

Remus stood up so suddenly, “I don’t want to meet him! He ruined my life!”

“Poor little pup. You don’t understand. Albus had been feeding you bad information. For one thing I told you before that other schools would let you attend. Durmstrang is especially welcoming. Lycanthropy was meant to be a curse but it was changed. The first Lycan was Sir Marok. He fell afoul of a Dark Witch named Nimue who cast the curse on him. While Morganna could not remove the curse, she altered it. The transformation would destroy any disease inhabiting the body. The painful monthly transformations could not be changed but it is a small price to pay from freedom from disease. Something like menstrual cramps or the pain of childbirth being offset by the ability to create life. However, if one finds a mate who soothes them, then the transformations are less painful to undergo. So is the company of others in animagus form.”

Lily and Severus looked at each other and did their silent communication that Aurelius remembered painfully.

“You’re a werewolf?” Lily asked quietly.

Remus glared at Aurelius. “No one is supposed to know! Dumbledore said he’d kick me out if anyone knew.”

Alaric chuckled, “Good. Then you can transfer schools with your friends.”

Severus frowned, “Why would I want to transfer?”

Alaric blinked, “Do you want to be tormented for your so-called dirty blood or would you like a new start away from prejudicial persons? Not everyone can manage to turn their prejudicial housemates into loyal subjects and that doesn’t seem like something you might be interested.”
“So if I agree to transfer I will be treated like an equal and not a Mudblood?” Lily asked softly.

Aurelius nodded, “I would like to transfer you. However if you would prefer to remain I will allow it, albeit reluctantly. I would prefer not to have you attending while Albus Dumbledore is Headmaster.”

“What has he done for you to despise him so?” Lily frowned at him.

“The truth?” Aurelius sighed.

“Truth.” Lily insisted.

“He allowed you and your husband to be murdered. He mindraped a student under his protection and murdered your son after using him as a sacrificial lamb and later made your son a killer. I am not sure exactly how many lives he ended or ruined.”

Lily recoiled, “You have proof of this?”

Aurelius nodded, “My own memories. I found your body…”

Lily looked at him, “He’s telling the truth. I’m not sure I like that I’m going to be murdered.”

Aurelius shook his head, “I won’t let that happen. Your would-be-murderer shall never harm you. As for Albus, I would sooner kill him then let him harm your child.”

“So how can we help?”

“I would like to arrange a meeting between Fenrir and Remus. There is much that he could teach you. Greyback is one of the strongest werewolves. He’s not a monster, not really. Because of the number of persons he’s infected, they believe he’s gone feral. He chose you Remus.”

“Fine!” the young lycan growled.
“When?”

“Next Saturday.” Then the boy fell silent.

Aurelius supposed it was a victory.

Alaric gestured for Lucius to follow him to a corner.

He handed him an iron chest. “I need you to retrieve something from Hogwarts.”

The young Malfoy heir beamed at him, “Of course my Lord.”

“You must go without being seen. Pace the seventh floor corridor. You must think over and over, I need the Room of Hidden Things.”

“The what?”

“You must do this. I can’t enter the school or I would do it myself.”

“The Room of Hidden Things?”

Alaric nodded, “You will look for the bust of a witch with a sort of crown on it. I want you to place the diadem in this chest. It will ward it immediately. Then you are to shrink it and send it to Merrivale. Above all do not be seen. I must have this immediately.”

“What is it?”

“A powerful Artefact. I hid it there to keep it from Dumbledore. He would never look there.”
“I will do it. What is my reward?”

Alaric noticed Lucius’ eyes straying to Aurelius, he smirked, “Your greatest desire fulfilled.”

The boy swallowed, “I’ll do it.”

Meanwhile, Aurelius had turned to his younger self and Lily, “I want you to discuss this between you. Make the best choice for your futures. Remus you must forget everything you heard previously about your Sire. He wants very much to meet you. I heard him grumbling about it for years. I would prefer to prevent having to hear that.”

“Alright, alright.”

Aurelius sighed, apparently a week from a full moon and Remus’ temper was still short.

They said goodbye to the Hogwarts students and made their way back to Hogsmeade where they Apparated back to Merrivale.
September 11, 1971

The four Hogwarts students had met up again after Lunch.

“Seriously, why should we believe him?” Remus grumbled. “What proof do we have that he is telling the truth?”

“He has my wand. He knows things only I could know.” Severus shrugged.

Lily sighed, “He’s telling the truth. Severus can’t lie to me, I can always tell.”

Severus smirked, “A twin thing?”

Lucius sneered, “Not all twins have that. I have little in common with my twin. We don’t even resemble one another, my hair is straight and his is wavy. He’s a Ravenclaw and I’m in Slytherin. The only thing we have in common is being a prefect. Everyone thinks he’s Sancus’ brother not mine. As if they could make that mistake. Sancus keeps his hair short and we don’t. My uncle Apollus doesn’t have long hair either. The Greengrass-Lovegood twins are like day and night in looks.”

“We don’t look alike either,” Lily shrugged, “Not every set of twins are like Gideon and Fabian. They actually look alike but since they too are in different Houses, they can’t be exactly alike. Now the Dearborn twins Caradoc and Alys, they are like us I suppose. I mean they don’t really look alike and like Lovegood and Greengrass they are in different Houses; Caradoc is a Hufflepuff and Alys is a Gryffindor.”

“So we are going to believe his tale?” Remus frowned,
“Why not? He seems serious and he has Lord Slytherin-Peverell at his side…” Lucius said toying with his hair.

“You just think he’s cute.” Severus accused.

Lucius frowned at him, “Even if I did why would he want someone as young as myself? Surely someone that rich and powerful could find someone older.”

“He spent most of his time looking at you.” Lily frowned, “When he wasn’t looking at me, he was looking at you. I think he likes you. I wonder exactly how old he is.”

“Old enough to see you dead…” Severus grumbled.

“I’m not sure how I feel about that. He swore that wouldn’t happen. That he had taken a precaution that would prevent that…” Lily said quietly.

“I just don’t like that I have to meet the guy who attacked me.” Remus pouted.

“I’ve met Greyback, he’s a werewolf yes but he is from an old family. He is an odd one. He fell afoul of someone and can’t have kids naturally. They even killed his mate.” Lucius said sharply. “His children are those he sires through blood like you. He is very careful whom he makes family. He has a weakness for kids yes, but not in a bad way. He’s not the monster the Ministry paints him as. He’s very knowledge about magical creatures that live in the Forest of Dean. He’s a near neighbor of the Greengrasses; they live at Stowe Green Castle while he and his pack live in his home; Lycan House. Despite his inability to sire naturally, Fenrir is the most respected and powerful alpha.”

Remus blinked, “He’s not a monster?”

Lucius snorted, “I told you that. Aurelius did as well. You already agreed to meet him. Once he bit you and you transformed, the law made you his offspring. He is your legal guardian but that is something that was denied him.”

Remus sighed, “It’s hard to put away feelings of resentment when you’ve had them for years. I’ve been told that my father insulted Greyback and he bit me in revenge. I’ve heard over and over how I’m a monster and no witch would want me. That I’d an embarrassment, that any children I have will
Lucius stared at him, “And you believe them? Without researching it? Are you a fool? Lycanthropy isn’t inherited that way. Naturally sired male offspring have wolfish tendencies but can’t transform, females have no trace of the wolf besides being dominant and protective.”

Remus sighed, and then he sniffed, snarling. “JAMES!”

Lucius warded the door.

Lily and Severus cast stunning jinxes.

Remus tugged off the cloak and glared at the bodies of James Potter and Sirius Black.

Lily stormed over and shook James, putting her wand to his throat, “Eneverate.”

The troublemaking Gryffindor Quidditch freak blinked up at her, “Lily?”

“What are you doing spying on us? How did you get it?”

“Followed you and Remus. Snuck in before you warded the room.”

“You heard everything?” Remus swallowed.

James shrugged, “So?”

“So you and the slimy snakeling are twins? Creepy. I guess you stole all the good-looking genes.” Sirius leered.

Remus growled at him, “Nothing is wrong with Severus’ looks Sirius.”
“Does Remy have a soft spot for the Slytherin? No wonder you ditched us. I thought you were being blackmailed into it by the High and Mighty Prince of Slytherin.” Sirius sneered.

“I am so glad that Aurelius wasn’t referring to him.” Lily groaned, “I would rather kill myself.”

Severus scowled, “And he’s much better?”

“I wouldn’t know. If he decided to grow up and was an Auror, I might give him half a chance. That is if he stopped insulting my brother. When he’s not being a bullying prat, he’s not a bad person. Too bad he wastes his time bullying.” Lily observed.

“What are you two going on about?” James frowned at them.

“I am glad Aurelius isn’t arranging for a bonding contract. I think maturity would never happen in that case.” Severus smirked.

Lily nodded, “Somehow I think you are right. Perhaps, our reputations are far too tattered here. I say we consider his offer. Perhaps, without us to distract them they’ll grow up.”

“I don’t want to stick around either. Where you two go I’ll follow. If only to keep an eye on you both.” Remus said stiffly, the idea of Severus leaving him behind to be James and Sirius’ pet again was an unwelcome idea.


“Because I’m sick of being called that pretentious Mudblood, the show off Muggleborn and Potter’s future slut. As if my only way to attain some modicum of respect is your bed. No thank you. I’d rather go somewhere where my blood is regarded as pure from the beginning, where I’ll be an equal.” Lily sniffed disdainfully.

“I’m sick of being tripped, insulted, my essays stolen, my potions ruined and being treated as an outcast. I’m just as pureblood as you three. My father and mother were Princes. I was conceived before my mother was a so-called blood-traitor. I’m not your inferior, I’m your equal Black.” Severus glowered.
Lucius smirked, “I’d back off my tormenting of Severus. The Head of his House is quite friendly with your mother and neither will take the news of your continued brutish behaviour, I shall remind Andromeda to write to her Aunt about Bella. However short or long your stay with us is Severus, Bella ought to be reined in at least to relieve you of that stress.”

“You’ll be writing mother?” Sirius swallowed.

“Yes, as a prefect your behaviour has not improved since the first weekend of school. As your cousin’s betrothed, it is only right for me to inform her that her son is disgracing his family by tormenting the heir of another House. “ Lucius said dryly.

“Dumbledore wouldn’t let you…”

Lucius smirked, “You really think I care what He thinks? My father is his superior; I am hoping his leadership is only temporary. I would hate to have such a man still in charge when my own children attend.”

“You’re bent and engaged to my cousin Annie, how many times could you stomach her? You’ll spend a majority of your time trying to find a worthy bedmate though I doubt many could hand your prissiness Lucius.”

James groaned, “Sirius! It’s one thing to mutter such things in the Tower. You can’t insult a prefect like that to their face.”

“He’s not Annie, so Malfoy isn’t family. I don’t have to like him.”

“Bella is family and you don’t like her.” James reminded him.

“She’s nuttier then a fruitcake! She ought to be in St. Mungos not Hogwarts!” the stubborn Gryffindor retorted.

“And Narcissa?” James asked.
“Spineless wench, can’t make a decision on her own. She’s a paper person with no personality.’
Sirius grumbled.

James sighed, “I am so glad that father keeps dodging your mother’s attempt to betroth us. I’ve got my heart set on Lily here. At least she’s got some fire.”

“She is present and can hear you.” Lily said coolly. “At present I don’t think much of you. You’re a cowardly spy, following innocent persons and listening to conversations that aren’t your business. Hopefully, my attending Durmstrang will make you think twice. You’ll have to grow up and apply yourself if you want me to look twice at you. First impressions are important and you keep fulfilling my first impression.”

“I’ll send a letter to Aurelius with Zar. We’ll let him know we’ve decided in on Durmstrang.” Severus said smugly.

“Why Durmstrang?” James pouted, “Why not Beauxbatons?”

Lily sniffed, “Because Beauxbatons is in France and that is where my birth mother is. I’d rather not meet her at present. She needs time recover from… a long illness. The temptation of us being so close would be to visit her before she is healthy enough for visitors. Durmstrang is too far away for us to consider such things.”

James frowned, “Your mother is sickly too? Mine has a heart condition; she’d never let me transfer to Durmstrang, it’s too far. Since father is a Governor, it would look ill if I went there.”

“I wish father had continued tradition and sent Xenos elsewhere.” Lucius muttered, “His preference for the Lovegood heiress is unseemly.”

Lucius seemed to remember a task he’d yet to accomplish and left giving Sirius warning glares.

Lily dragged Severus off with Remus at their heels.

Leaving a very disheartened James Potter and his ever-loyal sidekick Sirius Black.
As for any plot holes, hopefully they will be filled in eventually. I don't like to give away everything all at once. Yes I know the AureliusxEileen is squicky, it was the only angle they could try that benefits Aurelius and the kids. Purebloods do strange things to ensure that they are considered pureblood, so the so-called incest is ignored. Sirius' parents were seconds cousins and they were bonded so they aren't likely to cast stones.

Aurelius is just brilliant and sneaky- He was a Slytherin Headmaster after all and he managed to trick Voldy himself for years and Albus. Dumbledork will fall, the Board is already warned about the possible hiring of someone like Hagrid. Aurelius is slowly building connections with powerful families- next targeted family: the Weasley/Prewetts. So he is actually strengthening Alaric's political bloc, the stronger that is, the more likely they are to dethrone Dumbles.
The Past- Chapter 13

September 12, 1971

The Potions Master Exam

Aurelius was up early. He’d packed his satchel of required ingredients the night before. It contained not only the ones needed for his own potions but a number of ingredients needed for all potions he might be required to brew. Inside his satchel were two standard pewter cauldrons, one silver, one bronze and one gold. At least one stirring implement of any kind he might require and his paper.

Alaric had proofread it and offered very few corrections; he was actually quite intrigued with it.

It was currently copied into a journal with a dragon hide cover and that would intrigue the proctors. The original was store in his study of course...

He wrapped his cloak around himself; it was grey woven from acromantula silk and held at the throat with a green leaf clasp. while it did irritate his torn throat, Aurelius was used to glamouring his previous injuries and scars.

Aurelius was not only early; he was very early.

Having already faced such a host of persons previously and passed at a much younger age, he was not as nervous as his previous experience.

Other Potions Master hopefuls, including his nemesis Horace Slughorn arrived after himself.

Horace attempted to make his acquaintance; Aurelius showed him cold politeness but did little to encourage the man.

Few immediately attempted to attain the coveted first class certification.
Most strove to attain a Mastery and then test higher until one reached the coveted status of First Class Potioneer.

Some like Slughorn never made it above Third Class, there were five classes total. Most young potioneers never attempted higher then Third to begin with. They apprenticed to whatever Master or Mistress they could and in time tested to the level their Master or Mistress had attained. Then they would search out a more talented Master or Mistress of higher rank, thus most often it took years to attain the title of Potion Master or Mistress, First Class.

Persons like Slughorn gave off the false impression that they had a higher rank and were jealous of those with greater talent.

They were invited to enter.

The Exam Hall was in the bowels of the Ministry, on the same floor as the Department of Mysteries and the infamous Courtroom Ten.

There were twelve hopefuls present and twelve stations.

Some of the examinees were stunned to see that there were no provided cauldrons or ingredients.

Random tests at this level required one to bring one’s own equipment, ingredients and tools.

Somehow because he was trying to show his worth, Aurelius was suspicious that the lack of equipment was because of him: to test him harsher than most. Thus avoiding obvious favoritism.

Aurelius chose a station that consisted of merely an empty worktable and ring of stone to contain the fire. His was close to the front of the exam hall. Aurelius was fastidious enough to ward his station so only those with in its boundaries could hear the conversations discussed.

He set a pewter cauldron over the stone circle before he began arranging his chosen ingredients by use and then laying out his tools.
All of his items came from his satchel.

Three of the twelve had already been escorted out because they had no cauldrons.

Damn Horace looked gleeful.

Another three were already sweating and looked ready to bolt.

All of this Aurelius catalogued and ignored.

His dissertation was warded to the table so that only Abraxus could remove it.

Only a fool wouldn’t realize that Abraxus was the one who you had to impress.

Despite his relative youth, Abraxus was the true power in the trio of proctors.

Of course his newly acquainted friend’s curiosity won out and he was one of the first approached.

Abraxus frowned at him, “Aurelius Prince?”

Aurelius nodded. “Yes.”

“This is?”

“My research into a previously never brewed potion. Before my accident I created this potion, it seemed a small thing but easy enough to brew. It is perhaps, more complicated then it seems.”

“What are you proposing to brew for us?” Abraxus asked haughtily.
One would think they weren’t friends…

At the moment they weren’t, Aurelius was an examinee and Abraxus was his proctor.

“A Soothing Draught.”

Abraxus lifted the dragon hide covered journal, “This is?”

“My dissertation on the Soothing Draught.”

“Bound?” Abraxus skimmed it, “Clear handwriting and at first glance, clearly not written by an amateur.”

Aurelius inclined his head; “I have been gone sometime by your standards. I am merely proving my capabilities; I am still a Potion’s Master, First Class by my own abilities. I wish to have the title merely reaffirmed.”

Abraxus nodded, “What is the length of time a typical soothing draught takes to brew?”

Aurelius proceeded to explain.

“The differences between a Soothing Draught, and other potions.”

“Most other potions that treat anxiety or panic have the side-affect of making one sleep. A soothing draught accomplishes the goal of calming the imbibers but does not make them drowsy.”

“How could you brew a Soothing Draught in the time frame of this exam?”

“The exam begins on a Sunday and ends on a Wednesday so all potions must take no longer than three days. A Soothing Draught takes two days but I can finish it in less.”
“How?” Abraxus frowned at him.

“How?” Abraxus frowned at him.

“Through the use of a localized time spell.”

“Not that spell. Few potions masters have the skill or the power to control that spell. You could cause an explosion…” Abraxus glared at him.

Aurelius frowned, “How does one accomplish an order for influenza potions for an out of season outbreak in summer? A truly skilled brewer can brew a dozen batches in a matter of hours rather than weeks. An influenza potion takes two weeks to complete without such a spell.”

“Very well, I would like this potion and a series of others.”

“Which ones?”

“A Soothing Draught, Felix Felices, Amortentia and the Draught of Living Death.”


“Surely,” one of the other proctors sniifed, “such levity is inappropriate.”

Aurelius bowed, “My apologies. All I meant was that surely a more difficult series of potions would allow me a better showing.”

“How many cauldrons do you have?” Abraxus asked.

Aurelius smirked, “Two of each.”

“Very well, if you believe you can brew more then what I required, you are welcome to attempt to prove yourself.” Abraxus decreed.
Aurelius inclined his head, “Very well.”

“Polyjuice takes two months…” the shorter proctor protested.

“If he thinks he can brew it in three days, let him.” Abraxus sneered and let the other two proctors away

Aurelius went to work; he started the Soothing Draught first. Preparing the ingredients one by one.

Once all the ingredients were added properly to the soothing draught, Aurelius set it to simmer. The vials were already prepared. He cast the spell to finish the potion by speeding up time within the cauldron. He ladled the contents into ten phials and then sealed them before setting the now empty cauldron aside. He turned the next cauldron from his satchel and started Amortentia.

The rhythm was so familiar and calming, that soon that potion was simmering.

A few timed spells and it was releasing familiar scents…

The spell of Lucius’ vanilla scented hair-cleansing potions. The smell of spring wind and the faint odour of a Quidditch Chaser after practice. The spell of Lucius’ favourite Sandalwood and patchouli cologne. Biting his lip, Aurelius ladled that into ten phials as well.

Stacking the dirty cauldron on the previous one, Aurelius went to begin his next potion. He started the Polyjuice, the most difficult one given that the previous potions had relaxed him.

He’d no sooner added the Boomslang skin, then Abraxus clapped his hands, “We will break for dinner now.”

Aurelius blinked and checked his watch; it was six thirty. He chose to let it simmer instead of putting it under a stasis charm. He would speed it up later...

“Prince come with me.” Abraxus snapped.
Aurelius warded his brewing station so it couldn’t be entered until he returned.

Then he made his way over to the head proctor, “Yes, Proctor Malfoy?”

“I’m going to Antonio’s. You will accompany me and expound upon this.” Abraxus decreed tapping the dragon hide cover of the book that Aurelius submitted.

“Of course, Proctor.” Aurelius said following him out of the exam hall.

The three proctors sealed the hall after kicking the examinees out.

The other Potion Master, First Class hopefuls were escorted to a small chamber to dine.

Horace of course tried to insinuate himself with the proctors.

“Abraxus, Damian, Cletus. Might I convince you to join me in this lovely restaurant in Diagon that just opened?”

Abraxus scowled, “I already have plans. Come along Aurelius.”

Aurelius was internally smug and the cool dismissal of Horace’s flattering attempt at bribery.

“A meal is being provided in there Horace.” Damian said stiffly behind them.

Aurelius shook his head, “If he can’t make the second class exams, why does he even try the first class?”

Abraxus shrugged, “Salazar only knows.”

They ate pasta at Antonio’s, both of them drinking espresso rather than wine due to the exam.
Abraxus skimmed the dissertation as he ate asking questions.

Aurelius gave replies between bites about the potion and its creation.

“So how many have you finished already?” Abraxus asked setting the journal aside.

“The soothing one is finished, so is the Amortentia.”

“Speaking of Amortentia, what did you smell?”

Aurelius sighed, casting the Muffilato before replying, “Lucius…”

Abraxus raised an eyebrow, “What did you smell?”

“His hair potions, his cologne, him after Quidditch practice.” Aurelius admitted reluctantly.

“How could you know what he smelled like after practice?” Abraxus frowned, “I thought you only arrived not long ago.”

Aurelius sighted, “I might have seen them yesterday, I snuck onto the Hogwarts grounds.” He was not going to admit he was Severus Snape to Abraxus again, that was just confusing. “I met with the kids and we discussed their possibly transferring. They decided on Durmstrang.”

“Well, that is interesting.” Abraxus said relaxing in his chair.

“Remus agreed to meet Fenrir.”

“That is good. Fenrir is a decent sort.”
They finished and Abraxus paid for their meal.

Aurelius blinked, “What?”

“I can’t let you pay or else they will think you’re bribing me. I invited you, so I’ll pay.”

Aurelius sighed, arguing with a Malfoy usually ended in disaster and one rarely won.

They Apparated back to the Ministry and returned in time for the proctors to unlock the exam hall.

The examinees returned to their stations.

Aurelius sped up the potion in the cauldron and added the next ingredient.

They were expected to vacate the hall at 11 pm. They would be readmitted into the exam hall at nine Tuesday morning.

Aurelius continued the potion until they were told to prepare to leave.

He tidied up his station but left his ingredients for the Draught of Living Death and it’s antidote. He would finish those and the Polyjuice tomorrow. Then he would start Gregory’s Unctuous Unction.

By the time the exam ended on Wednesday at six in the evening, he planned to have six completed potions.

He would be taking his used cauldrons home and scrubbing them. He preferred to do such chores himself to be sure that they were done properly. Scrubbing students’ cauldrons he always saved for detentions...

They were escorted out and the exam hall sealed.
“We will see you at nine tomorrow.” Abraxus informed them shortly.

Aurelius turned away, his satchel resting on his shoulder.

Abraxus followed him.

Aurelius was a little tired but his mind was awake.

He was not exactly sure whether he was alright with Abraxus flooing into Merrivale behind him.

“Just how emotionally attracted are you to my son?” Abraxus asked.

Aurelius turned to face him; “I want your son as my bonded, yet I am willing to allow a blood connection with the House of Black.” If only to ensure that Draco was conceived, he was fond of the boy despite his formerly gruff exterior.

“You are an odd one Aurelius Prince.”

“I would do near anything to have Lucius as my bonded.” Aurelius admitted with a nervous sigh.

“Perhaps, we can come to an agreement. If you are truly that serious about my son, I’m sure we can discuss things.”

Aurelius wasn’t sure what the Malfoy Lord was referring to, “If you wish,”

“I wonder what…”

“Your son seems to be highly attracted to Aurelius.”

The two men turned towards the voice.
“If I were you Abraxus, I would betroth Lucius to Aurelius. At least if you must have a contract with Walpurga, would you actually consider a one-child contract? I think Lucius would prefer to lose his virginity to Aurelius though. He’s done me a favour and I did promise him Aurelius after a fashion in exchange.”

Aurelius coughed, “Alaric! Why in the world would you promise him me?”

“One, you already want him, and he clearly wants you. While I don’t understand the attraction, it would be wise to allow the connection. If my opinion is still worth anything since I’ve resigned my title as Dark Lord.”

Aurelius groaned, “Your advice would be welcome if it didn’t involve Lucius.”

Abraxus stroked his chin; “Lucius has an attraction for Aurelius? Interesting, I am sure that a contract could be signed and sealed but not filed until Andromeda breaks the contract and Narcissa bears a child. Why are you insisting that such a union be in existence even for a short time?”

Aurelius sighed, “Narcissa and Lucius together produce a very talented young man, he will be the best Seeker Slytherin has seen in a hundred years. He will be a fine Potions Master, taking after his grandfather and has a natural gift for Charms and Ancient Runes. He will be a fine heir to the bloodline.” Then he frowned, “I was wondering, have you heard of a scandal erupting between Sixth Year Arcturus Weasley and Fifth Year Mary Prewett yet?”

Abraxus frowned, “No. I’m sure Lucius would have passed that along if he had.”

“You had dinner tonight at Grimmauld Alaric. Did Walpurga invite you up to the library?”

Alaric nodded, “Yes. Why?”

“Was Cedrella still there?” Aurelius asked.

Alaric nodded, “Yes.”
“That means that that hasn’t occurred yet. Arcturus still has a chance, what I was asking is regarding a soon-to-be discovered scandal. Sometime last spring, Mary Prewett who prefers to be called Molly used nefarious means to sleep with Arcturus. She conceived. She is planning to hide the pregnancy as long as possible and then entrap Arcturus in a bonding.” Aurelius said thoughtfully.

“Arcturus Weasley is betrothed to Gideon Prewett.” Abraxus frowned.

“Yes. I think the smartest thing to do would be to have pressure put on Septimus to go forward with the bonding and have them bonded this winter over the holidays. Once the arrangements have begun, Lucius should cast a glamour negating charm on Prefect Prewett. Unless of course we can find a more appropriate method of forcing the discovery of her pregnancy. Since she in essence raped the Weasley heir, she ought to be stripped of her rights to it. Arcturus and Gideon ought to be together, if only to prevent tragedy from striking the Prewett family. If they are not bonded, within ten years, both brothers will be dead.” Aurelius warned.

“Hm… I’ll speak with Walpurga. I’m sure that we can push ahead on that bonding. It would unsettle Andromeda and make her more likely to consider elopement if she thinks that she’ll be pushed to bond. Bellatrix can’t be bonded until Andromeda is…” Abraxus frowned.

“At least Narcissa isn’t currently betrothed to anyone, although I believe that Governor Burbage’s daughter Charity who will start next September will harbour a tender for Walpurga’s son.” Aurelius shrugged.

“I will owl Walpurga about the Prewetts and the Weasleys, her sister-in-law Lucida is bonded to Isdemus Prewett. I believe that they are the current Hogwarts’ Prewetts’ grandparents or are they their aunt and uncle?”

“Yes, Isdemus has passed the title's votes on to Drystan, who merely holds his votes but Isdemus is still considered the Head of the family.”

“I thought that Lucida had a child?” Aurelius frowned.

“They have two, Isdemus was born in ’26 and Atlas in ’62, but since Atlas was a born a squib, they aren’t too open about it. I believe Atlas Prewett attends some school called Eton so he has the education and background to make his way in the Muggle World. Since Atlas' lack of magic was discovered, Lucida and Isdemus are rather unsocial, he was lateborn and perhaps, that is why he lacks magic.”
Atlas Prewett? Wasn’t that Mafalda’s father? Aurelius was sure it was, so he was the squib relation who worked as a Muggle Accountant? Interesting. “So the presumed heir is Fabian Prewett?”

Abraxus nodded. “Well, I ought to be returning home. I’ll owl Walpurga in the morning.” He took his leave.

Aurelius bid Alaric good night and turned in.

Another two days of brewing and then he’d be certified as a Potions’ Master, First Class.
September 15, 1971

It wasn’t all that surprising really when Aurelius turned in his potions at the end of the exam.

There were ten vials of Soothing draught, twelve of Polyjuice, nine of Amortentia, seven Gregory’s Unctuous Unction, twenty Felix Felices, eleven Draught of Living Death, twelve Wiggenweld Potion and twenty-five vials of Veritaserum.

Abraxus looked smug.

Horace was green…

He’d failed again…

The other proctors were stunned.

They were forced to give him straight ‘O’s’ for each potion.

As well as one for his written submission…

That was a result of nine Outstandings…

The assigned potions varied among the persons sitting a Potions Master exam…
No one was ever assigned such a number…

You needed all Outstandings to be risen in rank.

Horace always fell short, despite his ‘friendship’ with Abraxus, he never managed to obtain an ‘Outstanding’ from him.

“You have proven yourself, Aurelius you are still perceived as Potions Master, First Class. The results will be posted in two days and a certificate will be owled to your residence but you are allowed to brew as if you were certified. You are welcome to seek commissions with reputable apothecaries and St. Mungos.” Abraxus declared.

Horace glared at him and stormed out.

The man was probably using a time-turner to be able to take the exam anyway.

“I am pleased to see how much talent you have. Hopefully, your children show similar talent.”

“Your son is adequate but I promise to personally tutor his offspring so that they equal your own talent Abraxus.”

“It is rare to met someone so talented, to be able to brew such difficult potions so quickly and with that spell.” Abraxus mused. “Yes, such talent…”

“It would be interesting to have you over to discuss the intricacies of brewing. Perhaps, a joint research project?” Aurelius offered.

Abraxus smirked, “It would be an honour. I rarely have the time these days to devote myself to research but it is a fact that Princes are the finest brewers since Merlin.”

The two headed for a nearby café to talk potions.
September 16, 1971

Hogwarts’ Board of Governors’ Meeting

The Meeting was to take place at Malfoy Manor.

Alaric and Aurelius arrived early and were escorted by a house elf to the small dining room where the meeting was to take place.

The Head of the Board was Walpurga Black and she was already present when they arrived.

She nodded at them from her seat at the head of the table.

The other members arrived singly and in pairs but all were present by eleven.

Before Walpurga officially brought the meeting to order, Abraxus spoke up.

“Lady Black, may I speak?”

Walpurga who was part of the plan nodded, “Of course but make it quick, as we do have business to discuss.”

Abraxus nodded, “It has come to my attention that the titles Prince, Slytherin and Peverell have been claimed. The holders are also entitled to seats on this board. They wish to be acknowledged.”

Walpurga taped her parchment with a dry quill, “Their names?”

Alaric stood, approaching the assembled Governors, he bowed, “My name is Alaric Hermes Slytherin-Peverell; I am the grandson and sole heir of Marvolio Gaunt who was the last of the direct
line of Slytherin himself. I also through him have claim to the Peverell Line, as I am a descendant of
Ignotus Peverell.”

Aurelius joined him and bowed courteously, “I am Aurelius Nilan Prince, brother of Amphion, the
previously Lord Prince. A potion’s mishap tossed me forward in time. I wish to petition for my right
to take my seat.”

Lord Crouch sniffed at him, “What House were you in?”

“Which one of us my Lord?” Alaric asked politely thought he thought little of Crouch’s manners.

“You.”

Alaric shrugged, “Slytherin but I fail to see how that applies.”

“Peverell is a Ravenclaw seat.”

“Things can change. After all, one ought to be Sort where one belongs not where blood is
historically expected.” Alaric said dryly.

“Your veracity has been proved to whom?” Hera Lovegood, Holder of the Ravenclaw seat asked
politely distant.

“The goblins and they are very thorough in their declaring of heirs as well as conscientious in
passing on estates. It is a matter of pride with them.” Alaric offered.

“We have a petition, is there a motion?” Walpurga asked.

Abraxus spoke for them, “I, Abraxus Ajax Malfoy move that Lord Alaric be granted the Peverell
and Slytherin seats. I also move that Lord Aurelius be granted the right to take his seat as a Prince.”

Madam Lovegood seconded the motion.
Walpurga called for a vote.

The other three Founders: Hera Lovegood for Ravenclaw, Arfang Longbottom for Gryffindor and Abigail Smith for Hufflepuff were in favour of it.

Walpurga Black and Abraxus Malfoy voted in favour of it, the return of Prince and Slytherin would return full votes for Slytherin – five instead of two. The original number was four: Slytherin, Grimaldi that became Black, Malfoy and Prince. With Peverell held by a former Slytherin, it was now a Slytherin-loyal Seat.

Edith Bones, Walter Diggory and Hope Burbage voted in favour of it out of fair play- they were after all Hufflepuffs.

Only Castor Crouch voted against it.

Alaric had been warmed that there was discord between Marvolo and Castor, so his nay vote was to be expected. Castor was known to dislikes Slytherins despite the fact that he was bonded to one. Rumour had it that Charis’ life with Castor was so unhappy that she often ill. Three children over twenty years: the first Clorinda was born in 1936, a son Bartimus in 1944 and another daughter Chara in 1956. Clorinda bonded to Gawain Dearborn and had three children; Alys, Caradoc and Galine. Bartimus had bonded to Patricia Clearwater and they had a son Bartimus Patrick that was due to start Hogwarts next year with Regulus, Walpurga’s son. The bonding between Charis and Castor had been non-consensual for both parties.

Despite the tie through bonding with the House of Crouch, Patience Clearwater the Board’s secretary voted for it.

Charlus Potter also related to the House of Black through his wife Odorita, voted against it.

Abraxus had hemmed and hawed about a longstanding feud between their Houses. Charlus was expected to vote against it because Abraxus brought it to the Board’s attention and made the motion because he disliked him.

Drystan Prewett abstained.
For a Gryffindor, he often chose to stay out of inflammatory politics.

Septimus Weasley chose to vote with Arfang Longbottom who was his brother-in-law.

His wife Cedrella was Arranz Fagan (Arfang)’s wife Callidora’s younger sister. They did not get along with Castor, despite being related through marriage.

Walpurga rapped her gavel, “With two nays, one abstention and twelve yeas the vote for Lords Alaric and Aurelius to join our numbers passes.”

“If I might speak?” Aurelius asked.

Walpurga let out a sigh and acted put on, “Very well.”

Aurelius restrained a look of smug authority, “It had come to my attention that my niece Eileen bore my children. They are currently attending Hogwarts and are erroneously registered as a Halfblood and a Muggleborn. Both have been paid scholarships. I wish to repay the monies to the Board so that more deserving students can be granted them. I also wish to have myself recognized by this body as their legal guardian.”

“You have proof of this? Are they even legitimate?” Castor asked sneering.

Aurelius smirked, “I have a photo taken at Gringotts of our complete and original family tapestry with a letter of verification by my estate manager Griphook, a letter written by my niece and a copy of their registration of birth signed by the Head of the Department of Magical Children, Lord Eltanin Rosier himself. When I disappeared, Eileen ran away from home. She was bound by legal contract when the children were born. It was not a Wizarding contract because she could not hope to pass my children off to another wizard.”

“Why do you wish to claim them?” Hera Lovegood asked.

“My family has dwindled to myself, my niece and our children. My niece is going to live in seclusion for her signing a legal contract binding her to a Muggle. Severus is already at Hogwarts and has excellent marks. To disown him would be a tragedy; at eleven he is still malleable. His twin Lillian Anastasia has the top marks of her year already and it isn’t even a month into term yet. She is an dedicated student, while we don’t think much of Muggles as a rule, they were tied for Marks there.”
This Aurelius knew from his own past.

Walpurga scoffed, “Of course a wizard and witch would be more intelligent than Muggle scum.”

Aurelius wisely ignored the jab, “I would like to be acknowledged by the Board as the guardian of Severus Aurelian and Lillian Anastasia.”

“Why would they be better off with you rather than their mother?” Crouch glared.

Aurelius sighed, “Their mother was assaulted in multiple ways repeatedly by her Muggle husband. She needs time to recover and she admitted that she isn’t well enough to raise them. It was her wish that I have custody. The girl was fostered to a Muggle couple that raised her as their own. I have agreed reluctantly because Lillian is fond of them to allow them to have her for one month of summer. Her brother will go with her as guardian. I will have them for August and then they shall return to school.” Aurelius failed to inform them about his thoughts on transferring them to Durmstrang or Beauxbatons. It was quite helpful that they had owled him by Severus’ owl Zar informing him of their decision to transfer to Durmstrang. They preferred to attend there due to its greater distance from Eileen’s current residence. Neither were keen on knowing her a present…

Given the treatment they’d received and the stigma they’d fallen victim to, it would be difficult to truly change the students’ minds.

