“Oh, Gomez,” Morticia said as she folded her hands under her chin “to be as free as a child, to be able to rage so well” Her eyes clouded over with fond memories of deathly pranks and sunny sisters. Gomez crawled on his knees, glass shards and wood chips tearing at his suit and skin. He wrapped his arms around his beloved’s legs and kissed her exposed thigh.

“Such rage, such passion,” he agreed breathlessly as the baby’s cries got louder and louder.

“We must take it with us.” Morticia decided, swathed in black rags and moonlight, “he reeks of death, and darkness. He will be an Addams.” It was time to go home.
So I've wanted to do a HP/Addams crossover forever and a day, don't worry, still working on STWMTMW over in The Hobbit section, just taking a teensie break. So tada. Also, this was inspired, in part, by Harveste Addams by Kyaru (Tumbie). If you're a fan of the Potter/Addams crossovers like I am you've probably read them repeatedly. Seriously, Kyaru, thanks for creating that universe, it is endlessly amusing to re-visit.
Trashing the dead.

«Cara mia, this place, it sucks the joy from my heart!» A slender man in a pinstriped suit wailed dramatically, as he puffed on a large cigar.

“I know, mon cher, but—” A ghoulish looking woman tried to answer his plight, but before she could finish the man dropped his cigar, grabbed her wrist and started planting smoke filled kisses up her arm, toward her neck.

“Oh, Tish, that’s French!” The man exclaimed happily, between each kiss. His amorous joy was, however, halted by a perfectly manicured hand.

“Not now, Gomez, later.” The woman purred. Her crimson lips were a stark contrast against her chalky skin and the man, Gomez, stared at them in a daze before the woman turned sharply. Her long black dress swept across the earth like poisonous veins as she made her way towards a house-turned-rubble.

“Grandmama sent us here, she felt something exquisitely ghastly had happened here, just now, and I felt it would be perfect for our anniversary!” The woman glided across the earth with her arms spread wide, the moonlight bathing her in an unflattering light. Gomez had never loved her more.

His beautiful Queen of the Night had come up to his playroom, all-abuzz with news: she had found the perfect location for their celebration – a place of horrific events and filled to the brim with spiteful magic. The best parts? The lingering magicks were still fresh, by the hour in fact; it was just a scrying accident that had led Grandmama to the place. Gomez had wasted no time in writing down the runes for a transportation portal: where his wife wanted to go, he would follow. The portal had dropped them here: in front of a ruined house glowing with malicious intent. The silver rays of the moon bathed the broken building in a foreboding light.

The smell of singed corpses and despair lay cloyingly thick in the air, and Gomez thought nothing had smelled better. He quickly caught up with the enchanting woman he would one day die alongside and wrapped his strong arms around her.

“Oh, Tish, this is marvelous.” He whispered in her ear. He bit down on the delicate cartilage, hard. She hummed, pleased with the sharp pain that assaulted her nerves.

“Only the best for you, my beast.” She purred, the words sliding from her painted lips like venom.

“Gomez,” she whispered.

“Querida” he answered, breathlessly. Their eyes met, the heady feel of departed life and gloom between them, and they moved as one: a ferocious beast challenging another to combat, both of them, clawing, moaning, whimpering, as they each fought for their pound of flesh. Gomez reached down and ripped a side split in the tight dress his beautiful mistress always teased him with and hitched her bony leg over his arm, ready to defile her once again, surrounded by the same kind of destruction that brought the two of them together. Ah, funerals and crime scenes – always the best place to meet a partner in death.

Before the two savage beasts could complete their graceful cannibalism of each other’s corporeal vessels, a sharp sound pierced the fog that had blinded and deafened them to the world: it was the cry of a helpless child. The woman stopped, her nails still embedded deep into Gomez’s shoulders, straight through the fabric of his suit.

“Do you hear, darling?” she whispered.

“Yes, querida, I hear” Gomez breathed against her lips “The most primal sound of despair.” He clutched her tight against him, but she ripped herself free, her nails goring his shoulder muscles with such exquisite force.

“Come, Gomez, we have to look!” She took off; her pale legs glinting in the moonlight as her
dress almost fell off her running form. Gomez felt his instincts come to bear: follow the prey. He pounced after her like a rabid wolf, prepared to take her on the floor of these fresh ruins, nails and broken glass digging into their skin. Such a delight grandmama had found them this night.

She stopped so suddenly that Gomez had no choice to fall to his knees to avoid knocking her over, debris from the wreck dug into his knees and shins – any pain he caused her should only be intentional. “Curiosity killed the cat,” Morticia crooned silkily, “But satisfaction brought him back.” She finished victoriously as her deceptively small frame lifted a large section of wall off what seemed to be the source of the horribly enchanting wailing. Gomez, who looked at his marvelous wife, this vile Valkyrie, in awe, was glad he was kneeling, for he would worship this splendor for the rest of his days, and beyond. With a painful crash and the screeching of metal, the chalk white woman tossed the offending debris clean across the house foundations. Underneath said wall they found something that made them both smile, white teeth gleaming in the darkness – a small child, red with anger, crying it’s lungs out and announcing to the world how horrid life was, at this very moment.

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With a violent cough and a fair bit of hacking the portal spat a couple with a baby and a burlap sack out into an infested swamp, the husband landing first, face down into a puddle of toxic waste, the wife on top of him, and the baby completing the human tower. The woman clutched the frail being to her chest as she laid atop her husband, her ribs digging painfully into his back – just the way they loved it. The night had not yet reached their humble abode, such vast distances away from the lovely scene they had vacated, and the sun burned so horribly, it’s stinging rays forcing it’s brightness upon them like a perversion of the plague. Morticia did concede that she loved the smell of swamp water evaporating. A call from the house interrupted Morticia’s musings

“Morticia!” It was grandmama “Was it horrible?” The old scraggly hag quickly made her way to the lounging couple, her shawls flapping behind her like tared sails. Morticia gracefully rose, parts of her dress fell off; the portal had been hungry. “Oh mama, it was disastrous, just as you described!” Gomez finally lifted his head out of the toxic pool, his skin red and blistered, a great smile gracing his lips.

“Yes! It was perfect!” The acidic sores already knitted together as he spoke “And we even found another Addams!” He gestured to Morticia with a flourish.

“Yes, just look at him. So pale, so thin.” She stroked a long fingernail down the baby’s cheek. “It’s a boy!” The old hag vibrated with excitement.

“I’ll get the ritual ready this very instant!” She crowed, “Fester! Lurch! We’re welcoming a new Addams into the family!” She ran off in a tornado of excitement, making sure to step in each puddle on the way.

“Ah, such a way to start a family,” Morticia sighed happily, as Gomez coughed up some toxic waste and what looked like bits of bronchi. “A little death, a little life, it’s all a balance.” She
nosed into the tuft of black hair on the newborns head and inhaled the stench of loss, grief, and murder.

“And we even brought his parents with us!” Gomez crowed happily, a piece of lung clinging to his lower lip. “Well, we think they are!” The burlap sack had opened as the newfangled family crashed into the odious marsh and out rolled two heads: the looks of determination and hatred were frozen in rigor mortis on the faces of Lilly and James Potter.

“Come, Querida, let’s take pictures of the heads for the little one before we dump them in with the flesh eating beetles!” Gomez reached into his pocket and pulled out a lit cigar.

“Marvelous idea, my dear!” Morticia agreed “But let us get the little one inside, the sunlight can’t be good for him.”
“It’s all ready, Morticia!” Grandmama had been busy preparing the ritual for over a week, she had barely slept, and the great bags under her eyes really accentuated the ice blue irises. It was such a good look on her, Morticia decided. She was busy feeding her first child a healthy mixture of minced cat meat, for protein, swamp slime, crushed dragon scales, for vitamins and minerals, iron dust and eye of newt, just for the taste. The little tyke had taken well to the old Addams recipes; in fact, he had developed a habit of snapping after Morticia’s fingers with his newly grown teeth if she stopped feeding him.

“Well, it’s time to permanently adopt this little critter.” Grandmama gushed down at her grandson, her first, if you would believe it. Many would call her too young to be a grandmother, but she absolutely adored the little hell-spawn, and she would treat him right. She stroked a gnarled finger across the beautiful scar on the child’s forehead, her fingers tingled at the darkness it held, but she paid it no mind, it was good for a child to have a little dark and dank so close early in the development. “First we dunk him in a genealogy potion, to find out where he’s been, and then we feed him the Addams special brew, to show him where he’s going.” Morticia smiled indulgently at her mother: she knew how it worked, she had been present at the welcoming of many a family member, but it was delightful to see that dreadful smile cross her mother’s face every time she looked at the baby. They had decided to call him Hemlock, Hemlock Lucifer Addams; it would look good on any headstone, and her son could bear it proudly. A poisonous fallen angel, a little scorpion. Morticia had scoffed at some of the baby-books she had found: Chad, Dennis, Trent, Brad, it was as if the parents hated their children with a passion. Not that the nutritional sections were any good either – the writers should be sued for child abuse.

“All the family is coming, then?” Morticia queried, as she let Hemlock bite on her fingers. “Every one!” Grandmama crowed victoriously. The skulls of the parents had been meticulously cleaned, after samples of blood and bone were taken for the potions they needed to brew: they did not want their little Hemlock to surrender his genes completely; having two sets of parents, one alive, one dead – what bliss! Now the dead would preside over the blatant misery of the living, as they welcomed little ‘Lock into the fold.

“Are we ready then?” Gomez, dressed in his most dreadful tuxedo, swanned into the room, cigar hanging haphazardly from his mouth. “The guests have started arriving!”

“I thought I heard some death rattles from the swamp.” Morticia said, as she stared lovingly into the emerald eyes of her first child.

“I do wish I could have felt the agony of birthing you.” She lamented quietly.

The family exited the lounge, the empty scalp that had once contained Hemlock’s food forgotten; it was time to show little ‘Lock the wonders of the clan.

“Oh mama, you’ve done a marvelous job!” Morticia cried, as she stepped into the ballroom. The corners were filled with fresh spider webs, dust caked in the cracks, and the windows were so begrimed they refused to let the moonlight in. Candles were placed on tables, under stairs, behind curtains (because a house fires were always fun), and bathed the room in a moody glow. Milling about were Addamses in all shapes and sizes, some came over to convey their greetings, but most would wait until after the ritual was done: then they would have all the time in the world.
In the middle of the ballroom, where no one dared step in fear of grandmama’s retribution, was a carefully painted circle with a pentagram in the center. There were symbols in each of the pentagram corners depicting the placement of the people involved. A lizard, a virgin, and a holy cow imported from India had given their blood for this circle – nothing was too good for an Addams. Before one reached said circle, there was a heavy granite basin, crudely carved with various depictings of hellfire and brimstone along the sides, filled with a noxious liquid. Grandmama cleared her throat, it sounded like crunching sandpaper, and everyone stilled.

“Dear family, dear Addamses, we are gathered here today to welcome a new member!” Her raspy voice carried through the room like nails on a chalkboard. “First we find the old!” She crowed joyously. Morticia and Gomez stepped forth towards the basin, the liquid simmered and boiled, and when the matriarch of the Addams family drew nearer with the baby in her arms the liquid began swishing, as if it recognized the child – as it should, they had made it with Hemlock’s blood after all. The proud parents smiled at all in attendance before Morticia unceremoniously dropped ‘Lock into the basin, where the liquid enveloped him fully.

It simmered and boiled violently before Hemlock floated to the surface. Grandmama appeared to Gomez’s right with a large roll of parchment; she dipped a clawed finger into the child’s mouth and fished out a good glob of goop she smacked down onto the parchment. The goop, now turned black, started moving, spreading out, covering the expansive roll with writing. The entire family line of one Harry James Potter was revealed, all the way back to the Slytherins, the Pervelles, and beyond. The old crone held up the parchment, showing it off to all the assembled Addamses as a token of triumph.

“Harry James Potter, son of Lilly and James Potter!” the crone declared to the room. “We see the old!” Grandmama shouted, an answering chorus resounded from the crowd: We see. “We respect the old!” another command with a resounding answer: we respect. “Sic Gregoriamus Allos Subjectatos Nunc!” She howled into the high ceiling, as lightning flashed outside, and the resounding cheer from the clan drowned out the rumbling thunder.

Gomez had picked up Hemlock from the basin as Grandmama proudly showed off his lineage, and now they made their way to the piece de resistance – the circle. He placed his son at the northern arm of the pentagram, while he himself took his place at the northwestern arm; Morticia was standing across from him, on the northeastern arm, while the skulls of the Potters occupied the two last arms. Grandmama skipped to the center of the circle and placed the parchment in the middle, which was marked with a dagger, before she dropped the transcript of the familial line just so. She then dug into the ratty folds of her clothes to draw out a vial of potion, just completed this morning. One would expect dust and mothballs to fall out, but Grandmama was a dab hand at rituals, and she knew very well that the circle needed to be clear – she would roll around on the basement floor and put the mothballs back in later.

Grandmama bent down over the child and smiled a rotten-toothed smile, the little one reached up and giggled.

“Oh, little one, you won’t be giggling for much longer.” She stroked a wrinkled and weathered finger over his scar, “It’s going to hurt.” She crooned, “But you’ll be better for it.” She concluded as she gently uncorked the vial in her hand and helped Hemlock drink it down. He spilled a bit, but his bib from earlier was still on, so Grandmama dabbed the excess potion away with the end of it. Hemlock scrunched his face at the taste and made a miserable sound. “It’s the strawberries, I know they taste horrible.” Grandmama commiserated. “But the
hydroxycinnamic acid works really well with the antimony." Hemlock tried to spit up a bit more of the potion, and tried to sit up, but Grandmama flicked a finger around the child’s mouth and put the potion right back in, and gently laid him back down. The calming properties of the belladonna would kick in soon. Hemlock squirmed a bit, but Grandmama stroked his stomach to help digestion and soon the child was lying motionless on the floor. He was still breathing steadily and his heartbeat was solid, so Grandmama rose up and exited the circle.

“We are ready to begin!” Grandmama yelled. The groups of people that had closed in on the circle to get a better look at the new clan member stepped back. She then handed the same potion she had given to Hemlock to Gomez and Morticia. It was a disgusting practice of not respecting the families of those that came before, family was everything, so the parents adopted the child, and the child adopted the parents – they would be a family in blood, bone, and bile. Gomez and Morticia looked at each other lovingly, before gazing at their little hellion on the floor. As if on cue, they both uncorked their vials and downed them with a grimace.

“Were the strawberries really necessary, mama?” Morticia said with a grimace. Some of the clan in attendance recoiled a bit; it really was a disgustingly sweet taste.

“Yes.” Grandmama answered primly, as she shuffled her skirts and stepped out of the circle.

“It’s for family, ‘Tish.” Gomez rumbled from the other side of the circle. Morticia smiled at him, adoringly: he was right, it was all for the little bundle of gloom and doom in front of them. Silence reigned as the expecting couple steadied themselves – such rituals were not to be rushed, both mind and body had to be clear, if not the effects could be somewhat unexpected.

Lumpy Addams’ brother had ended up with five fingers, five toes, and a curly mop of flaxen hair with cherub cheeks to match. The little blighter even loved sunshine. They loved Infest Addams of course, but he was… odd in his own way, and neither Morticia nor Gomez wished that for their child. Deep breaths, inhale, exhale. Morticia had an easier time of centering herself than her husband, as he was very much a creature of flight and fancy, but in the end both parents stood perfectly still.

“I, Morticia Addams, nee Frump, welcome Harry James Potter, now to be known as Hemlock Lucifer Addams, into my heart, my mind, my family, so mote it be. I call upon the forces that have protected our family, preserved our family, to accept this boy as ours.” A heavy weight settled in the air as the symbols Morticia stood on began to glow.

“I, Gomez Pestilence Addams, welcome Harry James Potter, now to be known as Hemlock Lucifer Addams, into my heart, my mind, my family, so mote it be. I call upon the forces that have protected our family, preserved our family, to accept his boy as ours.” Gomez spoke his oath clearly, and the weight in the air intensified as if a simmering cauldron were about to explode. Next, the two spoke as one, they turned their heads to gaze upon the skulls of Lilly and James Potter.

“We thank you for bringing our son into this world,” they spoke in unison “We thank you; your loss has become our gain. We swear to you – we will take care of our son” they both emphasized the possessive pronoun “you will be his parents in glorious death; we will be his parents in this hellish life.” The runes under the skulls started to pulse and the air virtually crackled with the forces at play. Gomez and Morticia turned their gazes back to their son. The son of them all. “Harry James Potter, welcome to the family, Hemlock Lucifer Adams, welcome to your name.” The static in the room charged to oppressive levels, and all the onlookers held their breaths. “Welcome to the Addams family.” With a roaring sound the energy in the room discharged, it rolled through the empty spaces towards a single focal point: Hemlock Lucifer Addams.
Deep below ground, in an exquisitely carved office, Griphook, son of Gripfast, heard an odd noise from one of his filing cabinets. He looked over at the row of steel hewn organizers and blinked to clear his eyes: a drawer was glowing! He blinked once again to make sure he had not been at work for too long, his dear mate was probably livid already, but no, the drawer still glowed. He carefully got out of his seat, laying down his quill in the same instance, before cautiously picking up the battleaxe that was leaned up to his desk. If the wizarding world believed that goblins had become soft over the years, they would be sorely disappointed if they started another war. He hefted the axe in a standard defensive form, while cautiously approaching the anomaly. In all his years as both an accountant and a warrior, he had never seen such a sight.

“Griphook, I understand your work is important, but it’s our brakhlak, couldn’t you-” the sweet rasp of his mate's voice tickled at Griphook’s ears, but his focus never wavered.

“What is that?” Gremrock asked, clearly as awed as Griphook was. His lovely mate had also drawn his weapon, a steel hammer, and now stood next to the axe-bearing goblin in a similar stance.

“I don’t know,” the accountant answered, his curiosity was now warring with the urge to keep his mate safe.

“Go, my jewel, find the chief” Gremrock had a protest dangling from his lips, but the look in his mate’s eyes told him that this was no time for argument, Griphook had donned his warrior mantle, and he would wear it until this was resolved. Gremrock nodded sharply at his mate and exited the room, never turning his back on the glow.

As soon as he cleared the doorway, the hammer-wielding goblin changed the grip of his weapon and ran. His feet slapped wetly with every step on the stone floors, down the hallway, turn right into the subterranean atrium, down the middle, and ignore the shocked idiots who, like his foolish mate, were still working late and straight into the war chief’s chambers.

“Halt, Gremrock son of Rockjaw” Gremrock recognized the two guards in front of the grand double doors as his drinking buddies.

“Cut the crap, Haloran, there’s something strange going on and I need to see Warchief Goldvein!” Said goblin’s long eyebrows made an impressive climb upwards.

“You know I have to-” he started to say, but he was quickly interrupted.

“I know, here.” Gremrock intoned, and suddenly Haloran’s arms were full of not only the
Warhammer, but also a boot knife, a switchblade, three vials of poison and a set of brass knuckles. What completed the pile was a Morningstar and no one even knew where Gremrock could have hid it.

“Haloran, Grundt,” Grundt was the other guard, “It’s vital that I see the Warchief, please!” That last word tasted foul in Gremrock’s mouth, but this was important. If that did not impress the importance of the situation, nothing would. “All right, all right,” Grunt said, his hands held in a gesture of surrender “Hold your kneazels,” He went over to the grand entrance and pounded heavily on the doors. “Open up, it’s an emergency!” He kept banging on the doors until an irate voice cut through the air.

“This better be good, I was just about to fall asleep in a good, hot sand bath!” The large doors were flung open, and as they opened outwards, they knocked both Haloran and Grunt for a loop, Haloran nearly dropping all the weapons Gremrock had given him. The irate face of Griorotia Goldvein replaced a good percentage of Grimrock’s urgency with fear, she was not called the Warchief for nothing, and seeing her with an axe in each hand made him gulp. “Now, boy, spit it out!” Her knuckles tightened around the leather wrapped grips.

“A filing cabinet is glowing, my lady.” Gremrock explained, even if that in itself was very little explanation at all, in fact, it sounded like he’d been snorting cave mushrooms. “What?” Griorotia was not amused, and her tone bellied the fact. “A filing cabinet is glowing” Gremrock repeated, and it sounded even worse the second time. “I should have your head for this, you-” The Warchief started to charge but a shriek stopped her, a very manly shriek Gremrock would later amend. “I’m not joking!” He held his hands up in a gesture of surrender “Griphook stayed behind to guard the office, as that is the location of the anomaly, he told me to get you!” Griorotia huffed at the state of things in general and marched out of her chambers, shaking the sand out of her hair as she went.

“Well come on then, you indolent lugs, let’s go see what all the fuss is about!” Haloran, Grunt, and Gremrock scurried to comply, and as they went, Haloran handed each of the weapons back to their owner. The goblins still walking the atrium looked at the entire procession with thinly veiled curiosity. They rounded the corner to the hallway where Griphook’s office was situated, and they all saw the light emanating from the doorway, it most certainly did not look like anything a chandelier could produce. Griorotia stepped in to the room; axes still raised, and saw her finest warrior and accountant, Griphook, staring down a sparkling filing cabinet and could not stop a chuckle from escaping her.

“Calm Griphook, I know what this is. I can’t believe I didn’t think of it sooner.” She said as she lowered her weapons; everyone else mirrored her action. She carefully laid down her axes on the floor and approached the offending piece of furniture. She read the label on the drawer. Senex, et antiquum domus Potter was engraved on a golden plaque.

“It seems not all the Potters died after all, and now something has happened to the heir of the estates.” She said in wonder. The Warchief opened the drawer and found the source of the glow – the birth certificate of one Harry James Potter. “What have we here,” she purred as she lifted the document out of its place. “It seems the heir to the accounts and estates of Potter, Pervell, Slytherin and, by proxy, Black, has been adopted by blood magic. We have to find out by whom.”
wizards had no clue of the wealth of information Gringotts housed in its bowels. Gold was mere granite compared to the wealth of information the goblins had amassed through legal documents and magically accurate certificates of many kinds.

“Griphook, I want you to investigate the circumstances around this event.” Griorotia ordered. “And take your mate with you; I’m getting back to my sand bath.” She handed the birth certificate over to a gaping Griphook before picking up her axes and vacating the premises, Haloran and Grunt trailing behind her like ducklings.

“By the five jewels, what is this place?” Gremrock moaned pitifully as the sunlight bored into his eyes. He was not on the surface nearly as much as Griphook and the sharp light of day made it difficult for him to see.

“It is where the potion sent us.” Griphook answered sagely as he nuzzled his mate’s neck. “Yes, Hook, I can see that, but where, exactly, is here?” Griphook pulled out a tattered map from his satchel and unrolled it, lines formed on the parchment as soon as light hit it. “Cemetery Lane?” Gremrock whispered as he peered over Griphook’s shoulder. “Yes, my gem, we’re looking for number one, in fact, now which direction is that?” Griphook looked around at the ticky-tacky houses, one mirroring the other in construction. “Look, they have numbers!” Gremrock crowed, “I’m glad someone thought to, color alone is not enough to discern between these shacks” “Yes, my gem, now hush, or the confounding charms on our bracelets won’t hold.” Griphook gestured to the shining number plates on the houses around them. “It seems they follow a pattern, the lower numbers are in that direction.” Griphook nudged Gremrock forward. On the plus side, Gremrock thought, his eyes had finally started adjusting properly.

They followed the neatly lined houses, with their neatly lined fences and neatly cut lawns until they reached the end of all the neatness they could stomach. “This is number two, where is…” Gremrock trailed off as he looked up. Trailing away from the monotonous buildings and the badly fangled symmetry of the sidewalks, was a dirt road winding its way up a hill towards what must have, once, been a grand manor. “Is that it?” he was not sure if he was shocked at the state of the house or glad to be rid of the architectural monotony that lay behind him.

“It must be.” Griphook intoned. It would do no harm in checking. “I see a gate, maybe one of those numbers are on it?” Gremrock pointed to the sagging metal and stone structure that blocked the dirt path to the house. They both hefted their satchels and moved towards the structure, mindful of sudden movements lest the confounding bracelets slip. Muggles were such judgmental creatures, and coming from a goblin living on the British Isles, that was saying something. They knew the people in the house must have some connection to magic, as the boy they were searching for had been adopted in blood, which was something no muggle in the recorded history had accomplished.

They reached the gates, they rattled ominously, and the goblins could see no number. “Shall I?” Griphook looked teasingly at Gremrock, who eyed the gate with an unhealthy amount of suspicion directed at an inanimate object. “You shall.” Gremrock grunted; but before Griphook could even open the gates, it swung open by itself, and if Gremrock had ‘I told you’ so plastered across his face in gold inlaid engravings, well
that was another matter. They inched through the opening and just as they had cleared the radius of the gates, they swung shut, as if they had never opened. The two goblins shared a look and placed a hand on their respective weapons. Griphook moved his head in a gesture that signaled for Gremrock to have his tail. They took up a two-point battle formation and advanced towards the building.

They reached the manor without incident, barring some odd sounding tufts of grass that crunched weirdly when they stepped on them, and walked up the steps to the grand door. The cloying smell of a nearby swamp put Gremrock at ease; the fresh air up here was getting to his head. They disabled their bracelets and Griphook rang the bell. The sound of a hundred gongs being struck, all compressed into one sound, startled both the goblins who gripped their weapons tighter. The grand door opened and out came a man as high as Gremrock and Griphook would be if they stood on top of each other. While Griphook was calculating the various ways they could take him down, Gremrock quickly took control of the situation.

“Good morning, sir, we’re looking for-” but before he could finish the sentence a deep rumbling voice broke through the air.
“Follow me.” The giant said slowly, before he unceremoniously turned and shuffled into the manor. The two goblins looked at each other once more and nodded in unison.

Inside was a large hallway with a grand staircase leading up to a presumed second floor, but the giant took a left and showed them into a sitting room. It looked like the insides of Walburga Black’s personal vaults. Griphook could admire the sense of décor, but the woman herself had been a harridan without measure when she came into Gringotts.

“Why, hello.” A silky voice greeted them; they turned to face a tall, slender woman with a complexion a Malfoy would envy.
“Are you here for Cousin Trevor?” she asked.
“Pardon my manners; I am Morticia Addams, how do you do?” She continued.
“Dreadful, I hope.” She said with a smile that did not quite put the two at ease.
“Cousin Trevor?” Gremrock asked, quite bewildered. Why would they be here for this woman’s cousin?
“Ah, not cousin Trevor, then. You speak with a British accent.” She concluded.

“Why yes, madam,” Gremrock continued, while Griphook stood steadfast at his side. “We are here from the British branch of Gringotts. I am Gremrock and this is my mate, Griphook.” He did not bother with the paternal lines, as most humans cared little for the familial affairs of goblins.

“Oh my, to have traveled so far.” She purred “What for?” For some reason her presence was much more disturbing than the giant. Gremrock decided that bluntness was on the side of valor in this case.

“You recently adopted a child in blood, one Harry James Potter.” He stated. Morticia’s eyes narrowed to slits, and she seemed more like a vulture than a woman.

“And what is your business with my son?” Her question was innocent enough, but her tone bellied tempered steel.

“We are here to discuss his inheritance from his birth parents.” Gremrock was proud that he did not stumble across his words, he had never met a human like this, and it disturbed him right to his marrow.

“Ah, economy.” She sighed, as if it were a pest she would gladly be rid of. “Hold on a moment, I’ll call for my husband. Would you like some tea?”

“We’d love some, madam.” Both Griphook and Gremrock intoned.

“Lurch!” She called out in a raised voice. Soon the giant was back, he stared soullessly at her.

“You called?” Whenever he spoke, it seemed that the words were dragged from his larynx by
force.

“Please fetch Gomez, and tell mama to prepare some refreshments, we have guests.” She said, her tone was devoid of the earlier steel. The giant grunted what seemed to be an affirmative, because Morticia smiled indulgently before sitting down gracefully in one of the dusty chairs. She motioned for the two goblins to sit, and they did.

Soon enough a vibrant man came bounding into the sitting room, heading straight for Morticia. He swept her up into his arms and started peppering kisses on face.

“Gomez, not now, we have guests.” She said, as she held up a red manicured hand to stop him, the goblins assumed this was her husband.


“Guests.” Morticia said with a firm tone. Gremrock looked at them and smiled internally, they were as insatiable as he and Griphook, alas professionalism in the workplace, and a stern reprimand from the Warchief herself, had upped their restraint.

“Very well then,” the man said, as he regretfully untangled himself from his wife, who also bore a similar expression “I’m Gomez Addams, how can I help you?” Both of them displayed a level of civility towards them they had not encountered from any of the wizards in Britain.

“As I told your wife, I am Gremrock and this is Griphook, my mate-” Gomez looked at them with a twinkle in his eye.

“The joys if marriage, am I right?” He seemed to be genuine so Gremrock smiled and nodded, he did not want to risk their continued hospitality.

“Yes, but we are here to discuss Harry Potter.” Griphook said, it was the first thing he had spoken since they entered this place. The congenial smile slid right off Gomez’s face; he now looked thunderous.

“What do you want with my son?” The reaction was eerily similar to Morticia’s just a few moments earlier.

“Nothing, we are just here to inform you of his heritage.” Griphook said. The suspicion lingered in Gomez’s eyes but his body language opened back up, Gremrock let out a sigh of relief. Judging by the weapons on display everywhere this was not a banal wizarding family with little interest in violence.

“Did you know that Harry James Potter-” Gremrock started, but Morticia quickly interrupted him.

“We call him Hemlock, Hemlock Lucifer Addams.” Ah yes, the other name on the birth certificate.

