We will be following the life of a more intelligent and powerful Harry Potter, one who seems to be constantly tested by Fate, Destiny, and Magic. This story follows him through his Hogwarts years and the friendships, connections, and powerful decisions he makes along the way. It will also see him taking his place among the elite of the magical world, that of the Empire of Albion.

This is Year Two of Harry's time at Hogwarts.
the other years) but it will still take time to make sure it is edited and organized properly. I do hope you enjoy the start of this new phase of Harry's life.

I should state that this year sees the start of even more political organization and contains a lot of what was referred to in the West Wing Show as 'Walk and Talk.' I mention that because if it's not something you like then truthfully you might not like what develops here.

That said, I hope you do like it, and that you stick around for the new adventurers of my alternate Harry Potter!

See the end of the work for more notes.
As soon as they got to back to Privet Drive, Vernon began attempting to bluster his way into taking control of the situation. Harry could tell he wanted to lock away all of his school belongings, an act Harry was not going to allow.

Which is why he ignored his Aunt and Uncle as they moved about and cleared his throat. When they stopped in shock and looked at him standing there in the living room he began speaking, "There is something we need to speak about, lets sit down at the kitchen table."

Even before they responded Harry had already sat down at the table and began getting out some paperwork from his side bag. Though Vernon was red in his face after being ignored he followed his wife's slight touch to his sleeve and sat down.

When he felt he had their attention, and after completely ignoring the random attempt at shouting that Vernon was doing, Harry spoke. "Now, despite my wishes, I am required to return to your residence for at least some part of the summer." He looks at his Aunt and says, "Dumbledore's orders." She nods at that, upset but already knowing it was going to be that way.

Harry then continues. "Now, I have no plan on being locked away for the whatever part of the summer I am here. No matter your wishes."

Vernon actually speaks at this point, "How dare you boy..."

Harry sits up even straighter, a year away at a magical school very clearly having an effect on who he is. "No, how dare you. You are very lucky that I am a nice person, otherwise trust me, you would be in for a world of hurt."

Vernon actually blusters at that. "What are you going to do, you can't do magic here. Petunia already told me that it would cause you to be expelled." The look of glee on his face his sickening.

Harry actually laughs, which in some ways scares them, cause its a laugh full of contempt. "Maybe, if I was anyone else. But I have learned that I am a hero among my world, one of such statue they would never kick me out or believe you over me." He shakes his head at such a notion. "Plus there are other methods than just spells that I could use, undetectable methods."

Petunia, seeing how things are going and knowing that there was no way Harry didn't have a plan, spoke up. "What is it you want."

Harry gives her a look of of approval for her quick understanding. He then says, "I have contacted Gringotts in order to set up a check up for me over the duration of my stay here. Every couple of days they will either write me, call me, or physically visit in order to make sure I am okay." He gives Vernon a look, "Gringotts is the primary financial organization for my world, and for one such as me they have a whole host of useful services. This was one of them."

"Are you threatening me Potter!" Vernon says.
"Yes." Harry says much to the older man's shock and which causes him to sit down. "That is exactly what I am doing. I am not a slave, I have better things to do with my time. Thus I will be doing as I wish when I wish, including coming and going when I want to. I will not ask permission for such things." Here he pauses. "I will also study my school work as I wish, nothing will be locked up or barred as you were planning."

"You dare, after all we have done for you." Vernon says again into the quiet.

Harry scoffs at that, a loud disbelieving one. "Of course I dare, you have not in anyway been good guardians to me. In fact, Petunia, I can truthfully say my mother would be ashamed of you, and would never have done the same if your roles were reversed. If you both had died and they needed to raise Dudley, they would have done it happily. Even without magic they would have cared for and loved him."

There is quiet after that. Eventually it is Petunia that answers, with a hand on her husband's arm to quiet him. "You won't be blatant in your behavior right, we don't want the neighbors to know of your differences."

"Of course not. They won't notice anything. Not even the fact that owls will come and go delivering mail as needed. Its all part of our work to keep people like you from knowing about my world."

"Right. You keep that stuff away and you won't be bothered." Here Petunia sighs a tiny bit. "Just tell me if you will be present for any food or if you will be away more than one day. Beyond that don't bother us."

Harry's statement of "Gladly," occurs at the same time as Vernon's declaration of "Petunia."