Especially ones like Bellatrix who wanted to believe someone was beneath her so she had the right and duty to treat one as the scum she viewed them as.

The Board voted and a nearly unanimous vote declared their acceptance of Aurelius as Severus and Lily’s guardian. Casper voted against it, presumably to be a vindictive prat.

After those vital matters of business they discussed other matters of business: Possible raises for professors, the possibility of paid leave for field related symposiums during the school year and the current pay for substitute professor.

Aurelius brought up something, “I think we should discuss what sort of professor qualifications ought to be considered for future applicants. We wouldn’t want a travesty such as a person without OWLS or NEWTS serving as a professor.”
The other governor members let out varying exclamations of disbelief.

Alaric frowned at him, “Is such a travesty possible?”

Aurelius frowned at him, “Knowing Dumbledore? Yes, how many of you remember the attention given to one Rubeus Hagrid? The current Groundskeeper?”

“The one who supposedly opened the Chamber of Secrets?” Abraxus asked frowning.

Aurelius nodded, “Yes. He is given free rein with his so-called pets. Alaric, what was the pet you saw him with when you were a prefect?”

Alaric frowned, “Oh that thing? A large spider that muttered, so it was probably an acromantula. I tried to capture it but he evaded me. I believe he set it loose in the Forbidden Forest.”

“There are rumours he’s domesticating his own herd of Thestrals. They are the creatures at present used to pull the Hogwarts carriages. There used to be a two-point spell between the Hogsmeade station and Hogwarts. Some of us remember using it?” Aurelius asked.

There were nods all around.

“My information says that they now arrive in carriages drawn by invisible horses.” A change that Aurelius knew came the September first that Dumbledore was the seated Headmaster.

“I don’t think I like the idea that my Lucius is being delivered to Hogwarts in such a manner. If they wanted winged horses to pull carriages, I would have sold some of my Abraxans.” Abraxus frowned.

Abraxus was obviously named due to his father’s obsession with their Abraxan herd…

“There are also Hippogriffs on the grounds cared for by Hagrid who had been known to complain how much he wants a dragon of all things. My suspicions are that he will someday be placed in a greater position of authority, perhaps not just gamekeeper or groundskeeper but he might replace Professor Kettleburn. With the sort of responsibilities he’s gained and the sort of creatures he raises, it
Drystan Prewett was thoughtful, “I remember Hagrid. He was a few years behind me but he was obsessed with magical creatures. The larger and the more dangerous, the more he liked them. If he could get a hold of a dragon I think he would…”

Alaric nodded, “I agree, acromantulas are dangerous enough. After all, they are flesh-eating spiders known to be partial to humans. In my research into Dark Magic and Dark Creatures, merely to satisfy my own curiosity and to qualify for certification as a Defence Against the Dark Arts Mastery, I learned that the acromantula was created to feed ones enemies to hide the evidence. I do not wish to upset the ladies present but there would be little remaining to attempt to discover an identity.”

“Such dangerous creatures are near our children? If they were to wander into the Forbidden Forest and stumble into Acromantula Territory and be preyed upon they would never be found.” Hera Lovegood frowned.

“That is most disturbing.” Castor sneered, “However, I am sure that my son will not set foot in such a place.”

“Unless it is to prove that he is more deadly with a wand.” Aurelius snorted. “Only an truly clever person can kill an adult acromantula. Not something most students can do but I can think of one person I’ve met that could…”

Probably, Charlie Weasley who was yet to be born; much less conceived…

Next year if his speculations were correct…

Hera Lovegood spoke, “I move that a list of qualifications for new professors be discussed in committee and presented at our next meeting.”

Drystan surprisingly seconded the motion.

It was also shockingly a unanimous decision…
“Very well,” Walpurga nodded, “I shall appoint a four person committee to create a list of qualifications to be submitted at the next meeting. Aurelius, Hera, Septimus and Hope if you would be so obliging…”

There were four nods of agreement from the requested persons.

Aurelius knew that Hope was his former schoolmate and fellow professor Charity Burbage’s mother.

“If that is it for this meeting, then dismissed.”

The Board’s secretary Patience Clearwater finished her notes and rose, “I shall recopy these and send all the members as well as the headmaster his copy.”

Patience was if Aurelius remembered correctly had a sire who born to House O’Shanesey and was daughter of Madam Penelope Clearwater, the great-grandmother of future Head Girl Penelope Clearwater who was petrified by an ignorant Ginvera Weasley…

It was courtesy to send him a copy but not required.

“Don’t send him a copy this month.” Walpurga advised. “Let the committee discuss their recommendations without his input. He can be informed after we have voted.”

Patience smirked, “Wise Walpurga wise. It shall be done.”

Before Governor Prewett and Governor Weasley could leave, Abraxus shut the door and put up privacy wards silently.

Leaving only Governors Black, Slytherin-Peverell, Prince, Malfoy, Prewett and Weasley present.

“I’m not sure I’m pleased to be trapped here.” Septimus snapped.

“You are not trapped here.” Abraxus said calmly.
“We wished to discuss something privately and waited until the others left.”

“What would be so urgent that you would sequester us alone with you?” Drystan asked frowning.

“I think it wise to push forward the bonding between Gideon and Arcturus.” Walpurga said quickly.

Septimus blinked, “I maybe bonded to your cousin Walpurga but I don’t take kindly to your attempt to meddle in the affairs of my House.”

Aurelius sighed, “We wish to prevent embarrassment. We have intelligence that could destroy your family’s standing. While you are not subscribers to the ‘magic and power for purebloods only circle’ you still wish to be respected by your social equals.”

“What sort of information?” Drystan asked quietly.

“The worst kind, a huge scandal that we wish to avoid.” Abraxus offered.

“What sort of ‘scandal’?” Septimus frowned.

“We wish to avoid your Houses being exposed to ridicule and censure by the Ministry. It is a fact that both Fabian and Arcturus wish to attend Auror Training. Gideon is also hoping to attend the Healer Academy at St. Mungos.” Abraxus added.

“How do you know this?” Drystan frowned.

“Well, Gideon is a Prefect and so is my Lucius. They maybe in different years and House but they have been on rounds together. Kingsley is also an Auror hopeful, it is well know that the three spend much time together.” Abraxus chuckled.

“It has come to even my son’s observation that your daughter Mary is obsessed with Arcturus. Her behaviour has exceeded politeness and has resulted in outright hostility to Gideon. While both prefects it is unsettling, her behaviour is erratic and strange. She is wearing a very heavy glamour…”
“I am a bit of a seer,” Aurelius declared reluctantly, “Your daughter is pregnant with a son. It was conceived with the use of a lust potion and a memory charm. Mary is carrying Arcturus’ illegitimate child, it was conceived when she forced herself on him last spring. She is due in late November. I would advise you to call her home. Let her give birth at home and allow the already sighed betrothal to be exchanged for a bonding contract. You can tell any story you like.”

“Perhaps, that they have managed to conceive without a potion because they are soulmates. It was unexpected and though it is short notice to allow them to be bonded immediately. Mary can be taken home at the same time; since she wishes to help out her brother. she’ll resign her prefect status. They will reconcile because of the child. After the birth the child will be given to Gideon and Mary can be Obliviated to believe that it is indeed Gideon’s child. Perhaps, she can have some treatment to see how she did such a terrible thing.” Alaric offered.

“Why should we trust you?” Septimus snarled.

“If you don’t believe me, visit them right now. Pull them out of classes; you are Governors so it is in your power to do so. Cast a finite at Mary and see if she is not pregnant. She may already have a tendency to plumpness but two months from giving birth I am sure that she shows plenty.” Aurelius sneered. “You can deal with it this week or I shall ask Severus to cast a finite on her as a prank in front of the Great Hall. However, I shall not reveal to him what he would be revealing.”

“What are we to do?” Drystan groaned.

“Well, I for one do not believe that Mary ought to be bonded to Arcturus. It would be rewarding her for rape and line theft. Surely, you do not want your family name to be bandied about as contract breakers.” Walpurga smirked.

“If this is true, what do we owe you?” Septimus sniffed.

“Merely an open mind when it comes to Albus Dumbledore. For your children’s safety, it might be wise to remove them from Hogwarts and educate them privately. Albus has been preaching war for months.” Abraxus chuckled, “However, I fail to see a sign of it.”

“He wants to create a war that will divide the purebloods as well as isolate and torment the Muggleborns. If he is not stopped, I see a world where the Weasley family is divided and the Prewett House has no sons. Frank Longbottom and his bonded will be cut down in their youth leaving an infant son behind.” Aurelius warned. “The Crouch line will end with Bartimus Jr.”
“What do you want in exchange for the warning?”

Aurelius smirked, “I will grant you the names of Arcturus’ first five children, the times of their conceptions and their birth date. If they are conceived, they shall grow into fine young men, highly intelligent and hardworking. A Curse Breaker, a genius at Magical Creatures specialising in Dragons, a Minister for Magic Candidate, and then two who will be starting a prosperous business. All but the third born will excel at Quidditch.”

“Proof?” Drystan asked hoarsely.

“Mary’s child shall be born on November 29. I would keep the bonding from her until after the birth. Then you can discuss her punishment.” Aurelius advised. “Their name is William Bronwen.”

“We need to see our children.” Septimus said stiffly.

Abraxus waved his hand, the wards fell and the door opened.

Septimus and Drystan left immediately.

“You think that they’ll keep the contract between Arcturus and Gideon?” Walpurga asked.

Aurelius sighed, “One can hope. If Arcturus is not allowed to be near Mary, I think he’ll keep the contract. I don’t see him being weak-willed in school but if she is allowed near him, he will crumble and forget his affection for Gideon.”

“Speaking of contracts and happier tidings, my Aunt Cassiopeia is quite taken with your lordship.” Walpurga blushed, “I certainly can’t fault her for that. I believe the contract can be fulfilled if that is still your wish.”

Alaric blushed, “Your aunt is quite winsome and intelligent. Once I have my estate in order and my position stable, I will with both of your Permission like to Court her. I like her very much, I know that a contract is already signed and sealed but merely requires correction regarding the persons to be bonded.”
Aurelius knew it was merely a play for time; after all they had to find a way to retrieve his soul slices and allow them to rebond to his soul. While it might never be as whole or as stable as it had been before he split it, it would hopefully prevent him from dying from the curse laid by Merlin’s echo that tested him.

“If our business is concluded,” Abraxus announced, “perhaps, you would join me for a meal?”

The other Slytherin loyal Governors accepted.

Immediately a light repast was arranged on the table.

They sat down and discussed pleasanter topics then the possible averted scandal between the House of Prewett and Weasley…

Chapter End Notes

September 17, 1971

Aurelius' plan was to transfer Lily and Severus to Durmstrang and then set about dealing with the Horcruxes.

However since he'd promised to set up a meeting with Fenrir and Remus, he'd sent an owl to the alpha inviting him to breakfast.

Aurelius was bit curious why Alaric made no real move to deal with his inheritance or chose a residence.

Not that he begrudged the company. In fact for a formerly mad Dark Lord, Alaric was an engaging conversationalist and very intelligent.

Aurelius found himself respecting the man…

Fenrir was a lot sexier then Aurelius remembered.

Then again, there were how many years difference between Fenrir and Severus' ages?

The man had grey-blue eyes, a definitely yummy build and what seemed to be a permanent five-o'clock shadow scruff.

Aurelius groaned, this is what happened when one was celibate. He wanted Lucius…

The man raised his eyebrow, "Do I know ya?"

"I'm not sure. Aurelius Prince."

Fenrir shrugged, "I knew yer brother then, Amphion. No offence meant but he were a disagreeable sort. What ya sent ya meant right? You'll put me in contact with me boy Remus?"

Aurelius nodded, "He agreed to meet with you. He's been convinced you're a bloodthirsty monster. The story he was told was that you had an argument with his father and bit him in revenge."

Fenrir frowned. "Revenge? Nay. Remus were ill. His blood smelt like rot. He were a very powerful wizard that young but he were months from death. I could smell it on him. He had potential to be an Alpha. Alphas are rare in our kind. Raised properly, he could be my heir. I've been fighting to gain custody but the Ministry doesn't have him listed, err Remus isn't registered. Not all of us be. The registry is new and we resent it. You'd think after 'Hairy Snout, Human Heart' they'd see us differently. Even Scamander thinks poorly of us even if he admitted that we don't give birth to werewolves."

"I remember Lily said his mother had cancer. Perhaps, he acquired it that way?"
Fenrir nodded. "I hate ter see kids suffer. Sure being a werewolf ain't perfect but if it keeps them alive long enough ter have a life then I don't much care."

Aurelius had a difficult time matching this man to the man he remembered. "Tell me, why you would hypothetically speaking mind attack a Gringotts curse breaker."

"Curse breaker? How old?"

"Twenty-six."

"Musta acquired a wasting disease. Some times tombs of rich wizards have hidden trap wards that expose one to wasting diseases."

"If he were only scratched but not turned, would that make a difference?" Aurelius pressed.

"Biting would heal him from the disease. Musta been interrupted. Scratching would have given him a few more years. A werewolf bite to a wizard in perfect health kills him. The curse attacks the life spirit instead of a disease."

"Are there any female werewolves?"

Fenrir shook his head, "Witches don't survive a bite. A scratch can save their life if they were near death. They'd scar because it's a curse scar but it would be just enough to keep them alive."

Alaric tapped at Aurelius' Occlumency shields.

Aurelius let him in enough to communicate.

'What's this about?'

'Just curious. The Fenrir I knew was mad. He actually killed. I knew two of his last victims. They didn't die that I know of but I wanted to understand more about him. '

'There something odd about Lupin's magic I'm not sure what it is but I'll want to observe their meeting.'

Aurelius gave the impression of consent/impassivity about the idea and closed the connection.

"The meeting is this evening. I thought I would send one of my house elves to retrieve your heir. You can meet here. I am sure there are wards to keep you from entering Hogwarts grounds without informing someone." Aurelius shrugged.

"Well since the meal smells so good and ya were good enough ter invite me, I'll share the meal. I'll return later ta met Remus. What's he like?"

Aurelius chuckled, "Hard working. Loyal. He has the possibility of being a prefect. He has a natural ability as a Beater. His talent seems to lie in the field of Charms. He has a natural affinity for the Dark Creatures and is quite skilled at the Defense Against the Dark Arts. I believe he'll be quite proficient at dueling while Apparating."

"You've only just met him..." Fenrir frowned.

Aurelius shrugged, "I know quite a lot for only two meetings. His mother is still sickly, his father hates him and Remus has a low opinion of himself."

"I want him away from Dumbledore." Fenrir growled.
"I'm transferring my niece and nephew to Durmstrang as soon as I can make the arrangements. I suggest that you consider that as well. They are relatively accepting of werewolves and vampires. They allow them to attend but during their most dangerous time, they are asked to be away from school." Aurelius advised.

"He's close to them?"

"He's friends with them. It might do them good to have a friend there." Aurelius shrugged.

"Hm…"

They turned to more amiable subjects and passed the meal pleasantly.

XoooooX

After breakfast, Aurelius flooed to the International Floo Centre in London.

It was the magical equivalent of a Muggle Airport like Heathrow.

If one didn't know one's exact destination it was possible to floo nearby.

Especially since Apparating over too great a distance was considered too dangerous. There was something about oceans that disrupted apparition and often one did not reach one's destination alive.

All Aurelius knew from his brief time as a Headmaster and dubious knowledge from Karkaroff was that Durmstrang was in the north somewhere. It was near the village of Durmsøy…

There was a list of destinations and what floo would take one there. Some floo connections were only available for certain times.

He was in luck.

There was a floo connection to Durmsøy at Floo X19 opening in one hour.

Aurelius choose to stay and ordered a coffee.

He then slowly made his way to Floo X19.

When the floo activated Aurelius walked in.

Commercial floos were different from personal floos.

Ministry floos in the atrium were made to floo you to the destination of your choice provided there was a floo there.

They would send you to the IFC of London if you wished to go abroad.

The IFC and its foreign equivalents were under the jurisdiction of the International Confederation of Wizards rather than individual Ministries.

It was cool in Devonshire about 10 degrees Celsius by Muggle standards but it felt like 6 degrees Celsius here. Karkaroff complained it got as low as -13 degree Celsius in January on average but sometimes worse.
Aurelius vaguely noted that the village of Durmsøy something like Hogsmeade. He weaved through the small crowd and walked up the hill towards the school he noticed that Viktor Krum didn't accurately describe it to Miss Granger.

There was a large medieval looking Hall and a tower along with the castle. The castle seemed to be of a later period and it was somewhat gothic in appearance.

A sturdy boy in a black cloak and the uniform Aurelius remembered seeing the Durmstrangers in often, approached him and addressed him in Russian.

"Excuse me, are you lost? Perhaps, I may help you?"

Aurelius' Russian was understandable but it was not his best language despite his acquaintance with Karkaroff, "I am searching for the Highmaster."

"Highmaster? You are not from here." 

"I am from Britain. I wish to arrange a transfer."

"Come then."

Aurelius chose to follow him.

"My name is Branislav Krum."

"Aurelius Prince."

"Our Highmaster is Nikolai Tolstoy."

He was led to the Tower.

"This is Strang Tower."

The entered the building and travelled up several flights of stairs to a fifth floor.

"This is the Highmaster's floor." Branislav rapped on the heavy oak door, "Highmaster?"

It was opened.

"Yes?" an older gentleman perhaps a few years older than Walpurga and Septimus Weasley, but possibly closer to Filius' age said opening the door.

"This is Aurelius Prince. He wishes to speak with you."

"Very well. You best be going now. I don't wish to hear from your fathers about your marks."

"Yes sir."

"I do hope he is not in trouble. I was lost having never been here before and was in need of assistance. He took pity on me." Aurelius said politely.

"He's a good boy, a fine student but he has a tendency to wander off. How can I help you?"

"I am here to arrange a transfer. I recently learned that my niece bore children who are at Hogwarts. They are twins but were raised separately. They are purebloods and have been maligned and mistreated at Hogwarts. Their mother has been branded a blood traitor, the boy is treated as a
Halfblood and the girl has been erroneously labelled a Muggleborn. I have here copies of their registry with the British Ministry as purebloods, copies of their status as Prince heir and heiress by Gringotts and the acknowledgement of the Hogwarts Board of Governors as their legal guardian.

"You wish to enroll them here then?" Headmaster Tolstoy asked.

Aurelius nodded.

"Their ages?"

"Both born January 9, 1960 so they will be twelve in less then four months."

"First years then. What classes are they enrolled in at Hogwarts?"

That was easy since Aurelius remembered clearly...

"Charms, Transfiguration, Potions, Astronomy, Herbology, Potions, Defense Against the Dark Arts, History of Magic and both are in Introduction to Magical Theory."

"Hm. It has been some time since we had a transfer from Hogwarts. Beauxbatons courses are quite similar so it doesn't take much work to transfer marks." Headmaster Tolstoy retrieved parchment from a drawer. "First year classes are: Sexual Education for Witches and Wizards, Charms, Transfiguration, Potions, Astronomy, Herbology, Potions, Dark Arts, and History of Magic."

"Sexual education for eleven year olds?" Aurelius frowned, "I believe that was a second year class at Hogwarts."

"Best to start before anyone's hormones kick in. Youngest Wizarding parents on record were ten and eleven. We moved it up a year about thirty years back" Tolstoy shrugged.

Aurelius registered them under their birth names and the names that Hogwarts had their records under. "Very well then. Is there a textbook list?"

"Yes." Tolstoy shuffled papers. "My apologies, usually this list is sent to prospective students by our Associate Highmaster. Our librarian Tara compiles the book list after verifying it with the professors. Whether they attend or not, it helps the parents chose the textbooks whose contents are most likely to be tested in the Ministry exams."

First Year Book List

'A History of Magick by Bathilda Bagshot

The Standard Book of Spells- Book 1 by Miranda Goshawk

A Compendium of Magical Herbs and Fungi by Malia Swenhaugen

Elementary Potions by Karl Wischnewski

A Beginner's Guide to Transfiguration by Emeric Switch

Guide to Herbology by Miranda Goshawk

Sex and you by Hermia Dacian
An Introduction to the Dark Arts and their Nature by Albean Geller'

Albean? Albus and Gellert? Interesting…had those young men intent on world domination written a book on Dark Arts together? Curious…

"Best place for the books and the uniforms?" Aurelius asked.

"Major centres of Eastern European Wizarding community are in Hamburg in Germany, Samobar in Croatia, Alexanskaya in Russia, Szepes in Slovakia and Tsarevets in Northern Bulgaria. All of which are accessibly via floo and I'm sure there are often floo connections through the London International Floo Centre since those are home to their respective Ministries." Tolstoy offered.

Aurelius nodded, "How is Durmstrang set up? Being a graduate of Hogwarts, sadly I know nothing about other schools really."

Especially when Viktor's descriptions of Durmstrang didn't match at all. There was no lake and no mountains…the school was built on a cliff and the island was surrounded by ocean. It seemed that Viktor was spinning a tale to impress Granger...

"I see, a pity for our students know at least the names of the Founders of Hogwarts and the Houses." Tolstoy frowned. "Like Hogwarts we have four Houses, yet neither are named for our founders. House Hróðvitnir has the symbol the wolf. I believe you would consider it a mixture of Slytherin and Gryffindor. It's virtues are facing death with dignity and courage, instinct linked with intelligence, value of society and family, skill in protection, the outwitting of enemies, the ability to pass unseen and taking advantage of change."

"Interesting." That reminded him of Remus oddly enough…

"House Hræsvelgr is symbolised the Eagle and represents swiftness, strength, courage, wisdom. As well as the lesson of staying grounded when soaring high. Also how to look at life from a higher perspective. I was once of that House." Tolstoy mused.

Lily? Aurelius wondered…then again his childish belief that Lily was destined for Ravenclaw or Slytherin had been cut short. Wait, hadn't Viktor bore an Eagle on his chest during the Tournament?

"House Hiisi is the Elk and speaks of pride, beauty, ageless wisdom, stamina, strength and nobility. The young man who escourted you Branislav Krum is of that House."

Oddly enough that seemed to suit James. Perhaps, he was well suited to his patronus.

"House Hogni is represented by the Lynx. They are revered as the Seer of the unseen, a Master of invisibility. They hold knowledge above superstition. They are known for their perception and protection on all levels. They are sometimes known for their abilities at seduction through eye contact. They are manipulators of time, person, events and space as well as a knower of secrets."

If it weren't for the 'seer of the unseen' or the Seduction bit, it sounded a lot like himself…

"You can find out more in Essays on Wizarding Education in Europe if you like." Tolstoy shrugged.

"An odd question but what would be needed to revive the Triwizard Tournament in your opinion? I do hold an seat in the Wizengamot and in the Hogwarts Board of Governors."

"Assurance of the safety of the School Heads. I would highly prefer it if my students were relatively
safe. When it occurred regularly there was communication and respect between the schools. Now mostly all there is is silence. The only interaction now beyond the occasional transfer is something like when famed duellist Filius Flitwick taught dueling at Beauxbatons for a few years. A former schoolmate of mine, Josephus Vulpus was once Headmaster of Hogwarts for eight years around the turn of the century and another former Durmstrang student Eoessa Sakndenberg held that office from 1476-1498." Tolstoy shrugged.

Aurelius was surprised; he had no recollection of Filius mentioning such a thing even when he was the professor in charge of the duelling club. Filius was an accomplished duellist and one of the foremost experts on Charms in the world but he was once a professor at Beauxbatons?

"Do you remember the last time Durmstrang hosted?"

"I believe that Beauxbatons hosted last. A pity for I believe that the French and Basque ministries were blamed for the 1792 disaster that ended up with all three heads injured. Cockatrices are notoriously unpredictable so they should have been more careful or choose something less dangerous. I believe before that was Hogwarts. It would be technically Durmstrang's turn but I believe that Beauxbatons would enjoy the chance to redeem themselves."

"What is your field of expertise Highmaster?" Aurelius asked polite but curious.

"Sociology of Magical Societies. I wrote the textbook which is probably why I was invited to serve as Highmaster here."

Aurelius was surprised, "Interesting, I shall have to recommend such a class to my niece. I am sure she would be quite interested in the subject."

"The children will start when?" Tolstoy asked.

"I shall be removing them from Hogwarts this evening." Aurelius replied. "They will arrive Monday morning. Unless you feel arriving on Sunday would be preferable."

Abraxas had made sure that there was a Wizengamot Session today so immediately following this meeting, he would be retrieving Severus, Remus and Lily.

"Sunday. It will give them a bit more time to acclimate and they won't chance being late. I would arrive for dinner, that way they can be housed."

"What is the process you use to sort your students?"

"You'll see. We don't use a mangy hat." Tolstoy smirked, "You can't expect me to give up all my secrets."

"Is that an invitation to join your school for dinner?"

"You would be coming out all this way might as well throw in dinner."

"I'll be pleased to join you. I better head back."

The two men shook hands.

"It's been a pleasure Highmaster."
ancestors were overly harsh on Beauxbatons. They deserve a second chance."

"I will talk to my fellow Governors if we can acquire enough support perhaps we can come to an agreement. Which Ministries would be involved?"

"Technically we are not subject to any one ministry. Our board of governors are appointed by each Ministry's version of the Wizengamot's educational committee that sends students here so most of the northern European Ministries. Beauxbatons is under a council that is similarly comprised of representatives of the French, Basque, Spanish, Portuguese and Italian Ministries. The Swiss go to either, the French speakers to Beauxbatons and the German to us."

"I see. Well thank you for the interesting conversation. I shall be sure to join you and your school for dinner Sunday. I've met a few former students but they told tales that didn't live up to the reality." Aurelius said politely.

Highmaster Tolstoy was kind enough to see him to the edge of the Durmstrang's property and waved him in his way. Flooing from London IFC usually required a timed floo but to London IFC was easy.

So he flooed back to London IFC and then flooed immediately to Hogsmeade.

He took a slow ambling stroll to Hogwarts and made his way to Minerva's office. Her schedule was always the same so he knew that she had an open period about now.

He knocked on the door.

"Enter."

Aurelius let himself in.

Minerva frowned, "You look like the sire of a former school mate of mine. You look like a Prince."

Aurelius smirked, "I am his younger brother Aurelius. I am here about two of his grandchildren. I had a magical accident that threw me forward in time. My youngest niece is dead and their mother is living in seclusion but has granted me custody. Their treatment here is not what I would wish and I am removing them from Hogwarts and sending them elsewhere. I have the papers from Gringotts, the Ministry and the Board of Governors granting me their agreement to my claim."

"Who are your niece and nephew? How have they been mistreated? I know nothing of this."

"My niece had an iffy relationship with a close relation and bore two children of that union. She bonded to a Muggle so the children were born under a legal contract. However since she weren't truly given the name Evans I find it quite interesting that you never signed her letter."

Minerva blinked, "I sign every letter."

Aurelius shook his head, "You did not. Hers bears the Headmaster's signature. Ask her to come and show it to you. Her brother is Severus Snape and I am here for him as well. Their blood adoption will be reversed since it is the legal adoption that matters. Once the adoption is reversed, they will be purebloods once more. They are a mixture of their mother and her husband. Lily had her eyes and his hair while Severus is the opposite. As you can see green eyes of this shade are rather dominant and clearly a Prince trait. Severus has Prince hair naturally when he isn't wearing the glamour he is."

"Glamour?"
"It's more of an uglifying spell than a glamour. Silly boy. We'll be having a chat this weekend. I told him to remove it."

"I'll fetch them and Severus' records of his marks should be with his Head of House, it is a bit early in the term but he has a few assignments already marked mostly from myself of course. Some of the other professors are a bit lax."

"I had Dumbledore and he was strict. I can only imagine what you might be like."

Oh he knew quite well having been her student…

Minerva slipped out to fetch Horace, Severus and Lily, she must be quite disturbed to not send house elves.

Aurelius wasn't a former Headmaster or Head of Slytherin for nothing. It didn't take long for him to retrieve Remus' records without setting off her wards and copy them. Once he had Remus all would be set.

Once Remus and Fenrir came to an understanding, he was sure that Remus would agree that getting away from his parents and Dumbledore was for the best.

He could spend moons with his sire and the pack so they could help him adjust to his wolf…

His musing was interrupted by the arrival of his former teachers, his best friend/sister and his younger self.

"You're…" Horace frowned, "Oh it's you."

Aurelius nodded, "Yes I've come to take these two out of your hands. They will be transferring. Given the realities of their blood status and the treatment they have sustained in just a few weeks, I do not enjoy this knowledge. With their consent, the arrangements have already been made. I will be delivering them to their new school this weekend and they will have a fresh start."

"You actually asked them?" Minerva frowned.

"Yes I gave them the choice. They informed me of it and they are to begin there with clean slates. While not adults, they have already made decisions that changed their life, Lily took a chance and came here. Severus choose the house that suited him best despite the fact that he would be shunned and bullied." Aurelius shrugged.

"Really? This is the first I've heard of this..." Slughorn sniffed.

"The first Saturday of term prefect Lucius Malfoy stumbled upon James Potter and Sirius Black tormenting Severus. He managed to stop them before damage was done but Potter, Black and Pettigrew escaped."

"He did take points, didn't he?" Minerva frowned.

Severus spoke up. "Yes. Twenty for Black and Potter each plus five for each of those who didn't try to stop him."

"Well, there is that small comfort."

Aurelius stared at her, was she insane?

"Well Horace why don't you hand over Severus' file?" Minerva turned to summon Lily's file and
copied it. "Since everything is in order, it would be perfectly alright to have them pack their things."

Aurelius rose snapping his fingers and summoning a Prince elf.

"Yes Master Aurelius?" Lolly asked.

Aurelius pointed at Lily, "This is Lady Lillian, Lady Eileen's daughter. I want you to assist her in packing. When she is finished, she may say goodbye. We shall meet her at Gryffindor Tower."

Lolly bowed, "Lolly happy to meet Miss Lena's little girl. Lolly take good care of Missy Lily."

Aurelius turned to Severus, "Let's go see that your things are packed. The sooner we go the sooner you can put all of this behind you."

Severus rose silently, his bearing surprisingly proud.

Together they walked towards the Slytherin common room and Aurelius cast privacy bubble that moved with them.

"Has anything interesting happened?"

Severus blinked, "Yes, the Prewetts and Weasleys were removed from school yesterday. The Weasleys brothers looked a bit confused, Miss Prewett looked embarrassed but the Prewett twins were livid."

"Well, I see that they took quick action. Perhaps, that disaster has been averted. Have the Gryffindors Black and Potter laid off yet?"

"Black's a bit miffed that he's in trouble with his mother. Potter's taken to moping since we're going away. Why?"

"Merely curious." Aurelius shrugged.

They entered the common room using the first password he remembered: Toujours Pur.

Severus seemed nervous as they made their way to the stairs of the boys dormitory.

Lucius bowed slightly.

The first year boys' dormitory was empty.

A few well-honed spells and all of Severus' belongings were put away in his Hogwarts trunk.

Aurelius shrunk it and held it out, "It ought to fit in a pocket now."

They retraced almost familiar steps to Gryffindor Tower.

James Potter was glaring at him, "Do you have to take Lily away?"

"She is mistreated here and will continue to be if she remains. I refuse to allow that. What would you have me do Potter? Obliviate the entire school and the Headmaster so that they are treated properly? No, I think not. I haven't the patience and an act of that sort gets one sent to Azkaban for a nice long stay. Rather avoid that fate wouldn't you? They are transferring. Perhaps, you should focus on your studies and becoming the kind of person I wouldn't be ashamed to alone her to bond to. That is your intention is it not?"
The Potter boy's face turned red.

"Now if you wish to start a good impression go fetch Remus for me I would like a word."

James was even more depressed looking then ever.

Remus came out, "What are you doing so early?"

"I came to fetch you. Go pack your things, I have your records as well as Lily and Severus. You're to transfer as well. Hurry up. You don't want to miss lunch do you? I asked the house elves to be sure to make a chocolate raspberry cake for tea."

Remus always had a weakness for chocolate. The boy was gone in a flash.

It was another few minutes before the two soon to be former Gryffindors were followed by some of their year mates.

They weren't close to their Housemates quite yet and probably wouldn't be.

Lily patted James' shoulder, "Why don't you write me? Surely your owl Cadmus can find Durmstrang."

A few of the older Gryffindors made comments about going to Durmstrang made you Dark.

"How simplistic a notion. I didn't know a school that offers classes such as the Sociology of Magical Societies, Introductory Healing, Wandlore and Craft, Tree healing and Anthropology of Ancient Magickal Civilizations was Dark. It seems you even use many of the same books. Unless your own textbooks are now Dark since they are used by places like Durmstrang." Aurelius squinted at the older boy, "You're a Brown, aren't you?"

The boy sniffed, "So what if I am?"

"Just checking. Come along you three."

Remus, Severus and Lily followed him.

Aurelius paid four sickles to use Madam Rosmerta's floo and they flooed back to Merrivale.

Since they were with him and he'd already cued their magical signatures to the wards the floo admitted them at once.

XooooooX

Fenrir joined them for dinner.

Alaric cast shields around Remus to trap his magic the moment he entered the room.

Which had Fenrir baring his teeth and Aurelius irritated.

"What are you thinking?" Aurelius hissed.

"The boy bears a curse that activated when Fenrir entered the room. I managed to restrain it. It will
bear some study but I think I can break it, after Hogwarts I made extensive study of Dark Magic including curses. I did work for a few years at Borgin and Burkes, during that time I was quite the regular visitor to their neighbouring shop Alexandria's Inferno. While I never could afford their prices since my years in Slytherin overlapped with Malcolm's, he let me read. He has the books warded even thinking about taking one gets you tossed out of his reading room. Renard introduced me."

"Isn't that Rodolphus and Rabastan's father?"

"Yes, the Lestranges own the land that Knockturn Alley was built on. The Burkes and the Bulstrodes leased then Area 13 and built a building with Borgin. They each have claim to half the building and eventually made enough to purchase it. They are one of the few who own the building that houses their shop. While there are a few other shops that claim to sell Dark books, Alexandria's Inferno is the best and the best known. If you are looking for a Grimoire then they are the place." Alaric frowned casting magic at the boy, "I know this signature…"

Aurelius scanned it, "You ought to. This is the man that cursed you."

"And I will help. Right now why don't we leave Severus and Lily to their lunch and we'll see about setting Remus to rights. If he reacted like this to Fenrir, imagine what might happen with other persons under their curse."

"Lycanthropy is a disease!" Lily frowned.

"It is a curse that mimics a disease and is spread through intent via claws or teeth. A Dark witch who hoped to raise a legion of slaves in an army created it. While the curse was altered, it still spreads that way but one has control over whom it spreads to. I bit Remus because he was dying. It wasn't a perfect solution but it saved his life, he would have been dead inside a month. He was powerful and it would have been a waste." Fenrir corrected. "Might I come along? The curse might go dormant if I am not in the same room with him."

Aurelius frowned, "The only room we might use is the lab we set up together. However I am not sure that having him around those artefacts is wise."

"Would it be safer to have him in you potions lab?" Alaric retorted.

"No."

"I think a lab warded for the examination and destruction of Dark Artefacts shall do nicely. Also having Fenrir might be helpful after all he knows more about his kind then we do. While we can deal with the Dark Magic, he can possibly identify where his magical core differs from his kind."

"I don't think he would enjoy being discussed like this." Lily frowned.

"He's under a curse that must be removed. He can yell at us later for our word choice if he likes. However since he is going to attend Durmstrang, it is imperative that we remove the curse before he attends. This will be quite annoying." Aurelius grumbled, "I was hoping to take you three shopping tomorrow. It will take some time to learn the curse and to remove it. Alaric if you would escort Fenrir to the lab and bring Remus with you, I shall call Abraxus and ask him if he would take the children to get their school things tomorrow. I know his Russian is superior to my own. If you return with a second set of Durmstrang robes with resizing charms, I believe that will suit."

"Abraxus?" Severus asked.
"Lucius' father. He's become quite the friend. He's a very accomplished Potions Master and he oversees the exams. Perhaps, we might have a chat the three of us. I remember Lily was quite the accomplished brewer herself. If you bring up brewing, you may have a favourable time shopping."
Aurelius offered before turning to find the nearest floo.

"What about your lunch?"

"We'll have something sent down. Your friend is in desperate need of attention. A very good thing we were around when he met his first werewolf." Alaric added before levitating Remus and leading Fenrir off.

Leaving two very confused and slightly worried twins who had yet to resemble one another.