“Very well, Hemlock. Did you know that Hemlock is heir to the most ancient and noble house Potter?” Both humans cocked their head to the side; he took that as a no. “According to the wills of Sirius Black, James Potter, Lilly Potter, and Charlus Magne Potter, your son’s great grandfather on James Potter’s side, your son is heir to not only the Potter fortune, all the estates, and the items within all connected vaults, but also the heir of the Black, Slytherin and Pervell estates, fortunes and connected vaults.” Griphook waited for the greed to appear in the couple’s eyes, as he had seen many a wizard or witch wander into Gringotts and walk out with an unexpected inheritance. To his very surprise, no greed appeared; Gomez just huffed thoughtfully.

“How will this be handled?” He asked, carefully.

“You are now his legal magical guardians, nullifying any and all other legal claims.” Griphook did not mention how this was illegal in Britain because of the inherent risk it put heirs in, as he felt that neither Gomez nor Morticia was not concerned with laws. They had, after all, used heavy blood magic to adopt a strange baby.

“What does that mean for our boy?” Gomez queried while Morticia’s steady gaze lingered on Griphook.

“It means that you are now the managers of his estate, by proxy, until your boy comes of age. No
one else will have access to the vaults.” Griphook explained. Gomez seemed to ponder this, heavily; Morticia laid a hand on his shoulders as he ruminated over what he had just been told. The four of them spent the next few minutes in silence. This was, by far, the oddest inheritance informational meeting Griphook had ever conducted.

“Well, I have a suggestion.” Gomez spoke up. “We have more than enough gold to care for the little tyke, how about we just close down all the accounts and let them accumulate interest, then he can have some spending money when he grows up?” Morticia broke out into a large grin. “Excellent idea, my dear!” She applauded “boys will be boys, and the price of arsenic is going up so much these days that there is no doubt he’ll need the extra allowance.” Griphook and Gremrock stared at the two as if they had grown an extra head, each. Griphook felt more explanation was needed, this was the estate, and inheritance of one of the oldest, greatest, and most filthy-rich families the British Isles had ever housed - pocket change was not the term he would use.

“Sir, we have with us recent bank statements from all the vaults and we have combined them all into a single summation of gold, items, and estates.” Griphook dug into his satchel and produced a thick folder which Gomez took, with both hands. The man opened it up, began to read, then he reached into his pocket and fetched a lit cigar; he puffed on it as he scanned the pages.

“Here are the snacks!” A raspy voice grated on the silence as a goblin looking woman came in the door, if Griphook was pressed, he would almost say she was beautiful. “Sorry it took such a long time, but the snake just didn’t want to bite down!” The woman hobbled over to the table with a tray overflowing with snacks as well as five cups filled to the brim with something that smelled delicious. Gremrock concluded that this was not the standard human fare, disgusting and tasteless as it usually was. “Thank you, mama.” Morticia said, gratefully, as she accepted a cup of the bubbling brew.

“The snake didn’t bite down?” Griphook asked, bewildered, he did not know that humans drank snake venom. “No, the scaly little bugger was being finicky. However, guests are guests and you deserve the best hospitality. I hope you like adder.” The old woman, mama, said as she gestured wildly. “Let me introduce Mama Frump, my mother.” Morticia nodded to the gesticulating woman with a fond smile. “No first name, madam?” Gremrock asked, and if Griphook shot his mate a look for prying, well, so be it. “Oh no, dear, I’m so old I’ve just plain forgotten.” Frump seemed

Gremrock took a sip and was pleasantly surprised, the brew was flavorful, strong, and just perfect after trans-Atlantic travels. The snacks, what seemed like little biscuits, were incredible too, they were crunchy on the outside, and the red cream had a coppery tang that complimented the brew perfectly. “This is absolutely wonderful,” he told Madam Frump, “I have never tasted anything like it! Madam, I insist, I must have your recipe!” His smile was genuine, and by the pleased little murmurs coming from Griphook, his mate felt the same way. “Of course, dears, it’s so rare to find people that appreciate good home cooking!” Frump seemed
very pleased. Both goblins smiled at her, sharp teeth and all, not only for her acquiescence to give up her recipes, but also for calling them people – it was not something they were used to.

Gomez interrupted the comfortable silence:

“Hmmm, I don’t know, isn’t this a bit paltry.” He scratched his head “I thought you said his parents were rich?” Both goblins stared at the man as if he had fallen down from the moon. “Can I make some deposits into these accounts?” That last part really blew the two Gringotts emissaries away.

“Sir, you are aware that we are talking about over a billion galleons, correct?” Gremrock had to ask, because this was getting into the surreal.

“Galleons, British Wizarding Currency, at a set rate of five pounds per Galleon, correct?” the man said. Griphook nodded, entranced by this entire scenario.

“Let us say that these vaults contain a billion galleons, flat, that would make this sum five billion pounds, and that, in turn would make seven billion, one hundred and three million, and seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars with the current rates, correct?” Griphook looked at the man in awe as he nodded. Very few goblins, and even less humans, could do calculations like that in their heads.

“That just won’t do.” Gomez concluded. “I want my family to be well funded, no matter where they are. I would not give less to my boy, he’ll need all the money he can get, he’s going to be a big brother soon.” He gestured to his wife with a beaming smile.

“Congratulations,” Griphook wheezed out.

“It’s a girl.” Morticia said with a blissful smile, completely ignoring how Gomez had effectively called one of the largest accounts in the history of Gringotts Britannia small change.

“Ah, Querida, my Valkyrie…” Gomez rumbled as his gaze traveled over his wife, he lifted one of her delicate hands and kissed it gently. “She keeps adding family, and I am lucky and loathsome enough to receive.” They gazed adoringly at each other.

“Aren’t they just adorable?” Grandma Frump chimed in, happily. The two goblins just sipped their tea.
“Report!” Griorotia Goldvein ordered her two emissaries sent to the Addams family. She was sitting behind her desk, managing the latest reports from the different parts of the bank, as well as overseeing the changes that needed to be made to the training schedules so that every adult goblin got in the appropriate sparring time.

“They wish to close down access to all the accounts, estates, and vaults and let them collect interest. Mister Addams agreed to the standard bank rates and wished them to be paid by him, as all the interest of the estates should go to young Addams.”

Griphook realized he should explain:

“Harry James Potter is now, legally, and in blood, Hemlock Lucifer Addams, we brought back blood so that we can modify the estates for his eventual return to Britain.” Griorotia nodded, but a question came to mind:

“Why wouldn’t the man just let the vaults pay for themselves?” It was honestly puzzling, even with the rates Gringotts charged for maintaining large estates, conducting repairs, maintaining charms on sealed vaults and all the other services that had been provided for that particular account, the interests would still make the vaults grow exponentially.

“He... Ah- Madame Goldvein,” Griphook did something she had never seen him do, not in battle, not as a banker, he stuttered. “He said the vaults and their contents were paltry and that his son deserved more.”

“I’m sorry?” Griorotia was not sure she heard right.

“The contents of the estates and vaults are paltry, madam, according to Mister Gomez Addams, and he wishes more for his son.” Griphook said, his voice got higher and higher towards the end of his explanation.

“You showed him the documents?” This was bizarre, the Warchief thought, the Potter accounts were some of the largest accounts they had.

“Yes, he even converted the amount of galleons into pounds, then American dollars.” Griphook confirmed. In all her days Griorotia had never heard such a thing.

“What?” She whimpered.

“It gets better.” Griphook said, as he plopped a mokeskin purse down onto the table. “He gave us this to cover the expenses for the next seventeen years, until young Addams becomes an adult, and the rest to deposit for his personal use.” The goblin paused, Gremrock put a steadying hand on his mate’s shoulder; he himself was still in shock.

“I suggested the vault intended for School Expenses, as stipulated by the late mister and missus Potter, but I don’t think it’s big enough.”
“It’s a standard size vault, Griphook, I should think-” Griphook held up a hand.
“I am sorry madam, but I honestly do not think so. I honestly suggest a larger vault, like the
Slytherin wing.” He took a steadying breath.
“You can’t be serious.” The Warchief said, she shuffled some papers around. She then looked into
Griphook’s eyes
“By the five jewels, you are serious!”
“Yes.” Griphook intoned.
“All right then, let’s get this counted and recorded.” Griorotia looked tired just mentioning it.
Cataloguing large amounts of inventory always took a toll on her, as she was always left with the
final paperwork. Griphook grabbed the mokeskin bag.
She got up from her desk and motioned for Griphook and Gremrock to follow her. Griphook fell
into step, as usual, but Gremrock looked anxious about something.

“Problem, Gremrock?” She asked.
“N-no madam.” He replied.
“Don’t worry madam, my Gremrock just got himself some new recipes to try.” Griphook gazed at
his mate with amorous fondness.
“New recipes?” Griorotia was bewildered, when did they have time to get new recipes?
“Yes, Grandmama Frump is an excellent cook, they were very hospitable!” Gremrock gushed.
Griphook reached around Grimrock’s waist and pulled him close.
“Later, gem, we can try them together.” He whispered into a pointed, fuzzy ear. Gremrock turned
around in his mates embrace, but before things could progress, the Warchief cleared her throat.
“We had this talk before, didn’t we?” The two goblins separated but they did not look guilty in the
slightest. Griorotia stifled a fond huff, despite their eccentricities they were some of her best
workers, in addition to some of her oldest friends.

The Warchief marched out of her office, the two unrepentant goblins following her, and she
whistled shrilly to attract the attention of the twentysomething goblins hard at work. These goblins
were the internal branch managers who oversaw the different services the bank offered.

“We have a large deposit, everyone, muster in ten minutes.” That was the signal for the deposit,
registration and the security department to round up all available goblins on shift so they could get
this over and done with. Griorotia stalked down the long room and turned a sharp right, Griphook
and Gremrock followed her – this was a shortcut down to the vaults that none of the wizards
knew about, if anything, seeing the idiots green around the gills after the roller-coaster ride was
always an endless source of amusement for every goblin involved.

The trio stopped and waited. Soon there would be a small battalion of Goblins ready get this
deposit sorted and recorded so everyone could go home. With seconds to spare, the branch
managers that were needed for this operation showed up with a total of thirty dwarves.

“Ready, madam.” The deposit manager said.
“To the Slytherin vaults, this is a Potter family deposit.” Giorrotia said as she led the entire team
down the winding paths. Luckily, it was not far – the Slytherin vaults, alongside the founder’s
vaults, were some of the first of their kind.
“Madam, why aren’t we heading to the Potter vaults since this is a Potter family deposit?” The
branch manager for registration and paperwork asked.
“The sheer size of the deposit.” The Warchief explained, as if she had not just gotten over the
shock herself. Gremrock and Griphook stifled their laughter. “And as the Potter heir is also heir to
these vaults I see no harm in using them, the proxy of the Potter fortune allowed it, it is their
deposit we are dealing with.” The branch manager who queried wrote the reasoning down in the
notepad he was carrying as it would have to go on record.

The contingency reached the Slytherin Vault. Griorotia walked up to the door and placed her finger in the keyhole, allowing the magic imbued within the lock to recognize her, as she, and she alone, had the powers to open all vaults in Gringotts without a key. The goblins walked passed a myriad of things that would have seemed endlessly fascinating to anyone who did not work with other people’s gold and assets on a daily basis. As it was, most of the goblins stared straight ahead or chatted with their friends.

“All right, goblins, this seems to be large enough.” Griorotia stood in front of a cavernous alcove which had stood empty for a very long time, for over five hundred years if the records were to be trusted, and Goblin records were always to be trusted.

“Griphook, would you do the honors?” Griphook nodded and took the mokeskin bag in one hand before he walked into the center of the absurdly large alcove. When he reached the approximate midpoint, he found the small rune on the inside of the pouch flap that would trigger a purge of all contents and activated it.

Gold poured out of the bag like a raging river. The bag kept spitting out pile after pile, and in the end Griphook had to drop the bag and retreat to safety alongside the rest of the goblins as the pile grew to monumental proportions. The assembled goblins watched in awe, and annoyance, because they knew exactly who would have to deal with this when the bag finally stopped spewing. The clatter of gold hitting gold drowned out most of the conversations, but one thing did reach everyone’s ears, a shocked exclamation from one of the apprentices:

“By the jewels, it’s doubloons!” Griorotia sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose.

“You have got to be kidding me.” The mokeskin pouch finished purging, burped, and flopped down on top of the pile. The goblins in attendance groaned.

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“Sick, my darling?” Gomez asked Morticia as they lay in bed, enjoying the setting sun, waiting for darkness to blanket their house so they could moon bathe.

“My stomach roils and my back aches with every move.” She purred, her eyes sparkled, and she had a sinister aura surrounding her. They both smiled and looked into each other’s eyes.

“I only wish I could experience the pain and discomfort that carrying a life brings.” Gomez lamented as he placed kisses on the swell of Morticia’s stomach.

“It’s deplorable, mon cher!” She said, as a blissful expression crossed her face. The husband rumbled deep in his chest

“Oh, ’Tish, that’s French!” He leaned up and kissed her perfectly painted lips, they tasted of the bloody henbane smoothies they had for breakfast – grandmama had been reading some health food books. Before Gomez could get a hand up his beautiful mistress’ dress, a noise from the door drew their attention: It was little Hemlock, who stumbled into the bedroom on unsure little feet.

“Mama!” He greeted, “Papa!” he added, as the toddler stretched out his arms in a request to be picked up when he finally reached the bed. Gomez was honestly torn – here he was with his beautiful pregnant wife, who glowed prettier than nuclear waste, but there was his gorgeous, smart, perfect little baby boy. Like any good father, he made a selfish decision: he picked up Hemlock and put him in the small space between himself and his vile Valkyrie – he would just have to cuddle them both. Family life was grand. The proud husband and father sighed contentedly as he smelled the gunpowder and nitroglycerine in his son’s hair.

“Have you been playing with Uncle Fester, little scorpion?” He whispered into a small ear.
Hemlock made an affirmative noise and buried into the space between his parents to find the sweet spot.

“Blowing things up sure takes it out of a little hellion,” Morticia remarked as she gently petted her son, whose soft snores filled the air around them. “But there is no healthier activity for a growing little boy, even when out in the sun.” She nuzzled into her husband’s shoulder. Morticia had always wanted to join the dark crusade and spread chaos, vengeance and blood across the world, but, she realized, it would mean nothing without her family – if anything the entire crusade could be a bonding exercise. Little Hemlock had already show a beautiful skill in causing untamed destruction.

“Did I tell you about what happened last night?” Morticia asked her husband. He made a negative sound in the back of his throat as he dozed, body curled protectively around Hemlock. “Our little one got into my spell-books.” Gomez opened his eyes, somewhat blearily, and stared at his wife. “Grandmama hasn’t said anything about him starting to read yet.” Mama Frump had told the new parents that she would teach the child everything he would ever need to know, when the time was right. Fester joined in and started teaching him the mad bomber style of life as soon as he had enough grip to pull the pin on a hand grenade, Fester still had to throw it, but it was the thought that counted.

“I don’t know, he managed to make a pretty impressive burst of fire.” Morticia smiled fondly at the memory. She had walked into the study, amazed at the mess her little one had created. Books were strewn about, ingredients on the floor (luckily the rarer things were locked away), and ominous liquids leaking into the floorboards.

“I found him pawing through Salacia Salamander – a guide to pyromania and when he saw me he said ‘Fire’, smiled, and then he waved his hands and a stack of parchment caught fire.” Morticia retold.

“I don’t think he read anything, but that book has some very pretty pictures.” She mused. Gomez just smiled brightly.

“I do believe we have a new destruction specialist in the family.” He sighed happily.

“We can only hope, bubbelah,” Morticia concurred, but above all else, she hoped her son would be dreadfully unhappy, just like Gomez and herself.
Chapter Summary

Snapshots of Addams life

Morticia sat in the kitchen with her friend Ana Marrow, an old classmate of hers who had dropped by for a visit. They had both attended the sporadically taught lessons of Doctor Bombay, a good friend of grandmama and a world-renowned witchdoctor. While Morticia had married Gomez and focused on ritualistic magic from her home, Ana had taken up necromancy. They were currently discussing the merits of an army of dead over a living one. Ana, of course, argued for the dead one, despite the mental strain it took to control all the re-animated corpses. Morticia, however, felt that well placed spells and potions could control living beings a lot better, and it was not as if humans were a scarcity – a little mindless slaughter now and then was good for the environment, and it finally gave Ana more playthings. That last point Ana had to agree with, the fresh ones were always best as they did not fall apart so easily.

In the middle of their discussion Hemlock, now a spry little boy, came running into the kitchen. He vaulted up on the counter and fished down one of grandmama’s kitchen knives, jumped back down again, ran up to his mother, kissed her cheek, turned to spit on his sister, Wednesday, who was in the high chair, and was just about to run off when his mother interrupted him.

“Where are you going with that knife, Hemlock?” Morticia was entranced by the urgency of her little scorpion, usually he opted to stand right where he was and figure out the best way to accomplish things without moving a muscle.

“There’s a puppy in the back yard and it keeps dodging my fireballs.” Hemlock was about to take off again but Morticia stopped him once more.

“My little stinger, really.” She tutted in a sotto voice before she plucked the knife out of his fat fingers and put it on the table

“That is not the right tool for the job.” She fished out the cleaver she had strapped to her thigh and handed that to her eldest:

“Now, my dear, go find us some dinner.” Hemlock smiled brightly, his emerald eyes lighting up in a dangerous sparkle. The boy ran off, and soon both Morticia and Ana could listen to the sweet sounds of slaughter as they sipped their tea.

“He’s usually a bit listless, my Hemlock, but when something does catch his attention he becomes poetry in motion.” Morticia commented.

“He certainly does seem to have that old Addams spark.” Ana said with a smile. She was not one for children herself, but visiting Morticia and playing aunt to her little ones was always a treat.

“He’s got his father’s love for burning and blowing up things, something both Gomez and Fester indulges unabashedly.” Morticia gushed, as she poured more tea for Ana, who thanked her hostess. The necromancer had brought a delicious spice blend from the Amazon, where she had been terrorizing some native tribes by raising their dead. She had also brought some copies of her memories for the Addamses to view in their pensive, as Ana was a big believer in sharing the fun.

“Does he exhibit any other traits, hm?” The rail thin woman had a wicked curl in her lips as she asked, her skin straining across her bony countenance, as if it wanted to burst this very moment.
“He does spend an inordinate amount of time sleeping in the graveyard,” Morticia mused
“there’s almost a permanent imprint of his body on the pedestal of Gomez’s parents.” She smiled a
toothy smile
“I think he likes the marble.” She knew Ana was fishing for traits that could point to a skill in
necromancy, of which Hemlock had plenty, but Morticia loved watching her friend squirm – Ana
was always so well mannered, even her re-animations said please and thank you, if they still had
their vocal chords intact.

“Please, Morticia, all I want to know is if I can teach him a few of my tricks.” Ana said, as she
sipped her tea. Bone dust always gave a beverage that special texture, so she had dried some
strychnos fruit, crushed it, added some curare and a pinch of bromeliads and a whole heaping of
bone dust from the local graves. She made enough of the blend to keep her in tea for a good year,
as well as some for her friends. Travelling abroad required that you brought something home for
your loved ones.

“I think you could,” Morticia purred, and smiled at her old friend. Another necromancer in the
family would be fun, they had not played chase the corpses in the graveyard for so long, some of
the bones were probably bored out of their skulls. Ana smiled and nodded at the Addams
matriarch
“To raising the dead.” She intoned as she lifted her teacup.
“Literally” Morticia agreed as their cups clinked. Wednesday, who had just finished her rat-mash,
threw her bowl at her mother and both the women laughed.

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Gomez was busy making a new stash of dynamite sticks in the kitchen, as his two little ones had
gone through them both at a dizzying speed once they both figured out how to light the things.
The house had not been the same since Wednesday learned to strike a match, and Gomez could
not be prouder for it. She had almost done her big brother in by making a dynamite compact and
putting it in his bed, but Hemlock, the ever so devious Hemlock, had not only gotten away, but
he’d managed to stop the explosion and use the same compact to blow up Wednesday’s
playhouse. Maybe it was time to teach them about Jug Band Bombs.

“Bah!” Came from the high chair next to him. Little Pugsley, the spitting image of Gomez’s dad,
reached out to the things his dad was playing with. Gomez smiled indulgently at the little creature.
Morticia had truly blessed him – three children! Such stress, agony, mess, stench and chaos, his
lovely mistress knew him too well. Both Grandmama and Fester were inordinately pleased with
another child to teach, as both Hemlock and Wednesday, in their in-house arms race, learned
almost too quickly, as if there was such a thing for an Addams. Gomez handed the little blighter a
vial of nitroglycerine.

“You want to throw that and watch it go boom?” he cooed at his youngest. Pugsley scrunched up
his face and shook his head “oh, really?” Gomez intoned as he watched his sons chubby little
hands grip the vial. Before anyone could protest, the little boy stuck the mouth of the vial in his
face and tipped, drinking down the remaining contents in the blink of an eye. The proud father
watched avidly “A boy after my own heart, and an appetite to match.” A small rumble came from
Pugsley’s stomach and he burped smoke. “The constitution of an Addams!” Gomez crowed
proudly, he patted Pugsley on the head and went back to work.

Finishing up the final stick of dynamite, Gomez picked up the three crates he had filled and was
just about to move them into the pantry when a high-pitched scream alerted him to the rapidly approaching presence of his little girl. The fast little snake was running at top speed, aiming for the door out to the graveyard, she knocked into her father’s legs and on the way deliberately, because Wednesday Addams was always deliberate in her actions, hooked Pugsley’s high chair so it toppled over. Just as Gomez dropped the dynamite crates so he could catch his son he was knocked over, his hands barely missing Pugsley, by Hemlock, who was hot on Wednesday’s trail, wielding an axe Gomez was sure Fester was missing. Gomez laid still on the kitchen floor as he heard the ravenous howls of his older son and the shrieks of his daughter, smiling at the inhumanity of it all. Pugsley, still in his fallen chair, had picked up a dynamite stick that had rolled over and was sucking on it.

“Your siblings are a real treat, aren’t they?” Gomez was inordinately proud of his little brood of hellspawn.

“Gomez?” Fester entered the kitchen and looked at the mayhem: dynamite everywhere, Gomez on the floor, Pugsley on the floor, and the sounds of sibling combat coming from outside – this was what life was all about!
“Yes, brother?” Gomez answered, still not having moved an inch since he fell, he had never realized how comfortable the kitchen floor could be.
“Have you seen my axe? The one with the spiked haft?” Fester had been looking for it for a few hours now, it needed to go away for a while as it might or might not be a part of an active murder investigation.

“I think Hemlock’s got it.” Gomez said as he stared up at the ceiling, “He’s trying to catch Wednesday, but our little snake is quick.” The floor dwelling man elaborated.
“Aww, that’s just too bloodthirsty.” Fester gushed “They grow up so fast.” Disappointing Hemlock by taking the axe, mid chase, was not something a good uncle would do. He guessed the murder investigation would be a bust after Hemlock was done with the axe anyway, the boy always cleaned up his weapons, just like their cousin Kretch, a professional crime scene cleaner, taught the kids last time he was here. Kretch always had the best slide shows at family gatherings.
And Dumbledore gets a headache

Chapter Summary

Tada~!

“We are here to see Mister Addams.” Gremrock said to Lurch, as he and Griphook stood in the doorway. This time the trip to find the Addamses was much easier, and both goblins felt much more at ease on the stoop than they did last time around.

“Follow me.” It seemed that Mister Lurch had not changed one bit, Griphook thought with a smile. Both of them crowded into the hallway, it was almost as they remembered it, but there were some repairs done to the railing of the stairs and a wall, there were also… scorch marks on the floor. The two shrugged and went into the parlor, as they had done last time.

“Ah, Gremrock, Griphook! Such a pleasure to see you! What brings you fine gentlemen here today?” The ever-flamboyant Gomez Addams walked into the room and filled every corner with his personality, it seemed much stronger without the presence of his wife. Before either of them could answer, an explosion rocked the foundations of the house and both goblins jumped up in a battle formation.

“Ah, such instinct, such grace!” Gomez applauded, “But there is no need to worry, my dear brother Fester is just teaching Hemlock the finer points of total annihilation.” He said in an everyday voice, as if the practice was normal. Both goblins gulped and rethought their familiar approach to the situation, but they sat back down and sheathed their weapons nonetheless.

“Mister Addams, we are here to discuss some deposits made in your name to the accounts of Hemlock Lucifer Addams, some of the companies are not familiar to us.” Gremrock said, stating the purpose for the visit plainly.

“Ah, yes, economy,” Gomez said with a blissful expression “Let me get my boy, I’ve been teaching him some tools and tricks of the trade.” He meandered over to a hangman’s noose by the door to the hallway and pulled it down, it was not there the last time they visited. A sound, loud, penetrating, and unlike any other crashed through the room. Soon, Lurch was back. The Giant groaned a greeting and Gomez smiled:

“Lurch, old boy, please tell Fester that today’s lessons are over and that Hemlock is needed in the parlor, also, tell mama that those two Goblins that loved her cooking is back, she’ll want to do something special.” The giant groaned an affirmative and shuffled off.

“Now, what were the companies that made you suspicious of the deposits?” Gomez queried. “A single potions store by a Mr. Bombay, as well as the services of one Ana Marrow, in particular.” They answered, as they had rarely seen such small businesses generate the amount of money that came in from the deposits.

“Ah, those are easily explained; they are family friends and Hemlock wanted to invest in their businesses, so the proceeds of his investments go to his account!” Gomez explained “But the
shares are still in my name, we own fifty percent of those businesses, but the shares will go to Hemlock when he comes of age.”
“But what, exactly, are these businesses?” Griphook fished for some clarification, it really was an extraordinary amount of money.
“You have heard of the witchdoctor Marelius Grantwick Bombay, yes?” Gomez asked the two. Both goblins nodded – the most famed goblin witchdoctor in the world, and a premier pioneer with more masteries in more potion branches than most could hope to achieve in a lifetime. “I can see you do, and yes, it’s that Doctor Bombay. People pay for quality you know, he teaches my children and has taken my second child, Wednesday, as an apprentice!” Gomez gushed, and suddenly the two goblins realized exactly why the store brought in so much money, even a pepper-up brewed by Bombay was, for some odd reason, several times the normal strength of any regular brewers, and none of the Potioner Societies across the world had figured out how.

“And Miss Marrow?” Gremrock asked.
“She’s a premier necromancer, and she charges well for raising the dead.” The man explained.
“It’s good for hostile takeovers, physical ones, not economical ones, settling family disputes, as she calls back the souls from the other side, and vengeance in several forms.” Gomez concluded “She’s been teaching my Hemlock some tools and tricks of the trade, sadly, neither Wednesday nor my Pugsley have the aptitude, both of them are better at making bodies than reanimating them” Gomez said “But not all is lost, putting them there is half the battle, and my little Snake and Slimeball are excellent at it! True Addamses, I’d say.” Both goblins sat a little closer, unconsciously; these people were more blood thirsty than all the Warchiefs of the goblin nations put together.

“Hey dad, you wanted me?” A thin whip of a boy with hair down to his waist, blazing green eyes and the skin of a corpse walked into the room. He was dressed in a similar style as his father. “Yes, my dear Hemlock, yes!” Gomez said, he got up and fiercely hugged his son. This man was very honest in his affection for the people he loved, the goblins thought, as they thought back to how he had treated his wife last time they were here. “These people are Gremrock and Griphook.” Hemlock’s eyes lit up in recognition.

“Ah, the people that came here about securing my inheritance all those years ago?” Gomez smiled brightly, proudly at his son.
“Just the ones, my little scorpion, well remembered!” Hemlock looked a little annoyed at being called little, but he took the praise with grace.
“So, gentlemen,” The boy turned to the two goblins “What brings you here today?” For a child, he had remarkably intelligent eyes.
“We are here to deliver your bank statements, young Addams, as well as discuss some of the companies you invested in, apparently.” Griphook clarified. “Your father explained to us the circumstances of Mister Bombay and Miss Marrow, so that is fine, and he has been good about replying to our missives concerning your estates.” Hemlock smiled at the two; “I’m glad you think it’s my father who has been managing my estates, that means I did a good job, he handed the paperwork over to me when I was seven.” The boy clarified as Gomez smiled brilliantly.

“He’s a chip right off the old block, our Hemlock, savvier than a wall-street wolf!” Hemlock nodded at his father, pleased with his words.
“I made more than him last quarter, so I still win” A monotone voice broke into the conversation. In the doorway stood a black clad girl with sleek braids of hair and an expression most Death Eaters would covet come trial day. “That’s just because they underestimated you, little sis” Hemlock smiled and it had a predatory
look. “As do you, continually.” She parried. “You haven’t killed me yet, squirt.” Hemlock gloated. The girl’s countenance darkened considerably as she turned on a dime and headed towards another part of the manor. “Antagonizing your sister will only hasten your wonderful demise,” Gomez said in a cheery tone of voice. “Wednesday has tried everything from explosions, to weapons, to poisons, honestly she needs to step up her game.” Hemlock said, sagely. Another explosion rocked the house, and the sound of a few windows shattering made Gremrock’s skin crawl, another reason why the ‘glass’ panes in Gringotts were actually magically shaped crystals. An absolutely, bone-chillingly, furious shout was heard from the center of the explosion:

“HEMLOCK LUCIFER ADDAMS, THAT WAS MY GUILLOTINE!” The innocent expression on Hemlock’s face fooled no one. “Sorry, dad, gentlemen, but I believe this is the time for a retreat.” The boy bowed with a flourish before his long legs carried him off at incredible speeds, which was a good thing, because seconds later the girl crashed back into the room, wielding a battle axe almost as large as she was. The goblins were impressed, also scared, but mostly impressed. “Isn’t childhood grand?” Gomez gushed, proud tears in his eyes. Gremrock and Griphook just nodded politely.