Petunia actually glares at him for a second and he sits back. "No. This is the best. We have to have him here for reasons we can't fight. Him doing his own thing will stop from causing us problems. Plus, I know of Gringotts, they have the services he is talking about." A slight pause. "And I have no doubt he set up exactly what he says he did."

"Actually," Harry says when she stops, "I have proof here. Its designed in a somewhat mundane format but it will show proof of what I organized." So said he passes the document over to her so she can see it.

Vernon looks at it over his wife's shoulder and stops suddenly. "What is this 100 pounds every week that I see here."

"It seems Vernon that my parents set up a system where my guardians could get a small stipend to take care of me. If you follow what I have stated you will receive ten payment, even if I do not stay here."

"Why weren't we given it earlier?" Vernon asks a bit more quiet then normal.

It's Petunia that answers, much to Harry's surprise. "Something tells me his placement here wasn't according to their laws. Gringotts probably wasn't authorized."

"Very true. I decided to do it and I can take it away just as quick. If you had been good guardians to me I might have given you more, but you weren't and so I'm not." Harry then stops. "Petunia can also attest that Gringotts has way of detecting manipulations, so threatening me or trying to
force me will not get you access."

Vernon looks at Petunia and sees her nod. "Fine." Vernon pretty much yells. "You leave us alone we leave you alone. But none of your freaky stuff should be seen."

"I will keep it away from your sight, though I will be studying so don't come into my room and you won't see anything beyond your understanding." Harry says with a fierce look upon his face. "So with that done I'm going to go and put my stuff in my room and get it all set up as I wish it to be. Don't bother me."

Harry then stands up, gives them a tiny nod, and goes to pickup his trunk. He stops for a moment, giving silent thanks that he had thought to send Hedwig off on her own. Not only would it let her take her time but it would stop the Dursley's from doing anything to her. With that thought he then heads up the stairs and into the smallest bedroom of the residence.

Once in the room he glances about in disgust as he looks at all of Dudley's second hand castoffs. Lot of crap he thinks, which makes him thankful he won't have to actually sleep in the general portion of this room.

Quickly putting down the trunk he goes to move the bed out of the center of the room. He props it up against the corner wall, out of his way. First thing he does is reach into his own pockets and take out small door knob sleeve, which he quickly fits onto the door to the room. Its inbuilt magics would stop the Dursleys from coming into the room with intent to cause any problems, no matter how minor. Once that was set up - which he knew by the tiny flare of up magical light he then moved back to the trunk.

Reaching into one of its compartments Harry then rooted around for a few moments till he found what he wanted. "Ah," he lightly says, "found it." With it being a folded up canvas bag which he places on the floor in the middle of the room. Standing up he goes to the door and closes it, not wanting to make a scene with what he is next going to do. He reaches for his wand and then taps the tent twice. Like featherlight and shrinking enchantments what he just activated isn't considered an active use of magic. As its not a spell its not detected by the Ministry of Magic and thus not restricted.

Moments later the bag inflates and what was once a flat looking sheet instead became a somewhat small but sturdy and secure muggle looking tent. Quite small looking if one simply observed it or even opened the flap without the proper trigger. Before he headed inside he went back to his trunk and rooted around for another item he needed - this one looking like a hoop about the size of the window. Taking the hoop he placed it around said window frame, tapping both it and the tent with his wand. As soon as that was done it glowed for a second and then faded away, subsequently linking the locations.

Not even a moment later Hedwig came flying at the window and ran into it, though she disappeared the moment she would make contact. Harry knew she was fine, and in fact was situated calmly and happily upon a perch inside the tent. When he knew was where he was going to go next, which was done simply by touching a particular knot with his wand.

Walking inside he stopped at the sight that lay before him. It was moments like this that awed him, no matter how used to it all he became. Muttering, "I love magic," with a smile he gazed about the massive ten-sided foyer he arrived in. With each wall having a door the tent contained nine rooms plus the central foyer sitting room that lay in its middle. The rooms included two bedrooms each with attached bath, a focused living room, a kitchen with a dining room, a personal study and office, a nice sized library chamber, a potions lab, a training room, and a greenhouse chamber. It
was the perfect place to live and study for the summer, without having to deal with the crap that his relatives tried to put him through.

Though an expensive purchase that was beyond the means of most Magicals, for him it was a perfect site. It even had one special feature that he would not tell anyone about - due to the wizard space being a naturally magical environment no underage use of magic could be detected within here. He could practice magic here as he saw fit with zero risk. Even more, much to his glee, it wasn't even illegal, frowned upon sure, but not illegal for it was not a mundane location.