Chapter End Notes

Yes there are a lot of changes but all for the better. Yes a match between Lily and James is sought. Aurelius/Sev does not wish to prevent Harry's birth. There will be a side-fic debuting soon focusing on just the kids but mostly on Sev, Remy and Lily. The alternative paths are just going to get more interesting I'm sure. I will be debuting the Remy, Sev, Lily-centric fic that traces their Durmstrang years at least. With some appearances by Sirius and James- have to keep the Lily/James if you want a Harry.

I got this Idea from a Harry time-travel story but I send Sev farther back in time and he's rewriting the future as much as the past.

A/N: please check out my collaboration fic Chosen Darkness with my friend donnethan.

It features an independent future Dark Harry Lord of the Snakes lol.
September 17, 1971

Aurelius slipped into his receiving room and tossed a handful of floo powder.

“Malfoy Manor.”

The floos connected and a house elf appeared.

“You be wanting Master?”

“Yes, tell him that Lord Prince is needing to speak with him.” Aurelius sniffed.

The elf bowed.

Abraxus appeared quickly, having switched the floo to his study. “You were needing to speak with me Aurelius?”

Aurelius nodded, “Lily and Severus need to buy their school things for Durmstrang tomorrow but I will be busy with treating a curse on Greyback’s offspring Remus. I was hoping you could do me a small favour and take the children perhaps to Vladimir. I have heard that your Russian is quite fluent.”

“It wouldn’t be any trouble. I shall arrive around nine which should be after breakfast.”

Aurelius bowed, “Thank you my friend.”
“It is nothing.”

XoooooX

Alaric led Fenrir to the horcrux lab.

Alaric’s magic containing wards managed to keep the curse contained.

“I’ve never seen anything like this curse.” Fenrir mused.

“I have. It’s based on one of Grindelwald’s I believe.” Alaric muttered.

“Who did you say cursed him?”

Alaric snorted, “Dumbledore.”

“Where would he have learned Dark curses?”

“His relationship with Grindelwald.”


“They were former lovers when they were young.” Aurelius offered as he entered the lab. “I am highly suspicious that he wrote one of the Durmstrang textbooks, the introduction to the Dark Arts specifically. Albean A. Gellar sounds a lot like Albus and Gellert, but perhaps this is only my opinion.”

Aurelius and Alaric examined the curse and how it was entwined with Remus’ magical core.
“It only activated when Greyback arrived, could it be specifically keyed to him or other werewolves as well?” Alaric frowned.

“I would think all, one couldn’t be sure that he would meet with Greyback if you went to great lengths to poison the well so that Remus wouldn’t trust any of his kind much less his sire.” Aurelius shrugged.

“I hate to put one of my pack in danger but I could summon one if you wanted to test it.”

“We’re not quite sure what the curse is meant to do quite yet.” Alaric shook his head, “It may impact a lesser wolf and yourself differently. We can’t be sure what the exposure would do. While it is clearly based on one of Grindelwald’s curses, other then that there is little I can tell you.”

“This is merely a preliminary exam of his magic. It will have to be solved before we deliver the children to Durmstrang.” Aurelius shook his head.

“Well, it isn’t like we’re unused to working with a time limit.” Alaric snorted.

“What should our first move be?”

“Well, I’m going to visit Alexandra. I believe they have a few books on Grindelwald’s curses. Of course none are written by that Dark Lord but perhaps, it might be a worthwhile trip. It won’t take long.”

Aurelius frowned at him, “Do you have the eidetic memory?”

Alaric winced, “No.”

“I doubt you would be allowed purchase or remove one of those books.” Aurelius smirked.

“Then we will have no choice but to go together.”

“Are you alright with leaving him alone?” Aurelius frowned.
“I think the wards will hold. We can have one of your elves watch him. It would probably be best if Fenrir kept his distance if one of us isn’t here. After all, who knows what the curse might do if it happened to break through the wards.” Alaric shrugged.

“It does seem to be the only option.” Aurelius snarked.

“I suppose I should make myself scarce.” Fenrir said reluctantly, “Take good care of my son. I mean for him to rule as Alpha one day.”

“Why?”

Alaric frowned, “Salazar’s cauldron, I meant to make the wards impenetrable even by sound.”

“You think I wouldn’t want to know exactly what was going on?” Remus spat, “This is my magical core you are talking about playing with. I’m not too pleased letting anyone mess with it.”

“Do you know what this curse might do?” Alaric frowned.

“You’re a Dark Lord, why should I trust you?”

“I am loyal to Lord Prince, to whom I owe a life debt. One I most likely cannot repay. He wishes along with your sire, the Alpha of the werewolves of Britain for you to attend Durmstrang with his relations. You are important to him, he deems you worthy of saving from Dumbledore’s hand. Having suffered due to that man’s meddling, it would be a great pleasure to join Aurelius in thwarting the man’s plans. I want you to be strong; do you want to be used as a weapon or would you rather choose your own destiny?” Alaric snorted.

“I want to live. I don’t want to be used like some sort of bomb to kill others.” Remus grumbled.

"Then I need you to be strong. You can’t fight your way out of there no matter what. It is not a prison. Remember that. It is made to protect you. Think of it as a shield. As long as you are inside you can’t hurt anyone and no one can hurt you.” Alaric bowed, “This is your safe place from everything. Now that I know you can hear everything, we’ll be more careful to inform you. You are cursed; we know who created it and who cast it. We’re merely trying to devise its purpose. Once we
know that we can set about negating it or removing it. We will inform you about the options and give you a choice.”

Remus sighed, “Just get the damn thing out of me.”

Fenrir nodded, “I’ll see that they do. With as little discomfort possible as possible. You should relax. They only want to help and I will see that they do. As if I didn’t already have a grudge against Grindelwald. Are you sure that Dumbledore was the redhead with him? I don’t mix much with the Wizarding World; they have a very low opinion of me.”

“What did Grindelwald do?”

Fenrir scowled, “They kidnapped and tortured my mate. When I tried to rescue them, I was gravely injured. I don’t like to speak of such memories. If he has gone after my heir, then we must thwart him. I do not take kindly to attacking my family again. Whatever he thinks I have done to deserve this, I wish he would desist with skulking and call me out for my crime.”

“Men like Dumbledore see a lack of worship as a betrayal. He courts the Wizarding world even as he scorns it. He like Julius Caesar pretends to disdain power when they desire it in truth. By creating villains and heroes, he plays god. He created Grindelwald and abandoned him. He created Riddle and he would create another if given the chance. We draw the line and say no more. We see through his facade and shall do our best to beat him at his own game. He did not count on us joining forces Alaric, nor did he believe we might discover his curse on young Remus. We have stolen three of Hogwarts' brightest minds from under his nose. If they are raised to think for themselves, then no one can ever command them.” Aurelius smirked.

“You do this for my sake?” Remus frowned.

“Someone has to protect the children until they can protect themselves. Things would have been a lot different if I had someone when I was young.” Alaric shrugged. “Trust me, Aurelius and I know what it is like to be despised and ignored or worse.”

“Don’t take too long. I have issues with enclosed spaces.” Remus muttered.

“Would you like one of us to cast a sleeping spell until we return?” Aurelius asked.
Aurelius hadn’t had a clue that Remus was claustrophobic…

“Sure, just don’t be long.” Remus grumbled.

Alaric cast the sleep spell before Aurelius ushered them out.

“You’ll be gentle with him, won’t you? He can’t have had an easy life…” Fenrir muttered.

Alaric nodded, “Whatever this curse is we’ll figure it out and remove it.”

Fenrir sighed, “I’ll need a drink.”

“Help yourself.” Aurelius gestured towards a nearby parlour while he and Alaric left to floo to Knockturn.

Chapter End Notes

Durmstrang seems to be quite interesting. I'm going to be posting a side- fic dedicated to Sev, Remy and Lily soon. We just have deal with Remus’ curse first.
The pair arrived in Knockturn via floo, luckily ending up a few doors down from #13A Knockturn Alley.

As a frequent customer, Alaric led the way.

A bell-like chime sounding when they opened the door…

"Coming!" came a deep voice.

Alaric smirked, "Miles."

The wizard bowed, "My lord."

"I was finally given my Gringotts papers; you may call me Lord Alaric Slytherin. My companion is Lord Aurelius Prince, the lost brother of the previous Lord Prince. Aurelius, this is Miles Bulstrode."

"A pleasure to make your acquaintance." Miles bowed again.

"Alaric was telling me that your shop would be beneficial to our research."

"Potions? I remember that Aurelius you like your family are a potions master."

"Actually we're here to look into curses; particularly those created or used by the Dark Lord Grindelwald." Alaric shook his head.

"Hm…I may have a few of those. Any other subjects you would be interested in?"

"Dark Artefacts?" Aurelius asked.

"Very well, I shall escort you to the reading room." Miles gestured for them to follow.

The two Slytherin lords followed him…

Miles swished his wand and muttered some incantation.

Immediately a bookcase vanished to reveal a library.

"Its wizard space and time passes differently, hours pass like minutes. I'm sure that you remember that Alaric."

"If we can't purchase the actual books is it possible to purchase copies?" Alaric asked.

"It depends on the book my Lord." Miles said before the door shut.
"Now that I have vaults to my name I may purchase a few of my favourite books after ascertaining the contents of the libraries I have inherited," Alaric mused.

There was a glowing shelf near where they had entered.

Alaric familiar with the reading room led Aurelius there, plucking out titles.

"Here are the books I read on Horcruxes. Magic Moste Evile Uncensored, The Darker Arts Made Plain, The Experiments of Herpo the Foul and Darkest of Dark When Creating. The exact incantation is only revealable by Parseltongue; you have to know the proper phrase to unlock it. It took some guess work; it wasn't as easy as opening the Chamber of Secrets." Alaric shrugged.

"Well we'll be sure ask for copies of those if we can get them." Aurelius pulled out a few books on curses.

The experiments of Grindelwald as documented by his scribe; Grindelwald's Curses, an Auror's brief; and Curses used during the reign of Dark Lord Grindelwald were quickly pulled out.

Aurelius handed him a book, the one on experiments, "Skim that and look for curses tied to magical cores or creatures."

Alaric nodded seating himself in one of the comfortable wing back chairs that were in abundance in Alexandria's.

They both had parchment because they tended to notate ideas before they were lost, although with Aurelius' eidetic memory that rare…

The curses used by, created and adapted by Grindelwald were more numerous then he'd realized.

The Voldemort Aurelius had served as a reluctant minion had rarely created he usually borrowed. Like the Horcruxes, they weren't an original idea and they weren't even his idea. Though to be fair, it was hard to think for yourself if you're programmed with an Imperious.

Aurelius sighed; this could be searching in the dark. They weren't even sure what the curse could do because it was only active when Fenrir and Remus were in the same room.

It also tried to attack Fenrir but the result of the attack wasn't known…

"I have it," Alaric tapping the book in his hand.

Aurelius blinked, "What?"

"The nature of the curse, it attacks an individual based on a shared trait. In Remus' case his lycanthropy. It's a psychic based attack through it attacks the individual's magical core. It's attached to his own core but is based on an ability he possesses, he can use his mind to shred a magical core and as a result kill anyone he attacks. Those who survive are mindless monsters bent on destruction and killing with complete apathy. What sort of a person do you recall Fenrir being in your future?"

Alaric frowned.

"The sort of monster you just described," Aurelius scowled. "…how do we remove it? Or at least prevent Remus from using this ability without his knowledge. I'd prefer to bind it until he was old enough and mature enough to wield it."

"Such an ability is a blood trait like Metamorphmagi or magical creature inheritances like Veela."
Alaric sniffed, "You can't bind it Aurelius, for it appears in certain individuals like magic herself chose them to host it. You can caution its host about the dangers of its use and teach them how to harness it. The ability to affect another's magical core doesn't have to be a Dark Ability." Alaric closed his eyes and held up his hand.

A book flew from a shelf into his hand.

Alaric paged through it, "Yes **Psychic and Magical,** I remember reading this when I was very young. I had hoped to have inherited a blood-based magical gift to help track my magical ancestry. The Parseltongue led me to Salazar and since the orphanage was in London, I would escape here often during the summers. My comings and goings were noted by Mr. Burke who then hired me. Psychic attacks and healing, the abilities to use a specific type of energy to harm or heal is tied to certain old families. The Lupin line has the ability to harness a variety of psychic abilities, from their line have come Healers, Magical Creature capturers, Charms experts and even wandmakers. They have been said to be able to fashion wands without the use of any tool but their minds. Though this gift is rare and is traced from the Ollivander line. Psychic abilities are a form of rare magic that have lost its potency or occurrence over the centuries. I believe this rare gift is one of the reasons Fenrir spared his life and changed him. It doesn't have to harm, it can do great good if he wills it. The removal is the hard part." He held out the book on the experiments of Grindelwald.

Aurelius skimmed the documentation on the curse, "This does seem to be what we are looking for. So how would we teach him to control it if we can remove the curse? A curse that has him wielding it unconsciously to injure his own people and make them into the monsters he was told they were."

"I think that meditation and Occlumency to shield his own mind would be a good start. I'm a skilled Legilimens but I'm not as skilled at Occlumency. Although, I can throw you out once I recognize your attack. It's harder to shield then it is to attack I've discovered." Alaric shrugged.

"I'm equally skilled at both enough to keep your probing from discovering things I'd rather keep private." Aurelius snorted, "If I had to chose, I'm a far superior Occlumens then a Leglimens." He frowned at the page, "It seems that the curse draws on Remus' life force to feed it, which means the longer it is part of him the more of his life is drained away.

"When was the first time he met Dumbledore? That should trace how long he's been under its influence. Did it say every year it drains from the life force is another year cut off from the victim's life?" Alaric asked.

Aurelius nodded, "Yes, so if it's been a part of Remus for two years that is two years eaten from his life expectancy."

"Foulcr and foulcr, we must all be experiments to that bastard. He attacks my soul and Remus' life." Alaric scowled, "That two-faced bastard."

"If he's setting himself up as a god I suppose modelling himself after the Muggle Roman god Janus makes perfect sense." Aurelius quipped.

Alaric snorted, "Right now I'd say with his Dark tendencies he's closer to Pluto."

"The dark god of the Underworld, well I haven't seen him kidnapping or raping a relation's child." Aurelius tossed back.

"He has no siblings who have offspring." Alaric sneered, "His brother never procreated either, he is a former resident of Azkaban and owns a tavern in Hogsmeade no doubt so that arrogant bastard can keep a righteous eye on him."
Aurelius for lack of a better turn of phrase; sniggered, "Like he can cast stones, whatever illegal charms on goats Aberforth Dumbledore used I doubt very much they can be weighed against his mind rape of you, his cursing of Remus and his accountability in many deaths."

"So we know what he did to Remus, it seems this curse takes the control of Remus' unknown gift and uses it to suit the purposes of the curse to fry the minds of werewolves who get too close while draining away his life." Alaric frowned. "The more I learn about this man the more of a monster he seems to be."

"He seems to have set out to make our lines extinct. I wonder if he didn't have hand in sending my mother out of the Wizarding World hoping she'd dwindle into anonymity." Aurelius scowled.

"Like my mother?" Alaric snorted, "Since yours is alive and mine is not, I'd say for all your mother's suffering she had stronger character. At least yours wasn't abandoned by her husband with no family, pregnant and penniless."

"I don't think raped and pregnant taking up with the first man she saw in a Muggle pub is much better." Aurelius tossed back.

Alaric held up his hands, "Enough with the 'my past is worse then yours' nonsense, neither will truly win. We're both fucked up, with sorry excuses for mothers who abandoned us and neither of us had decent fathers. Our best choice would be to put our lives in order, bond, sire enough children to carry on our lines and find a way to make Dumbledore suffer for crimes he has done thus far and crimes he would do had he the chance."

Aurelius smirked, "Of course. It would be a right pleasure to see him suffer, he might not have killed my sister himself but he had a hand in it. He also killed my nephew and no doubt would do the same to my godson."

"Both of which have yet to be born and hopefully, your actions haven't prevented that." Alaric frowned.

"I know when their parents bonded and when they conceived. It wouldn't be too difficult to ensure such a thing happened again." Aurelius steepled his fingers, "It would be quite interesting if I once more was appointed Headmaster by you. This time legally, while I don't enjoy teaching, I find that I do possess an interest in the quality of education the children receive. While teaching Darker Arts with demonstrations and practical casting of spells like the Unforgivables is regrettable and irresponsible I think those going into Auror training or Duelling should know more Darker Curses, their counters and the like before graduating. I think that they deserve better then a Third Class Potioneer, a fourth-rate medi-wizard and a drunk formerly expelled Gamekeeper styling himself as an expert on Magical Creatures because he collects dangerous ones." Aurelius snorted.

"What sort of ones does that imbecile Hagrid collect in your day?" Alaric asked thoughtfully.

"Rumour had it during Harry's first year that he tried raising a dragon from an egg in a wooden hut which is the height of folly. He owned a Cerberus named Fluffy of all things; a cowardly Boarhound-Newfoundland mutt named Fang, and supposedly trained Theslals who dragged the carriages if you remember I mentioned it before. Then there was the Hippogriiff attack, he introduced third years to one and then was shocked that it attacked a student. Unfortunately, that student was my godson." Aurelius grumbled.

"Another reason of course to have Dumbledore removed of course to protect the children yet unborn. This is why you pushed to have the criteria for future professors discussed and sealed before Dumbledore hires another." Alaric nodded.
"Knowing him, he'll have to hire another quite soon because apparently you laid a jinx or a curse depending on your view on the Defence Post out of spite because you couldn't have it. Thus the Defence professor lasts barely a school year if that." Aurelius raised an eyebrow.

Alaric snickered, "Oh that? I didn't cast it because he refused me the post; I did it just to spite him. Honestly, I expected him to remove it eventually. Given that it is still there after twenty years is a surprise. Unless of course, he hadn't figured out how to remove it, which would prove that I was capable of something he hadn't thought of. Maybe he's less intelligent then he wishes to believe."

Aurelius chuckled, "Perhaps, if you cast it in the fifties; it was still affective up until 1998 according to my knowledge and not one person lasted over a year. Some less...I taught it one year; so did Remus, Crouch's son but under Polyjuice as Mad-Eye Moody, the elder Carrow twin but as a Dark Arts Professor, a fraud named Lockhart and a possessed Ravenclaw who had your spirit attached to the back of his head. Plus there was Umbridge, who must at all cost be kept from power. She hated you or at least refused to allow anyone to say or think you'd returned to power. She used torture on students as well as imprisoned Muggleborns in Azkaban claiming they'd stolen magic and wands from purebloods. Where they got that idea I'm not sure, Muggleborns are descendants of Squibs, aren't they?"

Alaric shrugged, "Never looked into it. I was unhappy in the orphanage mostly because well there was a war going on; I ought have to have been allowed to stay at Hogwarts. Living through the London Blitz was insane, I escaped here a lot. For some reason, Diagon was never troubled by falling bombs. Having lived through a war and hearing all the terrible things that Hitler and Grindelwald did, given the choice I wouldn't have set myself up to be a monster."

Having all they come for, Alaric let off a charm and Miles scurried into the reading room.

"Yes my lord?"

Alaric stacked up the curse and dark artefact related books, "We'd like these originals if possible, copies if no."

Miles took the books, "We'll see once we return to the shop proper."

"I'm so pleased to have money to properly patronize your shop after being a loyal reader for nigh on thirty years." Alaric grinned.

"Well sometimes things happen for a reason my Lord, I meet a wide range of persons through Alexandria's. I have books that are hard to find. Every once in a while I go on scavenging trips and I visit second hand shops all over. With Malcolm getting older I can leave him to watch the shop, since he'll be turning sixteen and all this year." Miles nodded, "I've found quite the treasures in second-hand shops. I do visit Tomes and Scrolls as well as Flourish and Blotts to keep up on the latest in new work but I find I prefer dusty old tomes. It's been said that Bulstrodes are born with a book in one hand and a quill in the other."

Aurelius wondered if that was what made this wizard's granddaughter such a studious person. Truly Millicent Bulstrode would have made a superior choice to Pansy Parkinson as prefect academically at least...

His musing was interrupted by Miles speaking.

"I can't sell the originals of any of these books. I believe my family's copy spell shall be successful."

Alaric nodded, "That will be acceptable."
Miles smirked and then proceeded to copy their chosen material.

Aurelius went to pay, only to have Alaric hold up his hand, "No. I owe you a debt. Covering the books will be a small matter. After all, I've wanted to own some of them much of my life. We need them for mutual research."

Arguing with his former master seemed unwise, so Aurelius merely shrugged.

They Apparated once exiting the shop.

Knowing Remus' apparent claustrophobia, the two lords hurried back to their spell lab.

They found Fenrir pacing in front of the staircase that led to the spell lab in the cellar.

The alpha looked up blinking, "Really? You're back? That was sooner then I suspected."

"Wizard space library that runs on a different time compared to outside." Alaric shrugged.

Fenrir shrugged, "We've mostly learned to use magic without wands since some believe we don't deserve to have them. Our magic is stronger closer to the moon if we have pups with an affinity to Wizarding ways we send them to Durmstrang where they are more accepted. They have warded caves that we spend the moons in. Dhampirs are more often put in similar caves on new moons when they rise with blood lust. If you leave a live animal even a goat in the cave before locking us in, we arise refreshed and sated as opposed scared and depressed. Wizards I have found are often fools…"

Aurelius and Alaric snorted in unison.

Both had learned that humans in general were often fools due to their interactions with Muggles and Wizarding folk alike.

The three re-entered the spell lab, taking pity on Remus whom he had begrudgingly learned to respect when he was Severus Snape, spy; Aurelius released the young werewolf from the sleep spell.

The boy woke at once glancing around; his magic glowed around his head immediately.

"Peace my son. They have come to tell us what they've learned." Fenrir's voice had the power of an alpha behind it.

Remus stiffened a little; was this a sign that he too was an Alpha perhaps?

Aurelius and Alaric checked the wards wrapped around Remus first.

Then the two lords conjured chairs for themselves before Aurelius levitated his usual chair to Fenrir.

"What have you learned about my heir's curse?" Fenrir said lounging.

"We have learnt that you were wise to chose Remus as your heir. He is blessed with a bloodline trait that is found within the Lupin line. This curse steals both life from its host to sustain it's self and the control of gift." Aurelius began.

"What gift?" Remus frowned.

To this did Alaric answer, "Were you a Muggle this trait would be called psychic. The use of this gift can serve healers, Aurors and wandmakers depending on their leaning. This gift by the curse has been twisted; Alphas such as our friend here would find their minds fried so they are mere animals while lesser wolves would die. Now the curse feeds on your life force to fuel itself."
Remus flinched at the nature of the curse, "Would that be what would have happened to Greyback if Alaric hadn't trapped me in these?"

Alaric nodded, "Indeed."

"Can you undo it?" Fenrir growled.

"I believe so," Aurelius nodded, "yet his gift will be unleashed. He will need to learn to control it. This will require him to study Legilimency and Occlumency; mostly Occlumency to shield and wall your mind."

"Who will teach me?" Remus frowned.

"I shall." Aurelius offered.

"Are you skilled?" Remus asked.

Fenrir chuckled, "Princes be famed for their skills with Mental magic. I shall trust him. What is the nature of this gift I sensed he had?"

"Yes, he might be bent to craft wands, for he would be capable of coring a wand and carving it without touching a knife to the wood. Perhaps he can heal injuries that many healers can't. Yet he can throw up shields that would be almost unbreakable or crush the minds of his enemies. At Durmstrang, Remus can take introductory courses into most of those fields. I believe this is a gift that can do far more good then harm." Alaric counselled.

"I can really do all that?" Remus frowned.

Aurelius nodded, "I believe so. Once the curse is reversed, you will need to work on shielding your mind not only to keep others out but to learn how to harness your control as well. So your strength is yours to wield and you can choose how and when to use it…"

Remus sighed, "Will I have time for such lessons when I am at Durmstrang?"

"So you can remove the curse then?" Fenrir frowned.

"I am confident that Aurelius can do so. He has freed another from Dumbledore's control. I know he is highly skilled at Legilimency and polite in his examinations."

Aurelius sighed, "I learned the hard way that brutish assault was the wrong approach. I wish to heal rather than cause offence. This is delicate business, the last thing I would want to do is to turn the curse upon myself or my companions. I would treat your mind gently for I have no desire to cause more injury."

Remus grumbled, "Fine. I won't try to fight you."

Fenrir nodded, "I still consent."

Aurelius took in a long but deep breath, "It will no doubt take many hours. I may have the greater skill but I believe that Alaric knows far more about this business than I. We may have to work together?"

Alaric frowned, "I fear I have not the skill."

Aurelius snorted, "I have seen an alter of thyself cause mental anguish that nearly rivalled the suffering one receives under the Cruciatius. That takes skill, surely you can use that skill to heal rather
than harm. I will lower my own shields so that you might grant me assistance for I will need all my
strength and concentration for this. This is delicate work and Remus must emerge unharmed. We
should work in tandem. I know your mind and you shall know mine this night. Fenrir you must not
interfere with this work or thus cause great harm to all of us but especially to your heir. You must
restrain yourself or be removed. Understand you this Fenrir?"

Fenrir scowled, "I hear. I shall not interfere. I will watch. Any harm comes to Remus by your hands,
there will be nowhere you will be safe for I shall avenge him.

Aurelius nodded sharply, "Understood. Shall we begin?"

Remus scowled, "You need eye contact correct?"

"Yes and for you to remain still. Might I gain permission to use a modified Incarcerous? I could use
the Petrifaction spell but it might exacerbate your claustrophobia."

Remus shifted nervously inside the ward bubble, "I hate the petrifaction spell, father cast it often
enough I learned to resist and break it."

"Can you break the Incarcerous?" Alaric nodded.

"It depends on the situation." Remus admitted gruffly.

They settled down to begin; however Aurelius ordered a meal before they began so they would not
be distracted by hunger.

Aurelius cast the Legilimency creating a link between his mind and Remus; it didn't take long before
Alaric had joined him in his own mind and followed him to Remus'. The two delved through Remus'
mind and into his core. They ran into a few defences but managed to carefully pick them apart before
the curse's defences could put up much of a fight.

Considering that the person he was working with was technically the same person who killed Lily, it
was a wonder he could even trust him. After all, the same wand that he allowed to use Legilimency
on him, had cast the Cruciatus on him more times than he cared to count when his name was
Severus.

Chapter End Notes


Sev/Aurelius is definitely conniving. He's already planted seeds in bith Sirius and James' parents regarding Dumbles being up to no good. Sirius is already in trouble with Walpurga lol- when was he not? Talk about revenge best served cold. At some point James will have to choose, won't he? I think Aurelius will make some comment about rats again. Lily, Sev and Remy will be better trained magically and well, they'll be
capable of thinking for themselves at least. Aurelius has shaken up the Board of Governors and made allies out of the powerful- Merlin knows the Weasleys and the Prewetts owe him one. With a redeemed Voldy- Alaric, a sane Greyback, Walpurga and Abraxus, I don't see what he couldn't accomplish. *smirks*
The Past- Chapter 18

September 18, 1971

It was well after dawn when they’d finished…

The four of them had been up all night…

Alaric wearily dropped all the wards and spells on Remus and the boy crumbled to the floor exhausted.

Aurelius summoned his elves. “Deliver us to rooms. Abraxus will be retrieving Lily and Severus. We are not to be disturbed.”

The elves nodded and escorted them via Apparition to rooms.

XoooooX

Lily and Severus had slept fitfully; for they had yet to hear if Remus was alright.

They were sipping coffee until they woke up fully.

Then Severus scowled at an elf, “Tell us about Remus.”

The elf bowed, “Master Remus and Master Fenrir are in bed. Masters Aurelius and Lord Slytherin finished their work late this morning. We put them to bed. We have orders to let them sleep as long as they choose.”

“We’re supposed to go shopping for Durmstrang…” Lily frowned.

“Lord Malfoy is coming to fetch you after breakfast.” The elf nodded.

Severus coughed, “Lucius’ father?”

The elf nodded, “The same. He’s a very powerful man, Master said he is the head proctor of the Potions Master exam.”

Severus’ eyes pricked up, “He’s a potions master?”

“I am.”

Severus looked up and swallowed, Lord Malfoy looked an awful lot like Lucius. The only difference
was that his ice blonde hair was held back in a braid rather then a tail. He dipped his head, “Lord Malfoy.”

“The Honourable Severus and Lady Lillian Prince?” the man asked

The twins nodded.

“A pleasure to make your acquaintance, your father has been quite busy on you behalf.” Abraxus said pleasantly.

“Are you really going to take us shopping?” Severus frowned.

Abraxus nodded, “My Russian is quite good, I thought we might visit Vladimir. It is the centre of the Russian Wizarding community. They send their children to Durmstrang so they would definitely have all of the things there. Like the French’s Rue de Leon, everything is there from their Hospital to their Ministry to their major shopping centre. A pity that Britian still doesn’t have that, for they moved the Ministry to Whitehall after they combined the Scottish, English and Irish Ministry. They felt it was prudent that the Muggle nerve centre of government and our own be housed in the same place, which I say is Abraxan excrement but no one asked me at the time because I wasn’t born yet.”

Severus smirked, “After all, what should influence should Muggle politics have on Wizarding issues?”

Abraxus nodded, “Exactly, now if you’ll fetch your coats and mufflers it’s no doubt rather windy in Vladimir.”

The siblings who couldn’t look more dissimilar scurried off leaving their guardian for the day in the morning room.

They then left Merrivale Manor via portkey.

A large exotic looking building dominated the skyline when they landed rather hard in a blustery street.

“Yes, imposing isn’t it? Alexanskaya Kremlin, it’s home to the Russian Ministry. Come along then children.”

They were led from store to store; stopping at a bookseller’s, an apothecary to retrieve less innocuous items then Hogwarts requested, a cobbler’s, a modiste’s and a gentleman’s clothing store to be fitted not only for uniforms but also for weather appropriate clothing for Durmstrang.

They stopped briefly for lunch and then returned to try on more clothing.

“Surely we have enough…” Lily observed with a frown.

Severus was scowling.

“Enough? You are Aurelius’ heir and a Prince heiress respectfully; you both must be dressed appropriately. You are transferring to Durmstrang for a fresh start are you not? You must be seen as your stations in life dictate.” Abraxus chided.

Having little choice in the matter, Severus and Lily gave in with grace after a fashion and allowed
themselves to be shown more clothing then they had every seen much less wished for…

XooooooX

They were grateful for the packing portkeys that accompanied them from the Vladimir shops.

Severus had to try on twice as many clothes as Lily because he was being used as a temporary stand-in for Remus.

He vowed the next time clothing shopping came around, that it would be Remus who would be subjected to such tortures.

Even if his friend had an excuse, Severus would not put up with shopping over a year…

They returned in time to find it was nearly dinner.

Remus still looked weary but he seemed more relaxed actually.

Aurelius, Alaric and Fenrir were a bit smug.

“Thank you Abraxus for taking charge of them.”

“They are rather intriguing, I see why you claimed them.” Abraxus mused. “Young Severus has a natural flair for Potions as does Lady Lily. I look forward to seeing what they will come up with between them.”

“As do I.” Aurelius smirked. “Well Lily why don’t you go take your packing portkeys to your room? Lolly will see to it that your trunk is properly packed for Durmstrang, the less school you miss the better. As for Severus I’m sure he and Remus can sort out what he brought back from Vladimir.”

Severus scowled, “I am not going through that again for quite sometime.”

Aurelius just chuckled at him, “You must get that from me.”

Then the three children disappeared from the drawing room…

XooooooX

“So I see that Severus is not fond of Shopping.” Aurelius chuckled, something both he and his younger self had in common.

“I think he would prefer to shop for other things, he enjoyed poking around the apothecary and picking up books on potions. They will have to rely on translation and comprehension charms for awhile until they pick up the language. They are intelligent, I suspect they’ll learn Russian quickly.” Abraxus said with a smirk.

“They are Princes.” Alaric said with a snicker.

“I doubt that they would surpass my Remus for long.” Fenrir interjected.
“We shall see.” Aurelius said with firmness.

They had a quiet dinner and then small sleeping draughts were brought to Aurelius, Alaric, Fenrir and Remus.

They would need to be assured of rest despite sleeping much of the day.

After all, they still had to make it to Durmstrang in time for Sunday dinner and the children were going to have to adjust to the time difference as it was.

Chapter End Notes

September 19, 1971

They slept late on Sunday and their first meal of the day was brunch rather than breakfast so that they might be hungry come suppertime at Durmstrang.

The elves had packed their trunks with all of their books, uniforms, personal clothing and other supplies leaving out one uniform a piece, as well as cloaks and boots.

They retrieved their trunks which were shrunk and pocketed before they portkeyed as a group to Durmstrang.

Aurelius had checked the departure window to floo but the International Floo Centre did not have a near enough time to their expected arrival for that to be a feasible method of transportation.

The only workable method of transportation was via portkey....

Being the only person to have visited Durmstrang, it of course fell to Aurelius to create the portkey. It definitely was helpful to have an eidetic memory...

At ten to portkey activation they all assembled in the atrium at Merrivale.

Where Aurelius and Fenrir examined their charges to ensure that they were properly attired.

Remus and Severus had received the preferred haircut courtesy of the Black Family barber that Walpurga had sent over after lunch.
Lily had her ends trimmed but Lolly had promised faithfully to French braid her hair every day she was at Durmstrang. Despite being the Princes’ Head Elf, Lolly had taken Lily as her charge and assigned Doddy to Severus.

Fenrir had assigned his own elf Ruffy to look after Remus since elves were expected to look after their own charge. Durmstrang and Beauxbatons’ elves merely looked after its keep and victuals.

Aurelius checked his watch and then told them they should grab hold of the parchment that he’d charmed and he tapped it with his wand.

They appeared just about where Aurelius had encountered Branislav Krum.

He led them to the lit hall that was filling the air with the smell of supper.

The three teens entered with their guardians Aurelius Prince and Fenrir Greyback.

They entered a long building that was a bit reminiscent of the Great Hall at Hogwarts with distinct variances.

There was a dais where the professors sat and there were four tables that lay end to end above which were suspended a banner bearing the House crest similar to the Hogwarts’ but with different symbols and colours.

One was the eagle; then there were a lynx, an elk and a wolf…

A tall man who sat about where Dumbledore had rose on the dais, “Miss Lillian, Masters Severus and Remus welcome to Durmstrang. Durmstrang, meet your newest companions Miss Lillian Prince, Masters Severus Prince and Remus Lupin.”

The greeting was said first in accented English and then in what was recognisably Russian.

The students rose together as one and bowed before welcoming them with polite applause.
Lily stepped forward, “We thank you for your kind welcome and look forward to getting to know you after we are placed in our respective Houses.”

Aurelius had taught them a translation spell while Lord Malfoy had selected some texts for them to study Russian from.

Highmaster Tolstoy stepped down from the dais clutching a staff, “Welcome, while it is a bit late for this you will have to be weighed and measured. The Staff of Wōdanaz when coupled with the Glass of Mimir will reveal a small piece of your destiny.” He held out his hand to Lily, “Ladies first.”

She was led over to a ring of stone where to her surprise was a pool of water.

The Highmaster held out the staff, “Take this staff and see what it is to see.”

Lily accepted the staff and gazed into the pool in silence.

Only to later step back as if backing away.

“What animal did you see?” the Highmaster asked.

Lily whispered, “The Eagle.”

“May I introduce Lillian Prince of House Hræselgr. Master Severus if you please.”

Severus accepted the staff from Lily and then stepped up to the edge of the pool to see what he could see.

“What creature saw you Master Severus?”

“The Lynx?”
Remus was the last to accept the staff and he too stepped to look into the pool.

After Remus’ glimpse, he blinked stepping back and shakily he handed the staff back, “Wolf?”

Highmaster Tolstoy clapped him on the back before retrieving the staff, “House Hróðvitnir welcome your new brother Remus Lupin. House Hræsvelgr welcome your new sister Lillian Prince. House Hogni welcome your brother Severus Prince.”

The boy from his previous visit rose, moving towards them and bowed before Lily, “Branislav Krum but you can call me Branko. I am of House Hiisi. Welcome to Durmstang.”

Another boy from the Eagle table joined him, “Dragomir Ionescue House Hróðvitnir you are welcome among us.”

To Aurelius’ disgust, Igor Karkaroff stepped out from the Eagle table and walked towards them with more swagger then he thought was warranted.

“Igor Karkaroff House Hræsvelgr.”

“Ignore him, Bisera Krum of House Hogni. I’m Branko’s elder sister. Any of you may ask us questions.”

Before they could leave, Aurelius gestured for Remus, Lily and Severus to step towards him.

He whispered, “Beware of Karkaroff he’s a rat.”

They nodded before following the representatives of their new Houses to their tables.

“Aurelius and who might you be sir? Pardon my manners.”

Fenrir smirked, “Fenrir Greyback, The Alpha of Britain. Remus is my son and heir.”
“I see and you’ll be making arrangements for moontimes?” the Highmaster asked.

“Yes he’ll be joining my pack if that’s agreeable.”

“That will suit quite well now come join us for supper at our staff table.” The Highmaster invited the adults.

After their meal Aurelius and Fenrir bid goodbye the twins and Remus before leaving Durmstrang and making their way back to the village of Durmsoy where Aurelius paid to use a pub’s floo to return to the London International Floo Centre.

From there they flooed back to to their own residences; Fenrir to Lukos House and Aurelius to Merrivale.

Chapter End Notes

The Past - Ch 20

The Past - Ch 20

The problem with being a member of the Wizengamot, Headmaster of Hogwarts and the defeater of Grindelwald was that you always had so many demands on your time.

He did plan to be more present this year but he'd been sent by the Wizengamot to represent them the International Council of Wizards. Like he had a choice when he was re-elected Supreme Mugwump by that legislative body again…

The first thing Albus Wulfric Bay Dumbledore noticed when he sat down to breakfast on Monday was that students were missing from Gryffindor table…

Fabian Prewett, Arcturus Weasley, Bilius Weasley, Cador Weasley, Mary Prewett, Remus Lupin and Lily Evans…

A quick glance at Ravenclaw and Slytherin showed both Gideon Prewett and Severus Snape to be missing from their respective tables as well.

Albus turned to Minerva, "Minnie dear,"

The witch flinched, "Professor I prefer to be called Minerva or McGonagall. I was your student but now that we are professors together I would prefer to keep the respect we have had since I apprenticed to you."

Albus sighed, "Very well Minerva, I was wondering if you assigned a large amount of homework last week. Seven Gryffindors, one Ravenclaw and a Slytherin are missing this morning."

"If you are referring to the Weasleys, the Prewetts and the Princes then I am afraid that their guardians removed them last week."

"Princes? The only Prince I'm aware of is Irma and she's a second year is she not?" Albus frowned.

"Yes Irma is a Prince but she's Faith and Constance Burbage's sister remember?" Minerva reminded him.

"Then whom are Princes you are referring to?"

"Why Lily Evans and Severus Snape of course. They are twins born to Aurelius and Eileen Prince."

"You must be jesting." Albus said through pursed lips.

"Their sire Aurelius had everything to prove his case; he had letters from their mother Eileen Prince, the Head of Magical Children Eltanin Rosier, Gringotts and the Board of Governors."

"The Board of Governors? Of course the likes of Abraxus and Walpurga would welcome such a person." Albus grumbled. "So you just let some Wizard styling himself as Lord Prince to waltz off with two of our First Years? What about the Weasleys and the Prewetts?"

"They brought their personal healer Hyrum Smythe,"
"Smith! Hyrum is a pretentious twat!" Albus grumbled.

"Please stop interrupting me Albus!" Minerva snapped, "As I was saying, they brought in their healer who had a private conference with both families. Then Septimus and Drystan sent their children home. They then met with Filius and I where they informed us that they were withdrawing their children from Hogwarts."

"So we've lost nine students? The first month of term hasn't even ended and we've lost nine students? Do you know how much tuition that is?" Albus sputtered. "Will they be requesting refunds?"

Minerva blinked, "If they do that's between them and Lucinda is it not?"

"Now is not the time for families like the Weasleys and the Prewetts to be leaving Hogwarts! It sets a bad precedent! Have they forgotten that they are members of the Board of Governors?" Albus fumed.

"I thought you disliked the Board of Governors…" Minerva frowned.

"I do! I think it's old, obsolete and in need of revision!" Albus grumbled.

"Well be that as it may, that has no bearing on the situation. Their guardians removed them and they hold seats on the Board of Governors so I don't think you'll have any chance of convincing them to allow their children to return." Minerva shrugged, "Now if you'll pardon me I would like to eat my meal in peace."

Albus was so irritated with his replacement as transfiguration professor that he sputtered wordlessly at her.

How dare she!

Someone was upsetting his plans…

Losing the Weasleys, the Prewetts, Lily Evans and Severus Snape was bad…

Remus…

Minerva didn't mention anything about Remus! He hoped he hadn't lost him too…

He needed to speak with James Potter and Sirius Black as soon as possible…

No one got away with thwarting Albus Dumbledore!

XoooooX

With Lily, Severus and Remus safely at Durmstrang; as well as his own status as Lord Prince and a Potions Master First Class verified Aurelius could focus on helping Alaric deal with the reuniting of his soul. Since none of his dratted horcruxes had been destroyed and it was only in six pieces rather then the eight it had been from whence time that Aurelius came.

"From what Albus told me in my future the only way to repair a soul was to feel remorse for the murders one committed to create them."

"I am remorseful!" Alaric insisted, "I didn't commit those murders of my own free will!"

"Peace Alaric I know this." Aurelius sighed, "Now do you want to review the books you read at Alexandria's or do you want to."
"Can't we just use a modified summoning charm?" Alaric scowled.

"That would be too easy…" Aurelius mused.

"A ritual then," Alaric retorted, "on All Hallows Eve perhaps? The Veil between worlds is thinnest then. We could summon each of the victims and I could express my remorse. After which we summon the soul fragment and then purify the artefact."

Aurelius tapped the tabletop in thought, "That just might work."

"It will be a very difficult task I fear but I won't shirk from it." Alaric declared.

"I should think not, of all your faults if you'll pardon me cowardice has never been one of them. Pride perhaps is your worst but what Slytherin isn't proud?" Aurelius chuckled.

"Someone who was clearly misSorted." Alaric retorted.

"Indeed."

The two Lords sat down to plan out a proper ritual.

They might perhaps need to consult a book on Samhain Rituals for All Hallows was sometimes called Samhain.

Chapter End Notes

The Past- Ch 21

Chapter Summary

The Samhain/Halloween Alaric and Aurelius created ritual to allow remorse to reconstitute his tattered soul.

Chapter Notes

So it's not Halloween anymore, strangely enough Samhain did not inspire me until later. Sorry about the tardiness but the length should make up for it. I hope...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Past- Ch 21

October 31, 1971

Black candles and salt from moon purified silver canisters were arranged in a circle around the horcruxes as well as incense specifically chosen because of the nature of the ritual.

Technically, this could be considered necromancy but since this action and situation was likely unprecedented, to Aurelius’ knowledge anyway, it was indeed a boon that the Manor's wards were well shielded to keep their activities tonight from alerting the Ministry as a whole or at least interesting the Unspeakables in the Department of Mysteries...

They had argued about whether or not to start with the earliest murder or with the most recent...

All of which, had been done surprisingly enough when Dumbledore’s control was the strongest, when Alaric had turned fifteen and before he was twenty.

The longer he was away from the manipulative old coot, the more control he seemed to have.

Unless of course Alaric did survive death, then he would be the same sort of creature that stalked...
Harry for years only to fail in the end.

In the end they had decided to start with the most recent, only the two Muggle tramps died by Alaric’s own hand, his Muggle relations had died by another’s wand but he had killed them even if they weren’t killed of his own free will.

While Alaric had instigated Myrtle and Hephzibah’s deaths, but he hadn’t personally cast the Killing Curse or used poison on them. Aurelius wasn’t sure if Alaric had explicitly ordered the Basilisk to kill Myrtle or if he ordered it to open it’s eyes.

A Bleeding-heart Gryffindor would believe that they should throw themselves at the mercy of the Court. A Slytherin had a more prosaic view about it, especially since they couldn’t be truly responsible for their actions even by narrow-minded Gryffindors.

XoooooooX

Alaric knew he couldn’t be truly responsible for all of those deaths, he still felt the blood on his hands. He cast the Killing Curse, he framed someone for murder twice, he had lied, cheated and killed to steal. He had attacked his fellow students, he had been a prefect at the time and he still did it. How could he have been made a Head Boy by that manipulative old man when he had ordered a basilisk to attack the students? At sixteen, he had four deaths on his hands. By eighteen the number had risen to seven…

One could argue that his Muggle relations were horrible people and his uncle Morfin wasn’t much better but the Muggles didn’t deserve to be dead anymore then Morfin deserved to be framed for their murder.

As for Myrtle, sure she was a whiny brat but she didn’t really deserve to die even if one got less headaches without her whimpering. Then again, her temper tantrums as a ghost had managed to make a small footnote in his memories by the time he graduated.

Though he had been lucky not to be like Olive Hornsby, the bullying witch had been haunted by Myrtle until the girl was nearly insane.

In Hephzibah’s case, her only ‘crime’ was maligning his mother and having bought Slytherin’s necklace, she certainly didn’t deserve death for it. Then again, Merope wasn’t very bright…
Sure the old woman’s house was full of expensive but useless junk, but she made him feel important even when he was there on business.

Then a hand grasped his shoulder…

XooooooX

“Are you ready for this?”

Alaric flinched. “Would you be alight if it were you?”

Aurelius sighed, “The only life I took was Dumbledore’s but that was after he was dying from your creative curse and poison. Though I did accidentally cut off a student’s ear while in your service, in my defence I have never been very keen at flying. I may have injured more but to my knowledge I only killed Dumbledore and we know he was not an innocent. From what I know of both sides of your family, they were no better then my own. My grandfather never acknowledged my existence either; my mother has been a vacant person submitting to all sorts of abuses. To be honest, your family is no great loss Muggle or not. Neither took much notice of us and we were left to mostly look after ourselves.”

“For the longest time I believed that due to my mother’s dying when I was born, that she was too weak to be a witch.” Alaric grumbled.

“I would have surmised the same in your shoes, I was lucky I didn’t end up in an orphanage. I would have been better off if the Evans had officially taken me in but that didn’t happen. My being here in this time period will change both Severus and Lily, not just because they are now at Durmstrang.”

“They are lucky kids.”

“So will yours be if we can repair your soul.” Aurelius said pointedly.

It was nearly midnight after all…
They had decided to begin at exactly midnight on Samhain; the veil between the worlds was the weakest at four am when the world was at its darkest. They had to be finished before then…

Purified salt and black candles to trap the summoned spirit of the victim that was used to create each Horcrux surrounded each horcrux.

They began with the diadem…

“Shed blood…innocent blood. Every life is precious…I am one who has killed. I took a life; I do not even know your name. Soul of my victim return so that I might see your face.” Alaric intoned in Latin.

The room’s temperature dropped.

The flames shivered as a dark shadow rose over the diadem.

“Murderer!” the ghost spoke in Albanian.

Alaric flinched, “What I did was wrong. Had I a choice I would never have killed you. I knew nothing about you. I shot first and now I must live with your life on my hands. I killed you because I was forced to. That is a terrible excuse but it’s sadly true. I had no wish to do so…”

He was apologising in a Slytherin manner but Aurelius believed he did regret what he had done…

He, Alaric apologised and let himself feel true remorse for the murder of the peasant.

Then the ghost bowed. “You are forgiven…”

The ghost vanished.

The faint outline of Alaric’s younger self rose from the diadem and plunged into his chest.
Alaric clenched his teeth in pain…

Was this worse then the feeling of dying when he had his soul in pieces like Aurelius described? Or was this like when you broke a bone and had to have it set?

Alaric was stalk still as his soul piece crashed into the rest of his soul…

The pain was immense…

He was exhausted already…

That was just one death…

How much would remorse of the murders of the Riddles feel?

Aurelius frowned, “Are you alright?”

Alaric glared, “Of course I’m not alright! My soul had five pieces ripped from it and if I don’t fix it, I’ll die from a curse the shade of Merlin put on me. One down, still four left and we have less then four hours…”

Aurelius snorted mentally, likely he would react similarly were he in Alaric’s shoes. “Then you are prepared to continue?”

Alaric nodded sharply and began the ritual at the second circle the one around the necklace.

Summoning the ghost of the man he had killed to create his fourth horcrux.

Muggles were very weird and summoning this one was more awkward then the last one. This one seemed to be terrified about the witchy nature of it as well as a bit brain damaged by alcohol…
It took sometime to calm the ghost down and convince it to that he was not going to use him to do anything horrible but he had called him here to apologise for his death.

Then the ghost went nuts on him.

Alaric silently took the verbal abuse.

Finally the man stopped his rant, “Well, aren’t you going to say something?”

Alaric sighed, “What is there to say? You’re dead; I caused it. I was hypnotised and made to do it. If I had the choice, we would never have crossed paths and you would never had died because I caused it. Your life however brief or not would have ended on your terms rather than that of my puppet master. I knew nothing about you, I still don’t. All I know is that you did not deserve to die that day. I am sorry for your death, you just had the misfortune to cross my path.”

“It’s like when I were in the war and they gave me that gun huh? I dinna wanna kill no sir but they told me to fight and kill so I did. I dinna like it an’ every man that fell were like a knife to me heart.” The man said solemnly.

Alaric flinched, “I suppose it was similar. Only I was not aware I was following any orders.”

“Ye seem like a decent bloke since ye called me here to apologise. Not sure how ye did it but for what it’s worth I understand.”

As the ghost melted, the soul fragment levitated on its own power and then was tugged viciously into his body.

It was far more painful then the first, perhaps because he already knew what to expect…

Thank Salazar, Aurelius didn’t ask him if he was all right this time or even speak until Alaric felt as if he had recovered.

“Ready?”
Alaric glared. “Now I have to face a nice old lady who probably had no idea she was murdered and will be shocked to know I did it. Sure she was annoying but she doted on me and gave me expensive sweets when I visited. If business wasn’t involved, I might have thought of her as a sort of surrogate grandmother…”

“Well,” Aurelius pointed at the chalice’s circle, “what’s stopping you?”

The glare he received clearly showed the former ‘Dark Lord’ contemplating exactly why he let him continue to breathe air.

Like himself, Alaric considered all the ways to remove a person from living and how they might get away with it but their very underdeveloped but still present conscience kept them from actually killing anyone of their own free will.

For example, one only had to meet Andromeda to know that she disliked Bellatrix and when her middle sister attacked the Longbottoms, she very much had considered some pruning of the family tree.

If Molly Weasley hadn’t killed Bellatrix, once Andromeda learned that her sister killed her daughter, Bellatrix would have been soon to die at her wand. Likely far more ghastly then the mad witch had at Molly’s.

Alaric stiffly stepped up to the chalice’s circle and called up Hephzibah’s spirit.

The old lady appeared but she looked younger and softer, not quite the cream puff Alaric remembered.

The woman blinked at him, “Do I know you?”

Alaric bowed, “I’m older but its Tom.”

The woman leaned closer and then a smile crossed her face, “Tom! What a dear to call me up and on Samhain no less! I knew you were a sweet young man at heart even if you were a Slytherin.”
Alaric swallowed, feeling very ashamed, “You know if I had a grandmother… I would have wanted her to be like you.”

The woman preened, “How sweet! You’re gotten even handsomer. How long has it been since I died? Being dead one loses track of time.”

Alaric sighed, “It’s Samhain 1971, you died in 1947…”

“Oh dear I would have been quite old if I lived that long. If you don’t mind me asking how did I die? It’s a bit fuzzy to be honest…”

Alaric shifted nervously, “I’m afraid it’s my fault…you see it was my mother who sold the locket to Mr. Burke. She was rather simple really, all that inbreeding you know and she hadn’t any idea of its worth because she was lost without her father and brother. My father was a Muggle and when he learned she was a witch and used a love potion on him, he abandoned her.”

“Oh you poor dear!” Hephzibah exclaimed.

“My mother delivered me very early on New Year’s Eve morning at Wool’s Orphanage and having practically froze due to her having run out of money, she expired soon after.”

“A Muggle orphanage Tom?”

“I changed my name to Alaric, I found out through Gringotts that I have an inheritance though Salazar Slytherin so I turned my back on my Muggle blood as they did me and took a worthier name. Alaric Peverell-Slytherin at your service.” Alaric bowed courteously.

“Alaric…” Hephzibah tested the name with her non-existent tongue, “I like it. Now as lovely as being summoned is dear, why ever did you call me and you never did tell me how I died.” She pouted at him.

Alaric swallowed, “I’m sure you’re familiar with the Imperious and memory charms in general aren’t you?”
Hephzibah frowned, “Of course, I know that the former is illegal and the later regulated.”

“I was imperioed to take items belonging to the founders and used them to made Dark Artefacts. I was responsible for your death; I used the Imperio on your elf so she put an undetectable poison in your evening cocoa. I then vanished with your cup and the necklace. I plan to return it to your family of course once it’s no longer a Dark Artefact. All I can say is I’m really sorry; I would never have hurt you if I had the choice. I know I wasn’t the warmest person when I was young and I can’t say I’m much better now but I am sorry for your death and the part I played in it.”

“Well from what I know about both of those types of spells I can imagine you wouldn’t have had a choice in the matter. I won’t say I understand because I’ve never been in the same position thank Helga for that.” Hephzibah said stiffly. “I always thought you were a good boy at heart, though it may have been my Hufflepuff nature to think so. In that case, since you called me back on Samhain to apologise I must believe that you are sorry. So for what it’s worth, I do forgive you. Now I expect you to be a good man from now on even if your definition of what that is would vary greatly from my own. As your default grandmother, I order you to have a family and to make sure that Slytherin’s line doesn’t end with you. I am Helga’s descendant, one of them anyway and I expect you to be a good father. The sort of father you wanted when you were young, all children had an ideal parent in their imagining and as an orphan, I’m sure you had plenty of time to think about it.”

Alaric felt much lighter due to Hephzibah’s forgiveness then that of the nameless Muggles before her. “I wish we could talk longer but I have so little time.”

“Oh dear whoever cursed you must have made you do terrible things, you poor boy. I’m going back now but don’t fret now, if anyone over there tries to say anything horrible about you, I’ll deal with them.” Hephzibah beamed at him, “Goodbye Alaric.”

Then she vanished like smoke, the candles in her circle going dark.

The soul shard rose from the goblet and slammed into his chest, the pain was more horrible due to his secret fondness for the old woman causing him to collapse and land hard on his knees. This death was the one that haunted him the most even if he never looked her in the eyes to kill her…

Was it because she was a witch? Or because she was actually kind to him when he was still floundering just out of Hogwarts?

“It’s nearly two are you ready to proceed or would you like to wait a year to finish this?” Aurelius
asked quietly, he’d watched Alaric anxiously as he struggled to convince Hephzibah Smith not only of his complicity in her death but his sorrow and shame for it.

Aurelius was seeing more of Alaric’s metaphorical soul then his visual manifestations rising from the horcruxes…

Alaric took deep, cleansing breaths to calm himself and breathe through the pain of having his soul shard forcibly rebond to his fractured soul.

They had until three thirty at the latest to finish and they were over halfway there already…

Aurelius decided to keep his own counsel and let Alaric decide if they were going to finish tonight or not…

It was seven minutes before Alaric rose and made his way over to the ring’s circle of salt and candles.

Aurelius was merely present as an observer and a subtle encourager though neither would admit to such things.

Alaric was grateful for Aurelius’ support even if it was merely annoying him, if it weren’t for the younger man’s assistance he’d still be an unknowing pawn of Dumbledore’s. He wouldn’t have any titles, homes or vaults much less have known that there was a unfulfilled contract between the House of Gaunt and the House of Black. He did owe the man for helping him, not killing his sister was a small and unworthy price.

Reviewing his thesis that had been turned into Abraxus wouldn’t do enough for lessen the debts between them. He may not have been raised in the Wizarding World but he’d immersed himself into the Pureblood culture by managing to ‘befriend’ Oran Nott, Nêreus Avery, Renard Lestrange, Antonin Dolohov and Rivalan Mulciber. Normally, the likes of them wouldn’t play nice with a supposed Muggleborn.

They had become the closest things he had to brothers after recognising a birthmark on his back, not that they explained at once…
Not that he would be comfortable admitting it that they were people he had actually acquired emotional bonds to.

Oran had sworn that he’d make him his firstborn son’s godfather and the request had touched him even if he’d said he expected that the babe not be a weakling or else he’d be seriously pissed.

It didn’t help that the Malfoys had insisted that after Adelia died in childbirth that it was Oran’s fault, it was mostly the Dowager Lady Malfoy Muriel who still claimed that. Adelia lost a daughter in a miscarriage early in their marriage, they’d married with their parents’ agreement when Adelia was sixteen and Oran was fourteen but it was the twins that ended up practically killing her. She fell while Oran was at school having already graduated and began bleeding heavily, which put the infants into distress by the time a healer was called. In the end, Oran lost his wife and three children; two didn’t live long enough to even breathe and the last, a daughter died in his hands…

Abraxus and Apollus had known their elder sister was sickly and she wanted to be a mother strangely enough.

For Oran to still be unbonded and childless had to say something for his affections for his Malfoy wife. Unless of course he wasn’t given any options due to Muriel’s caustic tongue…

Alaric was still wary of pregnancy and childbirth due to his own mother dying as well as Oran’s loss. If he didn’t know that Cassiopeia had given birth before with seemingly little difficulty he wouldn’t want to put her through that.

While she kept in contact with her children, daughters actually, she had returned to the House of Black after her bonded Gaia died. It hadn’t been a love match but they had gotten on well enough, Gaia Lovegood was a descendant of Ravenclaw and well he wasn’t sure how well they would take the news that their mother might be getting married again…

Aurelius clearing his throat brought Alaric back to the matter at hand, he muttered under his breath before reluctantly summoning his Muggle relations and reluctantly his Uncle Morfin not at the same time, he wasn’t a fool. He couldn’t apologize properly if he did in fact regret it, which he did, if he didn’t acknowledge that he messed with the man’s mind. Not that Morfin wouldn’t have killed the Riddles if he’d thought that the Muggle had defiled his sister…

Musing over his dead relations wasn’t wise given how his issues with Hephzibah had caused him so much pain.
He was facing his paternal grandparents and his sire’s ghost; he was irritated that he looked a hell of a lot like Tom Riddle even in a ghost state.

“Who are you?” the elder Riddle man barked, “and why are we here?”

“He’s that mad Gaunt’s son.” His sire spat, “He’s used that witchcraft to summon our ghosts. What the hell do you want?”

“Nice to see you three again.” Alaric said bitterly, “Calling you here is not a choice I am entirely pleased with. If I never saw you I would have died happy, I have no love or desire to be one of you. I thought I’d let you know that I have give up the name my mother gave me so you will be happy that I’m not sullying the name Thomas Riddle.”

“What Tom was thinking when he let that Gaunt slut trick him into such a misalliance.” The imperious woman muttered darkly.

“I’m not very fond of my mother but I’m not keen on listening to anyone malign her anymore then Tom would be to hear you spoke of in that manner even if the insults would not be equal.” Alaric’s voice was icy.

“Why are we here?” his grandfather snapped.

“Well I killed you.” Alaric said stiffly, “If I’d been in my right mind at the time I would have observed you from the shadows and determined that we had nothing in common so I wouldn’t have intruded in your perfect little world. Now I was forced to do it, the how isn’t necessarily important right now. The trouble is you’re all dead and as much as I dislike you three, you didn’t deserve to die that night. We’ll never like each other and I’m about as disgusted at being related to you, as you are to know I existed when you died. Whether or not you chose to forgive me is up to you, I only called you back to tell you that I’m regretful to have been the cause of your deaths.”

“We haven’t forgiven your for existing, what makes you think we’d forgive you for being our murderer?” His grandmother snapped.

Alaric shrugged, “I told you I didn’t expect it, I had to only voice my regret.”

“I’ve wondered… what happened to you? I never liked the Gaunt girl and learning she tricked me pissed me the hell off.” Tom muttered.
“Thomas Alvin Riddle!” his mother snapped.

“Hush mother, he is my son by blood if nothing else.” Tom said darkly. “If we hadn’t been legally married the Gaunt girl and I, he would still be my bastard. Even old families like ours had them sometimes.”

“I went to a good school, the best in the country.” Alaric said proudly. “I was quite popular with both the students and teachers. I had top marks and ended up Head Boy.”

“Harrow or Eton?” Tom asked.

Alaric snorted, “Neither, I took after my mother if hadn’t guessed so I have magic as well, hence how I managed to kill you by practically frightening you to death.”

“How are you now? Do you have a wife? Any kids?” Tom pressed.

“I’m recovering from the assault that resulted in your deaths, I’ve managed to take full control of my mind. I am engaged to a lovely woman, who quite intelligent and beautiful. She’s rich and a member of a powerful family in my world. I’m looking forward to a life with her.” Alaric frowned.

“I was a crummy father, I may not have wanted you at first but it seems despite your stumbles you’ve come far. I was a rascal as a young man; I didn’t grow up until after the war. I was too young during the Great War to fight, being ten when it started and fifteen when it was over. I don’t know how much you know,”

“I grew up in London.” Alaric said shortly. “I was there during the Blitz.”

Tom flinched, “And you lived?”

“Well obviously.” Alaric glared.

“I’m sorry you had to see that dark part of our history but I am glad you lived. I fought to protect
England hoping you were living, I wasn’t even sure if the girl had been telling the truth about being pregnant but if I had a legitimate son somewhere I had to fight to keep England safe for him. It started as patriotism but in the end, like everyone out there I was fighting to protect the people I cared about. If we’d met under different circumstances, I would hope we might have come to have a semi-cordial relationship. At least I got to see you once before I died to know that I really did have a son, even if he hated me.”

Alaric was floored, his father had fought the Nazis and lived through it hoping to one day meet him if he really existed? He swallowed, “You’re not saying you forgive me…”

“I fought in a war and killed son, but I never really wanted those men dead. I just wanted to hold a line so that others would be protected. It was kill or be killed, the situation isn’t quite the same but I did agonize over the lives I ended after the war. If I had shot someone I knew and learned about it later, I would have drunk myself to death rather then appear before their family and apologise. You’re already a better man then I. I know that my parents won’t forgive you but I will. You marry that woman son and you raise a family together. I want you to be the sort of father I never got a chance to be; take your sons to the park and teach them about cricket, teach your daughters ride a horse or a bicycle. Give your kids all sorts of teachers to learn about anything they want. Send them to good schools. Raise them right son; teach them to respect their fellow man and woman. Do that and when we meet again, I want to know everything…”

With that said, Tom dissipated taking his protesting parents with him.

Alaric was stunned, what the hell? He had to be dreaming… he pinched himself and felt a sharp zing. Okay not dreaming… he swallowed, “Time?”

“Three. Your reunion with your relations took an hour Alaric.” Aurelius chided.

Alaric fumed, “I need to talk to Morfin and the weepy Ravenclaw still.”

“Forget Morfin, focus on the actual victims. Reabsorb the soul shard you’re running out of time.” Aurelius scowled.

Alaric hated to admit that Aurelius was right, he cleared his mind looking at the Gaunt ring and let him feel his sorrow and anguish for having taken the life of his own father who had in his own way wanted to know him. Even if the man was a Muggle, the man had seemed to want him to do something with his life rather then turn himself in. Or had the Muggle decided that he couldn’t do so if he hadn’t been responsible for the taking of their lives?
His regret pulled the soul shard from the artefact housing it, if he thought Hephzibah hurt fuck. It was more painful regretting his father’s death by his own hand…

He ended up on the ground on his hands and knees trying to breath through the pain.

Alaric had too much pride to crawl over to the circle that held his diary; he stumbled to his feet and reached the circle. He was still in pain, but he was running out of time this Samhain and if he didn’t finish now he would never dare face this again.

He called Myrtle’s ghost from Hogwarts, the ghost was screaming in what seemed like pain and thrashed in the circle.

“OW! What did I do? I’ve stayed in Hogwarts like I was,” the ghost whinged, pausing to look at him. “Wait, do I know you?”

Alaric sighed, “Probably not, I’ve grown up a lot since we last saw one another.”

The ghost pouted, “Rub it in because I’m dead and you got to grow up. What will you tell me next? You’ve got married and have a family?”

Alaric shook his head, “Not yet. You were a Ravenclaw correct?”

Myrtle scowled at him, “Of course I was! Not that they liked me much there.”

“Then you know what the Imperious is.”

“It’s called an Unforgivable because it causes the caster to take control of the victim’s mind and control their future actions within programmed parameters. What’s that got to do with anything?”

“I was cursed it with. The result was that I was to open the Chamber of Secrets which was hidden in the bathroom you died in. Because you happened to be in the very worst place possible, you ended up dead because you looked into the eyes of a Basilisk.”
The ghost of his very first victim flinched, “Those glowing yellow eyes were the last thing I remember before I woke up a ghost hovering over my own body.”

“While I didn’t like you Myrtle Warren, you didn’t deserve to die… even if you were a whiny little Ravenclaw who snivelled at the slightest provocation. I was surprised that you haunted the Hornsby chit rather then finger me as your killer.”

“I didn’t remember how I died at the time and I didn’t see your face, it wasn’t as it I would have recognised your voice. Damn it, who were you?”

“And Ravenclaws are supposed to be observant and intelligent…” Alaric said dryly.

“To be able to talk to a Basilisk you had to be a Parseltongue, I remember reading that somewhere. The only line to have it supposedly was Slytherin’s, I heard there was a descendant in that House but I always thought it was a rumour… sort of like the rumour that Minerva McGonagall was a girl lover but that was after those I went to school with like you obviously graduated.”

“I was that boy, it wasn’t a rumour with no basis. I started the story myself. Now I have very little time left. I caused your death but it wasn’t willingly; you deserved the right to grow up, fall in love, get married and have a family of your own.” Alaric ground out.

“You really believe that? That I should have had all of that?” Myrtle frowned.

“Of course he does.” Aurelius snapped. “It’s not like you’re not remembered. Pomona Sprout may have been a Hufflepuff but she knew about you and she named her daughter after you. She’s currently at Hogwarts I believe both Pomona and Myrtle, you are welcome to ask Pomona about it.”

Myrtle beamed, “I’m not forgotten? Most students don’t even know who I am…”

“It’s hard to forget you Myrtle, even those who only knew you by sight or were at Hogwarts when you died didn’t forget you.” Alaric said honestly to his own annoyance.

“Well I know Olive Hornsby didn’t forget me. I made sure of that…” Myrtle smirked.
“I’m quite glad that you didn’t remember me at the time because until recently, I wouldn’t have felt anything other then sick pleasure at causing your death. It wasn’t until I had the Imperious removed that I realised what I’d done.” Alaric muttered.

“Well if I had to die at least you were cute.” She moved to the edge of the salt circle to peer at him more closely. “Ooh you’re that Riddle boy aren’t you? You were so yummy looking… and your fiancée is soo lucky.”

Alaric flinched, “I don’t like that name, I changed it.”

"Lucky, I would have changed mine if I had the chance. I got sick of being called Moaning Moping Myrtle all the time.”

“Why did you give them the chance to call you that? You should have dug your heels in and not given them a reason to pick on you.” Aurelius sneered.

“I like you better then.”

“Don’t mind him he’s got it bad for a Malfoy…”

“Ooh is it that Abraxus? Was he ever yummy!” Myrtle beamed at them.

“Abraxus was the year behind me and no, it isn’t Abraxus.”

“Alaric now is not the time,” Aurelius fumed.

“It’s Lucius isn’t it? He is the yummiest guy in Hogwarts! I love watching him in the prefects bath…”

Alaric watched Aurelius glare daggers at the ghost, “Well I’m afraid it’s time for you to go back to Hogwarts. Please don’t tell anyone I had a hand in your death…”

“Why would I? You’re sorry right? You were under the Imperious, you told me so. I wish I didn’t
have to go back…it gets lonely there sometimes. All of the other ghosts are so old!” Myrtle was almost whinging at the end.

“Go talk to the Grey Lady, her name is Helena. She’s Rowena Ravenclaw’s eldest daughter and I know she’s lonely too. She was only a few years older then you when she died. I think being both intelligent and of the same House that you might have something in common. I believe she died at the hands of an impetuous Slytherin…” Alaric said thoughtfully.

“Really? I’ll have to go talk to her…” then Myrtle vanished likely returning to Hogwarts to look for her fellow Ravenclaw ghost.

Not bothering to ask how much time he had left he said shortly, “I’ll likely pass out after this. I trust since this is your house you’ll clean up after.”

Before Aurelius could respond, Alaric let himself feel his guilt at causing the death of another student much less that of a girl when he was a child himself.

The pain of having the shard rebound to rebond to his fractured soul was extreme, and as his soul refused he let out a whimpered scream that he would deny for his entire existence.

True to his suspicions, Alaric did pass out and crumple to the stone floor.

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Aurelius cursed under his breath as he dispatched the circles of salt and the black candles casting a spell to purify the ritual space before returning the artefacts to a pure silver casket lined with salt that would leech the last of the dark magic from them before he conjured a stretcher and levitated the unconscious man onto it.

He wouldn’t want to be in the man’s place but the part of him that still wanted the former Dark Lord dead for causing Lily’s death and cursing Harry’s life was satisfied by the man’s suffering.

Albus wasn’t kidding when he said that the rebonding of a shard to the tattered soul of the caster would be excruciating. More so then having the soul torn apart…
Was that because the manipulative old coot had experienced it for himself?

Funny, that he never considered it prior.

Now, that Alaric had reconstituted his soul he should be free of Merlin’s curse and thus free to marry his Black witch.

Though he did wonder about the emotional toil of Hephzibah and Tom Riddle’s words on Alaric…

Chapter End Notes

November 1, 1971

Having been up until after three on the morning of Samhain and using a lot of magic to call forth spirits of the dead and purify artefacts, Aurelius and Alaric had slept right through into the next day.

They had put so much effort into preparing the ritual and maintaining it that they hadn’t considered the after-effects.

They shared brunch together.

Aurelius was curious, “I know that you feel you owe me a debt, however if you are going to be courting the former Consort Lady Lovegood don’t you think you ought to think about which house you will live in and how to fix it up? After all, it has been a long time since many of your properties were inhabited.”

Alaric waved his coffee mug in a careless gesture, “I figured that Walpurga, Cassiopeia and I can look through the properties and Cassie can pick which one she likes once the inventory is complete. Then we can pour over architecture books, the houses and castles will need substantial repair before we can move into them. You were lucky that apparently so little time has passed since Merrivale was inhabited so that very little degradation had happened.”

Somehow even with his mind unencumbered by the Imperious and memory charms such selfish behaviour still was a part of Alaric…”

A/N: After the angst of the previous chapter, I chose to write a bit of dramedy? I’m sure no one was expecting this twist?

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Aurelius sighed, “No offence meant but I would prefer that by the time that I am finally bonded that you are living together happily with your Black witch.”

Alaric raised his glass in salute, “I don’t plan on wasting that much time. It would hardly be proper to move her into an unsightly house. I figure I’ll talk to Apollus about who could be trusted to repair the house that Cassiopeia prefers and then we can slowly begin remodelling the others. After all I have plenty to will even if we have girls…”

“I think that we should see if Walpurga’s brother, Alphard I believe he is a private investigator but she calls him the family’s black sheep because he works for a living, he can use the names I remember to search for magical children and if they are in orphanages or mistreated we can find homes for them. There have to be some couples that can’t have children and would be interested in adoption. After all, that is why we have blood adoption after all.” Aurelius offered.

Alaric nodded, “No magical child should grow up in a Muggle Orphanage unwanted and unloved…”

“Or with an abusive paternal figure who beats and rapes their mother as well as mistreats the child. Of course there is always the reverse, I knew a Slytherin whose magic came from their Black grandmother and Prewett grandfather, they had a magic hating mother who took great pleasure it seemed to treat the girl like a house elf and withheld love because she was a devil child.” Aurelius shrugged.

“What and where was the father?” Alaric frowned.

“He was a spineless squib.” Aurelius snorted. “I requested intervention numerous times but I was shot down, I was told that their closest relations already had too many children and that they were better off were they where. Yet they seemed to forget that there was a third Prewett son, one much younger who might have taken the child.”

“How many names can you remember?”

Aurelius smirked, “I have an eidetic memory remember? I know every name of a person who crossed paths with me at Hogwarts as a teacher or a student…”

“Plus you once had access to the Headmaster’s book…” Alaric mused.
“Access that you granted me,” Aurelius said raising his teacup in a half-mocking salute.

Alaric snorted, “And may again.”

Aurelius rolled his eyes, “Rather not, I would prefer to work on bring our education system to the same standard it was in your day back when we were on par with the likes of Durmstrang and Beauxbatons. I worked with many of the professors as well as was their student, I’m sure that you would agree the best was Flitwick.”

“He knew at lot about his subject and he changed a lot after Myrtle died. He didn’t know how bad the bullying was until then; he made it clear that it wasn’t to be tolerated in Ravenclaw. He used Olive’s being haunted by Myrtle as a very clear plausible consequence.” Alaric snorted.

“We need to resume our chipping away at Albus’ power…” Aurelius mused.

“He already lost the Weasleys and the Prewetts thanks to you, while his own behaviour lost him the Potters and Sirius Black it seems. From what you haven’t told me that would be quite a blow.”

“I laid a seed for Walpurga to begin the erosion of the Bones’ support of Dumbledore, after all they would no more want the near destruction of their bloodline then the Prewetts, you or I would. After all the closest Slytherin ancestry that I know of after you would be the descendants of Gaunt witches farther back. Your great aunt Elektra joined blood with the Puceys and before that, I believe it was the Urquharts…” Aurelius shrugged.

“What are your plans for today?” Alaric asked in a languid way.

“Well, while I have no need to make money I would prefer not to be a layabout Lord living on my vaults. I plan to make a few of the more difficult potions and then bring them to various apothecaries and St. Mungos. My official certification has since been sent and I wish to resume brewing even if it under an assumed name.” Aurelius seemed a bit ruffled.

“Well I’m going to pop in on the Blacks, it maybe a bit of a holiday but it would be best to get used to sharing them with her family. Eventually I will have to meet her daughters, I do hope they won’t be too unhappy about their mother rebonding. It maybe awkward for them, I believe that they are only about ten to fifteen years younger then me.” Alaric sighed, “A step-father to witches the right age to be my sisters will be very strange…”
“It could be worse…” Aurelius smirked.

Alaric raised an eyebrow, “How so?”

“Our kids could end up married…or perhaps one of Lily or Severus’ children might end up with one of yours. Imagine a Slytherin bonded to a Prince…”

“You aren’t seriously thinking about having such a connection between us are you?” Alaric sputtered.

Aurelius snickered, “I’ve been inside your head, I would think that was more embarrassing then the idea that there might be a bonding between your offspring and someone with Prince blood.”

“Well…perhaps we should bond before we start thinking about possible connections between our blood and other houses. Why you could find yourself related by marriage to say the Weasleys…” Alaric retorted.

Aurelius flinched, “I certainly hope not and if that happens you can be sure I will remember who brought that curse down on my head.”

“Likewise,” Alaric said rising, “Well I’m off to go drop in on the Blacks.”

“You know that Walpurga is nearly as keen on having you in the family as she ever was about supporting your cause. At least she wouldn’t be as obsessive as Bellatrix…”

“If this Bellatrix becomes a problem I’m sure I can convince Renard to have her locked away.” Alaric shrugged.

“Considering that he was a founding member of the Knights of Walpurgis,” Aurelius smirked.

“My my you did do your research…” Alaric said amused.

It was Aurelius’ turn to shrug, “What can I say some days Albus was a fount of information.”
The two strangely connected wizards then flooed to their different destinations…

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November 18, 1971

Hogwarts’ Board of Governor Meeting

Albus Dumbledore’s appearances at Board of Governor meetings were rather sparse despite their being held usually on the third Thursday of every month with the exception of the months of December and July unless an emergency meeting was called.

However given that they had neglected to send him a copy of the minutes of the September and didn’t send him a copy of the October ones until yesterday well it was understandable that the wizard would be beyond furious especially when the heirs of Board Members had been removed from the school…

The October meeting at been at Walpurga’s home, Number Twelve Grimmauld Place but this month’s meeting was being held at Merrivale due to Aurelius’ volunteering to host. It had been a long time since a Board of Governors’ was held there, not since before his grandfather’s death.

Knowing the magical signature of every board member due his attending previous meetings as well as having served as a professor under Albus’ leadership, it was easy to temporarily allow them entrance because even Merrivale’s floo was connected to the wards.

Aurelius would be removing Albus’ signature following the meeting because he had no wish to allow the man free access to his family seat or any of his properties.

The Governors arrived and were escorted in by Lolly to the small dining room where they would hold court as it were.

The north end of the table was being granted to the Head of the Board Walpurga and the four members of the Founder’s Council: Arfang Longbottom, Alaric Slytherin-Peverell, Hera Lovegood and Abigail Smith…
The other Governors would take their places at the opposite end of the table while the Headmaster would presumably sit between them…

Walpurga was about to call the meeting to order when a harried, furious Albus Dumbledore appeared being guided into the dining room.

Walpurga grumbled, “If you’re going to be nearly late Headmaster then you ought to not attend at all.”

“I just received last month’s minutes this morning, why were they not sent before?” Albus fumed. “Come to think of it, I didn’t receive September’s at all…”

Patience Clearwater shrugged, “September? I was sure I sent them, I was preparing for today’s meeting and I found a copy of October’s. I checked to see who had acknowledged receipt of them and you hadn’t sent it so I presumed that it must be yours. I didn’t bother to check September as well.”

The governors knew of course that this was a pre-planned answer, the lateness of Albus receiving the minutes of the October meeting was a careful move on behalf of the growing Anti-Dumbledore faction of the Governors…

“Perhaps, Madam Clearwater you are becoming forgetful at your age.” Albus muttered tersely.

Patience smirked, “Forgetful? Perhaps, are you forgetting Albus that you are older then I? By a number of years if I am not mistaken…”

The jibe clearly did not sit well with Albus who all but stomped over to a seat at the table.

Walpurga called the meeting to order and Patience called attendance.

All members plus the Headmaster were declared present.
Before Walpurga could ask what was on the agenda, Albus broke protocol.

“What is this Committee on Education Reform and why didn’t I know about it before? As Headmaster I should have been consulted!”

Walpurga scowled, “Headmaster Dumbledore surely you haven’t forgotten that you are supposed to request that the board recognise you and allow you to speak? You are speaking out of turn.”

The look that Albus gave Lady Black was one of pure hatred, “I apologise…I thought that we might have an amicable relationship. This is beyond a slight…”

“We had hoped that the Defence Post would finally have a permanent professor,” Abraxus drawled, “if there was a change in administration. After all, you were the one who defeated Grindelwald and discovered the twelve uses of dragon blood.”

“I believe he was also the youth representative to the Wizengamot.” Patience Clearwater mused, “Of have I misremembered?”

Albus sputtered, “Why don’t you ask the person who cast it to remove it?”

Aurelius smirked, “And who might that be? Surely someone younger then you couldn’t possibly cast a spell that you can’t remove.”

Albus glared, “Who are you?”

Aurelius’ smirk widened, “Lord Aurelius Prince.”

“You most certainly are not! He was one of my students I think I would remember what he looked like.” Albus snarled.

Aurelius shrugged, “Well Abraxus seems to think that I am, so does Alaric and the Gringotts’ goblin executor of the Prince estate; surely, I couldn’t trick all of them.”
“If you are merely going to continue to disturb our meeting then perhaps you aren’t suited to continue in your post.” Castor said with a vicious edge to his smile.

“I’ve warned you to watch out for the Death Eaters! You have some in your midst and you do nothing but cosset them.” Albus fumed. “War is coming and you are playing ostrich.”

“Death Eaters?” Walpurga drawled, “Who are they? We are all equals here with the education of our world’s future held in the highest regard. You always talk of war but where is a sign of it?”

Hera Lovegood sniffed, “My cousin is right, we have yet to see any sign of such a thing. You are preaching war like a man possessed.”

“The mastermind of this insidious plot is right there!” Albus stormed to his feet and pointed to Alaric.

Alaric scoffed, “War? On whom? I have no aspirations for war with anyone.”

“He lies, he lies.” Albus said in a tone someone who wasn’t Aurelius would have deemed mad.

Aurelius shook his head and stunned the man, “I think he should be taken to St. Mungos and examined. Madam Smith is there not a Healer in your family?”

Abigail Smith nodded, “Yes Hyrum.”

“It might be wise to appoint a pro-tem Headmaster…” Alaric mused.

Aurelius sent him a dark look, “Yes indeed…perhaps Filius Flitwick? Surely he could not be a poor choice. Most of us here were either his student or were in school with him were they not?”

Heads nodded all around.

Castor spoke icily, “Are you sure that magically assaulting the Headmaster of Hogwarts in front of the Head of Magical Law Enforcement was wise?”
Drystan Prewett scoffed, “Now Castor be sensible, Albus sounded mad. Surely in your position rumours of his war would have reached you. I didn’t hear you agreeing with him.”

“Quite right, besides we leave our Wizengamot loyalties at the Ministry when we are assembled as Governors.” Septimus snorted, “Come now Castor be reasonable, if Aurelius hadn’t stunned him, he might have attacked him or Alaric.”

“Can we please return to proper behaviour now that Dumbledore is quieted?” Walpurga grumbled.

“Of course.” Aurelius smirked, “I move that we appoint Filius Flitwick as Headmaster Pro-tem until a Healer decides if Albus is going to recover from his apparent break with reality.”

To their surprise, it was Charlus Potter who seconded the Motion with Edith Bones also trying to do so.

Walpurga turned to Madam Hera, “Which one was the soonest to second?”

“I believe it was Charlus…” the woman who would be Luna Lovegood’s grandmother said after quiet reflection.

Walpurga nodded, “The motion made by Governor Prince to appoint Filius Flitwick as Headmaster Pro-tem has been seconded by Governor Potter. We shall put it to a vote…”

Unlike the previous votes that had been put before the Board, it seemed that given Albus’ display of plausible lunacy and his probing attempt to influence James Potter and Sirius Black had caused even Albus’ staunchest allies to abandon him…

The vote was unanimous…

Even Castor who liked to be a thorn in everyone’s side and the Gryffindors who usually were in favour of Albus’ policies had deserted him…
“I recommend that we send a full copy of our committee’s decision to Filius. Surely even a pro-tem Headmaster can agree to abide by it…” Alaric smirked inwardly.

“I agree; the Sexual education class and the Magical Culture studies ought to be reinstated.” Hera added.

“I think that a healer should be found to supersede Pomfrey’s authority in the infirmary,” Drystan sniffed, “She diagnosed morning sickness as the flu.”

Aurelius was surprised that Drystan would openly reference Mary’s pregnancy in such a backhanded manner…

“I can have Hyrum put forth the word that the Board is looking to hire a fully certified paediatric healer.” Abigail offered.

“I will floo to Hogwarts and meet with Filius to discuss this. I have a copy of the committee’s report I can bring with me.” Walpurga mused.

“I will send you a replacement copy today Walpurga.” Patience offered.

“I will discuss those classes that Hera is particularly in favour of returning to the curriculum with Filius.” Walpurga nodded. “Is there any more business to come before the board?”

There were shaking heads all around.

“Unless Albus’ condition changes between now and the second week of December, the next meeting will be held on January 20 of next year.” Walpurga rapped the sounding block with her gavel, “Meeting adjourned.”

“All who wish to stay are welcome of course to join us for lunch.” Aurelius announced.

Patience Clearwater as usual begged off so that she could attend to her duties as secretary.
Madam Abigail Smith had to refuse due to her need to escort Albus to St. Mungos' to be examined by healers who specialised in treating both the mind and the body.

Surprisingly, more stayed after then usual…

Charlus Potter, Drystan Prewett, Septimus Weasley, Edith Bones, Hope Burbage, Hera Lovegood and Arfang Longbottom…

Walpurga, Abraxus and Alaric usually broke bread together following the meeting to discuss other matters…

Walter Diggory and Castor Crouch of course had to leave due to other responsibilities, or so they claimed…

The addition of more persons that had seemed to join their circle made Aurelius a bit smug…

Especially when their close association would infuriate Albus Dumbledore…

Of course, once the Board broke up for the month, they turned to other subjects, which included but was not limited to; bragging about their House’s heirs or heiresses.

Alaric had no one to brag about just yet but Aurelius did and although Severus and Lily were not Hogwarts’ students anymore they did from time to time owl him and well he was a closet narcissist and he’d always been extremely proud to be best friends with the smartest girl in school. So he copiously bragged about them…

If he irritated the other Governors on the subject then well, he only had to play the father card, even if it wasn’t strictly true…

Chapter End Notes
Late November 1971

With Albus Dumbledore locked up in the Janus Thickey Ward, Filius Flitwick had taken up with very little prodding the position of Headmaster.

Having grown up in very unhappy places neither Alaric or Aurelius had experienced a family Christmas.

Given that they were wizards, the proper celebration was Solstice…

Given that Lucius and Xenos’ mother was unwell, Abraxus took her and his sister-in-law Jocasta to Italy for the winter as a sort of holiday.

Xenos was to spend the holiday with his uncle Apollus’ family; since Apollus Malfoy’s son Sancus was close in age. Well close in age the same as Andromeda and Bellatrix since they were in the same years at Hogwarts…

Alaric was invited to a solstice brunch with the Black family, likewise the Princes; Aurelius, Severus and Lily were to dine with the Malfoys in France.

Then Lucius was invited for solstice dinner and a night or two if he wished.

As interesting as it was to research Samhain rituals, Alaric and Aurelius had thrown themselves into researching those as well.

Walpurga had told Alaric quite willingly what the Black traditions were so that he could give them...
due consideration since his betrothed was a daughter of that ancient House…

Given that he was a descendant of Merlin and the House of Black’s traditions claimed that they were
descendants of Morganna it was a fine choice of blood blending. There hadn’t been a bonding
between the House of Black that the House of Gaunt since Elnath Black and Cosimo Gaunt, the
great grandparents of Alaric’s mother Merope. The blood wasn’t too close to consider the connection
unworthy. Given the difference in their ages it was possible that some might not approve but the age
difference between Lucius and Aurelius would be far greater not that Abraxus seemed to care.

Since they were starting their own families and had no close blood relations to instruct them as to
familial traditions they were free to start their own.

They poured over books in the Prince libraries, many of which were fetched under Lolly’s
supervision as well some that were delivered by the remnants of the elves that belonged to Alaric.

Mankind had long celebrated Solstice; it’s sentiment and meaning adjusting through the ages. In
interactions with other cultures Muggles had changed much but in the countryside and among the
Wizarding world it endured more.

What fascinated them was the importance of Light in its many forms in Solstice traditions, the Blacks
would bring wood from the trees of each house belonging to the Family and they would light a huge
bonfire. The entire family would observe the longest night of the year telling stories and drinking hot
drinks.

The Druids of Ireland would sacrifice a white bull and they would cook it over a great pit and
everyone would eat of it. They would also harvest mistletoe as part of their rites…

Alaric and Aurelius had spent sometime in the Muggle world as had Severus and Lily, given that a
holiday tree was the norm for them growing up that they would begin a solstice eve tradition of
going out to pick a tree.

Thankfully, there were appropriate trees on the Merrivale property.

There were some decorations in the attics that were still good; Lolly took pride in delivering the
boxes for Aurelius to pick through. The Prince Head Elf was looking forward to her charges first
family solstice.
Aurelius had promised to return Severus and Lily to the Evans to celebrate Christmas. He personally had no affection for the holiday beyond the sparse memories of the Evans including him…

Aurelius planned to go out to choose a tree after breakfast the morning before Yule and come home to decorate it snacking on solstice biscuits and hot chocolate.

They would put out their gifts to each other on a table in their room and the elves would place them under the tree.

They would open their gifts to one another on solstice morning, share a festive breakfast and then spend the day in private contemplation about the importance of light.

Lily would probably be invited to the Potters Solstice night which Aurelius would approve begrudgingly, given that James’ parents were older and wouldn’t live to see him graduate the least he could do was give them some assurance that James would be well taken care of were they to pass.

Given that he wanted to ensure that he and Severus were as little alike as possible with the exception of similar magical talents, he wanted to encourage a friendship if not more between Remus and Severus. They were both quite bright and without Black and Potter around might become strong friends especially with Lily around to encourage them.

Given the close affinity that the Lovegoods had for the mother goddess, Alaric chose to have a twelve-day observance of Yule be part of his new family’s tradition. He wanted to honour Cassiopeia’s children: Hera Lovegood, Athena Hitchens and Pomona Sprout by her wife Gaia and if they were willing to accept him in their lives, he wanted to be part of a large family having grown up unloved in a Muggle Orphanage.

The two of them planned to cut down a large tree that would be ritually prepared and hallowed by its being left in the light of a full moon so that it would be worthy of being used as their Yule log that would burn much of the night of Yule.

According to Walpurga, the Lovegoods celebrated on Yule Eve cherishing the dawning of the morning of the Solstice rather than the night of Solstice. That would allow the proposed Slytherin-Peverell family to celebrate that with the Lovegoods and Solstice night with the Blacks. The older the proposed children of that union became the more they could be taught to understand.

Unlike Alaric at least Cassiopeia had some experience with parenthood and could help him along,
unless of course they had sons and then they would be on equal footing of having little idea how to go about.

XooooooX

Mid-December 1971

Alaric was courting Cassiopeia again when Aurelius and Fenrir took the international floo to Durmsøy to pick up Lily, Severus and Remus.

They had sent their trunks back by house elf and were waiting for their guardians inside the Great Hall where they had been delivered back in September.

They didn’t have their scarves, gloves and cloaks on when Aurelius and Fenrir arrived but they were drinking hot beverages.

The children finished their drinks before dressing for the cold weather and following their guardians back outside. They were then portkeyed back to Merrivale but Remus and Fenrir left soon after.

Aurelius knew those two really needed to bond as sire and pup even if Remus was alpha material and they were destined to be at odds…

Lily and Severus returned to their rooms to unpack…

Eventually, he would have to take them shopping…

Or he could ask Lucius and Andromeda to do so…

After all they were part of that social circle and it would give Lily a chance to spend time with a peer who could see that she learned all the social graces that Aurelius couldn’t teach her.

That was a great idea, he would floo Abraxus and Walpurga tomorrow to discuss it…
Chapter End Notes


A/N: For more Severus, Lily and Remus with peeks at James and Sirius read the companion story Turning tides
December 25, 1971

It was on Muggle Christmas that Aurelius had begun to consider an issue that worried him quite a bit…

Aurelius had been quite lucky that he had had Lucius to guide him through his inheritance during his previous life as Severus Snape…

He knew that himself, Alaric and Harry had been prevented from discovering their status as heirs to Pureblood Houses. They should have learned during their first visit to Gringotts or at least on their Seventeenth birthday.

Alaric gave him a penetrating look over his coffee cup, “What are you thinking Aurelius?”

Aurelius coughed, “I want to write up a bill to present to the Wizengamot.”

Alaric smirked, “On Education?”

Aurelius snorted, “Of course not! We have that well in hand between the Board of Governors and the new Headmaster. Official or not, Filius is going to stay Headmaster and we both know that. I was actually talking about starting an office in the Department of Magical Children.”

Alaric raised an eyebrow, “Oh really? For what purpose?”

“To work with Gringotts in determine heirs to magical lines even Salazar help us Muggleborn heirs to say extinct lines or those like ourselves who are Muggle-raised if you can call our childhoods raising. I also want to assign members of the Board of Governors to visit those raised in the Muggle
World ourselves perhaps because we have the most experience even if we detest them. We know what abuse looks like and I want to remove all children from abusive homes. For those who like to hunt Muggles I’m sure that we could allow it on the discovery of an abused Magical child. Not that torturing Muggles is palatable to me personally and I know that Lucius never enjoyed it either.”

Alaric shrugged, “Without the Imperious to reprogram me against my natural inclinations, I am none too found of the idea of Muggle baiting or torture. If we were to get individuals that had been tried and perhaps given say, the death penalty but they are dosed with the Draught of Living Death instead of the usual method then we can essentially revive them and give them over to be tortured. They are already dead and it wouldn’t be too hard to bury a golem in form of the victim. It would make everyone happy I suppose…”

“It wouldn’t be hard to find ways to have abusive guardians put away and assign the abused children to a Ministry or Governor run orphanage where we can have an on site healer and mind healer to look after them and heal them before finding appropriate new guardians or even parents.” Aurelius nodded.

Alaric nodded, “I like it. We should send for Apollus, he maybe Abraxus’ brother but he is a solicitor from what I understand and I want this proposition to be worded properly and perhaps, include that clause. We should bury it in legal jargon and ensure that those on the committee to examine it are favourable to us. I will floo Abraxus in Italy and ask him to have Apollus visit us soon. We will have to discuss this in full to see if either has any ideas on how to go about this. After all we have little experience in such matters…”

Aurelius waved his hand, “I trust you, you know Abraxus far better then I do. You are more then welcome to take the lead with this after all,” he rubbed his left forearm, “technically I am still considered your bond servant.”

Alaric frowned, “Does this displease you? I see you more as an equal then a servant.”

Aurelius shrugged, “I spent half my life with your mark on my arm, I’ve gotten used to its presence.”

Alaric scowled, “I can remove it if you like, we know one another’s minds to well and have come to an alliance so betrayal is essentially impossible between us.”

“True, I have no desire to betray an ally.” Aurelius muttered.
“Who else can I discuss Dark Arts with and with such insight? We have very similar intellects and since you helped me regain my mind I find that I hold you in nearly the same esteem as Oran Nott.”

Aurelius frowned, “Oran? Wasn’t he bonded to Abraxus’ elder sister? I heard that he was suspected of killing her…”

Alarc stiffened, “Oran worshiped Adelia, she was a few years his senior and she was always sickly, not that her mother Muriel would admit it. Oran would have given Adelia anything she wanted, she wanted to be a mother so he did his best to give Adelia her wish and they were bonded after her graduation from Hogwarts. She moved into Mansfield and proceeded to make it her home. She fell ill with the flu and the stress caused her to lose her first child a daughter.”

Aurelius saw surprising sympathy in Alaric who continued.

“Two years later they tried again, but it was Oran’s final year and so she was home alone. There was a terrible accident and she fell, it was too late by the time a healer and Oran were sent for. Adelia had haemorrhaged so both she and their son died soon after the healer arrived. Their daughter, Adelia was pregnant with fraternal twins, died in Oran’s hands. He’s never recovered completely from the loss.”

Aurelius held up a hand, “Very well I promise not to accuse Oran of killing his wives or rather wife.”

Alarc sighed, “Oran promised when we were students that he would make my the godfather of his firstborn. It is a shame that Dowager Lady Malfoy was so vindictive that she has essentially made it nigh impossible for him to bond again.”

“What does Oran do?” Aurelius asked curiously.

“He spent much time with mind healers trying to deal with the loss of his beloved and their three children that he ended up studying Mind Healing. Though he lacks the Prince gift with Mental Magic, Oran has an empathetic nature for a Slytherin.” Alaric said gruffly. "Although, aside from his Wizengamot duties, Oran spends much of his time at his club.”

Aurelius smirked, “We should ensure that he agrees to allow Ted Tonks to apprentice to him after Andromeda elopes with the Tonks boy.”
Alaric shrugged, “I’m sure he would understand the vindictiveness of an infuriated Slytherin witch. Walpurga doesn’t enjoy being thwarted anymore then we do but she tolerates no variation from her plans for those of her House.”

“Is Orion as weak-willed as she implies?” Aurelius frowned.

Alaric snorted, “She is the final authority in the House of Black and most go along with her wishes. Now about Andromeda, Walpurga plans for her to be a political hostess and be Lucius’ right hand.”

Aurelius snorted, “That will never happen. Andromeda will run away to bond to Ted, likely to give Lucius a chance at being free to consent to a bonding with someone of his choice. Unfortunately, Walpurga will insist on a contract between the Houses of Malfoy and Black.”

“Hence the proposed one-child contract that will allow Lucius to impregnate Narcissa without ever consummating the contract?” Alaric mused.

Aurelius nodded, “Yes, at the end of the contract the godson I adored in my past life will be born and Lucius will be free to be mine.”

“I see…” Alaric said thoughtfully, “I wonder whose children will be older? Yours or mine?”

Aurelius shrugged, “Likely yours, depending on how long it takes you to fix up a home for yourself and Cassiopeia to reside in. Lucius can’t procreate with Narcissa until the fall of 1979.”

“So other then your plan to propose the legislation into working with Gringrotts to ensure that heirs are properly discovered and trained in their rights and duties, justice for the abused students and their abusers as well as ensuring that Flitwick stays headmaster, what other plans do you have?” Alaric asked.

Aurelius chuckled, “Rebuilding my previous library, when I was Potions Master of Hogwarts I had an interesting library. I will have to obtain many volumes again, this time I will be purchasing them in finer condition. It is 1971, I am sure that I can find first editions of my few favourite Muggle books.”

Alaric gaped at him, “Muggle books?”
Aurelius nodded, “Remind me to introduce you to the works of J.R.R. Tolkien and Frank Herbert, they created marvellous worlds that are rather daunting. In my opinion, I would say that they were as worthy of acclaim as Shakespeare or even Homer. In time, they will no doubt be regarded as classics in their genre.”

Alaric shook his head; he had little affection for anything Muggle and still sought to distance the Muggle world from the Wizarding World as much as possible.

“We should add a class to be taught along side Elementary Magical theory…” Aurelius mused, “A Wizarding Culture class, the History of Magic Professor Binns must go. Surely between the two of us we can banish him from Hogwarts to the Veil…”

Alaric’s eyes lit up with the idea of a magical challenge, “I always detested that ghost…”

“I’m sure we both learned far more from the library then from him…” Aurelius shrugged.

“True, researching such things will be quite illuminating I’m sure…” Alaric said as he set down his empty coffee cup.

The two former Slytherins headed into the library to begin researching how to rid Hogwarts of Binns…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Past - Ch 25

The New Year was nearly upon them when Alaric decided that they were going to join a club.

Aurelius blinked at him, “Club? What club?”

Alaric smirked, “Oh it’s a Gentleman’s club.”

Aurelius’ look of disgust caused Alaric to snicker, “It’s not a sex related place like the Cockerel. Rather it’s a club where purebloods gather to discuss politics, Slytherins and some Ravenclaws visit it openly. Others like Septimus and Drystan as well as Charlus prefer to arrive via floo to avoid censure by those who are more narrow-minded. More work is done in drawing rooms as well as this club than is done in the Wizengamot proper.”

Aurelius frowned, “What is it called?”

Alaric herded him towards the Receiving Room floo, “The Spiny Serpent.”

Severus had always thought it a dive, a bar not unlike the Hogs Head where nefarious characters congregated.

He was surprised to find it tastefully decorated in dark woods and leather.

The air smelt of good food, ale and smoke.

“Names?” a bored young man yawned at them.

“Lord Aurelius Prince and Lord Alaric Peverell-Slytherin. We should be listed as guests under Lord
Abraxus Malfoy.” Alaric said smugly.

Just as the odious young man was likely to exclaim that he’d never heard such names before a vaguely familiar man about Alaric’s age appeared.

“My Lord, it is an honour...” the man said with a bow.

Alaric surprised Aurelius by snatching up his hand, “Oran my old friend...”

This was Oran?

“You’ve never come before...” Oran frowned, “Why now?”

Alaric snorted, “I never thought I could afford the membership, now I know different. Come on Oran, show me around your club.” Then in an undertone he said, “I formally did away with my birth name, I would appreciate it if you introduced me as Alaric Peverell-Slytherin.”

Oran nodded, “As a prospective member... Alaric?”

Alaric shrugged, “Whatever the rules dictate.”

“A large number of our compatriots are members my Lord...you should not be in danger of being black-balled.” Oran said quietly.

Alaric snorted, “I won’t have any use of the imperious or the confundus to gain us membership.”

“As you wish my Lord.”

Alaric startled them by grabbing Oran’s sleeve, “We’re both Lords, here we’re equals just like we were before I learned of my Slytherin heritage or was made prefect. You can call me Alaric Oran.”
A light came in Oran’s eyes, “So you’re happy now?”

Alaric nodded, “Content, I’m courting Lady Cassiopeia Black, formerly the Bondmate of Madam Gaia Lovegood. She is Pomona’s bearer...”

Oran snickered, “With stepchildren just the right age to be your siblings, Hera is what ten years younger, then there is Athena we were Second Years when she was born. As for Pomona, I think we were preparing for our pre-OWL exams when she was born.”

Alaric mock glared at him, “You just think this is so funny. I couldn’t abide a younger witch; they would be too much trouble. Besides, Lady Cassie already knows what is expected in regards to her political duties as consort and as a bearer.”

It was Oran’s turn to flinch.

Alaric sighed, “I meant no offence and you know it Oran.”

It didn’t take Oran long to resume his previous good-humour and continue their tour of the club.

“It’s far finer than the Golden Griffin...” Oran said snidely, “That’s where the former Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs go to be seen. Although to be fair the Ravenclaws often are members. We’re more accepting historically to purebloods whose families have been members for generations. A lesser mortal has to prove their worth and be recommended to put it mildly.”

Aurelius nodded, “Ah...”

While put tactfully that meant that Muggleborns weren’t welcome but that if a Halfblood joined blood with a pureblood family and was sponsored by said family they would be considered.

“The Gaunts lost their membership and fortune in this place ages ago, they were always fond of betting to the point of addiction. My ancestors banned them from the tables for all the good it did. They still bet in the House book and lost, had to put up their own daughter when they lost most of their properly and were stuck with that small cottage. I believe that they ended up officially having to grant their ‘losses’ as part of Elektra’s Dowry when she was won by the Puceys.” Oran shrugged, “I do hope that we don’t have to have that problem again.”
Alaric glared, “I’ve never had the money to bet before as you well know, I’d sooner waste my fortune on sending Myron on wild thestral chasing after rare books then bother betting.”

Oran nodded sharply, “Good, because I don’t want to have another Black witch storming in here because a member lost a quarter of a vault in one day.”

Aurelius snickered, “Was that Walpurga?”

Oran coughed, “Unfortunately, you should have seen the grandfathers and great-grandfathers, a witch in our holy sanctum. You’d have thought that she’d set the place ablaze. There aren’t many witch members of the Wizengamot you know just the official ones like Madam Bones, Madam Burbage, Madam Lovegood, Madam Smith and Madam Greengrass. They tend to congregate at In Stitches in Diagon Alley; they hold court there as it were where the ladies go for tea as well as to get supplies for their stitchery, crochet and knitting. If it’s stitchable you can find it there as well as plenty of company. Wizards by tacit agreement don’t step over the threshold anymore then they to ours. If a Wizard is interested in such arts, than they owl or ask a witch to fetch them from a list.”

Aurelius resisted a snort, it sounded a bit like the Muggle Regency Era clubs in St. James now that he considered it. Places like Whites’, Brooke’s and Bootle’s rang a bell in his eidetic mind...

In Stitches sounded like a bit like those ton salons that were held in women’s parlours where they invited those that they approved of to discuss a variety of ‘accepted’ topics.

They were shown the gambling hells for card games, the smoking parlour and the large dining room with its prominent table before a bow window.

It was of course empty...

“Whose table is that?” Alaric asked.

Oran bowed swiftly, “It is customary for it to belong to a descendant of Slytherin himself, were you to be raised to membership here, than it would be yours and only those you invited could join you there.”

“Ah so persons such as yourself Oran, Aurelius here and Abraxus whom I would consider my closest companions...” Alaric mused.
If Alaric was closest to anyone before his arrival, Aurelius was certain that Oran Nott, Marcus Bulstrode, Nêreus Avery, Rivalen Mulciber and Renard Lestrange as well as Antonin Dolohov and Ector Rosier might have made up those deemed closest companions due to their closeness with Alaric since Hogwarts.

After they had seen everything, they were escorted into the Smoking Parlour where they found Renard, Marcus Bulstrode and Abraxus.

All whom immediately rose and greeted Alaric with reverence.

Abraxus flicked his wand to rearrange the seating and to summon a matching black leather ironwood settee for them.

Oran claimed an ottoman.

“So you’ve come at last,” Abraxus said in a half-chiding tone.

Alaric shrugged, “I can now afford the membership without having to feel indebted to you all for covering it despite your insistence over the years. For those who don’t know, this is Aurelius Prince, Head of the Prince Family. He will be joining myself in taking our seats in the Wizengamot come January.”

Aurelius briskly greeting the others, somewhat in awe at being in their company, after all they were very much his elders having been born in the late twenties. However in appearance they were merely five to seven years his senior; Aurelius was merely thirty nine compared to Alaric’s forty-five and Abraxus’ forty-four. Abraxus had been a year behind Alaric in school if he remembered correctly...

Walpurga had been a year ahead of Alaric and his friends such as Oran...

They drifted into politics with Abraxus’ younger brother Apollus soon joining them to discuss issues that had been before the Wizengamot and not finished before they broke for the winter holidays.

The usual Wizengamot season was held from January to late July/early August which allowed joint members of the Board of Governors to handle School related matters from August to October. The
full Wizengamot was rarely called up between August and January unless a significant security issue like Voldemort’s return or Sirius Black’s escape from Azkaban in his previous life as Severus Snape.

It seemed from the debates that Aurelius observed that for them to be called for a hearing involving a minor violating the edit of secrecy in self-defence would be an insult.

Aurelius cleared his throat, “I have a question regarding policy, given our proposed legislation in regards to the protection of all magical children. If a Muggleborn or a Muggle-raised, Salazar forbid, child was forced by circumstance to use magic in the presence of a Muggle relation who had some minor knowledge of the existence of the Wizarding World in the case of self-defence and protection of said Muggle relation what do you think the proper stance as parent, Wizengamot member or Governor ought to be.”

“Would it be a situation like the Ilfracombe Incident? Where the Tokes family protected an entire beach full of Muggles when a Welsh Green attacked?” Apollus Malfoy asked.

“Something like that...” Aurelius mused.

Alaric gave him a strange look that implied that they would be discussing this later...

“As long as this Muggle relation was the only witness, I suppose that given that it was self-defence then the child wouldn’t have really been in violation of the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery and the International Statute of Secrecy. The reason for the incident ought to be investigated of course to that future similar incidents might not occur. The magical child ought to be commended if he managed to fend off a dangerous creature all by himself rather than punished. The Muggle one would be warned that to admit to being witness to the incident might spark unnecessary panic.” Apollus said firmly.

“My brother is the solicitor, but I would agree that self-defence should be considered. He would be reminded that other than self-defence that he should abide by the no-magic around Muggles and definitely no magic is to be cast during the holidays.” Abraxus nodded.

The other older wizards were in agreement.

Alaric frowned, “As you all know I was raised in a Muggle Orphanage, I used to escape to Knockturn Alley all the time to read in Marcus’ family bookshop. I would use magic to summon books all the time or practice spells, why wasn’t I chided for it?”
Marcus chortled, “My old friend, surely you...dear me you’ve been one of us so long that we forget on occasion. Alexandria’s has always been warded so that the Ministry but particularly its Department of Mysteries can’t spy on us. They were the ones to create that stupid trace charm and an unspeakable would cast it on all newborns to track when their first incidents of wild magic and an unspeakable would cast it on all newborns to track when their first incidents of wild magic as well as any use of magic outside of Hogwarts once they were of age to attend. However the old families didn’t approve of their heavy handiness, while we understand the need to track those like the Dumbledores who used to live side-by-side with Muggles we didn’t want them snooping on us. So we got together to create a ward that prevented such spying, it’s helpful when we chose to teach restricted or illegal spells to our children.”

That made sense now, after all Draco practiced his magic over the summer plenty that Aurelius recalled but he never received the ‘multiple’ warnings that Harry did.

They returned to other matters with the parents like Abraxus bragging over their children and comparing them.

Aurelius listened with curiosity, remembering Mr. and Mrs. Evans doing the same in regards to Lily when he was young.

Alaric swiftly distracted Oran with questions about the Club, any businesses in the area aside from Borgin and Burke’s or Alexandria’s that he could invest in...

They joined the others for dinner...

At the window table much to the other patrons’ surprise given that Alaric wasn’t an official member yet but with the support of his old schoolmates [Death Eaters] it was a foregone conclusion that he would be...

Wasn’t it?

Since Remus with Fenrir’s pack while Lily and Severus were still visiting the Evans, they weren’t really needed at Merrivale.

If Severus needed any assistance beyond Lolly, Aurelius was certain that he would be sent for.
Chapter End Notes


A/N: For more Severus, Lily and Remus with peeks at James and Sirius read the companion story Turning tides.

If the Purebloods have to be stuck in the past, I think that Regency Era is rather awesome. Hence their joining a British Gentleman's Club like White’s, which unlike their American cousin of the same name is not a high-end place like the Playboy club in Vegas.
January 1, 1972

Aurelius, Alaric, Severus and Lily had just sat down to breakfast when a Black elf, Kreacher actually, appeared.

Aurelius frowned, “Yes?”

Kreacher bowed, “Mistress order Kreacher to remind Lord Prince that there be little party for young masters and missies during Ball. Kreacher need to tell Mistress if we be expecting little ones.”

Aurelius turned to Severus and Lily, “Lucius and Andromeda will be at the ball but I expect that James, Narcissa, Sirius and his brother Regulus will be at the nursery party.”

Severus scowled but before he could reply, Lily spoke up.

“It would be interesting to see the others again. I missed the Solstice Ball because I was at the Abbey and I know Severus didn’t attend either.”

Aurelius had made a token appearance himself with Alaric because it was the proper thing to do. “I didn’t see the point of dragging Severus there if you weren’t going to be there, without James to distract him I was somewhat concerned that Sirius might forget himself and end up bullying Severus again.”

Lily grinned, “We ought to spend as much time with our social equals when we are in Britain since we no longer attend Hogwarts.”

Severus grumbled, “If we must...”
Aurelius understood perfectly that he was irritated about social events, after all they both despised them but they were Princes and sometimes sacrifices must be made for appearance’s sake.

So Aurelius informed Kreacher gruffly, the senile elf from his previous life wasn’t as annoying but he still disliked the elf’s abasing oily ways, to inform Walpurga to expect the three of them.

Kreacher nodded and vanished, leaving them to their meal...

XooooooX

The ball was to begin at nine and so they had dined late but were expected to assemble in the front parlour to floo to Grimmauld at fifteen to nine.

Severus was the last to arrive but they still stepped out of the floo at Number Twelve at ten to nine.

Lady Walpurga, Lady Cassiopeia and Andromeda greeted them politely.

Despite being welcome at the ball, Andromeda escorted Severus, Lily, the youngest Weasley brother, the younger Bones heir and James to the nursery.

Andromeda was likely escorting them to the nursery parlour that was not all that different from the one that Lily and Severus shared with Remus when he was at Merrivale.

Lady Cassiopeia blushed even as she offered her hand to Alaric who bowed over it before bringing it to his lips.

“Lady Cassiopeia.” Alaric drawled.

She swallowed and greeted him with bright eyes, “Lord Alaric welcome.”

Alaric was slow to release her hand.
Despite being essentially arranged, there appeared to be genuine affection between the couple despite their age difference.

Aurelius greeted both Walpurga and Cassiopeia with a bow over their hands before allowing Madam Smith, her Bondmate Lord Belby, Lord Septimus and Lady Cedrella Weasley to greet their hostesses.

Septimus and Cedrella’s youngest son Cador had already left with Andromeda but they were accompanied by their middle child Bilius but Arcturus [Arthur] was nowhere to be seen nor were the Prewetts present. The two families were to Aurelius knowledge so close that they often arrived together...

Also Madam Bones [Edgar and Emelia’s mother] and her spouse Lord-Consort Alphard Black [Walpurga’s slightly younger brother] both of whom were present with their daughter Emelia. Edgar was not present but this was not addressed...

The ballroom in Grimmauld was in a room that Aurelius had never seen in his previous life as Head of Slytherin and Potions Master of Hogwarts. It seemed that there was more to Number Twelve, Grimmauld Place than had been enterable by members of the Order and the children. Was this because Sirius couldn't unlock it or because he wasn't willing to? Nevermind, such a future was unlikely at present and Black Politics really weren't of interest.

The ballroom itself was opposite the front parlour/receiving room, inside it was a doorway that led to a second parlour that was enterable at the far end of the Ballroom and whose decor resembled that of The Spiny Serpent. Also there was a spiral staircase that most likely led to the drawing room that was above the Ballroom.

What did that say about Sirius’ relationship with both the Order and the Ancient House of Black?

Lucius was mingling with his dormmates Chadwick Montague, Geoffrey Goyle, Cauis Flint, Rodolphus Lestrange and Tiberius Pucey. Also in their company were Malcolm Bulstrode, Cameron Crabbe, Rabastan Lestrange, Edmund Parkinson and Sancus Malfoy.

All of whom were names and faces that Aurelius remembered from his previous life, many of whom had been Death Eaters following graduation with the exceptions of Chad, Tiberius and Sancus.
Aurelius watched Lucius with hooded eyes as he followed Alaric across the ballroom to join Abraxus, Apollus, Myron, Oran and others.

He still detested Lords Rosier and Crouch but thanks to the Lucius from his past life’s guidance, Aurelius knew they had worth despite his wish to curse them...

By about nine-thirty, anyone who was anyone in pureblood circles had arrived and the hired orchestra had begun play louder.

Walpurga was the official hostess so she and Lady Cassiopeia led their dates Lord Orion and Alaric for the first dance.

Other couples soon joined them, Aurelius would have enjoyed escorting Lucius out onto the dance floor but his current betrothal to Andromeda meant that he was expected to dance with her.

While Aurelius would enjoy a dance with Lucius, to expose his feelings in Walpurga’s house was not wise. It would be best to postpone such a revelation until they were in a different time and place.

Perhaps, the wild but mostly chaste dancing of Beltane when no one really paid attention to anyone else...

Everything seemed quite normal as far as pureblood balls went until an unfamiliar wizard, to Aurelius anyway, stormed into the ballroom and stalked their way over to Lord Rosier.

The wizard immediately began gesturing angrily and speaking rudely if their mannerisms was any indication.

Due to the music, it was impossible to hear...

Aurelius excused himself from the conversation with Alaric’s friends and made his way over the Rosier and the stranger scowling, “Is this really the appropriate place?”

The man growled, “Who are you?”

The man glanced at him up and down as if taking his measure, “I am Lyall Lupin, former consort of Lord George Potter and the Head of the Lupin family. You are one of the persons I wish to file a report against. What right had you to remove my grandson Remus from Hogwarts?”

Aurelius finally placed the name, “You are the person who captured the Screaming Bogey of Strahtully. We will continue this conversation; just give me a moment to speak with Lady Walpurga.”

He spun on his heel, dressrobes swirling behind him like wings even as he strode over to Walpurga and politely requested her permission to use the gentleman’s parlour to handle a Governors’ matter that just came up.

Walpurga excused herself from her conversation with Madam Hope Burbage and gestured for Apollus and Crouch to join them.

She sniffed imperiously as she crossed paths with Lyall and Eltanin Rosier; Eltanin was Andromeda’s grandfather, “Come along, we will take care of this at once.”

After leading them into the gentleman’s parlour, Walpurga sat primly and flicked her hand so the door closed behind them.

The imperious witch glowered at Lyall, “Explain yourself?”

It was bad Ton to behave in such a manner at a ball and Walpurga was rightfully displeased.

Lyall ground out, “I was informed by elf that my grandson Remus was removed from Hogwarts without my son Marrok’s consent and transferred to Durmstrang. I would like to have this explained to me, Marrok is understandable furious but between his bonded’s illness as well as his brother Charlus and Doria’s ill heath, I was summoned back to Britain to deal with this matter.”

Aurelius sneered, “Did your son tell you that Remus was a werewolf?”
Lyall snarled, “No.”

“Your grandson was dying, his very blood was rotting and he was turned to save his life. Ministry law grants custody to his new sire, you do work for the Ministry Department that handles Magical Creatures relationships so I would not be remiss in presuming that you know of such a law.” Aurelius said silkily.

Lyall growled, “My apologies for disrupting the festivities due to my idiot son’s selective truth-telling. Apollus, please pass on to his new guardian that I would like to speak with him as his earliest convenience. I will be staying at Potter Hall. My apologies once more Lady Walpurga for my previous rudeness and good evening.”

Lyall left still furious but with a more reasonable target this time.

It was strange attending a pureblood celebration and being of an age with his former schoolmates’ parents...

XooooooX

Around midnight in the Drawing room of Grimmauld Place, Walburga summoned the heads of the titled purebloods present.

“It is now time to select the hosts for this year’s Celebrations! Yes Lords Aurelius and Alaric, I have added your Houses to the lottery. A representative of each House will remove a slip from the chest and Lady Cassiopeia will record who picked which celebration.”

Alaric and Aurelius were among the first to be called up.

“Imbolic?” Walpurga called out.

“The House of Greengrass.”
“Ostara?”

“House of Burbage.”

“Beltane?”

“House of Wood.”

“Litha?”

Aurelius drawled, “House of Prince.”

Whispers of surprise filled the Drawing Room...

“Quiet! Lughnasadh?”

“House of Longbottom.”

“Mabon?”

“House of Goyle.”

“Yule?”

“House of Slytherin.” Alaric smirked. “Lady Cassiopeia, I do hope that I can rely on your assistance and knowledge.”

The widowed Black witch curtseyed, “Of course my Lord...”
“New Year’s Eve?”

“House of Bones.”

“New Year’s?”

“House of Clearwater.”

It was interesting that both Alaric and Aurelius were chosen to host so soon after taking their rightful place in pureblood society...

Slowly, the guests began to drift off returning home.

The younger children were likely already sleeping in their nurseries.

Alaric and Aurelius stayed a bit longer lingering over their wine to talk more with Alaric’s loyal branded followers and supporters such as Walpurga...

They didn’t have any plans for tomorrow that would necessitate them waking early...

Chapter End Notes


A/N: For more Severus, Lily and Remus with peeks at James and Sirius read the companion story Turning tides
January 2, 1972

Aurelius was surprised to be wakened around ten the morning after the New Year’s Ball by his Head Elf.

Aurelius glowered at the elf, “Why are you waking me?”

Lolly coughed, “Master is having a guest.”

Aurelius snorted, “Who?”

“Young Master Lucius.” Lolly grinned at him.

Upon hearing that Lucius was at Merivale, Aurelius hurried to dress and made his way down to the front parlour where the Malfoy heir was waiting.

Lucius rose to his feet when Aurelius entered, his face a stony mask but his eyes were pained.

Lucius voice was quiet but pained, “I know that it is unseemly to visit so early following a ball but I wanted to speak to you without father present.”

Aurelius gestured for Lucius to sit, “What did you wish to speak about?”

Lucius blurted out even as he resumed his seat, “Why did you ignore me last night? I have I done something to displease you?”
A shy, unsure Lucius was an unfamiliar enigma and Aurelius felt himself charmed.

“Walpurga is a strong political ally and I did not wish to offend her.” Aurelius sighed.

“Offend her?” Lucius asked petulantly.

Aurelius laced his fingers to keep from reaching out to trace the youth’s pouting mouth, “Lucius your attraction was so obvious that Alaric noticed it at once. You are still betrothed to her niece and to expose our feelings at her ball would have been unwise.”

“Andromeda intimidates me, she is far more dominating than I. Were we to bond, I would be miserable...” the young Prince of Slytherin scowled.

Aurelius knew that this was so and chuckled, “Have no fear, I will have you for my own. I promise that I will ask you to dance another evening. It was difficult to restrain myself yesterday. I would have asked if it would not have been unwise. I am sure that your father was pleased with our restraint.”

Aurelius determined that they ought to make their feelings apparent at least to Andromeda so that she would elope with Ted Tonks.

Aurelius knew that Lucius was just barely sixteen and he would have to restrain himself until next solstice when Lucius turned seventeen.

He summoned Lucius’ solstice and birthday gifts; the young Malfoy heir’s birthday was on solstice this year, “I didn’t have the opportunity to give these to you before.”

Lucius blushed and snatched up the green-wrapped packages tied with silver ribbons.

The first was filled with silk and velvet ribbons in Lucius’ favourite colours to tie his hair back; after all, unlike Draco but like Abraxus, Lucius preferred his hair long. The next had books on glamours, which was one of Lucius’ best spell types as well as on law, the later was Lucius’ interest post-Hogwarts as Aurelius well knew. Another had expensive folios of both Muggle and Wizarding music for the viola, which was Lucius’ preferred instrument. The last package had a very expensive
Hebridean Black dragon hide lined with silver fox fur.

Lucius blushed as he opened the gifts, immediately retying his hair with one of the velvet ribbons before opening the next package.

Lucius was far more excited about the music than the books but the cloak was clearly a favourite due to how Lucius fingered it before throwing it over his shoulders.

Soon after Aurelius reluctantly escorted the young Malfoy heir to the floo that lay deeper in the room pausing to kiss Lucius’ hand before the teen stepped into the floo.

Lucius was pink as he vanished in the flames that whisked him away.

Aurelius smirked, whistling as he went to demand breakfast in his study before beginning his day...

XooooooX

January 9, 1972

Despite sharing Severus and Lily’s birthday, the twins had arranged their own party on Sunday while Lily invited Aurelius’ close confederates such Walpurga, Abraxus and Alaric to the party as well as Lucius. In fact, she had smugly sent Lucius his own invitation... after all she wasn’t blind.

Alaric was still at Merrivale due to his house still being repaired and redecorated.

Abraxus and Lucius were the first to arrive due to their closeness with the House of Prince.

Lily blushed as the rest of the guests were escorted into the smaller dining room, each guest entered and greeted her first despite her age.

Her instinctual hosting the birthday parties made Aurelius sure that she would surprise them by being a fine hostess come the celebration that Aurelius had drawn.
She would prove her worth to Charlus and Dora Potter very young, after all they were unlikely to survive to see James graduate and they would want someone as their son’s future bonded who could serve as a competent consort and hostess as well as support James’ political and personal aspirations.

Aurelius’ party was smaller than Alaric’s, but he didn’t mind. After all he wasn’t as social as the rest of his guests were.

Alaric gifted him with a potions journal each belonging to Merlin and Salazar respectively, likely a copy made by Myron who may insisted on a copy for himself. Unlike his solstice gift, these weren't published version but private work journals.

Abraxus had paid for a seven-year membership to the top potioneers guild in Britain, that was a surprise...

Then again they shared potions as an interest...

Lucius’ gift was likewise unexpected as well; it was a painting of a black-haired male in dark brewing robes with a cauldron. Painted behind the man was a pair of shelves filled with books and potions ingredients...

While it wasn’t blatantly obvious that the wizard was Aurelius, it was implied...

Aurelius smirked, “I believe I will hang this in my study...”

Lucius blushed but said nothing.

Walpurga would have noticed but Alaric had chosen to distract her even as Aurelius had reached for Lucius’ gift.

Severus and Lily offered gifts that they’d picked out last month while shopping with Lucius and Andromeda.
Aurelius hadn’t had a real birthday since he was in Hogwarts himself likely, Fifth Year and the only persons present then were Remus and Lily...

It seemed fitting that Lily should host his first birthday party in approximately two decades...

It was strange to still feel the echo of their twin bond, that Aurelius hadn’t recognised as such when there was a living Lily and Severus around.

Aurelius knew better than anyone what life would have been like for George Weasley after Fred was killed at the Battle of Hogwarts...

Aurelius planned to keep such things from occurring this time around...

After the gifts came a light lunch of soup and sandwiches along with coffee, tea and steaming cups of chocolate...

Aurelius was thankful when Walpurga was the first to leave...

Alaric had a date with Lady Cassiopeia that evening and so he left to prepare likely...

Lily and Severus vanished to go pack for Durmstrang likely...

Leaving Aurelius along with Abraxus and Lucius...

Lucius kept glancing at Aurelius and his father was smirking...

Aurelius wanted nothing more than to pull the teen into his arms and snog him senseless but this was not the time...

All too soon, Abraxus was herding Lucius towards the floo.
As irritating as it was, it was for the best that Lucius left because he had to return to Hogwarts and had missed the train to attend his birthday party after all...

Lily and Severus’ friends would be delivered by house elf tomorrow for their party before they headed to Durmstrang themselves...

Chapter End Notes


A/N: For more Severus, Lily and Remus with peeks at James and Sirius read the companion story Turning tides
The morning that Severus, Lily and Remus were to resume classes and consequently, the morning after Aurelius, Severus and Lily’s shared birthday was the first Wizengamot session of the new year.

Aurelius and Alaric left just before ten, arriving not long after the other members were present.

They handed calling cards with their names and titles to the chief whip who served the Minister of Magic.

Since Dumbledore was entombed in the Janus Thickey ward of St. Mungos’, the Wizengamot needed to elect a new Chief Warlock or whatever they called a witch who held the same office.

Alaric knew her, the Minister for Magic due to his connections to Abraxus, Oran and Renard as Eugenia Jenkins.

Myron may have been a loyal Death Eater though unmarked but he possessed no title despite his family’s entail…

Unlike the Minister for Magic or a sitting member of the Wizengamot, the Chief Warlock was an honorary title. It’s only real authority was when they served on the Council of Magical Law as one of the judges, other than that they were merely a figurehead much like the Queen of England and then was only really effective in breaking a tie vote to declare a majority. The position on the Council of Magical Law was solely an honorary one because unless a full council was called they never sat a case. It had been created to give the untitled public a sense of control when in reality all of the power lay within the titled pureblood families. In rare cases, Wizengamot permitting, the Chief Warlock in lieu of an eligible blood relation can assume the role of Regent to an underage heir with no blood or legal guardian to politically be their voice in the Wizengamot.

The Minister for Magic had the power much like the Muggle Prime Minister, dating back essentially to Merlin who first held a similar office.
The chief whip called their names.

“Introducing Lord Alaric Slytherin-Peverell, Viscount Lincoln, Baron of Gaunt, Riddell and Ensington. Also Lord Aurelius Prince, Duke of Shrewsbury and Earl of Chester.”

Lady Walpurga and Abraxus rose, curtsying and bowing respectively.

“Lords, your seats are here.” Abraxus said gesturing at nearby seats.

Slytherins and marked Death Eaters, bowed when Alaric passed by.

The marked deference, Aurelius hoped was perceived as due to the Slytherin name.

There was a dais beyond the Minister of Magic’s desk, it clearly was meant for a true ruler perhaps a king or queen.

Role was called and both wizards were secretly giddy to be named among their social peers.

With Dumbledore suspended from Hogwarts and Professor Flitwick Headmaster Pro-tem, there was one last title to take from him…

Chief Warlock…

There were others listed on the Hogwarts Letter but both wizards would be temporarily content to strip the manipulative old man of Headmaster and Chief Warlock…

To their silent amusement, the proposal to have another appointed came from Madam Bones rather than someone who bore Alaric’s brand.

While there was some resistance, in the end Madam Hope Burbage was voted in as Chief Witch.
Given that Aurelius was distantly related to her, she was bonded to his maternal uncle Arcadius who was his grandfather Amphion and current namesake’s youngest brother, Aurelius could find no fault in her being elected.
June 1, 1972

It had been April before Alaric had declared his estate in order and allowed Lady Cassiopeia into his chosen home.

After being officially granted their Wizengamot and Governors posts, Alaric and Aurelius had pushed for the return of the Triwizard Tournament and managed to get Augustus Rookwood to dig the Goblet of Fire out of the Department of Mysteries as their impartial selector.

Headmaster Flitwick and High Master Tolstoy hadn’t taken much nudging to gain their agreement.

With their connections through the Death Eaters it hadn’t taken much to gain the British Ministry’s support.

With Abraxas and Walpurga’s French relations to push their local Ministry into agreement, all that had been needed was the agreement of Beauxbatons’ Headmistress who was still Madame Olympe Maxime.

She was newly appointed but eager, not quite the woman that Aurelius remembered from his previous life as a Hogwarts’ professor but it was hinted in her mannerisms.

Maxime had been eager to agree once it was proposed to all Beauxbatons to host.

It had taken a mere six months to make the arrangements unlike the years that Fudge had struggled to bring the ill-fated Tournament of 1994 to Hogwarts.

Yet before that was the bonding of Alaric to Cassiopeia.
That wasn’t the most interesting thing to happen to the House of Black.

Prospective Head Girl, Sixth Year Slytherin Prefect Andromeda, the eldest of her Generation had been first be asked to represent Hogwarts.

Lucius had been a close second but they were both representing Slytherin as Hogwarts prefects and prospective champions.

Andromeda’s cousin through her uncle Alphard, Emelia Bones was also invited.

The others were:

Chadwick Montague and Tiberius Pucey also of Slytherin, Mairsile O’Flaherty and Edwin Tonks of Hufflepuff, Alvin Wood to represent Gryffindor [the future father of Oliver Wood] as well as Prefects Aurora Sinestra and Septima Vector of Ravenclaw.

With a handful of prefects and other Sixth years spending the year at Beauxbatons, Hogwarts would be quite dreary.

XooooooX

Despite being the Dark Lord Voldemort and the Lord of Slytherin, Alaric had chosen to merely sign the existing contract between the House of Gaunt and the House of Black.

It was Lady Cassie’s second bonding and she had agreed to less ceremony this time around.

Her three Adult daughters from her previous bonding had begrudgingly accepted the bonding.

Alaric was gaining Hera Lovegood, Athena Hitchens and Pomona Sprout.

All three witches had attended.
Hera was present with her bonded Madam Daria Greengrass, their twin daughters nicknamed Lady ‘Day’ Demeter Lovegood and Lady 'Night' Aurora Greengrass.

Athena was there with Walburga’s sister-in-law’s brother Altair Hitchens who was a descendant of Izar Black and Bob Hitchens.

Luckily for Izar, she’d had a wizard son Caelum who joined blood with the Rosier family, Etruscus to be specific reclaiming his blood and had one child Eltanin.

Although Aurelius was a bit wary of it, Eltanin Rosier was the sire of Andromeda’s mother Drusilla and Altair Hitchens.

The blood was too close for Aurelius; perhaps that was why Bellatrix was a bit crazy.

There was a quiet reception for Alaric and Cassie before they left for Greece to stay in a Wizarding resort called Atlantia.

It would be strange at Merrivale without Alaric around…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Summary

Lily proves her worth as a Prince heiress...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

June 21, 1972

Trusting the Litha Celebration to a Twelve-year-old witch might not be the usual course of action but Aurelius had no doubt that Lily would do the House of Prince proud despite her age.

While his ward, his twin had only limited experience as the Hostess of the House of Prince, Lily took a Church Potluck/picnic approach and invited all of the Houses invited to bring their House’s signature summer dish. In fact, Aurelius had little idea of her choice until a bemused Alaric brought it to his attention.

Lily of course left the Prince contribution up to Lolly, after all neither she nor Aurelius would have any knowledge of that.

Lily was praised for her unique handling of a pureblood festival and lauded because of her age.

The gardens were blooming and summer, weather-wise was in full swing.

The invited guests of the House of Prince arrived between eleven and a quarter to noon at the Prince’s Shropshire Roman Villa.

Why Lily chose that residence, Aurelius wasn’t sure but he was intrigued.
Lolly had arranged to have a large altar erected for Litha; there was a large candle to represent the sun, smaller candles to represent each guest House and well as decorations that were symbols of the season; solar symbols, fresh flowers, in-season summer produce and crops that the Prince house elves had harvested.

Aurelius cast circle as he remembered Lucius had done in his past life, he purified the Head of each represented House by circling them twice with a smouldering bundle of sage as he welcomed them. After they were purified, a candle floated out to each of the Heads of the Houses who stood in a circle about the altar.

As Head of the House of Prince, Aurelius took a moment to ground and center himself, to focused. Basking in the rays of the sun momentarily, feeling its warmth on his face, and welcoming its power into himself.

“We are here today to celebrate the power and energy of the sun. The sun is the source of warmth and light around the world. Today, at Litha, the summer solstice, we mark the longest day of the year. From Yule until this day, the sun has been moving ever closer to the earth. Flowers are blooming, crops are growing, and life has returned once more. Today we honor the gods and goddesses of the sun.” Aurelius intoned before lighting the sun candle.

“The sun is the ultimate source of fire and light. Like all sources of light, the sun shines brightly and spreads around the world. Even as it gives its light and power to each of us, it is never diminished by the sharing of that energy. The sun passes over us each day, in the never-ending circle of light. Today, we share that light with each other, passing it around the circle, forming a ring of light.”

Lily stepped forward beaming as the representative for the House of Prince to light a candle before returning to the circle.

James was present for the House of Potter due to his parents’ ill-heath but Lily had his place far from her own.

She returned to her place between Alaric and Abraxus instead, with Alaric lighting his candle off of hers to which Lily beamed, “May you be warmed and rejuvenated by the light of the sun.” and the flame being passed around the circle.

Lily’s blessing was passed around the circle until it was given by Walburga to Abraxus when she lit his candle.
“Gods who bring us light, we honor you! Hail, Ra, whose mighty chariot brings us light each morning!”

Lucius had received a fancy violin to play for this moment, other lesser members of the assembled Houses clapped loudly as they joined the Heads of their Houses chanting.

“Hail, Ra!”

Aurelius sang, “Hail, Apollo, who brings us the healing energies of the sun!”

“Hail, Apollo!”

“Hail, Saule, whose fertility blooms as the sun gains in strength!”

“Hail, Saule!”

“Hail, Helios, whose great steeds race the flames across the sky!”

“Hail, Helios!”

“Hail, Hestia, whose sacred flame lights our way in the darkness!”

“Hail, Hestia!”

“Hail, Sunna, who is sister of the moon, and bringer of light!”

“Hail, Sunna!”

We call upon you today, thanking you for your blessings, accepting your gifts. We draw upon your strength, your energy, your healing light, and your life giving power!

Hail to you, mighty gods and goddesses of the sun!
Each representative of an Ancient House then placed their candles on the altar encircling the sun candle.

“The sun radiates out, never dying, never fading. The light and warmth of today will stay with us, even as the days begin to grow shorter, and the nights grow cold once more. Hail, gods of the sun!”

Then Aurelius invited everyone to take in the warmth of the sun once more, and he released the five elements in thanks.

Aurelius had never seen purebloods so boisterous as they had been hailing the different embodiments of the sun…

Once the ritual ended, Lily invited their guests to join them on the Villa’s terrace where the food was waiting.

Seating options were varied from blankets to iron-wrought patio furniture; there were also wicker loveseat swings as well as tables under gazebos.

Lily apparently had only contacted Andromeda to ask who to invite and where to address their invitations, other than that it was all her doing…

The last event of her celebration was the lighting of a bonfire at sunset but Lily had led that one. It was to honour female goddesses after all…

Lily skipped up to the altar, calling circle as Aurelius had done about nine hours prior.

“The Wheel of the Year has turned once more. The light has grown for six long months until today. Today is Litha, called Alban Heruin by my ancestors; a time for celebration. Tomorrow the light will begin to fade as the Wheel of the Year turns on and ever on.”

Her guests repeated, “The Wheel of the Year turns on and ever on.”
Lily danced to the East, “From the east comes the wind, cool and clear. It brings new seeds to the garden, bees to the pollen and birds to the trees.”

“The Wheel of the Year turns on and ever on.”

The Prince Heiress danced South, “The sun rose high in the summer sky and lights our way even into the night. Today the sun casts three rays; he light of fire upon the land, the sea, and the heavens.”

“The Wheel of the Year turns on and ever on.”

Lily danced to the West, “From the west, the mist rolls in bringing rain and fog. The life-giving water without which we would cease to be flows from hence.”

“The Wheel of the Year turns on and ever on.”

Finally, Lily turned to the North, saying, “Beneath my feet is the Earth, soil dark and fertile. The womb in which life begins and will later die, then return anew.”

Lily spun wind as she danced around the bonfire, giving life to the fire that danced within the wood artfully arranged. She was determined to dance into being a good strong blaze.

Aurelius watched as his twin, his ward showed her worth as a Prince heiress.

_Alban Heruin is a time of rededication_  
_To the gods. The triple goddess watches over me._  
_She is known by many names._  
_She is the Morrighan, Brighid, and Cerridwen._  
_She is the washer at the ford,_  
_She is the guardian of the hearth,_  
_She is the one who stirs the cauldron of inspiration._
I give honor to You, O mighty ones,
By all your names, known and unknown.
Bless me with Your wisdom
And give life and abundance to me
As the sun gives life and abundance to the Earth.

I make this offering to you
To show my allegiance
To show my honor
To show my dedication
To You.

Without pausing in her dancing, Lily tossed a bouquet of summer flowers into the blaze.

Slowly, her dance slowed until she ended where she had begun.

“Today, at Litha, I celebrate the life and love of the gods and of the Earth and Sun.” Lily flowed into a kneeling position almost effortlessly.

There was a few moments of silence as she seemed reflect upon her offerin, and what the gifts of the gods meant to her. When she rose, Aurelius watched her proudly dismissing the elements with clear respect…

No doubt they were to allow the fire to go out on its own, Lily had of course ensured that all possible protections had been cast.

Lily was praised for her unique handling of a pureblood festival and lauded because of her age.

It had been a success as had Aurelius’ Sun Ritual…

Not all had stayed long enough to see her final part in the Prince’s Litha celebration but it would
soon be well-known if the daughters of the House of Black had anything to do with it…

Chapter End Notes

Part one of Aurelius' arrival at Beauxbatons.

August 30, 1972

Andromeda and her companions were set to fly via brooms to the location where Beauxbatons students assembled to take charmed boats to the Palace.

Unlike her fourth and second year sisters Bellatrix and Narcissa respectively, she would not be returning to Hogwarts at all this year.

Lucius would be part of the Hogwarts Triwizard Candidates as well representing the House of Malfoy.

Aurelius and Alaric had been requested to tutor the Candidates along with Headmaster Filius, Fontaine Fortescue, Septimus Weasley and Lord Alger Wood.

Not many of the Candidates had achieved Outstandings for their Potions OWL so Aurelius didn’t have to teach more than four.

Alaric was overseeing their Defence, Filius Charms, Alger Herbology, Septimus Transfiguration and Fontaine History. The electives had been arranged to either take place on the weekends for practical lessons and pensive lectures freeing up the Hogwarts professors from adding too much work.

Filius had reinstated taking apprentices as part of the staffs’ duty and allowing the apprentices to teach the lower years while adding to the staff that Albus had trimmed down to one professor per subject which was ridiculous.
Alaric had his ‘dream job’ of teaching Defence, while Aurelius was reluctantly teaching potions again.

Aurelius despised flying unlike Alaric who chose to fly with Filius and the Hogwarts Triwizard Candidates, chose to use the international floo network.

They could have portkeyed but had chosen not to.

A floo was a better way to travel for a snake.

Alaric and Aurelius knew quite well that the scar hidden from view on his throat came from a snake not only like Alaric’s Aurora but was technically an older Aurora.

In his past life, Aurelius knew that Nagini had been a gift from Rodolphus’ sire Renard and the idea of the gift had originated with Bellatrix who had become enamoured with the Dark Lord while still at Hogwarts.

An obsession Aurelius planned to deal with before it caused irreparable harm to those like Alys Dearborn and Franciscus Longbottom; who in Aurelius’ past life were known as Aurors Alice and Frank Longbottom.

“Aurelius…”

Aurelius was interrupted from his silent musing by a vaguely familiar voice: that of Septimus Weasley.

“Septimus…how are you?” Aurelius asked raising a privacy ward.

“Rather disheartened. I had hoped that your interference would allow Arcturus and Gideon to be happy together…”

“What is wrong?”
“Mary chose to curse Gideon so he couldn’t conceive… the only way to ensure that those brilliant sons born to the House of Prewett and for the House of Weasley were to be born was to allow Molly to remain as a surrogate. A rather disconcerting choice… Molly was content to bask in her pregnancy avoiding all notions of studying and when she lost Bill to Gideon; she taunted him that he’d never satisfy ‘her Arthur’ because she’d ensured that he was infertile. In retaliation, we demanded that she carry the other pregnancies but lose all rights to the children since she attempted line theft. Afterwards, she will be released from the House of Prewett at which time she’ll have the choice to sit her OWLS. She was withdrawn from Hogwarts at Drystan’s choice but chose to allow her studies to lapse. If all goes to plan, Charlus Erec is due in December…”

“So you’ve chosen to get away for a while?”

“Since Gideon is living at Wellsley Hall with Arcturus; they did manage to sit their NEWT last May with Fabian. Arcturus and Fabian have entered into Auror training of course but due to his young son, Arcturus is not required to live in the Auror Dormitory. The knowledge of his cursed infertility has crushed Gideon and he spends his days with Bill, rather than studying for his Healer entrance exams. Mary’s double betrayal broke his heart… seeing her carrying children that ought to be his is painful to watch.

“So you’ve decided you need some fresh air as it were away from the scandal?

“Mary is under the guardianship of her Aunt Muriel Malfoy who has always disliked her, she was staying at the Hall until she infuriated Cedrella and to keep the peace Drystan sent her to Muriel. While Arcturus wasn’t Head Boy, he was so full of hope and excitement last September but this year has crushed his spirit.”

“It could be worse… he could be bonded to Mary and forever separated from Gideon.”

“Perhaps so… I hate to see my heir and his bondmate so crushed…”

“Lady Andromeda will be going into healing; she has a gift for it. Perhaps, she can undo whatever it is that Mary did to Gideon. She will be representing Hogwarts after all…”

“London to Port-Miou five o’clock!”

Aurelius, Septimus and the other NEWTS tutors stepped into the large commercial floo.
They emerged in the tiny wizarding village of Port-Miou, near the Muggle Village of Cassis in the Calanques.

While instruction usually began on the first of September, Beauxbatons students left the Palais on July first only to return August thirtieth when the Calanques were closed due to ‘fire hazards’.

Fenrir would see to it that his wards; Remus and Corey, Aurelius’ wards Lily and Severus as well as Regulus arrived at Durmstrang tomorrow.

The palace was quite different than Hogwarts castle…

Even Filius’ stories about his time there as a duelling instructor failed to do it justice…

Beauxbatons was built on the top of one of the lower fjords which unlike their Norwegian counterparts were created by fluvial erosion. The Palais was surrounded by water on all sides, part of the Cote de Azure but the architecture was very pastoral with statues of nymphs, dryads, fauns and satyrs everywhere.

The clear blue waters in front of the Palais were very lagoon-like; a favoured past-time at Beauxbatons was swimming in the warm waters.

According to Filius Beauxbatons was affectionately called the chateau d'eau ("water castle") because the building was centred on the structure of an elaborate fountain. At the summit of the fountain are sculptures of four large bulls and three women—a central figure representing the Durance flanked by one who represents grapes/vines and one who represents wheat/fertility. Behind the women, within the central structure of the palace, is a manmade stone grotto decorated with carved stalactites and nymphs. From beneath the three women and from the bulls, water flows into a secondary basin, and then into an artificial pond. The water drains out of the pond into underground pipes, from which it emerges in a waterfall-like structure, and in twelve ornate bronze fountains lined alongside it, flowing into a second, larger lagoon like structure.

The central feature of the garden behind the palace is a classic garden à la française, which is known as the Jardin du plateau. The garden also includes an English landscape garden, with winding alleys and many notable trees, including a 150-year-old plane tree and an oak and a Siberian elm that are both 120 years old. It was a feat of magic that such a garden could exist in the Calanques…

Due to its proximity to Cassis and Marseille, it was in the Heart of the Calanques only truly
accessible by floo or by boat.

Its location was as heavily protected as Hogwarts and Hogsmeade or Durmstrang and Durmsøy.

The tutors were met by Beauxbatons’ very large and very young Headmistress Madame Maxime who escorted them into the Palais showing them their classroom and apartments which were in a disused wing for privacy.

Their student charges were to stay in whichever ‘House’ they felt comfortable in.

Each foreign student had been assigned a Beauxbatons student as a host as Madame Maxime’s insistence.

At the end of the tour they were escorted to the great open-air dining room where there were six ‘House’ tables as well as the staff tables.

The tables appeared to be crystal and the air was perfumed with the sea and flowers that grew around the pillars. It appeared that Fleur Delacour’s tale about being serenaded while they dine by choirs of wood nymphs was not as unreliable a tale as Viktor’s to Granger about Durmstrang…

Beauxbatons was a far younger school in comparison to Hogwarts’ millennia history and Durmstrang was around two hundred years younger according to legend; while Beauxbatons had been a school less than a hundred years when the Triwizard Tournament was established in 1294. In his past life, during Fudge’s disastrous attempt to resurrect the Triwizard on the seven hundredth anniversary it had been claimed that Beauxbatons had reached approximately seven-hundred and ninety-four years as an educational institution.

Once all of the Beauxbatons students were present, Durmstrang arrived.

Aurelius recognised Branislav ‘Branko’ Krum of House Hiisi who escorted him to meet with the High Master, Dragomir Ionescue of House Hróðvitnir and Igor Karkaroff of House Hræsvelgr

Hogwarts entered last, you wouldn’t know that they flew if it weren’t for the poker straight spine of one Andromeda Black. Clearly, she hadn’t enjoyed the flight…
Lucius didn’t look the worse for his flight; his hair was immaculately tied back in a black velvet ribbon and his robes pristine.

From his past life Aurelius recognised all of the Hogwarts students.

Andromeda Black, Lucius Malfoy, Chadwick Montague and Tiberius Pucey also of Slytherin; Emelia Bones, Mairsile O’Flaherty and Edwin Tonks of Hufflepuff, Alvin Wood to represent Gryffindor [the future father of Oliver Wood] as well as Prefects Aurora Sinestra and Septima Vector of Ravenclaw.

Madam Maxime welcomed them to Beauxbatons with heavily accented English.

Introducing Durmstrang first and as each student was introduced a Beauxbatons student rose and escorted them to the student in question’s table.

The Beauxbatons students were only mentioned by name rather than House Affiliation.

Despite the book that Abraxus had procured on European Wizarding Education, its information on the Beauxbatons Academy was quite sparse.

Aurelius waited both impatiently and curiously to see how Beauxbatons ‘Sorted’.

Chapter End Notes


I know its a clifty. Unfortunately, I've created/built five wizarding Schools most of them American and yet I didn't actually build/plot out Beauxbatons. I'll post as soon as I figure out how Beauxbatons sorts and what the Houses are...

I'll consider any ideas all I know are there are six total; one for each golden star, four for witches and two for wizards.
Around a week and a half after the Drawing of the Champions was the Weighing of the Wands.

To Aurelius’ annoyance, he was asked to represent the Hogwarts’ Board of Governors as a witness.

The other tutors like Alaric and Septimus had Family Business that they claimed prevented them.

Walpurga claimed the same, it was unusual that she would miss a chance to flout the superiority of the House of Black. Curious…

So here Aurelius was skulking in a corner while an unfamiliar wandmaker, well presumably a wandmaker, was discussing the ceremony with the judges.

Andromeda arrived first, her usual aura of distain quite apparent. Despite not being born to the main line of the House of Black, Andromeda had more self-confidence than Walpurga. Were she to enter the political arena, she might prove a formidable foe or ally. She also had the skill to be a Dark Lady herself but seemed content to run the Maternity/Paternity wing in St. Mungos’ if Aurelius remembered correctly.

Other than his brief meeting with Branko Krum and suspecting that he was Viktor Krum’s sire, Aurelius knew very little about him.
Aurelius was nearly certain that Ander Zabini was Blaise’s sire…

Curious…

There was a reporter from the Parisian Herald and a photographer but they didn’t seem quite as distasteful as Rita Skeeter.

“For those of you who don’t recognize him, this is Monsieur Henri of the House of Ollivander. He has a wand shop in Paris and has agreed to examine your wands.”

“Yes, ladies first. Lady Andromeda if I may?”

Andromeda plucked her wand from her wrist sheath and handed him it with little to no reluctance.

“I remember this wand. A Rigid 15” Aventurine Powder and Oleander. You were paired with it at the age of seven. Those with an Aventurine core wand possess great self-discipline and inner-strength. Associated with balance, and accordingly makes a good all-round wand. Those with aventurine wand cores are said to have good imaginations and be very creative.

An Oleander wand has the potential to make a strong wand for Healing and Potions work, especially concerning the brewing of antidotes. Typically, it does better with a cautious and thoughtful user, the wood is powerful but has the potential to do great harm as well as good.

While a rare combination it is likely to be found in the possession of a Healer. Skilled at other branches of magic but especially Potions. Users are cautious, self-disciplined and likely with their own personal set of morals. Their loyalty is absolute until betrayed and then their revenge is to be feared. Would I mistaken in my impression that you were sorted into Slytherin Lady Andromeda?“

Andromeda nodded, “You would be correct.”

“Thank you, your wand is in excellent shape and it seems that you have a deep connection to it. Have you progressed to wandless and non-verbal?”

Andromeda smirked, “Well of course.”

Louis Ollivander cast a charm that had wine pouring from her wand before handing back.
Andromeda blinked and the spilt wine vanished.

Zabini had an Ollivander and Krum, a Gregorovitch.

Zabini’s was Galena and Cocobola while Krum’s was Ebony and Centaur…

All three were verified as in excellent condition even though Ollivander examined Krum’s longer, likely because it was crafted by an unfamiliar hand.

The three Triwizard Champions were released after a short photograph and interview.

Nothing invasive or rude like Skeeter, it was more of an introduction than anything.

It was a very different experience than the one Harry was subjected to if rumours from his past life were based in fact…

XooooooX

November 24, 1972

The First Task

“Welcome to ze First Task of ze Triwizard Tournament! Representing Beauxbatons Ander Zabini, for Durmstrang ve ‘ave Branislav Krum and ‘Ogwarts’ Andromeda Black. Ze objective is to return with ze wildest magical creature one can find in ze Calanques. Ze have until dinner time to return.” Madame Maxime announced

The welcome was given over breakfast, the three champions dismissed and they were to present themselves at dinner with their Magical creature.

Andromeda surprised them by shifting into a raven and being the first to leave.
The three Triwizard Champions presented themselves promptly at dinner time.

Andromeda arrived with a Griffin; Branko with a Gargouille and Anders had a Cheval Gauvin.

The creatures were to be graded by their danger as well as how exhausted they were.

Andromeda looked fresh as if she hadn’t struggled at all to obtain her creature.

While Branko was sporting a fine scar and Anders looked as if his pure white yet Dark Magical horse, cousin to the Púca had taken him for a ride he wasn’t supposed to survive.

Andromeda was so intimidating that all of the judges: High Master Tolstoy, Headmaster Filius, Headmistress Maxime, Hamish McFarlan of Britain Ministry’s Department of Magickal Sports and Games, as well as Maris Lefèvre, the Current French Minister of Magic immediately granted her full marks.

Branko acquired the score of forty-five to her fifty while Anders had forty having scored straight eights due to his disheveled appearance.

December 15, 1972

After the end of fall term exams for Hogwarts’ students, Andromeda’s hostess Ginevra Ollivander reported her missing and likewise, Ander Zabini announced that Ted Tonks was missing.

The two appeared to have up and offed together, likely to Scamander where they were to be bonded.

The judges decided to ignore the whole thing because Andromeda was the Hogwarts Champion and
thus would return by Yule to open the ball.

Alaric and Aurelius chose to advise Filius to keep mum about it. It wasn’t hard to convince Lucius to be quiet about it for now. That didn’t keep Aurelius from informing Abraxus of course…

That way the Head of the House of Malfoy who renegotiate the one child contract with Walpurga in regards to Narcissa. As long as Lucius never truly consummated the contract, it could only be fulfilled by the birth of a child.

Chapter End Notes

The one child contract between Narcissa and Lucius wasn’t finalized; and it wouldn’t be until the girl was of age. It was a short-term bonding contract, rarely enacted. Usually only for Bisexual pureblood wizards who preferred other wizards but wanted to be sure of an heir.

Aurelius had quietly begun his subtle courtship of Lucius gifting him with music, rare instruments and other beautiful things all anonymously until unless it was solstice or Lucius’ birthday.

Lucius was to turn seventeen tomorrow, he was technically single and Abraxus knew that he wanted the stoic firstborn son of the House of Malfoy’s virginity. Even if for wizards, virginity was a social construct that didn’t especially matter. Thus, was Lucius allowed to spend a week at Merrivale, it had been arranged prior to Andromeda’s elopement after he wasn’t chosen at Hogwarts’ Champion. They had celebrated a day early because of the Triwizard’s Yule Ball and Lady Cassie’s hosting of the Pureblood’s Winter Solstice Ball for Lily and Severus’ sake. The later was being postponed one night due to the Triwizard, with Lady Cassie’s consent of course. After all, as one of the tutors for Hogwarts students visiting at Beauxbatons, Alaric’s presence was expected and so too was hers. After all, Alaric couldn’t miss either Ball and she would not allow him to attend with another. Not that Alaric would, his attentions were solely for Lady Cassie.

After all, Andromeda had eloped on the fifteenth and it was the night before the Yule Ball. Andromeda had arrived in time for the Ball by showing up the previous morning, having been bonded in Scamander. Due to her status as Hogwarts’ Champion, there was little that Walpurga could do but stew without causing more scandal. The romance was international news on the Continent after all…

Lucius had accompanied Aurelius as a family favour but it meant more than that to them both…

Lucius’ chamber was beside his own, while Lily and Severus’ were in the children’s wing. They were as alone as they could be in this house…
The children had long since been sent to bed, so that they were alone in the gentleman’s parlour sipping scotch. Lily and Severus would be delivered to Lily’s Muggle Adopted parents for Christmas festivities in the morning.

Lucius was wearing one of the velvet hair ties he had gifted the young man over the last year as well as the silver watch he’d given him this evening for his seventeenth birthday despite that he came of age on solstice which was tomorrow.

The slim blonde young man set down his tumbler, “Why am I here?”

Aurelius raised a perfect eyebrow, “Surely you know.”

“You knew that Andromeda would run away and choose not to stop her, why?”

Aurelius smirked, “Because I’ve desired you since we first met. I was dazzled by your perfection. I was sent back in time in a happy accident. The Lucius I knew admitted that he was attracted to men but to older wizards, thus I never had a chance. I went through my life desiring him. He was unhappily bonded to Narcissa and sought his pleasures elsewhere. They had one child, my godson who I adored and one, I shall do my very best to see is still born.”

He’d Glamoured Lily to look like a Prince yet hadn’t reversed her blood adoption for fear it would prevent Harry’s birth as Harry. Both himself and Severus had been blood adopted by Tobias to his lack of awareness in their infanthoods.

Lucius licked his lips nervously; “You want me that badly then?”

Aurelius could almost taste the young man’s arousal, “You have no idea.”

The former Head Boy smirked, “I’m still a virgin you know.”

Aurelius chuckled, “I was nearly sure of it. For you told me that you were until just before you Bonded to Narcissa. You didn’t want your first time to be with a woman.”

Lucius sneered, “She’s no woman, she’s a girl with no opinions of her own, a parchment person.”
Aurelius laughed, “I tend to agree. Now if you’ll have me, I’d love to give you what you want.”

“You’ve been courting me, haven’t you? The music? The instruments? The clothes?” Lucius asked toying with his watch.

“Of course, I have planned to make you mine. I would prefer to have your consent.” It had taken a year to undo the last vestiges of damage of his abusive childhood, he had to go on a very strict diet; which Lolly was only too happy to enforce and an exercise program- he joined a Muggle gym which surprisingly Alaric had done the same and his ‘friend’ had forced all his bones to properly heal after first rebreaking them. He was now a fine male specimen, he no longer had the greasy looking black hair he’d been teased or insulted over, he wasn’t wimpy at all, and he could most likely hit a Bludger as hard as Sirius Black could. As for flying, he’d gone to flight school in his previous life and learned how to fly a broom. He’d taken Severus and Lily last summer saying that everyone should know how to fly even if they weren’t fond of it.

The pale young Slytherin Head Boy turned a bit pink, “You want my consent?”

Aurelius smirked, “To take you to bed.”

Lucius’ silver eyes widened in surprise, “Merlin…”

“I do hope that was a yes.”

Lucius swallowed, “Your Lucius what was he? A chaser or a keeper in bed?”

Aurelius snickered, “You think as close as we were, that you’d tell me that knowing I’d give anything to be in your bed?”

“I’ve always had fantasies of being taken by an older man…you’re a Slytherin, rich, titled, pureblood and you’re intelligent. I couldn’t abide a stupid man.”

Aurelius reached over to take one end of the ribbon holding back Lucius’ hair and gave it a swift tug.
The long white blonde hair just fell like white gold silk…

Aurelius looked down into those hauntingly familiar eyes, smirking, “Keeper.” He took Lucius’ left wrist, the one that would or did bear the Dark Mark and pulled him into his lap.

Lucius sneered, “Don’t let the hair fool you, I have fantasized about fucking older wizards.”

Aurelius grabbed his chin and kissed him roughly, “Not as long as I’ve fantasized about you. I plan to make each and every one of them a reality. I’ve had years to plan how to make you mine.”

Lucius kissed him back just as fiercely, grinding his arse against the older wizard’s groin. “Years to imagine how and when to fuck me? I do hope I live up your expectations.”

Aurelius would have to prove his worth; he knew that, he had always known that. There had always been the gulf of their inequality between them but now they were equals, purebloods. He broke the impassioned kiss, looking into lustrous silver-grey eyes, “You deserve far better than a mere fumble in a parlour. You deserve to be treated properly, to be divested of your virginity not only in a proper bed, but in the bed that my ancestors were conceived and borne.”

Lucius flushed, “If it pleases your Lordship, I would consent to anything.”

Aurelius had already parted with a substantial bride price to warrant the taking of Lucius Ramirus Malfoy’s virginity. They had a permanent bonding contract signed and ready for submittance to Gringotts and the Ministry. Their verbal agreement from just over a year ago, had been solidified. He lifted the dazed young man to his not surprisingly unsteady feet, bringing Lucius’ perfect hand to his lips, “Come to bed precious one.”

Lucius was shivering with obvious delight, “With joy, my Lord.”

Aurelius led him up the stairs and through passages to the vaulted chamber that had once belonged to his grandfather before Aurelius had redecorated it to suit his tastes. He opened the door.

The Lord’s private chamber was decorated in various calming shades of blue and green with some silver. The bed curtains were green silk, the coverlet a pleasant shade of blue and white, while the sheets were silver silk.
Lucius’ eyes glittered, “It’s pleasant my Lord.”

Aurelius led him inside and warded the door; “I chose it’s furnishing with you in mind to enjoy it. I hope one day this will be your home. I want nothing more than for you to feel welcome here.”

Lucius looked up at the taller Aurelius, “I could see myself very happy here.”

Aurelius smirked, “I’m glad, I hope I shall give you as much pleasure in my bed as you take in my company.”

“How could I not? For you give me such beauty. A tenant of the Malfoy code is the appreciation of beauty.”

Aurelius held that beautiful face in his hands, “I’m glad for I have never seen such perfect beauty as I have in you.” He unclasp the fastenings of Lucius’ black robe, undoing the ascot, removing the jacket, vest and unbuttoning the shirt.

Lucius’ pale but moulded chest was revealed.

Aurelius whispered a charm that would send them to be dealt with by his house elves. Leaving Lucius clad in perfectly tailored trousers, silk socks and Italian handmade leather shoes.

Lucius’ eyes were widened in surprise. “Aurelius…”

Aurelius pushed the Malfoy heir backwards against the nearest bedpost, treating that milk pale neck to biting kisses, letting his hands roam that chest he’d barely glimpsed in their years of acquaintance in his previous life.

Lucius moaned softly, leaning back against the bedpost, his eyes closed in ecstasy.

Aurelius sucked on the hollow of Lucius’ throat, rubbing the young man’s pale pink nipples in slow teasing circles.
Lucius cried out in pleasure, his tailored trousers becoming tight quickly.

Aurelius reached down to cup the erection of his young soon-to-be paramour, to be rewarded with a hiss.

Lucius snapped, “Take them off.”

Slowly Aurelius did but not before giving the tent a good slap.

Lucius gasped, knees threatening to buckle, “Salazar’s Bollocks.”

Aurelius could feel it had made the future Head Boy hard. “You like a bit of pain with your pleasure?”

Lucius swallowed, “I suppose it appears I do indeed.”

Aurelius licked his lips, “Well then, I shall have to make sure that I fulfil that need as well.”

A whispered well-practiced spell and Lucius was leaning heavily against the bedpost wearing only his skin.

Aurelius took a pale pink nipple in his teeth sucking, a nonverbal wandless charm coating his fingers with lube that teased Lucius’ virgin arse while his other hand squeezed his young lover’s cock.

Lucius whimpered, forcing the two teasing fingers into his arse with sharp cry. “Yes!”

A modified Incarcerous had Lucius’ hands bound over his head.

Severus used the conjured rope to drag Lucius to the bed, shoving him on his back. A flick of his hand and Lucius was pulled up in an interesting angle. His hands wrenched behind him and tied to a silver hook that lay half hidden by the bed curtains.
Lucius moaned.

Aurelius surveyed his work, another whispered spell fell from his lips, a set of silver rings joined by welsh green dragon hide entwined itself around Lucius’ prick and bollocks.

Lucius arched back, “Oh yes…”

Aurelius conjured a set of silver cuffs and leather straps to keep Lucius’ legs spread wide leaving his delectable body to be on display. He plunged his lube-covered fingers deep inside Lucius’ virgin arse.

“Yes…fuck me…oh please fuck me…” the angelic looking blond gasped.

Aurelius summoned a magical sex toy that he had moulded in the exact shape and size of his own cock and it soared into his soon-to-be lover.

Lucius tried to thrash no doubt giving himself future welts and rope burns.

Aurelius stood unbuttoning his own shirt, tossing his tie onto the floor and undid his pants.

“Please…let me suck it. I’ve fantasized so long about having one in my mouth.” Lucius gasped.

Aurelius summoned a potion that would give him more stamina and ensure multiple orgasms. He swallowed half of the vial and held it to Lucius’ pale but full lips. “This will make this a pleasure-filled night you wouldn’t soon forget.”

Lucius opened his mouth.

Aurelius poured the contents into his mouth and watched with glee as the beautiful teen swallowed, his eyes filled with trust.
Lucius leaned his head closer, “I want to taste it…”

Aurelius thrust his cock into the warm waiting mouth. “Then do so.”

Lucius sucked wantonly, caressing his cock with his flexible tongue and bobbing his head wanting to test his limits.

Aurelius rocked his hips slowly; being sucked off by the Prince of Slytherin had always been a fantasy.

A curious tongue lapped at the head of his cock and then teasingly kissed it, groaning, “That feels good, but Merlin I want this in me. I want you Aurelius Prince. I want you to make me a real man.”

That was all the invitation he needed.

Aurelius cast some lube wandlessly, nonverbally on his cock as well as a contraception charm and thrust in deep, his hips snapping in a vigorous pace. He leaned in and kissed his trussed blonde “Mine.”

Lucius moaned, trying to rock back into his thrusts despite being tied up in such a vulnerable position. “Yes…wanted this so long. Wanted you…”

“How long?”

“Since you called me Luce…”

That gave Aurelius more incentive.

He fucked Lucius until he orgasmed, flooding the no longer virginal Malfoy heir with his cum. Wandlessly loosening the ring holding back Lucius’ own orgasm.

Lucius came with a scream, chanting his name and painting him with his seed.
Aurelius smirked, “Enough pleasurable pain for you?”

Lucius blushed, “No…”

Aurelius grabbed at his cock and squeezed his balls before biting a nipple.

Lucius gave a hoarse scream, as another orgasm exploded.

“Had enough yet?”

Lucius swallowed and shook his head, his pupils blown with lust. “So good…”

“Doesn’t answer my question Lucius.” Aurelius said coldly.

“I don’t think I have any more in me.” he gasped out, “But I’m not satisfied yet. I want to remember this…”

“You really think I would forbid you my bed? I plan on having you as mine; no one shall please you as I will. I’ve waited so long to have you Lucius and I shall never let you go.”

The slim Slytherin Prefect shivered beneath him, “That sounds so erotic…”

“If I could, I would keep you chained to my bed for my pleasure but I fear your father would disapprove of that.”

“Please don’t talk about my father when we’re in bed…I don’t want to think about him. It’s you I want…I want to be the focus of your thoughts and attention.”

Aurelius smirked, “You do not know how much that pleases me.”
Lucius smirked, “Of course, you are older and wiser than I am.”

Aurelius snorted, “Older yes but perhaps not so wise. You do not know the mistakes that I have made.”

“You must have wanted to fix them to come so far into your past to start over. To adopt yourself and sister, raise them as your own. Or to pursue me…”

Aurelius pinched a nipple, “Perhaps, it is worth it…”

Lucius moaned.

They went on for another two rounds before Lucius passed out post-coitus.

Aurelius released his bonds and pulled the youth into his arms, before sleeping himself.

XooooooX

December 21, 1972

Yule Ball

Since Andromeda eloped and returned bonded to one of the Hufflepuff Champion Candidates, an always smiling Muggleborn named Ted Tonks; Lucius had been without a date.

He had nervously sent a note to Aurelius asking if the elder wizard would accompany him and of course, the elder wizard said yes…

Lucius was a thousand times more nervous than he would have been with Andromeda as his date.

The entertainment was expected to be some Wizard rock band known as The Basilisks of Rheims.
A letter from his father came soon after Andromeda’s elopement, allowing him to spend the rest of the holiday with Aurelius at Merrivale.

Either of their family’s houses in France would have been closer but with Aurelius’ ‘niece’ living in the Prince Château and his grandmother Muriel living in Picard at L’Orangerie, they weren’t exactly inviting choices.

His paternal grandmother wasn’t his favourite person and her small but expensively furnished tiny house wasn’t exactly conducive to guests, which was why both he and his brother preferred to avoid her home. It was more interesting to visit with Uncle Apollus, Aunt Jacquelina and their cousins Sancus and Clarita who lived in Le Manoir on the same property.

Aurelius looked dashing in his expensive robes that were clearly from Andre’s in the Rue de Leon.

Lucius knew he himself was gorgeous but he felt like a child almost beside the elder wizard he was strangely attracted to.

Aurelius escorted him down to the Palais’ dining hall which was full of charmed ice statues and smaller circular crystal tables for four couples.

Lucius ought to have been sitting with his fellow Hogwarts students but with Aurelius as his date, he found himself sitting with their tutors and their guests.

Alaric, the Dark Lord was present with his Lady Cassiopeia, Headmaster Flitwick was accompanied by Lady Victoria formerly of the House of Parkinson, Lord Septimus Weasley by Lady Cedrella who was also formerly of the House of Black and cousin to Lady Cassie.

Lucius felt out of place with adults so much his senior that he chose to hold his tongue unless addressed, he could learn much by silence if he would listen. He nervously nibbled on the assortment of aperitif such as caviar on blinis, foie gras, escargot and oysters.

They were soon welcomed to the Yule Ball by Headmistress Maxime.

Lucius felt almost giddy as he watched Aurelius direct his voice at his plate to order crab after merely
glancing at the menu. Lucius was surprised that their starter arrived first, he recognized it as Coquilles de Jacque or scallops in a cream sauce. There was of course cheese course, France was known for its cheese just as much for its wine.

The main course options were goose, lobster and crab, of which Lucius chose the lobster.

At a nearby table, Lucius could smell goose with chestnut stuffing coming from Andromeda and Ted.

While he was slightly perturbed at being essentially jilted, Lucius had never seen Andromeda as more than a friend and felt a sort of freedom with her being bonded to someone other than himself.

After an array of French sweets and pastries, the Ball began in earnest.

Branko of Durmstrang led out an unfamiliar witch who was likely his girl, Andromeda led Ted to the hastily cleared floor and Ander led out Emelia Bones, Andromeda’s cousin.

The later pair seemed more friendly then couple-ish by comparison.

The usual wood nymphs or dryads sang for the first few dances having appeared later than usual.

Aurelius didn’t invite Lucius to dance until the second song was about to begin.

Lucius shyly accepted and was soon dancing almost on a cloud because he was finally dancing with Aurelius.

The dryads only sang five songs before the real entertainment began with Headmistress Maxime introducing The Basilisks of Rheims.

Lucius did enjoy listening to the Basilisks since Sancus introduced him to them last summer but he could tell that Aurelius wasn’t as fond.

The special guest adults were starting to slip off, Andromeda only lasted a song or two before
dragging her bonded Ted away.

Aurelius smirked at him, “What do you say we continue where we began last night?”

Lucius blushed; they had celebrated Yule early at Merrivale for Severus and Lily’s sake.

Due to the Triwizard Yule Ball, Alaric and Lady Cassie were holding the social circle’s Yule Ball tomorrow instead.

Lucius soon found himself portkeyed back to Aurelius’ bedroom, where he spent what was left of his birthday having passionate love made to him.

XooooooX

December 22, 1972

The Slytherin-Peverell Solstice Ball

While Aurelius had not attended last year’s Solstice Ball, given the ‘friendship’ between the House of Prince and the House Slytherin-Peverell, his absence would be noted.

Andromeda, Lucius, Tiberius and the rest of the Hogwarts Triwizard candidates weren’t expected.

This was a benefit because that meant that Andromeda’s elopment and subsequent jilting of Lucius might be swept under the rug.

While Walpurga was present with Orion and Sirius, the absence of Regulus, Narcissa and Bellatrix was noted.

The Lestrange family with the surprising exception of Rodolphus was also hard to ignore.
Bellatrix and Narcissa choosing to stay home with their ailing mother was a surprise, though Aurelius doubted that Bellatrix had a maternal bone in her body.

The Cygnus Blacks were absent but the middle brother Alphard was present with his bonded Madam Bones but neither of his children. His youngest Ethan was in America studying at Tahquamenon Institute and Emelia was at Beauxbatons; but apparently, no one had seen Edgar for quite some time…

It was mostly dancing, gossip and mingling.

Apparently, Lady Cassie had a moratorium on politics so they chose to avoid that topic.

One did not argue with a Black witch once they laid down the ‘law’.

Despite his connection with Alaric, Aurelius didn’t stay that long, just enough to be polite.

After all, leaving a naked Lucius in his bed for too long seemed unwise and wasteful.

It would be a while because Lucius was truly his but that didn’t mean that he couldn’t enjoy Lucius’ company.
January 12, 1973

It was interesting teaching his lover, if they weren’t practically betrothed Aurelius might have an issue with sleeping with a student but then again, he wasn’t really a professor so he didn’t have the same expectations that he had been subjected to during his time as Head of Slytherin.

Besides, it wasn’t as if those who mattered such as Abraxus and Alaric weren’t aware of their relationship.

Walpurga wasn’t exactly in a place to complain and well, the only person he really had to worry about was Filius. He’d avoided his former professor, unlike Albus who existed with his head in the clouds, Filius was quite observant.

Filius had possibly taught Aurelius and definitely taught Severus, he was one of the few who might recognise him as Severus despite his age.

Aurelius had vaguely been aware of a lack of energy lately, his skin had grown pale as of late but he was sure that was due to winter and his preference for being indoors.

He had gotten used to strange pains and avoided healers as much as possible due to his experience with self-treatment.

He had always suffered from anaemia and so because she would not return to the Wizarding world, his mother had taught him to brew.

Aurelius tried to look nonchalant, then a wave of dizziness hit and he choose to lean against the wall until it passed.

Unfortunately, he hadn’t counted on the keen observation skills of Andromeda Tonks and Lucius Malfoy…
“You’re ill…” Lucius said as he placed his cauldron in stasis to check his temperature with the inner part of his wrist. “Andromeda, I need you to use that temperature spell you are always casting on Narcissa. I think Lord Prince has a fever.”

“40 degrees. Class is cancelled. Place your potions in stasis. A two-foot essay on similar potions and why this one is favoured over the others. Dismissed.” Andromeda said sternly.

The other Hogwarts students started to pack up and filter out, pointed herded away by the other Slytherins; Chadwick Montague and Tiberius Pucey.

“Ted, fetch Lord Alaric please.”

By now, a worried Lucius had helped Aurelius into a chair and knelt beside him, dabbing his forehead with a cool cloth delivered by a Malfoy elf.

Other than confusion, Andromeda had not really suffered any slights from her house mates Lucius, Chadwick and Tiberius due to their long friendship despite their initial shock at her elopement.

Andromeda also sent for Lucius’ healer, Hyrum Smythe who was actually a member of the House of Smith.

Alaric arrived quickly and scowled, “What is going on? I thought that you were supposed to be teaching.”

“He’s ill.” Andromeda said stiffly. “A very high fever…coupled with dizziness. Possibly anaemia?”

Aurelius flinched, he forgot how observant she was as well as her interest and knowledge of healing from a young age.

“Apparently, a very astute observation. You sent for a healer of course.”

“Yes, Lord Alaric.”
“You’re pale… have you been hiding an anaemic condition from us for over a year?” Alaric snapped.

“I was used to self-treating. My mother taught me a potion and I used it, when it lost strength I adapted it.”

“We’re supposed to approve of this?” Alaric glowered.

By this time, Smythe appeared.

A much younger version than the one who looked after Draco’s health, but that was to be expected. Draco had yet to be born…

“Doting? How unMalfoy! He is far too old for you Lucius, move.”

Andromeda glared at Smythe as she tugged a clearly distraught Lucius aside.

Smythe’s exam was silent, but the spells cast made him uncomfortable.

“What idiot reversed a blood adoption? Especially with parents so close in blood, you’re lucky you’ve lasted this long before I was called in. You’ve suffered from anaemia for quite a number of years, clearly over three decades, but this reversal of your blood adoption allowed your anaemia to mutate to its original form.” Smythe muttered darkly.

“Is there anything that can be done?” Alaric asked stiffly.

“He’ll need the appropriate potions. This type of anaemia is uncommon and its brewing requires skill. His best choice is to be re-blood adopted perhaps by appropriate relations so he is not disinherited.” Smythe shrugged.

“Give me the recipe, I’ll brew it.” Andromeda snapped.
“You’re a student. It requires a master.” Smythe snorted.

“Give it to me.” Andromeda said, her aura turning dark. “He needs it now and I’m the only one except for Lord Alaric who can possibly brew it.”

“Lady,” Alaric said with a quiet firmness, before addressing Smythe himself. “Let her do it, she might surprise you.”

“Don’t blame me if she poisons him and leaves those twins orphans.” Smythe said sharply as he scribbled something down. “The name of the potion. I don’t even know the recipe myself.”

Lucius was clearly wringing his hands beneath his robes.

“We’ll portkey to Merrivale.” Alaric made the portkey because he was keyed to the Manor’s wards.

The four Slytherins portkeyed away, with Alaric practically carrying Aurelius to his annoyance and embarrassment.

Aurelius was placed in the care of his Head House elf Lolly who took him to his bed chamber that he had shared with Lucius before.

A cool bath was waiting, Lucius undressed them both and let Lolly place Aurelius in his lap.

Aurelius let the water cool him, “I must have forgotten my anaemia potion…”

“How could you not tell me?” Lucius asked quietly.

“I was used to keeping such things to myself, I just didn’t consider it relevant.”

“We’re expected to bond and you don’t think your health is relevant?” Lucius snapped.
“I am not used to have a partner, someone I am expected to share things with.”

“You best get used to it. I will be father’s successor and despite my youth, I will be your social equal.” Lucius retorted.

“I will keep that in mind.”

“Do.” Lucius snipped.

While this was uncomfortable and embarrassing, perhaps it was not without its rewards…

XooooooX

Acquiring the appropriate book with the appropriate anaemia potion recipe was easy enough with Aurelius’ brewing house elf to assist her. Especially given that Aurelius had a very extensive catalogue of ingredients, it was unlikely that he would be missing anything.

Leaving Alaric to see to solving the trouble that was indirectly his fault due to his reversing Aurelius’ blood adoption.

If Aurelius had suffered from anaemia from childhood, that meant that Severus had it as well.

This was not something that would be allowed to continue.

He had been clearly an unobservant housemate since he failed to realize this.

Alaric had little choice but to fix it.

Since both Aurelius and Severus had been born to a legally married Eileen, they were considered legitimate heirs to the House of Prince.
For Aurelius to remain a legitimate heir, he needed Prince blood…

Alaric remembered a House mate of his, a year younger from Orion and Cygnus’ year, an Arcadius Prince. Like Alphard, Arcadius had bonded to a Hufflepuff heiress to a witch-entailed family.

Though Arcadius had kept his distance from this Aurelius…

That was about to change.

He flooed to the Ministry where Arcadius worked in the Department of Magical Law Enforcement despite having his spouse serving as the current Minister of Magic.

Being a member of the Wizengamot, Alaric was shown into Arcadius’ office with little resistance.

“Lord Slytherin-Peverell, how might I assist you?” Arcadius frowned.

“Your wards, raise them. The anti-eavesdropping ones.”

Arcadius did, still frowning.

“You know, don’t you that Aurelius Prince is not your brother.” It was more statement, then question.

“Yes.” Arcadius grumbled, “What of it?”

“You also know then that neither Aurelius ever had an affair with your niece.”

Arcadius shrugged, “Aurelius was always very aware of his surroundings. Prior to his disappearance, he came to me with suspicions. He claimed that Amphion was abusing our nieces. He didn’t have any proof and he said that neither girl would admit it.”
“Eileen was pregnant because your eldest brother sexually assaulted her. That is apparently the reason that Evelyn committed suicide as well.”

“Why are you telling me this? Where is your proof?”

“My proof is from your niece’s own admission, she is of course living in France where her health both physical and mental is being overseen by a Healer from St. Vidius. The true nature of Aurelius’ identity is that he is your niece’s son thrown backwards in time. He could not serve as Lord Prince without Gringotts’ approval and like myself, they are fully aware of his true identity but allowed him to change his name.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

“Because I want you to save him. He is ill, I foolishly undid his blood adoption making him a full-blood Prince but failed to realize that the blood adoption was masking a severe condition. He has a vicious form of anaemia, I owe him a life debt and because this crisis is partially my fault, I wish to see if being blood adopted by yourself and perhaps, a cousin of your bearer’s might allow him to remain Lord Prince as well treat his condition.”

“You want my blood.”

“Freely given to save a life.”

“What about Severus, young Severus?”

“I will deal with that. His blood adoption thankfully was not reversed, using your niece’s blood and blood from another wizard might prevent him from becoming as ill as Aurelius is at present.”

“Is he alone?”

“He is courting and so his future consort is caring for him while Andromeda is brewing a potion to treat his condition. We want to keep this to as few persons as possible.”

“I see. I wish I had helped my brother, perhaps then this might have been avoided. My wife would
have likely agreed to adopt Eileen’s twins as well as take Evelyn in.”

Alaric handed over two vials which Arcadius filled with blood before accepting a blood replenisher.

“Thank you. You will of course keep this to yourself?”

“I am still legally a Prince even if I am bonded, I was just ineligible to inherit due to my bonding as a consort.” Arcadius said stiffly.

“Very well.”

“Give my respects to Aurelius, tell him that while he may be listed as my son by blood, I will treat him as a brother.”

“I am sure that he will accept that.”

“Might I write to Eileen? I suppose I owe her some sort of apology for not realising she was being mistreated.”

“I will discuss it with Aurelius when he is well.”

“For what it’s worth, he’s lucky to have you as a friend.”

Alaric flinched, “It is I who is lucky.”

With a suitable ‘sire’ selected, Alaric had to locate appropriate blood to replace Eileen for Aurelius that is.

According to the Prince family tree in Merrivale; Amphion, Aurelius and Arcadius were born to Regulus Black but sired by Julius Prince.
Eileen and Evelyn were born to Elizabeth Bones while sired by Amphion Prince…

Which meant for Aurelius and Severus’ sake, he knew just whose blood he needed.

He flooed to Alphard’s office in Diagon Alley, to Walpurga’s annoyance, Alphard’s bonded Elaine allowed him to use his Metamorphmagus abilities as a private investigator.

Luck must be with him because he found Madam Elaine and Consort Alphard both present.

“Alaric, what brings you to Britain? Aren’t you supposed to be at Beauxbatons with Andromeda? Is she in trouble again?” Alphard frowned.

“Actually, she is helping with a delicate matter. You owe us a minor debt for keeping the candidates and other staff quiet…” Alaric said sternly.

Alphard scowled, “I wondered when you were going to cash that in.”

“It’s minor. You help Aurelius avoid scandal and I’m sure you can just forget about it.”

“What is it that you want?”

“A vial each of blood.”

“Why and for what purpose?” Madam Elaine sniffed.

“Severus has shown signs of a dangerous form of Anaemia due to his ancestry. The addition of fresh blood would according a reputable healer negate that. Partially or completely, we do not know. Andromeda is currently brewing a potion to treat him at present.”

“Why do you need both of our blood?” Alphard frowned.
“I have Prince blood for both, just because one has yet to show signs of ill health doesn’t mean that we should ignore it.” Alaric said truthfully.

He didn’t say that he wanted it for Severus and Lily, rather he wanted it for Aurelius and Severus but that letting out that Aurelius was as ill as he was would be unwise.

Both agreed, as well as keeping their involvement with a blood adoption to themselves. They did after all owe Alaric and Aurelius for avoiding a scandal at Beauxbatons due to Andromeda’s elopement.

Their blood in hand or more accurately, in his robes, Alaric let himself out.

He needed one more donor and he knew exactly whom he wanted.

Alaric let himself into The Spiny Serpent, he caught Oran’s eye and then headed for his old friend’s office.

Oran excused himself and followed predictably.

Once they were alone, Oran frowned.

“Aren’t you supposed to be at Beauxbatons?”

Alaric nodded, “Yes, unfortunately I learned something rather unpleasant. In my attempt to help Aurelius, I inadvertently led to his and Severus becoming quite ill. I have three vials of blood and I need one more. Aurelius will be blood adopted by relatives of his parents. However, Severus needs fresh blood. He was born to his witch mother who had been raped Oran. Afraid for herself and the lives of her unborn children, she ran. Unfortunately, she picked the worst muggle to marry. A drunk layabout who beat both herself and Severus. She made sure that her daughter had a good home but she kept Severus hoping that a son might make her Muggle husband act responsible. Unfortunately, that was not the case. I can’t go to just anyone Oran…”

“You want my blood? Why?”
“He was born legitimate Oran, with what that dreadful Muriel Malfoy has done to you, we both know that no family would dare let you bond to their daughter. With Prince blood, Severus can remain Aurelius’ heir. If he has yours, you can still have an heir.”

Oran flinched.

Contrary to Muriel Malfoy nee Prewett’s claims, Oran Nott had loved her daughter Ædelia. It had been her daughter’s wish to bond to Oran while in Hogwarts, because Ædelia was Ajax’s only daughter, he had given in.

Unfortunately for both of them, Ædelia was a sickly girl who wanted nothing more than to be the mother of Oran’s children.

They lost their first child, a daughter through a miscarriage that had been no one’s fault, so it brought the two of them even closer. For Slytherins, the two had truly been in love. Then a year later, Ædelia conceived again.

Unfortunately, that was the year that Alaric had been Head Boy and Oran was prefect.

Ædelia had decided to stay at Mansfield to get ready for the babies, they had both been overjoyed to find out they were expecting twins.

Oran had excitedly shone him pictures and asked him to be his son’s godfather.

While Alaric didn’t know what it was like to be loved or be a part of a family, there was something about that relationship that he had envied.

Even though he was under Dumbledore’s Imperious at the time, he still had wanted something like that for himself.

Oran’s father Phrixos was the ambassador to the joint Ministry of North America so he was across the pond. Phrixos had taken his duty to the Ministry seriously, despite knowing his daughter-in-law’s previous difficulty.
Oran and Ædelia had hoped to surprise him about being a grandfather…

Unfortunately, Ædelia fell and haemorrhaged.

By the time a house elf found her and sent for a healer, it was already too late.

His first two children; the miscarried daughter Atalante Isolde and his son, Aias Drystan didn’t live long enough to even breathe and the last, a daughter whom he named Akantha Shallot had died in his hands…

Oran had buried himself in his studies in his grief, but to have Muriel accusing him of spousal abuse and murder because of her grief had been beyond cruel.

His suffering had even annoyed Alaric to the point where he offered to have her dealt with.

Oran had begged him to let it alone, while Muriel’s shameful treatment would have hurt Ædelia, he hadn’t wanted his mother-in-law dead.

“You came to me first, why?” Oran said after heavy silence.

“You deserve an heir and young Severus is a very talented young wizard. He deserves to be pureblood and healthy. I thought that your need for a son and his need for a proper sire would be a proper end to this situation. After all, this situation is my fault. You never let me end your Muriel problem and Abraxus would have allowed it. He was ashamed of his mother’s behaviour. There is a reason she isn’t welcome in the Manor, once his father died, Abraxus moved her to France.”

“You’re serious…” Oran murmured half in awe.

Alaric shrugged, “Having Lady Cassie in my life as well as Aurelius has had an interesting effect.”

“I’ll say, that birthday party for you was interesting. Having never met Lady Lily, I was surprised to be invited. Cassie makes you happy, I don’t know what your life was like outside of Hogwarts but I wanted you to have someone like I had.”
“You can’t let Muriel win forever. Ædelia, wouldn’t have wanted you to be alone.”

Oran gave him a weak smile as he held out a hand for an empty vial for his blood. “Like you said, Muriel has made it impossible for me to find a wife. She would likely ruin any courtship even if it were in America or on the continent.”

“You’ll find someone…” Alaric said quietly. “You still owe me a godson.”

“We’ll see, I’m not especially hopeful.” Oran shrugged.

Aurelius borrowed Oran’s private floo, heading to Merrivale to stow the vials of blood.

He was surprised to find Andromeda wearing a bubblehead charm and ‘supervising’ the brewing house elf. He set the vials labelled with the initials of their donors on a safe place on a mostly clear worktable.

“Why is the elf brewing and not you?”

“I was hoping you wouldn’t check on me.” Andromeda huffed.

“I vouched for you so of course I would.” Alaric said dismissively.

“If you must know, I eloped for two reasons. One, because Lucius is bent and interested in Lord Aurelius. Two, because Ted is my idiot. He forgot when we met over the summer in Diagon that I was on a contraception potion. He tried to be ‘responsible’ and cast a charm that negated my potion. As a result, I found out I was pregnant just before I was chosen as Hogwarts’ Champion. Ted and I decided to elope, impregnated by a Muggleborn during my sixth year, it was my best choice. I considered abortion but the recovery would have taken too long. Ted is in our Potions class to brew for me mostly and because at least an Exceeds Expectations is needed to be accepted to any healer training.”

“No one knows?” Alaric scowled.
“Not until you noticed I wasn’t brewing. I’m careful, I know what ingredients I can’t touch and Ted handles them. We haven’t brewed a potion I can’t quite yet. This one had ingredients I can’t handle so Lolly and Ted are being my hands.”

“Lolly happy to brew to help Master. Lolly knew master was sick but not why.” The head Prince elf said sadly.

“I fetch blood needed to blood adopt Aurelius…”

“I see four vials.”

“I have my reasons.” Alaric said dismissively.

“Anything that has to do with why Lucius is keeping secrets or why Severus and Lily were taken out of Hogwarts?”

“When he warned me about Bellatrix, he should have warned me about you…” Alaric muttered darkly.

“What about Bella?” Andromeda snipped, with shadows in her eyes.

“Never you mind. Leave those vials alone. I have to fetch Severus, I will need to find the appropriate adoption potion. The sooner this is dealt with,”

“The better for you. The guilt is nauseating.”

Her casual dismissal of him and disregard was intriguing if a bit annoying. If Andromeda wasn’t family through his Cassie, he might be tempted to teach her a lesson.

“Well go on then. Lily is likely worried and sensing something wrong.”

Andromeda was definitely more perceptive then he liked…
Alaric stalked off like an affronted peacock to floo to Durmstrang.

Long distance portkeys had to be properly charmed by the Ministry and were expensive. Alaric was too intelligent to attempt Intercontinental Apparition so he had to floo, even if he might have the magical skill to attempt it. Being splinched after having split his soul seemed ill-advised.

Floooing to the International Floo Centre in London and then waiting for the first commercial floo to Durmsøy wouldn’t be pleasant when he knew that Lily would sense something wrong with Aurelius. Severus and Remus would likely be very protective as well…

Honestly, International flooing was more than a little annoying. Alaric had never been exceptionally patient…

XooooooX

Lucius maybe Abraxus’ son and heir, but Andromeda was the best brewer in their year.

If anyone could brew the potion Aurelius needed, it was his former betrothed.

There would be those who would believe that he should shun her and be angry about being jilted.

Andromeda had always been the most driven, the most observant and the one who most despised being ordered about.

She must have known how more discomforted he was about their betrothal all of last year and how disappointed he was when Aurelius refused to dance with him at the Ball hosted by her Aunt.

He would never have been able to defy his father and had been very wary about offending Lady Walpurga.

Unlike most, Andromeda was not intimidated by her Aunt in the slightest. No one intimidated her…
She was a very stubborn witch and her gift with Dark Magic was very much envied in some circles. It wasn’t mentioned in front of more Light-aligned families, yet Lucius knew that Andromeda had more magic in her little finger then most hoped to have. Andromeda was the top of their class despite suppressing her magic.

Hogwarts couldn’t really handle it if they knew just how powerful her Dark Magic was.

To Slytherins, she was their Queen. Every witch to some extent wanted to be her while every witch or wizard attracted to power or females would do most anything for her.

Lucius had always felt a gulf between them; he had long acknowledged that he was not ‘up to her weight’. When he realised that he preferred older wizards, he realised just how ‘wrong’ for her, he was.

Yet he knew, neither himself or Aurelius would have broached eloping.

Knowing Andromeda had eloped had been freeing, she was one of the few witches in his acquaintance that would make such a choice.

He didn’t disregard her choice in bondmate either, while he had no interest in Muggleborns as partners, Lucius acknowledged that only a Muggleborn would consider romancing a Slytherin witch. Especially, if said witch was betrothed to the Prince of Slytherin and a Hufflepuff Muggleborn one at that…

Why? Simply because a Muggleborn Hufflepuff wouldn’t care one iota about social conventions or expectations. They would be more concerned with one’s own pursuit of happiness.

In a weird way, Lucius was grateful to Ted Tonks but it was unlikely that he would ever voice such an opinion.
While Aurelius was technically just as much Lily’s twin as Severus was, Alaric had no intention of touching the young heiress. Severus was already wound too tight as it was, his jaw clenched and his eyes were lit with jealousy.

The witch was determined to see their guardian and assure herself that he was fine.

The apartment door flew open as the mismatched twins approached.

Lucius flew to his feet, shielding an unconscious Aurelius with his body and held his wand in a defensive stance.

“Is he alright? Tell me he’s alright…” Lily begged.

Lucius slowly relaxed, his wand being replaced on the table beside the bed. “He collapsed.”

“I know that I felt it. I felt it when he collapsed. Is he alright? Tell me Lucius, I have to know…”

“They have both kept a secret, they have anaemia the both of them. Aurelius’ just took a nasty turn, we have a treatment planned. It is probably a result of your conception, you don’t seem to be affected Lily but Severus and Aurelius are. Andromeda is brewing the potion we need to manage his anaemia, he should be alright.”

Alaric purposefully left out the fact that he was in part responsible for this; Aurelius’ collapse.

“He just better not keep his health a secret or I will hex him,” Lucius muttered.

Lily spun around and grabbed Severus by his robe glaring, “You kept this secret from me too?”
“I am a private person. Being twins explained our instant connection, I don’t like having you in my head. I don’t like having anyone in my head. I dislike it as much as I dislike sharing you.” Severus grumbled.

“Sharing me how?”

“Aurelius is your twin too… I can’t feel him or sense his thoughts but you can. I don’t like it. I know we’re better off here and not in Cokeworth, but I’m still possessive of things that are mine; my sister, my friend.”

“I know this is because of what that bastard did to you,” Lily sniped, “You can’t act like this, just because we are twins doesn’t mean that I am yours. I am me, I belong to myself. I don’t mind being both of your anchor but I will have my own life. You both need to be happy and find a life that is yours; Aurelius has his politics and Lucius. You will find what you want, be that potions or love.”

Severus snorted.

Alaric deduced this was his way of scoffing about love. In that manner, Severus reminded him strongly of himself. He would enjoy watching the boy find some semblance of happiness if only to understand that smugness that Oran felt when he himself started showing signs of attachment to Lady Cassie.

He let Lucius politely kick them out of Aurelius’ room so their guardian and his associate could rest.

Lily and Severus headed off to their respective rooms, Lily paused to look back at Aurelius’ closed door only to have Severus tug her way with a scowl.

XooooooX

Alaric intended a full-blood adoption for Aurelius utilising Lord-Consort Arcadius Prince and Madam Bones’ blood. Yes, Severus himself needed to be blood adopted and Alaric fully intended to use Oran’s blood to do so.

He didn’t need Lily to be totally blood adopted and intended to use Alphard Black’s blood to adopt her after Harry was born. Damaging the twin bond between Aurelius and Lily or Severus and Lily wasn’t his intention.
He just wanted to hope that his choices wouldn’t cause her health problems like his mistakes that caused Aurelius become ill.

Watching Andromeda brew by proxy after leaving the twins with Aurelius and Lucius wasn’t that boring. She had a keen eye and like his own Lady Cassiopeia had a pure dark magical aura. If he had a daughter like her, his second chance definitely would have promise.

Andromeda clearly had skill very much like Aurelius and she was only a sixth year...

“How long are you going to haunt this lab?” Andromeda sniffed.

“Until the potion is ready, we need it completed first. Then we can focus on deciding the proper blood adoption potion.” Alaric shrugged.

“Annie? What’s next? I really have trouble focusing with your skulking in the corner…” Ted gulped, “sir…”

Alaric scoffed under his breath, ‘what did she see in this Muggleborn?’

“What I see, Lord Alaric is my own business, sir.”

Alaric was a bit annoyed that she practically read his mind.

“I didn’t read your mind, I’m not a natural Legimens. Your expression said it all. I had hoped that Baron Lestrange had taught you better control by example.”

Alaric scowled, his low breeding was showing. Lady Cassiopeia wouldn’t be pleased at all...

Being called out for it by her relative made it all the more unnerving.

This potion was so difficult that while Andromeda held the recipe, she needed one pair of hands to
prepare the ingredients and another to brew.

It was interesting to hear Lolly and Andromeda debating whether or not to use the spell to speed up time in the cauldron.

Lolly claimed that she, a mere house elf could speed up the time without the charm and do it safely.

Andromeda knew the charm but had limited experience using it and with her magic in flux due to pregnancy, it was likely unwise.

Ted kept his head down; clearly, he felt some measure of guilt because of the pregnancy and undoubtedly knew that he was in no way capable of casting such a spell.

Alaric sighed, interjecting, “I’ll cast it. If only to get this potion to Aurelius sooner and to stop your clashing voices.”

Andromeda frowned, “You know the charm, sir?”

“Oh, course, I do. I learned it from Abraxus.” Alaric scoffed.

Andromeda handed off the book containing the recipe, “In the notes sir.”

Alaric quickly skimmed not only the recipe but the referenced notes.

“I see.”

Alaric followed directions, speeding up the time inside the cauldron just as needed to ensure that the potion was ready for the next stage. Between Ted’s ingredient preparation, Lolly’s brewing and Andromeda’s direction, the potion seemed to be as expected for this point in the brewing process.

Alaric continued in his efforts to finish the greatly needed potion.
It was the least he could do since the more dangerous version of Aurelius’ anaemia was ultimately his fault…

Chapter End Notes

Even with Alaric’s assistance, it took a few hours to complete three days’ worth of potion, let alone a week.

According to the recipe, the patient’s anaemia spell had to be quelled before a blood adoption could be considered.

This, of course, was bad news for Lily, Severus and Lucius.

Andromeda returned to Beauxbatons the morning after finishing the potion with Ted, thus she sent Lucius notes for their shared lessons. Despite her secrecy regarding her pregnancy and her status as Hogwarts’ Triwizard Champion, she was doing quite well academically.

Remus did the same for Lily and Severus, sending them notes and assignments that is…

Lucius was thought to be in France at Beauxbatons by much of the pureblood society that he inhabited, so his ‘doting’ on Aurelius went mostly unmarked. Healer Hyrum Smythe kept the current state of Aurelius’ health to himself and Lucius reluctantly made himself scarce when the healer was present going to bathe, while leaving Aurelius in Lily’s care.

It hadn’t been hard to assign a research project based on the potion they had been brewing at Aurelius’ collapse as well as one for his own Defence lessons. Leaving Potions as a ‘free period’ for the Hogwarts Triwizard Candidates and Champion.

Because he was a devious git, even if he was current a titled member of proper society rather a mere Dark Lord, Alaric had assigned his ‘students’ to compare Dementors to Inferi. They were intricately related after all and they would get bonus points for explaining what dementors ‘breeding’ really meant.

Alaric spent nights with Lady Cassie, he was not going to be in Britain and not visit. He was a
bonded wizard, after all, having been previously bonded Lady Cassie was quite aware that certain matters were kept within the bedroom. Alaric was slowly getting used to having to share his innermost thoughts, after Lucius’ lecture to Aurelius, Alaric was more keen on being more open. A bonding was a partnership, they might be naturally reticent persons but they needed to share confidences.

XooooooX

Once Aurelius recovered from his anaemia spell, which only took five days after his collapse; luckily, Andromeda and Lolly had already brewed with Alaric’s assistance in speeding up the potion’s brewing time, they had the adoption potion already brewed.

With little fanfare, Alaric poured the potion and the necessary blood into two moon blessed silver chalices.

He had required Eileen’s blood but thankfully, Lolly fetched that.

Wearing similar expressions of discomfort, Aurelius and Severus drank the contents of the chalice.

The idea of drinking blood had a tendency to unnerve so-called Light Families and Dumbledore had attempted more than once to outlaw and even limit all blood magic including adoptions. Thankfully, Alaric had enough support to quash that even if some families like the House of Black had rules against fully blood adopted children from inheriting.

If conception proved impossible for a couple, a blind eye from both families was given while either or both spouses took lovers. Whichever spouse was ‘successful’ had the choice of convincing the unfertile spouse to adopt the child to make them their heir or severing the bonding to marry the pregnant bearer if they were worthy to ensure that the child became truly legitimate.

Lily and Alaric slowed Aurelius and Severus’ descent as they passed out while Mother Magic used both potion and freely offered blood to deal with Lord Prince, Duke of Shrewsbury and heir Lord Prince, Earl of Chester.

Not that Severus gave a knut about being Aurelius’ heir…

Lily and Lolly saw that the two were put in bed, Lily slept at Severus’ feet on a chaise to give her
twin privacy while he was changed and hopefully, healed.

Lucius resumed his vigil and company of Lily’s guardian. The Malfoy heir genuinely cared for Aurelius, with his current betrothal scrapped due to Andromeda’s elopement, Lucius was free.

She knew that Lucius had been betrothed almost from the cradle to Andromeda but she was married to a Muggleborn and pregnant, all of which Lily was supposed to be oblivious to…

She wasn’t a fool, she just kept such knowledge to herself. If it was meant to be known then it would be…

Eventually…

Lily hoped that this was successful, while Aurelius might not ever be totally healed of his anaemia, if Severus was lucky his new ‘sire’ would erase his own lingering anaemia that she had not entirely forgiven him from keeping from her…

Chapter End Notes

February 9, 1973

“What do you make of this Alaric?” Aurelius frowned as he entered ‘the Dark Lord’s office/apartment in Beauxbatons tapping the letter that had been delivered by house elf.

Alaric accepted the letter and read it, smirking. “It seems that your recluse of a dependent has recovered enough to reconnect with the Wizarding Word.”

“What about the impropriety of it?”

Alaric shrugged dismissively, “She is still technically a married woman and he is a widower, why should it matter?”

“They’ve never met!”

“So, what? They are both adults, did I mention what Oran did after Hogwarts?”

“I remember something about Mind Healing…” Aurelius muttered.

“They are both considered persona-non-grata in some circles, just as Andromeda would have been, if we hadn’t hushed it up. I think that Oran is the perfect person for her to correspond with, given his training, he would best understand her and yet, wouldn’t treat her with the same distance that her actual Mind Healer would.” Alaric shrugged.

Aurelius’ eyes narrowed, “Tell me that you aren’t hoping that our mother and your best friend make a match of it.”
Alaric shrugged, “Nothing wrong with hope, they’ve both suffered and been wrongly painted. Even if Tobias died tomorrow, almost no wizard would consider Eileen as a possible partner. If they fell in love, what’s the harm? They are both considered unmarriageable but then again, a relationship with each other might do them some good.

That said, the matter seemed closed…

Aurelius wondered briefly if Eileen was meant to be Theo’s mother in this time period…

XooooooX

February 12, 1973

Alaric was in his apartment at Beauxbatons that he used primarily as his office when Oran appeared suddenly while holding a letter.

Alaric frowned, “Oran? Have you have terrible news? Is it your father?”

“Bother the old man,” Oran said gruffly. “Take this… I was surprised to receive it and I have yet to decide how to compose a response.”

Alaric accepted the letter and began to read. He was not altogether surprised to find that it was that was from Severus and Lily’s mother. The very letter that Aurelius had complained over, had been properly delivered, for all his complaints it seemed that his friend had done the right and proper thing.

‘Dear Lord Oran Nott,

You don’t know me, but I was born Eileen Marcia Prince; born of the House of Bones and for the House of Prince. Aurelius informed me that you have adopted my son making him a pureblood once more and to prevent him from suffering because of his conception. I would like to thank you…
Despite appearances, I love my children and only want what is best for them. I am glad that they have Aurelius and the Evans to look out for them, I am still not strong enough to be worthy of them. Your friend from your school days, Lord Slytherin-Peverell asked you to adopt my son. I remember hearing how your wife died and that you both sincerely loved one another. My uncle Arcadius was in Lady Ædelia’s year and he watched your relationship bloom.

I know that I have shamed my family by my misalliance with Tobias Snape but it was done to protect my children. If they were born to a Muggle, they would remain mine and if we were married, then he might be my father’s heir. I know that my choices set them up for a terrible time in Hogwarts but my intentions were honourable.

As a stranger to you, my contacting you might be seen as presumptuous but I wanted you to know something of the woman whose beloved child your blood saved.

I do not know how to contact you, so I have asked the current Head of my Family to pass this on to you.

If my letter offends you then please pay it no mind, I will accept your silence as a sign that I overstepped myself.

Sincerely,

Lady Eileen Marcia Prince

“Well, at least she has the sense to give credit where it is due,” Alaric smirked.

“By which, you mean yourself,” Oran said dryly.

“Well, naturally,” Alaric had an air of omniscience that Oran seemed to ignore.

“If you’re going to act in such a manner, how should I respond? I don’t wish to appear too familiar, nor do I want to be rude. It has been a long time since I corresponded with a lady…” Oran seemed
“Walpurga doesn’t count?” Alaric teased.

“She’s a social equal and a politician, any inquires made regarding her family are mere politeness and she acknowledges it at such,” Oran muttered.

“At least acknowledge her gratitude, if Aurelius truly had no wish for her to communicate with her natural peers, then he would not have allowed you receive her letter.”

“Is it not too forward?” Oran asked anxiously.

“How should I know? I was raised Muggle.” Alaric said dismissively. “The House of Prince owes you a debt of thanks, you may have saved their heir’s life. As his bearer, isn’t it natural for her to thank you for that?”

“Yes, well…”

Alaric handed over fresh parchment, a pot of ink and a sharp quill, “Best not to keep a lady waiting even if she has fallen from grace.”

“As have I…” Oran muttered.

Alaric suppressed the urge to crucio Abraxus’ mother…

Permission spoken or not, Lady Muriel’s actions had been beyond the pale in the beginning, but to have continued them this far into Oran’s adulthood as to blacken his chances at a proper match and heirs was despicable. When she finally passed beyond the Veil, he hoped that Ælia quite took her to task for it.

Aaric wondered just how ridiculous an idea having Lady Eileen and Oran making a match of it in the future might be. Might they have children the same age as Lily and Severus’? that is if Snape’s beatings hadn’t damaged Eileen’s womb…
February 23, 1973

Aurelius was back at Beauxbatons and had resumed his teaching duties weeks earlier but was while his magic settled, his brewing was forbidden.

Classes were once more cancelled but not for health reasons relating to himself.

Three persons special to the Champions had been taken…

Andromeda’s Ted, which she was clearly furious about…

Branko’s elder sister Bisera and one of Ander Zabini’s cousins who said to be daughter to the wand expert…

Headmistress Maxime announced that they, the champions were required to deliver a gift to the Veela who had taken what they would apparently ‘miss most’ and if the gift was satisfactory then they should be returned.

Andromeda who was first in Marks was summoned first…

She stood at the base of a glass hill that seemed out of a fairy story, “Lady, I believe you have something that belongs to me.”

“Do I?” The Veela asked, “Then what do you offer in ransom?”

“The blood of a Descendant of Morganna,” Andromeda smirked, pulling a phial from her robes and adding her own blood to it. Before levitating it and using a bird transfigured from a feather shed by her animagus form to deliver it.
The Veela examined the offered ransom. “It is… suitable.”

A gem was dropped and upon contact with Andromeda’s wand, changed size and shattered to reveal a dazed Ted Tonks.

Next, it was Branko’s turn. He offered a rare potions ingredient he claimed that he himself harvested; a rare golden apple.

The ingredient was declared worthy and his sister restored to him.

Finally, it was Ander Zabini who offered something he claimed was water from Narcissus’ Mirror.

The Veela seemed surprised and after examining the gift, returned his cousin.

After which, she blessed him as the future mate of a Veela…

The Veela was a guest judge and met with the other judges to give them her recommendations of the value of the Champions’ ransoms…

It was not surprising that Andromeda managed to get high marks from the all the judges, though not her previous full marks but forty-five to her annoyance.

The Veela smirkingly declared she needed to learn humility…

Branko received 40 and Zabini, 42…

Bringing their current scores: Andromeda had 95, Branko 85 and Anders, 82.

The Third Task was scheduled for the fourth Friday in June just before the end of term…

Andromeda seemed relieved…
If Aurelius’ suspicions were correct, she should give birth before then, possibly in March or April and be recovered in time…

XooooooX

April 8, 1973

Alaric was lecturing on Dark Magic again when Andromeda raised her hand.

“Yes, Mrs Tonks? Do you have a question?”

Her expression almost frozen, her jaw tight, “My apologies sir, I am afraid that I must be excused.”

Alaric raised an eyebrow, “Really?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Is it regarding what I think it is?” Alaric frowned as he walked towards her desk and cast a privacy shield.

Andromeda nodded. “I have been timing my contractions sir and my water just broke…”

Ted blinked in surprise.

“Very well, is it your wish to be granted permission to use my floo?”

“That would be appreciated sir.” Andromeda said through clenched teeth.

Alaric dropped the privacy shield, “Lucius, you may continue the lesson with my notes. I must escort
Andromeda to an appointment. Ted, will accompany us.”

“Are you sure you don’t want family?” Emelia Bones blurted out.

“I don’t know what you mean.” Andromeda said harshly.

“We’re not a bunch of oblivious Muggles, Andromeda.” Tiberius snorted.

“We figured it out sometime ago. We just kept it an open secret between ourselves, because clearly, you didn’t wish it to be known yet.” Chadwick Montague shrugged.

“And cousin or not, you can be intimidating. There was no way any of us were going to say anything. Especially, when Lucius seemed lighter after your elopement. If you were both happy, what else could I want?” Emelia frowned.

“Hufflepuff.” Andromeda said grumbling as Ted and Alaric helped her up.

Despite her obvious pride, it seemed that her classmates and friends’ support meant a lot.

“In that case, class dismissed. If you don’t get caught, I don’t suppose I would really care if you chose to go shopping…”

With that, Ted and Alaric escorted Andromeda to the later’s apartment that functioned more as an office since he preferred to sleep at Pendragon Castle with Lady Cassie when he could.

With only a handful of Sixth Years to worry about, he didn’t have the sort of duties that Aurelius would remember from his past life as Professor Snape.

XooooooX

Aurelius was surprised at the absence of Andromeda and Ted when his students appeared for their potions lesson.
Lucius passed him murmuring, “St. Vidius.”

Aurelius took that to mean that Nymphadora was due to be born…

He decided to scrap today’s original lesson to teach infant related potions…

At least, they would understand why….

Chapter End Notes

June 22, 1973

It had been interesting balancing their duties as Governors and Lords with their teaching duties but they didn’t yet committed to reprising their roles as teachers for the next Triwizard. They had at least three years to decide, the next Triwizard Tournament wouldn’t be finalized until at least then.

Lady Cassie and Lucius had joined the Governors and tutors from Hogwarts while the Black Family and a few of the other potential candidates’ families sat in seats a bit further down.

Aurelius was only slightly surprised to see James and Sirius present along Narcissa but who was the strawberry blonde with Alphard’s family? It couldn’t possibly be the missing Eddi right? Sure he had seen them around Beauxbatons but they didn’t seem to be obviously from British pureblood society like Rosier. He was certain that Eddi was Emelia’s elder brother… he had heard that in his previous life.

Filius was seated with the other Triwizard Judges, while his tutors sat with their guests. Lucius’ inclusion at Aurelius’ side was marked and whispered at, only those who had attended the Triwizard Yule Ball were aware of a developing relationship between them.

Hyrum Smythe, the healer who had diagnosed Aurelius’ anemia hadn’t mentioned it. His healer’s oath likely prevented it…

The other Governors’ children and wards who weren’t Champions shared a table: Remus, Lily, Severus, James, Sirius, Ethan Bones and Narcissa to mention a few.
Aurelius wasn’t sure who in Andromeda’s family aside from her cousin Emelia, daughter of Alphard Black, knew about her elopement and pregnancy. Knowing about ‘Tonks’ and seeing her was a very different thing, despite the likelihood that the babe was present in his classes, he neither heard nor smell her.

He very much doubted that Andromeda would be taking baby Tonks into the Atlantic with her, meaning that Ted probably had the babe.

Yet, the only person obvious looking for her was Narcissa. Clearly, she knew but her eyes were kind and curious, rather than judgmental.

This was not the air of the woman he remembered, despite having spent his past life in Slytherin with her and being her firstborn’s godfather, he clearly didn’t know her very well. He had thought that the reality of her sister bonding to a Muggleborn and bearing their children would have irrevocably damaged their relationship.

His musing was interrupted by Madame Maxime’s welcome.

The Third Task was announced as an underwater maze, with the Champions entering five minutes apart and in order of their rankings pointwise.

Since Andromeda had ninety-five points and was in first place currently, she dove off the cliff wearing a bubble head charm.

The spectators were congregated on a variety of seating choices and after the third champion entered the water British High Tea was served.

Aurelius had little doubt in his mind that Andromeda would win, not that his suspicions in regard to Beauxbatons’ Zabini being Blaise Zabini’s sire and Durmstrang’s Krum was the sire of Viktor Krum. Aurelius wondered if both Krums would have participated in Triwizard Tournament in time.

Despite being a natural Dark Witch and a Black, Andromeda proported herself well and was well-respected even among Light and Grey members of the British Magical Community. Her disownment by the Blacks, hadn’t really harmed her professionally as far as Aurelius had been aware of. Then again, as a non-bearer, how would he have know?
Sirius and James were obviously surprised to meet Lily, Severus and Remus at Beauxbatons. Despite having guardians or parents who were on the Board of Governors, it was unexpected to be allowed to attend the Third and Final Task. But if Aurelius had his way, they would all be prospective candidates…

They were only second years until July 1\textsuperscript{st} and well, they had planned this for Six Year students only…

Due to the Triwizard, most of the heirs and heiresses hadn’t seen Andromeda for months. While neither Aurelius or Alaric knew specifics, Bella’s absence was clearly marked but no one mentioned it. Since few mentioned Lady Drusilla Black, nee Rosier’s absence at family-led functions, it was possibly that this too would continue go undiscussed. Given Aurelius’ familiarity with Bellatrix Lestrange post-Hogwarts, it would be best if she was in the care of a mind healer.

Given the children’s familiarity with her, they were clearly excited about observing the Third and Final task of the Triwizard Tournament. Especially, considering that fact that Andromeda could be intimidating, she was a very powerful witch.

Due to their moving in the appropriate circles as well as tutoring them in Potions and Defence Against the Dark Arts, both Aurelius and Alari knew many of the other potential Hogwarts candidates such as Emelia Bones who was now Aurelius’ half sibling due to Aurelius’ blood adopt through her mother Madam Elaine Bones.

The candidates were called out along with their scores.

“Andromeda Black of Hogwarts- 90 points.”

The Hogwarts guests; champion candidates and their families as well as the Governors’ families clapped and in some cases, cheered. They were seated at a collection of wicker and iron furniture set up on the edge of a cliff over looking the sea.

“Branko Krum of Durmstrang- 85 points.”

The Durmstrangers were also present: a few teachers, their High Master and a collection of respected students which of course included the former champion candidates. Aurelius had specifically ensured that Remus, Corey, Regulus, Severus and Lily were present but they were wearing their uniforms in support. The former champion candidates stomped in unison and bellowed like bulls in support of their Champion. The british born Durmstrangers were more demure in their support of Krum, likely due to their familiarity with Andromeda.
Alaric was suspicious that Lady Walpurga’s second son Regulus was wearing a green and silver tie instead of his usual red in honor of his cousin, who was both a Slytherin and Hogwarts Champion. His praise for their champion was more demure, similar to most of the British observers such as Severus.

“Ander Zabini of Beauxbatons- 82 points.”

Beauxbatons clapped politely in unison to cheer on their champion.

Andromeda was wearing a green swimsuit; it had a strap that draped behind her neck, was form-fitted to her chest, the dress hugged her curves resting on her hips with her swim knickers barely visible. It was paired with a silver sarong that had Hogwarts’ crest on it. In Alaric’s opinion, it was a very demure as well as flattering choice…

Branko was dressed a tan-gold undershirt emblazoned with his House’s insignia and red swim trunks that Durmstrang’s coat of arms on its right thigh.

Anders had on a blue undershirt with a dog surrounded by stars and blue swim trunks that similarly had Beauxbatons’ crest.

The three of them had slip-on sandals and were poised on the edge of the cliff.

“Welcome,” Madame Maxime boomed, “to the Third Task of the Triwizard Tournament. We would like to welcome the champion candidates, their school staff, their governors and their families.”

Andromeda curtsied using the edges of her sarong, while the male champions bowed.

The nature of the task, that it was an underwater maze, was explained. That there would be an hour time limit following the last Champion entering the maze. They would enter in five minute intervals with Andromeda entering first.

Andromeda dove in when the bell chimed, to Lily who had watched the Olympics in Munich last Summer, well the first few days of it anyway, she was as graceful as any Olympian. There was a lot to admire in Andromeda…
The bell chimed five minutes later, when Branko who was representing Durmstrang dove into the ocean.

After Ander dove, tea was served. It appeared on the tables and it was obviously British High Tea: there were light sandwiches, biscuits and tea as well as cream, lemon and even jam. The observers chatted quietly and attempted to kill time.

Then there was a shimmer ahead of the judges table.

The wind picked up slightly and then Andromeda appeared, stepping into her sandals as she arrived.

With her scores, it wasn’t exactly surprising…

Hogwarts cheered loudly, with the affiliated adults clapping.

The praise spread through the assembled crowd and soon the other schools and their associates were clapping as well.

Andromeda was announced as the Triwizard Champion, with Madame Maxime handing her the prize money.

Then Andromeda called up Hufflepuff Ted Tonks, a former prospective Hogwarts’ champion.

“This 100,000 Galleons is for your education and to provide a future for you after Hogwarts.”

XoooooX

Aurelius wasn’t exactly surprised by Andromeda’s move, it was her way of providing for her family, in case of Walpurga’s rejection of her choices.

It was very probably that Flitwick would chose her as Head Girl in spite of her bonding, due to her
representation of Hogwarts as well as her winning the Tournament over all.

Hogwarts had given them a fine showing, in time it was a likely case that James and Sirius would be chosen for the next Triwizard. Since Remus, Lily and Severus transferred Durmstrang, their marks had improved. It seemed that James was taking the challenge of proving his worth in regard to Lily’s hand seriously.

Aurelius wasn’t going to make it easy, he intended to play the role of sire where no one was worthy of their children. This may not be the James Potter who tormented him throughout Hogwats; but then again, he had the potential to be.

It would remain a wait and see game…

XoooooX

As the bonded of a Black witch, Alaric was more supportive of the Hogwarts’ Triwizard Champion then he had expected.

Aurelius who didn’t like the company of most people had been very supportive of Andromeda and had ensured that the witch would have a good chance of a decent future.

He hoped that their hushing up of the elopement would help this come to past.

Being the bonded of a Black, Alaric was cordially invited to celebrate Andromeda’s win with the rest of extended family and those who were deemed worthy.

He of course agreed to attend, he would see how his life was when time for the next Triwizard Tournament rolled around.

XoooooX

“Of all the stubborn!” Renard Lestrange fumed.
Alaric had not expected his former dormmate in Slytherin to barge into his study at Pendragon Castle the morning after the celebration of Lady Andromeda’s victory in the Triwizard tournament.

“Renard, what reason could be worth disturbing me?” Alaric scowled.

“My heir… he takes after his Potter ancestors too much.” Renard spat.

Alaric was intrigued, “How so?”

Heir Lord Lestrange grumbled. “He knew his betrothed was mentally unsound, he refused to allow us to break the betrothal.”

Alaric chuckles silently, “You remember Oran's first wife, she knew she wasn't healthy and that pregnancy was unwise. She still begged Atticus to allow her to bond while at Hogwarts and live as Oran's wife. I never understood their bond, never coveted such a connection with another. My head is clear and I find myself very much enamoured with Lady Cassiopeia. I can understand the allure a Black witch might have. Given that I am her second spouse, it is lucky we did not meet properly prior. I might have doomed us before we had a chance.”

Renard sagged in a chair, “I don't understand how he can still be enamoured with a witch who fantasizes about his death…”

Alaric sighed, “Unlike your son who grew up wanted, I very much doubt Bellatrix did. We both know that Cygnus only bonded to Drusilla because he was threatened with being disowned and being knutless. Drusilla had the misfortune to fall for his charm, that wizard has always been a philanderer with terrible taste. I very much doubt the tale that Alphard spun about how Drusilla and Walpurga collapsed at Bellatrix’s third birthday party. Likely, Cygnus snuck his Muggleborn whore into that house and Walpurga followed Drusilla out of worry for her health when Cygnus was late. Bellatrix is the type to obsess, likely her dislike is spawned from Sirius' birth disrupting her party. I think the worst choice Rodolphus could make isn’t keeping the betrothal but severing it. It would likely be the final straw for her sanity…”

Renard grumbled but agreed to leave it alone, Alaric wasn't sure how to feel about the whole situation but he did wonder what Aurelius had meant about Bellatrix being dangerous…

What sort of a woman did she grow up to be without Oran's skills with mind healing?
Given how well-adjusted Cassiopeia’s adult children were, Alaric had hopes for his children with her.

Chapter End Notes


Any upcoming ideas for scenes you would like to see?

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!