“Yoo-hoo, snacks and tea!” The beautiful woman from last time shuffled into the parlor with a tray of what looked like the same goodies they had tasted before. “Good to see you again, mam.” Griphook intoned, Gremrock nodded and shared the sentiment. The upside to all this madness was being able to taste those cookies again. “Why, such manners!” Grandmama smiled at the two goblins, and sat down the tray and moved to leave. “Madam,” Gremrock started to say but he was stopped by said woman holding up a hand. “I don’t dabble in economy unless it involves larceny, murder, or blackmail, dear.” She explained. “I wished to ask about your cookies, madam.” Gremrock clarified. “I could never get them to taste just the same, they were still good, of course, the recipe is solid as diamond, but I never could quite figure out what blood to use.” Grandmama cackled and looked at the two goblins indulgently. “What types of blood did you use?” She asked. “First pig, then veal, kneazle, rem’em, hippogriff, and this last batch I made with chimera blood.” Gremrock counted on his fingers. “Try human blood next time, dear, the younger; the better.” She grabbed a cookie and shuffled out of the room. Gremrock and Griphook shrugged and grabbed a cookie each, they were not the cannibals in the room.

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore was not having a good day, at all. The room around him roared with upset, people arguing, speculating, and generally aiming for each other’s throats. He wished himself away, but he knew this was inevitable. He was, after all, the one that had brought to attention the fact that Harry Potter was still alive, and that his accounts had been managed all these years by a proxy, which was why the ministry had been stonewalled by Gringotts when they tried to seize the estates for their own use. The Wizengamot had taken the proof of the Hogwarts School ledger seriously, as they should, as the ever-expanding tome contained the magical workings of Rowena Ravenclaw herself. Now there were several questions hanging in the air: how had the boy survived?

Albus had, reluctantly, revealed the prophecy of one Sybil Trelawney, and pointed out that if they
found the boy they could look for a curse mark. This of course meant that Albus had to rework a myriad of plans concerning how to deal with Voldemort in the future, for the wizened wizard had no illusions to the fact that he would come back one day. Where was he now? Another question Albus himself had a burning desire to get answers to, which was one of the reasons he approached the Wizengamot: locator potions were strictly controlled, only a single vial existed, legally, in magical Britain at all times. Who had taken him from the rubble? The previous question, would, hopefully, give the answer to this one. Would he attend Hogwarts? Even if he were not the cause of Voldemort’s death, many of the ancient houses would love to see the Potter heir back in Britain, where he belonged.

Albus had weighed his options before approaching the Wizengamot. The cons were, of course, the plans already set in motion, some of them evolving around Neville Longbottom, despite Augusta Longbottom’s suspicious nature, as well as Dumbledore setting himself up for guts and glory. The pros were that he was less likely for falling in disfavor if he told the truth, as some parents who signed their children in usually thumbed through the book when they did, usually to find the name of themselves and sometimes their spouses. If they saw, as everyone knew what an X in the Hogwarts ledger meant, then the questions would arise. The prophecy, sadly, was what Albus had to give up to convince most of the Wizengamot, as most of them concluded that Lilly, an excellent witch, and James, a unreasonably good Auror, managed to take Voldemort with them in death.

The unspeakables never figured out what spell it was that turned the Dark Lord’s body to ashes, however. Yet the shouting continued, and Albus Dumbledore’s headache worsened. Even worse yet, any pain potions, and such remedies, were forbidden to ingest before a meeting as it could cloud judgement. The Headmaster of Howards School of Witchcraft and Wizardry cursed Herod Reflax Bones, the man who suggested such a law back in the 1800’s.

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The entire debacle began when he was looking through the lists of students Hogwarts could expect. Albus would have to send out representatives to greet the muggleborns; most muggles these days thought the Hogwarts Acceptance letter was a prank. The school ledger at Hogwarts automatically added muggleborns after their first bout of accidental magic who, unlike the children of wizards and witches, were not written in at birth by their parents, for rather obvious reasons. He had gone down the list: Anders, Corner, Finch-Fletchley, Albus had marked down Finnigan as a possible requirement for visitation as his mother was the only magical in that household, and that was just for one year.

The he had reached the name Harry Potter, he had sadly traced the familiar script of Lilly Evans, Potter he amended himself, as she had stated clearly that James’ handwriting was illegible and she did not want a screw up when the Hogwarts Letter came. He continued looking at the smooth lines that made up the name and remembered many an excellent essay from one of his favorite students when it dawned on him: there was no X behind the name! His brain stopped for a moment, and everything in his office had stilled. His wizened fingers quickly started thumbing the pages, back to when the war of Voldemort was at its peak. Many names, all dead, bore the dreaded X shape behind them – denoting that their return to Hogwarts was not an option. He flipped back to the page that contained Harry Potter’s name – no X mark! Harry James Potter, son of James and Lilly Potter, was not dead. Another candle lit in the back of Dumbledore’s mind: the prophecy!

“Order! Order! I require order in the room!” The speaker of the Wizengamot smashed his gavel with one hand and fired of an explosion with his wand with the other. “Sit down and act your age, people, this is an official body, not a playground!” It had the desired effect, but many of the representatives glared balefully at the speaker.

“The Wizengamot has convened to decide how to approach the case of one Harry James Potter. Motions have been put forward to charge whoever took him with both abduction and charges of
blood magic. The local branch of Gringotts have provided irrefutable proof that such an adoption has occurred.” The speaker presented the case and cast warning glances at anyone who even looked like they were about to open their mouths without raising their hands. This really was a playground.

“Yes, Mister Malfoy.” The speaker motioned to Abraxas Malfoy that the floor was his. “Mister Speaker, please, let me remind you that it could not have been an abduction.” The silky smooth voice of the Malfoy patriarch caressed the room, as several shocked gasps were heard. “No one looked for the boy, no one claimed the boy, and as long as we cannot produce proof of neither claim, nor search, within five years of the alleged abduction, according to our own laws, he was not abducted.” Many older families, particularly dark families, nodded, if there ever was a history, which there might or might not be, of certain families doing certain things by using this law as protection, it was neither mentioned nor recorded. “And as for blood adoption, in most of the states in the United States of America blood magic is legal and considered a part of the cultural heritage, if the ones that adopted him did the ritual there, we have no legal say in the matter.” Abraxas finished and motioned politely to the speaker, who was gaping.

“Yes?” The speaker pointed at a younger witch, Ceelia Abbot. “That doesn’t mean it’s right! This basically means that they came over the rubble of Godric’s Hollow and stole the baby out from under the rubble, wooshed him off to the Americas and ritualized his adoption!” Miss Abbot almost shouted the last bit, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes narrowed and her hands kept clenching and unclenching. She sat back down. “Yes?” The speaker motioned towards Abraxas Malfoy again. “I understand your concern, Miss Abbot, I well and truly do.” Not that anyone believed that man for a second, but calling him on it seemed rude. “But laws are laws, Miss Abbot, and this body has to follow the law.” Serena Zabini, Gregory Goyle Sr., and Vincent Crabbe Sr. all nodded at Abraxas, who sat back down. “Yes, Madame Longbottom?” The speaker pointed to Augusta Longbottom, who got up from her seat, her back ramrod straight. “Law or no law, this is the heir to the ancient and most noble house of Potter, and despite the blood adoption he still carries enough Potter in him to be viewed as such, if we cannot force them legally, we need to get these people onto British soil so we can fill the empty Potter seat with a proxy!” A murmur began rushing through the room again, and Albus Dumbledore discreetly lowered his head towards his desk – this was beginning to be an even greater headache than he imagined. He had no idea.
Necromantic Shenannigans

Chapter Summary

Hemlock gets up to no good with a corpse, and Ana helps him. Don't worry, it's not as bad as it sounds.

“Good, good!” Ana praised Hemlock on the natural movement of his corpse. She had managed to procure a fresh one, with the expert help of Morticia Addams, who always went out of her way to get her children the best school supplies. The re-animated woman would have looked like any other human being as long as one did not look into the empty, soulless face. She was walking around the cemetery by her own volition, avoiding any obstacles in her path, as Hemlock had been practicing the self-sustaining runes that Ana had given him to memorize during their last lessons. Her golden blond hair fell to her lower back, and whoever picked out that funeral outfit needed to get their heads checked – pink was no color for anything, much less a funeral.

“It seems you have all the aspects of re-animation down pat, now we get to the fun part!” Ana cackled as she clapped her hands.

“Re-souling?” Hemlock asked with clear anticipation.

“Absolutely! Now, unless we perform a séance to locate the exact soul that matches this body, which will take time, we’re going to have a random draw lottery of which soul gets pulled into the body first.” Ana explained to her eager student. “Your mother is an absolute expert on séances, ask her about finding specific souls, all right?” Hemlock nodded and stored away all the information in his brain. “Now, to pull a soul into the body, you need to focus on the rune you carved at the base of the skull, remember the weird squiggly one?” Hemlock remembered, it was a combination rune, all from the Norse futhark, in a specific pattern. Berkano for changes, Dagaz for awakening and Ingwaz for energy. “Focus on that rune and say with me “Sjel, jeg kaller deg til dette vesen”, all right?” They both used newer Norwegian dialects for the spells, as it worked just as fine as Old Norse and was easier to pronounce. They said again, while Hemlock focused with all his might on the rune: Sjel, jeg kaller deg til dette vesen. The walking corpse began to twitch and a confused expression settled across the face of her.

“Where am I?” A deep, rumbling voice asked.

“You’re at Cemetery Lane” Hemlock said. The blonde corpse turned around and stared hard at Hemlock;

“You disrespectful little shit, didn’t your parents tell you to call elder men ‘Sir’?” Hemlock choked down a snort, Ana did not give a shit. Here he stood, in front of his finest re animation yet, a young, buxom blonde who had, according to her family’s sobbing obituary, died too young, and now the soul that inhabited it was a man, a very angry man by the sound of it.

“Look down, sir.” Hemlock said, as he stifled another snicker. Ana was bent over a gravestone, howling with laughter, her mascara was starting to smear because of the tears. The corpse looked down.

“What the shit is this!” The soul cried out. “I died and now I come back a damned woman?” He lifted his dainty hands and cupped his breasts, which had strangely enough not sagged one bit after death – silicone, Hemlock concluded. “What the shit is this?” The soul asked again, the body turned to look at Hemlock with rage in its eyes: “You, you did this!” The man shook a well-manicured finger at Hemlock and started walking towards him. Hemlock did, as any self-respecting necromancer would do, and cast a binding circle around his advancing creation, who stopped cold when the magic barrier smacked her… well him, in the face. “Let me out, you
freak!” the man growled as he banged his delicate fists against the barrier “I’ll kill you for doing this to me, I swear I will!” Hemlock laughed outright, and Ana had never stopped.

“I do think it’s quite the irony for the soul of a misogynist to be re-animated into a woman’s corpse.” The young Addams concluded.

“What are you playing?” The voice of Pugsley Addams caused both Hemlock and Ana to look over. It was Pugsley.

“We’re reanimating corpses, Pugs, not playing, want to watch?” Hemlock invited his brother over so he could see what they were doing, he might not have the necromantic spark, but his baby bro could still enjoy the fun of it all. They watched the soul rant and rave for a while when Pugsley spoke.

“Seeing him so mad is fun, but can we hunt him?” Hemlock thought about it, “Nah, not yet.” He decided, despite the disappointed face Pugsley pointed at him.

“Aww, why not?” There was a definite whining quality to his little bro’s voice. It was probably something he heard when dad was begging mom to have sex when he really needed to do something else, like entertain guests, not that Morticia Addams had a habit of refusing her husband. The children often had breakfast in the parlor because the sturdy kitchen table was otherwise occupied.

“Because I put a lot of hard work into this,” Ana snorted, hard work indeed, but Pugsley did not need to know that. “And imagine how mad Wednesday would get if we didn’t include her.”

“Good point” Both brothers shuddered, the little bitch had almost castrated both of them just a few weeks ago. There were certain spots, a scant few, on Hemlock that did not like napalm, his crotch was one of them.

Griphook and Gremrock were back, wearing armor this time. Griorotia had questioned the need for such protection, but after explaining, exactly, what sort of people the Addamse were, she tried to send with them a battalion of goblins. Griphook pointed out that that could be seen as an aggression and she relented, barely. Now they were, here, again, and this time they were the messengers of bad news, well, relatively bad news, the only truly bad news would be an apocalypse, but that was another thing all together. The two goblins shared a look, they leaned towards each other and rubbed their noses together.

“Be safe, my mate.” Griphook whispered to his brother in arms, lover, and everything between. “You as well, Hook.” Gremrock smiled. They donned their professional faces and marched up to the Addamse front door. It was time to tell them that the bumbling bunch of brainless buffoons that called themselves the Wizengamot had finally taken notice of their existence.

This time Lurch did not even ask them to follow him, he just grunted and turned on his heel and led them to the same parlor. They noticed some remodeling as well as some acid splashes, new curtains too, they looked to be made of black mortcloth; was that dirt? Gremrock decided not to think about exactly where those palls were collected to make this many curtains.

“Yes, hello?” Morticia Addams stepped through the door into the parlor and smiled broadly at the two, they almost felt bad about bringing bad news to people, however strange, who had treated them so nicely.

“Hello, Missus Addams.” Griphook greeted.

“How do you do, Griphook, Gremrock.” She smiled indulgently at them before sitting down in front of them, as always.

“What brings you here?” The Addams Matriarch queried “Is it more economy business?” Her
eyes seemed to glaze over at the very thought of it.
“No madam, not exactly.” Gremrock relented. “It’s more a matter of politics concerning
Hemlock.” Honestly, both Gremrock and Griphook were sweating in their respective chainmails,
despite it being far below room temperature inside. Morticia’s countenance morphed into
something that reminded them strongly of a bird of prey.

“Yes?” Her voice was incredibly cold, not that the actual room temperature helped much in that
regard.
“The Wizengamot, the British ruling body of Wizards, has discovered the secret surrounding your
firstborn.” Griphook bit out, quickly. Gremrock continued on,
“Apparently Harry James Potter was written into the school ledger of Hogwarts School of
Witchcraft and Wizardry by his other set of parents before their demise.” Gremrock was sweating,
and in an unorthodox display of unprofessionalism in front of a client he tangled his long bony
fingers with Griphook’s.
“When the headmaster, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, looked through the school
ledger he discovered that Harry, I mean, Hemlock, wasn’t dead.” Morticia’s face took on a
vengeful look at the mention of Dumbledore’s name. Griphook squeezed his mate’s fingers,
signaling that he would take over.

“And that means your son is enrolled to start Hogwarts at eleven.” Griphook revealed “But that
isn’t all. As you know, the Potter family is an ancient and noble house, and as your eldest is heir to
that ancient and noble house the Wizengamot is clamoring to get him back so they can fill the
Potter seat on the Wizengamot.” Both goblins looked down, Griphook continued “We are sorry
we led them to you, but as a bank all our birth and death records are open for government
perusal.” Both goblins, and Griorotia in some measure, were saddened to have had to
counterwork a family who treated goblins well, but for the continued wellbeing of the Nation on
the British Isles, they could not refuse.
“I understand.” Morticia purred, she stood up and walked around the small coffee table, or coffin
as it really was, and stood in front of the two goblins on her couch. She surprised both of them by
leaning down and kissing each of their foreheads, leaving red lip prints on both of them.

“Thank you for the warning.” She said, “I’ll speak to my husband and eldest about this, don’t you
two worry.” She paused for a second and mused out loud: “There hasn’t been an Addams on the
British Isles for almost fifty years, I wonder how complacent they’ve gotten.” Griphook
swallowed before speaking again
“Excuse me, madam, but who was the last Addams to be in Britain?” Griphook felt a certain
dread, even if she had not answered yet.
“Igor Vladislaus Addams, but I think you British might know him better as Gellert Grindewald.
Such a lovely man.” She sauntered out of the parlor, humming a funeral dirge. The two Goblins
sat on the couch, stunned; the British Isles were fucked. Griphook and Gremrock skedaddled
home and re-consummated their bonding, they felt like they’d had a brush with death that day.
Rum, rub, rub in the tub.

Chapter Summary

Severus gets a shock, gets laid, wrapped up nicely and sent back home.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Severus Snape, somewhat reformed Death Eater, and highly reluctant potions master at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, apparated to Cemetery Lane, Greenbriar. He was there on behest of Albus Dumbledore, spry old man and constant thorn in everyone’s side, alongside being headmaster and holding other lofty titles, preventing people from calling him on being said thorn. He had been sent as a primary introduction to Hogwarts as the Addams family, despite being a wizarding family, of sorts, had never heard of Hogwarts or its way of doing things. Snape sneered as he stalked up the driveway towards the decrepit mansion, wondering exactly what sort of people lived there.

The frenzied whispers surrounding the Addams family were wild exaggerations, he was sure. Filthy rich, the goblins were terrified of them, friends of necromancers and the mythical Doctor Bombay, bah, humbug. Snape would believe it when he saw it. He did some actual checking himself, though, through various legal and slightly less legal means, several postal workers in the area had gone missing; not that Severus saw the importance. Beyond the sudden incline of dying state workers, which Snape really saw no issue with, there was very little on the Addams family, scarcely enough to write a brief summary, really. They lived at 0001 Cemetery Lane, Greenbriar, they were magical, and they had adopted Harry Potter and had two other children. Severus was almost ashamed of himself – finding information was almost as much of a specialty as brewing potions, he was a Slytherin for Merlin’s sake! The potions master schooled his features into a mask of neutrality, despite this being, in part, the spawn of James Potter, this new family was unknown, and unknown was dangerous; so he had to play it cool. He reached a stained hand up to ring the doorbell, the sound made his bowels threaten to let go.

“Yes?” The appearance of a giant man, with the countenance of an Inferi and the voice of thunder made Snape’s balls threaten to crawl back up where they came from.

“I am here for a,” he paused for a second to recollect the name the Potter brat had been given “Hemlock Lucifer Addams.” What a name those people had given him! Snape was also very proud that he had not squeaked, as Severus Snape did many things, illegal, dark, and dreadful things, but he did not squeak.

“Follow me.” That voice rumbled so deeply Severus could feel it in his bones. He quickly gathered himself and followed the giant inside, briefly wondering if the place was about to come crashing around his ears.

When the pair entered the hallway, Severus quickly took stock of his surroundings. It was musty, old, dusty and showed several patches of repair, even if the repairs themselves were well done he could see the disturbed dust patterns. Cleaning clearly was not a priority. There were also, what he recognized, as scorch marks from explosions, acid burns, weapon marks, and a host of knives imbedded in the wall right next to the room where they were headed. This place made the Black Family seem like respected interior decorators, Snape sneered at the thought, such a useless
profession. They entered a parlor with eclectic décor, but it all seemed themed as the dust and mud that had dominated the other room dominated this one as well, with some charming touches of cobwebs and a large hole in the back of the room, through which you could see a swamp.

“Wait.” The giant rumbled out, and Snape had to stop himself from appearing startled. There were signs of electric wiring in the house, some of the open patches of wall revealed as much, but the room was lit with candles. In the far end, next to the gaping, quite inexplicable, hole, was a clavier. He wandered around the room and examined it with a closer look, some of the paintings were plain disturbing. He was staring at a particularly gruesome scene of a woman having her entrails eaten by carrion birds while a mob watched on with pitchforks and torches when a voice almost made him jump, almost.

“Severus Snape, I presume?” A tall black clad woman with chalky skin and startlingly red lips glided over to him “I am Morticia Addams, we were warned of your arrival.” Snape cleared his throat and steeled himself.

“Well yes, we do not believe in dropping by unannounced.” He sounded awfully fake and formal to his own ears, he hoped the woman did not notice. Severus was not used to being caught on the back foot, yet this entire situation had done that to him more often than during his entire spying career put together.

“I see.” The woman purred, she turned around and headed for one of the couches, where she daintily sat down, crossed her knees, and placed her well-manicured hands, tipped with what could practically be called talons, on top of them. “Please, sit. Mama will come with refreshments.” Severus walked over to the couch opposite of the one Morticia occupied and was careful to avoid stubbing his toes on the coffee table; wait, was that a coffin? The potions master decided not to ask.

The silence was uncomfortable, it made Severus sweat, but Morticia sat there, calm as you please, and stared him up and down.

“You are a handsome one, aren’t you?” She said, an amused lilt to her tone
“Why, if I wasn’t madly in love with my Gomez I could just eat you alive.” Severus felt distinctly uncomfortable, very much like a pimple-faced teenager staring down a Veela. Morticia Addams was clearly no dancing, flaxen haired, enchanting beauty, but there was something hellishly alluring about her.

“Mmm, Querida, I can smell your need.” A man wearing a burgundy pinstriped suit rushed into the room and lifted Missus Addams off the couch. He kissed so deeply Severus felt like a pervert for witnessing it.

“Ah, Gomez!” She moaned as he moved down towards her neck, Severus did not have the strength to look away – this was darker passion than anything he had ever seen before.

“We have guests,” Morticia wheezed out. Gomez paused, but did not remove himself from the passionate embrace, he looked over at Severus, who was sitting on the couch, gawking.

“Oh, querida, I understand.” He purred. Gomez smiled broadly, a twinkle of something in his eyes
“My good man, what are your thoughts on threesomes?” Severus choked on his own spit.

“Excuse me, sir?” He was not sure if he heard right, at all, but for all intents and purposes, his addled brain was telling him that the adoptive parents of James Potter’s son were asking him to bed, with them, together.

“I think we broke him, Gomez.” Morticia whispered into her husband’s ear as she played with his
“I do think so, ‘Tish.” They both looked at the pale, gnarly man who had entered their home, his hair was wonderfully greasy, and he had a nose like a vulture’s beak, such a classic beauty! He even reeked of dark magic, blood magic, which made both Morticia’s and Gomez’s mouths water.

“I heard the Hogwarts professor was here?” Hemlock Addams came into the parlor, his suit still smoking as Wednesday had peppered him with bombs he barely avoided. Despite her apprenticing to Doctor Bombay, Hemlock figured his little sister felt a bit abandoned – who else would strap her down and peel her skin of, layer-by-layer, until she wiggled free? Pugsley did not have the touch yet. It would be hard being away from his family, but Hogwarts sounded so interesting, so Hemlock was willing to give it a try. He froze as he looked at the scene, his parents were locked in a passionate embrace while the professor from Hogwarts looked catatonic.

“He’s hot.” Hemlock concluded, as that was about the most expressive thing an eleven year old, even an Addams; could come up with to describe insanely attractive people.

“Did you two hit on him?” Gomez shrugged, “What can you do? It’s not every day someone this magnificent walks through your door, unless of course you’re me and married to your mother.” Morticia made a pleased sound and nosed into the crook of Gomez’s neck. Hemlock nodded, he then turned to the professor.

“You know, you can sleep with them, it’s fine; we can just talk about school later. I can go make some bombs or something.” Severus made a pained noise in the back of his throat. Hemlock giggled and headed for the door.

“Have fun mom, dad, call me when you’re ready.” He wandered off while the two vultures disguised as human beings surrounded Severus, leaving him very little room to escape.

Mama did finally arrive with the refreshments, but from the looks and sound of it, everyone already had what they wanted. Maybe the kids were hungry, she shuffled off with a smile on her face – if only she were a century younger.

“Albus, I’m getting worried,” Minerva McGonagall was pacing back and forth in the headmaster’s office “Severus should have been back by now.” He had left for the Addamse at five in the afternoon due to the time differences, counting for travel time, which would take about an hour with all the portkey stops before he reached mainland America so he could apparate, he should have been there at six in the afternoon, their time. It had been five hours, very few parental visits lasted this long, actually, none of them had, for as long as Minerva could remember.

“He’ll be fine, Minerva, Severus has weathered many a tough storm, and will continue to do so.” Albus tried to calm down his irate friend and coworker. He also multitasked by doing paperwork, as the visiting schedules for the different muggleborns students needed to be finalized before the morning when the rotation kicked in – the only reason Severus left a day early was because of the trip he would have to take.

“Do you think he could have splinched himself?” The transfigurations professor was fretting, “Maybe the portkey broke over the Atlantic?” She was working herself up into a tizzy. Albus sighed and put his quill down, there was no work to be done with her fretting about like this, and if he told her to leave, he might have to kiss his family jewels goodbye as Minerva had an intense
mothering streak when it came to Severus, deny it as she might.
“Minerva, please, I am sure he’s fine!” Albus gave another futile effort to calm McGonagall down. The woman stopped and stared at the headmaster
“You should have sent me.” She said “He might be used to combat situations and a life of threatening danger, but I am used to dealing with whiny parents with no clue about how to handle their children’s magical abilities!” Dumbledore sighed and was just about to explain that the Addams might not deal with traditional magic, but they were clearly well versed in alternative magic, but the fireplace roared to life and started sputtering.

“Severus!” Minerva cried and went over to stand beside the fireplace. It was never wise to stand in front of a fireplace with an incoming floo. The fire roared the normal green before it ramped up and roared into a virulent violet. Out stepped Severus Snape, calm as you please, dressed in pinstriped slacks and a black silk shirt with their sleeves rolled up. The black button-up robes he wore when he left were nowhere to be seen.

“Hello.” He greeted, with a strange lilt to his voice.
“Hello” Dumbledore answered, sensing something weird was going on.
“How was it? Were they nice? What are you wearing?” Minerva peppered Severus with questions about the Addamses. The potions master turned around to look at her, he had sort of a dazed quality in his look, not that most would see it as Severus Snape had become a master at hiding his emotions.

“The Addamses were very nice. Completely competent. And my robes had an, unfortunate accident.” Severus said, if that accident happened to be an eager Gomez Addams, well, that did not need to be mentioned. Minerva and Albus threatened to faint dead away: the feared bat of the Hogwarts dungeons never called anyone nice, ever. In addition, what sort of accident could relieve Severus Snape of his robes? “And young Hemlock will be a pleasure to teach, he’s had previous lessons by Doctor Bombay, a very bright young man he is.” Severus sauntered across the floor to the exit of the office. “They will be in Britain the 31st of August, then I suggested they spend the night at the Leaky Cauldron before boarding the train the 1st of September” Severus looked to be gathering his thoughts “Oh, and they will not be doing their shopping in Diagon Alley, Grandmama mentioned somewhere called Lugubrious Lane.” The professor opened the door and was about to walked out of the office, leaving his two colleagues with permanently shocked expressions, when Dumbledore seemed to blink and clear the fog that had settled around his mind; the wizened wizard cleared his throat.

“Severus, my boy, shouldn’t you, you know, roll down your sleeves?” He gave a pointed look to the potions masters’ right arm.
“Oh, the Dark Mark?” Severus asked, as if the thought had barely occurred to him. Minerva and Dumbledore glanced at each other in sheer disbelief. “It’s gone!” He purred. Severus showed off the underside of his right arm where a festering bite, oozing with pus, was now the placeholder of said mark.

“How?” Dumbledore stuttered, amazed that such a thing happened; no one had ever removed the dark mark before!
“It’s a family secret, I’m afraid, they made me swear a vow.” Severus said in a pleased rumble before sashaying out of the door. He wasn’t about to tell his boss how Morticia Addams had bitten into his arm and sucked it dry of all of the Dark Lord’s magic mid orgasm, that, he felt, was oversharing.
DO NOT WORRY! Morticia/Gomez is an OTP of mine and I would NEVER break them up or permanently add an other, I just thought this was way too amusing to let slide :P
The shopping spree begins

Chapter Summary

The first leg of the family shopping trip in Lugubrious Lane.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“All right, Hemlock” Grandmama crowed
“Let’s see what you need to get by at that school.” She rummaged around in her shawls and plucked out the list that nice professor Snape had provided. It was always the silent ones, wasn’t it? Morticia purred and reached over to nip the list out of her mother’s hands
“Ah, such a neat script, I guess our Severus is controlled in all aspects of his life.” Gomez grabbed her hips and pulled her back towards him.
“Almost all of them, Cherie!” He rumbled into her ear. She chuckled, a mad sound for sure.

“Yes, Gomez, you are right, almost all.” She twirled around and grabbed her husband’s face.
“Come on, grandmama, let’s get shopping, they’ll come around when they are done.” Hemlock spared his parents a fond smile.
“So, Wednesday, want to help me select my new weapons and poisons?” He wanted to include his little sister in as much of the process as possible, let her know that he would miss her murderous expertise and chilling screams. Her attempts at murdering him had evolved into an art form, why, Hemlock actually had to sleep with an eye open.
“What’s in it for me?” She asked, the devilish little negotiator.

“You would make a great lawyer or politician, sis.” Morticia gasped, scandalized at her son’s words; she even broke away from Gomez’s embrace in her shock.
“Hemlock, how could you say such a thing about your sweet sister?” Hemlock shrugged at his mother,
“They are the most deplorable beings in society, and our Wednesday is most certainly deplorable, vicious, underhanded and quite positively slimier than a corpse maggot. For any one weapon you pick out for me you pick out one of similar make and quality for yourself.” That last part ensured that Wednesday would pick out the skim of the corpse. Hemlock felt he was lying it on thick, but the wordless hug he got from Wednesday and the brilliant smile his parents gave him made it worth it – he sure would miss them.

“And you, Pugsley, I charge you to be my undead knight in broken armor, responsible for gathering all my explosives, incinerates and other miscellany I’ll need to blow up a country.” The little gravedigger smiled, he had become quite the mad bomber, why he had even been charged! Sadly, the trial was a mistrial and he got away, much to the entire families sorrow; Pugsley had his heart set for the Juvenal correctional facility in Harris County, Texas, a most vicious and bigoted place. He handed both his siblings two mokeskin pouches of money and sent them on their way. Most families would be worried about their children getting lost in such a busy street, but both Gomez and Morticia knew their children would find their way home, eventually.
“Well, mama, we’ve got the fun parts taken care of, let’s rush through the boring parts.”
Grandmama smiled at Hemlock and pinched his gaunt cheek.
“Such a disgusting boy you are, letting your siblings pick out your toys!” Hemlock agreed, as he had really wanted to pick out his things himself, but he knew that both Wednesday and Pugsley needed to know how much he despised their existence.
“Now,” Grandmama plucked back the list from Morticia,
“We need three sets of black work robes,” she paused
“We have that, so we can check that off the list, I mean, you’ve just gotten the scorch marks into them, buying new ones would be a waste.”

Hemlock agreed, scorching a work robe just right was tough!
“A pointed hat, really? I find that highly offensive to magic practitioners everywhere! You will not be bringing one and I will send with you a letter for that dreadful Headmaster of yours!” A few people on the street nodded in agreement with grandmama, one of them even came over.

“Did I hear you mention pointed hats?” The woman said in disgust. 
“Yes! It’s a part of my grandson’s school uniform, what a load of sunshine!” the old hag raged. The woman who had approached them nodded emphatically
“It is such a stereotype, and it completely excludes all other headwear from different cultures and nations! What are they thinking!??” The rest of the family were watching the conversation with rapt attention.
“I was honestly hoping to be able to wear my necromantic skull,” Hemlock said, sadly “I worked really hard to earn my journeyman necromancer license!” Ana had presented it to him a few days before, and they had shared a bottle of blood and bile to celebrate.

“You’re a necromancer?” The woman asked, surprised, 
“My master is Ana Marrow.” Hemlock explained. The woman made a terrible sound and clapped her hands together rapidly.
“Such a marvel, you just have to come to my store, I was just about to open up!” She grabbed Hemlock’s hand and dragged him across the street to a run-down shack with dirt caked windows and rotting carcasses hanging outside, the rest of the family followed.

“Why, madam, I love your décor!” Morticia gushed, “How do you make the carcasses stay together when you hang them up? Mine always fall apart,” she lamented. 
“That’s why I asked you over!” The woman said, cheerily “I’m Lucy Venacava, not a necromancer myself, but a damn good mortician!” She opened up the door to her shop with a flourish “Here I sell every spell known to man, plus some I invented myself, on how to preserve bodies, no matter the decomposition! The rats outside were preserved, magically, right before they were to fall apart, and now they never will, and the smell lingers forever.” The Addams family looked suitably impressed. Hemlock thought he should find something for Wednesday in here as she would have loved to be here too. Pugsley didn’t have the same kind of magic as Wednesday and himself, but he could definitely make use of some of the potions he saw lining the shelves.
“What an eclectic stock you have, madam! I like it!” Gomez twirled around the shop, his every movement stirring up dust from the floor.
“Some of the people that shop here can’t afford my prices, so they leave the possessions of their victims instead, I usually turn over a fair profit.” Lucy explained, she pulled her lanky hair back and fished a hair band out of her pockets and tied the rats nest up.

“Capital idea!” Gomez exclaimed, he wandered off to inspect the goods. Morticia slid up to their
new acquaintance and looked admiring at the store, but her gaze settled, quite glaringly, on Miss Venacava’s hair.

“Dear, I’m sorry, but I must ask, why would such a distinguished woman as yourself have that color in your hair?” The Addams family matriarch asked

“I admire the splotchy dye job and the awful results, but why blonde?” Lucy laughed, and clearly displayed that two of her teeth were missing.

“It looks like sunshine, doesn’t it?” She remarked, both women shuddered

“It’s the only thing that can make my hair look like it’s about to die.” Venacava told Morticia

“With all these preservative spells and other things useful for anyone dealing with any corpse one would think you would have a spell that would hasten decay, but no!” Her volume was getting louder with every word, and Morticia was nodding along in an understanding manner.

“I’ve tried everything, everything I tell you! My mother just had to fall in love with a man that had healthy hair.” Lucy sighed, despondently

“I guess it is true what they say, love is blind!” Morticia wrapped an arm around the shopkeeper’s shoulders.

“I know, dear, I know. Mama dated a biochemist a while back, and you know what he wanted to do?” The dark haired woman sounded absolutely scandalized

“He wanted to cure plagues!” The shocked gasp from Lucy Venacava matched the indignation in Morticia’s tone perfectly.

“At least my dad was a convict!” Lucy crowed.

“See, dear? There’s always a dark side.” Morticia smiled benevolently.

“My mother, the pessimist.” Hemlock said with a wide smile stretched across his face.

“What was he convicted for?” He asked the shopkeeper.

“Only a little murder, nothing spectacular.” Lucy lamented, but she looked proud nonetheless.

Modesty was a good quality in a person.

“Well, he gets an A for effort.” Hemlock declared, making them all laugh.

A triumphant crow boomed through the store, shaking the bats from the rafters.

“I found a book on Hemlock’s list!” Grandmama held up a blood-spattered copy of Magical Theory by Adalbert Waffling.

“Ah, yes,” Lucy strode over to the old crone “That came in from a British necromancer, I get customers from all over the world, you know.” The shopkeeper grabbed mama’s arm and led her over to a large trunk.

“That book came in with the rest of these things.” She swung open the lid, it creaked deliciously,

“The poor man that came in here was a bit shaken up, he needed a spell to hide the smell and avoid spillage.” Lucy recollected “He gave me all this neat stuff as payment, but I’ve never figured out what to do with it. That cauldron, for instance, is tiny! All those potions ingredients? Banal as they come. Not even a drop of poison.” Lucy sighed “Sometimes I’m too kind for my own good, I should have pressed for money.” Morticia walked over and tutted at the shopkeeper,

“Now, dear, don’t be down on yourself – fencing evidence is a respectable profession.”

Grandmama exited the trunk, she’d been hanging over the edge, tossing things out of it willy-nilly while Lucy and Morticia talked.

“I’m just thrilled that I didn’t have to add the blood stains myself!” Hemlock added, “I think this is the best!”

“Well, it seems we managed to get all the boring stuff out of the way!” She crowed. Lurch groaned pitifully, he was loaded down with bags. Grandmama had dug up the rest of the booklist, a beautifully dented telescope, some crooked scales and a dead owl. The cauldron she did not bother with, she could give Hemlock one of her own, and he would, of course, bring the tarantula he had gotten from Wednesday for Christmas – Hector apparently was not a Hector, but a Hectrine, so that worked out. The dead owl grandmama would buy for herself! The family checked out their purchases, Morticia found the spells to preserve her carcasses, Gomez found
some beautiful eyeballs in formaldehyde that would go on the mantle, Grandma had her dead owl, and some ripped clothing and a jar of mothballs. Lurch had groaned at a particularly vicious looking strain of bubonic plague, Morticia discreetly added it to her purchases, she would surprise their dear butler with it later. They left, Morticia extracting promises from Lucy to pop over for tea.

The family stepped out onto the street, the sun was high in the sky, and it made them all flinch. Morticia produced an umbrella from her clutch, portable time space vortexes were so useful, and opened it up. This was no time for suffering, Hemlock still needed a few more things.

“We have all the books and the knick-knacks they want me to bring.” Hemlock summed up, “I’m just wondering exactly how they are going to teach us proper potions lessons with those awful ingredients.” He snickered and looked at his parents deliberately “No wonder our Severus was so frustrated.” Morticia smirked at her son, “I think it suited him just fine.” They all laughed.

Hemlock ducked down and rolled away as the wet thwack of an axe that should have hit him hit Uncle Fester instead, who screamed delightfully. It seemed his deplorable delinquent of a little sister had finished her shopping.

“Nice shot, Wednesday!” Gomez applauded his little girl.

“I was aiming for Hemlock.” She groused and readied another axe from the bag she had hanging from her shoulder.

“Quality selection, little sis!” Hemlock shouted as he dodged another weapon, a knife this time. He was about to move again but a click caught his attention.

“Gotcha,” Wednesday smiled from ear to ear. She licked the blade of another axe, deliberately cutting her tongue.

“You two rascals.” Hemlock crooned, pleased as punch; the two little devils had tag-teamed him! Only Pugsley could deploy a landmine so quickly.

“We’re going to miss you, brother.” Pugsley’s voice came from behind, confirming his involvement with the entire scenario. He was going to blow Hemlock up with explosives bought with Hemlock’s own money, the little angel.

“I haven’t stepped off yet.” Hemlock pointed out, as he stood very still. The rest of the family was looking on with great pride, Fester was indiscreetly giving Pugsley two thumbs down and a huge smile. Lurch groaned and tottered under the weight of their combined shopping.

“Wednesday planned for that,” The hideous little maggot pulled out a remote switch.

“You need a wand.” Wednesday whispered silkily in his ear. Hemlock twitched violently, in part because he was still a smoking tangle of human limbs lying in a busy street, in part, because no Addams had ever used a wand; what was the purpose?

“I don’t need a wand.” He said, steam exiting his mouth as he spoke, that had been one hell of a landmine. In the distance, he could blearily see his dad paying off the maintenance people, who, despite the small crater in Lugubrious Lane, looked incredibly happy. He blinked to clear his vision.

“Sure you do, it’s on your list.” His vile little sister purred. “Such shame you bring upon the Addams family, none of our magic users have ever had to use foci for their casting.” She lamented.

“I’ll just have to get a good one.” Hemlock replied “If I’m going to be a disappointment, I better do it well!” The braided girl thought about it for a second,
“That attitude is too positive for my taste.” She concluded, as she mulled over his reply in her head.

“No,” Hemlock said, defiantly, with the right touch of petulance, as he set his dislocated shoulder. That fall had been horrid on his joints, something Hemlock loved. Wednesday huffed and stalked off, with all the weapons.

“I try, and I try.” She huffed, she stalked back to Morticia and Gomez, who were gushing at the sounds of Hemlock putting his limbs back into joint. “I saw some birds chirping along, quite happy with their existence,” She almost choked on the word ‘happy’, it left a cheery taste in her mouth “I’m going to go renegotiate their outlook.” She fished out an exquisitely made crossbow, and smiled.

“Great idea, Wednesday!” Gomez praised his daughter,

“Bad luck, dear!” Morticia said, she kissed Wednesday’s forehead “Be quick, my snake, before they fly away.”

“Remember to use the explosive bolts.” Fester reminded his niece; she had such a flair for death and destruction, but a good uncle reminded her anyway, after all, family helped family, right?

“Wednesday’s right, you know.” Grandmama lamented as she bustled over to her grandson, who was busy putting the kinks back into his newly jointed self. “You do need a wand.” The entire family stilled, even Pugsley, who had been rooting around in his bag, probably for a little something to fix that infestation of kittens in a nearby alley. Hemlock sighed and got up, slightly annoyed, he had lost all the knots in his back, his joints were feeling like brand new, and now he had to get a wand on top of it all? His mood lifted, and he did not like it one bit.

“Well, if we are going to have a wand in the family,” All of them shuddered at the thought “Let us make it the most Addams wand in existence!” He declared

“To the wandmaker!”

The local wandmaker, a Mister Alan Winterbottom, was in for a surprise.

Chapter End Notes

So this week is going to be hell as I’ve been ignoring college work in favor of this fic: yay muses! Not. So it might not update as frequently as it has done. I’ve got school, work, hand ins, and oral presentations galore for the next two three weeks. Sorry guys, bear with me. Love you all for the magnificent response you’ve given me - rest assured, this is my heart and soul right now, it won't be forgotten.
Wands, woes and a highly disturbed Alan Winterbottom

Chapter Summary

We're off to see the wandmaker, the wonderful wandmaker of Lugubrious Lane.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Alan Winterbottom was a simple man, with a complicated profession. He came from a long line of wand makers, unremarkable, but always of quality. There was never big business in his shop, but those families who knew of the Winterbottom wandwork were always returning customers. The shop had its usual influx of customers, schoolchildren, parsed out throughout summer, as well as the sporadic replacement wand here and there for the rest of the year. Luckily, the Winterbottom family had invested well, early on, so that the descendants that desired it could continue wandwork without worrying about economic downturn in the silent seasons.

Alan had just finished packing up a batch of Dragons heart strings, all of quality, to send to a potions shop – the Winterbottom had always collected their own ingredients and Alan was no different, but he did praise the powers that be that dragon preserves, amongst other things, made his job easier. The dragon heartstrings he was sending away were good enough for any potion, but they lacked that little extra that was needed in a wand that would, hopefully, be used for an entire lifetime. Signed, sealed and soon to be delivered, Alan gently sat the package down behind the counter when the gentle tinker of his bell sounded; customers.

“Hello, dear, I am Morticia Addams, you make custom wands, correct?” A tall woman with a gaunt face, red lips and a skin color that was usually seen on the recently dead walked up to Alan and held out her hand.

“Yes, Miss Addams, I am indeed a wandmaker.” Alan replied, as he shook the cold, and surprisingly strong hand.

“Missus Addams.” She corrected. Alan cleared his throat and apologized. A man, shorter than Missus Addams, in a pinstriped suit came up to Alan next, he was puffing on a great cigar.

“Hello, Mister Winterbottom, I’m Gomez Addams.” Alans hand felt like it was being held by a boa constrictor, and Mister Addams shook it so violently he felt his shoulder protest. “We’re here for a wand for our eldest, but it needs to be completely custom, can you do that?” Gomez asked.

“Yes, I have all sorts of materials, we can start by finding out what suits your child.” First time buyers were always the easiest, they had no expectations from wands made for previous family members, and Alan knew they were first time buyers, he would have remembered these people everywhere.

“Hello, Mister Winterbottom.” A slender young man in quite the state of disarray walked up to the counter, his long hair was singed at the end and his suit was smoking, not even mentioning the smudges of what seemed like soot on his face. “Our family motto is ‘Sic gorgiamus allos subjectatos nunc’, I want a wand to reflect that, if possible.” On the other hand, maybe these first time buyers did have expectations, and strange ones at that.

“We gladly feast upon those who would subdue us?” Alan asked, hoping his translation was wrong.
“Why, by Jove, that’s absolutely correct, well done old man!” Gomez crowed as he rocked on his feet. Alain gulped and straightened his back – customers were customers, and he would not be the first Winterbottom to turn one away, it was bad for business.

“Great,” the wandmaker said uncertainly “But, come on, let’s go back to the custom area.” He motioned for the family to follow.

“Can I come too?” A wizened old crone chimed in, her face was the stuff of nightmares.

“We only allow family, madam.” Winterbottom said, in what he hoped was an apologetic tone.

“I am family, I’m the grandmother of this little necromancer!” She crowed, happily.

“She’s right!” Gomez said, “She taught him all she knows about poisons, plagues, and viral infections!” Alan just nodded, and decided, for the sake of his own sanity, to forget exactly what this boy’s grandmother had taught him.

“Very well, come along.” He smiled at the hag, and she gave him a rotten-toothed grin back.

“I’m taking Pugsley back to Bang for your Buck, he said they had some excellent explosives there.” Fester said as he grabbed his youngest nephew by the shoulder and walked out. Lurch took up a position at the door while Winterbottom, Gomez, Morticia, Hemlock, and Grandmama went to the back rooms of the store.

“Here I have all of my ingredients and materials,” Alan gestured around the room. Wood in all states, shapes, sizes and types was lined up against one wall, while another was entirely made of drawers with labels on them, Grandmama hummed, suitably impressed, it was almost as well stocked as her kitchen. “I don’t know what will scream, “Devour my enemies” more, but why don’t you take a gander, young Addams, and get a feel for some of the materials.” Alan was nothing if not a good sales clerk, and a good sales clerk always tailors their pitch to his customer. He guided the boy over to the woods first; it was important for the caster to have a connection with the entire wand, not just the core. The boy held his hand out, as Alan had instructed him, and walked over to the different woods. One by one, he held his hand over them, but felt no connection. Hemlock was not sure what he was supposed to be feeling, really, but then he felt it, a faint tingle in the back of his skull, as if Lurch was scratching his foot soles just right. There, the tingle came from that wood, sitting lonely and abandoned in a corner, he picked it up.

“I found the wood for my wand.” Hemlock declared to the room. He held up the gnarly looking branch for all the others to see.

“Good for you, Mister Addams, now-” Alan’s speech stopped short as he actually looked at the piece his client had selected, his eyes bugged out and his complexion paled so rapidly he looked like he had been dipped in liquid nitrogen “Put that down, right now! That’s the poisonous Manchineel tree!” Hemlock stared at the branch in his hand, “Poison, no wonder I feel faint!” he stared at the material he had selected and smiled “I like it!” Alan stood there, looking at the boy, with a mix of fear for him and of him that was impossible to separate.

“Well chosen, my scorpion, we Addamses have always been fond of our poisons.” Morticia glided across the room to inspect the branch closer. She, too, touched it, as Alan watched the two talk about how noxious it felt to the touch, he himself felt faint.

“We have a few of those trees in our back yard!” Grandmama told the wandmaker “I’m actually surprised Hemlock didn’t recognize it!” She said, sounding a bit sorrowful “But I guess it’s the excitement of it all.” The hag concluded with another terrifying smile. Alan focused on breathing, in, and out, in, and out, because he was really feeling light headed. The only reason he had that sample was because he was running some experiment that required it, and, he realized, he had just put the branch over in the corner instead of locking it up because he had plain forgotten to do it after he finished rinsing off his dragon hide gloves. This boy was touching it and not keeling over, no blisters, sores or any signs of pain, Alan started to cold sweat, but he took some deep breaths, deep enough breaths so that his lungs threatened to burst.
“Put down the stick, Mister Addams, let us find you a core, or maybe several.” The wandmaker was starting to regain the appropriate ratio of oxygen in his blood, as he could gesture, somewhat grandiosely, towards the wall of clear glass drawers full of potential wand cores. “Since I never expected to use that tree for a wand, it was here for more experimental purposes, I have no idea what sort of cores would go with it.” Alan explained. Grandma made a thoughtful noise.

“So what are the criteria’s for a wand core?” Grandma butted into the conversation. She was honestly curious. Most of the time she used rituals and potions, and for everything else: fireballs. Hemlock took well after her in that department.

“It has to be something from a magical being. Hair works well, as the hair grows it collects information about whatever it is it grew on. Also feathers from certain birds, hearts and heartstrings, because the major organs are always a good source of somethings essence. Even jewels can be packed into one, after it’s crushed and doused in a potion, certain bug carapaces can be crushed and used to line the inside of the wand to channel the magic better, and claws are always an option, if another part of the animal doesn’t work that well.” Alan was back in his game, he lived for wandmaking, and the passion in his speech truly showed it.

“Interesting.” Grandma mumbled before she bustled over to where Hemlock was handling some of the potential cores. “Have you found anything?” She asked her grandson, who were looking over the ingredients with a frown.

“No, nothing. Not anything near the wonderful tingle I felt when I touched the Manchineel tree, and I know it wasn’t just the poison.” Grandma hugged Hemlock and pinched his cheek, her strong grip bruising his pale skin easily.

“Don’t you worry, little one, grandma always knows best.” She whirled around and looked the wandmaker straight in the eye.

“I’ve got some things that we might be able to use, would that be acceptable?” Alan looked pleased

“It’s always nice when customers bring their own cores, it creates a more symbiotic bond with the user, what do you have in mind?” Grandma cackled and swept past the poor man on her way over to Morticia and Gomez. She lifted a gnarly hand and with a swift movement yanked three strands of Morticia’s long black locks out of her head.

“Ow, mama, that hurt!” Morticia exclaimed, before her grin broadened “Do it again!” She purred. “Oh, querida.” Gomez said, entranced “Your pain is beautiful!” And as grandma turned to give the strands of Morticia’s hair to Alan, the two were already locked in a passionate embrace.

“Kids, young love.” Grandma said with a smile, Alan was gazing. “This is the hair of not only a family member, but a powerful ritualist, half dead, half alive, and incredibly resilient. We Addamsses are a special breed.” Hemlock came over and touched the hair.

“I certainly sense mom in this, and it does feel a bit tingly.” He said, which was more than he had gotten from anything else. Then Grandma pulled out a hair of her own. “Hair of a witch-doctor, with more potions than blood running through her veins.” She added that to Morticia’s hair in Hemlock’s palm. The old hag turned around and plucked a hair from Gomez, who barely noticed.

“Hair of a man so steeped in magic he’s virtually indestructible,” She added that to the pile in Hemlock’s hand and then she pulled out a vial from her shawls.

“I’ll be right back, I have some more things to collect.” She downed the potion and poofed away. Alan was standing there, gaping at the information he had gotten about the family so far; a witch doctor, a ritualist. What were these people shopping for wands for? That last part he must have said out loud because Hemlock Addams answered him:

“We don’t need them, but I am attending a magic school in Britain that requires it,” he explained.
“Usually I do everything I need to do by pointing at it,” was the elaboration. Alan nodded, not sure exactly what was going on, because wandless magic users were powerful, rare and notoriously old, here this spry young ting was telling him that everything he did was with a point of his fingers, he felt faint again, and the breathing exercises didn’t help.

“Don’t worry, she’ll be back soon, Grandmama has the most brilliant ideas.” Hemlock tried to assure the hyperventilating shopkeeper. Alan Winterbottom was not assured, not one single bit, because the hand that was gently patting him on his back was as cold as death itself.

A poof filled the room with smoke again, and there stood Grandmama, grinning like mad, with Fester, Lurch, Wednesday and Pugsley in tow.

“And here we have the rest!” She crowed. She plucked a hair from Wednesday

“Hair from a witch-doctors apprentice and a certified sadistic psychopath.” She handed Hemlock the hair before she plucked a strand from Pugsley

“Hair of a near indestructible explosions expert in training.” She listed. Then she reached over to Fester and into his mouth and with a yank she pulled out one of his molars, that old lady had some grip.

“ Tooth of an acquitted serial killer, electric charge, and general madman.” Fester blushed and thanked her for the compliment while Alan was still counting his breathing pattern. She also pulled a hair from Lurch

“Hair of a beautiful man, with gracious wit and not a pulse to be found in his entire body” she cackled as Lurch grunted with approval. Thing made a sudden appearance on Grandmama’s shoulder and snapped his fingers –

“Of course, Thing,” she crooned

“Fingernails of a loved one” Thing gave a thumbs up and scuttled off

“ And finally, for the piece de resistance!” She crowed

“Teeth from your old parents!” She gave the molars of James and Lilly Potter to Hemlock, along with everything else. He put it in his palm, feeling a lovely sense of dread, as he looked at the donations from all of his precious people.

“Fuck you all.” He said with a smile, while the family just blushed and muttered amongst themselves, even Wednesday; they were all so unhappy for Hemlock.

“Now focus!” Grandmama commanded her eldest grandson, and he did, he focused all of his senses and magic on the precious gifts he had in his hands. The smell of a dying ogre doused in vomit filled the room, Alan choked, it wasn’t helping his hyperventilation at all. The Addams, however, breathed in the scent; they’d had more than enough fresh air that day, it was wonderful.

The hairs and teeth in Hemlocks hand began to curl into a ball and molded itself into the shape of a black crystal with red, violent cracks that oozed malevolence.

“Now, grab your branch!” Grandmama said, Alan tried to stop her, tried to warn her that untrained wandmaking could cause disastrous results, but he was so busy avoiding panic that his body just did not want to respond to the fervent commands his rational brain made. Hemlock grabbed the Manchineel branch with the hand that was not full of oozing, odious crystal.

“Come on, everyone, circle!” Grandmama ordered, and everyone complied. Surrounding Hemlock was now a circle of people that loathed and despised him, had tried to kill him on several occasions, and Hemlock had never felt safer. Alan was, unwillingly, made a part of the circle as well. He stood there, terrified into a frozen state as a demonic little girl with braids held his left hand, and the corpse bride held his other. “Focus, Hemlock! Combine them!” Hemlock did as instructed, he channeled his magic, as he always had, and wrapped it around the items in his hands and with a mighty bang that made the floors shake and the windows rattle he combined them. The Branch started out as scraggly as you please before splintering beautifully and wrapping around the core, creating an ominous eye in the middle of the wand, before wrapping back
together like snakes during mating season and finishing in a sharp point that could impale anything. It was dark, it was dank, blackened like the souls that gave its components, and it was perfect.

“Oh Grandmama, it’s the best!” Hemlock lifted his wand for the first time and channeled magic through it, the air roared with upset and all things natural recoiled from the aura the young Addams emanated, even the floorboards started to shrink in on themselves.

“How did you come up with this idea?” He asked, wholly entranced by how his family had come through for him.

“I just had a hunch,” Grandma said, as if her idea had resulted in nothing.

“That’s mama for you,” Gomez said “Always the modest one!” Morticia smiled lovingly at her family and presided silently over the glorious mayhem.

“Can I touch it?” Wednesday stared at the sinister wand with a fire in her eyes. Hemlock held it out so she could lay a hand on it. “It burns!” She said, amazed, and kept her hand right where it was. Alan looked at the wand, that grotesque monstrosity, looked at the family that created it, and allowed himself to faint dead away – this was enough for today, thank you.

“Oh, look! Mister Winterbottom fainted!” Gomez remarked, he had just started a fresh cigar.

“The poor man was probably so proud he helped us create this!” Hemlock brandished his wand as if it was a sword.

“You’re probably right, dear.” Morticia chimed in.

“I like him, not many men keep poisonous things around, even by accident.” Grandmama said, as he looked down at the prone form of the wandmaker.

“But how are we going to pay?” Fester said, “We might be murderers, liars and generally upstanding members of the family, but this just seems odd somehow, you know?” An Addams always settled their debts, how was up to the individual, but just leaving after all that wonderful advice and that beautiful Manchineel branch, why, he even fainted for them, customer service like that should be rewarded!

“By Jove, you’re right, Fester, old boy.” Gomez realized, and produced a large bag of doubloons and dropped it down beside Mister Winterbottom.

“You know what, he was just excellent.” He dropped a fist-sized ruby down as well. Morticia crooned at her husband,

“Oh, mon cher, so generous!” Gomez focused all of his attention on his beautiful wife

“Oh, ‘Tish, that’s French!”

Chapter End Notes

So much for focusing on college work - this story has me by the short and curlies.
We're closing in on the first year, but first!

Chapter Summary

So there's Tom, the Leaky Cauldron, Gringotts and sex up against a wall. Hello?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The 31st of August came with a huge bang for the barkeep at the Leaky Cauldron. He started and dropped a glass he was wiping off when a small-scale explosion happened in the middle of his bar, and out of the smoke stepped a tall, black clad woman, why, she was almost the exact opposite of a Veela, and she reeked of danger. Tom backed off from the counter, wary of the glass shards strewn about him.

“Oh, how lovely, you drop your glasses as a welcome! You are the sweetest.” The anti-Veela crooned at Tom, in a deep purr that made his bones want to shrink in on themselves.

“I am Morticia Addams, this is my husband Gomez, and here are my sons Hemlock and Pugsley, and my daughter, Wednesday.” She introduced her companions, who also stepped out of the smoke.

“Grandmama had a medical emergency to contend with, and a volcano erupted in South America so our Uncle fester just had to be there. Lurch has his day off and Thing flew out to meet his fiancé,” she explained

“So we’ll have to cancel three of the rooms we booked,” she lamented

“but if you want we’ll pay anyway.” Tom stared at this woman and her motley family before he remembered something; Addams, Hemlock Addams! It was Harry Potter, the one who survived the killing curse, who had been adopted by these people! The news had come from the Wizengamot about a year and a half ago, and it had spread like wildfire, even now small news articles detailing how they figured it out were littering the papers.

“Ah yes, that’s fine, Madam, follow me.” He led them up the creaky stairs and to their rooms, one for the parents and one each for the children. He finally got a good look at Harry Potter, or Hemlock Addams, as was his real name. The wizarding papers had alternated between the two names so much since the news broke that most were probably terribly confused. Hemlock was short for his age, his hair was in a low ponytail and his pinstriped suit was immaculate, it was a deep shade of red.

“Thank you, Mister-” the boy said, but stopped abruptly as if searching for a name.

“Tom, just call me Tom, young Addams.” The barkeep smiled a toothless smile and the boy returned it; such a polite bunch, and well-dressed too, people were all wrong about how horrible the Addams family was, Tom decided. Then he realized something, in his curiosity and semi-starstruck state, he had forgotten their luggage!

“Madams, sirs, I do believe I have forgotten your luggage.” He bowed low

“Excuse me, while I go fetch them.” Morticia Addams laughed, a cold and poisonous sound, “Don’t worry dear,” She whistled shrilly, and snapped a whip Tom had not even noticed. The thumping sound of something galloping up the steps tickled the barkeeps ears: bounding down the
hallway to the rooms were two small chests, a large school trunk, and a steamer trunk, all of which had tigers paws as feet.

“Now, to your rooms!” One of the small chests went in with the young girl, the other with the young boy, the school trunk went in with Hemlock Addams, and the steamer trunk went through the door where Morticia and Gomez were staying.

“Handy,” Tom commented, it was very impressive!
“I can teach you the spells.” Morticia offered,
“You never know when you need a self-moving trunk!” she remarked, and Tom could not help but agree.
“It’s time to go to Gringotts and get that business sorted out.” Gomez said, as he shuffled the family down the hall.
“Sir, aren’t you going to lock the doors?” Tom asked, as most witches and wizards who stayed anywhere locked down their rooms tight with magic. The little girl with the braids turned to look the barkeep dead in the eye;
“If they try to steal from us, it’s their funeral.” In her hands, she held a headless doll; Tom just nodded vigorously.
“I’ll teach you the spells later, Tom.” The woman said, as she corralled her children and sauntered after her husband. Tom still thought they were delightful people, frighteningly delightful, perhaps, but still delightful.

“Welcome to Gringotts!” The Addamses had arrived at the bank to much fuss from the goblins at the counter; both descriptions of the family members and the hospitality they had shown Gremrock and Griphook had travelled, and of course, tall tales of the unusual human beauty; Grandmama. Now they stood before Griorotia, who greeted them warmly.
“I have heard so much about you!” Both odd, good and somewhat terrifying things, but it all added up to ‘much’ in the end, so the Warchief did not elaborate.
“All bad, I hope?” Morticia purred. Griorotia did not know exactly how to respond to that; did she want it to be bad or was it a trick question? The goblin settled for a huge smile instead – that could never be taken wrongly in situations like this, and it seemed she was right; Morticia just laughed.

“Where is the one known as Grandmama?” Griorotia asked “I would love to thank her for the lovely recipes my two representatives got a hold of!” That and she wanted to see if what Griphook and Gremrock said was true: she was as beautiful as a goblin shield maiden.
“We’re sorry, my dears, but Grandmama was sent out on a house call.” Morticia explained
“There are certain wives with certain pre-nuptials that cannot abide their husbands, but can spend their money carelessly” The dark-haired woman continued
“So if the husband is in, say a wheelchair, or a coma, then the wife still has a claim.” Griorotia knew that humans did such things to their fellows, and goblins did too, just not to their mates, their mates were sacred.

The man in the pinstriped suit, known as Gomez Addams if Griorotia managed to follow the descriptions made by her emissaries, rushed up to his wife and spun her around in his arms before setting her down.
“Will you do that to me, ‘Tish” He growled deeply
“Trap me in my bed, make me helpless and dependent on you for the rest of my life, and leave me to rot in my own filth while you dance around me like a vulture waiting for her meal?” He crushed their lips together and both man and wife shuddered as one.
“Such torture!” Morticia moaned, as her husband assaulted her neck. “Oh. Gomez!” The two of them lost themselves in the passion that had consumed them; certain things had to be celebrated after all, and the pain of marriage was one of them.
“Ignore them, Warchief Goldvein,” The eldest boy that had accompanied the highly passionate couple stepped forth, he sent a tendril of visible magic towards his parents, he was dressed in leather and silk; Griorotia deduced that this had to be the Hemlock Addams that had started this entire business.

“They get very excited about certain things.” Hemlock looked over at his parents with a smile. “It sure makes for a dreary household. If you know what I mean?” He gently knocked the Warchief’s shoulder with his elbow, as she stood there; gaping. Humans were usually not this open and relaxed in public, if at all.

“Also,” Hemlock drew her attention again. “This fat little maggot is my little brother, Pugsley,” Said brother smiled at Hemlock as if he had been given the most gracious of complements.

“And this vile little psychopath is my sister, Wednesday” He held out a hand towards a girl with black braids. If Griorotia remembered correctly this was the one that could wield a battle-axe almost as big as she was. Said girl spared her brother a curl of the lips, which looked more disturbing than anything else.

“Pleasure,” Wednesday purred, and Griorotia got the feeling that she was looking at something far more dangerous than the dragons under the bank.

“Introductions aside, Madam, I would like to look at those proxy papers.” Hemlock was suddenly all business, a far cry from the easygoing boy that had introduced his siblings and laughed at his parent’s passion.

“Yes.” Griorotia agreed “Gremrock and Griphook told me you’ve been managing your estates since age seven?” She was still shocked at how incredibly well that had gone, as all of the cases before this one of underage estate managers had gone straight to the pits.

“Yes, madam.” He was astoundingly polite, and she was pleased she had agreed to meet the Addams family instead of sending the bank manager who usually dealt with outsiders.

“Where are the two, anyway, I’d like to see them again.” Hemlock asked. Griorotia smiled, very few humans remembered goblin names or asked for them, and even fewer fed goblins delicious cookies and good tea.

“As your father stipulated, the living one, that is, I made Griphook your account manager, with his mate, Gremrock as an assistant, as it is a rather large account,” the Warchief said. Hemlock looked doubtful at that last part and Griorotia decided to ignore it.

“He’ll be here with the proxy papers soon enough, we just spent so much time triple checking that there are now laws against foreigners holding office, you see.” the boy replied. The Warchief snorted indelicately, as she was wont to do.

“The blathering baboons on the Wizengamot never thought so far ahead that they realized that someday one of the heirs to the great houses might be a foreigner, which works well in our favor.” Griphook scoffed.

“I never thought you would think so well of them.” He remarked. They both cracked up into laughter, which was the scene Griphook and Gremrock walked in on.

In one corner Wednesday had hogtied Pugsley and was busy removing his tonsils with a dagger, in the other corner Gomez Addams had Morticia Addams up against the wall, the familiar gleam of a silencing spell surrounded them, and finally, in front of the desk Griorotia and Hemlock Addams were laughing so hard they had tears streaming down their faces.

“I guess you just insulted blathering baboons!” Hemlock howled as he and Griorotia were bent at the waist, shaking violently.

“I apologize to every baboon everywhere.” The Warchief howled back, she was holding on to her desk with a death grip, trying her best not to topple over.
The two newly minted managers (because if anyone tried to fool themselves into thinking Griphook and Gremrock were anything but equal, they were idiots) just stood there, in the doorway, pointedly ignoring everything with the papers in their hands. All the two needed were the signatures of Gomez and Hemlock anyway, then Gomez would step up as proxy in the Wizengamot, mad chaos would reign in the Wizarding World and the Addamses would be out of Gringotts and done making their Warchief laugh like a demented hyena, all in a day's work. They just waited, none of the three situations in the room merited a disturbance, not by anyone valuing their lives at any rate.

Chapter End Notes

Yayaya, trip to school coming up next. I promise!
Holy shit, they made it to the trainstation. Wow. Much progress.

Chapter Summary

Seriously though. Writing Addamses in the morning is gleeful.

The first of September dawned with gasps of horror, disbelief, shock, and general nervousness. The story had broken in the Daily Prophet: Addams made Potter Proxy – what will the Wizengamot do? There were five whole pages dedicated to people commenting on the situation, everyone from magical lawyers to the common person – they all had an opinion and they were all scared. Some of the people interviewed had seen the Addams family arrive at Gringotts to smiles and welcomes from the Goblins, others had seen their eccentric behavior as they strolled through Diagon Alley, others just relied on rumors, and all of them thought that Gomez Addams was the second coming of Morgana, despite the gender discrepancies. Ministry employees were frantically searching through every available venue to find any way to discredit the proxy appointment, but the Goblins did thorough work; Gomez Addams would be the Potter proxy, and that was final.

The Addams family, entirely unaware and not sparing a care, woke bright and early, much to their dismay, to ship Hemlock off to a school that had the dreadful sense to schedule a train at the gods’ forsaken time of ten in the morning. Wednesday was stabbing at her breakfast, imagining it was Hemlock, Pugsley was curled under the table, still snoring, while Morticia and Gomez were leaning on each other, both murmuring words of affection in a half-awake daze.

They would do something about it, if they were not awake at such an ungrateful hour; when they usually went to bed when the sun went up, ten am seemed like a curse without the pain, sheer teasing. Hemlock, who was the reason they were all up, was sitting next to the table in a near catatonic state: he had really underestimated the viciousness of the British school system. Things starting this early should be forbidden and anyone getting up before noon should be disemboweled and hung out to dry.

Tom, the wonderful dear, kept plying the entire family with coffee so black and thick it could be used to pave roads. Wednesday even avoided stabbing his hands as he served them. Said barkeep and morning person, who had learned long ago to hide it as not everyone was receptive to chirpy persons in the morning, gently walked over to Gomez Addams, who had his face buried in Morticia’s shoulder with his mouth open wide and drooling, he had fallen completely back to sleep. Tom gently prodded the man, wary of the twitching knife maniac Gomez called a daughter, and whispered in low tones to the man when he was finally approaching consciousness:

“Sir, you have to get to the station.” The barkeep gently reminded. Gomez made a murmuring sound and twitched. Morticia said completely still, like a propped up corpse, long gone into Morpheus’ embrace and the support for her flopping husband.

“Sir, really, your son is going to be late.” Tom prodded Gomez once more, as he seemed to be the most harmless of the bunch, with the exception of the boy under the table, but the barkeep could not reach Pugsley without disturbing Hemlock or Wednesday, and that was not an option. Of course harmless wasn’t really a word anyone would use about any of the people that were dozing around a table at the Leaky Cauldron, but in relative terms Gomez seemed to be easier to talk out of a maiming.
“Sir!” Tom raised his voice a bit more and a sleepy murmur that sounded something like “Ph'nglui mglw'nafh” came from Morticia. Tom gasped and checked his surroundings in abject fear. He had to do something; if he did not wake them he would be in trouble, and if he did wake them he would be in trouble. Tom decided that waking them was the best course of action, but he had to do it long range. He summoned a huge vat of ice water, sheer desperation driving him at this point, and levitated it over Morticia and Gomez’s heads, praying that he would be allowed to see another sunrise over Diagon Alley.

With a rapid flick of his wand, he turned the vat upside down and the ice water crashed over the two sleeping lovebirds like the cold hands of Hel. A terrifying scream that cracked half the windows and all the glasses behind the bar made Tom cower and by sheer instinct take hold of his family jewels. Morticia Addams lurched awake, her eyes bulged, and she wrenched around to look Tom dead in the eye. The man whimpered pitifully curling in on himself regretting everything he had ever done to lead him up to this point. He expected the level of mayhem he had seen at dinner last night coming his way – Gomez might have paid for the damages, but the mental scars would never go away.

“You, sir, are the best host we’ve had!” Morticia gushed, darkness in her eyes
“This is ice cold, uncomfortable, and so completely unexpected!” She was smiling from one ear to another and Tom was not reassured.
“My blood is pumping wildly!” She continued, she held two fingers against the side of her throat.
“Well done, Old man!” Gomez cried out. He picked out a soggy cigar from his breast pocket and began to smoke it, without spelling it dry first.
“I haven’t been waken up so violently in months!” Tom was not sure what was happening, he could be hallucinating, but the Addams couple seemed to be happy to be drenched to the bone in ice water.
“Our children have been so busy killing each other that they have completely forgotten to malign their dear parents.” Gomez said in a sad voice.
“I know, it’s almost like we didn’t do anything for them.” Morticia mourned as she raked her fingers through her soaked hair. Both of them sprung apart and danced away from the table when the thwacking sounds of knives hitting wood filled the room. Where they had just been seated there were two meat-cleavers stuck into each seat.

“All you had to do was ask,” Wednesday commented, she stopped stabbing her food and actually shoved some in her mouth; apparently attempted murder whetted the appetite. There was a dull thump from under the table, said piece of furniture shook, and a low whine crawled out from under it, shortly followed by a disgruntled looking Pugsley.

“It’s Hemlock going to school, not us, we don’t need to be up.” Wednesday tossed her fork at him, he rolled away, and she continued eating with her hand and knife. Hemlock, the guest of honor so to speak, was still slumped over, half-asleep and drooling.

“He won’t be around to torture for the next months.” Wednesday remarked as she licked her plate clean, literally.
“Aww, our little snake is going to miss her brother!” Morticia gushed, she had to twirl around to avoid the knife her daughter flung at her – it might just have been a dinner knife, but assuming and knowing were two different things all together. Tom cleared his throat, he needed these people to leave, for the peace of his mind and soul. They were perfectly nice, and perfectly terrifying in a way that made his insides twist up in a knot so tight he had not had a bowel movement since they had appeared in his bar.

“Hogwarts?” he reminded them all as he backed away from the mayhem that would ensue when
trying to wake up Hemlock – Gomez had gotten him drunk last night (and did Tom ever regret there not being any laws against underage drinking). The boy had been a spectacular force of destruction, as the amount of money Gomez had given the barkeep for reparations attested. “Hogwarts!” Gomez agreed. He swanned over to his eldest son, grabbed his wrist, and flipped him out of the chair and onto the floor with a movement so fluid the man might have been water. Hemlock landed with a dull thud and a grunt that no normal eleven year old would have made. He blinked and tried to turn over in an attempt to bury his face in the floor. “It’s too bright.” He groaned pitifully, as he nosed into the floorboards. It really was not that bright, as Tom never lit up the bar before the evening meal, but with the amount Gomez Addams had poured into that boy’s glass, Tom guessed that even a pitch-black room would seem like torture.

“The sun is shining.” Gomez said, and Morticia moaned “The birds are chirping” He continued, and the kids groaned “We are leaving” Tom did a little dance “And that’s that.” He concluded. His entire family glared at him balefully for reminding them of the state of the world.

“Gomez, dear, what have I told you about mentioning that.” Morticia said as she gestured out the window where a brilliant day was starting “When the day is already joyful?” She purred at her husband, which was usually a happy occasion, but Gomez had an urge to go find Grandmama, house call or no. Hemlock himself thought that maybe the blurriness of his vision would prevent him from seeing too many happy things. “Now, up and at ‘em, Hemlock, you’re an Addams!” Gomez proclaimed, still throwing fearful glances at his wife “Why, your great uncle Airhole managed to take out an entire establishment by himself, and he wasn’t even hung over, he was still drunk!” He crowed. Tom scuttled behind the counter like a crab. “I do believe that was because he drank, not despite of it, mon cher.” Morticia remarked, the building had to be condemned because they could not get the smell out. Gomez’s focus narrowed in on his wife and he exclaimed breathily “Oh, Tish, that’s French!”

Wednesday watched her parents get lost in each other, and then at how her brother pitifully tried to cuddle into the musty floorboards. Hemlock looked too comfortable for a brother that had, through his awful choices in life, managed to land the family in a situation where they were all up at sunrise. She rose from the table, still heavy-headed from too little sleep, and snuck over to her brother, who was well on his way to having a love affair with the wooden planks he was resting on. Apparently alcohol was what she needed to make him stay still in one place long enough for her to punish, because Hemlock barely twitched as she approached on cat’s feet; usually the annoying zombie sucker would have been up and running by now. Wednesday tiptoed towards him, closer, closer, she gently extracted a small vial of stonefish venom from one of her braids, and coated a needle in it, that came from the other braid, and before Hemlock Addams could even react, she plunged the venom coated implement into his neck. She jumped away just as Hemlock began to flail. The pain was excruciating, the heaviness in his head was forgotten as it felt like every nerve was, one by one, being lit on fire. He lurched as the venom spread throughout his system and his spine bent into a hellish bow, even his teeth tried to wiggle out of their sockets to get away from their
own nerves. His muscles strained against the foreign agony that was spreading through him. This was excruciating bliss, exquisite torture, completely awful in all the right ways. He slumped back down onto the floor, the muscles around his spine un-clenching. Hemlock breathed through his nose and relaxed as the venom tore through his pain receptors; he felt calm.

“Did that help?” Wednesday asked. She had perched herself on a table nearby as her brother had begun flailing. Hemlock breathed again, through his mouth
“Yes, it actually did.” They had played around with stonefish venom before, but who knew that it was an excellent and painful cure for a hangover? He would have to put some daffodils and sunflowers on his father’s train track for getting him that drunk.
Hemlock got up from the floor, which he now felt he had a special relationship with, and dusted off his clothes (seriously, Severus had explained that people usually loathed dust and that it was a school requirement to be clean, what nonsense!). Morticia looked at her son strangely, he caught on:

“Remember what Severus said about cleanliness?” The word itself tasted fowl in his mouth.
“Oh, dear.” Morticia lamented and bustled over to her son, she wrinkled his lapels and smudged some dust behind his ear.
“You’re the one who wanted to go.” Pugsley said, he had no sympathy for the plight of his brother.
“I have a knack for making good decisions, apparently.” Hemlock said with an apologetic shrug.
“You’ve got that right.” Wednesday, who usually never let Hemlock have anything, agreed. Tom had viewed that entire spectacle with a morbid curiosity from behind the counter, and he praised his lucky stars that there were no other paying customers in as he cleared out the glass shards that Morticia’s scream had caused.

“Are we all set then?” Gomez asked his family. “We need to take the fire portal thing to the station.” Morticia smiled at her husband and unwrapped a whip from around her waist – she snapped it twice and whistled shrilly. The trunks that had walked themselves up the stairs and into their respective rooms came back down again, all by their own power. Tom really loved Morticia for teaching him that spell – it was a lot less exhausting than levitating the trunks of his customers up the stairs.
“We’re set.” Hemlock concluded. They all crowded around the worn fireplace in the Leaky Cauldron and stared at the roaring fire.

“We have the powder,” Gomez fished out a large pouch out of his jacket “And now we just put it in and off we go; remember, kids: King’s Cross!” Gomez tossed a handful of the powder into the fire and it turned a lovely shade of green.

Hemlock stepped into the flames, quite disappointed that they did not burn him, and shouted his destination. With a hellish tug, he was vortexed into the most delightful whirlwind he could ever imagine, the scenery, if one could call it that, flew by and made him delightfully sick - a complete difference from that despicable hangover. Hemlock almost wished he could have enjoyed it a bit more. Suddenly he crashed out of the vortex and his entire being felt like it was being spat out of the very void that spawned demons. Hemlock landed on his feet, as all Addamses do (with the extremely notable exception of Cousin Catastrophia) and stared out at the crowded station. Here he was, at King’s Cross, he was travelling to Hogwarts, and on a steamer train no less! His father would be dearly jealous and Hemlock delighted in the knowledge. The rest of the family appeared behind him with dazed looks in their eyes. Gomez whirled around, steady on his feet as always, and grabbed Morticia’s arms with both his hands. He looked her dead in the eyes and spoke to
“’Tish, we are installing fireplaces in every room when we get home.” He declared, much to the children’s delight. Hemlock felt a bit jealous that he would miss it all, because flooing was an exceptional experience!
Dumping Draco and Renouncing Ron

Chapter Summary

Because both these characters make me want to set things on fire.

Hemlock had wished his family goodbye. Morticia had cried sorrowful tears for her first little vulture leaving the nest, Gomez had stuck him full of Cuban cigars, in addition to the stash of cigarettes Wednesday had packed for him. Pugsley had given him his favorite remote detonator and told him to use it well while Wednesday stuck a dagger in his hand and specified that it was not only for emergencies. His sister had also supplied a host of live bait for his tarantula, Harry, who was in his trunk somewhere – who knew where all those pocket spaces led.

He was now searching the train for an empty compartment so he could call out his dear friend, he had become as attached to Harry as Wednesday was to Hector (or Hectrine as they called her after the surprising find of her eggs), and so he had given his pet his old name as a token of affection. He poked around the train before he found a compartment occupied by a single redheaded boy, it would be sufficient, Harry and Hemlock would just occupy one bench, and the redhead the other. Hemlock swanned into the compartment and flopped down on the empty bench.

“Oy, no greeting?” Oh Loki, it was one of those people that insisted on chatting in the morning. Even if he was delightfully rude about it. Hemlock sighed explosively and decided to introduce himself: “Hemlock Addams.” He said in a monotone voice, all this cheery behavior really made him cranky. His trunk crawled up on the storage space by itself.

“The Hemlock Addams?” The redhead asked in a wondering tone, both because of the crawling trunk, and because of whom he was sitting in front of. “You used to be Harry Potter!” Moreover, Hemlock suddenly had an intense urge to find every paper that published anything about the Wizengamot information release and burn it to the ground, preferably with the employees still inside.

“I am who I am with the name my parents gave me, and I’m sure there was no definite article on that birth certificate, even if it would have been neat.” He said to the other boy, who looked delightfully confused. “What’s your name?” He seemed to snap himself out of a daze; Hemlock noted that polysyllabic words was a good weapon against this one, aside from the regular arsenal an Addams carried.

“Ron Weasley” He said in a cheery voice, and reached out a hand. Hemlock shook it with crushing force, just as his father would have done. “Are you really Hemlock Addams, then?” The boy asked, as he nursed the hand Hemlock had just shaken.

“I am indeed a Hemlock Addams, if there are more I would like to meet them.” Because entertaining that you were the only one of you was odd, especially if one considered the possibilities of alternate universes.

“Um, sure. Whatever, mate.” Ron said, and his entire cognitive process seemed to grind to a halt, if his facial expression was to be judged. Two beats of deliciously awkward silence reigned before
the apparent idiot decided to open his mouth again. “Do you remember how you defeated You-Know-Who?” Hemlock sighed, regretting ever sitting down in this compartment.

“Sort of.” He replied in a noncommittal tone. Of course, he could remember, the heritage potion had seen to that, but explaining the approaching green light and the ensuing pain in his head to a plebian would be a waste; pearls before swine and all of that. He also remembered, through various missives with the British Ministry that informed him of the information release, that You-Know-Who was actually the scared masses avoiding the name of a ruthless serial killer: Voldemort.

If it was not for the deaths of James and Lilly Potter, Hemlock might have admired his work, but only family was supposed to murder family, Voldemort had robbed him of that. Gremrock and Griphook had been kind enough to scrounge up all the information on the Potter attack they could find, and Harry had read everything from the first reports of the first Aurors on scene, to the late developments in the Ministry concerning the conclusion that he was the reason the Avada Kedavra curse bounced back.

The redhead fell silent and watched the strange boy that supposedly saved the wizarding world; he was nothing he had expected. As Arthur Weasley, his father, worked in the ministry, he always overheard the most fantastic gossip as his father complained to his mother while she was cooking dinner. The massive outcry of the proxy selection alone was enough to really put his name forward, as if Hemlock Addams had not gotten enough attention the past couple of years when the unspeakables, through unspeakable means, managed to prove that Voldemort vanished that night when he attacked Godric’s Hollow. Ron decided that making friends with such a person could be good for how people treated him; so he tried again.

“I have a pet too, you know.” It was a rat, but it was still a pet, and from commonalities conversation spawned, or so his mother kept reminding him whenever she hit him with her ladle. Ron rug into his pocket and dug out a limp looking rat that barely twitched when it was picked up out of its hidey-hole. The Addams boy perked up and looked at it.

“How dreadfully dreary.” He said with a smile “I like it.” He concluded before he got up, stood on the bench, and reached for his trunk, which dutifully scuttled over the storage space so he could reach. He did something that made the trunk hiss ominously, Ron could not see, and dug around for the pet Hemlock had said was in there, somewhere. A familiar sounding chittering sounded throughout the compartment and Ron froze: he had heard that sound before.

Hemlock Addams locked his trunk again, with a large Harry spider now clinging to the front of his clothes. The body covered almost his entire torso and the legs were wrapped around him in a hug; Harry and Hemlock had escaped many a certain death by the hands of Wednesday and Pugsley by their quick thinking alone, so they had a bond. He turned around to introduce Harry to Ron, but then he noted that the boy had gone deathly pale, his freckles standing out like bad spray paint on his wonderfully ashen face, which made his red hair stand shine so bright it almost became nauseating.

“S-s-s” Ron kept stuttering and opening his mouth over and over again; he was frozen in terror. “Meet my tarantula gargantua, he’s named Harry!” Hemlock introduced his arachnid friend, who chittered happily. A scream so lovely that Hemlock wished he had a tape recorder tore through the air of the compartment, it was shrill, terrified, and completely unhinged. The sound was music to the ears, soothing for the soul and the abject panic behind it was endlessly amusing; it appeared his
dear new acquaintance had arachnophobia.

The compartment door was flung open and in stormed a bush of brown hair and school skirts. “What’s going on in here!?” The new arrival cried in a sharp voice. Hemlock noticed another, pudgier person, sneak in behind the bushy haired girl.

“I have a pet tarantula, and Mr. Weasley here is afraid of spiders.” Hemlock explained. The girl whirled around, and her face reminded him of a preschool teacher he had once had before she unfortunately disappeared into the Addams swamp. Of course, the schoolteacher expression melted off her face when she saw Harry on Hemlock’s chest: she backed off slowly, her face paling with every step. The pudgy boy, who had barely made a sound, snuck behind her in a clumsy motion.

“That’s not a tarantula!” she accused as both she, the new boy and Mister Weasley hugged the opposite wall of the compartment. Ron and the new pudgy boy whimpered.

“Of course he is!” Hemlock argued “He’s a tarantula gargantua” the Addams boy concluded as he petted his Harry’s hairy legs. The girl looked like she was about to blow her top.

“There is no such thing as a tarantula gargantua!” She hissed as both Ron and Neville gravitated to the space behind her. “The largest spider in the world is the Theraphosa blondi, also known as the Goliath birdeater!” She pointed at Harry, whom Hemlock cradled protectively “And that is no Goliath birdeater!” Hermione concluded smugly. Harry, the tarantula, chittered happily once more, pleased that his Hemlock was defending him. Ron and the other boy just looked at the girl they were cowering behind like she was insane too.

“Oh I know, they’re just being mean.” Hemlock cooed to his arachnid as he let Harry’s fangs nip at his fingers.

“What sort of tarantula is he then?” Hermione asked again, she was going to give this odd boy another chance, after all, he did seem to care for his pets, even if that pat was a huge arachnid.

“Like I said, it’s a tarantula gargantua, my sister breeds them, and Harry here is just a baby.” Hectrine, Wednesday’s spider, took a full five years to mature, and Harry was only two. “She used some potions during the breeding of Hectrine, which is the mother of Harry here.” Harry the Arachnid started moving, much to the discomfort of everyone in the compartment aside from Hemlock. “He’s my familiar.” The Addams boy stated.

“I read about those in one of the course books.” The girl said, she stepped a bit closer with a fascinated look in her eyes, the two boys behind her back stepped closer to each other.

“That’s when a witch or a wizard forms a connection to an animal that benefits them both physically, mentally and magically, right?” She asked Hemlock

“Oh, by the way, I’m Hermione Granger!” She introduced herself as an afterthought.

“I’m Hemlock Addams.” The boy with the spider hanging off of him replied. Hermione’s focus shifted from Harry to Hemlock,

“You’re the Hemlock Addams?” She asked, with a certain amount of wonder in her voice.

“Why does everyone insist on making the definite article a part of my name?” Hemlock asked, slightly annoyed. It had only happened twice, but by the stunned look on the pudgy boy’s face, who was still cowering alongside Ron Weasley, it was probably something that would repeat itself.

“Oh, sorry, it’s just, I’ve read all about you!” She exclaimed, she moved closer, as if she had
completely forgotten Harry was sprawled all over Hemlock’s torso.
“You’re in three of the books I purchased as extra reading materials!” Hemlock made a grimace; his father, with the help of the Goblins, had secured his rights to both his names and their use and he most certainly did not remember agreeing to that “I never even knew I was a witch,” she continued on “so I bought all the books I could get my hands on!” She seemed inordinately pleased with that.
“This,” she gestured to the pudgy boy “Is Neville Longbottom,” She turned to him “Did I get that right?” The pudgy boy nodded. “We’re looking for his toad, Trevor.” She finally took a deep breath because all of that sounded like it had come from one lonely breath of air, which was why she seemed to deflate on the last syllables on the toad’s name.

“A toad you say?” Hemlock asked rhetorically. He bit his thumb, slammed it down on the compartment floor, and said something which sounded very much like gibberish but was actually a blood powered summoning spell. Harry was still hanging on to Hemlock and chittered angrily at having to shift his bottom legs so Hemlock could reach the floor. Suddenly a burst of light appeared right next to Hemlock’s thumb and a toad was revealed, the spell could locate anything nonspecific as long as you focused on it; in this case, Hemlock had summoned every toad on the train, and since there was only one, this had to be Trevor. Neville picked up the toad and smiled gratefully at Hemlock, who was really hoping this would cause both Neville, Trevor and Hermione to fuck off somewhere else.

“That’s blood magic!” Ron cried out, and he looked more angry than afraid, something that was surprising considering there was still a huge arachnid in the room and he had been petrified into silence since Harry appeared on the scene. Neville looked distinctly uncomfortable - but decided not to say anything.

“Aw crap, you’re right.” Hemlock slapped his own forehead “Sorry, I keep forgetting it’s illegal here.” He said “Man the British are backwards sometimes.” He lamented with an irritated tone to his voice.

“But blood magic is dark!” Ron said, his initial anger had weakened a bit and he was once again zeroing in on Harry, who was still wrapped around Hemlock quite happily.

“Hah, apparently you know nothing about dark magic.” The Addams boy crowed condescendingly. Ron looked like he was about to reply but the compartment door burst open again, and Hemlock was getting ready to curse someone, because this was just ridiculous.

A blond boy, followed by two trolls that had tried to take human form, came in, he surveyed the mayhem: a Weasley, judging by the hair and the freckles, was crouching over on one bench alongside Neville Longbottom, someone who he had briefly met and already despised. An unknown girl with unruly hair stood in the middle of the compartment while a lanky, longhaired boy with piercing green eyes sat on the other bench with a huge spider hugging his torso.

“I heard Hemlock Addams was on this train,” He turned to the unknown boy with the spider on his torso “I’m guessing that’s you.” It was not a question.

“At least you didn’t put the definite article in front of my name, that’s a start” Hemlock remarked “Who are you?” He nodded at not only the blonde boy, but also his compatriots.

“I am Malfoy, Draco Malfoy, and these two are Gregory Goyle and Vincent Crabbe” He gestured with a finely boned hand to each boy respectively.

“And why did you want to find me?” Hemlock could smell the ulterior motives, grandmama had told him they smelled like sweet onions, the disgusting things, and this boy smelled like sweet onions topped in strawberry sauce, not literally, but spiritually, a trick for sussing out peoples
intentions.

“To introduce myself, why else?” It seemed the Malfoy kid was hedging his bets. But Ron, surprisingly, had re-focused once more and Harry was not in his field of attention; Draco Malfoy was.

“I bet you’re just coming to check out if Hemlock here is going to be a problem for your dad!” The redhead accused violently. Neville did not say much but he seemed to agree, according to his facial expression.

“And why would I be a problem for his dad?” Hemlock asked, he realized that this kid was probably the child of one of the followers of the delightful maniac that had murdered his parents, he remembered reading the name Malfoy on one of the rapports Gremrock had given him.

“Because he follows he-who-must-not-be-named and his dad is really dark!” Ron said with a huff, Harry chittered and moved positions, making Ron freeze up again.

“I think we’ve established you don’t know anything about darkness.” Hemlock said, condescendingly.

“And you do?” Hermione butted in, but before Hemlock could answer Draco took over the conversation again.

“I guess you’re a Weasley because of the freckles and the red hair” Draco observed, and Hemlock sensed a certain amount of history behind it all “And I don’t like what you’re implicating my father in, Weasley.” He drawled at the boy who was skittishly watching the spider again. “It would be good for you to remember your betters.” Draco had a smirk on his face that Wednesday would be envious of; she would want to cut it off and frame it.

“So, wait, let me get this straight?” Hemlock drew the attention of the entire room.

“You,” he pointed at Ron, “Hate him,” he pointed at Draco “for being dark when you don’t even know what darkness is.” Ron looked affronted, but Harry chittered at him from his position on Hemlock’s torso and the boy kept quiet.

“And you,” Hemlock pointed at Draco “antagonize him” he pointed at Ron “For implying that your father follows Voldemort” Everyone in the room except Hemlock, Harry, and Hermione flinched “And apparently for being a Weasley, whatever that is.”

Hemlock focused his gaze on Hermione and Neville, who both looked like swamp rats caught in a minefield,

“Do you two hate or want to antagonize anyone in here?” The Addams boy growled out “Because all this idiocy is getting annoying.” Hemlock got up.

“You!” He pointed at Ron, who was cowering in part because Hemlock looked absolutely furious and in the other part because Harry was moving. “Wouldn’t know darkness if it bit you in the ass, the foulest pits of despair, darkness and death are not even a part of you consciousness! And you,” he rounded on Malfoy “are a smug little shit with too much pride and too little sense – I should sick my sister on you to teach you a little humility, she’s excellent with weapons!”

He turned to Hermione and Neville again and said “You two, follow me, let these two small minded idiots argue in peace.” Hemlock whistled sharply and both Hermione, Neville and his trunk followed him as he moved to shove passed Draco and his cronies.

A hand stopped him from exiting the compartment; the hand belonged to one of the two goons that had followed Draco but not said a word. He looked to their apparent leader, the annoying Malfoy, and said

“Let me leave.” His voice did not sound like the angry tone an eleven year old should have at all – it sounded older and darker, but the people blocking his way took no heed.
“You don’t want to make enemies with the wrong sort.” Draco purred, and Harry scoffed at the thinly veiled threat – why threaten someone if you were going to hide it?

“You are making a mistake.” Hemlock remarked unpleasantly. Draco laughed, which really was a mistake, in addition to the ones made. Light flared in the palms of Hemlock’s hands and he struck one to Draco’s chest. The blonde gasped as the Addams boy pushed him around and down on the bench, next to Weasley, and it felt like something was draining from him and into Hemlock’s hand. The other glowing hand was pushed into Ron’s chest, and it seemed he felt the same as Malfoy, even if he was threatening to faint because Harry, who had moved when Hemlock got up, was staring at him over Hemlock’s shoulder.

“I am currently draining your magic,” The Addams said in a rumbling voice, his eyes glowed disturbingly “And I will not stop until I make you two assholes realize something; I am not to be messed with.” He increased the drain on their magical cores and thanked Grandmama in his head for teaching him this skill. “You are both petty little brats with no skills to survive in the real world, yet the first fucking thing you two morons decide to do is antagonize someone that could kill you in the blink of an eye, is that so smart?” Hemlock pushed them both deeper into the bench while Neville, Hermione, Crabbe and Goyle watched on with morbid interest and fear.

Both boys, who were scared and feeling light headed because of the drain, shook their heads violently, as their skin turned pale enough to where their lips started turning blue. “I am done here, Weasley, Malfoy, and I’ll thank the two of you to remember it!” He released them both, and as they held their chests and gasped for air, Hemlock licked his fingers while Harry chittered happily from his back. They both tasted horrible, but their magic was old, likely, they both came from long lines of practitioners

“I’m leaving.” He pushed through Crabbe and Goyle, who barely put up any resistance. Hermione looked at the redhead and the Malfoy before swiftly following Hemlock; he was scary, but he seemed to know a lot, and knowledge was something Hermione Granger was willing to brave both bad teachers, bullies and social conventions to get to – even one Hemlock Addams.

Neville held Trevor close to his chest before slipping out so that the other boys would not turn on him once they recovered. The entourage of people was completed by the walking trunk.
The Twins

Chapter Summary

A little more train time before school time.

Hemlock slammed into another compartment, not caring whom or what was in there, as he just needed to get away from the two shit-stains he had left in the last one. Those people got on his nerve more than aunt Ophelia did, and that was saying something. Hermione scuttled after Hemlock into the compartment like a crab, and Neville snuck in much the same way, still clutching Trevor in his shaking hands.

“Welcome, welcome!” Two voices said in unison, Hemlock looked up and saw two identical faces with freckles and shock red hair and sighed.
“You’re not Weasleys, are you?” He asked the two, who looked at each other, then back at Hemlock and the two other kids that had followed him in.
“Yes, we are, why?” They both cocked their heads in the same manner, and their synchrony was almost fascinating.
“Related to a Ron Weasley?” Hemlock specified. The twins rolled their eyes heavenwards and sighed deeply themselves.

“What did the little prat do now?” Ah, how refreshing, Hemlock thought, someone else who felt that Ron Weasley was a waste of space, and they were family too – not a ringing endorsement.
“Made me want to kill him in a myriad of horrible ways and display his rotting corpse as a trophy.” Hemlock answered plainly.
“You have come to the right place, my friend.” Twin to the right said.
“He is our younger brother,” Twin to the left continued.
“And he alone has gotten us into more trouble than the rest of our siblings combined” They chorused.
“So you won’t mind if I kill him?” Twin one and twin two seemed to think about Hemlock’s question for a bit but then they shook their heads, sadly.
“He might be a right prat and a wankstain on the best of days” Twin to the left answered,
“But he is family” Twin to the right continued. Hemlock could accept their reasoning, there was a reason his two little asshole siblings were alive after all, well, that and they were Addamses so they always recovered. “I’m Fred!” Left twin introduced himself, followed by “I’m George” from the other.

“I’m Hemlock Addams, and there is no definite article in front or behind my name.” He decided to safe it, because the next time someone tried to confirm if he really was THE Hemlock Addams, he might just make a spontaneous crime scene. “This here is Harry, my tarantula gargantua,” he gestured to the huge arachnid on his back. He then gestured to Hermione, who had found a notebook somewhere and was jotting things down “This is Hermione Granger.” And then he gestured to the boy with the toad “And this is Neville Longbottom and his pet.” The twins greeted them with grandiose, completely synchronized bows.
“At your service.” They chorused.
“Why don’t I believe that?” Hemlock speculated loudly.
“The same reason we don’t believe that tarantula is harmless” They replied in unison. Hemlock might grow to like these two terrors, despite their relations.

“So, Hemlock, before we exited that other compartment I heard you tell that Weasley boy” And she said Weasley with such a dripping amount of disgust that Hemlock’s opinion of her lifted a bit “that he didn’t know anything about the dark, what exactly did you mean?” She came closer and held her pen and notepad up as a shield and sword. Neville had sat down and was just watching everything, uncomfortably. The twins just looked disgusted at the mention of what their brother might or might not have said to piss off someone this quickly into his school career.

“I’m an Addams,” Hemlock said, as if it explained everything, but by everyone’s expression, it meant absolutely nothing.
“I wasn’t born in a wizarding family, Hemlock, I don’t know the significance of being an Addams” She explained, of course, the confused looks on the three other boys’ faces were evident that even being from a wizarding family did not bring any knowledge of being an Addams either.
“Well, Hermione, the thing is; British wizards are backwards, bamboozling and the laughing stock of most modern wizarding nations.” Hemlock explained, as Hermione jotted her notes. Fred and George said nothing, and while Neville looked like he wanted to protest, he kept quiet. “They have bans on absolutely everything, and if it is deemed dark, which is a completely arbitrary concept in this country, then it’s bad.” Hemlock explained. Both Hermione and the twins looked slightly annoyed; that still did not explain anything about being an Addams! “And did you hear what that little twat said about blood magic?” Hemlock raged, “Blood magic isn’t dark at all, it’s not even evil!” He sat down on one of the compartment benches in a sulk, Harry, the huge tarantula, scuttled down on the seat beside Hemlock so he would avoid getting crushed as Harry leaned back into his seat.

The twins were gaping at the boy that had stormed into the compartment as if he owned it: blood magic. What sort of family had raised Hemlock Addams?
“If blood magic isn’t illegal in the Americas, why is it illegal here?” Hermione sat down on the other side of Hemlock, as Harry was cuddled up on one side, and did not seem to want to move at all.
“I don’t fucking know why the asswipes here decided to ban it!” Hemlock said fiercely “In America there’s a cultural tradition amongst the native tribes and even with the muggles fucking everything up with their native counterparts, the magical natives have been a great source of inspiration, history and alternative practice for centuries!” Hermione was writing so furiously Hemlock was surprised her pen did not catch fire, while the twins and Neville were staring at him wide-eyed.

“I mean, that’s what started the entire savage rhetoric in the first place! The muggles that moved to the colonies saw the traditions of the muggle natives, which they had adopted from their magical brethren, and just lost their shit because they had an imaginary friend that forbade magic.” Hemlock snorted derisively “Hah, if only all the Abrahamic religions knew what really happened back then.” Hermione especially was sitting on the edge of her seat, almost pressing into Hemlock’s side in her quest to hang on to every word – not even Harry moving on the other side was disturbing her.

“So you’re saying gods don’t exist?” Hermione asked as she decisively underlined something in her notepad.
“Oh no, gods do exist, God, however, doesn’t.” Hemlock explained “And even the Gods had humble beginnings, the strength of a God always depends on the amount of followers they have,
immortal, or no.” Hemlock kept explaining the fine mechanics of magic in the world, as he had been taught, the different kinds of magic and their malevolent and benevolent uses and so on and so forth. Everyone looked stunned when Hemlock finally stopped his carefully directed rant, as Hermione had managed to slip in a few questions here and there. Said girl had almost filled out her entire notepad. The Weasley twins were entranced by the possibilities of it all and Neville actually looked a bit intrigued, and for the first time in Hemlock’s presence, he spoke:

“The Longbottom family had a long tradition of sacrificing to Babd Catha before the razing of blood magic by the modern ministry.” Harry treated that revelation with the approval it deserved. “We haven’t sacrificed since my great grandmother.” Neville added, and he actually sounded a bit sad, which was interesting Hemlock thought. Hermione, embroiled in all this new knowledge, turned to the Weasley twins, “Does your family have a tradition like that?” The Weasley twins shook their heads, and George opened his mouth to explain.

“Our father is a very staunch supporter of the light side” at the mention of sides in magic Hemlock snorted “and he would probably disapprove heavily of this entire conversation” Fred continued “And our mum is against everything that isn’t ministry regulation or decreed by Albus Dumbledore” George concluded.

The four spent the rest of the train ride discussing everything about the subject matter they could think of, and Hermione had to get out a fresh notepad, which pleased her greatly. Neville contributed to the conversation with his familial tradition, of which he had learned but never used, and the Weasley twins brought the ministry perspective, which they were somewhat well versed in because of their father, and everyone enjoyed the vigorous debates that ensued. Harry, the tarantula, was eating a rodent Hemlock had fished out for him while the Twins were describing the purpose of a Department for Magical Creatures, which Hemlock scoffed at. At the end of it all Hermione did bring up a valid point:

“That still doesn’t explain how being an Addams factors into it all.”
“But I am an Addams.”
“That is not an explanation.” Hermione pouted visibly.
“You’ll see.” Hemlock said as he played around with Harry. Neville and the twins shuddered while Hermione kept jotting things down.
Sorting business and screaming hats

Chapter Summary

Whopdedoo! The Weasley twins are met and the sorting has commenced.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Hogwarts Express slowed to a screeching halt in the Hogsmeade station, and before the whistle had blown, the doors were flung open and a sea of black-robed children flooded out on the platform. Hemlock grabbed a glass jar from his trunk before he exited. Loud shouts and the indignant squawking of owls, cats, frogs, and brats filled the evening air, which all provided an undramatic background noise for the booming voice that washed over them all:
“Firs’ years! Firs’ years! Over here!” A giant man built like a truck and a beard like matted brown sheep’s wool stood at the end of the platform and bellowed over the crowd, the sheets of rain that had begun to wash over the landscape did nothing to drown out his voice, and the smaller students seemed to gravitate towards his position.

Hemlock, and by extension Hermione and Neville, navigated the crush of people. Of course, Harry, who had taken up an ungainly perch on Hemlock’s head, his eight legs barely balancing his large body, deterred the greatest of mosh-pitters and the small group made an uneventful trip over to the bellowing man. Hemlock was slightly annoyed that Harry’s perch stopped his hair from getting delightfully wet, but he decided that it was better to have an arachnid on his head than on his back. Mostly because the last time Harry was on Hemlock’s back in a crowd Wednesday had tried to stab him but hit his pet instead. Hemlock had taken her right foot for that. Too bad grandmama had a cure for everything, including unwilling amputations.

Soon the older students had wandered off to gods knew where, and a bedraggled group of firsties were standing in a sheep’s flock around a man so tall that most of them barely reached his waist. “Everyone’s here, yeah?” The large man boomed impressively “I’m Rubeus Hagrid, groundskeeper and keeper of keys of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Make a noise when I read yer name.” He pulled out a roll of parchment from what looked like a mokeskin coat, but Hemlock could not be certain – it was much cleaner than the one Uncle Fester usually wore and Hemlock did not like it.
“Abbot, Hannah!” He boomed. A meek yes from a sweet looking girl in the back confirmed her presence.

“Howards, Hemlock” Hagrid stumbled a bit across the name, and Hemlock cawed like a crow, which made the other students giggle. “S’cuse you?” The giant enquired.
“You never specified the noise, so I picked my favorite one.” Hemlock explained. Hermione slapped a palm across her eyes and muttered under her breath while Neville inched away from the entire situation, Trevor still in hand. Hagrid laughed and shrugged benevolently before carrying on. The gamekeeper dutifully made his way down the rest of the list, and every other child dutifully replied with a customary reply, which annoyed Hemlock to no end. Even Hermione, the one who had shown such penchant for moral ambiguity in the face of knowledge, conformed like a ramrod sheep.
With a snap of his wrist, Hagrid closed the scroll, which sucked back into itself like a well-
dropped yo-yo.
“Follow me!” He turned around and lumbered in a completely different direction than the hill the
other students had headed. The first years formed a line behind the giant, much like ducklings,
much like miserable wet crotch-spawn who were cold and hungry. Hemlock was delighted with
the mud, the cold, and the general feeling of misery that clouded around the students; he really felt
at home, it was great of Hogwarts to welcome new students like this. The group snaked its way
down a dimly lit path (Hemlock would have to tip his mother about those lanterns). When the
giant abruptly paused, making the first of the students walk face first into his butt, they were all
standing beside a wooden dock that looked like it had seen better days fifty years ago. Hemlock
smiled, if this was the quality of Hogwarts, he was going to like it just fine. The other students
tittered, nervously.

“This here is the Great Lake, also known as the Black Lake.” Hagrid informed his charges with a
grand sweep of his hand. Hemlock peered at the unyielding depths with an interested gaze.

A fleet of small rowboats spread out across the waters and the giant climbed into one of them with
the grace and dexterity of a humpback with hemorrhoids.
“Allright, no more than four to a boat, get climbing!” His boat seemed to leave no room for
anyone else, so the firsties scrambled to get their friends and a boat to themselves. Hemlock
stepped into the closest one and sat down in front, without prompting both Neville and Hermione
followed in and sat down. A heavy thump signalized that they had gotten a fourth first year in
their boat, Hemlock turned around to see who it was just as the boat started to move – he looked
into the terrified eyes of one Ron Weasley. The red-head made an undignified squeak, but he
was trapped. Hemlock scoffed and looked ahead. Hagrid glanced towards the shore and cleared
his throat
“All aboard?” He paused briefly “All right then, forward!

The fleet of first years floated across the lake, and Hemlock was getting more content by the
minute; twilight had given way to the night and the clouds obstructed both star and moonlight,
which drowned the entire group in darkness. Hemlock truly felt at home. He basked in the
oppressive atmosphere, listened to the sloshing of water against the creaking hulls of the boats, felt
the cold Scottish winds sneak their way into his skin – it was a welcome reprieve from the light
and warmth that had suffused the train ride. Then the most awful thing happened. The fleet
rounded a tree filled outcropping and there it was; the castle Severus had spoken so warmly about,
a well-lit beacon that pierced the darkness in ways that brought, dare he think it, hope and joy.
The boy shuddered and felt his skin start to itch.

“Here’s Hogwarts everyone!” Hagrid boomed, with spread arms as if to truly underline the
grandness of what they were seeing. The children around Hemlock gasped in awe and excitement,
while Hemlock drew in on himself; he hoped this was just for the welcome shindig he had heard
about, because an old castle in the Scottish highlands had no business looking so lively, it was an
afront to the senses. Hemlock shielded his eyes while the soft chatter of his fellow students filled
the air. Severus had said something about the dungeons having an acceptable level of dank
mustiness, but the rest of the castle was brighter and cheery, but Hemlock really hadn’t thought it
might be this bad. They closed in on the school and it seemed, just for a moment, that they were
about to crash into the Cliffside right under the foundations, but a shout from Hagrid dashed
Hemlock’s hopes.

“Watch yer heads!” Was the order from the giant, of course all the firsties just slid through the
covered opening, Hagrid was the only one who had even a hair brushing against the ceiling. The
group was brought in under the castle and Hemlock instantly felt better, the walls were wet and the mold was growing freely, and the lighting was just right. They swilled along in the water, propelled by magicks Hemlock could taste in the air, before fanning out into a brighter cavern with a large stone dock occupying the whole backside of it. On said dock a woman stood, waiting, she was dressed in long black robes with an emerald green overcoat and one of those infernally pointed hats; it reminded Hemlock of the shout glass he had in his pockets. Grandmama felt howlers held too little room to get everything across, so after pestering the living daylights out of Severus she had modified the howler spell into a shout glass spell. The best part was that the container shattered after use, and shrapnel was always fun.

“All present and accounted for?” The woman prompted Hagrid without so much as a how-do-you-do. Hemlock wondered if she was annoyed by all the brightness as much as he was – he certainly was in no mood to be polite. Hagrid rumbled an affirmative before they both helped the students totter their way out of the boats. Some of the first years looked a bit green around the gills, Hemlock observed, and he was a bit jealous of the pallor they had acquired.

“What do you think happens next?” Hermione tittered from behind Hemlock, she was nervously peering at the stern woman over his shoulder, completely ignoring Harry, who was still balancing precariously on Hemlock’s head. “I read *Hogwarts: a History* five times but the sorting process is still a complete mystery.” But before the Addams boy could think of a response, the voice of the stern woman cut through the gentle murmur that had taken up between the students.

“I am professor McGonagall Follow me everyone, calmly and in order!” She barked, before turning on her heel with a clear-cut expectancy of having her orders followed. Hagrid made a guiding motion with his hand, and soon every first year milled after the stern lady like a herd of unruly sheep. There was a gap between Hemlock and the others, still, as his fellow students kept casting nervous glances at Harry.

The group stopped outside a very ornate set of double doors, the stern faced woman turned around and gazed at the children before her.

“Please make yourselves presentable, you will be led into the great hall in a moment.” She cast a glance at a certain loud-mouthed redhead and a few other students Hemlock had not taken note of at all.

“You, with the spider on your head.” She gestured to Hemlock, who did the classic imitation of situational innocence by pointing at himself and raising his eyebrows. The professor blew a gust of air through her nose and looked at him expectantly; Hemlock dropped the act and answered.

“Yes, ma’am?” She gestured towards the spider on his head.

“Did the Hogwarts letter not state what pets were acceptable to bring?” She asked, her voice had taken on a lecturing quality.

“Yes, it sure did, ma’am.” Hemlock answered dutifully.

“Then why do you have a humongous arachnid on your head?” McGonagall queried.

“The letter also stated that familiars of all shapes and sizes were welcome.” Hemlock answered simply, and a murmur rose up around him from the other first years.

“Are you telling me you’ve found your familiar at such a young age?” a look of disbelief had settled across her face.

“Well, found and found, that is up for debate.” Hemlock replied. “My sister, Wednesday, has a tarantula named Hector, or well, we thought he was a Hector, but he’s more of a Hectrine, but when we use female pronouns and try to change his name he tries to poison us so now he’s basically Hector plus an egg-sack, which is totally cool.” The Addams boy kept gesturing with his hands in an exited manner while explaining

“And Harry here, Harry is his name by the way, not humongous arachnid, is totally one of Hectors kids. Wednesday thought he would potentially poison me if she stuck him in my bed, but
we ended up bonding instead. I named him Harry because that was my old name and I like him so it was kind of a gift.” Hemlock finished his explanation with a satisfied smile on his face while most of the first years and the professor looked at him like he was insane. McGonagall did not know where to begin. Should she start with the fact that his sister had another one of these creatures, that she placed one in Hemlock’s bed, the fact that the spider was named Harry, or the fact that the spider was balancing atop the boys head with seemingly no trouble? The old woman sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose – this was way too early in the year for her to get a migraine, not even the Weasley twins had accomplished an impending brain melt this early in the semester.

“Oh, and professor?” She had never dreaded an announcement from a student before, but she might just reconsider that now. “Grandmama and the rest of our family made a shouting glass for the staff at Hogwarts.” He said, she had never heard of a shouting glass so she looked at the child expectantly.

“And what, pray tell, is a shouting glass?” She was on the back foot, but wouldn’t give up yet.

“It’s a modified howler.” Hemlock stated matter-of-factly. “We found out that a howler didn’t have room for everyone to say their piece, and we really had something to say.” He continued with gravity “We were shocked and appalled concerning your dress code, and we really wanted to show our displeasure, and Sev- oh, sorry, Professor Snape told us about the howlers and we modified them.” He smiled serenely at her before reaching into his pockets and producing an innocent, empty looking jam jar.

“And that is the shout glass?” The professor asked, perplexed.

“Yes, we, the Addamses are formally lodging a complaint against the discrimination of specialization-specific headwear!” He handed her the jar and stared at her expectantly. She looked at the jar in her hand and back to the boy that handed it to her.

“Would you mind if we wait until after the feast?” McGonagall asked finally as both the jar and the statement the boy had produced just smelled of time consumption. It seemed they were soon ready to receive the first years for sorting.

“No, not at all, professor.” Hemlock acquiesced gracefully, ignoring the rest of the rest of the students that had followed the verbal exchange. The professor took a steadying breath and composed herself.

“I think they are ready for you all now. Everyone form a row behind me” She stuck the jar in one of her pockets before going over to the door leading in to wherever she wanted them to go.

“Welcome to Hogwarts.” She said with an emotional note to her voice before flinging the double doors open and stepping through with a brisk gait, the students snaking in behind her as they marveled at the sight of the great hall for the first time. Hemlock could appreciate the magic that went into creating a ceiling like that, Hermione had mentioned something about it when she was talking on the train, but he was perturbed that they didn’t have it set for thunder and lightning on a constant basis, it would honestly make the place a lot homier. Hermione was rattling off an incredible amount of words per minute, and Hemlock was sure he would catch at least some of them if he tried, but he was too busy inspecting the swirls of magic in the sky and avoiding the gazes of staring upperclassmen. The professor quickly strode over to the side of a podium which had a stool with a hat placed atop it. Hemlock re-focused his attention on what was happening up front as the entire bunch of first years clustered in front of said podium.

“Welcome, welcome!” A scrawny looking, bearded man rose up from the middle of what Hemlock assumed was the professor’s table and spread his arms in a grandiose gesture as he watched the newcomers over the rims of his half-moon glasses. The Addams remembered the descriptions Severus had given his family and connected the beard and the, quite frankly, disturbing robes with the name Albus Dumbledore.
The entire student body, new additions included, looked up at the man who commanded such a presence despite both his stature and his penchant for orange. “We’re all gathered here today to sort our new fellows into their new homes! Let’s give them a round of applause!” He gestured at the seated students who all gave a loud and enthusiastic response. “Now, let the sorting begin!” He made another grandiose gesture, which made Hemlock think about his grandmother and her eureka moments. Addams would have spent some more time reminiscing about the joys of home, but a coughing sound emanated from the podium, and as everyone focused their attention on the hat on the stool the headwear began to move, all by itself, and a face morphed into being by the crinkles of leather and what Hemlock assumed was magic.

It seemed to be a neat trick to entrance new students, perhaps it was a charming sort of hat-puppetry that had appeared due to the dumbing down of magic by the British wizarding public. Hemlock snorted and amused himself with the idea of British wizards using hat puppetry to distract their new charges from more “dangerous” forms of magic. Until, of course, the hat began to talk and sing, which boggled Hemlock’s mind.

“Oh, you may not think I'm pretty,
But don't judge on what you see,
I'll eat myself if you can find
A smarter hat than me.
You can keep your bowlers black,
Your tops hats sleek and tall,
For I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat
And I can cap them all.
There's nothing hidden in your head
The Sorting Hat can't see,
So try me on and I will tell you
Where you ought to be.
You might belong in Gryffindor,
Where dwell brave of heart,
Their daring, nerve, and chivalry
Set Gryffindors apart;
You might belong in Hufflepuff,
Where they are just and loyal,
Those patient Hufflepuffs are true
And unafraid of toil;
Or yet wise old Ravenclaw,
If you've a ready mind,
Where those of wit and learning,
Will always find their kind;
Or perhaps in Slytherin
You'll make your real friends,
Those cunning folk use any means
To achieve their ends.
So put me on! Don't be afraid!
And you won't get in a flap!
You're safe in my hands(though I have none)
For I'm a Thinking Cap!!"

Hemlock completely discarded the earlier theory of distraction-based hat-puppetry and rather angrily switched tracks to a more sinister theory of a Britain that used inanimate objects with souls bound to them as a novelty while disavowing any type of soul or blood magic in public. All of this made them all raging hypocrites with a fetish for hats who could have been Dr. Zeuss’ ghostwriters.

“Everyone step up to the stool and put on the hat when I call your name!” Now they wanted the students to wear the rhyming headgear, at least Fester would have been amused, while Morticia would have lamented the awful poetry. Hemlock snorted, unsettled by the entire ordeal. The list was read alphabetically, and the children were sent wherever the attributes in the poem placed them, the Abbot girl went to Hufflepuff. Hemlock came right after that.

“Hemlock Addams.” Moreover, the whispers in the great hall ratchet up a notch with the calling of his name,” Now they wanted the students to wear the rhyming headgear, at least Fester would have been amused, while Morticia would have lamented the awful poetry. Hemlock snorted, unsettled by the entire ordeal. The list was read alphabetically, and the children were sent wherever the attributes in the poem placed them, the Abbot girl went to Hufflepuff. Hemlock came right after that.

“Hemlock Addams.” Moreover, the whispers in the great hall ratchet up a notch with the calling of his name, while said boy walked towards the sturdy little stool and the hat. He picked up the hat, pointed and offending as it was, and sat himself down on the stool before dropping the headwear onto his head, he hoped it was infested with lice.

“Hm. What do we have here?” The same disembodied voice ricocheted in Hemlock’s skull. “An Addams.” Hemlock said, wondering exactly how this was going to go.
“I can see that.” The hat imparted.
“So you read minds.” Hemlock said, unimpressed. He fortified his mental walls, just like grandmama had taught him.
“Oh don’t worry child,” the hat whispered into his brain “I only skim the surface to find out where to put you.” He said with an air of a goodly grandfather who was patiently explaining everything to his thousandth grandchild.

Hemlock really hated overbearing goodly grandfathers, it reminded him of his aunt Ophelia and her sunny everything, and so he grinned and focused all his attention on the hat. Hemlock then opened the drawbridge into his mind and poured out everything, everything he had thought, everything he had done, every sweet memory of maiming his siblings, poisoning his parents, killing the local wildlife and cooking with grandmama. While he funneled all those wonderful memories straight into the wide net cast by the hat, he suddenly heard the most precious of sounds.
A loud, thin wailing that made his bones want to crack and his skin crawl off his spasming muscles. It was like a Hade’s choir in perfect synch, and it cut into his eardrums like a precise scalpel.

Like all things enjoyable, it came to an abrupt end, that woeful wailing, and the darkness that had enveloped his eyes as the hat had swallowed away the world was gone, and the candles of the great hall burned into Hemlock’s eyes and he flinched.

“What are you doing, child??” Professor McGonagall said, bringing everything back into sharp focus. Hemlock’s head whipped around to stare at the stern woman, who had a squirming and whimpering sorting hat in her hands. Everyone was looking at him.

“He wanted to read my mind, and I let him.” Hemlock answered simply. The wrinkled mouth of the professor kept making shapes, kept making aborted attempts at noise. The great hall was drenched in silence so thick it almost clouded the enchanted ceiling.

The fog of terror was broken by the muttering stuttering of the hat:

“A-Addams house.” It seemed to try to swallow the words down, but could not “A-Addams house. I won’t inflict him on anyone else!” Moreover, Hogwarts, the trusty castle, obeyed the verdict. A small round table appeared in front of the podium, covered in mortcloth with a chair sitting beside it.

Chapter End Notes

I am superiorly sorry for this taking so long! I have all the excuses and they are all valid, but I still feel bad for making you wait. Too much work, too much college and failing mental health that has finally started to reverse itself is totally mad bitch, but I swear I'll try to get better. Thanks for still kudosing and commenting even though I've been awful.
A strong murmur rose up in the hall and filled it to the brim, the grand room seemed too small for all the excitement and uncertainty held within. Hemlock did not really care one way or another, he stepped down off the podium and navigated the throng of unsorted students to the singular round table and sat down. Harry, who had crawled down to his back when he put the hat on, climbed up on the table and made himself comfortable. The entire student body was looking at the newly sorted Addams, there were even people that were standing on their seats to get a good look at what was going on. McGonagall was still standing on the podium, with a muttering sorting hat in her hands. The shocked atmosphere was only tempered when a hand shot into the air.

“Yes, miss?” McGonagall nodded to the student who had called upon her attention.

“Granger, Hermione Granger, ma’am. Are we continuing?” For all her reading and all her attempts at pre-emptive knowledge, Hermione Granger was a muggleborn and could not truly comprehend the monumental event that had just taken place. Both students and teachers were torn between just reveling in this historic moment and actually continuing the sorting. Addams was second on the list - there was still a gaggle of unsorted children standing around. The professor seemed to shake herself out of a stupor before clearing her throat and announcing the rest of the names.

Eight students went to Gryffindor. Hermione and Neville were amongst them, and they were in the horrid company of Ronald Weasley and half of a set of twins. Nine went to Slytherin. The blond daddy’s boy was accompanied by the two trolls, a pretty boy, and other faces Hemlock had not bothered to memorize. Seven students went to Ravenclaw, and only one of them stood out, as she was the other half of the twin set. Hemlock always wanted to study twins, but finding them and keeping them quiet were two different things entirely. The Hufflepuffs were as unremarkable as their house color was awful; very. They had seven wretched creatures assigned to them as well. Hemlock despised yellow.

Everyone made the attempt at settling down as the new additions to the houses got comfortable with their new peers. Hemlock, who had been sitting at his sole table throughout the rest of the sorting, curiously glanced around at his surroundings, and everyone curiously glanced back. Even the portraits and the ghosts had a hard time tearing their eyes off the boy who had upset one of
Hogwarts the oldest traditions without even trying. The magically amplified noise of a throat clearing caught everyone’s attention, just barely.

“Welcome to Hogwarts! Before we begin our lovely feast, I would like to say a few things!” It was Dumbledore, he had again risen from his seated position. Hemlock actually had to twist around to see him properly, as his chair had been planted facing the student crowds.

“As everyone settles in I’d like to share a few friendly reminders” That grandfatherly twinkle in his eyes made Hemlock think of the glass shards he had put in Uncle Fester’s bed. “First off, the ever expanding list of banned and forbidden items, including dung bombs, cheating quills and other mischief accoutrements will be hanging on the door of our dear Mr. Filch.” Albus gestured to a dour looking man that Grandmama most certainly would have fallen for if she were here. His scraggly cat alone spoke of a man with good breeding.

“And the Forbidden forest is still just that, forbidden,” And if that wasn’t an invitation to go see what it was, Hemlock didn’t know the English language as well as he thought! “Also, the third floor corridor is off limits for the time being, unless you want to incur a painful death.” The benevolent tone never left the old man’s voice, but Hemlock knew, oh how he knew: this man knew how to make an Addams feel welcome – two specific locations labeled as threatening and leading to possible death. It wasn’t near as many as they had at home, but Hemlock knew that he could deal – after all, school wasn’t supposed to be a horrid place, and he appreciated the effort the headmaster had gone through to make it a bit more Addams, despite all the annoying lights and bright colors.

Dumbledore might be a good upstanding member of society, perish the thought, but Hemlock could forgive his transgressions if either of these locations actually put him at risk.

“Welcome, once again!” More grand gestures that made the odd shiny bits in the old man’s robes glisten in the light. “And before we eat; oddment, nitwit, blubber, tweak!” Hemlock listened to the frail looking wizard with a sense of urgency; he was sure the old man had inhaled some rare faranga mushroom spores, and Hemlock wanted in on that head-trip.

The words seemed to trigger an explosion of magic, or so it seemed for Hemlock. He looked around, as the food appeared on gilded plates, the tables groaning under the sudden weight, and none of the others in the room seemed to even notice the incredible magic that brought the food here. Hemlock knew the food itself could not be magically transfigured or conjured. Aunt Rotlet had taught him a few basics as she had attended Salem, for two weeks, before she got expelled for blowing the headmasters right arm off.

The limb couldn’t be magically re-attached as they found no trace of it, and grandmama refused to make a prosthetic for a woman who saw fit to decorate her office with sunflowers.

The tingling roll of magic continued as more food burst onto the plates and drinks sloshed down into mugs. For every food appearance Hemlock sensed a disturbance in the air around him. He quickly downed the nearest mug of orange goop, it tasted sweet and horrible, but he did it in the name of research, so his mother would still be proud. A few of the students stared at the boy drinking straight out of the mug, but he paid them no mind. The second he put the empty mug down a whoosh of magic washed over him and the mug refilled. There was a pattern.

He repeated his previous actions, with a mug of water this time, and when the magic whoosh washed over him he blindly reached in the direction of the wave and encountered something solid, which he quickly grasped and yanked towards himself. In his hand he saw the strangest creature, dangling by its throat, which was encircled by Hemlock’s strong fingers, lifting the pitiful creature
“Mister Po-Addams!” Hemlock was getting real tired of the almost-Freudian slips concerning his name. It was the stern professor woman, McGonagall, who had shouted. Probably with the intent to jostle him enough to letting the wiggling, gasping little thing go. Morticia always taught him; never let go or lose sight of your prey, so he answered her, but his eyes never wavered from the frightened gaze of whatever it was that he had caught. The Great halls occupants once again turned towards the Addams boy.

“Yes, Professor?” He answered in a calm voice.

“Put that house-elf down this instant!” Her voice had reached a shrill tone that would make the ghasts in Wednesday’s closet jealous.

“But what is it?” He was inordinately curious about how such a creature could produce such magicks.

“Mister Addams, if you would.” Dumbledore had gotten up from his seat, and the twinkle in his eyes was more power than grandfather this time, which Hemlock found a lot more appetizing – maybe the old man had power enough to where his bones would make good ingredients. Hemlock unceremoniously dumped the creature back onto the floor, and it, amazingly enough, landed on its feet and did not move an inch after that.

It quaked so violently Hemlock could almost hear the rattling bones hidden under the sallow skin, it awoke something within, the sight of something so helpless, it made Hemlock hungry in a way the meal before him had failed to incite. His mouth filled with saliva as he stared the whimpering creature into the ground.

“So, what is it.”

“It’s a house elf.” Dumbledore answered. The entire hall was looking at them, once more.

“Hah, look at the American, he doesn’t even know what a house elf is.” The mocking voice came from the direction of the Gryffindor table, Dumbledore, who had looked like he was about to elaborate quieted. Hemlock shifted his gaze to find the source. As most of the students at that table had shifted away, visibly, from one Ron Wesley, Hemlock could clearly see, and hear, which dimwit had caused that interruption.

“Mr. Weasley, was it?” Hemlock purred as he fixed his eyes on the smug face between all the garish red.

“Yeah!” Hemlock could have groaned at the sheer stupidity, if he had any less self-control.

“Do you know why I’ve never seen one?” The dangerous tone Hemlock had used on the train had crept back into his voice and pale skin turned even more so, placing a myriad of freckles in the spotlight.

“Something this pathetic, this whimpering, this scared, wouldn’t last a moment where I live.” The low whimper that forced its way out of Ron’s throat was a delight, and so easy to hear, as the rest...
of the students looked afraid to breathe.

“My siblings and I would break it open and eat it.” Hemlock said, more teeth and bite than enunciation, and if the little ginger shit hadn’t pissed himself already, it was about time he did:

“And if you ever show up, we’ll give you the same treatment!” Hemlock was about to continue but a harsh clearing of a throat stopped him. Hemlock turned around.

“Mr. Addams, here at Hogwarts we do not condone threatening fellow students.” The benevolent twinkle was back in Dumbledore’s eyes and Hemlock felt disgusted just looking at it.

“Too bad,” He answered with a grin “That’s usually when people learn the fastest.” The entire staff table fell silent, except for Severus, who let out a harsh bark of a laugh before getting back to his meal.

This year was going to be interesting.
“So, Mr. Addams.” Dumbledore started the conversation, but Hemlock didn’t seem too keen on continuing it. The headmaster, Hemlock, Snape, and McGonagall were all crowded into the headmaster’s office awaiting Morticia and Gomez Addams, who, luckily, hadn’t begun their journey home just yet, and would be arriving by floo shortly. Severus lurked around in the darker corners, a sinister smile playing upon his lips, the wrinkled, potion-sallow skin around his mouth stretching in ways most students would swear it was not capable of. Hemlock was picking at his nails with a knife he pulled from his boot, which McGonagall was about to have a conniption about. The woman had to let out steam sometime, Hemlock thought, or else she would explode, and while an amusing turn of events, he would be very sad if he were not the reason it happened. Directly responsible and all that rot.

The heady blend of Albus’ misplaced patience, Minerva’s tightly reigned rage, Severus’ corner-lurking amusement, and Hemlock’s apathy created an atmosphere in the room that had the moving pictures whispering amongst themselves as all the doo-dads in the room whirred with increased vigor. McGonagall cleared her throat, which seemed to send a disturbance through the force that had accumulated within the room.

“Perhaps we should take a look at your…” she paused for a minute, as if back-tracking through a dictionary “jam jar?” she finally finished.

“Shout glass.” Hemlock replied. She fished out said item from her robes, where she had stored it earlier, and plonked it down on the headmaster’s desk. Albus stared at said item questioningly, but the boy responsible for its presence motioned towards it.

“Open it, headmaster, it is the Addams family complaint against standardized headwear.” Hemlock had adopted a solemn expression: this was a matter of pride as a necromancer, as well as representing the family well.

“Shouldn’t we wait until your parents arrive by floo?” The headmaster asked, as he had no wish to start a quarrel with the Addams family, not with all the rumors flitting about.

“Oh don’t worry, they helped create it, they know what it says.” Hemlock said.
"As you wish." Dumbledore acquiesced. The wizened old man raised up, slightly, from his seat and reached over to screw the top off the jar. The threads of the lid slid against the glass threading with a sound that would have made a poltergeist jealous, which almost made Albus stop twisting it off. As soon as the lid was loose, it popped off the jar like a rocket before a booming voice filled the office.

"Mister Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, I, Morticia Addams, nee Frump, am officially lodging a complaint against the school on behalf of my son, Hemlock Lucifer Addams, against the discrimination of headwear which is policy at your establishment." A velvety voice rang through the room. It seemed to fill the cracks and crevices with its presence, and both Hemlock and Severus seemed to listen with rapt attention. Little did Dumbledore know – it was for completely different reasons.

"I, Grandmama Frump, also known as Grandmama Addams, add my voice to this protest." This voice was old, rusty, and felt like nails being driven through tissue.

"I, Fester Addams, add my voice to this complaint!" An indignant, high pitched voice added. Hemlock smiled – it was good to hear from uncle Fester, he’d been gone by the time Hemlock was scheduled to arrive.

"Urrghhhhhhhhhhhhh, Luuuuuuuurch" The droning thunder-bass of a voice made the windows rattle a bit, as it exited the jar.

"That’s Lurch" Hemlock said, pleased. "I’m so glad he decided to join in, he’s a man of few words, our lurch." Hemlock chose to ignore Severus snorting over in the corner.

"I, Gomez Addams, add my voice to this complaint. And now my lovely wife, will tell you exactly why." A cheerful man’s voice continued the Shout Glass sequence.

"Which brings us to the point of complaint," Morticia continued, Severus’s eyes seemed to glaze over, and Hemlock’s face split into a menacing grin "We are shocked, and quite frankly appalled at your discriminatory institution, Mr. Dumbledore! Hemlock has worked so hard to attain his Journeyman qualification in Necromancy at such a young age, and instead of wearing his necromantic skull, your school uniform states that he has to wear a pointed hat. A pointed hat! What sort of self-respecting magician caters to the uninformed and sunshine-filled opinions of the boring masses? A bad one, that’s who!" Of course Dumbledore was still processing that the son of James Potter and Lily Evans had a journeyman’s level in necromancy, but he was trying his best to keep up with the deceptively calm voice snaking itself into his ears.
“I demand that you cease and desist, with the voices of my family at my back, in forcing your students to wear a single type of headwear – it disallows the students to wear the headgear appropriate for their specializations, and as my son has several he should be allowed to rotate between signifying headgears! Of course necromancy is his favorite, but I declare that he should be able to wear whatever he pleases on his head, without your awful uniform policy interfering!” A unifying shout of ‘Aye-Aye’ rounded up the voices.

Before anything could be done several things happened at once. The fire in Dumbledore’s office flared purple, and in a tangle of limbs and passion, Morticia and Gomez fell out, her pale legs wrapped around his waist. In the same moment the Shout Glass decided it was done and exploded into shrapnel, which Dumbledore dodged by sheer reflex, as he cast a wandless shielding charm. Severus was over in a corner, so the shrapnel didn’t reach him, McGonagall transformed into a cat and jumped away from everything the second she heard the boom, while Gomez, Morticia and Hemlock remained and gladly accepted the piercing shrapnel into their skin with happy hums.

Silence reigned in the office, which was now slightly wrecked and covered in glass shards. Much more than should have been possible given the size of the jar.

“Aren’t Shout Glasses lovely?” Hemlock hummed from his seat, as his entire front looked like a shard cushion. Whenever he spoke the skin on his face stretched around the shards that had lodged there, three in his left cheek, one in his right, as well as one right under his nose, making blood trickle down his skin.

“You plan well, my little Viper.” Morticia had untangled herself from her husband, disappointed that he had taken most of the shards headed their way, as he had landed on top of her as they were spat out of the floo. She had a few that had pierced the skin on her arms.

“It was a happy accident” Hemlock purred.

“You always were good with happy accidents, my boy,” Gomez said jovially as he staggered to his feet. His back had a myriad of shards going through his suit and skin and he seemed to enjoy the little frizzes of pain that raced up his spine whenever he moved, the trapezius as well as the latissimus dorsi protested beautifully to having foreign objects stuck inside.

“Now, why were we called here?” Morticia asked “Was it because of the Shout Glass?” she smiled, red lips twisting gracefully.

“Ah, no, not just that.” Dumbledore replied. Stunned, and rapidly deteriorating into shock at the scene in front of him. He didn’t move at all, he just watched the three family members reunite as if
they hadn’t seen each other in a long time, completely ignorant that they were all stuck full of
glass shards, bleeding, and… and… and…. Dumbledore’s mind just shut down.

“What in the seven hells is going on here?” McGonagall had transformed back from her feline
state and was rushing towards Dumbledore, who sat perfectly still, some drool making its way out
of his mouth.

“Morticia, Gomez, so good to see you again” Severus ignored the Addams brand of introduction
and just went in with gusto – they were lovely people, really, even if they were a bit cracked.’

“Ah, Severus!” Gomez smiled, but it wasn’t the open grin he had worn the first time around, this
time it was almost feral. Severus shivered but pressed on, but the grin on Morticia’s face was even
worse. Severus Snape usually did the hunting, but these two were out of his league, so much so
that he had become prey in their eyes.

“We’ve been waiting to hear from you.” They said in unison Severus was warring between
arousal and alarm.

“We enjoyed your… company, to such a degree” Morticia started “That we would like to
introduce you to a family friend” Gomez finished. And Severus almost hit the deck – the people
he’d had a threesome with wanted to set him up on a blind date.

“Severus, what the hell?” Before Severus could finish parsing the turn of events, McGonagall
interrupted, again. “The headmaster is catatonic, the people you’re talking to are covered, and hurt
by, glass shards, so is the student in the room, and you’re greeting them like normal?” Her voice
was rising to a fevered pitch.

“It’s ok Minerva, they’re Addamses.” Severus concluded. Not that it seemed to mean much to
McGonagall at all.

“Oh, he gets it!” Morticia gushed in the background. Hemlock and Gomez gave the man two
thumbs up.

“I’m calling Poppy!” The female professor snapped her fingers and called the name of a house elf.
Severus, Morticia, Gomez, and Hemlock all shrugged in a ok-do-what-you-think-is-right kind of
way.
“Dewina, please get Healer Poppy here immediately, there’s been an emergency!” A house-elf popped in, Hemlock got a hungry look in his eyes, and it listened to McGonagall’s message and popped back out. Said professor glared balefully at the potions master, who was still involved in an animated conversation with Gomez and Morticia. Hemlock was relaxing while enjoying the stinging sensation of the glass shards – very therapeutic, yet random acupuncture.

Seconds later the fire flared its regular floo-green and the portly figure of Madame Pomphrey barreled into the room, a woman possessed.

“Minerva, status!” She shouted, as she produced the wand from her apron. Minerva made a loud, pained, noise and gestured to the room in general, which made Pomona Pomphrey stop and take in the sight that was before her.

Severus Snape was conversing with two other adults who were bleeding from multiple lacerations, covered in bits of glass, and grinning from ear to ear. One of the first years, Mr. Addams, was sitting in one of the chairs in front of the Headmaster’s desk in much the same state as the two adults: bloodied and glassed, with a dopey grin on his face. The head honcho himself was sitting behind the desk, mouth gaping, eyes glassy, and a trickle of drool wetting his beard. Minerva herself was alternately gesturing between the three situations at hand, mouth forming a myriad of words, but nary a sound escaping her lips.

Poppy Pomphrey pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed.

“Let’s start in one end.” She produced a flask of pepper-up and headed towards the headmaster, tipped his head back and shoved the flas’k into his mouth, letting his natural reflexes do the rest. She extracted the vial with a pop and left the old man to regain his senses. Next she moved on to Hemlock: she banished the glass shards, cleaned up the blood and cast a light healing charm on the cuts, much to the child’s disappointment. She proceeded to de-glass and de-blood the two adults as well, who also seemed a bit put out that she would do such a thing. Poppy didn’t really mind them.

“Do you have anything else?” the matron directed the question at McGonagall, who shook her head. “Ok, I’ve got three Weasleys in my infirmary, one has over eaten and the two others are missing limbs, so I’ve got to go.” She flounced off into the floo as if nothing in particular had happened.

“So.” Said the Headmaster “Shall we get started?” He looked a bit more awake.
REActions

Chapter Summary

Lol, poor Minerva.

Chapter Notes

Ahahaha, so I've been in therapy for five months, as well as dealing with 100% college and 60% work. I am dead. But here is a chapter. I hope it's not too awful.

_I am not an alcoholic. I am not an alcoholic. I not an alcoholic. I cannot be an alcoholic. I am a respected teacher. I am not an alcoholic._ This was the mantra running through McGonagall’s head as she poured herself another snifter of whiskey. Her hands were shaking, and her eyes were bloodshot, and it was only the first night of the school year. She wasn’t even sure how Lilly and James would have reacted if they found out about how their child had been raised; on the one hand, Harry – no, Hemlock, was smart as a whip, magically powerful, and strongly opinionated, which is something the old Gryffindor head was sure his parents would have liked. On the other hand, well, the other hand had so much hippogriff shit in it’s palm the mere thought of it made McGonagall drink the entire snifter in one gulp. This was a waste of good Ogden’s, but it was all she had at the moment, and the damn house elves didn’t need to get the idea to start watering down her stash this early in the year.

_I am not an alcoholic. I am not an alcoholic._

It all started with that horrible jar. What a horrendous spell that was. Even Walburga Black would be rolling in her grave, and McGonagall knew she would as she had been a classmate, though not a housemate, and the teacher had seen first hand what was accepted violence, and what was not. If anything, Walburga would have protested the sheer randomness of the damn shrapnel (who in their filled gourd decided to fill a friendly message with shrapnel and thought it was a good idea!?) and the possibility of getting hit herself. The thought of her old schoolmate in addition to the entire _Addams_ family, and oh what a family they were, had McGonagall discarding the snifter and grabbing the entire bottle by the neck.

And no. Minerva McGonagall was not an alcoholic. She just had to deal with Weasleys, Malfoys, and random spikes of general kneazle upchuck on a daily basis, and now with an Addams on top of that, so no, Minerva was not an alcoholic. Just frayed at the nerves. Often.

And a necromancer. The heir to the Potter family was a journeyman necromancer. A necromancer with over fifty successful reanimations under his belt. Their savior and the chosen one, Harry Potter, nay, Hemlock _Lucifer_ Addams, a necromancer. And that led Minerva down the path of muggle mythology, and McGonagall knew a thing or two about muggle mythology! Many of her students with non-magical parents in various configurations had mentioned the name Lucifer, the devil! The Addams people had renamed James’ and Lilly’s son after the muggle devil! Who did that to a child!? Of course she had not been able to hold her questions, not all of them (The ones questioning their sanity and wondering what insane asylum or maximum security ward was
missing them were some of the ones she managed to choke off) . She had, however, asked the
dreadfully pale woman, Morticia, really, what a name, about the choice of names she had strung
together for their adopted son (Adopted by blood, really, how barbaric!).

“It’s a name that looks good on a gravestone!”

of hearing, but at that very moment, she wished intently that her ears would just stop working.
Dumbledore had laughed. The bearded old son of a goat fucking whore had laughed. She had
disagreed with him plenty of times over the years, this was the first time she felt like taking the
entire bowl of lemon drops and shoving it up his arse, sideways, with the damn candies still in it.
A permanent constipation might teach the delirious old fud to laugh at serious matters. She would
lodge it in there so well even Pomfrey wouldn’t be able to get it out. Not without serious injury to
both parties. She took another swig.

Now, when it came to the bloody Addams family she couldn’t even threaten violence! They’d
probably take it as a sign of friendship! She’d heard how they discussed the vilest of subjects with
Severus (And Severus liked them, how dare he!) without a care to laws, children, or common
decency! Young Pot- Addams, kept nodding along like he knew the thirty-seven uses of Arsenic
as a varied poison and potion ingredient, and he gave Minerva a thumbs up when Gomez
mentioned it was an integral part of his grandmothers secret pasta sauce! Because apparently the
Addams drank poison and pissed mayhem, which would explain a lot without putting Minerva at
ease at all, not a jot in fact. And Poppy! Her dear friend Poppy! She came, she healed, she… she
left, she left Minerva in that madhouse to fend for herself, to fend for rationality, to fend for the
same way of doing things! How could she? Everyone knew Ron Weasley just needed a good shit
and a warning whenever he ate too much, and the sodding twins could wait, they deserved it!
Who needed a medic more? She asked herself, the damn students who couldn’t even stop to think
about their actions, or the poor deputy headmistress caught in a standoff between a ritualist, a
necromancer, a wild-man, a potions-master and a twatwaffle of a half-moon bespectacled goat
who should’ve retired and gone to bother his brother at the Hog’s head ages ago? Her! That’s
who! She’s who needed the medic the most!

Minerva polished off the bottle and flung the useless thing into the fire, where it smashed, just like
her hopes and dreams for this next semester. She was also considering asking Amelia Bones for a
set of fortified Auror robes.

________

Severus Snape was, for once, in a splendid mood despite it being the start of another semester.
The Weasley twins were in the infirmary, incapacitated for now, the youngest read headed
menace to grace the halls of Hogwarts suffered the same fate for different reasons, he had a new
potions enthusiasm to teach, and he had even made, dare he say it, some friends! None of which
had any attachment to any dark lords, light lords or any of that hippogriff shit, just plain old
psychos with a good sense of humor. Severus hadn’t felt so welcomed in years! Well, except for
the unmentionable visit where unmentionable things happened, but that was a one off and he had
settled into a nice amicable repertoire with the Addams parents, and the little blighter he’d be
Teaching for the next seven years. Morticia had even handed him a letter from their Grandmama,
who had given him the contact information for Dr. Bombay as he was Hemlocks previous tutor
and they wanted the transition to be as smooth as possible (Severus Snape did not squeal when he
received it, he just made a high-pitched noise in the back of his throat, thank you very much).

So now he sat, comfortably in his own quarters, with a cup of tea and a book about the importance
of potions in rituals. A gift from Gomez, the wonderful man. Potions most evile for rituals most
foule was an intimidating title, for sure, but Snape was pretty certain he would love every bit of it. Morticia had hinted that the friend they wanted to introduce him to was in need of a good potions master for her to do even better at her work, despite the actual work not being mentioned, but Severus took it in good faith as Morticia had a nice smile about her lips as she said it (he didn’t understand why Minerva kept hissing audibly whenever Morticia smiled, the Addams matriarch was just being nice).

The schedule for Hemlock had been ironed out too, it was decided that he would basically pick a house, any house, and follow that schedule until further notice. Because of the class structure, Hemlock would have to stick with a house for a week before changing so he wouldn’t miss any of his classes. The hat had screamed something about doom and gloom over Hogwarts from it’s perch in the office, but Dumbledore had silenced it with a spell. Severus really didn’t understand why people were so frightened of the Addams family. Sure, they were a bit intimidating when you first met them, but they were real good people! Morticia had even given him a set of home-made poisons! How thoughtful! And they were well made, unlike the grotesque accidents that usually happened in his classroom.

Severus smiled, his yellowed teeth glinting in the firelight, sipped his tea and enjoyed the peace before the dunderheads.

Dumbledore was sucking on a lemon drop and wondering why he was feeling off about this next year.
Hemlock Meets The Gryffs... well some of them

Chapter Summary

Hemlock and Hermione meet. And there is talk of dentistry. In the Gryffindor common room. Wooh.

Chapter Notes

Yahahahaha, happy new years ya bastards! And may 2018 be better than 2k17 (which was shit, oh so shit, I tell ya, dear god) This is another... weird chapter, mostly because I have no clue, this story has run away with me and I lost the old files so I forgot a lot of plot points I was supposed to have in this thing. And yes, I am setting up Hermione to become something weird, because I think the only thing that really stopped her from exploring a lot of knowledge was the morality she had adopted in a bid to not stand out. Since her first meeting with the magical world was with Neville and Hemlock, and not the prejudice of Ron and Malfoy (to a certain extent) I think she'll develop into a different witch. Also: her parents are dentists, anyone with a mother or father in any sort of health profession, y'all tell me y'all dinner conversations ain't filled with the weird shit your parents got up to during the day. I have so many friends with parents who are nurses or dentists or doctors that will tell me, in blood and gory detail, exactly how shit goes down because they become desensitized due to their parents. Also, the pov was supposed to be more Hermione... but it shifted, and I CBA to fucking change it. Bah.

Hermione Granger was taking notes, and cross-referencing, and operating her newly made spreadsheet with one hand while the other hand was rapidly leafing back and forth in the A History of Magic (Bagshot, Bathilda) trying to find any of the things a certain mister Addams had talked about on the train, because the things that had come spilling out of that boy’s mouth were positively fascinating. And Hermione Granger was if nothing else easily fascinated, she was almost tempted to say she was enthralled with the potential of magic (Enthralled was on her word of the day calendar May 22\textsuperscript{nd} of 1986). The way Hemlock Addams spoke of it made it seem so alluring her young mind almost tied itself into an exited knot. She cursed, loudly, at the fact that she had forgotten her mothers copy of her university style guide, which she had honestly not thought she needed. Honestly, even her grade school books had better references and indexes than these bloody tomes. Her parents weren’t around so she used some vocabulary that most certainly had not come from the word of the day calendar her parents presented her with every year.

(Gryffindors were brave, but not brave enough to interfere with a first year muggleborn shielded by a wall of books, enough spreadsheets to make a 7\textsuperscript{th} year queasy, and a mad look in her eye that made Martin Miggs look quite all right.)

“Hermione” Ron called out across the common room (Brave is not the same as infernally stupid,
remember this) “It’s only the first night here, relax, will you?” The redhead didn’t hear the audible gulps, as the older students had seen the muggleborn-mania before. The only reply from the muggleborn was louder quill scratching and a louder tirade of words that left most of the sheltered wizard- and witchlings glowing red.

Muggleborn mania was the unofficial term for certain muggleborns, not a necessarily bad term, but there was a precedent for it. Occasionally, there would come a muggleborn to Hogwarts, which was fine. Sometimes, however those muggleborns got caught up in wanting to learn everything, which often put the fellow students of that muggleborn in a tricky position because they did not know everything, and having to admit to not knowing everything hurt. Katie Bell looked over at the commandeered table (How did such a little thing manage to take up so much space, the girl was a little slip of a thing, her hair was almost bigger than her body!) and the wobbling stacks of books (not all of them were first year reading material) and sighed. Hermione had two options at this point: get over her mania, or get carted away for maiming someone. Fifty years ago, a muggleborn had to be forcefully detained after having threatened to feed someone a quill, sideways, for not knowing something. Why did the muggleborns always question magic anyway, it was just there, no fuss, no muss, just magic.

“Seriously, Granger” Ron tried again, and Katie had to resist her urge to bang her head against the nearest hard surface. “You can’t study all the time, you don’t want to be a know it all.”

And Katie regretted having told the Weasley twins that their younger brother couldn’t be as bad as they portrayed him. For once the twins weren’t exaggerating. It seemed the fuzzy hair halo that surrounded Granger almost had a mind of its own as it twitched towards the youngest Hogwarts Weasley. Angelina Johnson elbowed Katie and gestured minutely towards the twitching mop of hair atop the first year’s head, Katie just shushed her and watched the interaction between the second youngest Weasley and Granger. She also registered Lee Jordan taking bets and hoped they wouldn’t be in a point minus by tomorrow.

“Grangeeeeeeer~!” Ron kept calling out across the common room. Everyone held their breath and watched. Granger slammed her hands down on the table making the books wobble (three people cried out as they had lost the bet about the stacks falling over). She grabbed her notepad, a quill, and a portable vial of ink, and stalked over to the redhead.

“Well the, Ronald, you tell me about the decline of magic births in the face of expanding muggle religions and the resulting de-powering of sacred wizarding spaces and the effect it has had on modern wizarding society.” How the kid got all that out in one breath amazed Katie, to be frank.

“Excuse you?” Ron croaked.

“Well, if I am not allowed to read, which I have yet to see a rule about, I would source my information elsewhere. Now tell me, Ronald, tell me about the decline of magic births in the face of—” The girl didn’t get to finish her sentence because the portrait of The Fat Lady swung open with a bang that shook the dust down from the rafters, something most students hadn’t believed possible.

“The reason for the birth decline is, mostly, because of the eradication of magicals through so-called witch hunts which removed magicals, and eventually caused a dispersion of magical energy from an area, as there was no new input and eventually the resident magical energies in most muggle populated areas dissipate because there is no new input.” In the doorway stood Hemlock Addams, calm as you please, with the weird backdrop of a whimpering Fat Lady who hadn’t even mustered the energy to close as she was huddled against the backdrop of her picture with a pallor her artist never could have imagined.

“Really.” Hermione drawled as she turned on a knut and stalked across the room to the newly
entered Addams. Katie almost thought the firstie had a quick quote quill because it was unfeasible that anyone could write that quickly.

“Yes, energy never really disappears, but because it has no way of maintaining its concentration in certain parts of the cycle it recedes back into the background alongside everything else.”

“Woah, woah, woah, guys, what the hell, speak English.” Ron chimed in, which made Katie sigh and stop resisting the urge to facepalm.

“We are speaking English.” Oh god, the Addams boy could actually beat a Malfoy in a sneering contest.

“But, like, understandable for the rest of us.” Ron made a few enemies with that statement, no one liked being called out on the fact that the two eleven-year old children were having a conversation way beyond the usual range for their age. Hermione spun around again, as she finished her notes, and clicked her heels.

“My parents are dentists, thank-you-very-much, and this is how we speak at home.” She said as she clutched her notepad to her chest. Katie read some uncertainty in her, but there was also a hint of steel, which was probably why she was sorted where she was. And she was talking to the Addams boy, and with the sorting, and all the rumors, that took some serious balls. Also: What in the world is a den… tist?

“Are your parents really dentists?” the Addams boy looked at Hermione like she was something amazing.

“Yes.” She said.

“Can they use a drill on me?” Katie did not know what a drill was or why one would use it on another person, but she tried to hang on to the conversation. (Honestly: was she the only one reacting to the fact that the entire common room was distracted by three, wee firsties?)

“Do you have a cavity?” Hermione asked, she looked a bit disgruntled at the thought.

“No,” Addams said, sadly, “But I can make some!” He seemed to brighten.

“Well, we won’t get out of school until the Christmas holidays-”

“Midwinter” Addams interrupted.

“We won’t get out of school until the midwinter holidays” Hermione corrected herself with a pout. “So, if you get a cavity now you’ll have to wait to get it fixed until then.” She jotted down something else in her notes.

“I’ll get right to work then. I like cavities, but I can never get them to stay.” Addams lamented. Hermione shuffled her notes around and wrote down something else.

“Eat sweet and acidic things, don’t brush your teeth, and chew hard candies in hope of chipping your enamel!” Hermione recited the list she always heard from her parents whenever they complained about bad oral hygiene at the dinner table.

“Also,” Hermione stopped up “Why are you here? Weren’t you sorted into another house?” The entirety of Gryffindor looked to be fluctuating between extreme curiosity and wanting to slam the girl for not asking that question in the first place.

“The Headmaster and my parents agreed I could spend a week with each house and alternate
weeks if I want so I don’t loose out on the social aspect of my schooling. Plus, having an entire new house being set up just for me seemed excessive.” Hermione nodded, took a few more notes, while the Gryffindors had a creeping sense of dread that overrode most of their collective bravery.

“Does that mean you’re staying here?” Hermione asked.

“Yes.” The Addams kid seemed inordinately pleased.

“I have questions.” The girl stated, she tapped her notes with her quill.

“I bet you do, we didn’t even get to cover the best parts of being a necromancer on the train ride.” The Addams boy smiled while the older years, who had studied necromancy as the biggest bad of all the big bads ever, wanted to know exactly what was the best thing about being a necromancer.

“Uhm, what is a den-tee?” And Ronald Weasley had finally caught up to the conversation, somewhat. Katie looked over at the twins who were looking pained and were painting runic protection symbols in the air with their fingers in the general direction of their brother.

“Dentist.” Hermione hissed. “It’s a muggle healer for your teeth.” She took a deep breath “It’s for when your teeth get holes in them or start rotting, then they come to my parents to either have the teeth pulled out or have the holes smoothed out with drills and filled in.” And for a bunch of kids used to drinking a potion and waving a wand to fix the problem, that sounded like absolute torture. Some of the other first years even looked green around the gills, some of the older years too, for that matter.

“And that’s why I like them, I like having my procedures done without anesthetics.” The Addams boy chimed in.

“But you’ve smiled at me, you seem to have all your teeth.” Hermione pointed out.

“I know.” Addams lamented, “They keep growing back” He seemed saddened by the fact.

“Teeth do not grow back after you lose your milk teeth” the girl stated as a matter of fact.

“Mine do.” Addams said with the same conviction.

“That is just not possible!” Hermione cried.

“Of course it is!” Addams seemed to be offended that anything else was the norm.

“How!” Her voice had risen an octave and Lee was now taking bets on how high it could go.

“I’m an Addams!” The boy formerly-known-as-Harry-Potter said proudly.

“That is not an explanation” Hermione hissed, and most of the common room agreed with her.

“Well, that’s your problem then.” Hemlock said, resolutely, while the rest of the common room prayed to whoever that their school wouldn’t blow up. It seemed muggle mania and this… odd collection to their student mass was a volatile potion waiting to blow up.
First Day of Classes

Chapter Summary

McGonagall never gets a break, does she? Oh, sweet Circe.

Chapter Notes

Anxiety, check, work, check, college, check, procrastinating a paper, check. At least my parents moved closer so I can go down there for free food. Fuck my life.

Edit: reading through all your wonderful comments made today, no, the entire week thus far, worth it <3 egads, you guys!

September 2nd dawned with a horrible chill in the air. The Gryffindor common room was occupied by a few early risers who, for once, wanted to get an early start. Angelina Johnson, being one of them, was propping up a pre-tea Katie Bell who looked like she wanted to crawl into the roaring fireplace and stay there for the duration of the semester. The feeling of clammy chill was exacerbated by the deathly pallor on the duckling row of first-year boys who quietly descended the stairway from their dormitories, Angelina watched what seemed like a funeral procession with a fair amount of suspicion. Thomas, the Wesley brat, and the Irish kid, had dark bags under their eyes and were visibly quaking.

“First night away from home?” Angelina crowed, deliberately, to see if it would shock some life into them. She had never seen three firsties hug the wall so quickly. Katie murmured something about dishonor upon her, her family and her cow for making noise that early in the morning.

“Yes.” the Irish kid whispered. He glanced nervously around, and his gaze, as well as the gaze of the two others, settled on the archway leading up to the dormitories.

“Is something wrong?” Angelina tried again, in a normal voice.

“He’s really a necromancer…” Ron Weasley whispered disbelievingly.

Neville Longbottom descended the stairs just at that moment and looked far less scared and quite well put together.

“Yes, h-he did t-tell us.” Neville said as he used his sleeve to rub some dirt off his wand.

“Doesn’t mean the bloke had to summon an undead choir to sing us a lullaby!” Thomas shouted desperately, his young voice cracking painfully.

“I-it was d-different, but I thought it was n-nice!” Neville said, shyly. Honestly, after having his grandmother sing him to sleep for years Neville was happy if whoever it was that was singing could carry a tune. And as per Hemlock’s instructions, the choir did, vaguely.
“E-excuse me!” Angelina stuttered out. She could feel how wide-blown her eyes had gotten without even looking in a mirror.

“Singing souls serenading us to sleep…” the Irish kid whispered as he leaned back against the wall. The alliteration was fairly misplaced, Angelina thought. Katie was drooling and had no comment.

There was a bang and some rapid footsteps which made the three ducklings flinch and curl into themselves.

“Shitty morning everyone” Hemlock Lucifer Addams ran down the stairs with a wide grin on his face. He turned to look at the trio who had first descended. “Wow, I love the look!” He said before he went over and patted Neville on the back in greeting.

“Did you summon a choir of the undead?” Angelina asked, because fuck it, she was a Gryffindor, in for a sickle, in for a galleon and all that rot.

“Yes! I wanted to thank the other boys for letting me stay!” And Merlin, Mordred and Morgana that kid had no right to look near as happy as he did admitting that. “I picked the best of the best, some of the greatest serial killers in history! I even had them recount their murders as bedtime stories, it was so cool!” His grin widened, and Angelina felt her bowels loosen “My Auntie Ana used to do it for me when I was a kid, she stopped when she started teaching me necromancy though.” He paused for a second. “Now I always have to do it myself.” Hemlock seemed genuinely sad.

Angelina did say fuck it, but she retracted both her sickle and her galleon from the bet, turned on her heel, dragging a semi-comatose Katie with her, while thinking that Katie had it right: dishonor upon everything, even the cows, it was too early for this shit.

Minerva McGonagall would never admit to the fact that she broke out in a nervous sweat when the Addams boy chose Gryffindor to be the first house to spend a week in, but she did. She knew the lesson plan for all the years like the back of her hand and she knew that her first class of the year would be with her own Lions and the Slytherins (Why the doddering old coot insisted on having those two houses together still escaped her). But she had survived Grindewald, she had survived Voldemort, she had survived the Weasley twins (thus far) and would grimly weather the storms that Hemlock Lucifer Addams was sure to kick up on a regular basis. She would just have to make Abelforth Dumbledore her very good friend. In addition; Abelforth was sure to be fully aware of all the hippogriff shit his brother got up to on the regular, so she might get a discount. With that plan in motion she set forth into the new day, transformed into her beloved cat form, and pitter pattered towards her classroom, intent on pranking the first-years as per tradition. The shocked looks on the students faces always nourished her, but she was better at hiding it than Severus. The door was left ajar, so she gently shimmied her way inside the room, sashayed up to the desk, primly sat down and waited.

Soon the familiar trickle of uncertain first years came through the door in little clumps of black robes and first-day nerves. She smiled as much as she could in this form, because this sight also nourished her, unlike Severus. She mentally counted each one waiting the Gryffindors to reach eleven in total (including the Addams boy), and the Slytherins to reach twelve. Even Ron Weasley was early, despite his mother’s warning letter about his awful habits. Something along the lines of: he’s not always on time, but he’s a good worker when he shows up. Minerva hoped and prayed that the youngest Weasley boy would follow in his older brother’s footsteps. He looked rather ill, however, and so did Seamus Finnigan, and Dean Thomas. She vowed to ask them about it after
The Slytherins had reached their allotted twelve, and the Gryffindors were hovering at an eight, as per usual. Her Lions were wonderful, but she often met some who had a different concept of time compared to everyone else. Every year. Because Morgana deemed it so based on her previous life. Or something.

Just as she was about to transform and start class, Granger, Longbottom and Addams be damned (not literally, she wanted to keep her job, thank you), the trio walked in, just in time. She was about to revert into human form when the Addams boy said something that almost made her shit her desk:

“Hi, Professor McGonagall!” He smiled and waved at her. “Nice transformation, that!” He was about to head towards a desk, but Granger grabbed his armed right quick.

“Are you seeing things again?” She hissed, some of the students who heard snickered. Again? McGonagall thought.

“Nope.” That unnerving smile was still there. “And I see thestrals, it’s not my fault you don’t. They’re pretty.” Hermione huffed and steered him towards a desk, Longbottom sat down right behind them alongside Bones.

The whooshing awe that usually swept through the room when she transformed in front of the first years wasn’t as strong this year, but the stares levelled at Addams for noticing were almost as good. Almost.

“As you can all see, Mr. Addams was correct.” McGonagall said in her strictest voice. “However, what I would like to know is this: how did you know Mr. Addams?” Maybe he'd seen her quick transformation during the shout glass incident.

“My sister usually transforms into a small spider when she tries to poison me, I’ve gotten used to detecting animagi.” Why did that infernal boy always say things that made her pick and choose what damn problem she was going to tackle first. The fact that a sister, who she had registered as being younger, had completed an animagi transformation before her magical core was developed, and allowing it, no less, was child abuse. And then there was the bit about her poisoning her brother (or attempting to, semantics).

“Excuse you?” She settled for pretending to have heard him wrong and prayed to whatever higher being that could possibly be out there that something else came tumbling out of that mouth.

“Sorry professor, I said that my sister usually transforms into a-” McGonagall held up a hand and sighed.

“My hopes are dashed, it’s fine. We’ll speak after class.” She said, a resigned pull of her mouth distorting her face. The students were half-way between being confused at their professor and staring at Addams like he’d grown three heads and shat Kneazle bait. The professor took a deep breath and turned towards the blackboard, waved her wand, and there five lines appeared.

Do not transfigure yourself
Do not transfigure your classmates
Do not transfigure anything into food
Do not attempt transfiguration without supervision
Do not mess about in my class

“These are the five rules we will work with in this class, if there is a problem I have no issue
writing a failing grade at this very moment and escorting you back to whatever common room you belong in.” She started, her voice ringing through the room, silencing the murmurs that had started up.

“First off, you will not transfigure yourself, not once, not twice, not ever, it is something only taught to older students who have far more training than you, and if I catch you there will be no mercy.” She counted off a finger.

“Do not, under any circumstance, transfigure your classmates. Punishment will be swift.” She counted off a second finger.

“Do not transfigure anything into food, as transfiguration spells are not permanent and whatever you do transfigure will eventually revert into it’s natural state and kill whoever consumed it. That’s Azkaban prison.” She counted off a third finger and stared balefully at each and every student in the room.

“Do not attempt transfiguration without supervision. If you are practicing your homework, make sure it is in your common rooms with a Prefect present, no discussion.” The fourth finger was counted.

“Do. Not. Mess. About. In. My. Class.” She punctuated each word, clearly, and said nothing else, because her point had gotten across; Professor Minerva McGonagall was not a woman to be crossed.

Unless your name was Hemlock Lucifer Addams.

He raised his hand.

“Yes, Mr. Addams?” Why do I do this to myself? She thought desperately.

“My brother ate some transfigured food once, and all he got for it was a box-shaped stomach for like a week or so until whatever it turned back into was digested.” Addams looked quizzical.

McGonagall was certain that if Abelforth didn’t want to be friends she would make him.

“Just… just follow the rules, Mr. Addams.” Oh, sweet Circe.

“All right.” Addams said, with a shrug. Minerva took a deep breath, filled her lungs until they ached, and let it out slowly.

“Page twelve, everyone, we will be starting out by transfigurating a match to a needle.” She was going to get through this class even if the castle fell around her ears. The fresh music of pages being flipped filled her ears and she took another lung straining breath and gained back some of her inner balance. She launched into a long, well-practiced lecture about how to get the spell right, the wand movements, and what to focus on when attempting the spell for the first time. The familiar words flowed from her lips, soothed her soul, and it was with great pleasure she held the first lecture in her most favorite subject to these fresh young minds. Some were taking notes, other were looking stunned, and the Granger girl wrote with such speed she was prepared to cast aquamenti in case something started smoking.

“Great, now, onto the practical part of the lecture!” The stunned part of the class shook themselves awake at this. She chanted the spell out loud, had the class repeat it, and had them do the wand movement, in tandem, without saying the spell. She deemed them ready and set the fresh little first-years to work. And the Professor sayeth: it was good.

Until Hemlock Lucifer Addams wandlessly transfigured the matchstick into a needle, transfigured it back, did the same with the most sinister wand, and made Minerva count back from a thousand.
She did send a letter to the Transfigurations Association.

And she never got around to talking to neither Addams, nor the three sickly looking boys.
Chapter Summary

Potions class, Hermione could totally sell her soul, Neville freaks out, and Draco, strangely, agrees with things.

Chapter Notes

I mean, fuck this shit, right? My update schedule is shit, but I swear to God my baby isn't abandoned. Thank God for good friends that keep hounding my ass to write - it warms the heart and makes me able to power through some of the worst writers block I've had for a good long while. I swear, all I want to write is McHanzo porn, and it makes me keep everyone liking my WIP's hanging. I am a shit person, but here, have a chapter. Don't kill me.

Next up was potions. As Hemlock was with the Gryffindors he’d clumped up with Hermione because she was the only one who didn’t reek of fear when he walked by. Apparently, his gift was unappreciated – hah, Brits, no taste for music. He secretly thought that the best soprano in the choir he’d summoned was an obscure arsonist with a perchance for mayhem and other devilry but with the voice of a demon. Angels could rot, Hemlock thought as he absentmindedly replied to Hermione’s steady stream of words – maybe he could get her to agree to a recording, that would probably suit the boys in the dorm room much better.

“Are you listening to me!?” Hermione could get delightfully shrill when she wanted to, perhaps she would agree to that tone of voice when recording.

“Of course.” He answered absentmindedly as he kept walking, thinking about who to summon for tonight’s entertainment. Hemlock Addams made many mistakes, and this was one of them. Only a lifetime of dodging weaponry, howling sisters and beastly brothers saved the Addams child from receiving a permanent imprint of *Hogwarts: A History* on the back of his skull.

“Liar!” Hermione screeched as he dodged with a flourish, feeling the soft breeze generated by 876 pages of pain whizzing by.

“I thought you liked books?” Hemlock stupidly stopped mid flourish and stared at his bookish friend with wide eyes, as she, who had threatened with dentistry when there was mentions of spine cracking and dog-earring, huffed and blew a section of her curls away from her face.

“A seventh year taught me some simple protection charms.” Came the only warning Hemlock received before *One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi* flew at him with surprising accuracy.

“I was distracted!” Hemlock cried out as he dodged, that potions book was even heftier than the previous dual-purpose projectile, and he did not feel like resetting another broken nose right before potions – he loved bloodshed, but it messed with the properties of most concoctions.
“You lied to me!” And at once Hemlock realized his mistake; not paying attention was one thing, trying to pass it off as nothing was another. He prayed to whatever demonic entities might be listening that his new friend was more reasonable than his sister.

“I’m sorry!” He held his hands out “Mea Culpa!” which was the only phrase that stopped everything in it’s tracks for three seconds in the Addams Household. He bowed his head and waited for Hermione, the wronged party, to either accept or deny his plea. Last time, Wednesday had replied with three poison darts and a broadsword, but the gentle sounds of two books being picked up and dusted off made Hemlock glance up and see Hermione collecting her magically preserved, pristine books from where she’d tossed them.

“Have the decency to let me hit you next time.” Hermione said as she stuffed the tomes back into her bag.

“Aim better.” He parried, but before he could get out the rest of his taunt, and possibly risk another pristine projectile plowing through the air towards his face, Neville came, huffing and puffing, down the dungeon hallway.

“Do you-” he hunched over and supported himself on his knees “know where-” he took deep breath between each section of words “the potions classroom-” another rattling breath “is” he finished with a satisfied and pained look warring across his face. Hermione sent Hemlock a look that spelled doom and more dentistry (which Hemlock thought was great fun) while she went over and helped Neville to stand upright. Hemlock mirrored her actions and soon the three of them were slowly, and steadily, they guided their winded friend down the last few hallways to their doom.

Well, doom was a relative concept, Hemlock mused, because everyone he talked to seemed genuinely afraid of Severus, which was odd, as he was an absolute delight! He tried explaining that Severus had been nothing but polite and knowledgeable when he visited the Addams manor for Hemlock’s initiation visit for Hogwarts. It was, however, futile, because the idiots seemed more afraid when Hemlock disclosed that Severus was a dab hand at knives, and excellent at producing untraceable acids and poisons. No one appreciates the killing arts anymore, Hemlock snorted to himself as he hefted Neville’s arm onto his shoulders.

“What are you snorting about?” Hermione still sounded a mite agitated, but he let it slide – after all, she had given him a mea culpa, which was highly unusual in Hemlock’s life, and the novelty still hadn’t worn off.

“I tried to make people like Severus-” Hemlock started out.

“Professor snape.” Hermione interjected primly.

“He’s much too close to the family for titles, at this point.” Hemlock shrugged before carrying on. “Like I said” he emphasized “I’ve been trying to make people see he’s a decent dude,” Neville made a choking noise when he heard the feared Bat of the Hogwarts dungeons referred to as such “But people are just so prejudice – I mean, he’s great with poisons” Hemlock lamented. The two others looked at him like he was entirely dubious and most likely off his rocker, but they soldiered on. The tall tales of how severely Severus Snape punished tardiness was apparently a staple for every first-year before their potions education started.

“Hey, what do you mean by much too close?” Hermione said after a while.

“You and all your questions.” Hemlock lamented with a laugh.

- - -
The three of them managed to maneuver through the door that led into the main potions laboratory, a few Gryffindors were scattered about like sad sacks of tired, which was ok, because Hemlock was fully aware that this was an ungodly time of day and the only thing that got him moving this morning was a cafffeinated arsenic shot Grandmama had sent with him. The old biddy was wonderful enough to send with him a decent supply. A whole bunch of Slytherins were present, however.

“Oh look who’s here, the filthy American, a mudblood, and a weakling!” Hemlock recognized that voice as the same smug little blond fucker from the train – the little shit was smirking.

“Draco Malfoy” he greeted as he hefted Neville into a seat. “I am an America, I have no clue what a mudblood is, and the only weakling I see is you.” He riposted. Draco’s pale skin colored quickly, like a time-lapse of a rose sprouting – both images were equally unappealing. “You should get some powders for that blush, it’s not your look.” He commented. “My mother is fond of white lead-powders, I could scry her and ask for a box.” Hemlock used the powders himself, but he’d noticed the weird thing most men had about being compared to women and how it enraged them – and it worked here too, it seemed. The flush on Malfoy’s cheek graduated to an entirely new level of blinding.

“How dare you!?” The blond cretin sneered, which made Hemlock smile a little – sneers were so ugly and human, and getting people to lose their composure enough to lose control over their own contempt was always an enjoyable feat.

“I’m an Addams.” Hemlock replied, primly. He deeply wished for an umbrella, so he could fold his hands atop the handle for the quintessential look of stately boredom, but folding his hands and letting them hang in front of his body would have to do.

“That’s not a reason!” Draco screeched back, a lovely sound, and his skin was even more splotchy now, and it showed up like a rash on his pale complexion.

“I keep telling him that, maybe you can make him see sense.” Hermione commented from the sidelines – she was busy unpacking her satchel because Hemlock could most certainly handle himself, and she was not about to get yelled at by the famous dungeon bat for not being prepared.

“What!?” Draco looked completely gob smacked at the fact that there was a point of agreement between himself and a mudblood; what had the world come to?

“Agreeing with mudbloods, now, are we?” A brown-haired boy walked up to the kerfuffle and had an even better smirk than Draco, which Hemlock thought was absolutely fantastic. Of course, he did keep using that weird term, mudblood, and that made Hemlock curious.

“Theodore Nott.” The newcomer introduced himself, and Hemlock decided that he really wasn’t up to caring, but he pasted a smile on his face anyway. “And I guess you’re our newfangled savior.” The new kid gestured towards Hemlock with a dismissive hand.

“Probably not.” Hemlock answered; saving people was just weird – why would saving them from things be helping them? It only made them weaker in the long run, that’s what mom said when he picked Pugsley up from his fight with a python when they were kids. The kids around them grew silent and looked almost pleading, and Hemlock had a weird inkling why. He decided to change the subject.

“But, seriously, guys, what’s this mudblood stuff?” Hemlock asked, which made the entire class look at him, specifically, and more intensely, and not the drama they were producing collectively.
The new kid, which Hemlock was specifically trying to forget the name of, and Draco, with his splotchy face, both snorted like they had henbane powder on hand. Hemlock wanted some and he’d have to scry grandmama later.

“It means someone of an impure bloodline.” Draco had, apparently, regained some of his composure and looked very self-assured. “Particularly someone born to parents without magic.” Draco’s mouth almost sounded like it clicked when he finished speaking, he was enunciating so carefully that it seemed very off, which was probably to make a point or something, Hemlock wasn’t fluid in British posh-boy yet, so he wasn’t sure. He then thought of something that was important to the conversation.

“But that doesn’t matter – mom says you can make any spell work even if the blood isn’t magical.” Hemlock looked at Draco and the other kid questioningly, and got the pleasure of seeing their expressions, and the expressions of all his classmates, morph into twisted grimaces of shock.

“What!?” Draco screeched, again – Hemlock swore that he would want to make Draco screech at least once a day, it was a delightful sound, shrill, piercing, and probably a fleeting joy, as Draco’s voice would probably deepen, eventually. The new kid looked like Wednesday had gotten a hold of him - a great look to be sure.

“I mean, if you’re going to do a summoning it’s not about quality, it’s about quantity, same thing for most necromantic runes, and, like, the quality is mostly if the person is either a virgin, man, woman, kid, or whatever – has nothing to do with magical content.” Hemlock listed off, and he honestly didn’t notice that there were students whispering for Merlin to come back and save them. Hermione seemed to be the only one not stunned into a silence, in fact, Hemlock was tapped on the shoulder by a pen, and he turned to see Hermione ready with a notepad.

“What things, exactly, do require quality blood, and how do you know?” Hermione asked, she had that menacing glint in her eye again, which Hemlock had come to appreciate: that girl would sell her soul for knowledge, which could be arranged.

“No!” Neville gasped as he stumbled out of the chair and pushed Hemlock and Hermione apart “No!” he gasped again, “You cannot!” He wheezed and looked entirely wild – Hemlock appreciated it.

“For once the weakling and I are in agreement.” Draco said, as he slowly edged away from Hemlock. The newly introduced kid followed, without a snide comment.

“I cannot, what, exactly?” Hermione’s tone had taken on a dangerous lilt, well, as dangerous as an eleven-year-old girl wielding a notepad could manage – Hemlock approved.

“Speak, speak of that!” Neville gasped less but sounded just as frantic.

“Speak of what?” Hermione countered, because there had been a lot of topics, and she wanted specifics, damn it.

“Blood magic!” Draco yelled desperately, when Neville’s mouth seemed to struggle around his words, almost as if he wasn’t allowing himself to actually say it.

“What’s wrong with that?” Hermione cocked her head and put her pen to the notepad – Hemlock was pretty sure her pens would end up being poisonous both literally and figuratively further along in their acquaintance.

“It’s blood magic, you stupid mudblood!” The new kid, which Hemlock was resolutely not going
to remember the name of, calling Hermione stupid was ignorant at best – well actually, worthy of punishment at best. Neville kept his peace: it was less being afraid of blood magic, even if that had a little to do with it, and more to do with the innate fear of what Hermione might actually do with it.

“And?” Hemlock countered.

“And? And!?” Neville screeched, not as ear piercing as Draco’s, but still a good attempt. “It’s forbidden!” He reasoned.

“Well, that’s stupid, you can do so much cool stuff with it.” Hemlock answered. After all – he’d done some very interesting traps for Wednesday with blood magic, one of them had a built-in fire spell that managed to singe her hair, Hemlock had to hide in the swamp for a week.

“Like what?” Hermione prompted, she’d already filled half a page of her notepad.

“Traps, summoning, re-animations, healing, harming – you can totally do everything!” Hemlock gushed, beside his natural inclination of fire and necromancy, all the Addams siblings were trained in the milder arts of blood magic by Morticia, as she refused to leave her precious darlings defenseless against each other.

“I want specifics.” Hermione prompted with a jab of her pencil. Hemlock thought that she might do well with a rapier or some throwing weapons. Neither of them noticed that the entire class had started edging towards the walls, like the conversation itself was infectious.

Just as Hemlock was about to launch into detail, the door to the classroom inched open with a creek and a familiar red head of hair poked through.

“Is this potions class?” Ron Weasley asked the room. A meek voice in the back gave him an affirmative, and he plonkered on in, witless to the scared children huddling around the wall. He walked down the closest row, all the way back, and put his bag down. The entire class watched him.

“As I was saying -” Hemlock started out, Hermione tightened her grip on her pen and focused on him intently, but before she could register a single word, the classroom door slammed open. In strode a tall, gnarled man, his nose reaching any point of progress long before the rest of him, black hair flat with grease, and teeth that seemed to be pointing at every one of the students; Severus Snape had arrived.

“Take your seats!” He barked as he gracefully strode over to the lectern. The detailed swoosh of his full-body robes was absolutely entrancing. Hemlock raised his hand.

“Severus!” He said, without thinking.

“You call me sir in the classroom, Mister Addams.” Severus parried in a level tone, which surprised a lot of the students.

“Oh, right! Sir! How do you make your robes move like that when you walk?” Hemlock asked, Hermione set pen to paper again, and the entire class, who had grown up on stories of Severus Snape’s favoritism, sarcasm, anger and unfairness collectively huddled in on themselves – even the Slytherins, as no one had ever dared ask the potions master such a question.

“Practice.” Severus replied, a smirk playing about his lips. Hemlock groaned defeatedly. “Now, take your seats and find your books!” Severus roared that last part, which shocked most of the students out of their stupor, and the minute-long scramble to comply was an absolute joy for Hemlock to watch.
“Hemlock Addams, your grandmother sent me your current potions curriculum and we’ve devised a separate lesson plan for you, you may use the cauldron up front.” He pointed at a cauldron that was situated at the side of the blackboard. “She wants you to work on untraceable poisons and how to develop them, go.” Severus snapped his fingers and it was Hemlock’s turn to grab all his things and move about. He then produced a stack of papers which he handed off to the young Addams, filled with, what Hemlock recognized as, grandmamas chicken-scratch handwriting.

“To the rest of you: I would have done a speech about the benefits, requirements, and lack of wand-waving needed for potions, but the rest of you lot seem even more witless than previous years. Look up the Cure of Boils, and do it swiftly, it seems I’ll have my work cut out for me.” Snape sneered at the rest of them, as Hemlock busied himself with his grandmother’s notes. Of course, Draco Malfoy had to raise his hand.

“Yes, Mister Malfoy?” Severus answered, with less contempt in his voice than previously.

“Why does Hemlock get special treatment? He was talking about blood magic, you know!” Draco whined, which was a very very displeasing sound compared to his screech, Hemlock thought.

“None of your business.” Severus answered curtly “Also, Hemlock.” The potions master turned around to the Addams boy, who had already set up a respectable mis en place for poison research. “You know I appreciate your mother-” the class didn’t understand the small snicker Hemlock produced at that, which was just as well “and I respect her work, but some of her proclivities are illegal in Britain and you’ll do well not to traumatize your classmates overmuch.”


“That’s my job.” Severus countered, before turning around to whip this lot of cat herding ingrates into shape.

Severus was sure Minerva was overreacting, having Hemlock in class was no reason to completely lose control of one’s emotions – his stock of fine whiskey would never be the same.

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