It actually made him shake his head for a moment at the unfairness of it all. Pureblood and even half blood students living with magical parents or the magical world could also perform magic. Though the trace was upon the wand in an already magic rich environment it was too weak to give off a signal. From his study it was a safety measure, if it didn't shut off it would constantly ping which was of no use to anyone.

What made him frustrated is that it allowed of his classmates living in the magical world - the Weasleys, Neville, Draco - all use magic over the summer with no hesitation.

Harry shook his head a moment later and looked up at Hedwig. "Enough of that," he said, "there are other things I need to do rather than dwell on the unfairness of our world." Laughing at himself he then goes into the office to begin the organization of his plans.

"First things first," he says out loud as there is no reason to keep quiet, "let me write a letter to Remus and Gringots so they know my gamble paid off."

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Knowing Why

Knowing Why
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Date: Summer Before Second Year, Late June

As soon as Harry stepped into the primary school he was approached by the local school guard, a man named Tom who recognized him.

"Oh hey lad, whatcha doing back here," Tom said immediately.

"My school ended for the year and I came to visit Coach Wallace for a moment, to explain some things I learned this past year." Harry says with a smile after shaking Tom's hand. "Is he in, do you think he's available."

"I know he is in but lets go see if he is available, come with me," is Tom's pleasant response. "So hows your new school been treating you," he asks.

"Pretty good. Not only have I made lots of friends but I am also top of the year in grades and also on the sports team. So basically its brilliant." Harry says with a giant grin.

Which gets a laugh from Tom, "that’s great, good on you kid. I'm happy to hear that things are going good."

All the while they were talking they were also walking to the office that the coach had commandeered for his own use. After the initial greeting Tom headed off, with a promise by Coach Wallace that he would escort Harry out of the school at the end of the meeting.

After the initial pleasantries were done Harry spoke about the reason he was visiting. "So I discovered more details on what was causing the cover up whenever issues at the Dursley's occurred."

"Really, that is good to hear, so what was it."

"Well," Harry then pauses trying to figure out how to say this, "it turns out my parents were highly important and very well-connected people who were murdered by a madman. Though the madman’s reign of terror is gone his supporters are still out there, and they are angry with me continuing to live. For reasons even I am not entirely sure of it seems that having me stay with the Dursley's actually protected me."

Blinking at that, George comments, "so the government covered up any attempt to get you out of there."

"Yes, a certain particular branch of the government which my parents had an affiliation with." A shrug. "They have lightened up a bit since I went to school." Here he pauses. "Its the same school my parents went to and signed me up basically from birth."

"Ah," George says with a grin, "one of those special elite schools for people of certain social classes. I see."

Harry grins back, "I know, its not what I expected but that is my life now. Honestly though I am
I am at the school, I have made friends, am playing sports, my grades are amazing, and I have even reconnected some of my parent's old friends. People who would have been family if I grew up with them."

"But they couldn't take you as it wouldn't be safe," George says in understanding."

"Exactly, no matter how much they wanted to." A shrug then, "its gotten better." A big grin, "and I have a lot to thank you for, I wouldn't be as in a good shape as I am if it wasn't for all your help."

A smile comes to George's face, "its no problem, I wish that we could have done more but from hearing of things I guess we really couldn't."

A firm nod, "you doing what you did was only possible because you kept me at the Dursleys. Yes you ignored their wishes and forced them into signing some things but in the end you kept me living there."

"Glad to help, glad to help."

"I do have one special request though," Harry says and waits for a nod. "If you ever discover a student that seems to be displaying similar traits to me can you contact me. I know this might sound weird but if you send a letter care of 'Harry Potter, House of Potter' it will get to me, even without an actual postal address."

George smiles with humor, "so you some kind of nobility aren't you," he then laughs, "well, knowing you these past few years I can't say I'm that shocked."

Harry just grins at that, cause what else could he say, it was true after all. They continued to speak on other topics for the next ten minutes or so before Coach said he would escort Harry to some of the teachers who had helped him in the past.

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"I am telling you Max," Ms Lyle says to the other teacher as the two walk into the teacher’s lounge, “though there was no way for the students to move the shelf, it was moved.”

Mr Well, Max to his coworkers, answers with “it could have been janitors, maybe overnight when they were cleaning the room.”

It was at that point the two new arrivals realized that there were others in the lounge, including a child.

“Mr Potter, what a surprise,” Mr Well who had taught Harry for numerous classes says, “how are you doing.”

“Great,” Harry says with a smile and a quick handshake. “I have made many friends while also playing on the sports team and being at the top of academics for my year.”

“I am so glad to hear that you kept up with the high standards,” Mr Well says.

“Yeah, its been amazing, the school is perfect.” Harry then turns to Ms Lyle, who he knew but didn’t have in class in says, “pardon me Ms Lyle, but I was wondering what were you talking about.”
She gives an off laugh, “oh its nothing dear. I was just saying that somehow one of the floor to ceiling bookshelves had moved in my classroom and I don’t know how it was done.”

“Ah, well good luck on solving the puzzle Ms Lyle,” Harry says with a smile.

Coach Wallace, noticing something that the others did not says, “well Harry I think its time we head out. I have class soon and I know you have better things to do in your summer vacation then spend time at school.”

Which gets a laugh from the other teachers and a smile from Harry, who gets up and shakes hands one more time before following his former Coach out.

As they are walking through the school the Coach says, “so what happened, I know you were intrigued by Susan’s story.”

Harry blinks at that before giving a little laugh, “you know me to well I guess.” Which gets a grin back. He soon continues, “its not anything major its just,” a pause then, “I would consider those students who happen to have such random things happen around them to be similar to me.”

He just nods, for he is used to Harry being a bit different. But even more he trusts the lad, and if he asks to be informed of the bizarre then that is what he will do - inform him of the bizarre.

“It’s been great catching up with you Coach,” Harry says as they reach the outer doors. “I just want to say, once again, thank you for all that you did for me and that I will never forget it.”

This is followed by a handshake which ends in a quick hug and the two head off in different directions.

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Meeting Remus

Date: Summer Before Second Year, Late June

As Harry turned the corner he couldn't help but to immediately notice Remus Lupin standing by
the cafe they had chosen to meet at. To Harry's eye the older man looked nervous, like he was
scared that Harry was not going to show up. Harry felt sad himself, since it proved to him that
even with sixth months of letter writing there was still a part of Remus that was worried.

The moment that Remus noticed that Harry was there the nervousness faded and a smile appeared,
as large as the sun. As soon as Harry got over to him the older man clapped his arms on his
shoulder in greeting before saying, "hey Harry, so ready for some lunch."

"Sure. Lets head inside and get a table." Harry said in response while the two headed inside to a
table.

As soon as they were seated and preliminary drinks were ordered and delivered Remus said
quietly. "If you want me to I can cast a modified notice me not charm that would make our
conversation uninteresting to muggles."

Harry nodded at him, smiling brilliantly at the thought of that. "That's great. It lets us talk on
whatever we want without being noticed."

After a slight motion that only Harry could see as he was looking Remus extended his wand out.
A word later and a shimmering curtain surrounded the two and their table.

Remus then says, "well its set. So unless we call them or they come to our table we can speak on
whatever we want. So how are things at the Dursley's?"

"Good. On all fronts. In the week I have been there they have left me alone. I have used the time
to study and exercise, its been pretty fun."

"I am glad to hear that, its good to know they can be bargained with." Was Remus' response to
Harry's statement. "If you want I would be more than happy to read over your school work."

Before Harry could say anything the server returned to see what the wanted to order. After they
both gave their food choices they were left alone in their discussion.

"I appreciate that Remus, and yes, I think I will let you read over them. Your thoughts on the
assignments would be helpful, even if I don't change the writings."

"Well considering that you were in the top of your year, I don't really think you will need to
rewrite anything." Remus says with a laugh.

Laughing a bit as well Harry then says. "I know, but you have a lot of knowledge and I look
forward to hearing you thoughts on it." A pause. "Anyway, how are you doing Remus."

"I'm doing good Harry." Then he gives him a look. "It is after all because you had Gringotts hire
me to research the events and activities of House Potter over the last decade."
"I don't know what you are talking about Remus, I did no such thing. Especially since I can't officially make any decisions for House Potter till I claim the Head Ring when I visit there next."

"Right." Remus says while trying to hide his grin behind his napkin. "Of course its not like you would write Gringotts a letter informing them of certain needs you have."

The two laugh openly at the bit of joke as the two continue both eating and talking about whatever topic comes to their mind.

Near the end as they are wrapping up the food Harry comments. "So how free are you when it comes to us meeting to eat."

"Very free Harry. Even with the work I'm doing to go over everything Potter as it pertains to the Ministry I can stop whenever I want. Which means we can plan to meet for breakfast, lunch, late lunch, or even dinner pretty much every day if we want."

"Good." Harry says with conviction and a smile. "While letters are great since we are both free I want us to meet as often as possible." Here comes a pause, as a bit of childish worry about not being worthy comes to the front. "If you want too of course, I wouldn't want to take up more of your time then you want to give."

"Harry," Remus says gently, "I adore our writings and will enjoy us meeting to eat and talk. At least once a week if not two or more, whatever works the best for you."

Harry gives a mega smile. "I'm glad. Umm, maybe we could look up interesting cafes, diners, and restaurants we want to go to. Nothing too fancy and stuff but it would be nice to get out and enjoy new places."

"Sounds perfect Harry." Then he stops and says. "As a note I'm covering this one."

"But Remus I can do it."

"I know you can, especially after you visit Gringotts for an actual full on meeting. So we can alternate, but I want, no need, to pick up this one. I feel I must."

Thinking about it for a second, Harry puts himself in Remus' shoes, then nods. "Okay, sure. Thank you Remus, I really appreciate that. Thank you for all that you have done." Then a pause. "Speaking of Gringotts, when do you think we should go there. I have a feeling its going to be a whole day thing when we do."

"Hmm. Good question. I think next week sounds good, maybe Wednesday. It gives us time to discuss some of the facts I think you should know before you go to the meeting." Here he stops to think what he wants to say. "The goblins know you are learning as you go so they don't expect you to know everything yet, but showing that you have tried will put you in better standing."

"Sounds good. Thank you Remus." Whatever Harry was about to say is cut off when the server comes by with the bill which Remus happily pays.

As they head out of the cafe Remus turns to Harry and says, "do you need to get back to the Dursley's or did you want to walk about a bit."

"Walk about a bit if you are for it. Maybe we can see some of the other shops nearby before
"That will be fun." Then Remus stops as a thought comes to him. "You mentioned a park not that far from the house, before we part ways we should visit there. I think it would be a perfect location for us to meet before we head on our trips."

"Sure, that will do." Harry smiles at that as the two begin walking about the village. They spend the next two hours visiting stores and talking about minor and yet interesting things. When they do part ways its with smiles on both faces.
Nature Revealed

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Date: Summer Before Second Year, Early July

As another of their times hanging out started coming to a close Harry and Remus made way to a park bench. As they sat down Harry couldn't help but notice that something seemed off with Remus.

As if he was was worried about something.

After taking all the silence he could, Harry clears his throat for a second before saying, "Is everything okay Remus, you seem," a pause, "worried."

Remus blushes at that before giving Harry a side look and then an off smile, "you picked up on that didn't you." A low laugh. "But yes there is something we need to talk about, something I need to say." Another pause. "This isn't easy for me to say Harry, hence my..."

"Being quiet," Harry finishes his statement. Harry then shrugs, "okay then, take your time. No rush. Tell me when your ready."

"That's the same thing your father said to me," Remus says with a nostalgic smile. A slight pause later before he says, "but the thing is I never had to say the words, which is why its so hard now."

Though Harry is quite curious he also doesn't want to be pushy. "If you can't say it don't force yourself." A slight chuckle, "that's not to say I don't want to know, but." He trails off as even he is not sure how he wants to end the sentence.

"No," Remus says firmly, "I have to say it. If there is anyone the words need to be uttered then its to you." A deep breath then in a rapid rush, "I'm a werewolf, have been since I was a child."

Harry blinks at that, for he is not entirely sure how to take it.

"You're a werewolf," Harry replies in the manner of double checking.

Nod. Nod.

Harry grins, "oh is that it. Okay, I thought it was going to be something really bad."

Remus lets out a breath, he hadn't realized he was holding. Then shakes his head, "your mother said the same thing when she learned about it." A tilt of his head then, "it doesn't bother you."

Harry shakes his head negatively while giving him a grin. "No, though it might be because I am muggle raised rather than magical." A pause, "in truth I kind of find it cool." The grin grows bigger.

Remus laughs, "I should have known it would have been like that. Its what you mother said to me in the giant reveal." He then smirks in amusement as he shares a bit of a story. "She would then make wolf jokes whenever she could, even more than James did."
Harry laughs at that, not knowing that about his mother. "Really, that is wicked to know."

"Yep, she found it more amusing than scary or problematic." A pause then a grin, "in fact she was the one who started referring to it as my furry little problem. Which I found funny as the others thought they were the first to start that joke."

At Harry's intrigued nod Remus than began telling various stories about him and his parents as related to him being a werewolf. It was a good afternoon, for all that it had started with a worry on response.

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It was a little while later that Harry asked, “so what does it mean for you, me, etc.” A stop then, “though only answer if you feel like you can, or want to.”

“No its fine, you deserve to know the facts from me directly. Well, at base it means on the night of the full moon I turn into a wolf.” A pause then, “its bigger than normal and fiercer too.”

“What about beyond the full moon,” Harry wonders.

“I’m extremely tired the day before, the day of, and the day after each full moon. This has hampered my ability to get normal jobs since three days every month I am limited in what I can do. But besides the tiredness I am entirely normal the rest of the time.”

Harry nods at that then gets a grin, “so any cool special abilities you get due to the status.”

Remus chuckles, “Lily asked the same thing. I am a bit faster and stronger than I would otherwise be. My senses are a bit advanced as well. I am a bit allergic to silver, but not in the same way the myths portray werewolves to be. In truth I am a wizard so if I wanted to make myself better I could just use all the standard magics anyone else can do.”

“Oh nifty, thanks for telling me.” Harry then tilts his head before asking, “so are there communities of werewolves.”

“Yes, there is. We call them Packs and there are about sixteen major groups in Albion. I am part of the Mystic Stone Pack, though its tentative as I haven’t had anything to do with them since I was made one.” Remus said with a scowl, one not directed at Harry.

“I see, thanks for explaining things to me Remus.” A pause then, “oh, so did you hear what happened to Vernon.” Which gets the two going off into story tangent.

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That night Harry took out the journal he got from Ragnok and wrote the account manager a message.

Harold : Remus told me of his situation, you know about it right. What is the stance both you and Gringotts have on it.

Ragnok : Yes we know that Remus Lupin is a werewolf. Magical creatures immediately know such facts upon first contact, even if nothing is said. The truth is that we don't care, no matter what the Ministry of a particular time period might declare on it. If they have gold we are willing to hold
it, if they have skills we are willing to work with them.

Ragnok : As for Remus Lupin himself, both Gringotts and myself consider him not just a good client but also a helpful ally. Without betraying confidences I can say we hired him to conduct research for us numerous times. The skills he has gained over the years made him the perfect wizard for me to hire to aid in overseeing my accounts. Potter included.

Ragnok : Is any of this something you object to.

Harold : No, I just wanted an answer from someone other than him. I am growing to trust him but I just want to make sure from a different source.

Ragnok : Understood and it makes a lot of sense, especially considering your status. I will say that the House of Potter has zero issues with werewolves, a fact you will easily be able to discover the moment the Head Ring is yours. But even more I know you parents, both of them, had a lot of respect for and trust in Remus Lupin.

Harold : Thank you Ragnok, I appreciate the candid response, and it makes me looking forward even more to our actual first face to face meeting.

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Gringotts Account Meeting

Chapter Summary

Hey all. So I really like this chapter but I figure some of you might think it, and Harry because of it, is over powered like crazy. I do mention right from the get go about the whole 'Harry is a Lord Many times Over" and this is where that is proven.

That said, I still wanted to give you all a heads up on this there is a lot of detail given in this section.

That all said, not to scare you all aware because I honestly LOVED writing this section as the nature of what is going on really interested me and what it meant for the world and everything.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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Date: Summer Before Second Year, Early July

Harry had met Remus at the park a few streets away from Privet Drive. Today was the day he was going to meet Ragnok, his Gringotts account manager, rather than simply exchange letters with him.

"Hey Remus, hows it going," Harry says with a smile as they meet.

"Its going great Harry," was Remus' answer. "Thank you for inviting me along for this."

"Its not a problem Remus, I trust you and know you will explain certain facts I might not understand." Harry responds with a smile.

Remus just smiles broadly at that. Slightly changing the subject he then says, "so what does Petunia think about you heading out."

"Didn't really explain the details to them. That said the three are going on a weekend trip anyway so its expected the house to be empty."

"Ah, good timing. So is that why I heard the car bring you, they dropped you off here."

"Yes. Petunia and I thought it would look better for both of us if I was seen leaving with them. As I have my dad's invisibility cloak I can always get back inside without causing attention. I have the key for the back door."

"Good to hear Harry. Okay then so we can side-along apparate to Gringotts itself."

"Oh, so Ragnok gave you permission to bring me by way of the noble station. Nice." Harry says gleeful at that.
"I got permission last night, but it was too late to tell you."

"No worries, I'm just glad they gave it to you. Thank you for working with them on that."

"No problem Harry. Glad I could help." A pause as Remus gets a sly smile on his face. "It seems that Ragnok was able to convince his superiors that it would be in their best interest to accommodate you."

"Good to hear. Well then if you're ready let us head out for it would not do to be late." Harry gives Remus a grin at that.

Remus nods in acceptance and then gestures for Harry to hold on to Remus' arm. A second to make sure Harry was good to go and then blink, the two were in another location. Harry stumbled a bit since that was the first time he had ever apparated, though he was aware of its nature through conversation.

Looking about the room he saw the goblin guards in the corner who had raised their poleaxes in a relaxed but guarded stance. Moving his eyes Harry sees the only goblin not in guard uniform and so it is to him Harry directs his comment.

"Hello. Account holder Harry Potter with his advisor Remus Lupin to speak to Ragnok, Potter Account Manager." Harry said as was expected since it was his blood that gave the permission to be here.

"Of course," the goblin assistant says without any delay, "please come with me."

"Thank you." As Harry turns to follow he stops for one second and meets the eyes of the guards before nodding. "May the blood of your enemies fall to your sword." They don't say anything but they nod slightly and give a fierce looking open-toothed grin towards Harry. Harry and Remus then continue down the hallway following the assistant.

After the humans were gone the goblin guards look at each other in shock, before the squad leader moves forward to send a message up the chain of command that the human Harry Potter greeted them in the proper ways.

By that point the goblin assistant knocked on the door of Ragnok, "Account holder Harry Potter with advisor Remus Lupin here to see you." From inside the room the three hear a faint, "let them in Swordtail."

Right as the goblin gestures for the humans to walk in Harry says, "Thank you Swordtail. May the blood of your enemies flow and your gold rise." With that he ducked into the room, followed by Remus.

Looking at where Potter had been for a moment the goblin didn't really know what to think. Still, he quietly said, "you as well Lord Potter, may your gold rise as tall as a mountain as your enemies fall at your feet." Nodding in thought he leaves the hall to go about the rest of his duties.

Inside the office Harry Potter gave a quick look around before sitting in the seat right across from Ragnok, with Remus sitting next to him. Not even a moment later Ragnok spoke, "Mr Potter, it is good to finally meet you."

"Same with you Ragnok, but call me Harry. Its just nice to put a face and a voice to a name and
the words on a page." Harry says with a smile as he reaches out his hands in the time honored human custom of a handshake - which didn't shock Ragnok as much as it would have other goblins, since he had been communicating with Harry for a while.

"Of course Harry. Now first thing first," and the two wizards nod at the turn towards business, "I need to make sure you are who you say you are."

"Sure. We could do the Augustan Rite, Remus informed me that its an unquestioned blood inheritance ritual."

"Perfect. Was going to suggest it actually. The benefit of that ritual is that it shows more than just if you are actually Harry Potter." Ragnok grins. "It declares any and all inheritances that you have the right to claim."

"Which knowing my luck is going to full of surprises." Harry says with sarcasm and all he gets in response is a sharp tooth grin from Ragnok and a snort from Remus.

Since there was no point in commenting on something that all figured to be true, all Ragnok did was reach into a compartment of his desk and pull out the ritual bowl. As Harry had already gone over what was expected he didn't hesitate in putting his right hand out. Nor was he shocked when Ragnok used a Gringotts ritual knife to cut his finger.

Three drops. Three drops is all it took for the ritual to discover, analyze, and write out all of Harry Potter's inheritances. It took a few moments for the magic to flow from between Harry, bowl, and scroll. The end was clear, the scroll lit up with a golden glow before going out.

A second later Ragnok picks up the scroll and then starts to read off it. "As predicted you are the Head of the Utmost Ancient and Noble House of Potter, which is your primary Great House. You are the Head of the Utmost Ancient and Noble House of Black. -"

Whatever he was going to say next is interrupted by Remus going, "What, how can that be."

Peering at Remus with calmness then looking at the scroll, