I'll trust again when the dead walk

by 917brat

Summary

An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerous betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?
Summary- An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerous betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

Disclaimer- I do not own Harry Potter or the walking dead nor do I make any money of off them.

This is most likely going to be slash, with Harry and Daryl.

This story is for AllOutOfGluesticks, DebsTheSkytherinSnapefan, and Sifshadowheart. Who gave me the inspiration, and plot bunny that would leave me alone, to write this story. I know that these stories aren't that far apart, but for the sake of this story walking dead happens many years after the Harry Potter story. Also, this will be a story with really slow update, after I get what I have up.

Chapter one

Harry sat in one of the armchairs he had in his manor staring at the fire in front of him, trying not to once more get lost in his thoughts as he did so. Which when you were over six hundred years old wasn’t a very easy thing to do. As with as many thoughts he had in his head, and the many different things he had decided to learn over the years, not to mention all the adventures he had undertaken, there was a lot he could do to get lost in said thoughts.

Not that Harry actually looked to be six hundred years old he was, not in the least bit. If he was lucky Harry could maybe pass off as twenty-three, perhaps twenty-four, having aged a single year for every hundred years that had passed him by. Something that no matter what he did Harry hadn’t been able to chance. Nor had he been able to make it so any others could age the way he currently was; and that was despite everything he had tried otherwise.

But as he stared into his fire Harry found that, at least this time, it seemed that luck was on his side. As Harry was able to keep his mind in the present instead of being lost in the past, where most of the time Harry found himself wondering if it was better off forgotten. As his memories of the past seemed to bring him nothing but pain when he did recall them.

That is before Harry cursed himself for even thinking that. He couldn't, he wouldn't, dishonor the memories of his friends and family like that. Even if said memories were tainted with a lot of death and betray near the end of them all.

Still Harry knew that now wasn't the time to get lost in memories, even if it was plenty safe enough to do that if he had felt like it. Seeing as he was in his highly warded, highly protected, and completely walled in and booby-trapped manor. Say what you will but having six hundred years to do something and you come up with a lot of things that can be used for protection. Not to mention with as much free time as Harry had had, you were able to learn a lot of different things; especially when your motivated to actual learn them.

In fact, because of this, no one has been able to even see, let alone get in, his home in over five hundred years. Which was the last time Harry had invited someone, besides himself and the house elves that lived with him, to come in his manor; and even they were in aww of how protect Harry
had made his home.

Though they did say he was a little over paranoid and that even Hogwarts or Gringotts didn't have as many protections on them. But Harry figured with the life he had live he had the right to be more than a little paranoid. Though since then Harry had switched around, improved and in some case out right changed some of the levels of protection he had on his home. After all things had changed over the years and because of this so did the protection he had on his home.

Besides over the years Harry had gained a lot of different things in his home that he felt that need to be protected. The animals he found and raised, the house elves that had become like family to him, the large, really large, farm he had out back, the forest that surrounded his manor but was inside both the walls and wards he had outside his property.

Not to mention all the animals inside said forest that seemed to take him in as one of their own. Yes, Harry felt that he had plenty to protect and if adding more ward and more protection was needed it was something Harry wouldn't hesitate to do. After all it his home was pretty much the only thing, he hadn’t lost over the many years he had been forced to be alive.

All of it, and everything that also called it their home as well, was something Harry found himself willing to fight for. Be it, in a magical way or a muggle way, it was all he felt he had at the moment. And while some may call it pathetic and tell him to find something more to live for Harry felt it was enough because he knew deep within his heart at least those things wouldn't turn around and stab him in the back like so many others had. Not to mention it would take a lot longer for the long hands of time to be able to take all of that from him, unlike several of the people he had at one point been close to.

Shaking his head and cursing and muttering to himself about so much for not getting lost in his thoughts, Harry reminded himself that today was one of the very few days he actually went out of his wards and into the world around him. If only so he could continue to learn and not remain bored out of his mind. Not to mention get in some human interaction as Harry was sure he would have long since gone insane if he didn’t have his days where he went out; even with the help of the house elves and animals that were in his home.

Besides Harry really didn't want to get so separated from the world he became anything like the purebloods of the wizarding world, when they had to be around those, they called muggles. Hence, why Harry while not being a very social person, and very much what many considered a hermit, made sure to go out of his house every so often; even if it was only to learn about the world around him and not necessarily socialize.

At least not socialize much, seeing as he was still human and did desire human contact every once in a while...as long as it didn't led to said human contact ending up in his true home; much to the disappointment of the house elves who wanted Harry to socialize a lot more than he currently was. Feeling that it would help Harry become more than the depressed, shell of a person, he had been for the last hundred years.

Still it was because these trips to the outside world that Harry was able stay reliably sane, not lose his mind to utter boredom and learned a lot of things he never thought he would actually learn. Rather than learn them because of a lack of interest, lack of time, or just not even knowing about them previously.

Things that before would really never of crossed his mind, besides a brief boost of fantasy or wonderment while bored. At least for some of the thing he had learned during the last couple of hundred of years.
Some of them, Harry would admit he most likely would have learned at some point or other during his life even if he hadn't lived as long as he had. That is if he had lived a relatively normal life after Voldemort's defeat, he would have eventually learned them anyways; which sadly Harry found he hadn't been able to.

Still over the years Harry had been able to learn a lot. Some of which he would have deemed useless in his teens. Some he would have thought embarrassing to have to learn, or if not that too boring to learn. Others he would have been very interesting in learning and would have jumped at the chance to learn how to do so.

Oddly enough it was the learning the skills that he would have previously though interesting and embarrassing that he found being the most fun. While at the same time, even those he would have previously thought to be boring ending up being entertaining enough for him to learn over the years. Then again it was either do that or do nothing at all, and even after so many years Harry wasn’t good at having nothing to do; it was like he had to always keep his mind occupied with something. Or else his mind would start to go back and make him wonder things like what if, and how he could have handled things better than he had before.

Some of the things Harry had learned over the years being, Wood carving, runes, engineering, metal working. As well as Weapons, warding, and spell crafting; all of which he had learned to combined together to make even more powerful weapons or wards.

He had even gaining his mastery in things like defense magic, healing and Potions; something which he was sure that had Snape turning in his grave. On top of this Harry had also gained his animagus form, had learned several different forms of hand to hand, and had even for a brief period taught this to others; earning the name Sensei to a select few.

Not only that but, despite all believes otherwise Harry had learned to really shine with his skills in sewing, crocheting, the art of making, repairing and strengthening cloths both by magic and normal means. Something Harry had never thought he would want to learn as before he had never really cared about fashion in the least bit and had grown to hate repairing his own clothes because of what had happened during his childhood. But in the end had learned to and end up enjoying doing it because he had found others he wanted to make things like that for; something the house elves loved as it was often them Harry gifted the things to.

Then because Harry was always better on his feet, or when he was moving in a more physical manner; as it helped him think more clearly. Harry had learned how to do things such as Free running, dancing, healing again both magical and normal means, several different instruments, and of course given what most of the land on his home were; both farming and hunting.

Hell, in the memory of Teddy, his sweet little godchild he hadn't gotten enough time with, he had even learned to make teddy bears, wolves and even dolls. Something Harry usually made and then donated to a nearby orphanage; and something he always took joy in seeing children playing with later on/

There were several other things Harry had learned over the years, how could there not be. But these where the things Harry spent to most time on and still continued to learn more about and felt that he would never master as there was always something new to learn about them; rather it be a new technique or a different way to form or add something to it.

So yes, it could be said over the years Harry had learned a lot. A lot more than anyone ever thought he would learn about, let alone get to the level of skill he was with them. Harry could almost picture Snape rolling in his grave with how skilled Harry had gotten in potion when he always informed Harry that he had no skill.
In fact, Snape was probably curse him from beyond the grave considering the fact he had even
managed to create several different potions; most likely asking why the hell he didn’t show that
level of skills in his classes. Along with bitterly snapping about all the potions Harry had melted
before.

It only took Harry a couple hundred years to reach the skill level he had now. Still Harry would
admit, despite the fact that it seemed that the wizarding world was dying out, or was really close to
it the last time Harry check a good hundred years ago, that some of the potions and things they
made, did make life a lot easier for him.

Especially after he had learned to reverse engineer a lot of the things, they made, and learned just
how to make them himself; sometimes even improving them if he would on it hard and long
enough. Something only further helped by the fact he had at least three different greenhouses on
his land made solely to support and grow potion ingredients.

At the same time Harry could picture his father, Remus and his godfather Sirius cheering about the
fact the had his Animagus form. Even if, at the same time, they were probably a little stunned
about just what the form was, and a little curious about the fact that staying in it as long as Harry
did usually left physical signs in your human form. In Harry's case his eyes, and in his godfather
case his barking laugh that he had had.

One of the most time consuming, and longest used skills Harry had; was the fact he had learned to
use a lot of weapons. Something that he had been able to quickly find out that by learning weapon
he was weirdly enough able to control his temper and anger better than ever.

Because of this, Harry had ended up learning a lot of different weapons over the years. Both
normal weapons, and some rather odd one that he got in the mood to learn after reading about them
in some rather interesting stories. All of which Harry made sure to at least get the basics of when it
came to using them as a precaution.

As he while he was pretty much immortal as far as he could tell, this didn’t mean he couldn’t be
hurt or didn’t feel pain. As the five years he had spent with a very bad limp from when he had
taken bad fall during one of his stunts free running had proven; as even with all the help of potions
and his magic it had taken several years before it had fully disappeared. In fact, Harry was sure if
he had been a normal human, or even a normal wizard, he would have been permanently lamed in
that leg.

But in the end after all the practice and training he had in his weapons, Harry had learned that he
had particular weapons he preferred over all other Which was one of the reasons he had learned to
use his favorite twin blades as well as he had. Not to mention the skills he now had with his many
throwing daggers.

Because as it turned out blades of any type really seemed to be his favorite type of weapon and
come to him rather naturally; after the first couple of lessons that is. Not to mention, if anyone saw
him with them, they would probably say he had an unhealthy appreciation of most things sharp and
pointy. Something that wasn’t helped by the fact that now Harry never really went anywhere
without his twin blades or at least one pair of daggers; even if he had to hide them under numerus
spells so no one else saw them.

Harry had even attempted to learn the bow and arrow as a reminded for the Centaurs in the forest
and because they seemed rather interesting. But in the end had to put a stop to the lessons a sooner
than he would have like. Because the instructor he had gotten, had got too grabby, and curious for
Harry liking. Though he did keep practicing with them on his own and was pretty good with them
if he had any say. Even if they would never really be his favorite weapon; as honestly Harry
preferred getting close and personal with his fights more than anything else.

At the same time, he did have to admit the skills he had with the arrow, and more often the skills he had with his throwing blades made hunting a lot easier. Especially considering the fact he really didn't like using guns at all, and only had a few in the manor.

In fact, when it came to guns Harry really only new a little more than the basics of using them or caring for them; and that Harry had only learned under protest. Harry really didn't like dealing with one of the things that caused him so much pain in the past and usually went out of the way to avoid remembering just what had happened to him because of guns, and the people who wielded said guns. But at the same time had learned what he had because he didn’t want to be caught flat-footed again; never wanted to be that vulnerable to guns again.

When it comes to wood carving, runes, metal work, warding and spell crafting these were all things he had learned earlier on and where things he constantly worked on or improving on. Both because it helped work on the protection he had on everything, and because with the innumerable things that could be done with any of these things. Making it so that there was always something new Harry could learn or make; so it was a more constant source of work and entertainment than anything else.

When it comes to potions, healing, and even when it comes to running a farm and hunting. These are all things Harry did to remind himself of what is needed to keep himself alive. To remind himself, yes, he is alive and no he shouldn't give up. Besides that, he needed to know how to both farm and hunt considering just what was on his lands.

As behind the large stone gates and numerus wards that he had up; not to mention the more mundane traps and protections he had placed up. Was both a large forest that had numerous animals in it and inside that, was his home surrounded by another large farm that had a field full of different fruiting trees, vegetables, fruits and several different farming animals.

All things Harry needed if he wanted to live completely on his own without any human company and because of this all things that he needed to know how to run if he wanted to survive. Which Harry was able to do with the help of the house elves. A group of them that had stayed with Harry over the years; with the most of them being descendants of Winky, Dobby and Kreature.

Not to mention Harry always did love spending time with the animals on the farm and in the forest; all of which seemed to accept him in some way or another. Unlike what Harry knew most humans had done. Something Harry felt might have been helped by the animal form that he had and the fact that Harry didn’t hunt them for game but survival; just as other animals did naturally in the forest.

When it comes to making clothes, making teddy bears, stuffed wolves, and even making dolls, these where things Harry often did when his memories got too much and he wanted to do something to honor those he had loved and lost. It was like Harry could pour all the love he had for his family in these things and remember all the good times he had with them as he crafted. It was a constant source of comfort for Harry; especially when he started feeling depressed. Not to mention he was seen as something that Harry could do to pass on some of that happiness to others, as the children that ended up getting those toys certainly loved them.

Finally, when it came to things such as his music, free running, dance and even his Animagus form. These where all things he did for the freedom of it and because they help Harry further express emotions. Though Harry had to admit that to him free running was similar to flying and that he loved it; even if he did have to adapt it somewhat given his place did have a lot of trees in it.

Dancing came about because, well one he had been bored, and had remembered how embarrassed
he had been during the ball in fourth year; so he had decided to do something to fix that. And because something he had keep up because he had found out that the dancing helped with both his weapon use and hand to hand.

Not only that but there were so many different type and styles of dance to learn and a lot of them were really good and expressing the emotion the dancer was feeling; often time Harry found himself feeling more than just physically exhausted after dance.

The same could be said for his music. As not only was it, now, pleasant to listen to, to both him, the house elves, and even the animals that stay around when he started playing, but it was a major outlet Harry had for his emotions. Not to mention it was a talent that he was able to express around others as he usually played a free concert or two when he went out; something that Harry would reluctantly admit he hadn’t done in a couple of years now.

As for his Animagus form it was a way to connect to his family, or at least his father and godfather. Not to mention shifting into his form and just running through his forest was one of the best feelings Harry knew. As the sheer freedom Harry felt when running was right up there with flying and free running in his human form. Nothing seemed to really beat it.

Shaking his head to clear it once more Harry got up and grabbed the bags the house elves and set out, all three of them; all of which were protected, bottomless and made feather light since he had first gotten them all. And all of them being the bags he took out each time he had decided to leave his home in the first place.

With the first bag holding the usual mountain of protected food and drinks the house elves made him. Which was like always, was way too much for him to eat by himself even if he was a glutton and did nothing but eat for a week straight.

Harry had long since stop asking the elves to stop packing so much and just put it back once he returned. Not giving it out to others as even with the help of magic most people didn’t want to willingly take food from strangers; something Harry could understand giving everything that could be slipped into food.

Though at the same time, when he did end up coming back with almost everything he had left with, at least food why, he did end up wonder if the house elves where trying to tell him something. Especially when he noticed they looked slightly disappointed each time he came back alone and put a lot of the food back. At the same time, he didn’t want to think to hard on it, as he got the feeling he knew exactly what the house elves really wanted him to do.

The second bag Harry was carrying with him, held his weapons, potions and medical kits, and had been a bag he had carried since he had been in the wizarding world war over six hundred years ago.

It was something Harry knew he really no longer needed to carry but at the same time never went anywhere without. Seeing as he had long since learned it was better to be prepared and not need it, then to really needed it and not have it. A lesson he had literally carved into him through the scars his body now held.

The third bag didn't have anything in it, rather it was an empty bottomless bag that Harry could use to fill up with things that could catch his interest and leave him with something to do, something to read, or something that could at lease keep him moderately entertained until he went out again.

This was a bag that Harry took out with him every time as well and ended up getting quite a few things as well. Because honestly Harry didn’t like leaving his house to much if he had the choice. So, to keep himself fully entertained he ended up needed to grab a lot of different supplies.
Something that usually earned Harry odd looks when they saw just how much he was purchasing.

Harry, after grabbing all three of these bags, opened his door and after going through the secret path he made to get passed the reinforced stone walls headed out. Wondering all the while if he had been slightly insane all those years ago when he had decided to go and live in Georgia, America of all places he could have stayed.

But then again, Harry knew he was a hermit who got along better with animals then he did humans, so he figured he out in the middle of pretty much nowhere had been a perfect spot for him after all. Not to mention it was a place he didn’t see people going out of their way to look for him; be they Mundane or if they were still there Magical.

Before he left Harry made sure to check a mirror to see that he had all the necessary things on him. After all it wouldn't be good to have his weapons showing, or to go without some important clothing like he had, much to his embarrassment, done before. And honestly Harry could have done without the wolf whistling that incident had caused.

Looking in the mirror Harry saw his reflection and wondered slightly at how much he had changed over the years. Now he had dark, almost blue looking, black hair that was about shoulder blade length in honor of his godfather.

He had the same green eyes he always had but now they seemed to glow and were more animalistic looking because of his animagus form. Which because of he now no longer needed the glasses, that had been a part of most of his younger years.

He had a small afternoon shadow and now stood at a good six feet tall with a muscular almost gymnastic like build. And most importantly to Harry at the moment, he had all his cloths on, his weapons had been spelled and he had all his things he need to go out. Meaning he had wasted enough time and really needed to get out there or the house elves would start to wonder. Something Harry really didn’t want to occur if he could stop it.
I'll trust again when the dead walk

Summary- An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numeral betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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Chapter two

Harry, once he gotten out of the stone gates and passed all the wards he had set up over the years; adding more around his property whenever he felt he could improve on an older ward. Then, after making sure that he had got a good grasp on his bags. Got ready to apparate to a small wooded area near Atlanta Georgia. A place he had set up years ago just for that purpose; and an area none but him, and those he allowed, could actually get inside.

As he did this, and after making sure to inform the house elves that he most likely was going to be gone for a couple of days or so; like he usually was. Not to mention informing them that if he really needed the he would call them. Something Harry always made sure to do, so that they wouldn't worry about him while he was away.

Though, even as he did this, Harry was sure they already had multiple spells on him to tell them his health. Something Harry allowed because the house elves had become like family to him and family was allowed to do things like that to help with the worry they would feel. Besides it wasn’t like Harry wasn’t doing the exact same things with the some of the wards he had around his house.

Knowing this, and after getting some positive replies from the house elves Harry apparated away to his destination. Which was a warded a small cabin he had set up so that he could apparate in and out of without worry about anyone enter of finding or seeing him do so. Having learned a lesson about not doing so and having chosen that place years ago because it was surrounded by woods that almost no one went into. In fact, only another witch or wizard could even see it, even if they couldn't get into it.

And since Harry was almost positive that the wizarding world, at least in America, had died out there wasn't much of a chance of anyone but him getting into it. That in mind Harry disappeared from his home and got ready for his trip; not really knowing that he had quite an adventure waiting for him once he left the cabin, he had just apparated in to.

Harry once he got into his cabin, he instantly felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up on end. While his magic, usually calm and collect after his years of working on controlling it, began to buzz wildly inside him. Nearly lashing out of his control as it did this; something the new small cracks on the nearby door clearly showed.

Feeling this, Harry knew from experience that there was some type of danger waiting for him once
he left the cabin. What type of danger Harry wasn't sure of, but he knew it was something big, his very magic and instincts were screaming that at him; at the very least. And honestly Harry knew his magic wouldn’t be reacting the way it was if there wasn’t something it deemed deadly nearby. It was a warning system that had saved his life on several different occasions.

Knowing this and knowing to listen to his instincts, not to mention his magic, seeing as bad things tended to happen when he didn't listen to both of them, Harry brought out his twin blades. Ready and seriously willing to defend himself from whatever dangers there was outside his cabin.

At the same time, knowing that there might be others out there and that his magic may be wrong about the level of danger out the, Harry was also preparing to play the unknowing paranoid hermit or even erase the memory of whoever was on the other side if he was wrong about the danger he felt. However small that chance may be, after all it was better to be prepared for it then be caught unaware.

Wanting both his hands free and knowing it would save time that could possible save his life, Harry kicked his cabin door open instead of opening it with his hands. Which at the moment were instead occupied holding a twin-blades; with on blade in each hand.

It was by doing this, that Harry could see that just outside the wards surrounding his cabin keeping it both safe and invisible to everyone else that maybe around it. Or at least it did until it was made obvious that it was actually there like Harry had just done, there was what looked to be an inferi brushing against said ward. Now trying to desperately to get inside said wards.

Except Harry magic informed him that it wasn't an inferi in front of him and there wasn't any magic whatsoever running through whatever that thing was. His magic also screamed at him that whatever that thing was it was what both his magic and his instincts where telling him was so dangerous to him. That it was deadly to everyone around it.

Because of this and acting on instincts long since horned and sharpened into him Harry brought both his blades up and slashed the creature in front of him. Going through both the head and a crossed the neck taking it out once and for all; if what his magic was now telling him meant anything.

Harry after the creature had been taken care of knew that instantly that something really big had happened since the last time he had gone out. Which honestly was a good five years or so ago; so that gave a lot of time for something to happen. Which meant that Harry had most likely missed whatever was happened actually happening in the first place and most certainly missed all the warning signs there may have been.

But at the same time, Harry also got the feeling that whatever had happen had only started happening more recently; like in the last couple of months or so at the most. It was a feel in the air, not to mention the real lack of devastation around the area.

Not that that actually helped Harry with understanding just what exactly was happening around him, but it did give Harry a timeframe to help figure it out. And it also gave Harry another step forward in finding just what happened a little quicker than it would have been if it had been an actually five years since it happened. Something Harry was really doubtful of as he felt he would have noticed some signs of what was about to happen if this had started that long ago.

The sound of groaning and feet shuffling as well as the feeling of his magic raising to defend him once more let Harry know that he was still in danger, and that there were more of those creatures around him. Knowing this and swearing to find out just what was going on Harry spun around willing and ready to take on the creatures heading his way. Which apparently where now able to
see and smell him because he was no longer behind the wards surrounding his small cabin; ward that had been hiding him from their senses to begin with.

It was by spinning around that Harry was able to see that there were a good ten creatures making their way to him, and a rather slow but at the same time oddly fast pace. The speed alone these creatures were moving out, letting Harry know that these definitely weren't inferi even more than the lack of magic did; seeing as inferi couldn't move fast at all.

Seeing this, Harry gave a rather pained looking smile before mental wonder why he had wished for any type of excitement earlier that day before he had left his home. He really should have known better than to do so.

He should have long since realized something like this would happen if he wished for some entertainment, what with the Potter luck and all. Still, and despite him not wanting it to, this didn't stop a small thrill of excitement from going down his spine; at least he wouldn't be bored for a while.

These thoughts though didn't stop Harry in the least bit as he, using both blades as if they were extensions of himself, all but danced his way through the creatures taking the head off of each one of them. Attack from both sides due to his duel blades; knowing that if you took the head the rest of the body would follow. After all, if it worked with snakes, or snake like Dark Lord’s, it should work with these creatures as well.

It didn't take Harry too long to take out the rest of the creature and he soon found himself on the other side of the small clearing that his cabin was hidden in; no more creatures in sight. His blades covered in the blood of the creatures, while he himself, and the bags he had slung over his shoulders before he even left the cabin, relatively clean of all blood except a few specks here and there.

Seeing this, Harry was about to use magic to clean of both his blades, as well as himself, when he heard the sound of nearly silent footsteps and the draw of an Arrow being pulled back in a bow. All of which were nearly completely silent, and all of which would have been impossible to normally hear if it wasn't for the fact that all of Harry senses had long since been enhanced due to his animagus form.

In fact, it was only because his sense had been enhanced and Harry had been able hear these sounds and that had only been by barley. However, he had heard them, and it was because of this that he spun around to where the sound where coming from; blades raised ready to defend himself.

Only to see that there was a man, about six foot four with shortish dark brown hair that fell to about ear level, blue eyes and a rather serious take no shit from anyone look on his face. A look that was only enhanced by the fact he had a bow and arrow fully loaded and aimed directly at Harry's face.

Seeing this Harry cursed slightly and wondered when the hell he let his guard down so much that this man could sneak up on him; even if he was distracted by whatever creatures those things were. Not to mention wondering almost absent mindedly if he could heal as easy from an Arrow wound as he had a gun shot wound in the past.

At the same time Harry could see that there was no real cruelty in the man before him eyes. So, raising his hands up slightly and after mimicking put up his blades, which got Harry a quick nod from the man, Harry place his blades back on his back; subtlety removing the magic that keep them hidden from wondering eyes as he did so.
Once Harry had his blades up, and was sure the man in front of him could see that said blades were up, he turned back toward said man, and could clearly seeing that the man still looked ready to defend himself; though at the same time he did look less likely to shoot an arrow at him at any minute.

Seeing this Harry took a good step back before beginning to speak. Hoping that perhaps he could get some much needed answered about what was going on, while at the same time get the arrow still pointed at him away from him and in another direction, or better yet completely put away as he did so.

“So, do you mind telling me just what’s going on. I’ve been holed up in my home for a while now and came out to whatever this is.” Harry asked as he gestured to the corpses of the creatures he had just destroy. Getting a disbelieving look from the man in front of him, before he got the explanation he wanted; and boy was that one hell of an explanation.

A good three hours later, Harry was left stunned about everything he had just found out. Not to mention, more than a little disbelieving. Though the living prove he had to fight through did help enormously in getting rids of said disbelieve.

One of the main things he had learned that had left him so stunned was the fact that it had only been a little over a month and a half since this all had started. Harry knew even magic couldn't have covered as much ground as whatever this was had, as fast as it had. As apparently from what he had been told this whole thing was a worldwide ordeal.

At first the man, who Harry eventual found out was named Daryl, was a little disbelieving about the fact that Harry didn't know anything about what was going on. What with the fact that Harry had weapons on him, knew how to use them and didn't hesitate to use them on what he, and now Harry, called Walkers.

It was a little hard to believe, more than a little hard to swallow for Daryl. But when Harry only told him that he knew that the walkers where a danger, that something in him screamed to him that he needed to get rid of them and that he only attacked them before they could attack him.

And that he only began cutting of the heads because he knew most things didn't come back after losing a head. Daryl was a little more believing after hearing that. And was a little more willing to tell Harry what he knew about just why or what or how the walkers came to be; which is what Harry had no idea about.

Not to mention that it also helped Harry a good deal when he informed Daryl that he was what most people called a hermit and only came out every once in a while; and that he really hadn't been anywhere in a good while.

Which again got Harry a look of disbelieve, which Harry believed was because of how he looked or to be more precise the age he actually looked, before Daryl seemed to accept it. An oddly knowing look in his eyes, as if he knew something that Harry about Harry that Harry himself hadn't actually told him.

A look that normal would have raised the hairs on the back of Harry's neck and caused him to leave as soon as possible. But for some reason, Harry couldn't bring himself to feel really nervous about the look nor find it in him to leave quite yet; something about Daryl soothed something in him.

Perhaps it was the fact that Daryl also seemed to be a bit of a hermit and seemed to get along better with animals then humans like Harry did; well besides Daryl's brother Merle that is. Or perhaps it was the fact Daryl talked about as much as Harry himself did and instead seemed to let his action
do most of the talking for him; like Harry often found himself doing.

Still during those three hours, Harry had managed to find out a lot about these walkers; a lot more than he had known before. Seeing as he hadn’t known a single thing about them beforehand.

Like the fact that they had been raising for about three months now, that it was said to be some type of disease that cause them to rise in the first place. That if bitten by a walker you turn into a walker and the only way to truly kill a walker was through the head.

He also found out that Daryl, when he had run into him, had been out in the wood hunting for some food for both him and his brother. So that they could take it along when they headed out to find a safer place from the walkers; perhaps going to Atlanta or the CDC that had been advertising safety.

Harry after hearing this, and wanting to know more, not to mention not wanting to leave behind or be left behind by someone who actually made him feel something besides apathy Harry asked to go along with them. Which to his astonishment and a bit of relief was accepted.

Though Harry was informed by both Daryl and Merle, when they got back to him, that he was expected to pull his own weight and not expect to be waited on hand and foot; though Merle worded it a lot cruder then his brother did much to Harry’s amusement. Harry found he really liked Merle’s rather blunt and unapologetic attitude it was rather refreshing when compared to some of the attitude Harry had to deal with in the past. Because at least with Merle he knew exactly where he stood, and what was thought about him; with out all the flowery words used to hide the dagger they were going to use to stab him in the back.

These conditions for him to be able to come was something Harry had no problem accepting. In fact, he told them he would rather have it that way because he never wanted to be waited on hand and foot; that doing so would drive him insane in the long run.

And it was perhaps because of this, along with the fact that he seemed to give as much snark as Merle gave out that he found himself getting along with both the people he was traveling with. Though rather he told them about his home, that he was a wizard or that he was actually over six hundred years old, or the fact he had a sack filled with food and another with weapons and medical supplies was something he wasn't sure about yet. He wanted to, but at the same time he couldn't quite bring himself to do so; if only because he had been burnt too many times in the past for trusting too quickly.

Though he could say these two brothers were closer to finding out about everything, and that was both on their own and with him telling them, then anyone else had been in a long while; since the last of the people he actually called his family in fact. Mostly just for the way they treated him, the world around them, and because Harry found them to be just rather refreshing, not to mention really amusing, to be around.

At the same time Harry got an almost tugging feeling on his magic letting him know that something big, even bigger than what he had already dealt with, was coming. That the group of three was currently heading towards something huge and that if he continued the way he was that there would be big changes in his future; changes he wouldn't be able to control in the least bit.

Feeling this Harry was almost tempted to apparate back to his home then and there; back to where he knew was completely safe. But the fact he was actually enjoying someone company, and perhaps maybe just missing human interaction for once, as Harry found himself rather unwilling to do so. Besides just how bad could those changes be after all…well you know beside the dead now waking up and walking among the living wanted to eat them all alive that is.
Summary- An immortal Harry potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerus betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

Disclaimer- I do not own Harry Potter or the walking dead nor do I make any money of off them.

This is most likely going to be slash, with Harry and Daryl.

Chapter three

They had been on the road of a little over a month now, and despite the few walkers they ran into over the last couple of days, it had been rather pleasant. But now they were no longer just a group of three, and things weren't nearly as pleasant as they had been. Hadn't really been for the last week since several other people, that now made up the group they had rather unwillingly became part of, had first stumbled onto them really.

Much to Harry disgust, mainly because several of the people that made the now much larger group they were part of, if only because the protection the numbers gave him, were people Harry usually went far out of his way to completely and utterly avoid. Like say moving to a-whole-nother country and hiding up in a manor surrounded by thick walls and well over a hundred different wards all designed to keep others out one way or another for a good hundred years type of avoid.

To put it lightly several members of this new group reminded Harry of a past he would very much not be reminded of; and yet now constantly was. Though that is not to say that all of the people in the group they found reminded him of his haunted past in a negative fashion.

No, quite a few of them reminded Harry of the people he had actually loved and trusted in the past, reminded him of the good times and he actually liked these few because of it. Even if he wasn’t as close to them, or even spoke to them all that much because of the terror they were all currently feeling. Considering just what was going on in the world around them.

Not to mention the fact that there were actually children in this group and Harry always, no matter how he argued against it, had an incredible soft spot for children. A spot he always really had and made his usually go out of his way to help those younger than him; which had been one of the reasons he had learned to make toys in the first place.

But at the same time, these good times, and the happier memories they caused Harry to remember, seemed to be rare and in-between or seriously overpowered by the bad that continued to happen. Making it so that Harry honestly would have been happier if the group hadn’t found him, Merle, Daryl in the first place; something that Harry could tell was shared by the brothers as well. Even if at the same time they didn’t seem to be completely willing to leave either; at least not yet they didn’t.

The reason he felt this way was mainly because of what Harry mentally thought of as the main antagonists in the group and the once who reminded Harry of the worst about his past, Shane Walsh and Lori Grimes. The loudest, most controlling part of the group; as Merle put it, and Harry
agreed with him a hundred percent.

They honestly seemed to think their shit didn't stink. Not to mention seemed to think that, despite the fact they really hadn’t done anything to prove they were worthy of it, they were now in charge of everyone that was grouping together in the clearing.

Though after a couple of time of them trying that with him, Merle or Daryl they did eventual stopped trying to control them; finally realizing that they couldn't. Not to mention realizing that when it came to those three they wouldn’t be able to overpower them either, and it was best to leave them alone; something that took a lot longer than Harry would have liked.

Though this, didn't stop them or the majority of the groups from insulting the original group of three. Despite the fact that it was because of this group of three they were so well feed; not to mention protected. Which only got worse when Merle returned fire in his normal, highly amusing, way. Harry could see how the group couldn't see that Merle was only giving back what they were spitting at them to begin with.

But this had ended up with Merle, his brother and Harry as well, all painted with the same brush; most likely because of how they all looked and spoke. But then again Harry was used to being labeled a hermit, a lying, or even an attention seeking brat so being labeled a redneck by people he honestly didn’t give a damn about wasn’t something he was going to lose sleep over.

At the same time, he guessed that the others were attempting to look down on them from some type of moral high ground; like the traitors in his past had tried to do to him. Why, or how these people seemed to even look down on them considering everything that was happening, Harry wasn't so sure about. Though he did know it irritated him something fierce at times and made him trust the rest of the group just that much less; after all he knew and respect the Dixon's the rest not so much.

The fact that neither Merle nor Daryl were taking any of the group bullshit lying down like the others seem to want seemed to make things even worse; not that Harry felt either brother should accept what was being said about them. As Harry never had, and never would so he didn’t think anyone else should either.

It was just that honestly, being around this group was starting to make Harry feel more than a little mentally exhausted and wanting to get away from them all even if for a little while. At the same time Harry knew he would come back to this group, if only for the children safety. But at the same time, he felt that eventual if things didn’t change, even staying for the children’s safety wouldn’t be enough to keep him, or the Dixon brothers there.

Which was one of the reason Harry spent most of his time away from the group and hunting with Daryl instead of staying with the group. Well that, and Harry really wasn't used to interacting with others and wasn't really willing to start now. Not when even speaking to some of them was like pulling teeth to Harry.

Another reason that Harry wanting to go hunting with Daryl was the fact that Harry really felt like he needed to talk to Daryl about several different things at once. Several of the things that he wanted to speak to Daryl, as well as Merle, were things he had been planning on telling the two brothers before they had run into this other group in the first place. Most of it being what he had been thinking about telling them for a while now, and information that were really starting to weigh in heavily among his thoughts the more attention he paid to them.

Harry had already been rather close to telling Daryl and his brother about his magic, along with the safety said magic offered. Because his both the feeling he got around them and his magic was
telling him that he could trust the two. Not only that, but Harry had also been just about to tell them about his house and offer to take them to it so they could all be safe. Only for it to be too late to be able to tell them any of this, as the rest of what was now 'their' group had stumbled upon them.

Now currently Harry's mind was torn about just what he should do, and his magic was sending him several different mixed messages. That all came together to say not all of this group could be trusted, and that there were members in this group that would lead to the destruction or death of him or his family. Even if most people didn't consider animal or house elves family Harry most certainly did. After all, they had been with him and there for him more than any human had ever been; besides a select few who had died a good five hundred years ago.

Which was one of the reasons why his mind was so twisted about what to do now, he had a safe place that there were no way walkers could get into. He had plenty of food and water both there and on him. Not to mention he also had a good surplus of different supplies as well.

In fact, he had numerous weapons as a just in case, he had the plenty of room for people to stay in, and he even had enough medical supplies to run a hospital for over a year; at the very least.

Along with all of that he also had the ability to make more of these supplies with a little help from his magic, and he even had different sources entertainment in his home as well. Basically, he had what most would consider a paradise in these current times. But something in him always held him back when it came to informing the others of this.

Mainly the uncomfortable buzz of his magic and the nearly panic ridden thoughts of, could he actually let other in constantly plaguing his thoughts. Making him wonder if he could trust the others, not only in his home, and around his family, but actually let them in and let them know him after six hundred years of doing everything he could to avoid that?

Could he really trust these people, when he had only just met them and really haven't spent that much time with them in the first place? When something in him was repelling against the very thought of doing so?

Could he trust these people, let them in and be at what he considered his own sanctuary, when several of them reminded him of those that had repeatedly stabbed him in the back and then proceeded to laugh at the agony Harry had felt from said action?

Harry knew that yes, there were kids with them, and Harry knew that usually he would do anything in his power to make sure kids where safe. And honestly, right now they were the main reason, besides the Dixons, that Harry actually stayed with his group. But, at the same time, could Harry let in the entire group in his own just for these kids? Considering there where most likely numerous kids out there suffering in just the same way these kids were? All, most likely with groups of their own, he knew he couldn’t let all of them in as well.

Speak of the Dixon's, or more precise Daryl, since Merle was finally catching up on some much-needed sleep; after staying up the last couple of nights watching for any walker action. He was about to go on another hunt, one Harry knew he was welcomed in. Maybe there Harry would be able to talk to him about all of this and get his thoughts on all of it. That is if he accepted it and didn’t lash out like Harry feared the others would.

Though, if he did do this, that would mean that he would have to open up more to Daryl so that he could clearly understand everything. Open up more so then he had with any other human in a long time. Since the deep betrayal had sent him hiding away from everyone in the first place.

If only so Daryl would know or even understand just why Harry had so many trust issues as he did.
If he did that, then maybe Daryl could help him gather his thoughts and figure out what he needed
to do. Maybe he could find a way to help him at least word it to see how people would react
without really giving out too much information.

And maybe if he let Daryl know he could figure out a way that Harry could use his pouches of
food, medicine and weapons to help the kids of the camp so they didn't go hungry or anything like
that. And maybe if he let Daryl, and once he got up his brother, in they could help him figure out
just who would be going to his house, and how. Because Harry knew he couldn't apparate with too
many people in said house, nor would he be able to porkey all of them there because the wards
would only let himself porkey in and that was all.

But would Daryl accept him, in the first place? Would he really be willing to help him after all his
blood family never did? Not to mention nor did a good chunk of the people he had once thought of
family. Who had all turned their backs on him when he needed them the most; after everything he
had given up to help them. These were the just some of the thought that plagued him as he
wondered just what he should do, just what should he say.

Biting his lip Harry decided to hell with it, he needed to do this; and he wasn't going to let his fears
of the what if's or maybes hold him back. Hell, why would he, if worst came to worse, he did have
a way out of it. And if worse came to worse it would just be those that couldn't accept him that
would end up suffering in the long run.

That in mind Harry followed Daryl out as he went hunting. Giving the man a look that let him
know that as soon as they were out of hearing distance, that there was something he needed to tell
him as he did so. A look that Daryl seemed to understand as he gave Harry a nod, slung his bow on
his back, and walked into the woods around them; Harry following silently behind him as he did
so. His own blades clearly seen on his back as the two made their way deeper in the forest.

The two walked in complete silence for a while, managing to kill four squirrels and even a single
rabbit that had somehow managed to survive this long in the wild without being eaten by
something else. And that was all before they got to a clearing that Daryl deemed far enough away
for whatever Harry wanted to speak about.

Something that Daryl got the strong feeling was something that would have a huge impact on
everything that happened from now on, and something Daryl could tell had been bothering Harry
for a while now. That Daryl knew at the same time he had been about to tell both him and his
brother about; that is before the rest of the group had arrived. Causing Harry to clam right up, when
it came to whatever he was going to speak about. Leaving both brothers back to waiting to see what
Harry was going to tell them. Harry seeing this, and knowing it was now or never, took a deep
breath and got ready to explain everything.

Or at least enough about everything that Daryl could get a good understanding about what Harry
was talking about. The exact everything was something that Harry didn't want to go in to too much
detail in both because the time it would take and the really personal information that was in it; not
to mention the scars it would open back up.

But knowing that information was important, and how not having enough information could easily
kill, Harry spent the next hour, almost two hours, explaining to Daryl just what magic was and how
Harry had it.

Making sure to give an example of magic as he went on as Daryl was always a hand on learning.
And getting a little amusement by having the first things he did with magic, to actually prove he
had it, was summoning another fleeing squirrel to them, which was promptly taken out with a flick
of one of Harry's throwing daggers.
This done and seeing now he had Daryl's full attention, as well as the fact he seemed to believe him, Harry continuing on with what he had been saying. Explain some of the things that magic could do; physically giving examples of said magic as he did so.

Like In offense, there were things like blasting and cutting curses. Or in defense it was made up of things like shields and wards. In charms, which Harry made sure Daryl knew had numerous different used, but the ones he could do that would help would be things like the bottomless bag and feather light charm. Then Harry went into Potions, which Harry was quick to inform had numerous uses like charms, but some of them were scent blockers, nutrients potions, and potions that could be used to speed up plant growth.

Next, Harry told Daryl about healing, which Harry thought was pretty obvious what it did but still showed an example by healing a couple cuts Daryl had on his hand from working with his blades. Harry also informed Daryl he knew how to heal other extremely well in both magical and what everyone else would consider normal ways.

After that Harry went into transfiguration, which Harry promptly gave an example of as he transformed a couple of rock into more arrows for Daryl. Something which the man in question was quick to take and seemed grateful for. As he continued to listen as Harry mention several other less known and less used types of magic such as runes and wards.

Then Harry went on and explained a little about his life and how he had been forced to learn not to trust others, and how now he was having trouble opening up to anyone else. How he learned to rely on his instincts and magic to see who he could trust, and how that was how he knew he could trust both brothers when he had first met them.

He then told Daryl about how he had wanted to inform both Daryl and his brother about his magic before now. But when the others had stumbled on to them before he could he just could do it than. Especially now that his magic was telling him that he couldn't trust some in the group and that they were a danger to him and his. But how despite this Harry really did want to help and protect some of the members of the group with them; like the children.

By this time the two had cover a good deal on magic and the other information Harry had wanted to share. The both of them had managed to get ten different squirrels, three small rabbit, and even managed to find some tracks for a deer going deeper into the woods.

But despite this, Harry hadn't been able to bring up the biggest thing he had wanted to talk to Daryl about. The things that had been weighing on Harry's mind the most, and Daryl seemed to know this if the look he gave Harry meant anything. Harry seeing this, was about to forces himself to continue on when Daryl decided to speak for the first time since Harry had started explaining he was a wizard.

"You know, my Grandma would always tell me and my brother these stories when we stayed with her. Stories I just couldn't help but believe no matter how much I was mocked for it. Grandma used to tell us all kinda stories about her mom and her mom's mom before that.” Here Daryl seemed to trail off a little as he thought of what Harry could tell where happier past memories.

“ She used to go on about how they originally were from England and how their family could do amazing things or how our family used to be able do things that were out right magical. She would tell me about dragon and stories about magic that sounds so wonderful, yet at the same time terrifying with how it could be used.” After saying this Daryl seemed to force him back into the present as he looked right at Harry as he told him.

“Then Granny would get really sad as she mentioned how it all seemingly disappeared along with
those that could still do magic. How our family move to America in hope of finding the magic once more but being unable to… But even more often than she would tell me stories like that, she would mention something that sounded more like a family story.” Here Daryl almost seemed to smirk a bit as he continued.

“Ones that Grandma seemed to be mighty proud of, and those stories were about this green-eyed wizard who dealt with too much betray and for all this wizard’s power he couldn't keep what matter most close to him because of this betrayal. Grams would go on proud like about how only our family was one of the few that stuck with this wizard and refused to betray him. She'd tell me that it was because of that boy our family motto because family first, and how family doesn't always mean blood. It's because of those stories I know that there is magic out there somewhere and it's because of those tells I knew there was something about you that fit into the world grandma spoke about. I just had to wait for you to tell me yourself.”

Hearing this Harry went wide eyed and disbelieved. He also started to wonder just what family Daryl was from, as there had been several families that had stuck with him over the years and that he had lost track of over as time passed; meaning Daryl really could be from one of them. Before shaking his head to clear it, as that really didn’t matter at the moment; and he could always work on figuring that out later.

But right now, there was something he need to do first before he did anything else, he need to inform Daryl and his brother about the safe house he had. And hopefully afterwards get help either breaking it or hiding it, but still using it to help, the other of the group. That being said Harry took a deep breath and finally finished telling Daryl everything he had originally wanted to.

"Okay I guess that means I didn't need to be so worried about telling you about magic then, at least not magic alone that is. But what I really need you help with, and what has been weighing something awful on my mind is something that I might have to worry about.” Here Harry paused nervously as he licked his lips, wondering how he should word what he wanted to say before decided to hell with it. Daryl would most likely prefer it as blunt as possible anyway.

“ I have ways to help you, your brother and the others but I don't have a way to do so without informing them about magic to begin with. Which again is something my magic is screaming against doing with several of the group; telling me it would be deadly to do so. A disaster even.” Here Harry winced as his magic seemed to scream at him backing up those words. But Harry didn’t let that stop him as he continued speaking.

“ But at the same time, I can't let you, your brother, the group, or those kids, suffer because if this. That's why I wanted to talk to you, hope that maybe you would have an idea about would I could do. I mean currently I have three different bottomless bags right on me. Only one of them is empty. The others have medical supplies, weapons and food in them…but I really don't want to bring any of these out around Shane. Or even take some of the supplies outside the bag saying I found them like I thought about doing before. Just, hey look what I found lying here maybe it could help us all.” At this Harry had to snort, as he thought of this, and the reactions that would have caused. Something that had him add.

“Because I have no doubt, Shane will try to take them and horde them all to himself says as the leader he needs to have them; at least when it comes to regards to the weapons. Which I think would actually be the easiest to say: hey, look what I found…not on that but I think that if I tried that with the Medical supplies that would work as well. But in that regard, I think he would most likely try and give Lori any medical supplies I bring out saying they would be best in her hands; which is something I seriously doubt… “
This earned a snort from Daryl which Harry knew as with agreement as neither one of them could see Lori being on to patch someone up; seeing how squeamish she was around any type of blood. Still not wanting to stop now that he had gotten started, Harry trying to quickly finish of what he had been saying.

“And the food I have, well its under preservation charms that keep it both fresh and hot, and there is no way I can say that I simply found a good home cooked meal, fresh and still steaming out here now is there?” This was said as Harry looked ready to throw his hands in the air; and gained an amused twitch of the lips from Daryl because of this. Though he didn’t say anything as he listened on as Harry spoke,

“And that isn't the only problem I have regarding not being able to inform them about magic. You see I really wanted to tell you and Merle this and take us all there before this all happen, but as you can see that didn't happen. So, you see I have place that can be considered a safe house. Hell, it can be considered a fortress by some; but again magic. My home is surrounded by both walls and wards and has remained comply hidden for well over six hundred years even when other wizards were actually trying their best to find it; it reminds hidden and safe from them all.” Here Harry realizing that he was starting to ramble on about information that really wasn’t important cleared his throat and got back on subject.

“So, I am pretty sure that it would be safe from walkers. But again, my magic screams at me whenever I think of bring all of this group there. You, your brother, the kids and a couple of the others in that group it's okay with but rebels at bring all of them….plus because there are so many, and because I have my home so warded against others we would have to take the long way to get there. By walking to it and having me write all of you into the ward so that you could get in and....”

After saying this Harry cut himself off, once more as he realized he was starting to ramble and at the same time starting to not make as much sense; at least not as much as he wanted to. Especially when he took in the now wide-eyed look Daryl was giving him.

Blushing slightly, at this look Harry cleared his throat and embarrassed at his outburst, something he really hadn't had happen in who knows how many years. Harry instead focused on making sure all his weapons were back in the right places and that his hair was out of his face. Collecting himself and giving Daryl the time to do the same himself; as well as take in all the information Harry had just dumbed onto him.

Harry knowing that right now, it would best to let Daryl soak in the information and form his own opinion and hopeful think of some ways that Harry could help the others without information them all of magic. So, knowing this Harry began to help the deep in thought Daryl get back to camp with the food they had hunted down.

Now all he had to do was tell Merle and get his opinion on it. Think on this Harry decided that perhaps it that next time Merle goes on a supply run he could go with him so he could inform him there. Which would also have the bonus of giving Daryl some time to himself to think about all that Harry had just told him.
chapter four

Summary- An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerous betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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Chapter four

If there was a moment that Harry felt like screaming and pulling his hair out in sheer frustration and disbelief, this was one of them. To think the run had started out rather simple and had even been going rather fine as well; well as fine as a supply run in a Walker overridden city could go that is.

Harry and the others had managed to get several things they needed, without any trouble. Harry had even found several stashes of dried herbs, and seasoning, that would help further spread out the meat they had.

Not to mention a quite a few things that would be very helpful in the upcoming winter. Glenn had even found what he considered a jackpot with a good several preserved canned foods; something the entire camp would be grateful for.

Which again caused Harry to begin to feel guilty about all he had hidden away and caused him to become even more determined to talk to Merle; which he had yet to get a chance to do yet. And Harry knew Daryl hadn’t gotten a chance to tell him anything either because eh had become a bit quieter than normal as he thought over what Harry had told him the day before.

But then things had all gone to hell in back in just a couple of minutes, and this time it wasn’t because someone had ran into a walker in the store; like it had been before. Instead the trouble came from what looked to be a man riding a horse shooting the walkers outside.

Which in turn caused a whole heard of walkers come running in, drawn by the sounds of said gun shots, and trapping them all in the building they were in. Though before they got too trapped Harry did see the man from before climbing into a tank and the poor horse, he had been riding getting torn apart by the walkers around it.

Making Harry wince and feel pity for that poor horse; he had been hoping that the horse would get away. Even if at the same time he had known it was a fool's hope. As the horse itself hadn’t done anything wrong; besides trusting the one whom had been ridding it in the first place.

Now trapped in the store, at least until they could find a way out, Harry began to look around; honestly not worried as his magic wasn't agitated in the least bit. So, because of this, and until his magic began to react more like he was in danger, Harry began to both looking for Merle and at the same time looking for anything else the group may need. Decided to use the extra time they now had to get the supplies they had come for in the first place.
He knew if worse came to worse, and they weren't able to find a way out, he would use magic to get the entire group out of there. Even if he had to stun them and erase their memories of it afterwards; he would make sure they got out. One way or another, as he just couldn't find it in himself to just abandoned them there when he could help. But he also knew it would be last case scenario kind of thing as well.

Besides with how resourceful some of this group was Harry knew that they would find a way out without him having to use his magic to do so; so again Harry wasn't too worried. No, he continued to do what he had first come here for and continued pack things they would need into the muggle backpack he had for such occasions.

His weapons still out and ready to defend both himself or anyone else in the group he was currently in, while his eyes were peeled watching for any attack that may come. It was because of this that he saw Merle heading to what looked to be a set of stairs that would head to the roof.

Seeing this, Harry knew that he should follow him and that would be a perfect place to talk to him about his magic, but at the same time he could hear something going on behind him as Glenn talked to someone on the radio. Rather angrily and mockingly so at that, much to Harry's amusement.

Especially when he found out he was talking to the horse abandoner...Harry realizing just what his last thought was blinked slightly in shock and realized that he should probably get some help with that or talk to someone. And that perhaps his house elves had been right he did need to get out and meet more people because he was becoming too attached to the animals.

The sound of someone slamming something caused Harry to jump slightly and curse himself for not paying attention. Especially when he noticed two different, yet equally important things. One there was someone new in the store with them, with Andreas rather pissed off at them aiming a gun at him. Though Harry noticed the safety of the gun was still on, so she was just threatening him; or at least he hoped she realized the safety was off and just threatening him like that. And two, Merle was no longer in the room but already up the stairs and on the roof.

Cursing under his breath as he realized this, Harry turned to follow Merle up on the roof when he heard something that had him paling once more. Very loud gun shoots and screaming coming from the roof.

Hearing this Harry took up the stairs and headed to the roof, the rest of the group following quickly after him. After all it was the gun shots from the other man that had drawn a heard of walkers down on them in the first place, and they hadn't been nearly as loud or as numerous as the ones coming from the roof. Which meant those sounds were just bond to draw more walkers towards them.

Reaching the roof, before anyone else, Harry saw something that caused his eye to twitch, and curse again. This time much louder, and more numerous, than before. As Merle was on top of the roof shooting down at the walkers cursing everything to hell and back at the top of his lungs.

Seeing this Harry was about to stun the man from behind, and get him away from the roof, as well as detox him from whatever the hell he was currently on. Because it was obvious even to a shut in like Harry, that Merle was high off of something, and that something was seriously messing with his mind.

That is when the door burst open again behind Harry, reminding him that he wasn't alone, and that at the moment he really couldn't use magic. At least not as obvious as a stunning curse like he wanted to use. Which meant that at the moment he had no chose but to let what was going to
happen play out; at least until he could find a way to interfere and help Merle that is. Because when it came to this group his loyalty went first to the Dixon brothers, and he had known them longer, even if it was by only a little, and certainly trusted them more.

Knowing this and gritting his teeth in frustration Harry watched as the entire group started shouting at Merle and trying to talk him down. And then watched with a growing head ach as Merle started attacking them, all the while wishing someone besides him could see that Merle obvious wasn't in the right state of mind.

But then again given the fact that the rest of the group didn't spend any time around Merle, and only dealt with him when he was at his most offensive, or hadn't even meet the man before that moment, he doubted anyone else would notice anything about the man. Knowing this Harry step forward wanting to try talk down Merle and if possible, discreetly hit him with a sleeping spell. Only to find himself pushed to the side as the Man from before, which Harry heard one of the group call Rick, talked to Merle and then preceded to handcuff him to one of the pipes on the roof.

Seeing this Harry once more felt like curse only this time in a much more magical literal way as the others began to leave, literally leaving Merle handcuffed to the room like living walker bait. Seeing this Harry pushed passed the others, giving them a glare of pure rage at the one who chained him up, before storming over to where Merle was laying on the ground fighting to get up spitting out insults to everyone on the roof as he did so. Merle seeing him only glared and was about to start insulting him as well before in a hard-whispered voice that only Merle himself could hear Harry told the enraged Dixon.

"Don't even start on me. I'm not one of those idiots over there. Plus, I'm here to get you out of those cuffs." Here Harry paused and while looking at the rest of the group who were now at the door shifting nervously and looking like they wanted to be anywhere but where they were as Harry glare seemed to freeze them in place and forced them to accept what Harry was saying was true; even if they didn't want to admit it.

"Hell, at least I know how much you have done for the camp. What with making sure that all of them reminded fed by going out and hunting. Not a single one of them knows how to do that; let alone skinning and preparing the meat. Add into the fact your one of the few that stays up all night, some time for a couple of night in a row, so that all of them could sleep safely. They might not want to see it. But I can tell you they wouldn't have last nearly as long, or have nearly as many people, or for that matter be nearly as healthy as they are currently are if it wasn't for you and your brother. This isn't anyway to thank you for it, and they may have lost all the hunters in the group what with how your bother would have reacted if they had left you here."

This caused the rest of the group to go wide eyed and pale, a couple of them looked about ready to argue with Harry about what he was saying but the glare he gave pinned them in place and forced them to accept what Harry was saying was true; even if they didn't want to admit it.

They really did need the Dixon's and it was highly likely if they had left Merle on the roof his younger brother would have flipped out and left; leaving the group without the hunters they needed. And not matter how much they may dislike the brothers, and Harry for that matter, they did like the fact they were a constant source of food.

It was because of this, T-dog, even though he really didn't like Merle or his brother, could see that Harry was right. So, with that in mind he threw the keys to the cuffs at Merle and Harry only for the keys to go flying past Harry's head and down the drain. Seeing this and seeing the rest of the group starting to flee because the oncoming walkers Harry's felt a headache start to build up. Knowing it was only going to get worse Harry took a deep breath before looking down at Merle.
"Okay the groups are idiots, who right now doesn't have a strong chance to survive. But I get the feeling give them some time and there'll be some strong fighters among that group. But for now, we need to get you out of here." This said Harry moved closer to Merle and closer to the cuffs that was chaining him to the rood before resuming.

“I talked to your brother about this before we left, and I had been hoping to speak you about it as well. But seeing as we really don't have the time, and as you are right now you really can't help me…”

Here Harry trailed off and then to Merle's disbelieving eyes waved his hands over the cuff’s unlocking them and then before Merle could blink hit him with two other spells both designed to help detox him from whatever was in his system and to healing from the damage said substance had caused him.

Unfortunately for both Harry and Merle the combination of spells left Merle dazed and about ready to pass out. Seeing this Harry began to curse. As he grabbed the bags that had been dropped on the roof by the others in the beginning of the whole scene and began to help Merle down the stairs; ready to curse any walker that came near the two as he did so.

As the two got off the roof, Harry half supporting Merle who due to the spell Harry had hit him with, was now dealing with a combination of sobriety, a killer headache, and exhaustion, all at once, when they ran into Glenn. Who quickly informed them, trying to not look guilt as he took in Merle's condition, and took in the fact that they had almost literally left both Harry and Merle behind to be walker bait.

"We have a way out we only need to get it done and we can head back to the camp with this supplies we still have." Before rushing back of still not looking at Merle in the least bit; at least one of them seemed to see what they had done was wrong.

Harry, after a series of plans that Harry had wondering what the hell, and being rather impressed by Glenn, as well as filing away the fact if you smelled like a walker the walker ignored you, Harry found himself, back in the truck taking all of the rest of the group, plus a new addition of the cop named Rick, back to the camp.

As this happened Harry found his opinion on most of the group going back to the neutral, do I really like them and want to help them mind set. Seeing as the majority of them seemed to be glaring at both Merle and him, not looking regretful about nearly leaving them both behind. Well besides Glenn, T-Dog, and oddly enough the cop that had chained Merle to the roof in the first place. Nor did they seem to notice the fact that Harry had managed to grab all the bags and supplies that had nearly been left behind as well.
Chapter 5

I'll trust again when the dead walk

Summary- An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerus betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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This is most likely going to be slash, with Harry and Daryl.

Chapter five

Harry was getting the feeling he was going to really get used to feeling the need to pull his hair out or bang his head against the nearest wall. Especially with Rick there, seeing as the urges seemed to pop up the most around him. And no that wasn’t only because he had nearly left someone cuffed to the roof of a building about to be overwhelmed by walkers; even if it did play some part of it.

Currently they were back in the van heading back to the walker infested city, all because Rick had decided the guns he had dropped before he had gotten in the shop were important and that they needed them. Well had decided this, after he had a touching family reunion with his wife and Son.

And after he had for some reason taken control of the rest of the group. Why the others in the group let this happen when it was known to them that Rick had literally just woken up from a coma and had only just learned about the walkers Harry had no idea. Especially seeing his first decision on finding out about walkers had attracted a very large horde of them right to him and would most likely have gotten himself killed if Glenn hadn’t been there to save his life.

A horde, that might Harry add was most likely still in the city they were currently heading to, in the same location that they had just been barely able to escape from in the first place. Making it so Harry really couldn’t see the trip worth the guns they were going after. If said guns were even there as they had to be other groups in the area that could have already found said guns to begin with.

In fact, the only reason Harry had even agreed to go with them was the fact that both Merle and Daryl had decided to go. And once they had done so the both of them had given Harry a look that screamed, they wanted to talk to him. Making him agree to come along as well. But honestly even as he did so Harry could say that it was talk, he found himself really not looking forward to.

And it was probably because of how nervous Harry was for the upcoming talk that the trip back to Atlanta went a lot faster than Harry wanted it to be. Because all too soon, at least in his opinion, Harry found himself back in the now rather hated city of Atlanta George.

Seeing this and recalling that they were close to where the weapons had been dropped Harry ran a hand though his hair. Well they could get the guns first, if they were even still there, then him, Daryl and Merle could have their conversation. Even if Harry wasn't quite sure what he was going to say to them. As years without human company really didn't help with his conversation skills; if he ever really had any conversation skills in the first place.
Only the supposed simple trip to get the guns turned out to be not so simple when another group of survivors ambushed Daryl and Glenn. Which happened while Harry, Merle, and Rick had been in another building looking for other supplies. As even with the supplies Harry had managed to save from the day before being deemed not enough by Lori and Shane. Something that earned Harry sneers from both Lori and Shane; despite the fact he had been the only one to actual manage to bring something back; besides a necklace.

But in the end since they had split up, to get both the guns and more supplies, this ending with Glenn being kidnapped by the other group. Though as a plus, Daryl had managed to grab one of the members of the group that had stolen Glenn; which is what led to where they currently were.

Attempting to get answers out of the teen one way or another; and Rick trying to take charge of it all the while. Seriously the guy was starting to get on Harry's nerves, I mean the guy really hadn't been awake for a week yet and he still acted like he knew everything that was going on. Yes, Harry knew he was being harsh to the man in question and that it was most likely an act to make his family more comfortable, and to feel safer now that he was back. But it was still really irritating to Harry.

Something that wasn’t helped in the least bit by the fact that Rick, automatic assumed that everyone would listen to him; most likely because he was the sheriff of this place before everything had gone to hell like it had.

And while yes, the rest of the group seemed to fall in line with that line of thought, Harry Merle and Daryl hadn't and his attempts at commanding them really weren't helping their tempers any. After all, they were all used to leading in some way and all had their own way of going about it. Not to mention no of the three where used to being expected to obey someone else outside of themselves and weren’t too eager to start now.

But since Glenn was missing, and Harry really just wanted to get him back since he was one of few in the group that Harry was starting to both like and respect. Harry figure to stop at least another fight he could listen to the cop; at least for now.

Though seeing at what actually listening to the cop had led them to so far Harry really wasn't looking forward to it; nor did it look like Merle or Daryl were either as the reluctantly decided to listen as well. The silent for now standing for all of them as they did so.

Harry had to admit Rick's plan wasn't a bad one, an obvious and slightly overused one yes, but not a bad one. Trading one captive for another could work in some cases. But it didn't seem to work in this one as the other group demanded their weapons as well.

Something Harry, Merle, Daryl and even Rick didn't want to do. Merle was all for shooting everyone and getting their guy back, something Harry felt was a little extreme and hoped it really didn't have to come down to that. But at the same time, pulling on the coldness that helped him make it through the war and all the years after, was willing to do so if it meant the safety of one of his own.
Summary- An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerous betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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This is most likely going to be slash, with Harry and Daryl.

Chapter six

Well, they had managed to save Glenn from the group that called themselves the Vatos. Only it really wasn't a rescue when in the end the Vatos, led by a man name G actually let them in and take Glenn without any fighting done from either side.

It seemed that the group had only been protecting their own like Harry had been willing to protect his own. Harry could respect them for that, and he really wasn't too upset about Rick giving some of their weapons to help them in that regard.

Mainly because Harry knew if worse came to worse, he could always take some of his own hidden weapons out to replace the ones they had lost. Having a couple hundred years under you gave you a lot of time to collect different types of weapons, from all over the world really. So, in the end it had really not been much of a loss; and they had managed to find out that there were other friendly survivors out there.

Currently the group was heading back to the Truck so they could get back to the rest of their groups, several more weapon in hand as they did so. So perhaps the trip wasn't as much of a waste as he had originally thought it was going to be. Even if the only supplies they had managed to really grab being the guns.

That's when Harry saw something out of the corner of his eye. A store that looked to be hidden off in a corner, between several other building. It was a store that most eyes almost slide right past given what it was sounded by. But Harry was used to spotting small details, so seeing this and feeling the need to take a closer look at the store Harry noticed something that left him stunned.

The store he had just spotted was a store that looked to cater to hunters or serious campers. Best yet, it looked as if it had barely been raided at all. Meaning Harry had just spotted what could be considered a jackpot, at least where protection was considered.

Seeing this and knowing that, one the things in that shop would be extremely helpful to those back at the camp, and that two it would be the perfect place for Merle, him and Daryl to have their talk in Harry pointed it out to Rick. Making a suggestion to Rick about Daryl, Merle and him going in there and get some supplies while he and Glenn packed up everything else before they all headed back. Making the trip just that much quicker than it would be if they all went in.

Rick upon seeing just what the store was, and who it catered to, quickly agreed knowing they
would need what was inside if the wanted to survive longer. Harry didn't really see the nod Rick had given him because he was planning to go to the store rather, he had Rick's permission or not, and because of that was already heading to the store.

Making sure to bring his bags, both magical and not, with him to help store the things in the shop. Also making sure to have his weapon ready in case there was any Walkers in the store they were about to enter. An idea both Merle and Daryl shared because they too were armed and fully ready to defend themselves as they too entered the store.

However, it seemed that they didn't need to do this because the store was truly and hundred percent empty; best yet it was still somehow nearly fully stocked. The store carried nearly everything you could think of when it came to hardcore campers or hunters.

From several versions of different first aid kits, to several survival gear bags, to damage resistant tents, to thick heavy boots of all sizes, winter coats again in all sizes, to many different guns and blades; even several other type of weapons like bow and arrows. All of those and much more, so many other different things that Harry could really see being helpful for the group; or anyone else that was currently trying to survive in the world as it was.

Seeing this, and throwing caution to the wind, as well as knowing that it would help bring the conversation they needed to have forward more. Harry called his magic shrunk nearly everything in the story before, summoning all the shrinking supplies to him. Then with a gesture of his hand made all the things he had shrunken go straight into the empty bottomless bag he had with him.

While the things he had left unshurken, like some of the smaller guns and blades, two of the child size winter jackets, a tent, and several thick thermal blankets went in the normal Muggle bag he had on him.

Than two of the large guns, a good chunk of the Arrows, a large tent, several sets of boots, wo bags full of heavy weather jackets, several large hunting knifes, two smaller patching kits, and two of the largest first aid kits landed neatly in front of both Merle and Daryl.

He would give more of the things he had from the store to the group later but for now, and until he was sure he wanted the others to know about his magic, Harry wanted to keep suspicion off of him. After all he the normal bag he was carrying already had quite a bit in it and he couldn't put a whole lot more into it without question being asked about said bag.

By doing this Harry knew that he had just made sure they had everything stored, but still gave them time to have the talk he knew he had been putting off for a while now. But not any longer; as he was now ready to just get it over with.

Knowing this, Harry took a deep breath before turning to face both Daryl and Merle. Only to nearly burst out laughing at the wide-eyed look on Merle's face. He obviously hadn't been prepared for such a large show of magic. He probably even thought he was seeing things from back on the roof seeing as he had been rather high at the time.

Knowing this, and wondering if perhaps he should have eased it onto Merle a bit easier, Harry bit his lips nervously wondering just how he should start this off. Only for Daryl to say something before Harry could. To Harry gratefulness, seeing as Harry had no idea as to just what he should say.

"Merle, you remember those tells grandma used to tell us? Well, turns out they were a lot more truth to them then you thought." Here this Harry saw Merle's eyes narrow, and Harry nearly took a step back as Merle suddenly looked intensely at him; he wasn't used to people staring at him like
But instead of taking a step back Harry matched Merle stare for stare, refusing to be cowed by anyone. This actually seemed to impress Merle somewhat, because he dropped the look and raised an eyebrow at Harry while asking.

"So, did you show old Merle this for a reason? I get the feeling my brother already knows. So, there's got to be a reason your showing me this." Seeing this, and knowing it was now the time Harry answered him; hoping he wouldn't blurt out everything like he had with Daryl.

"I showed you this because I need your and Daryl's opinion. Out of the entire group you two are the ones I know best and trust out off all of them. Not to mention, I know you two would be straight with me. Now I have magic, apparently like the magic from your grandmother’s stories; if what Daryl said is correct.” This got a grunt and nod from Daryl as Harry keep speaking.

“In fact, those stories she told you are all most likely true. Even if I don’t really know what happened to the other magicals out there since I have long since separated from them. Not that it really matters now does it.” Catching himself and clearing his throat slightly Harry forced himself back on subject.

“So out of that magic currently I have three bottomless bags, with feather light charms on them. Not to mention I can cast shield, launch attacks, and wards. In those bottomless three bags there are many different things in them, like food, medical supplies and weapons; all numerous in number and fresh as they can be.” A pause and slight from Harry got to the whole point he was trying to make.

“The only problem is I can't revel any of these things without revealing the fact I have magic. Which is something I really don't want to revel to several members of the group we're in...a lot of it because when I even think about it my magic rebels against it telling me the dangers of it. Warning me that there are members in the group I can't trust...which makes it worse because I have a full prepared, fully barricaded and completely protected safe house I could take everyone to...but only if they knew about magic.” Here Harry raised his hand and ran it through his hair as he added on.

“I had been planning on telling you two this before we had even ran into the group, or they had ran into us really, but after I couldn't. Because it seemed like they never really left us alone together so I could; at least not without another one of them in hearing distance they didn’t. So, what I want to know is if you, or your brother, have any idea what to do? I know I don't want to leave those kids behind, or even some of the others in the group who have begun to really get my respect. But again, at the same time I'm not sure about reveling magic to them..."

A slight clearing of a throat and a look from Daryl let Harry know he was starting to ramble again. Knowing this Harry fought back a blush and instead waited for an answer. Hoping that Merle might have an answer only to be slightly disappointed when Merle answered, with Daryl agreeing with him.

"Not sure about it yet, we could keep watch and see. Find those you can trust and inform them; fuck the rest." Hearing this Harry couldn't help agreeing, and while hoping they could find a better answer at a later date, followed Daryl and Merle out the door and got into the Truck; where Glenn and Rick were waiting for them. Though before they got in, and in a tone only loud enough for the two brothers to hear Harry did add.

"Well, at least now I can share the things in the bag with you guys. And maybe with your help subtlety get some of the other things out; at least for the kids. Maybe if we do this, and let it be
known later on that we did, the ones we do tell will react better to my magic because of this." This got Harry a nod from Daryl, who was now focusing on getting the supplies Harry had placed in front of them in the back of the trunk; or on his back when it came to the Arrows. While Merle answered Harry, his voice just as low.

"I can see that working as well but, ya might have go through those bags with me and my brother at a later date to see just what is safe to pass off. Cause somethings will make some of the smarter members starts a questioning things and I'm sure you don't want that happenin quite yet."

Again, Harry had to bite his lip, Merle was right about that. Harry already knew some of the things he had his bag would bring up massive question, but Harry wasn't quite sure just what would be considered completely safe.

With the brother's help Harry could do that, so after a second of thinking Harry gave a slight nod to Merle. Before starting to look out the window; trying to recall everything that was in his bottomless bags as he did so. Something that he knew was going to take a while considering everything the Elves had packed into it in the first place.

The sound of screaming and gun shots interrupted Harry from his thoughts as they seemed to echo all around them. Harry hearing this screaming and knowing it was coming from the directions the camp was in went wide eyed and began to worry. A worry that was shared by everyone in the truck. Seeing as not a single one of them protests as the car sped up, heading as fast as it could to where the screaming was coming from.

Then as the car arrived back at the camp, Harry not even waiting for the car to complete come to a stop, jumped out of the truck to help. An action that was followed by several of the others, as they all began to attack the Walkers that were attacking the rest of their group. Harry was decapitating and stomping on the head of Walkers left and right his twin swords blurs as he moved.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Merle pull Carol back as a walker attacked her, and then saw him kill the walker in defense of Carol. Seeing this Harry had to smile a bit. Everyone saw Merle as a bad guy but not really many actual stopped to see the guy he really was. After all there had to be a reason, besides blood, that Daryl was so loyal to his brother. What Merle did just there, showed some of that at least to Harry and now to Carol.

Harry turning away from where Merle and Carol were and began to look for other dangers. It was because of this, that Harry was able to spot a walker about to attack Amy from behind. Seeing this Harry threw the dagger he had in his hand at said walker, causing the dagger to brush passed Amy's ear and nail the walker dead in the head before he could bite the girl.

This caused Amy to scream in fright and spin around to see the walker that had almost bitten her in horror. Not that Harry was paying attention anymore, as he was now helping the others destroy the last of the walkers that had made their way into the camp.

By the time everything was said and done, it seemed that the only ones to actually get bitten or die in the Zombie attack had been Ed and Jim. Jim, they mourned for, while when it came to Ed, Harry at least, watched with a good amount of hidden glee as Carol took a pickaxe to his head. He honestly thought in Ed's case it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.
Summary- An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerous betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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Chapter seven

The group was packed up and currently getting ready to leave the campgrounds they had been on for the last two weeks. The last walker attack had happened so suddenly and had been much too large for anyone sane to want to stick around any longer than they had been. As they all now saw how unprotected the area they were in had been.

There had been some arguments about where they should all go after this. Mostly between Rick, Shane and Lori, all people whom Harry noted seemed to think they were in charge of the group in question in one way or another. That is until it was decided that they would all go with Rick's suggestion of the CDC; much to the enrage of Shane. Who really wasn't taking the fact that Rick had come in and seemed to take his place as leader in most of the group's eyes all that well.

Currently Harry was helping Daryl and Merle pack their remaining things in the back of their truck; everywhere already full of either people or other things. Using little bits of magic here and there to make it easier, as well as to fit more in the back without it become too obvious about it. Feeling rather glad that, at least were the brothers were concerned, he could be a little more open and helpful when it came to his magic.

Especially since while in the truck, since it was going to be just him and the brothers, they were going to go over things in a little bit more detail when it came to his magic. Making plans on how to subtilly use it to help the others in the group. Not to mention finally going over all the things he had in his bottomless bags.

At least all of what Harry could remember that was in those bags. Seeing as he really wouldn't put it past the house elves to sneak a couple of things in there when he wasn't looking; just because. Which meant that Harry was really going to have to wait until a time when the others weren't around to check what was inside. Hopefully with both Merle and Daryl there to help, that is if they wanted, seeing as they could probably come up with the best ideas to sneak some of the things to either themselves or the others.

Maybe they could use the CDC to help pass out some of the things that were in the bags, like some of the weapons, survival gear, and medical supplies at the very least. It wouldn't look as suspicious if Harry mention he found it there would it?

And perhaps they could restock a little there as well, seeing as just what the place was to begin with. Meant that the army most likely used it to stockpile on a lot of different supplies; in the hopes
a cure could be found there. Just think of how much medical supplies would be there; not to mention all the other things that could be there as well. Supplies Harry could very easily liberate and make use of with his group later on.

Not to mention perhaps while he was there Harry could skip out for a bit and let the house elves know what was going on as obviously they must be pretty worried about him as he had been out longer than he normally was. Along with the fact that he may at long last be bringing others to his home; and all it took was for the world to end. Who would have guessed?

Thinking on this, Harry mentally reminded himself that he would do just that but before he did it he first needed to bring it up in the truck with the brothers to see what they would think of it and if there then mention it when they actually got to the CDC.

They could probably throw in some ideas there that would make things go smoother. After all, and for some reason Harry thought others might take this in a sad way. The two brothers knew more about humans and how they would react to things then him. Harry would rather deal with animals then humans most days. And sometime after dealing with certain members of the group he was in, that feeling was only reinforced.

Climbing into truck, Harry sat next to Daryl, as Merle began to drive, the other front seat taken up with the both brother's bags. Done that was so that if something happened it'd be a lot easier to grab and go then it would have if they had been in the back with the rest. The trip was actually quiet for a little bit, as the three in the truck gathered their thoughts until Daryl asked, quite suddenly; breaking the silence.

"So, I know from my grandma's tales magic can do a lot of different things. But Grandma's tales weren't always detailed more in a you have to see it and understand it yourself kind away. I don’t think she even knew how to describe them herself; only knew what she herself had been told. You know the ones where your imagination has to take over for you to picture it yourself. So, what can magic do, or more importantly what can you do with you magic?" Then Merle spoke after his brother not giving Harry a chance to answer the question as he did so.

"Not to mention why do you look exactly like the fellow from her tales? And why do you have magic at all when she said magic had disappeared from this world altogether; or at least that's what she seemed to believe." Harry hearing this last question from Merle, as well as the questions Daryl asked winced slightly before taking a deep breath.

He had really never spoken about his past to anyone, honestly. In fact, beside the house elves and the animals at his home he rarely talked at all; even with his rare trips outside his home. Which could very easily explain his utter lack of communication skills and how he is prone to rambling once he did finally start talking; as if all those years of not talking where catching up to him.

But as it was, the last couple of weeks in fact were the most Harry had talked to anyone in a long time. Still, despite the fact he hadn’t spoken to anyone outside his animals and house elves in years before this, even he knew that it would be better to get some of his story out now then later.

As later would hurt more if they found out and turned him away after he had opened up to them, like so many others had done. Now it’d hurt, if only because he had begun to open up to them but at least not as much as it would later if he had fully opened up to them. So, with that in mind Harry began to answer both of them, starting with Merle's first because even Daryl looked more interested in those answers then his own.

"Well, let's start off with why I look so much like the guy from your grandmother's tales…I am assuming that in these tales the guy she spoke of had shorter messy hair, glasses and a very
distinctive lightning bolt scar right?” at receiving nonverbal but still positive responses from the brothers Harry gave a slightly bitter smile before continuing.

"To put it bluntly, I am the person from those stories…though the stories themselves a probably exaggerated or warped due to time and people putting their own spin on them; like all tales usually are." Harry seeing the disbelieving looks that he was getting let loose a really bitter sounding laugh.

"Yeah, I know it's hard to believe, but I'm not lying here. I'm guessing those stories included a prophecy, a dark lord I defeated, maybe a dragon or two. If they haven't changed too much from the truth, they would also include me hunting down the soul pieces of the dark lord I mention earlier.” Here harry got a darker much more bitter look on his face before continuing on.

“Then they would tell you how I found three objects that were said to have been given to mortals from death itself, and how after claiming these items and unwillingly becoming the master nearly everyone, I cared about turned their backs on me. Only a very few not doing so.” Again, Harry paused and took a deep breath to calm himself down. Even if he was only giving the two brothers the bare bones about his past recalling everything that had happened still hurt; even after all this time.

"I don't know if her tales told you this but by accepting those items, the ones that were supposed to have been from death, no matter how unwillingly I had done so, I had ended up become immortal…” again another bitter laugh one that held a good deal of self-hatred in it.

"Currently I am over six hundred years old, and for the majority of that I have done everything I could to avoid civilization… because I knew they wouldn't accept me. Not after Luna and Neville that is. Those two never turned their back on me, and I'm guessing that is the family your Grandmother was from. I loath to admit but I lost track of their family a good two hundred years ago; when another war broke out in the wizarding world…”

Losing track of Luna and Neville's family was something Harry had always regretted because he had promised both Luna and Neville on their death beds, he would do his best to protect them. And by losing them, like he had, he had not only broken that promise to them, but had lost a part of himself as well.

Though if what Daryl and Merle Grandmother had told them was correct then it looked like Harry had gotten another chance. Though he doubted either brother would just stand there and let him protect them but still it was a chance.

Shaking his head to clear it, and then looking out the nearest window, to avoid the looks he was getting from the Dixon brother, Harry started speaking again. This time answering the second question Merle had asked him.

"As for the magic disappear, I am not honestly sure about that. After I had lost track of Luna and Neville's family that was around the time, I went into hiding full time. Finished building up my home, made sure no one could find it, made sure I could live off it without having to leave and shut the damn door; wanting to be alone.” Here Harry got a look of deep concentration on his face as he added.

“But I do know that if there are any out there, they have hidden themselves even deep than ever; more so then they have ever before. Maybe even in a side dimension or something similar to that because I don't feel them at all. Haven't been able to for a good while now.” Then after licking his lips nervously, as if he was too blame for the fact the wizarding world seemed to have vanished finished up answering the rest of Merle’s question rather quickly.
“Though that isn't to say there isn't any magic on earth right now, just no others that can control it; not yet at least. I feel the magic of the earth even now, below our feet; it's wild and feels plentiful…” Still not looking at the brothers and not wanting to stop now, Harry began to answer Daryl's question feeling both brothers looks like drills in the back of his head as he did so.

"As for what magic I can do well, like I did say I have had six hundred years to practice and study it. There is a lot of magic I can do. More than even your family stories would know about. But as for the magic I can do that would be helpful in these times. Well, those would be things like shields, blasting spells, Cutting spells, fire spells, spells to make water, spells to heat thing up instantly, wards…which are like more permeant shields over things, transfiguration, I can transform things like rocks into things like blades or more arrows even bullets.” Taking a deep breath here Harry paused to think of it for a bit before adding even more things he felt would be helpful in a world that had gone to hell.

“ Or I could use my Animagus form, and let's not forget repairing charm, summoning charm, point me spell, which can be used to find things. There are so many different things that can be done with magic and most of them I can do, as long as I have to power to do so…“ Again, there was a slight paused as Harry started ramble slightly; his tone going to a near mutter as he did so. Making it so both Merle and Daryl had to almost strain their ears to hear what he had to say.

“Not to mention the fact that my house elves, which are like...well they used to be, all but slaves to both witches and wizards but the ones I own have been with me for a very long time and are like family to me and they helped me remain sane. Not to mention, they are the ones who made sure I actually went out and are most likely going to be happy as hell that I am bring people to the house, when I do eventually bring you and the others…if you still want to go that is. And-"
"Now what in those bags of yours? You made it sounded like you have quite a bit in there and I got to say, honestly those bottomless bag sound very helpful; especially with those feather light charms you mentioned added on. Could have used a few of those myself a couple of time in the past."

Hearing this and correctly assuming both brothers had accepted him and honestly didn't give a hoot about his past, besides it was that in the past, shakily began to answer Merle; this time doing his best to keep it short and sweet.

"Well there's enough food to feed a whole horde of people for a good month. And I mean hot fresh food…with things like bread, eggs, fresh meats and all kinds of things you can't find out here in the wild. Which is why I can't just pop it out and give it to the others without questions being asked. Well, maybe the eggs if I said I found some wild chickens or something, but that isn’t very believable. As I don't have any live chicken in the bag, at home yes but not in the bag.” Harry than moved on, doing his best to not go off subject, again, as he did so.

“There is hospital or two worth of medical supplies in the other bag, if you can think of it medicine wise then it's most likely in that bag. Other than that there are weapons in the bag, a good six hundred years' worth of collected weapons, and that is to say a lot because before I really went into hiding I went to travel the world collecting weapons and training with them to waste time…not to mention that one bag you saw me shove all the hunting supplies and camping supplies in. That was a rather big store with quite a lot of different things in it; now which are all mostly in the bags."

This got Harry a nod as both brothers went quite looking to be deep in thought. Harry seeing this looked out the window and began to think himself of just how he would break the news to the others.

Trying to think of when he was going to do so, to whom he was going to do it to next, and then finally how. But until he decided when he was going to do all of that, he was going to share his supplies. Hopefully it would be easier to do so at the CDC.

The next time the truck pulled to a stop they were finally at the CDC only it seemed that the CDC wasn't what anyone of them excepted, and Daryl worded it quite right when he spat out.

"He led us right to a graveyard."
chapter eight

I'll trust again when the dead walk

Summary- An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerous betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

Disclaimer- I do not own Harry Potter or the Walking Dead nor do I make any money off of either one of them.

This is most likely going to be slash, with Harry and Daryl.

Chapter eight

The entire group was finally in the CDC. After the panic inducing incident of nearly being eaten by the Walkers that had been around entire place that is. It had gotten so bad out there that Harry had been on the verge of using his magic to save them all; reactions of everyone else to said magic be damned. That is Harry had been on the edge of doing so, when Rick started screaming at the camera telling them that they were killing them all; rather hysterically. Not that Harry could blame him considering the risk his family had been in.

At the same time, even understanding why he was screaming like he had been, Harry had also begun to think that perhaps Rick had lost him mind; seeing as he had been drawing more walkers to them with his screaming. A feeling that was shared by a few others in the group, if the looks they were giving the former police officer while they fought off the still oncoming walkers meant anything.

That is when the door to the CDC opened, letting them all come rushing in before the shutters slammed down behind them. Doing so just before any of the walkers that had been chasing them could get in; maybe Rick hadn't lost him mind yet then.

He just happened to have a little more hope, and faith in humanity then most did; including Harry. Though considering Harry had lived on his own for the last couple of hundred years without human company, and did this of his own choice, maybe he had lost is fate in humanity quite a while ago.

Which is what led the group to where they currently were. Standing in front of a heavily armed, pajama wearing Doctor of some sort that had one of his guns he directly aimed at them, as he talked to Rick.

Seeing this Harry couldn't help but seriously hoped that this wasn't a case of out of frying pan into the fire scenario. But giving the fact his flight or fight instincts still hadn't settle down yet, and the fact his magic was incredibly weary of the doctor in front of him, Harry wasn't so sure about that.

Still, Harry could tell that the group needed a break from the constant running, the nonstop fighting and a place they could safely rest their heads without fear of another walker attack. Not to mention a break from the constant lack of food, well besides what could be hunted down; which was
Not only that, but Harry knew he needed a safe place where he could talk to both Daryl and Merle about, well pretty much everything and then some. Because while they may have all the information Harry wanted to give them. They still hadn’t made any plans on how things could be able to play out; which was something Harry really wanted to get done as soon as possible.

So, biting his bottom lip, and despite how much he didn't want to, ignoring the warning his magic was giving him. And in doing so, as well as in the name of letting the group have at least a little peace, Harry let the man take some of his blood. Along with the rest of the groups, so they could stay the night. As he said it was the price of admission.

Honestly not worrying about what the man may find in his blood, or do with his blood, as he did so. Mainly because Harry knew that without magic his blood really couldn't be used against him, at least not in a way he had to really worry about.

Not to mention that Harry knew with the state things were in right now he honestly didn't think the doctor would make a big deal of some venom, an odd anti-venom that made up of what ever Phoenix tears that may still be in his blood, and whatever other abnormality he may find in his blood as long as it wasn't anything that dealt with the Walkers.

Mainly because Harry could tell that was all the doctor would really be looking for; not to mention if worse came to worse Harry could always vanish his blood if to many questions were asked. Add in the spells to erase others memory, and the fact magic was completely unknown to most of the group, including the doctor, gave him a very good out if something did show up in his blood.

After the doctor had gotten all of their blood, and after he had he had been asked just why he carried so many high-level weapons, the Doctor decided to introduce himself and welcome them to the CDC. Even if he did sound rather mocking to Harry as he did so; making Harry's magic once more try to lash out and warn Harry about the man.

"My name is Doctor Edwin Jenner, call me Dr. Jenner. Let me be the first, and only one to welcome you to the CDC. I'll show you where you'll be resting your heads, where the food is and later giving the information you came for… Also, while there is hot water in the showers, I would be careful if I were you about overusing them as that does take up power; and we don’t have much power here anymore."

However, it seemed the warning about the hot water went over the heads of most of the group, and all they really took in was the fact there was fresh food, a safe place to sleep and on top of all that hot water to bath in. Something, while he took not of the warning, Harry really couldn't blame them for. Especially given the lives most of them had led before all of this had happened, hadn’t done them anything in preparing for what was now going on.

Harry before Dr. Jenner led them all away, to show them around and give them their rooms, looked back at the shutter behind them. Getting a rather ominous feel from them that told Harry that there was something about those shutters he was really going to hate in the future, or perhaps something that the Shutters were going to represented Harry wasn't sure. But he did know, and was still trying to ignore, that something wasn't right about this place; hadn't been right about this place for a while now.

The rooms that they were assigned to turned out to be rather simple rooms, not really large ones and only had the bare basics in them. Not that anyone complained about this fact, seeing as everyone was grateful for even being able to have a room; even more so for the small amount of privacy they offered to the group. Who hadn’t really had much privacy at all since they had
become a group in the first place; as privacy was something that was incredibly difficult to have when you lived outside.

As it turns out because these rooms were so small there wasn’t enough room for everyone to be in them, at least not in a group; so they had to be split up. Something everyone had mixed feelings about, happy because of the added privacy and a bit worried because of the lack of protection being separated gave them.

However, knowing that it was the only choice they had at the moment, they all agreed to it. Making it so everything ended with Amy, Andrea and Jacqui sharing one room. Shane, Glenn, and T-dog sharing another room. And mostly because Lori kicked up a fuss when they were going to be separated, Rick, Carl, and Lori sharing a room right next to the one Shane and the others were in. Then there was Carol and Sophia sharing the room next to that.

Leaving Harry, Daryl, and Merle sharing the last room that was actually a little down the hall; further away from the other. Making Harry wonder who made the room assignments and why they had made their room further from the rest. But in the end really couldn’t bring himself to care.

Mostly because the room assignment ended up being strikingly similar to how the camp set up had always been set up. To Harry it was like the majority of the group still really didn't see them completely as part of their group and made it known in whatever way they could.

Even if, at the same time, they did take part in the food the three hunted down and cooked themselves, even as the rest took part in the supplies Harry, Daryl and Merle always brought in.

And honestly while the old Harry would have been hurt at being excluded for no reason, the Harry of now honestly didn't give a damn and only added it as a mark against the rest of the group. Something he did again as he took in the looks of relieve on some of the members face when they saw that Harry, Daryl and Merle’s room was father way from them then the rest.

Seeing that everyone else was good with their rooms and seeing that all the others were rushing to the showers or in the Dixon's case setting everything in the room up and going exploring a bit. Harry sighed and went back downstairs to cook everyone a meal. Something Harry was actually rather eager to do seeing as Harry loved to cook and had gotten really good at it over the years; once he finally got the house elves to let him do it that is.

Once Harry got to the kitchen that the CDC had and saw the supplies that were there and available to be used decided to make something that was filling, warm and at the same time might give the kids a bit of taste of home. Not to mention something that would have enough of, that everyone could get their fill without someone having to go without. Tonight, was a night where everyone was going to bed with a full stomach; Harry was determined for that at the very least.

That in mind Harry got to work making some Brunswick stew, along with some fresh homemade cornbread, and then to top it off a really large sweet apple pie; along with a peach cobbler for those that may not like the apple pie.

He hoped they would all like the food he made, and enjoy the desserts that went with it. Especially since it would likely be quite some time before they could get another meal like that or another dessert for that matter. As despite how well prepared and stocked the CDC was Harry just could shrug the feeling they wouldn’t be here much longer. Certainly not long enough to have another dinner like this one.

After Harry had managed to get all the food done, using a little magic here and there to speed a couple of things up, and once he had it all set up and ready. Harry heard the rest of the group
making their way down towards him, most likely following their noses towards the kitchen.

Hearing this Harry quickly set the last of the drinks out; including the wines he had found hidden in
the back. As well as a couple bottle of the much stronger Potter family whisky that he currently
had on him; all labels removed as a just in case someone got curious about them.

Harry watched with slightly wide eyes and a good deal of disbelief as the group completely
relaxed over dinner and wine. Looking fully refreshed and for once almost all of them were in good
moods as the laughed and joked around. This really wasn't like the group he had been with for the
last couple of weeks and for a short while Harry got a glimpse of the people, they may have all
been before the outbreak started.

At the same time Harry couldn't help but be confused, about how the group was acting now, and
how they acted as nothing was wrong; nothing at all. Harry knew there was still dangers out there,
and that they wouldn't be able to stay here long. And he felt if he knew this, then the others should
have realized this as well.

That even if Jenner let them stay here the food and supplies that were there would run out sooner
than later; especially with the number of people that were now staying there. And the fact because
of the shutters, and the sound they made when being opened they wouldn't be able to do supply
runs easily or at all in some cases; making the supplies they did have run out all the faster because
of this.

So, in the long run, and Harry knew he wasn't the only one to think this, this place was going to be
a pit stop at most, and that was without the feeling Harry wasn't getting about this place; about Dr.
Jenner himself.

Which meant that the group really should be planning on gather supplies and making plans about
when they were going to leave, but they weren't. They hadn't mentioned a thing about what they
were going to do next, or even restocking on their own supplies with the ones that were here. They
were trying to act like the hell outside wasn't occurring; at least most of them were trying to do this.

Seeing this and seeing how hard all of them were actually drinking, especially now that all the kids
had gone to bed. Harry began to think that perhaps he shouldn't have gotten the wine out at all
before shaking his head.

He knew that the wine would have been found either way, and that perhaps he was being paranoid
about it all. After all, having one night were no one was worried wasn't going to hurt anyone and if
they decided to drink during that night who was Harry to say anything.

There were nights Harry literally drank himself to sleep in the past when his memories got too
much for him. So as far as he saw it, as long as they didn't take it too far and continue to do so for
long periods of time, they deserved to have a bit of a break. Previous thoughts, and warning from
his magic, be damned; they needed a break.

Knowing this, but at the same time knowing he didn't want to drink himself; if only to avoid
accidently revealing his magic to everyone if he drank too much. Harry got up and went to go get
in the shower himself wanting to do that before he did anything else. Like going to explore the
CDC and start storing everything he could get his hands on in his bags. After which he would
probably go talk to Daryl and Merle whatever they wanted to be informed about; if they weren't
sleeping or too drunk to do so that is.

This in mind Harry quickly went to the shower planning on take a quick shower with some nuke
warm water, as Jenner had said to be careful with the hot water. However, the idea of taking a
rather cool shower fled from Harry's mind the very second he stepped in the shower and found nice hot water hitting him instead of the room temperature water he had been expecting. Then Harry remembered just how long it had been since he had a shower like this, and he found himself unwilling to take a colder one as his tense muscles finally began to relax for a bit.

The sound of the door to the bedroom, that was connected to the bathroom Harry was currently in, opening and the sound of the doorknob of the bathroom turning caused Harry to turn the shower off and quickly grab the towel nearby. Wrapping it tightly around his waist just as the bathroom door opened, letting a slightly stumbling Daryl in as it did so.

A Daryl who upon seeing that the bathroom was occupied, and the fact that Harry only had a towel on quickly sobered up and spun around exiting the bathroom just as fast as he had first entered it. Harry seeing this blinked a bit and looked down at himself wondering just what had shocked Daryl so much.

Only to curse slightly when he remembered all the scars, he had earned over the last six hundred years he had been alive. Most of which came from his so-called family and the war he had been in during the most emotional damning parts of his life. Which again, was something Harry really never talked to anyone about and was something he wasn't too eager to talk about either.

But at the same time Harry wasn't too worried about it because he knew that if he said he didn't want to talk about it the Daryl would let it drop then and there. At least until there was a time Harry was more comfortable talking about it, then Daryl would be there willing to listen; withholding all judgement till the end.

So, knowing that Harry got dressed in some of the cleaner clothes he had brought in with him earlier, a dark green long sleeve shirt, a pair of black jeans and the same old hiking boots he'd been wearing, before heading out of the bathroom.

Once he was out of the bathroom Harry saw that both Daryl and Merle where in the room waiting for him and both of them looked to be mostly sober. Which didn't really surprise Harry much seeing as Harry knew the two could hold the liquor and never drank more than they could really take when things were going south. Seeing this, and honestly not wanting to even be questioned about the scars Daryl had seen on him brought up the idea he had before they had started even going to the CDC.

"Hey, I don't know about you two, but I'm really getting the feeling that we aren't going to be able to stay here long. Not nearly as long as Rick and the others seem to believe we are going to be at the least." Here Harry paused, gathered his thoughts before continuing on.

" Be it from a shortage food, as this place does only have a limited amount of food, or something else. Whatever it is, I feel that we aren't going to be able to stay here; not in the long run at least. Because from what I have seen those shutters opening and closing are going to attract more walker then ever. Making supply runs all but impossible to do without risking Walkers getting on the base or capturing the one doing the supply run to begin with." Here Harry paused to take a deep breath, and knowing he was starting to get of track did his best to get to the point.

"I just get the feeling we aren't going to be here much longer. So, what do you two think about doing a supply run within the CDC? Emptying it of everything that could be of value so that when we do leave, we'll have a surplus of supplies as a just in case?"

This got Harry a raised eyebrow from Daryl and a grin of approval from Merle before they both rose up and headed to the door; it seemed they both agreed with his idea. Seeing this Harry took a deep breath before following behind the two. After all, with the exploring they both did earlier the
Dixon brothers would know this place better than he did.

By doing this, Harry was first lead to the food storage, or at least the one that wasn’t in the kitchen; that Harry had been used that night to make dinner. Which was a large storage filled with many different types of nonperishables food, that could last their group months easily; more so if they included the meats from the hunts that Harry, Daryl and Merle went on.

Seeing this, and knowing just how much it would be needed, rather now or later, the entire food storage was quickly shrunk down and added to the bottomless bag that already held the food Harry had.

Though, as a just in case, Harry did leave enough nonperishables there for a couple of days worth of food if it was needed; and boy did he feel bad about doing that to Dr. Jenner; at least for the most part he did. At the same to help with that feeling Harry thought that maybe they could talk him into leaving with them so he wouldn't die because of the shortage of, well pretty much everything once the group left?

Next, the Dixon brothers lead Harry to where the military had stored all the weapons in the CDC, which upon seeing Harry felt his eyes go wide. There was a lot of heavy-duty weaponry in this place, and honestly some of it Harry couldn't quite see them needed in the first place. Like the rocket launchers that where mounted on the nearest wall.

But at the same time, knew that it would be better to have them and not need them, then too desperately need them and not have them. So, knowing this Harry quickly began to summon all the weapons that were there and place them in the bag that held the other weapons in it.

Not shrinking them because some time weapons responded badly to being shrunken; something about how they were made making them a lot more unsteady when shrunken. And boy did it hurt Harry when he first found that out, some good two hundred years ago. It also deepened his loathing he had of certain weapons as well. But it wasn’t like he had to use those weapons, even if he was currently grabbing them right. There were probably plenty of others in the group that would be happy to take those weapons, as Harry certainly wasn’t going to even touch them if he could help it.

After the weapon room Harry found himself being led to what had to have been the medial bay, and while Harry already had plenty of medical supplies on him and at his home. He felt that when it came to things like medical supplies, you could honestly never have enough of them. As there was almost always someone injured and sooner or later you would run out of those supplies; especially as most of them couldn’t be made anymore. At least not the same way as it had been.

So, knowing this, Harry quickly got to work on transporting all the medical supplies in the room into his bag, not leaving even a single unused bandage from the area; after all you would never know when you would need medical supplies. And with a surplus of supplies you get the wonderful chance of being able to trade them if you found yourself with someone who was willing to do so.

Finished with the medical supplies, Harry after a brief argument between Daryl and Merle, was led to a library filled with all type of information that ran the entire CDC. Harry seeing this felt his eyes go wide once again, recognizing what a goldmine this was, after all information was important, especially this type of information.

Besides maybe there was information on how to cure this whole thing and it could be in this library. And if not, well the library did include how to cure other things were and that was just as important. Like the cures for other illnesses out there, or how to prevent or noticed certain
sicknesses; something that would be needed in the future. Especially for the future children to know about or be able to learn about; seeing as it was too valuable information to lose. Knowing this Harry quickly shrunk all the books and sent them into the bag that had all the camping supplies, as well as the hunting supplies, knowing that is where they would be safest.

After going through all these rooms and adding so much things to his bags, enough so that Harry was beginning to wonder if there was actually a limit to bottomless bags, Harry mentally promised himself that once he got back to the rooms he shared with Daryl and Merle he would be going through them with the brothers.

Before adding as much as he could to the others supplies and into his normal bags to be shared with the others, so they could also be prepared; even if he had to use a little magic to make more room in it. As while everything was in his small bottomless bags, they were pretty much useless to anyone else besides him, and those that already knew about his magic.

Plus, he really doubted, if the magic was simple enough and not obvious as some magic was, that the others would even notice it had been done in the first place. In fact, Harry was pretty much sure that as long as they had the supplies they all desperately needed, they wouldn’t question the little extra room their bags had at all. Putting it off as them getting better at packing than anything else.

Besides making the normal bags just a little bigger, just slightly stronger, and just a little lighter, then they had been before wasn't something that was completely noticeable anyway. At the same time, it was something that Harry could see as a way to slowly easy the others into magic and see how they reacted without actually informing them about said magic. Maybe just adding a bit more and more magic to things as time went on, until it came to the more obvious magics he had would be one way to introduce them to it.

This in mind Harry, and once they had all got back to the room they had been given, turned to the two brothers and asked them both; hoping they would accept.

"Hey, do you want me to make you bag similar to mine? That way you can hold some of these supplies and be prepared on the off chance we all get separated from each other? I don't have to make it completely like mine if you don't want me to. I can make it seem normal enough that people wouldn't question it while still having enough room to carry more things than normal…it wouldn't be nearly as much as a bottomless bag could carry but it could be also made lighter and more durable than normal. I was thinking on doing that with the others bags as well and give them some of the stuff we just got. Maybe as some of the others things I have as well, because there are chances we could get separated from them as well; and with the kids I really want to make sure they can be safe. Not to mention it could be a way to slowly show them about my magic without them jumping the gun and freaking out about it. I…” Harry once more found his mouth being covered and again it was by Daryl; who looked to be both tired and amused at the same time.

"Looks like I found a way to stop you from rambling Harry, I just got to cover your mouth." This was said with a slight grin before Daryl continued, answering the question Harry had asked.

"Now I can't answer for my brother, but I would like to have my bag become a bottomless one. I don't have to worry about someone else getting into it seeing as most people go out of their way to avoid me, and like Merle said a while ago, having a bottomless bag that is also feather light would be mighty helpful; especially during this time."

Harry hearing this Harry nodded and went to over to Daryl bag to start charming it, only to go blink as Merle's bag landed right next to Daryl's; it seemed he was alright with his bag being bottomless as well.
Which Harry could see as a good thing, now all he had to do before going to bed was go through all the things he had all together, split them between Merle, Daryl and himself. While at the same time leaving enough out to give to the others and if he could also charm the others bags to carry a little more than they were…it was going to be a long night.
Summary- An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerous betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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Chapter nine

Harry slowly began to get up from the bed he had been sleeping in. He was utterly exhausted having only been able to get an hour, maybe two hours, of sleep at most last night. Something Harry really wasn’t used to anymore as for the last couple of years he had been able to sleep as much as he wanted; whenever he wanted to. Something that was unlike the majority of his beginning years had been like.

On top of that, Harry had done a lot of spell work the night before, more so then he had done in quite a while. Making it so that his body even more tired than it actually was. Mainly due to the mental strain of doing several different complex spells, one after the other, with no break and little rest on top of that. Making it so he wasn’t only physically exhausted but mentally and magically as well.

But still despite this, Harry couldn’t find it in him to regret what he did; not in the least bit. Seeing as with all the work he had done last night, was what had made it so he had been able to pass out at least some of the supplies he had to the others. Making it so everyone was carrying almost twice what they had been before they had come to the CDC; while weighing even less than it had before.

In fact, due to the spells Harry had managed, along with the help of his invisible cloak and all the skills he had learned from hunting, he had managed to give all the group members one of the first aid kits, another spare set of warmer clothes for all of them, as well as a bit more food and water to each one. Not to mention he had been able to add at least one small blade in each bag as an additional weapon. He was sure that there would be question asked about this, seeing as it was a lot of supplies to suddenly appear in their bags, but at the same time Harry was sure if he didn't say anything neither would the others.

Though the fact that Harry had managed to get both Dixon brothers to have bottomless, feather light, bags themselves and on top of that had managed to pretty much split all the supplies he had on him into thirds between the three of them.

Was something that had made the load on his shoulders feel a bit lighter than it had been; seeing as at least now there were others with more supplies that could help the others. And despite how they acted a good deal of the time, Harry knew when push came to shove both Merle and Daryl would help the others; if only for the kids there. Just like Harry himself would.

Harry could now smell what he was sure was eggs, and what he was pretty sure was bacon, coming from the kitchen. Smelling this and groaning slightly Harry popped his back as he got up from his bed and started heading down to the kitchen; wishing he wasn’t feeling so stiff and sore as he did.
All the while, wondering just who had done the cooking this morning because he had been too drained to do it himself earlier. So instead of even trying to cook this morning, like several had hinted they had wanted him to do, Harry had gone to his room and passed out the second he hit his bed. Trying to get even the littlest amount of sleep he could to help recover; both mentally and magically. After all, he had already done a lot for the group, without them knowing about it, and he needed to do something for himself as well.

Not only that, but Harry knew that with the danger that was currently going on, and the on edge feeling that he was constantly feeling here. That he would need to be aware of everything that was going on; more aware than he had been the night before anyway. Which was another reason Harry had gone to sleep instead of cooking, seeing as even an hour of sleep was better than no sleep whatsoever; at least it was for Harry.

Harry as he entered the kitchen found himself almost regretting doing so. Because the very moment he actually walked into the room, he noticed that Lori, looked to be in a foul mood, which is probably why she decided to set herself on him the very second he entered the kitchen; he was the last to do so besides Dr. Jenner.

"Well, look who finally dragged himself out of bed. You know you could be more responsible right? I mean the CDC isn't a maid center and we aren't here to serve you hand and foot while you decided to waste the day way lying in bed-"

Here Lori was cut off as Harry really not in the mood to deal with her, at all, interrupted her before she could really get into the rant. Having heard several similar ones since he had met her; most often about him not knowing his place and knowing when to listen to his betters. Something he hadn’t listened to then, and something he wasn’t going to listen to now either.

"Will you shut up for once?! I was up all last night trying to get stuff to help all of us and checking up on the supplies I have. So yes, I slept in, and yes. I didn't cook breakfast this morning. But from the looks of it neither did you. So please just shut up and leave me the hell alone."

This caused Rick, Lori, and Shane, to all go red in the face but before any of them could erupt, and most likely say or do something that would cause the exhausted Harry to lose the hard earned control he had over his temper, Dr. Jenner walked in. Seeing this Harry handed Jenner a plate, and along with the doctor started to get some food; completely ignoring the glares at his back as he did so.

Harry once his plate was full, quietly sat down next to both Daryl and Merle, both of which looked to be rather amused by Harry's earlier outburst, as well as the lack of reaction Harry was giving the supposed leaders of their group, before beginning to quickly eat the food he had just gathered.

Unfortunately Harry didn't really get to enjoy the food he had gotten, and neither did Dr. Jenner for that matter, because the moment the doctor sat down to eat the food he had gotten, Shane, obviously both pissed off he was being ignored and impatient, asked Doctor Jenner.

"Look are you going to give us any answers about whatever the hell all of this is?! Because I know that we didn't come here for the eggs!" Jenner having not even been able to start on his food sighed before pushing it away from him.

"Alright, you want answers do you? Then follow me." Hearing this and seeing everyone else get up and leave after Dr. Jenner Harry sighed himself before pushing his halfway empty plate away and followed after the rest; well at least he, unlike Dr. Jenner, had gotten to eat a little of his food. Not
to mention unlike the man in question if he got hungry, he had some more food in his bag to help tide him over as well.

But even as he started to follow behind the man, Harry felt the feeling he had been getting since he had first entered the CDC get even stronger the ever; warning him that things were about to go to hell once more. Making Harry grateful he had gathered all his things and had them on him before he had even gone down the stairs.

Not to mention, he was even more thankful he had convinced both Daryl and Merle to do the same. Though that didn't need much work to convince them of anything, seeing as they never really put all their things down anyway; something Harry had made much easier for them to do with their new bottomless bags.

Dr. Jenner, not speaking a word after he had told them to follow him, led the entire group to a large room. The one he had been spending the last night in and the one Harry, Daryl, and Merle hadn't been able to enter because of that.

The room had a screen in it that took up most of the wall on one side, and a computer system under that. A computer system which, still not speaking, Jenner went up to before keying something in quickly. It was only then that the doctor actually started speaking; though it wasn't to anyone in the group but rather seemed to be directed at the ceiling for some reason.

"Give me playback of TS-19" this was said in an emotionless voice that got the warning bells in Harry's head to go blaring. He had heard tones like that, hell he had spoken like that plenty of times before, and he knew that one led to nothing good. But before Harry could say or do anything about this the screen in front of the group came to life, showing a three-dimensional scan of a human head; with the brain visible.

As this picture came to life on the screen Harry noticed that Dr. Jenner was looking at it with a strong look of longing on his face. Or at least he was, before he hid said look and turned to the group, informing them.

"Few people ever get the chance to actually see this, a very few amount." Again, warning bells went off in Harry's head, making him wonder just why did so few get to see this, was there a reason for that? And why did the doctor feel the need to tell them that in the first place?

"Is that an actual brain?" Came the sudden question from Carl as he stared almost transfixed at the screen. Fortunately, it seemed that Dr. Jenner wasn't insulted by this as he answered Carl's question with a slight smile on his face.

"An extraordinary one." Before losing the small smile had had gained as he continued; going back to the dead tone he had been speaking with in the beginning.

"Not that it actually matters now, take us in for the EIV" Harry tried not to jump as the computer answered Jenner; having figured out there was a reason for Jenner to be speaking to the ceiling after all.

"Enhanced internal view commencing."

Harry along with the others watched nearly transfixed as the screen moved to show the human brain clearly. A brain that was brightly lit up with several different lights.

"What are those lights?" This time the question came from Amy who was curious as to what is going on. Again Dr. Jenner didn't seem offended, but his tone left Harry knowing something was
wrong, something was very wrong.

"It's a person's life, experience, memories...it's everything that makes them, them. What makes them human. They are the synapses and electric impulses in the brain that carry out all the messages in and out. They are what determine what a person does, says, or thinks. and they're all there from birth...to death." This last bit seemed to strike something in Rick because he asked.

"Death? That's what this is a Vigil of some sort?" Harry watched as the Doctors hand clenched and unclenched before he answered Rick's question. All these signs were adding up and they weren't added up to anything good, but at the same time Harry knew that they needed answers that Dr. Jenner had.

Yet, at the same time Harry was left wondering how he could get the others to see just how dangerous Dr. Jenner was. How could Harry tell them that, when he had not real prove of it, and really only had the feeling his magic was giving him; magic that almost all of them had no idea about to begin with.

Harry, himself didn't honestly caring about the information Jenner was giving them, seeing as he could tell from the way Dr. Jenner was behaving that he hadn't found the cure, or anything good for that matter, not to mention Harry could tell that the man in front of him had given up all hope.

Knowing this, Harry was mentally debating how to best approach the group about leaving as soon as possible. That is he was having a mental debate until a voice cut through his thoughts and said something that caused every hair on the back of his neck to stand up on end and caused his magic to begin to act up even more than it had been before.

"Doctor, not to interrupt you but that clock behind you, what's it counting down to. It's about to reach zero soon."

Harry hearing this and knowing from experience both with count downs and the way his magic was reaction, that nothing good would come of that thing reaching zero began to listen back in; eyes wide in panic as he did so. More so then ever when he heard the reply from the AI when Rick asked what happens when the power runs out after the Doctor had refused to answer the question he had been asked.

"When the power runs out, a facility-wide decontamination will occur."

The others hearing this, and after a couple more question directed at the AI on the ceiling, knew just what it meant started to panic and rush to the door to leave. Only for the door to slam shut before any of them could get out.

Seeing this door slam shut Harry spun around to see Dr. Jenner at the keyboard. He had just used his ID to seal the door shut; trapping them all inside as he did so. He was prepared to die and take them all with him.

Worst yet, in Harry's mind at least, he was acting as if he was doing them all a large favor by doing this. Harry knew now that this was what his magic, and the warning bells in his head had been warning him about all along. He knew now he really shouldn't have ignored either of them like he had.

Harry knowing this, and knowing that the people he cared, and the children he had put under is protection, were now in danger because of this. Spun around so he was now facing the Doctor, all the while channeling magic into his voice as he told Jenner.
"Let us out and let us all out now." Dr. Jenner having no mental shields, and no way of protecting himself from the compulsions Harry layered his voice with found himself obeying Harry's command and letting the all out before he even realized what he had been doing.

The others not really paying attention to just what had caused the door to open all rushed out. All of them gathering their things and heading to the front doors; only to freeze when the they all saw the shutters where still firmly shut.

Seeing this and remembering how he had felt about the shutters when he had first entered the CDC cursed and began to gather his magic to blast them open; honestly not caring about revealing who he was as he did so seeing as he already used a good deal of magic in front of them anyway.

Only to stop and pull said magic back into himself when Carol rushed over to Rick, holding the grenade she had found in his vest when she had been washing it. It seemed they had away out without him having to use more of his magic after all. Knowing this and being grateful for it, Harry quickly climbed out the hole that had been made in the shutters and into the van; all of them making it before the CDC blew once and for all.

Harry as he got in the van noticed two things. One Daryl and Merle where watching him, it seemed they had noticed what he had done with Dr. Jenner and were both cautious and curious about it. And two now that all of them where in the van they could see that Jacqui had decided to stay behind with Dr. Jenner as the CDC blew up. Making it so that the CDC had cost them one of their members and making Harry wonder how many more they will lose before he could tell them about his magic, and the sanctuary he had.
chapter ten

I'll trust again when the dead walk

Summary- An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerous betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human-free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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This is most likely going to be slash, with Harry and Daryl.

Chapter Ten

Now that they were out of the CDC and were currently trying to drive down the road away from said blown up center, Harry felt really nervous. Mostly because of what he had done in said CDC, unknown to most of the group, to ensure they had been able to escape from the mad doctor there. Currently he was in the truck with both Daryl and Merle. As Merle, who was driving the truck, was following the others in their own vehicles. Leaving Harry to wonder just how they would to what had happened with the doctor.

So far, they had been driving in silence and had been for the last five minutes or so, but Harry really got the feeling it wasn't going to stay that way for much longer. Especially since the two in the truck with him had seen what he had done to Dr. Jenner, knew about his magic, and both obviously wanted to know just what had happened. Even if Harry was sure that they both already had a pretty good idea as to what had happened; as neither one of them were what you would call stupid. Harry felt a little justified in his nervousness when Daryl, breaking the silences asked Harry.

"Not that I'm not grateful that you got the whacked-up doctor to open the doors, but how did you do it? How did the doctor's eyes go all glazed before he listened to you? And what exactly was it?"

Harry hearing this let loose the breath he had been holding, he might as well answer Daryl now because Harry knew one way or another the Dixon brothers would find their answers. And if he gave them the truth now instead of letting them figure it out on their own their reactions would most likely be better.

"It was something I learned to do a good couple years ago and something I some time practice on a bit when I'm alone. Though at the same time it's something I rarely do to others that is….and only when it is an emergency… I actually learned about it myself and found out how to do so after a trip to Greece a good while ago. In fact, the skill is based on off what the Sirens in Greek mythology could do. You know the singing from an island and luring sailors that are out at sea into a bed of rocks; known for their hypnotic voices that ensnare anyone who hears it? Though I am nowhere near as good at is as some people used to be, and it did take me quite a while to get to the level I'm at now. …"

Here Harry paused, realized he was starting to ramble and get off topic, before taking a deep breath
and continuing on. This time doing his best to keep it short, sweet and to the point; like he was sure the Dixons wanted.

"What it is, is a compulsion charm used through the vocal cords. Meaning when I pushed the charm, the magic, through my voice and he heard what I had to say, he wanted to do as soon as I said it. A compulsion makes it so that the person, or even in some cases the object, does what the person doing the compulsion wants."

Here Harry bit his lips as he tried to think of the best way to word what he wanted to say, as he wanted to be as truthful as possible but at the same time not let the brothers think that he would ever use that ability on him. Which is why he decided to tell them.

"It is a very weak form of mind control to some people. Most of the time it's done with a wand like a lot of other spells are done. Hell, for the longest time that was the only way I knew it could be done; even then I really never liked using them. In fact, I never liked any form of mind control and most of the time went out of my way to avoid using them. Again, that was until I went to Greece; which is where I found out it could also be used through vocal manipulation." Sighing slightly as his mind went back to his times in Greece Harry gave a slightly pained smile before continuing.

"However in both cases, be it with a wand, or using the voice, like I did back there, if the person that is being compelled has a stronger will then the person doing the casting, or even stronger magic then the person it will not work. Nor does it allow for an endless amount of suggestion, and honestly you can forget about complicated suggestion, cause that is just not happening. Compulsions don't work that way, they have to be simple, and things a person can do, like opening a door, and at most you can get may three simple commands out before a compulsion is broken. When it came to Dr. Jenner it was easy to do the compulsion on him because he had already given up, meaning he had no will power, and on top of that being muggle, or without any magic what so ever to help protect him, he had no defenses against it."

Taking a deep breath after saying all of this Harry couldn't help but think, so much for keeping it short and sweet. Still at least now they knew in rather deep detail on how he had done what he had done, right?

Harry nervous about how the brothers would react didn't look at them instead pulled out one of his blades and began to inspect it. Taking note of the runes on them that keep them all in tiptop shape and wondering if he could somehow apply them to the brothers weapons as well. Like perhaps putting a rune or two on Daryl's arrow bag to make them return to him after being used. Harry before he could think further on this was interrupted from his thoughts as Merle demanded to know.

"You wouldn't use that on us, would you?" Harry hearing this felt his eyes widen and before he could stop himself Harry found himself blurting out.

"No, never. I wouldn't ever do that. I honestly don't like using the compulsion charm at all and only used it then because it was an emergency and I didn't want to risk anyone dying. Beside given how strong the both of your wills are I doubt it even work at all! Hell, you'd most likely punch out rather than obey me!"

Harry after saying this, saw that both the brother's looked rather amused at what he said, and Harry felt himself blushing slightly. Obviously, they both knew that Harry didn't like using the compulsion charm and really hadn't been worried about him using on them and had only asked to see his reaction to the suggestion. A blush that got even worse when Daryl, still amused, decide to jokingly ask Harry.
"So, you said the voice thing is like the sirens in Greek mythology. The ones that you said sang others to the doom? Does that mean you can sing when doing the compulsion charm? What'd happen if you do that?"

Harry hearing this was vividly reminded of how he had first learned to use the vocal way of using the compulsion charm, which was mainly singing. Something which Harry was surprisingly very good at; no matter how much he denied otherwise. Face now red, as he remembered the reactions, not to mention the outright teasing he had gotten from his teachers because of this Harry answered Daryl.

"It would depend on what song I am singing, and the emotions put in the song….and yeah I can sing alright." This earned laughter from both brothers and Harry was sure that Merle was about to demand him to sing something, if only to have something to tease Harry about at a later date, when something happened outside.

Once the truck had fully pulled to a stop Harry, Merle and Daryl all climbed out to see just what had happened. To see just why they had stopped to begin with because they honestly hadn't gotten that far from where the CDC had been yet. When he did this, and when he saw, just what it was Harry couldn't help but groan. It seemed then RV had broken down yet again, despite the work Merle had done on it.

At the same time looking around Harry could say at least it could be worse, given just where they were and what all was around them. It seemed Merle felt the same because instead of saying anything, well besides some grumbling and curses muttered under his breath, he went to a nearby truck and popped open the top; getting the things he would need to repair the RV out of it.

Seeing this and seeing another opportunity to get even more supplies Harry started to go to the other cars and, after checking to make sure that there were no walkers inside the vehicles started to search them for anything that could be of use. Only to end up wanting to hold his ears in agony, and really wish he could curse Lori completely silent for a while when she saw what he was doing she started to scream at him.

"What are you doing, this is like a graveyard, and what you're doing is like stealing from the dead...I don't know how to feel about that." Hearing this and seeing the fact that Lori was now looking down her nose at Harry for what he was doing.

This caused Harry to growl in anger, and still on edge from what had just happened, not to mention feeling to be near the end of his rope were Lori was concerned. Caused Harry to spin around and snap at Lori; with barely restrained anger clearly heard in his voice as he did.

"Like stealing from the dead is it? Well, do they need it now? No, no they don't but we do. So, get the hell off your high horse and get ready to get a little dirty 'darling' because we're in the middle of what could be considered the seventh layer of hell, and we need to do things we wouldn't to make sure we survive."

Here Harry paused and then looking at the red face of Lori and seeing that both Rick and Shane looked ready to attack him at any given moment, before continuing; not feeling threatened in the least bit.

"Also, you might want to keep the screeching down seeing as the Walkers, you know the ones we're trying to desperately escape from, are attracted to loud noises, right?" This last bit, and the tone it was said in, seemed to be the last straw and Harry found himself being attacked by both Shane and Rick.
Or at least he would have been attacked by both of them if Harry hadn't ducked under Shane's wild swinging fist before punching him hard in the stomach knocking the air out of him and causing him to fall down clutching his stomach.

Seeing this Harry turned and dealt with Rick, using a high kick to hit him the chest and knocking him on his ass as he did so. Having a good few hundred years of mixed martial arts made it hard for someone to take him down in a normal fist fight; especially when the person in question was too angry to think straight. Not to mention when one of them was still recovering from a good three month stay in the hospital after being shot; and wasn't really attacking him at full strength.

Knowing this and knowing that they really couldn't afford to have the group fighting between them, no matter how much he wanted to when some of them were concerned, Harry grinded his teeth and decided to be the better man at the moment.

"Look this is getting out of hand, we can't afford to be fighting and right now we're all on edge from what recently happens so I'm sorry for the way I said what I did, but it doesn't make it any less true. We need the supplies and we need to keep the volume down. So why don't we get to work and get some supplies while we're at this. After all Merle's almost done with the RV and we need to get going soon if we want to keep out running the Walkers were attracted to that explosion that happened not too far from where we currently are."

Harry after saying this looked at the other. Lori still looked enraged, as did Shane, though he did look a little more wary as he looked at Harry and took in the ease, he took him down with. While Rick looked almost embarrassed with how he reacted and looked to be agreeing with what Harry had just said.

Because instead of continuing to fight, like Harry was sure Lori still wanted him to do, Rick started giving out orders on what he wanted group to do. Though much to his amusement Harry noticed Rick didn't even try to order him, Merle or Daryl to do anything; letting each of them do their own thing instead.

The group had been going through the cars and gathering all the supplies they needed for about ten minutes now when Dale shouted out.

"Walkers! Get Down there are Walkers coming!"

Hearing this Harry, before he could really react, found himself being pulled underneath a nearby car, right alongside of Daryl; who had been the one how had pulled Harry in the first place. Seeing this Harry gave Daryl a thankful nod before turning to see the largest herd of walkers he had seen yet shuffling past them all.

Harry as the Walkers went past felt himself beginning to blush slightly as he felt parts of Daryl press against him. There was nothing sexual about how they were laying but it had been a really long time since Harry had even been touched by anyone causing it to feel slightly sexual to Harry; which was what led Harry to blushing slightly and caused Harry's mind to start to wonder a bit.

Fighting the urge to turn around and look at Daryl, to see if he was noticing anything, Harry forced himself to stay still as he watched as feet shuffled past him with what seemed to be excruciating slowness.

Until finally the last walker past them and were far enough away not to hear any of them if they got out. Seeing this Harry let loose a low sight of relief then, after fighting back the blush he had, climbed out from underneath the car he had been under with Daryl. Only to go deadly pale when, as soon as he got from under the car, he heard Carol desperately ask.
"Sophia? Sophia? Have any of you seen Sophia?!"
I'll trust again when the dead walk

Summary- An immortal Harry potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerus betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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Chapter eleven

Harry as soon as he heard what Carol had said felt a sense of pure horror clutch his heart in a death grip; Sophia was missing. He adored that little girl and usually went out of his way to make sure she was safe, so did both Merle and Daryl; as Sophia was like a little ray of sunshine to the three. But with all that had been happening lately, Harry hadn't been able to do so at least not anytime recently, and now because of it she had gone missing; at least that is how Harry felt at the moment.

Taking a deep breath Harry looked at both Merle and Daryl, and seeing similar looks in their eyes, followed the two as they went off to look for Sophia. Ignoring the calls of Rick asking what they were doing, ignoring the screams of Shane that it was useless to look for the girl, and ignoring the scornful look in Lori eyes as the three took off at a run toward the forest Sophia had disappeared into.

Once the three where in the forest and were far enough away that any prying ears would be able to hear him, Harry stopped and let the brother into an important bit of information he really hadn't informed any one of as of yet.

"I have a tracking charm on Sophia; all we have to do is follow it and then can find her. It alerts me to where she is, and if she's been injured or not. I put one on both each of the kids a little after I first joined in. Especially since Carl likes to take off without letting anyone know, and his so-called mother never really seemed to care; or notice for that matter." Harry waited to see how the two would react while at the same time activating the tracking charm, he had on Sophia so that it could be followed.

After he did this Harry could feel a strong tug on his magic pulling him in the direction that Sophia was in and he could feel that she was in danger; not to mentioned feel that she was currently utterly terrified over something. Harry feeling this felt the desperate urge to run, but at the same time stopped himself enough to touch both Daryl and Merle before pushing a little bit of his magic into them so they too could feel the tracking charm Harry had on Sophia. This is when they both reacted.

"What they hell is that!"

"What the fuck!" Harry hearing this thought to himself that maybe he should have warned them
before doing what he had just done, but at the same time knew what was done was done. So instead of apologizing he answered them.

"That was the tracking charm on Sophia, and right now she's in trouble." Hearing this all three took off running towards where the tracking charm was currently pulling them. Though as they did this, this didn't stop Merle from asking Harry.

"So, do you have these tracking charms on all the group members or something like that?" Harry hearing this and knowing or at least getting what Merle was asking was quick to reply.

"No, I don't have it on all of the group members just the kids, and no I don't have any other spells on anyone; especially not you two. Plus, I really wouldn't do that to you two without your permission. I didn't like when it was done to me when I was younger, and I wouldn't have done it even to the children if there wasn't so much danger around them." Harry after saying this and seeing that they were closing in on where Sophia was decided to add one more thing before the actually got there.

"Though, given how you two are with each other I was thinking on making a tracking charm linked between the two of you, so that if you two get separated then you could find each other if you wanted, and could check on each other's health and things like that...but then again the two of you might not like that and consider it a violation of your privacy so I don't know. How about you think on it and tell me later?" After saying this Harry tore into the clearing, he could feel Sophia was in; just as Sophia's scream tore a crossed said clearing.

What they saw when they got into the clearing, had all three of them flying a crossed the field to help. None faster then Merle who upon seeing that Sophia was dangerously close to getting bitten grabbed the girl before throwing her gently to Harry. Unfortunately, doing so end with three of his fingers getting bitten off by the Walker that was about to take a bit out of Sophia.

This action caused both Daryl and Merle to scream, Daryl in anger while Merle was in pain. Daryl, in rage, quickly destroyed all the walkers around him, all that had been in the clearing in fact. While Merle remembering something he had learned in the Marines took a dagger and began to cut off his hand; preventing whatever it was that was making the walkers from spreading any further.

Harry seeing this quickly turn Sophia so she was facing into his chest and then using the vocal manipulation he had learned in Greece began to sing a sweet soft lullaby instantly causing Sophia to fall into a deep sleep before Merle could cut off his own hand.

"Sweet dreams young child, the day is done.  
The moon is here to say goodnight to the sun.  
Gather your blankets and climb into bed.  
Close your eyes and lay down your head.  
Rest for now with peaceful dreams,  
Of twinkling stars and shining moon beams.  
Sweet dreams young child, sweet dreams young child,  
Sweet dreams you precious gift from above."

Once Merle's hand was completely cut off, Harry cast several spells on him, one right after the
other. One of them was to stop the bleeding, another to bandage the sump at the end of Merle arm, and another to check for there was any infection.

Nodding to a worried look Daryl and Merle telling them without words that no there wasn't any infection left and what Merle had just done had saved his life. Harry still feeling rather startled at what Merle had done, and oddly nervous at the same time, spoke up; hoping Merle would be offended by what he was offering.

"You know, we probably shouldn't let the others know about Merle's hand, at least not while Shane is there. That man is pretty much a hair's breathe from going bat shit insane from what I can tell. And he would use any excuse he can get his hands onto, to get rid of those he thinks are in his way to either power or Lori. Which, he feels Merle is, seeing as none of us actually listen or respect him in the least bit. He'd use the fact Merle got bit as an excuse to kill him, even if because he just cut off his hand, he really isn't infected any more. Shane wouldn't believe that; hell he wouldn't give you a chance to even explain it before he'd shot you. I could use an illusion to make it look like Merle still had his hand…at least until I can get the chance to make him a magical prosthetic to take place of the illusion…that is if Merle wants a prosthetic." This earned Harry a hard look from both Merle and Daryl before Daryl nodded and Merle asked him.

"Just what kind of prosthetic could you make me and how is a magical prostatic different from a normal one" Harry hearing this, and after adjusting his hold on Sophia so he wasn't holding her at such an awkward angle, answered Merle; doing his best to recall everything he had learned about magical prosthetic while he stayed in Japan as he did so.

"Well a magical prosthetic can pretty much function just like a normal hand could. In fact, in most cases, depending what is made of, people mistake it for person's normal hand; unless told otherwise. But unlike a normal hand a magical prosthetic can have runes carved into them making it stronger, able to carry more weight, take a lot more damage than a normal hand could. Not to mention you could, with the correct runes, transform the hand into a weapon; that is if you wanted to. Magical prosthetic was one of the newest magic made before they all disappeared and the magical members of Japan really went all out when it came to making them.” Here Harry paused, and going of subject added on.

“ I mean I had to give a lot, and teach them family made wards as well, to even be able to learn how make them. But seeing as how helpful they are or could be, I am really grateful I learned how to do so. It was really worth the cost."

There was a silence in the clearing after this was said, the only real sounds that could be heard being the wind blowing and the deep breaths of Sophia as she slept in Harry's arms. That is until Merle finally responded.

"So, this magical prosthetic of yours would be like having my hand back, but having it be stronger while being able to turn into a weapon if I want it to? Does that mean I could turn my hand into a blade or gun if I chose to or are there limitations when it comes to that?"

Harry hearing thought about what was asked for a little bit before answering. Taking note to keep his voice down, as the three of them walked through the forest back to where the camp was. Not wanting to attract walkers to them or be overheard by anyone else as he did so.

"Well, that would really depend on how I make the hand in question. I could make it like a normal hand, with it having all the flexibility and movability that your hand would normally have. But at the same time, I could make it so that it has things like storage runes on it. Which would make it so it could hold things like say different several blades or have even other supplies if you wanted it to. Say a gun filled with bullets.” Harry’s got a look of concentration on his face as he continued this,
obviously deep in thought on the what the prosthetics he was making could be able to do.

“Or I could use runes to make it so that it could transform into a blade or something similar to a blade. But for transforming into a gun, well that would be a lot harder and would become useless quickly after it ran out of bullets because ones the prosthetic is done and the magic is seal to it you wouldn't be able to add more bullets to it making the gun useless in the long run. Unless you are summoning one, like the storing runes would allow you to.” There was a pause as Harry really began to think on this and added on.

“Not to mention the heat from a gun could start to burn your skin around the prosthetic after multiple uses. ” Here Harry trailed off as he thought of different ways runes could be used in the prosthetic and began to think of different combination of runes he could use as well. But it seemed the answer Harry had given was enough for Merle because just before the group arrived back at the camp Merle told Harry.

"I'll take that offer of a prosthetic from you. I get the feeling running around with only one hand, ain't going to be doing me a lick of good during these times." Harry hearing this and in a low tone told Merle.

"Okay, I'll get work to it tonight, just tell me if you would like anything in particular added to it. Or if you have any specific material you would like it made of. Be it metal or even wood." This earned Harry a quick nod from a now deep in thought Merle, and it also earned Harry a raised eyebrow from Daryl; making Harry wonder just what the look was for.

As the three entered the camp they were all meet with a sight that caused them to raise their eyebrows in disbelief. Because the minute they got back into the camp they noticed that everyone, be it T-dog, Amy, Andrea or Carol were all rushing around packing everything up. Obviously getting ready to take of somewhere; even if Carol looked to be rather reluctant to do so as she moved around.

Seeing this Harry felt a spark of rage in his chest. Had the group been waiting for them to go off so they could leave them behind? If so ,then why had Harry spent so much time trying to help them? To what, get abandoned by them? Didn't the group see how much they actually need the Dixon brothers who, besides Harry, were the only members of the group who could actual hunt and now how to cook the food that was hunted down? Didn't they see how bad idea it was to leave? Well if they were leaving them, then why should Harry even think of letting them in the protection of his home? How could he do so without fear that they would betray him; like so many others had?

However, these thoughts left his mind, and the anger he had been feeling, disappeared when two things happened. One Daryl placed a calming hand on his shoulder, as if sensing where Harry's thoughts were going. And two Carol, seeing that they were back, not to mention seeing just who they had with them, came rushing over to them; tears pouring from her eyes as she did so.

Once she reached them, she quickly took Sophia from Harry's arm and clutched her daughter, who was starting to wake up now, to her; crying into her daughter’s head as she did so. Grateful that her daughter was back in her arms once more. Tears of happiness falling from her eyes she looked at the three men in front of her, she hoarsely whispered out an almost unheard.

"Thank you." Hearing this and fighting back a blush from the sheer gratefulness in Carol's eyes Harry couldn't help but mutter out.

"You should really be thanking Merle there; he's the one that saved her from getting bit after all." After saying this Carol gasped in horror before launching herself and Merle and, to the shock of everyone, including Merle himself, she hugged him as hard as she could.
"Thank you, thank you so much for saving my daughter!" Merle actually embarrassed from both the hug and the fact he was being thanked with such appreciation. Awkwardly patted Carol on the back in an attempt to comfort her a bit, and with a slight glare directed at the now amused Daryl and Harry, gruffly said.

"It's fine, it's what anyone would do that all. Now mind telling me what the hell is going on here and why everyone is packing all the shit up and lookin' ready to get up and leave. You guys weren't planning on abandoned us here now where ya'?" This got Carol to let go of Merle and then seeing how what they were doing would look from the group in front of her point of view put a hand in front of her mouth in horror before answers.

"No, not at all. It's just that well Rick, Shane and Carl left a little while ago to help look for Sophia as well. Something Carl had convinced them to do as Sophia was his friend…Only their trip didn't turn out nearly as well as yours did. From what we've been told while they were out. they ran in to a deer, but so did another hunter and the hunter shot clear through the deer to hit Carl as well; accidentally that is.” Here Carol grimaced at the idea of Carl, or any child being hurt, before continuing on.

“That's why we're all packing up like this. Carl's currently at the farm the hunter was from. Rick had sent Shane out here to tell us to get there as fast as we could. Apparently, the owner of the farm in also a Veterinarian and will hopeful be able to help Carl recover from the gunshot wound. " Harry after hearing this began to help the others pack up and then alongside Merle, and Daryl climbed into the truck to join the other in their mad dash to the farm where Carl was.

Once in the truck Harry did two things, one he wondered why it seemed that the children were always the first to be hurt in situation like this, and two began to wonder just what he should do with Merle's prosthetic: what it should be made of, what runes it should have on it, and if Merle had in preferences that he might want in on it or not.
Summary- An immortal Harry potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerus betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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This is going to be slash, with Harry and Daryl.

Chapter twelve

Harry was currently in the truck trying to keep his mind off the utter apprehension he was feeling due to finding out Carl had just gotten shot. To do so Harry was trying to focus instead on making the Prosthetic he had promised Merle not even an hour ago.

After all the sooner he got it done the sooner he could let go of the illusion he had on Merle, an illusion that was currently slowly draining away his magic. Not by much but still a strain that very well could start to add up if he didn’t stop it; like a small leak in a lake, not damage noticed at first put over time it could end up draining the lake in question.

Not to mention, by focusing on the Prosthetic Harry found that his mind wasn't being overrun by the what if thoughts regarding Carl. As he would have had otherwise; because his mind had always been one to go to worse case scenarios if he let it.

Fortunately, it seemed that both brothers, that were with him both seemed to know what he was doing and didn’t mind the fact he was question Merle about the specifics he wanted in or on his Prosthetic. Instead of voicing his worries about Carl like all the others had done.

"Okay Merle, are there a certain thing you want your prosthetic made out of? I've got metal, which would make it easy to transform the hand into a blade and would make it harder to actually break. Meaning if worst came to worse it could be used as a very small shield or barrier. But at the same time depending on just what type of metal it is made out of it could rust or be damaged over time if it isn't properly taken care off. Not to mention that even with runes helping it, it will be affected by different temperatures and be hard to use in winter months. Or cause you trouble during a storm seeing as metal attracts electricity…" Here Harry trailed off and shuttered as if remembering something before moving on.

"I've also have some strong wood, an ironwood in fact, and it can be a strong as some metals and with the right runes just as durable. And because it is wood, and a more of a natural element it would be able to handle more magic into it meaning more runes could be used in it. And because of how easy it is to work with, this would be the prosthetic that would take me less amount of time and be the easiest to replace if something bad happened to it. But like the metal one it has its down sides it to it as well. For one, it would need more care then the metal Prosthetic would, and could be damaged worse in fire, or with water for that matter, then the metal prosthetic would. For two, well even with magic, its still wood. Meaning time would cause more wear and tear on it then it would the others. "Here Harry paused and took a breath before continuing; knowing that both
brothers were listening to every word he said as he did.

"One of the last materials that I have to make the Prosthetic, and most likely the most interesting on out of the lot, is the Dragon bone I have. I don't have a lot of it seeing as I originally got it to help with some of the wards around my house considering the way dragon bone absorbs the excess magic in the air and there for made it really helpful for long term wards. But I do have enough to make you your hand and have a small amount left over. Honestly out of the three I would suggest actually using the dragon bone because as I said it absorbs the magic that is left in the air. Meaning that the bone I have, have been absorbing magic for many years and the more magic the dragon bones have in them the stronger they are. Since the bones have been absorbing magic for so long this would actually mean they are stronger than both the metal and wood would be. " here Harry began to wonder if he was started to babble just a bit, before he finished up what he was saying. Knowing that the information would be used either way.

"Not to mention due to all the magic it already has in it I wouldn't have to use much of my magic to power the runes and they would stay powered for a very long time. Which in turn prove to be a very helpful thing if we ever got separated. Not only that, but because of what it is made of the dragon bone prosthetic would be the most normal looking one; easily mistaken for a paler than normal hand and that is without the runes the others would use give the illusion of a normal hand. Plus, because of how strong the bone is it could easily be shifted into a weapon including a blade without fear of it shattering; even if the blade would be made of bone instead of metal. But at the same time, it is made of a bone, even if it is out of a creature and not actually a human bone, it doesn't matter as some people aren't really comfortable with that. So, which of those ideas did you like the most" Here Harry paused and waited for Merle to answer; wondering just what Material he could choice as he did.

"I aint' afraid of using some bones, and besides from what ya just said the dragon bones sounds like the best of the lot. Not nearly as may negatives to it, besides some other people's feelings, so that's what I'd like to be used."

Harry hearing this gave a smile. That choice made it a lot easier for him and opened up a lot more options when it came to runes as well. Knowing this, Harry started to categories the runes he could add, while continuing the questions he had for Merle.

"Alright then, if that's what you want, that's what I'll make it out of. Now as for what's on it, do you want it to be just a plain Prosthetic that would have only the basics of runes on it so it would work just like you hand? Or do you want more on it?" This was a question Harry asked because he felt he had to; even though he knew the answer Merle would give. And sure, enough after a rough snort Harry got the answer he was expecting from Merle.

"Nah I don't want just the basics not with the hell that's outside. Tell Merle what some of those runes you were talking about can do, and I'll tell what I like. But I can already tell you the idea of it being able to transform into a weapon sounds mighty fine indeed." Harry hearing this gave a slight smirk.

"Alright, so you want it to be able to transform you hand in to a weapon, what type, and any specifics you want on the weapon? Do you want a hooked weapon? Or, want it to be straight and sharp? Do you want to be like spear? Or do you want it to be like a short sword? Though keep in mind it is going to be where you hand is so you don't want it to be too big, or too long, and it has to be something you can handle with a single hand….or arm in this case." Here Harry paused and waiting for Merles answer to that question before he could go on and list the other things the runes could do like Merle had just asked.
"A short sword sound good, but make it look threatening if you can; maybe even have it serrated. I want anyone who is going to attack me to think twice about doing so. Now what else ya got?"

Harry hearing this and keeping a mental note of everything Merle wanted started to bring out the ideas he had for the Prosthetics, hoping Merle would like and want some of them. And also hoping that Merle would give him some idea to experiment with because over the years Harry had learned to really love experimenting on new ideas or things.

"Already well there are runes you can use to store thing in, anything from things like more weapons, to thing like more food and water or even medical supplies. Then there are runes you can use that with enough power, which the dragon bone has more than plenty of, you, can fire things out of the rune. With those runes you could put a couple of blade in the fingers and fire them out when you want; though because of the size of the prosthetic you'd most likely only be able to store about thirty to forty blades in there at a time and it'd be a bitch and a half getting them back in." Here Harry grimaced as he thought of the trouble it would be getting those blades back in before starting back up.

"Then there are runes that can actually be used to hold weaker spells in. Like if I put a rune on something, then placed a spell in the rune, at a later date you would be able to use the spell that had been placed in the rune. For example, if I put a levitation spell in the rune then later on if you wanted to levitate something you would only need to concentrate on that, and the rune would take care of the rest. But again, there are limitations to this, you'd only be able to store a good ten spells per rune and only seven of these types of runes in total could be used on your hand. Not only that but the spells would have to lower power ones and they wouldn't be able to be replace or restored at a later date; leaving the runes useless after the spells run out." Another pause as Harry let Merle and his brother take all this in before continuing.

"Then there are the elements runes which would let you call things like fire or water to you to be used. Though depending on how much fire or water you called you wouldn't be able to use the other runes on you hand for a while after; mainly because of the drain those runes would cause. Though considering that the dragon bone would still be absorbing the excesses magic in the air the back lash wouldn't be as bad as it would otherwise… still you'd have to be careful when or how you use those runes because of the potential drain it could have." Here Harry paused to think of some other ideas, before continuing on; wanting to cover as much as he could before Merle made his choices.

"There are also of course the usual damage resistance runes, which would help protect the Prosthetic even more so then it usual it. The repair runes which would help repair any damage that may happen to the prosthetic, as well as keep the Prosthetic in tip top shape; and which couldn't be used on the metal one; as magic doesn’t work the best in repairing metal like that.” Harry as he thought on this wondered why magic could easily repair blades but couldn’t repair the metal in the Prosthetic before deciding it was most likely because of the complexity of the Prosthetic in question, as well as the other magics in it before continuing on.

“Then there are the illusion runes which would give it the look of your normal hand. And one of the last ideas I can think of at the moment, would be attaching a summoning rune to it. Which would allow you to summon things that were yours back to you. Though to do this you would have to have the items in question being tagged with the rune as well; which you could to by simply touching them to the rune and willing that to happen; so it wouldn't be so hard." Harry after saying this turned to look at Merle, who himself looked to be in deep thought before he responded.

"Those runes you said could hold a spell, what types of spells could they hold and could it hold more powerful ones if there were less of them in there. Like instead of ten minor spells there could
be five stronger spells?” Harry hearing this question thought about it for a bit, wondering just how to word it, and mentally working it out the best he could, before answering.

“Well first, what I mean by lower level spells are spells that don't take up much magic themselves. These would be spells like, the levitation spell I mentioned earlier, minor healing spells that could take care of cuts bruises and other minor injuries like that. As well as stinging jinxes which as it suggests give who ever feels it a stinging feeling wherever it hits, and minor glamour spells that could do things like make it look like your hair or eyes were a different color. Things like that; nothing really big but could be helpful in smaller ways....” Then biting his lip and thinking a bit more answered the rest of the question.

"And yes, if I'm careful, then I could adjust the runes to handle more powerful spells but it wouldn't be the five you think but more like two or three spells per a rune which would leave you with twenty to at most thirty spells. But these spells would be more powerful. Things like full powered healing spells that could heal deep cuts, and broken bones. Or a full body glamour that could make you look like a completely different person, animal or thing depending on what you concentrate on wanting to look like when using that rune. It could also include spells like blasting spells that would literally blast someone away from you, and disarming spells that would disarm the person it was directed at. All spells that would be more useful but at the same time there would be a lot less of them and after the runes are empty; their empty for good unless I make you an all new Prosthetic with all new runes added to them. And because of the face the dragon bone I have is a limited substance I really couldn’t do that often, nor with the bone that is.” Again, Merle remind silent for a while as he thought about everything he wanted and once he did, he had another question he wanted to ask Harry.

"Alright I have a pretty good idea about what I want but I have to ask, just how many runes can be added because I'm sure there is a reason you're asking me to choose several instead of adding all of them, plus more just for the hell of it.” Here Harry had to smirk as Merle once more showed just why he was more intelligent than most people thought he could before answering.

"Yeah there is a reason why I'm giving you all the examples and suggestion you chose some of them instead of all of them. And that is because of both power and a chance of overload; not to mention the size of the Prosthetic.” Here realizing that it wouldn’t make munch sense to those who didn’t know how to make those prosthetics like him decided to add more details.

“ What I mean by this is well, while the dragon bone does have plenty of power in it and because of the way it can regenerate the power it is likely the power the bone has wouldn't run out that quickly. There is still the chance that it could, especially if it has with too many runes on it. Some of which would prove to be pretty much useless in the long run but would still constantly drain the powers of the bone even when they are empty or no longer in use. Making it harder to use the more useful ones because of this. And while it would only be a small amount of drainage for each rune, it would add up quickly the more runes there are and with no idea how quickly the bone would be able to get the power back, seeing as I don't know how much excess magic is around here.”

At this Harry raised an eyebrow as while he knew there was wild magic around here, lots of it, he didn’t know just how much the dragon bone would be able to drain out of it without someone or something there to draw on said magic to begin with; like his wards at his home. But knowing that this really wasn’t that important, at least not at the time, Harry continued on with his explanation.

“Then there is the fact that the runes could lead to Prosthetic constantly being drained and end up being useless. Not to mention that some of the runes could end up overloading the others because of the similarities between the runes, leading to them either combining and overloading the runes there. That or causing an explosion as they oppose each other and lead to either said explosion, or
if not that to them doing absolutely nothing besides being a power drain. As for size, well the runes have to be carved into the item and there is only a certain amount of room available on the hand sized Prosthetic and some of the runes are much bigger than the others leaving less room available."

A look of understand was clearly seen in Merle eyes, and on Daryl's face as well. Daryl, who had been following along the whole time while looked to be even more interested in what was being said. Making Harry curious if Daryl wanted to learn runes himself, seeing as that was something Squibs could do, before he listened in to Merle; who had finally decided just what he wanted on his Prosthetic. Which with his carving skills, and once he learned Runes Harry could help him learn to make certain prosthetics on his own as well. Something Harry could see him doing well in it; as long as he had a magical soaked wood or bone that he could make it of to make up for his own lack of access to his magic.

"Well I've already told you I want my hand made out of dragon bone. But the runes I want are two storage runes, one for my weapons and one for spare food n' water. Then I really like the idea of the runes on my fingers for shooting out blade. Those could prove to be really helpful in a pinch; even if it would be hell getting them back in.” Here Merles eyes got a wicked gleam as he thought of rabidly fired out blades at whoever was attacking him; and the surprise it could cause them if they had thought he was unarmed. Before continuing on with what he wanted in his new hand.

“After that, I would like the rune to keep the hand in tip top shape, as well as the one to turn it to a blade like I said earlier; one I wouldn’t have to worry about being lost or unusable after the first use like I would some of the other abilities you spoke about.”

Here Merle grimaced slightly, some of those runes sounded mighty helpful, but the fact that it was a one time use and would still cost him after being used turned him off the majority of them. But had gave him other ideas about what he wanted at the same time; as he felt some of them where worth the cost it could cause him.

“Not to mention the runes that would let spells in. Though I would like the more powerful ones if I can, full of healing, defense and any offence spell you can fit in there without mess it up; to me there isn't such thing as too much damage so keep that in mind. And if you can fit a Glamour spell or two in there as well that be good just let me know how many are in there so I will not mess that up. Though I wonder do those glamour things work on the walkers or is it just other humans? I would think just other humans sense those creatures seemed to work on smell and movement than anything else.”

Here Merle trailed off as he wondered this and looked as Harry, gestured that he felt that Merle was right about that Causing Merle to nod and finish off how he wanted his hand to end up with. Not changing his mind about the glamous as he still felt they could be helpful even if he wasn’t sure if they would work on Walkers in the first place. After all he knew that it wasn’t only the walkers you had to look out for, it hadn’t before this whole world had gone to hell, and it wasn’t any less different now.

“Next those element spells for fire and water would be a big help. If I remember right from the stories we get when we were younger unlike most runes those were ones that didn’t have a limited used as it drew those elements out of the area around him, be it the moister in the air or the heat; though the rune does clean the elements.” Here Merle after got a rather impressed nod from Harry smirked before added the last of the details.

“ After all you never know when you can use fresh water now do you, and fire well that a big help as well; both in keeping yourself warm and a way of attack. My last suggestion would be a rune
that could work like a shield or something like that. Any specifics to strengthen or make it better after that, which you want to add after those, would be good as well. Think you can do that?” Harry after hearing all that Merle wanted, and seeing that it honestly wasn't too much, nodded his head to him; while saying.

"No problem, I'll get work to it tonight if I can." However, after saying this Harry felt like his stomach had dropped right out of him as the truck, they were in pulled up to a farm. It seemed they had finally arrived at the farm, and with this arrive Harry’s thoughts went right back to the pure worry he felt for Carl; as well as back to what if thoughts he had been trying to avoid in the first place.
Summary- An immortal Harry potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerus betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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This is going to be slash, with Harry and Daryl.

Chapter thirteen

Harry realizing that they were now at the farm, and he could no longer avoid the thoughts he had on Carl. Understanding this, and honestly not wanting to ignore the way his thoughts were going anymore, Harry took a deep breath to calm himself down before climbing out of the truck; Merle and Daryl having already gotten out before him.

Once Harry was out of the truck, he felt himself falling into an oddly emotionless calm. One that Harry usually fell into when he was either fighting or creating something new; one where time really didn't seem to have much of a concept to him. With this odd sense of calmness Harry found himself getting an idea as to how he could best help Carl and knowing this walked over to where a panicked Rick was walking back in forth in sheer worry he was feeling over his son.

"Rick, I didn't bring this up earlier because honestly I didn't think it really mattered all that much before, because there wasn't much that I could actually do before. As I didn't have trust of the group or the supplies that I could use to help them. But I had worked at a hospital as a doctor for a while and know a good deal about fixing injuries up; including things like gun injuries. Not to mention while we were at the CDC, I took the opportunity to stock up as much as I could with the supplies there. That being said I have plenty of medical supplies as well. So, if you want, I can do something to help Carl."

Harry after finishing this, and not telling Rick that the hospital he had worked at had been magical in nature or that he had completely emptied out the CDC of everything that was in it, instead of just filling his bag with medical supplies like Rick thought he had meant.

However, the information he had given Rick seemed to be enough because as soon as Rick heard what Harry had said he looked torn between two things, hugging Harry in pure gratefulness, and punching him for not telling him sooner.

Fortunately, for Rick in this regard, he didn't settle on either one of those choices; because neither one would have gotten him a positive reaction from Harry. Instead Rick settled for looking at Harry wide eye at Harry with his eyes having a rather suspicious shine to them as he asked Harry.

"Can you really help my son?" At the positive nod that this question received Rick quickly grabbed Harry's arm and began to pull him towards the farmhouse; that wasn't too far off. While he was doing this Rick was doing his best to inform Harry of anything he could think of regarding Carl's situation.
"We had gone out looking for Sophia a little bit after you and the Dixons had left. Carl had managed to convince me to take him with me, saying he wanted to help find his friend. At the time I was so proud of him for standing up and doing what he thought was right, so I let him come with me... and now I don't think I regret anything more. You see, we weren't out looking for Sophia for long when we ran a crossed this deer. Carl was so fascinated by it and I let him reach out to touch it..." Here Rick let loose a choked sob before continuing.

"But then to my horror there was the sound of a gunshot, and my son was suddenly falling down. The bullet from the gun had shot straight through the deer and had hit my son in his lower stomach. The hunter's name is Otis, and he lives here on the farm. He was the one that told me the famer here; a Hershel Greene would be able to help my son. And he has helped him, but he's a Veterinarian, and he doesn't feel really comfortable doing anything further because he's more used to working on animals then humans. But now you'll be able to help him, right?" This last bit was said with a bit of depression heard clearly in it. Hearing this and mentally going over all the spells and potions that would be needed for a gunshot wound asked Rick.

"Just what has Hershel manage to get done? And what do I need to do." Rick hearing this and hearing the determination in Harry's voice to help Carl let loose a sigh of relief before answering.

"Hershel, got Carl up in clean room, one that has been sterilized for the most part, he also managed to get Carl to stop bleeding and has removed the larger fragments of the bullet that was in Carl. " Harry hearing this gave a nod and was impressed by how much Hershel had managed to get done so quickly, and he let this show when he gave Rick his final answer.

"That's amazing and makes my job just that much easier. I'll have Carl right as rain, just as soon as I can get to him." Again, Rick looked close to actually hugging Harry when he heard his answer thought this time it wasn't a choice of Rick that got him to stop, but the shrill voice of his wife nearly shouting.

"What's he doing here Rick, and why aren't you with our son! What if he needs you and you’re not there? What if something happens to him? What if he wakes up, do you want your son to wake up alone in some strange place?"

Harry hearing this and remembering just how much a headache Lori was to deal with, and how much she didn't like him, took a deep breath to keep himself calm. Getting her to agree for him to be able to heal her son, or at least get her out of the way enough for him to do so was going to be a real hell for him.

At least it would be if he didn't use his magic which Harry was firmly putting under a last resort, only if he really had to plan. Hopefully he wouldn’t have to, though given how Lori was looking at him he wasn't going to put a lot a faith in that. Especially as her expression became even more stormy as Rick responded to her.

"Harry's a doctor Lori, he's worked at a hospital and he could help Carl more than Hershel can. Hershel himself admitted that he would rather not have do any more with Carl because he wasn't sure of exactly what he needed to do next because he worked with animals not human. So, when Harry volunteered to work with Carl and mention he was a doctor..." Here Rick was interrupted by his now nearly hysterical wife.

"What, why would you believe him? Did he give you any prove? I mean why would he suddenly say something now of all times, why not sooner? And why the hell should we let him of all people play with our son's life!"

Harry hearing all of this felt his eyebrow raise, and the felt the other one join it as she continued on;
before developing a slight tick in his left eye as she finished. Once she was done and seeing that Rick actually looked too shocked by what she said to actually answer her, answered her himself.

"I didn't mention it earlier because there was nothing I could do. A walker's bit has no cure and giving the false hope like that would only hurt them more in the long run. Since then you really haven't needed a doctor at all; so there would be no reason for me to mention it. " Here after taking a deep breath to remain calm Harry continued on.

“As for why you should let me help your son, well one Hershel doesn't feel comfortable or confident enough to try unless he has no choice. Two, I know I have the skills necessary to help you son and am willing to do so to the best of my abilities. Three I have plenty of medical supplies from the CDC which would make it easier for your son and anyone else who ends up needing to be healed. Lastly your son is hurt and is only going to get worse as time goes on. Do you really want to stand out here debating it when I could very easily be in there working on him?"

As he said this, and as he saw Lori puffing up ready to start an all new rant, despite what Harry had just said regrading her son, decided now really wasn't the time. And despite what he had just said about using his magic as a last resort. Cast a very subtle and silent calming sleep spell on Lori; maybe she would be more reasonable after she work up.

Lori after Harry cast the spell on her seemed to sway slightly and lean into her husband yawning slightly as she did so. Rick seeing this and looking into his wife's eyes to see just how tired she was. Realized that neither him nor his wife had gotten any sleep as of lately. Realizing this and seeing how it was wearing down on his wife, turned to Harry and told him.

“Carl's in the room right over there. I'm going to take Lori and lay her down. Please excuse her reaction just a little bit ago, she's really tired and didn't really know just what she was saying. Thanks for being willing to help my son, despite everything that has been going on."

Harry hearing this and realizing that Rick really did seem to understand more than others thought he did, nodded before walking over to where Rick had said Carl was in.

Harry once he entered the room Carl was in, and after putting up minor wards that would alert him if anyone was coming near the door, he got to work. Fist he took out some of the clean medical bandages he had, then he went to the more magical route and took out two cleansing potions, a blood replenishing potion, a potion to strengthen the stomach muscle, and another to strengthen the skin around the wound once he was healed; so it wouldn't reopen again easily. Harry for a second debate about using a potion to help ensure the injury didn't scar before deciding that one was too much of a risk now, and if Carl wanted it later, he would give it to him. After all the potion could remove scars that where years old; something Harry had learned from experience.

That in mind Harry windlessly cast a mild sleeping charm on Carl and set to work using the fine tune control he had gotten of his magic over the last couple of hundreds of years to quickly spell the rest of the bullet remains out.

Before using the cleansing potion to make sure the wound was a clean as it could get and began to use his magic once more to seal the wound shut. Before casting a spell over it to double check it was sealing all the way. Which upon seeing that it was, and that there wasn’t a reason for it to reopen finishing the rest of his work. By slowly and carefully sending the remaining potions into Carl system.

What he did was, send the blood replenishing potion into Carl's stomach, wait exactly fifteen minutes to ensure the potion in question worked, and then sent the one to strengthening the stomach muscles into Carl's stomach right after it.
Then after waiting fifteen minutes for that potion to work, poured the last potion into his hand and slowly began to rub it over where Carl's injury had been. To ensure the skin where the wound was would be as strong as ever.

After finishing this Harry carefully and quickly, with the hands of a skilled doctor, wrapped the medical bandages around Carl. Putting a couple of spells on the bandages to make sure that the others wouldn't want to remove them too soon as he did so. After all it wouldn’t do for them to find that the injury was already gone and had been healed way too fast to be considered in anyway natural.

Harry once he did this, and once he saw that he was finished quickly got to work packing all of his things back up. And then after looking at the clock and seeing an hour and a half had actually past wondered if he should find something to occupy his time with for a bit before going out. Because surely an hour and half, was too short a time to have been able to do all of that normally right? However, in this case, it seemed the choice was taken out of his hands as the wards he had put up earlier alerted him to the fact that someone was about to open the door.

Feeling this Harry went slightly wide eyed before deciding to grab his back and make it look like he too was about to open the door. By doing this Harry came face to face with a shocked look Rick. Seeing this Harry tried not to look nervous as he told Rick.

"I just finished up and was about to come get you." All the while mentally hoping that Rick would be so happy that his son was alright that he wouldn't question the short amount of time it had taken for Harry to do all that he had done.

Fortunately, luck seemed to be on Harry's side for this matter because Rick, instead of questioning Harry on anything, instead pushed Harry aside to run over and check his son. Who was now just waking up from the mild sleeping spell Harry had him under. Rick seeing his son awake and seeing that he actually looked so much better than he had not that long ago, couldn't help the tears in his eyes as he told Harry.

"Thank you so much." Harry hearing this grew uncomfortable, really not used to such shows of gratitude before shrugging his shoulders and leaving. Planning on going over to where Merle and Daryl were waiting and setting up his tents before working on Merle's Prosthetic; which really wasn't going to make itself.

All the while as he did this Harry couldn't help but be grateful that his spell was still on Lori, making her sleep because Harry was sure at least she would have been questioning the short amount of time it took him to do everything; If only to cast doubt on Harry's skills more than anything else.
Summary- An immortal Harry potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerus betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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This is going to be slash, with Harry and Daryl.

Chapter fourteen

Harry was currently exhausted as he had been unable to sleep the night before; and hadn’t gotten much sleep on the night before that either. Both because he had been up all night working, and completing, Merle's hand; which he had actually managed to finish late the night before. And because two, even after he had gotten the prosthetic done his magic continued to be too wilding; not letting him rest.

As it kept trying to warn him about something it deemed important, making it all but impossible him to actually get any sleep whatsoever after that. Something that was made just that much worse because of the fact that Harry couldn't figure out exactly what his magic was trying to warn him about in the first place. Which made his mind began to act up just as much as his magic was, as he continued to try to think of just what had upset his magic as much as it currently was.

Because of this, Harry really wasn't in the mood to deal with any bullshit in the morning and honestly just wanted to be left alone for a little bit. Sadly, Harry wasn't going to get this, no matter just how much he needed it.

Because as Harry got out of his tent, which he had long since warded against anyone but him entering or truthfully warded against anyone else wanting to enter it, he found himself face Lori; who was looking ready to spit fire once more. Seeing this Harry held back a wince it seemed she had finally woken up from the sleeping spell he had put her under, and wanted to start back up the argument they had been in before he had healed Carl; with interest added to it.

Really seeing this look in Lori's eyes, and feeling a headache starting to build up Harry for a brief moment debated just turning around and going back into his tent, or just heading off into the woods to avoid the spectacle that Lori was about to make.

But even as he thought this Harry knew that Lori would try to follow him if he did either of those, or her doing that in either of one those seniors would end badly. With the first option, she wouldn't be able to even enter his tent, and would be compelled to go in a different direction, because of the wards that were on said tent. Which would most likely cause the others to question just what happened.

And with the woods she would follow him screaming at him the whole way, scaring off anything that could be hunted down for the group to eat, while at the same attracting any, and all, walkers nearby them; which could and most likely would end in disaster. As Harry knew that Lori didn’t
carry a gun, let alone know how to use one. In fact, Harry was sure she really didn’t even carry a simple blade to protect herself with either. Which would make it so Harry would have to protect her, and low and behold anything happen to her while he was supposed to be protecting her.

So instead, Harry took a deep breath and waited to see just what Lori wanted to say to him. Though as he did this, Harry wondered how Lori would react if he placed a small silencing charm around his ears so he wouldn't have to hear what she said, and as she opened her mouth Harry found himself wishing he had done so; despite whatever reaction Lori might have had.

"I thought I told you I didn't want you to even be near my son. How dare you go against my wishes and put your filthy hands on my son! I don't know how you tricked my husband into thinking you could ever be a doctor of any sort, but I know a redneck like you could never have the sheer intelligence that it would take to be a doctor of any type! And let me assure you of this, I am going to do everything in my power to make sure that everyone in this group knows what a liar you are and if this group has any intelligence in it what so ever, they will remove you from it. Just like you, and those buddies of yours, should have since the beginning!"

Harry after hearing all of this bull shit coming out of the woman's mouth couldn't help blink in utter disbelieve and try his hardest to hold back his temper. Which really seemed to be flaring up the more time he spent around Lori, told her exactly what he thought of what she just said; not caring in the least bit that the rest of the group was now around them hearing everything.

"First, I have to say, what the hell. How dare I help you son? Ok…then what did you really expect me to? Did you actually expect, or want me to, let you son suffer through all the pain of being shot without helping him despite the fact that I could? Did, you really expect me to let a small child suffer through pain like that!? As if. As for lying to you husband, who by the way is the one who asked me to help you son in the first place and the one who gave me permission to do so, I actually didn't lie to him. Yes, I was a doctor…” Here Harry was cut off as Lori spat out with an ugly sneer clear on her face as she did so.

"Was? Was, what did you get fired for sheer incompetence or something like that?" Harry hearing this gave a full body shutter as he once more restrained himself from lashing out, before, through gritted teeth, he answered the smug looking bitch; his eyes all but glowing with the sheer loathing he was feeling for her as he did so.

"No, I wasn't fired for sheer incompetence. I, unlike you, know how to do a job the correct way the first time, without having to lie or cheat my way through things. No, the reason that I'm no longer a doctor is because a conflict of interest you could say. There were people I was working with who felt that I wasn't doing enough as a doctor and that I should have joined either the army or the police force like the majority of my family had before me. They felt that by being a doctor I was dishonoring my family's memory and they continued to make things difficulty for me while I was working as a doctor.” Here Harry breathed in and out through his nose and felt himself calming down slightly as he continued to speak.

"Unfortunately, several of these people were well known and had some good connections when it came to certain thigs and I could do nothing as they continued to harass me. It ending up getting bad enough I decided to say fuck it, and I quite the place I was working and moved to another whole country to get away from them all. When I got here, I continued helping others but before I could actually become a doctor again, in this country that is, the dead started waking up hungry; so please forgive me for not going to a hospital to get a piece of paper during that time. " This answer wasn't enough for Lori, in fact it seemed to enrage her even more then she had been as she spat out.

"If you were a doctor then how come you didn't say anything to begin with? What did you think
that you were too good to help us? Or weren't you skilled enough to do anything about all the others, others who died because you could say anything about being a doctor, might I add!"

Harry hearing this felt his eye twitch and could feel the headache between his eyes get even worse than it already was. What was it with this woman and trying to turn everyone against him, he honestly hadn't done a thing to her that warranted being treated like this? So, what was it about him that the woman disliked so much?

"I know I have already told you this, and I know you are just saying that so you could get the others to turn against me to see your way; and only your way. But I'll tell you, and tell all of them, the same thing I told you before I helped with Carl. There was nothing I could do for the others. The only injuries that have been gotten since I joined have been walker bites and I can't do anything about them.” At this Harry stopped holding back the urge and truly glared at Lori, as his voice got a bit icier.

“ As we have learned at the CDC, there isn't a cure for them yet. In fact, the only thing I could think that would be even remotely helpful when it comes to a walker bite is amputation of the bitten limb before the infection can spread to the rest of the body. Like, say a lower arm is bitten, remove it before the infection from the bit can reach the rest of the body. But seeing as the only one who did get bit, was on the chest and had waited a good few hours before even admitting he had been bitten in the first place, there wasn't anything I could do.” Harry could tell that those that had been starting to get angry about Harry hiding the fact he was a doctor, and how Lori had outed him to the rest were starting to calm down. More so that ever as Harry finished up with.

“ Especially considering I didn't have much of anything to help with pain then, not until we got to the CDC that is…you know the place where I raided and got a bunch of other medical supplies to help the group with while all you did was sit and bitch at everyone?!” Here Harry took a deep breath to help calm himself down, and before Lori could say else, that Harry knew she wanted to, he continued on. This time getting off the subject Harry knew Lori was going to try and keep it on.

"I don't like or respect you in the least bit Lori. You really haven't given me a reason to like you in the first place and have instead given me plenty of reason why not to. One being the fact that you use everyone's moments of weakness against them to make yourself look better. While you ignore all the wrongdoing that you, yourself, have done; especially if it is to others. But despite this, despite the fact I don't trust you in the least bit. Despite the fact you have done nothing but insult me and all but spit in my direction whenever you see me. And despite the fact I know you would leave me as walker bait before actually lifting a finger to help me, I let Rick know I was a doctor, knowing he could have taken it the wrong way and kicked me out of the group for keeping it a secret. But I still did it, just so I could help your son. A son who is now perfectly fine and already awake from it all; no longer in danger from the bullet wound he received. Only for you to come and throw it in my face like this. If this is how you treat people who help you, who go out of their way to make sure things are more comfortable for you and your family then why the hell would they want to do it again?"

This said Harry gave Lori a long hard look before turning around and grabbing several of his weapons then still ignoring Lori, who was looking steamed and about to start screaming again, headed towards the woods.

He needed to vent somewhat and right now the woods was sounding like a really perfect place to do so. As he did this Harry noticed that the majority of the group, who had all been watching the conflict between him and Lori, looked to looking at him with curious eyes while at the same time looking at Lori with more disgusted looks in their eyes.
Harry seeing this and seeing that the group didn’t seem to blame him for keeping the skills he had under wraps and were instead grateful for the fact they actually had someone skilled with medics instead, felt a slight load left off his shoulders. So perhaps this group wasn’t as bad as he had originally feared.

Harry still tense and with his temper still shimmering underneath the surface of his skin, quickly made his way towards the forest. Determined to go hunting, rather it be for actual animals for the group to eat, or any nearby walkers that were there for him to unleash is temper on, had yet to be determined.

That is when Harry heard the sound of footsteps coming from behind him. Hearing this Harry almost felt like spinning around and snapping at whoever was coming behind him. That is until he realized the footsteps were way too quiet to be that of Lori’s or the majority of the rest of the group for that matter.

Harry knowing this and knowing that there were only two members of the group that had footsteps that were that quiet, turned to see which of the Dixon brothers had followed him. Not nearly as angry it was one of them as he would have been if it were anyone else in the group. What could he say, he honestly got along better with the brothers than anyone else; then again they had earned his respect unlike most of the others.

When he did this, Harry saw that it was actually Daryl who had decided to follow after him; bow and arrow set clearing a crossed his back as he did so. Harry seeing this and seeing the slight smirk Daryl had on his face felt like rolling his eyes; obviously Daryl wasn't going to go let him hunt on his own right now.

Knowing this and knowing that as they got deeper in the woods that they would need to be completely silent so as to not scare off any of the prey there, or attract any walkers for that matter, Harry told Daryl.

"You know, I hadn't even been planning on going hunting when I got out my tent this morning. In fact, I was hoping for a more relaxing day since I spent the whole night finishing your brother's prosthetic…which is done by the way. Please remind me to give it you your brother when we get back. “ After this was said Harry remembered the emotions that drove him into the forest in the first place and couldn’t help but clench his fist slightly before almost hissing out.

“But that damn bitch got me so angry I needed to get away from her to blow off some steam before I said or did something I really shouldn't…though I doubt I would have regretted it much in the long run.” This last bit was grumbled out to a slightly amused looking Daryl.

Who seeing that Harry just wanted someone to talk to for a bit without them jumping down his throat nodded to Harry as he followed behind him. Though he did make a mental note to remind Harry of the Prosthetic and to make sure Harry got some sleep soon because he looked exhausted.

Which was one of the reason Daryl had decided to come along and hunt with Harry to begin with; he really didn't want him to get hurt in his exhausted state. Though he could tell that Harry did need to hunt and blow of some steam which was why he wasn't trying to get Harry to get back to the camp now.

Well that and the fact if Harry did go back to the camp now Daryl was sure that Lori would do or say something that would be the last straw from Harry's currently frayed nerves to take and he most likely would do something he really wouldn't regret.

Besides at the moment they could use a bit of meat for the others to eat, seeing as both Daryl and
Merle really didn't feel all too comfortable living off someone else bounty; like the rest of the group seemed to be okay with doing.
Summary- An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerus betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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This is going to be slash, with Harry and Daryl.

Chapter Fifteen

Both Daryl and Harry had been out hunting for a while now, and the only thing they had managed to actually find had been the Walkers. All of which both Daryl and Harry had quickly taken care of; so that they wouldn't get back to the farm. But so far, despite how much they looked for them, they hadn't been able to find any recent tracks of any animals out there large or small; at least none that weren't at least a day or two old.

This was making both Harry and Daryl fear that there might not be any animals near the farm; which according to that actually lived on the farm wasn't true until recently. Which, in itself, could mean that there was a large herd of walkers either nearby, or making their way there and these walkers had either already eaten or chased off all the animals that were there.

After all animals, the smart ones at least, fled when they sensed danger nearby, and Harry couldn't think of something that screamed danger to the animals more than a group of walkers would; at least at the moment he couldn't. He felt that the lack of sign of animal life really should be a sign of some sort to the group that there was a danger really close by. But at the same time felt even if he did tell them about the lack of animals, they would ignore it, and try to stay on the farm; while going on more supply runs. Instead of doing anything else about it.

Shaking his head to get it off the more negative thoughts he had of the group, Harry instead focused back on the hunt he was on. After all, he knew that they would need to find something to bring back to the group; preferably something large.

To both keep Lori off his back about wasting valuable time, something he knew she would do; despite the fact Harry knew she hadn’t done much at all today. But mainly because he, and Daryl, wanted to be able to help feed the others in the group.

Especially if Daryl feelings about just how much food the Greene's actually had in their storage, and the fact it wouldn't last through the winter with such a large group with them, was in anyway true. Which Harry was pretty sure it was, considering just how observant Daryl tended to be.

Which meant that if they didn’t bring in more meat or supplies then they would certainly be going hungry in the winter. That is if they were still there, and if not, the family that had helped them would be going hungry with the supplies they had having been eaten up by those they had been trying to help.
Harry was brought out of his thoughts and back to reality when Daryl began to curse slightly. He hadn't been able to find anything; not even a couple of squirrels in the trees. Something that honestly hadn't happened often for Daryl. As he was usually able to bring at least something back each time he had gone out on a hunt before.

Harry wondered if perhaps it was just the time, and all the animals has been frightened off by the gun shot from earlier; as he knew did happen from time to time. Or if his earlier fears, the ones shared by Daryl, had been true. And if so, what were they going to do about it now; how were they going to inform the rest of the group?

Even as he wondered this Harry found himself wishing he was at his home, and in the woods around it. A woods, which just so happened to be filled with different animals, that didn't have to fear of either walkers or hunter, besides him that is, in their mist. Meaning it was really just teeming with pray to hunt.

Harry as he thought this felt himself freeze…. his home it had plenty of food and supplies in it. And it was something he had brought up before with Daryl and Merle; both of which had been rather curious about it. Knowing this Harry swallowed slightly before turning towards the now irritated hunter.

"Daryl, I have an idea as how we can bring something to the farm for everyone to eat…but you'll have to trust me."

Daryl hearing this raised a question eyebrow at Harry wanting to hear more; wondering just what Harry was getting at and why Harry was asking him to trust him when he already did so. Harry seeing this look, and the trust Daryl had for him in his eyes, pushed away any of the nervousness he was feeling before he told Daryl the idea he had.

"I know I've told you and your brother about my home, and how it's safe from all of this. Well, not only is it safe, but my home has both a farm and woods surrounding it. Those woods have all sorts of animals in it. From wild turkey, to rabbits, to herds of deer, to squirrels; all of which are safe from other hunters and walkers behind wards." Here Harry paused, and seeing the look in Daryl's eyes that screamed, how does this help us here and now, continued on.

"While I can't take an entire group there at once, it'd be way too draining and the wards would stop me from actually doing so because the sheer number of people coming through; what with the wards need to check if the ones coming though are safe or not. But at the same time, I can take a single person with me…though it will be worse than a normal side apparition would be because of all the wards we'd have to go through." Harry after saying this and seeing that Daryl looked to be thinking on what he had just said, couldn't help but add on.

"And if I do take you there, I could show you the home, show you the supplies, the protections and maybe you could help me explain it to the others, to show them that they would want to come there in the first place. Not to mention you could help me figure out just what else might be needed there for the better protection of everyone else.” There was a pause as Harry licked his lip nervously before finishing up his explanation.

"I know the house elves are taking care of everything right now since I'm not there, but I know they would be glad to have someone else input as well. Not to mention…” Harry found a hand covering his mouth again. It seemed he was starting to ramble yet again; though honestly Harry couldn't say he disliked how Daryl stopped him from doing so.

Still, and perhaps because of this, Harry had a slight blush on his face as he looked at Daryl; waiting to see how he would answer. He didn't have to wait long, as Daryl removed the hand, he
had used to stop Harry from talking, and answered Harry; a tint of amusement coloring his tone as he did so.

"I'd like to go to your place, from what you said the hunting sounds good, and the group needs the meat. I'd also like to check the place out, at least the outside of it, I don't think we'd have enough time to do a full check over, at least not yet." After saying this Daryl seemed to pause as if thinking of something before continuing on.

“But at the same time, me and my brother could help you do so at a later date, cause it'd be good to see if there is anything else, we could need there before they all get there. Not to mention having another on ya side to help explain the place might get more of them willing to come...Though right now, ya got to explain to me what exactly a house elf is cause I have no idea, what those are, Grams stories really didn't have those in them."

Harry hearing this had to blink, he was so used to the Dixon brothers knowing about magic that he had forgotten that while they did know about magic it was all mostly second hand rather then what he himself knew about magic. Realizing this Harry gave a small apologetic grin before answering Daryl's question.

“Well, house elves are sort of like servants of a home; a magical home. But not quite that exactly. You see, house elves have unstable magical cores and they need to be bond to someone, or in some cases someplace, that has magic for them for them to keep their own core stable. Which is what they need so that they would be able to live without their own magic tearing them apart from the inside. They then feed off the magic of the person or place that they are bound to and in return for allowing them to do this the house elves takes care of the place, or the person, they are bound to; usually acting as a servant." Thinking on this for a second and remembering how he had learned about all of this in the first place Harry gave a slight sigh, before beginning his explanation once more.

“In the past wizards and witches treated house elves like slaves forgetting just why the elves had bond to them in the first place. But I'm not one of those people, the house elves I have are like family to me and I've told them if they ever felt like leaving, they were free to do so whenever they wanted. Originally, I had three house elves, Dobby, Winky and Kreacher but now I have five, those three and Dobby and Winky's two kids, Moonsie, and Rosie; those two are so adorable." Here Harry took a deep breath and wanting to get off the subject of house elves, mainly because he was missing his so much, got back onto the subject of bringing Daryl to his home.

"If I take you to my home, which I will if you still want to go, just know I will have to Apperate you there to do so, and that will be really jarring; more so then normal because like I said earlier the wards will make it worse." Harry after saying this and catching the look of determination in Daryl's eyes, one that screamed he wasn't going to change his mind, gave a slight nod before continuing.

"Alright then, if you want me to apperate you there, then I need to be able to hold on to you to do so. Is it okay with you if I grab your arm?" At the nod Harry received Harry carful grabbed Daryl's arm. Feeling lucky that Daryl trusted him enough to let him do this, even if he knew Daryl really didn't like being touched unless he instigated the touch himself.

Harry once he had a good hold on Daryl, mentally pictured his home, pictured himself landing right in front of the farm, beside the woods and inside all the wards around said home, with Daryl by his side. Once he did this Harry gave a slight twist and found himself go through a much hated but very familiar feeling of being pulled through a straw.

Harry after the feeling ended was hit with an intense feeling of dizziness, a feeling that was echoed,
and perhaps even worse, by Daryl. Who looked as if he was just barely holding on to his lunch as he put his hands on his knees from where he was hunched over beside Harry. They had both made it to Harry's safe home, they both were in one piece, and they both were quickly recovering from the Apparition. All and all Harry considered it a plus in his book because of this. Even if neither one was looking forward to doing that again; even if they had to when they left.

After both of them had gotten over the intense dizziness, not to mention the motion sickness that Apperating had caused the both of them, Daryl and Harry took a good look at their surroundings. Daryl more so then Harry, seeing as Harry was only taking in the familiar sights of being home once again. What Daryl saw when he did this, was a large manor that looked almost like a damn castle, with an enormous farm behind it, and a lively forest surrounding that.

A farm that seemed to be lush with growth and carried all kinds of fruits and vegetables in it; all of which looked to be ripe as they could be or if not that well on to its way to being ripe; it almost looked like a picture you would expect on a magazine or something like that.

Not to mention, the fact that a little further out, Daryl could see what looked to be tree after tree with different fruits, or nuts, on them. Some of which Daryl knew would never grow in the type of climate this place had and he figure that there must be some type of magic helping them grow.

Not only that but, from where he was standing, Daryl could also see closed off sections that held farming animals in them. Things like cows, for what Daryl assumed were for both meat and milk, chickens, for eggs and meat, pigs, for meat, goats, for milk, sheep for wool and meat, horses, which Daryl assumed were for travel or something like that, there were even a couple of geese and ducks swimming around in a nearby pound. Which from the way it rippled and moved around Daryl could see it had fish in it as well.

Then off a little further to the side Daryl could see the forest Harry had been talking about and honestly as he saw the forest Daryl thought Harry had understate it. For one it was a lot larger than what Daryl had thought it was going to be; especially since Harry said it had been walled in. And for two from just where he was standing Daryl could both hear, and in some cases even see, several different animals that made those woods their home. In fact, just from looking at it Daryl could see that looked pretty much untouched by human hands and was more like the forest you'd see in a fantasy more than anything else; a fully stocked fantasy.

What got Daryl's attention the most was the fact that all of this, every last bit of it, including the entire woods, was surrounded by a large stone wall that had to be at least ten feet tall and a good two feet thick. And Daryl as he looked at these walls swore they seemed to shimmer and glow with something supernatural screaming to Daryl's instincts that they were all a lot stronger than they looked; and they had look plenty strong begin with.

All and all Daryl could honestly say the entire thing was a site for sore eyes and he most certainly wouldn't mind staying there; not in the least bit. And this was without even seeing inside the manor or seeing anything else but the grounds the manor was on.

Harry seeing this and seeing the look on Daryl face couldn't help but feel proud that this home had put that look on Daryl's face in the first place. At the same time, he began to feel bad about the fact the others in the group hadn't seen this place, hell they didn't even know about this place; or the fact he had magic for that matter.

It was thinking of this and remembering that he still needed to inform the group of everything, that Harry recalled just why he had brought Daryl here in the first place. They needed to hunt, and they needed to bring some food for the others. Not only that but they really needed to do so and get back before the others, or mainly Merle, decided that they had spent enough time in the woods and came
looking for them.

Apparently, Daryl was having the same thoughts, at least in regards to the hunting, because before Harry could actually say anything to him Daryl began to head to the woods; his bow and arrow out ready to hunt. Harry seeing this, joined him. Wondering just what they would catch, and how the others would react to what they brought back as he did so.

They hadn't been for forest long, maybe not even five minutes, when they ran into the tracks of a large deer. Seeing this Harry knew just what they were going to be bringing back to rest of the group. Well that and a couple of the rabbits they had already captured so far.

Given how most of the animals in the forest weren't used to human, and there for really didn't know the danger they could possess it didn't take long for both Daryl and Harry to catch up the Deer they had been tracking. It took even less time for Daryl's arrow to go flying and ending said deer's life once and for all. It had been a large eight-point deer, not the largest deer Harry had seen in his forest but nor was it near one of the smallest either.

But it still was a really good-sized deer that Harry knew would feed the entire group for a good bit, and that was without adding the rabbits they had all gotten. Nor did it include a good deal of fruits and Vegetable both Harry and Daryl grabbed to help spread the food they had out further.

Each one having ended up grabbing a good couple handfuls of different fruits or vegetables until they each had a bag full of them each. Planning on telling the others they had found an abandon farm they had ended up emptying if anyone decided to ask where they had gotten the fruit or vegetables from; unless the person in question already knew about Harry's magic that is.

Harry now knowing they had gotten a good amount of food, and knowing that if they had to, they could easily come back here and grab even more food. Went over to grab Daryl to apparete them back to where they had first come from. Sending a slight burst of his magic to let his house elves know that he was okay and planning on leaving again as he did so.

Fortunately, he had managed to let them know just what was going on outside and what he was planning on doing later, and he had been right the five house eyes where looking forward to having others come back to his home. In fact, last Harry had spoken to them they had been cleaning the entire house and trying to get it already for the group that could be coming. Something that had Harry feeling rather exasperated but being grateful all the same.

Speaking of feeling grateful, Harry was also feeling that way because of the fact that before they had first come to the place that Harry had thought to put a couple of minor wards down. So, when they did appareate back it would be without worrying about doing so right in front of a couple of walkers; or worse a couple of strangers.

Because honestly with the new cargo, Harry got the feeling, at least with him, he wouldn't be in a condition to fight back the very second they landed. A feeling that had him worrying that, that is just what he would have to do as soon as he got back to the area around the farm.

Harry’s gut feeling about the trip back turned out to be wrong, at least for the most part, and the trip back was rather smooth. In fact, it was smooth enough that both Harry and Daryl landed on their feet and didn't feel the need to be violently sick at the same time; nor were they weak enough that they couldn't fight back if they needed to. Fortunately, they honestly didn't need to, and instead both Harry and Daryl began to trek their way back to the farm. Carrying the food they had managed to hunt down together between the two of them.

Once they got back to the farm, and after they had placed the deer, as well as the rabbits, they had
hunted down in place. So, they could start to skin it and then prepared it for either preservation or for food for the night, both Daryl and Harry heard that Lori had sent Glenn out for supplies while they had been gone.

Hearing this, Harry couldn’t help but wonder silently to himself, if perhaps he should have grabbed some of the supplies he had at his house while he was gone. At the same time, even as he thought this, Harry wasn’t sure just how he would explain that; or what supplies he would have grabbed. So instead Harry got to work with both Daryl and Merle as they began to skin and gut the deer; at least right now he could prove some help.
Summary- An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerous betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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This is going to be slash, with Harry and Daryl.

Chapter Sixteen

Between Daryl, Merle and himself it didn't take them long to get the entire deer skinned, gutted and taken care of. The majority of the deer, nearly three fourths of it all, they had given to the Greene family. Both as a way to say thank you and to help spread out the food they had further with the more mouths they were feeding.

Even if their mouths weren't included in that as they usually had gone out and gotten their own food. That or used some of the food Harry already had to feed themselves as they hadn’t wanted to take advantage of the Greene’s family hospitality. Seeing as they knew the family in question was getting a little tired of the fact the rest of the group was doing so, without helping in the farm in return. As Lori had once again taken over and had everyone doing the chores, she felt like should be done; instead of the ones the people who actually lived on the farm knew needed to be done.

This donation of food was something the entire family had gratefully taken. Seeing as they knew with all the mouths that were being feed, they wouldn't have enough to go through the entire winter without having more being added. And the fact they now had such a large deer added to it, with promise of more before the trio left, left everyone who originally lived at the Greene farm breathing a sigh of relief.

While most of it had been given away the three did save some of the deer they had. Which they had promptly set aside to make into Jerky. So, they would have some of it dried and saved to be used at a later date if there was a shortage of food at a later date. Without having to worry about it spoiling due to time. And the rest of it, along with the rabbits they had also captured, Harry, cooked up for them to eat themselves; with any leftovers being saved in his tent in the cool box he had under preservation charms.

After this was all done, and the skin was saved to be used at a later date, be it for clothes or something similar to that. Harry turned to where Merle was cleaning up the blades he had used on the deer. Harry did this, because he recalled just what he had finished up the night before, and he remembered what he had been planning on doing that morning before he had stormed off the begin with. Not need the slight nudge and head tilt Daryl had just given him to do so either; really.

"Hey, Merle, last night I managed to finish that hand of yours, everything in it done and completed. I was wondering, if you want that is, if we could go put it on now. That way you would have the time you'd need to get used to it and experiment a bit with it before anything happens." This was
said in a quite tone that could only be heard by the two brothers and Harry himself, but it didn't stop Merle from replaying to Harry in a positive fashion; well an almost positive fashion.

"I'd like that but since were currently being watched, rather hard at that, by the queen bee and her attack dog, it'd probably be better to do that at a later on today when they aren't keeping such an eye on us. Cause honestly I can just picture the drama those two could give if we disappeared anywhere for any given time while they were watching us."

Harry hearing this and, after looking over his shoulder where Merle had nodded his head in, seeing that Merle was right when he both Shane and Lori were watching them. Couldn't help but rolled his eyes, and after resisting the urge to flick off the watching pair if only by barely, decided to bring the conversation away from the prosthetic for the time being.

"That's fine with me. Just remember when we do attach it, to give yourself time to adjust to the hand before you try anything big with it. Now I'd like your opinion in something else. I'm sure you can guess that we really didn't get this deer anywhere near by here. I'm sure you know there isn't any deer this size around here anymore due to both walkers and a little over hunting, right?" At this Harry got a look from Merle, a look that scream yes, I know now get to the point, as Merle started working with his daggers ones more.

"Yeah, I knew you knew that. The look you gave us when we were first dragging this deer in told me that much. Okay well, we found the deer in the forest around my home. The safe haven I was telling you and Daryl about earlier. I took Daryl there when we couldn't find anything to hunt down here to help feed the farm; at least not without going a lot further out that is. While we were at my place, Daryl brought up a couple of good points, ones that I hadn't actually thought of before." Here Harry paused and cleared his throat slightly before continuing on.

"He brought up the fact that, I don't know what exactly the others would need, and the fact that because of this I may not have enough of everything to keep the safe heaven running for years. I mean, yes I have plenty, both in food and natural supplies, but do I have everything that this group would need? Both male and female? That, I don't know. Daryl knowing this, brought up the fact that both you and himself would have a better idea as to just what would be need by the others. At least a better idea than I would anyway, and I agree with him in that regard."

Here Harry took a deep breath, before finishing, knowing he was once more starting to ramble and needed to get to the point before someone decided to come over there to see just what he was talking about to Merle; the group was rather nosy like that. Especially the two still watching them with anger-filled glares; most likely looking for any excuse to come storming up to their little camp.

"What I am trying to say…or ask really. Is would you and your brother come to my house and see if I have the necessary supplies, and if not tell me just what I need to get?" After saying this Harry looked over to see Merle's reaction.

Only to see him having a thoughtful look on his face before he seemed to communicate with his brother without using any words, after a couple of minute of doing his, as Harry sat in the middle of the two of them feeling rather awkward, Merle turned to Harry to answer him.

"I think it’d be a good idea for me and my brother to go with you; even as a second opinion. But at the same time, like with the hand, I think it’d be done better at a later date. When we're not being watched so closely. Maybe during the next hunting trip or something like that. Now, if I were you, I'd try to look alive because it looks like Queen Bee and her dog have gotten tired of watching us and are now on their way over here."
Hearing the last bit of what Merle had said Harry bit off a curse and looked over to where the mentioned two were. Only to groan aloud when he saw that Merle was right and both Lori and Shane were making their way over to them; scowls clear on their faces as they did so. It seemed they had found some reason to make their way over here after all.

Harry seeing that pair coming over towards them and looking like they were going to cause some type of drama, climbed up to his feet; Merle and Daryl doing the same at his sides. The three of them wanting to be ready for whatever the duo approaching was going to throw at them.

However, before either Lori or Shane could reach them the sound of a truck pulling up was heard throughout the farm. It seemed that Glenn had finally arrived back from his supply run, the Farmer's daughter Maggie with him.

Harry, as he noticed this, also had the pleasure of watching Lori go pale as she saw just who was coming into the farm and head off in another direction; looking like she was heading away from where Glenn was as she did so.

Seeing this Harry couldn't help but be confused, wasn't it she who had sent Glenn on the supply run to begin with? Because from what he had heard from the others she was the one to actually push for this supply run and had even asked Glenn to get her specific supplies while she did so.

Harry's confusion only grew when he saw that Maggie, who upon seeing that Lori looked to be trying to slink away, marched angrily over to where Lori was before throwing what looked to be a small whit box of some sort at her, while spitting out something to the now mortified looking Lori. Harry seeing this really wanted to know just what was going on.

At the same time, Harry strongly got the feeling that they were all going to find out just what was going on soon. So, he only had to wait a little longer before he'd find out anyway. Knowing this, and now knowing that both Lori and Shane were no longer paying attention to him, or the Dixon brothers, seeing at they were now currently otherwise occupied, turned to Merle and asked him.

"Now that we're not being watched by the hypocritical Patrol do you want me to get your Prosthetic on?" At the positive but silent nod this question received Harry gestured for both Merle and Daryl to follow him in his tent.

Only to freeze one they entered. They had never been in his tent before and didn't know the magical nature of said tent. Fortunately instead of asking Harry then and there how the hell his tent seemed to morph into an entire house, complete with a fire place and running water, the two just followed Harry as he lead them to where he had Merle's Prosthetic; that is after they managed to start moving again.

Harry, after motioning with his hand for Merle to take a sit, quickly got to work on putting the prosthetic to Merle's arm. First starting with removing the illusion he had placed on Merle's arm just after his real hand had been removed. Harry feeling the drain from the illusion he had been keeping up disappeared let loose a small sigh of relief before quickly getting to work on the second stage.

Which was placing and connecting the dragon bone hand to Merle; making sure that everything was in place and the nerves where lining up with the prosthetic just as they should be. Once everything was in place and looked to be operating the way it should be, besides the actually linking of the prosthetic to Merle mind, Harry told Merle.

"Okay, Merle I'm almost done all I have to do is actually join the hand to you, and because of all the nerves that are there it's going to hurt a little bit. Similar to several quick shocks that are more,
well…shocking then anything really painful. Are you ready?” At the quick nod this question received Harry pushed his magic into the prosthetic to help it connect faster.

Only to feel a shock himself when something from within Merle came along and actually helped Harry as he did this. It seemed Merle, despite what Harry and Merle actually thought, had magic himself, but at the same time the magic was bound for some reason; leaving Merle unable to really access it for much of anything besides maybe internally.

Feeling this, and at the same time almost absentmindedly feeling the Prosthetic snap into place signifying it was now connected to Merle, Harry slowly moved his hand away from Merle looking wide eyed at him. And then going with a gut feeling pushed a small amount of his magic out of himself and into Daryl to get a read of him as well; hoping Daryl wouldn't be too upset with him as he did so.

Only to get the answer he had both been expected, and almost dreading, when his magic informed him that Daryl too had magic. Not only that, but his magic, just like his brother's, had somehow been deeply blocked off as well. Feeling this from both of the brothers Harry couldn't help but ask the two, temporarily losing the filter on his mouth as he did.

"Did the two of you know that you have magic, and that for some reason it has been blocked off nearly completely from both of you?" This question wasn't one either one of the brothers was expecting, and at the same time the reactions they gave to what he asked had Harry really grateful for the one way silencing wards that were on he had on his tent; making it possible to hear things from outside the tent but making it impossible for anyone outside it to hear what was going on in it.

"WHHHHATT TT!" Came the screams from both, the angry and disbelieving, brothers. Harry hearing this and seeing the emotions of what both brothers were feeling clear on their face's felt guilty about how he had just broken the news to them, and as a way to make it up to them Harry told both Merle, and Daryl.

"I could remove all the blocks on your magic for you, it doesn't look like it would be entirely difficult, just a little time consuming, and if the both of you want, I could teach you how to use the magic easy enough…if you want me to unblock you magic to begin with that is."

At the same time Harry couldn't help but wonder if there were situations like the Dixons among others; or any of the other survivors that had to be out there. Couldn’t help but wonder if that perhaps not all the wizarding world disappeared from the world all together, but maybe a few had decided to stay on the earth. Only to have their magic block in return for doing so?

And if that was true, if that was actually what had happened, then how did the block extend through the generations? Or did someone find a way to block off each generation if they were born with magic? Doing so every time they found someone with magic born. If so, did that really mean that Harry wasn't the only magical being on earth like he had believed?

And if that was true, then just who had done all the blocking and why had they done it to begin with? More importantly would he be able to find out just what had happened while he had been hidden way for all those years? And as Harry had all these question Harry could help but think of the ones that keep repeating in his mind.

'Would the brothers let him unbind their magic in the first place, after all they had lived so long without their magic, so would they actually want it now; after all this time?' Especially as Harry could give them no prove they actual had the magic in them in the first place.
Summary- An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerous betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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This is going to be slash, with Harry and Daryl.

Chapter Seventeen

There was a long silence after Harry told both brothers that they had magic, but it was tightly bound. Well, there was a good deal of silence after both brothers had at first reacted to what Harry had told them, and after he had offered to unblock said magic; not to mention teach them about it as well.

As both Merle and Daryl thought about Harry's offer and what having magic could mean for the both of them. While they were doing this, Harry was doing some thinking himself. As he wondered just what finding magic in Merle and Daryl could mean for him and perhaps some of the others out there. As if those two had magic that was blocked off did that mean that there were others out there that had similar cases and if so could some of the group they were in be such cases as well?

The three sat in silence for a while, each one having different thoughts of magic on their mind. Well, magic, the walking dead and what it could mean for the future all weighing heavily on their mind as they all thought about what they had just found out.

That is until a one of them broke the silence with a slight clearing of a throat. It seemed Daryl had something he wanted to say, a rather serious something if the look in his eyes as he watched Harry meant anything.

"Do you know if there was a reason why our magic was blocking in the first place? And do you know how our magic would react to being unblocked after being blocked for so long? Could it have serious effects on us to have it unblock it? And for that matter would not having it unblocked at all have any effects on us as well? " Harry hearing these questions thought they were rather good ones, even if he did wince slightly at the idea of keeping their magic bound; though that was only because of how close Harry was to his own magic.

Still knowing that these questions were important and that they would help both the brothers make up their mind about their magic, Harry decided to give Daryl the information he wanted, and then some. Trying to give the brothers as much information as he could, to help with the decision they were going to have to make.

"I can't say, I know exactly why your or your brother's magic had been blocked in the first place. But at the same time, I can make several guesses as to why it had happened. What with, how big the wizarding world used to about keeping itself, and everything about it, completely hidden.” This said Harry had to close his eyes as he remembers some of the more extreme cases he had seen.
before when it came to just that, before continuing on.

“Because of this, they may have decided to block the magic of anyone that decided to stay here. Instead of going wherever they had all gone to all those years ago, seeing as with how much I can still feel in the earth I doubt all of them completely died out or lose their magic; instead just left completely for somewhere else. “ And the more Harry thought about this, the more that idea made sense to him. In fact, now that he thought about it, Harry was pretty sure that is what had ended up happening. Knowing this Harry was able to freely add.

“And if this is what happened then maybe somehow the blocks they put on those that decided to stay in this world instead of going with them, must have carried down the blood line; block each that had magic in them as it did so. But why exactly, or even how exactly, it was able to be done, I can't answer. “ after saying this last bit, Harry grimaced he didn’t have much knowledge when it came to blocking magic as he had never been interested in doing that Unblocking yes, but the opposite not so much; his very magic rebelled against him learning it. Though this didn’t stop Harry from continuing informing the brothers listening to him. As he did have some very personal experience when it came to the knowledge he was now sharing.

“Though I do have a good idea how your magic will react when it's free, because when I was younger I had a good deal of my own magic blocked from me for several year unknowingly; from the ages of one to twenty-one to be exact.” There was a pause as Harry felt his magic react to this, and it seemed to remember when it wasn’t whole and as it circled around Harry as if embracing him. Feeling this Harry gave a slight smile before he began to speak once more.

“ When my magic got free from those blocks, well for lack of other words my magic was wild, lashing out at my every emotion. When I tried to use it intentionally, every spell I did was way overpowered in everything I did; even the simplest spells easily turned deadly. I honestly had to relearn to control it completely; pretty much from the bottom up considering just how much had been blocked from me to begin with. But on the bright side it was because of this relearning that my magic became so close to me. Acting like a warning system and made it so I could do magic that most others thought to be nearly impossible. Or at least it was thought so, at the time I was doing it; like pushing my magic through my body making it naturally faster and stronger than it would normally be…”

Here Harry realizing just what he was doing stopped speaking for a second and took a deep breath, recognized that he was once more getting off track, before starting again, this time back on track to answering the questions Daryl had asked him.

"Though I am sure the two of your guys magic is going to be worse a whole lot worse than mine ever was. Seeing as all of your magic, not just a large chunk of it, was blocked off, for a much longer time than mine was, and on top of that you never really got any training in magic to begin with. Making it so you don't have any control over you magic whatsoever.” Once this was said Harry had to it his lip slightly as he thought of the damage that could cause, but at the same time knowing the brothers as he did, had to add.

“At the same time, I get the feeling that once you get a hang of it, you'll have a much easier time using it because you're magic will not be fighting against itself to be used. Not only that but I strongly get the feeling that your magic tried to work with you even as it was as tightly blocked off like it was. Maybe healing you faster, giving you faster reflexes, better eyesight doing things like that, to be even the smallest amount of use. Which is why I think things like that will only get strong if you magic is released.” Coughing slightly and wondering how to word this best Harry continued.
“That being said, yes your magic would have serious effects on you when it is unblocked. Not many of them would be completely negative and most could be seen as rather positive. You see, your magic, after being bond for so long will want to do everything in its power to both help you and make sure that it is never blocked off like that again.” Seeing the looks he was getting Harry gave a smirk before telling both Merle and Daryl.

“I know the very second my magic was freed it tore through the potions and spells that were in me without my permission, freeing me from what most would call a gilded cage while it was at it. At the same time, my magic healed all the damage that my body had undergone throughout the years. Some of them being my fault in the first place, while the majority of them being no fault of my own. But still once it was free, it fixed the year malnutrition I suffered through when I was younger, corrected all the incorrectly healed injuries I had over the years. It even corrected my eyesight and other minor damages I hadn't been aware off. “ Harry began to trail off before bringing his focus back to the present where he felt the need to add.

“At the same time until I learned to control it my magic, as I mentioned earlier, it reacted to my every emotion be it anger or happiness and did something to show this emotion. Rather it was blasting something back when they would not leave me alone like I wanted or making me float slightly in the air when I was feeling overjoyed.”

Here Harry paused once more as he blushed slightly as he recalled some of the things his magic had done because of the emotions he had been feeling shortly after it had been freed. Before fighting off the slight blush and starting once more. Feeling both brothers eyes boring into him as he did so; both of the obviously waiting to see what else Harry would say.

"As for keeping it blocked. Given how close I am to my magic I am probably not the best to answer this. Because honestly, I would never keep my magic blocked and was happiest after it had been unblocked. But at the same time I can see why you might want to do this considering you had never needed magic before, and until you get some training under you belt you wouldn't be able to use it to help you any time soon either.” There was a slight paused as Harry swallowed before continuing on; taking the small break to collect his thoughts as he did so.

“Though even knowing this, I still wouldn't recommend keeping it blocked. Mainly because of what could happen if you keep you magic block, something that really depends on just how much magic you have, and well… how stubborn you are yourself.” Here Harry paused and licked his lips slightly as he remembered some of the things he had read on magic and blocks after his own magic had been freed.

"Magic, is something that wants to be used, if there is enough of it built up and it's not being used, then there can be nasty consequences; really nasty consequence depending on the type of magic that has built up. The same could be said when all magic is blocked. If it is blocked for long enough it can fight to be free on its own, sometime even tearing apart the user’s body or mind to get itself free. Accidentally of course seeing as magic doesn't want to hurt its own. But it still does happen, and if you're powerful there is a chance of this happening sooner, worse so if you yourself are rather wild or stubborn; because if you are then so is your magic.” Harry seeing the slightly wider eyes both brothers were now sporting Harry quickly added on.

“Though this isn't always true, and since there haven't been any signs of it happening to the both of you, despite how long your magic has been blocked. Then it may not happen to either of you at all. But one thing is true, and that is when your magic is cut off from you, you won't feel whole or complete without it; even if you don't realize it yourself.”

Here Harry bit his lip and debated telling both brothers that more often than not those who had
their magic blocked usually died sooner than those that had it free. Before deciding not to because it wasn’t a real proven fact; just a speculation he had due to how he felt about his own magic.

However, it seemed that what Harry had said had been enough and both brothers were back to thinking about what Harry had said about their magic; trying to decide if they wanted it freed or not. Harry seeing this bit his lips as he wondered just what the brothers would choose. And hoping desperately they decided to free their magic so he wouldn't be the only one with magic anymore.

Fortunately, it seemed that Harry didn't have to wait long to get an answer. Because of after a couple more minutes of debate, both to themselves and silently to each other. The way the both brothers always seemed able to, Harry got his answer. One that left him, surprised, happy yet sad, and got him respecting the brother even more then he already had. Something which both brothers already had a good deal from him already. It was Merle who delivered the answer for both of them.

"Me and my brother can really see the benefit of having magic. Hell, we see it every day when you're around. At the same time, we can see the dangers of not having said magic under control. Which given what you said will happen when our magic is set free. So, despite the fact we can see that magic would be a big help to me and my brother we don't want you to free our magic. At least, not right now we don't want you to. We want to wait till we can get to that safe place of yours before our magic is set free. That way we'd be in a safer place when our magic is unbound, and have a safer place to have it trained in without having to worry about our magic doing damage when we don't want it to, due to our tempers or something like that."

Harry hearing this, knew that what Merle was saying was probably the best plan they had and the one that made the most sense. He knew his home had special warded places that could handle the backlash that freeing the brothers magic would have. And at the same time, that at his home would be a better place to train the brothers in.

Because not only did it have lot of different books, and several other things, that could use to help train both brothers better than he would be able to do by his self on the road. But his place, also had duel rooms that could be used as both a venting room as well as rooms that could be used as example for spells.

Not to mention with how stressful and well, emotional everything that was happening right now was making everyone. It'd probably not be the best place or time to free magic like he had mentioned doing. After all Harry knew the brothers both had tempers and who knew how their magic would react when trying to express said tempers. Harry knew before he had gotten his magic under control, he had a lot of explosions due to his own tempter.

So, knowing this, and knowing that soon he would be able to free the brother magic, like his magic was urging him to currently do. Harry gave both brothers a slow nod showing he agreed. Before realizing that all three of them had been in his tent for a while.

Realizing this and remembering what had happened before they had entered his tent, Harry cursed slightly. Causing both brothers to look at him with raised eyebrows; wondering just what made Harry curse like that. Seeing these look Harry face nearly went deadpan as he responded with.

"How much do you two want to bet that Lori has gotten over whatever Maggie told her and is all but waiting for us to come out my tent right now?" This got Daryl to curse slightly himself, while Merle snorted and got up and started walking toward the tent exit; flexing his new hand the whole while. Before turning to face both his Brother and Harry who were still sitting down on one of the couches Harry had in his tent.

"Well, we're not going to find that out just sitting on our asses in here are we. Or do you really
want to give the gossip hound outside more to bitch about?” After this was said Daryl and Harry quickly got up, knowing that Merle had a point, before following him out of Harry's tent.

As they got out of the tent it seemed that lady luck was on their side once again, seeing as it seemed that Lori still hadn't come back from wherever she had run off to after Maggie had torn into her. Best yet, it seemed the rest of the group really hadn't noticed they had been in Harry's tent for so long.

Seeing this Harry felt like thanking his luck but thought better of it as he felt like the other shoe had yet to drop. A feeling that seemed to be echoed by both Daryl and Merle as they looked around them; all of them suddenly feeling tense for reasons they couldn't quite explain.

Then Glenn came running over towards them, well toward Rick who was standing not too far by them speaking to T-dog about something. Both Lori and Shane having obviously seen this and were coming in the same direction from wherever they had been; seeing this Harry got the feeling that the other shoe was about to drop now. This was proven when Glenn, after biting his lip in nervousness and looking like he was internally debating something spoke out to Rick; and all the others that were now there wanting to see what was going on.

"There are several trapped Walkers in the barn over there…and I thought you would like to know."
chapter 18

Summary- An immortal Harry potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerus betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

Disclaimer-I do not own Harry Potter or the Walking Dead. Nor do I make any money off of either one of them.

This is going to be slash, with Harry and Daryl.

Chapter Eighteen

As soon as Glenn finish telling everyone about the walkers in the barn Harry watched as everything went into pretty much an went to hell. As everyone who heard Glenn began to cause an uproar as they all tried to be heard at once. None of the in the least bit liking the fact that their supposed save place had been harboring Walkers all along.

As this was happening, Harry couldn't help but wonder if that it was perhaps the barn full of walkers that had been make it all but impossible for him to get any sleep for the last couple of nights; which had been mainly due to how wild his magic was behaving lately. Harry really believed this to be true, considering how his magic usually behaved that way around either Walkers or when he was unknowingly in danger.

In fact, he had known that his magic had been trying to warn him about some type of danger he was around, what with how it had been behaving lately, but had been unable to figure out just what he was. So, in the end Harry had to put it off as nerves or paranoia.

At the same time, Harry couldn't help but watch how everyone one was reacting to what Glenn had, rather unknowingly, informed everyone about. And then seeing just how everyone was taking it couldn't help but wince slightly; this wasn't going to go over well. Nor did it look like it was going to end all that well either.

Not in the least bit. And while he too wanted the Walkers in the Barn permanently dead and done with. He strongly got the feeling that what was about to go down wasn't going to help them all in the long run; again, not in the least bit. And at the same time, he got the feeling that it was going to turn the people who actually own this farm, and the barn the walkers where in, against them; or against several of them.

Not only that but Harry couldn't help but think that if this was how they reacted to a secret keep from them, one that could possibly be deadly to them in the long run. Then how would they react to the fact that he had magic and was keeping it from them; that he had a safe house to go to and had kept if from them as well? Would they turn against him and want to attack him, like they seemed to be doing with the Greene family and their barn? Or was Harry just jumping to conclusions here, after all his magic wasn’t as deadly to them as the barn filled with walkers would seem…right?

Harry, trying to shake off the feeling he was getting about tell the others about his magic and how
they would react to it. As he tried to force back on what was currently going on in front of him. Something that as he did this, Harry couldn't help but feel like he was watching something similar to a car crash; one you just couldn’t look away from no matter how much your mind screamed at you to do just that. A feeling that got even worse as he watched as two different sides began to form. One with Rick leading them and the other with, a rather deranged looking, Shane leading it.

Rick was arguing that this wasn't their home, and that the Greene family had been kind enough to allow them to stay in it despite the fact they didn't have to do so. Despite the fact that they all were complete strangers and could have meant the family of said farm harm. And because of that, they should at least try to talk to the family about just why the Walkers where in the Barn in the first place. That they should at the very least try to get them to see that the Walkers weren't the people they had once been before. That they should do all of this before they did anything else about it. Like, say go and shoot all the walkers in the barn like Shane was screaming that they did.

Harry hearing this couldn't' help but agree with what Rick was saying. After all he wasn't saying that they shouldn't destroy the Walkers. Just that they should do so after getting the necessary information out of and into the Greene family. You know the family that owned the land they were in, the one that had helped healed Carl up from his injury, and the family that had opened their home to them and that was continuously feeding the majority of the group despite not having to do so; all without asking anything in return from them.

From what Harry could see, at least trying to hear their part of the story, or giving them the benefit of the doubt was the least they could currently do. Especially conserving the fact said family did have the barn locked up to keep all the walkers inside of it out; so it wasn’t like they were going to try to use them to attack someone or anything like that.

In Harry mind the family had to have what they believed to be a good reason to keep the walkers locked up like that. Even if in Harry’s mind there was no reason to keep a Walker around besides either further destruction, or to camouflage your sent; even then that last one could be easily done with a dead walker.

Though at the same time Harry felt that what Rick was saying wouldn't be what he would actually be doing; seeing as Rick seemed to change his mind a lot. Going back and forth between trying to please others and doing what he felt was right. So, Harry got the strong feeling that if any of the Greene family was strongly against killing the Walkers Rick would be as well; meaning that Rick would try to keep the walkers where they were.

That is if Rick wasn't able to convince the family that the walkers weren't actually sick people, like Harry believed that the Greene family believed them to be, but actually living dead that would want to eat their family. Seeing as rick, seemed to be doing everything in his current power to keep the Greene family happy, so that they would let the group stay their longer than what the family seemed to want.

This was something Harry didn't agree with, not with the dangers that the walkers represented to everyone that was on the farm. Harry knew that the Walkers needed to be destroyed before they got out of the barn and kill the others. Because he knew that the barn wouldn't be able to hold those walkers forever.

Hell, on their supply runs they had seen a large hoard tear the walls like the barn had without much of a problem. Something Rick knew just as well after all a pale faced Glenn and clearly reported that incident to him. And if worst came to worse Harry was very much willing to reinforce the barn for a bit while as he tried to talk some sense into the family; showing them his magic if he had to.
At the same time, despite believing that the Walkers did need to be destroyed, Harry didn't agree in the least bit with what Shane was all but screaming out. Going out there, opening up the barn and destroying any and all walkers that came out right this very minute. It wasn't the destroying the walkers bit that he disagreed with, that was something but he and his magic agreed with epically, but the fact that Shane had no plan besides opening the barn and then opening fire at anything that walked out of it.

This was a plan Harry couldn't help but balk at for several reasons, one being the lack of protection for the people doing the firing. What if the walkers got past the where they were firing and into the group? Or even worse someone who wasn’t armed, like a child, and they ended up being attacked without anything to defend themselves with?

Another problem Harry had with the plan was the lack of forethought that was involved in it. Mainly because Harry knew that gunshots, and multiple ones like what Shane's plan would have, was something that would attract more Walkers in their direction. And when you consider the very large herd that they had narrowly avoid before they had found the farm this was something Harry, or anyone else for that matter, really didn’t want to happen. Not when you consider just how open the farm they were on where, and the limit amount of shielding it had against a hoard the size of the one they had just barely escaped from in the first place.

Nor did Shane seem to care in the least bit about anything to do with the Greene family. From the way he acted and spoke about the family it was as if the Greene's should have been honored about dealing with them. About house and feeding almost all of them, from their own storage, about going out of their way to make the group happy and feel at home while they were there.

This again was something Harry didn't agree with and was quite disgusted with at the same time. As despite what both Lori and Shane seemed to think no one was obligated to care for them or even obey their demands. The two honestly had been rather lucky in that regard having met so many people that where just willing to do that. Whish was probably one of the main reasons neither Lori or Shane like either Harry, Merle, or Daryl as none of those three fell into line like the two wanted them to.

So honestly Harry found flaws in both of Rick and Shane's plan and found it even sadder that instead of doing something like finding a middle ground or even considering compromising the two groups, or at least the leaders of the group, seemed to just be screaming and arguing with each other. Not listening or even attempting to see it from the other point of view. Honestly reminding Harry of two Alpha werewolves trying to fight for the right to lead the pack. Hopefully this fight didn’t lead to death like it would in most fights like that between werewolves.

Knowing that at the moment nothing he said would even be listen to, by anyone in either one of the groups for that matter, Harry took a deep breath before walking over to where both Daryl and Merle were standing. Both of them having moved off to the side when the arguments had first started. Not siding with either group, and instead watching everything going on with rather amused expressions; as if asking themselves if this was really a group. And if so, why where they still part of it.

Honestly, at the moment Harry wanted nothing to do with the fight, not to mention he felt that he really didn't have a part in it; despite what he felt about it all. After all he hadn't been on the farm long enough to really get an attachment to it, or the people in it, even if they did have his respect for what they were doing.

Nor was he completely part of the group, seeing as most of them still weren't the closest to him due most too how both Lori and Shane reacted to him. In fact, the only members of the group that
were close to him were mainly, Daryl and Merle. Though more recently there had been Carol, Andrea, Amy, Sophia, Glenn and sometimes Carl.

Once he got to where the two brothers' where Harry could help but look up at Daryl and in an utter deadpan voice ask him.

"This isn't going to go over well is it?" When this got Harry a negative head shake and a rather frustrated look directed at the others from Daryl. Harry couldn't help but bur grimace slightly, yeah that's about what he had been expecting. In fact, Harry got the feeling that things were only going to get worse before they ever got better.

As if to prove his feeling correct Harry watched with weary eyes, with Daryl and Merle watching right alongside of him, as Shane, T-dog, Glenn and Andrea were all loaded up with guns before heading straight to the Walker filled barn; Shane leading them with a clearly manic look in his eyes as they went.

Harry seeing all this couldn't help but let loose a shutter breath. Yeah things were seriously about to go to hell right about now. A feeling that got worse and caused Harry to wince slightly when Maggie, seeing just where the group was heading, and what they were carrying as they went that way cried out.

"You guys can't do this! I promise my dad will make all of you leave if you do!" As this was said Merle looked at Harry and decided to answer the question he had asked just a little earlier.

"No this isn't going to go well at all, and I'm a seriously doubting we're going to have a place to stay after everything is said and done." Harry hearing this couldn't help cursing slightly; from what he could see Merle was right about that.

Harry actually debating for a good minute or two of actually stunning all those who were heading to the barn to stop them. But decided not to, he didn't need the group fearing his magic and if he was honest with himself, he too wanted those walkers in the barn gone with.

Though at the same time he believed that there was a much better way to do so then just shoving aside the family that was protecting the barn and opening fire on the walkers inside said barn. Exactly what Harry wasn't completely sure about, but he knew that there had to be another way.

A way that wouldn't isolate them from the family who had done so much to help them lately, and at the same time a way that would get rid of the walkers without doing something that would be highly similar to putting a large neon sign directing all the other walkers nearby in their direction; because Harry knew that that was what the multiple guns shots would be doing. Harry realizing this, and realizing that most of the group was too far lost in their own fear that they wouldn't listen to him Harry turned to both Merle and Daryl.

"Well, we all know this is going to end in some type of disaster. Rather it's from the family's reaction to what's going to happen, or from the herd of Walkers this is going to attract. Might as well get as prepared for it as much we can and have everything packed up and ready for when we have to leave. And if we can warn the Greene family to do the same because they don't deserve this, not really."

As he said this the was a sudden on slot of multiple gun fires echoing through the air as the group in front of him fired upon the walkers that were in the Barn. Then there was crying as the Greene family saw all the walkers being shot down.

Yeah Harry was now completely positive that this wasn't going to go well, and that it had already
blown up in their faces; now they'd just have to see how badly the injuries the explosion cause were. So far things really weren't looking well for them in that regard though.

Though on a high note, Harry did see Carol grab the Beth and get her away from an attack walker that the teen had tried to run towards; so at least the girl had been saved. Though considering the devastated looks on the family's face they probably didn't see it that way.
Summary- An immortal Harry Potter finds himself rather apathetic to the world around him. Mainly due to a combination of the death of everyone he cared about over the years and numerous betrayals by those he thought cared about him. Harry really thought he put his hero life behind him for a much more quiet, human free life. But what happens when one of his rare trips outside the isolate life he met himself he finds the world has gone to hell. That the dead are walking and eating the living. Has Harry really put his saving people thing behind him, and can he really leave the group he found to find for themselves?

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This will have slash in it. The pairing is Daryl/Harry

Chapter nineteen

There was a time that Harry really hated being right, and right now, this was one of those times. Because Harry watched with nearly deadpan eyes, and a growing sense of why, as everything went from bad to worse.

Just like he had predicted it would have, after the mass shooting at the barn. Something Harry felt he should have known this was coming considering how over the years his Potter family luck really hadn’t changed any. And he got the feeling it wasn’t going to either; especially not any time soon.

Harry wasn’t sure what the people shooting had been expected to happen, once they had finished destroying all of the Walkers in said barn. But if it was a thank you, and a hug from the Greene family, they would be waiting for a very long time before that occurred.

In fact, if the look on Maggie’s face as she slapped Glenn, and before she had left to chase after her fleeing sister, Beth, who herself looked to barely be able to see through the tears in her eyes, meant anything. The whole group would most likely find themselves on their asses and out of the farm before they could say, ‘it was for your own good.’

At least if Maggie had her way they would be. Which it very well may happen, seeing as from what Harry could see Hershel was no longer on the farm. Having torn out of the farm like a bat at of hell right after seeing the Walkers being shot down. With Rick following quickly behind him, looking for all the world like he was trying to talk some sense into the man in question.

Though seeing the rather devastated look on Glenn’s face, as he rubbed the shining red check he had just been slapped on; one that even now Harry could tell was going to leave a good-sized bruise. Harry did feel a little bad for him, but at the same time kind of felt himself hoping that because of what had just happened, and the results he had just gotten because of it, that Glenn would stop being such a follower.

Especially of Shane’s, and finally start showing the spine Harry knew he clearly had. After all, one didn’t do as many supply runs, and have them go as successful as Glenn’s did, without having one hell of a spine. Hoping that seeing the consequences of what simply following the crowd instead of doing what he felt was right, could cost him, and deciding he would rather follow his own heart instead of other’s orders.
Because if he did that Harry could really see himself getting along with Glenn. Who had already on several occasions reminding Harry of the most loyal brother like figure Harry had known, Neville. Whom Harry was pretty sure was the Dixon’s ancestors in some way.

Sighing, Harry raised his hand and ran it through his hair in what had become a habit whenever he got stressed; or highly emotional. As he did this Harry knew that there was a lot that he felt now needed to get done. Now more so than ever. At the same time, he felt that giving everything that was happening they really didn’t have a lot of time to actually get it done.

Knowing this, Harry turned to both Daryl and Merle only to raise an eyebrow and give a slight smirk when he saw that they seemed to already be at work. Moving around their tents and repacking all of their supplies. Generally doing everything they could to both have the supplies ready to be used, but at the same time ready to be snapped up and taken off with at a moment’s notice.

It seems those two could already see what he had and were ahead of him when it came to doing what now needed to be done. As unlike him, the brothers in question simply got to work, instead of thinking of other things that could be done. Though considering the fact Harry had said something about it even before the whole barn shoot out had occurred; that really wasn’t to surprising.

Still seeing this, Harry too got to work, moving over to where his tent was and starting to get to work on it. So, that if anything came up, he could easily grab it, and all of his supplies and get ready to go.

Though before he even reached his tent Harry froze for a bit as a sudden thought hit him. And once it did Harry knew that before he got to work on his tent, that there was something more important that he should be doing. At least more important in the long term.

Like warning the Greene about what he felt was coming their way. After all, as angry as the family was with the group at the moment, Harry still felt that they deserved to know what could be coming their way.

Even if, while the way it was done wasn’t something Harry agreed with, he still felt the walkers that had been in the barn needed to be destroyed. Plus, Harry really wanted to check on Beth. She hadn’t looked good in the least bit when he had seen her last, and he didn’t want anything to happen to her.

Harry actually like most of the Greene family, as unlike the majority of the group they were with, this family actually got to know everyone before they judged them. Which from what Harry could see, ended up with them liking most of the group. At least for the most part. Well, besides both Lori and Shane. Who Harry could tell, either rubbed the girls the wrong way, or got on the last nerve of the entire family.

This in mind, thought still wary about the temper Maggie had been showing not too long ago, Harry made his way to the farmhouse. He felt that she was the one that he really needed to talk to when it came to such a warning.

As he felt that she could both help her sister prepare for it, and when he came back, not to mention after she gave him hell for leaving in the first place, Maggie could also convince Hershel to be ready to leave if she had to as well. Though that last part may be mighty difficult for her if she didn’t have any prove; which with only Harry’s feelings and former knowledge being the reason of the warning she really didn’t.
Harry, as he walked into the Farmhouse was immediately greeted by the sounds of screaming and arguing. Screaming and arguing that Harry couldn’t help but listen to and go wide eyed when he found out what it was about.

Apparently, Andrea had let Beth have a blade when she had been previously warned about her being suicidal, and Maggie had just found out about this after taking said blade from her sister. Hearing this, and knowing that it could get worse, Harry knocked on the door; alerting everyone that he was just outside the door.

Something that Harry almost found himself regretting when a very angry looking Maggie slammed the door open, still carrying the knife she had gotten from her sister in a tight white knuckled grip; looking moments away from actually stabbing someone. Seeing this, Harry raised his hands to show he was unarmed, and in a tone that he tried to make as calming as possible told the enraged woman in front of him.

“I just came up here to check and see if Beth is alright, and to give you some information that I felt that your family should all know.” This was something that earned Harry a hard stare from Maggie, before the door was opened up further; obviously telling Harry to get inside.

Seeing this, Harry gave a slight sigh of relief that at least Maggie trusted him that much, before he quickly complied and walked into the Kitchen. Once there and seeing that the only other person in the room was Andrea, Harry decided that it was best he give Maggie the information first. If he was lucky Andrea would listen, agree with him, and help the others in the group prepare for it as well, and if not, then well he could easily say he did try.

“Look, I don’t know if it is a hundred percent true or not, but I feel that if worse comes to worse you should be prepared for it. “ here Harry paused and winced at what he had just said, hoping it didn’t sound to threatening before continuing on.

“ But before I do that, I am sorry for what happened in the barn, it shouldn’t have gone down like that. All of us should have at least tried to talk to you family before doing that; like what Rick wanted.” Again, Harry paused, and carefully thought of the words he was going to say next; as it was a rather delicate situation.

“However, it did, and it was very loud as it happened. I know, that you know ,that Walkers are deadly, and that they are attracted to sound. But what you don’t know was just before we had ended up on this farm in the first place. We had barely managed to escape a very large herd of Walkers. “ After saying this Harry had to big his lip and close his eyes for a second as he remembered just what happened with that heard ; as well as who they had nearly lost because of it. Before starting in on his explanation once more; feeling all the more determined to tell Maggie what he felt.

“And I feel that all the noise here lately, especially considering just how loud last night was, will very easily attract such a horde in this direction. And if that does happen, you farm is going to be overrun... it’s just to open for it not to happen” Here Harry paused and took a deep breath, while looking Maggie, who was getting rather pale, in the eyes before continuing.

“I do not know when it is going to happen, but I do feel like it will be soon. Which is what I want to warn you about. You might want to pack up your supplies and be ready to run soon, as a just in case. After all you would rather be safe than sorry. And if you do have to end up running at least this way you will be prepared for it.” Harry was cut off from saying anything else as Andrea slapped him as hard as she could, tears building up in her eyes as she snarled out.

“Don’t speak like that. Don’t lie to her like that. This place is safe there are no Walkers. We’re safe
here, we have to be!” Before, tears falling she ran out of the house crying; looking to be heading in the direction Harry knew she and her sister set up their tenting area.

Seeing this Harry felt a bit bad, but at the same time angry over the fact how much deny Andrea was in. Still, despite this Harry turned to see if Maggie, was going to have the same reaction Andrea was. Only to see she was still pale, her lips where drawn into a grim line as her eyes took a more serious note. A serious note that Harry could appreciate as Maggie finally answered him.

“You’re right. That shoot out could attract more of those creatures here. I’ve seen just how bad those things could be. How even the slightest loud noise gets them running in that direction.
Meaning they will be coming in this direction. And even if it doesn’t happen anytime soon. I will start packing, and I’ll have my sister start packing as well. Because as you said, better safe than sorry. After all we could easily unpack those our supplies if your worries turned out to be wrong. Unlike what we’d be able to do if I ignored you and you turned out right.”

This said Maggie, turned around and headed up the stairs, where Harry assumed Beth’s room was. Hopefully she’d be talking to her sister about prepared for what Harry hoped he was wrong about.

Still Harry seeing that Maggie was going up the stairs, and that Andrea had stormed out of the house, decided that it would be best if he went back outside to finish packing the rest of his supplies. Something that Harry knew that while no one else knew about his magic, said supplies really wouldn’t be packing themselves.

Harry once he was out of the Farmhouse, was greeted with the sight of Lori climbing out of the car and slapping Shane as hard as she could. Making Harry wonder just what he had missed since he had gone into the farmhouse.

Because he had no idea Lori had ended up even going anywhere t begin with. As the last he had seen her, she had been trying to get either Merle or Daryl to jump at her command to go find both Hershel and her husband. Something neither brother had taken too well and had told her so in word that nearly had Harry in tears of laughter.

Still, watching the scene play out in front of him, Harry soon found himself getting the answers that he wanted when after slapping Shane, Lori began to scream at him. Airing out their drama to anyone that was in hearing distance as she did so.

“You Lied to me! Stop Lying to Me! First it was about my husband being dead, now it about him being at the farm! How dare you! I am with RICK, I love Rick. Stop lying about him to me!”
Shane though seemed to be having none of this, and after dodging another slap from Lori roared out.

“You can’t be out there! Your Pregnant!” Harry hearing this felt like that if he was holding anything, he would have dropped it. Something that was obviously shared by everyone else in hearing distance as they all stared at both Shane and Lori wide eyed. Lori seeing this spun around and slapped Shane once more before storming off herself obviously trying to get away from all the staring eyes that were following her.

Seeing this, and seeing the near insane gleam in Shane’s eyes, as well as the utterly panicked look in Lori’s eyes as she made her way past him. Harry couldn’t help but wonder just how far along she was, and for that matter if Rick was really the father.

As the look Harry could still see in Shane’s eyes made him believe that Shane believed he was the father, and that he would destroy anything in his path when it came to both Lori and the child she was carrying.
A feeling that caused Harry to shutter and make Harry wonder, for as bad as she was, did Lori need protection from Shane? And if so, would she ever accept it from him, and if not, how could he get Rick to see that she needed it in the first place. Because as much as he didn’t like Lori, he didn’t wish her actual harm just that she stayed far away from him at all times.

Speaking of Rick, Harry could now hear the sound of Herschel’s truck pulling up, meaning that most likely both Hershel and Rick were now back. Seeing this, or more like hearing this, Harry became determined to talk to both men. Hershel, about what he had just told his daughter, and Rick the same, with maybe a little addition information. Like the fact his wife was pregnant, and if he would listen, maybe a warning about Shane as well.

Or at least this is what Harry had been planning on doing when he saw that neither one of them was alone. In fact, they had an injured teen between them, one that gave Harry a feeling that he recalled Peter Pettigrew feeling very similar to. It was a feeling that Harry knew he would never forget, and it was feeling that had him instantly distrusting the injured teen between the two.

Even as Rick called him over to help him carry the teen in question; something Harry did very reluctantly, and only to get him away from Hershel. Not to mention only so Harry could find out just why the teen in question was making him feel the way he did.

But even as he did a purely mundane way of patching him up, Harry knew one thing, he would be keeping an eye on the teen, and he would make sure he couldn’t hurt anyone in the group; even if he had to use some of his magic on him to ensure it. Maybe use a little voice compulsion to get a bit of the truth out of him as well. As Harry knew there had to be a reason why his instincts were up and screaming the way they were.

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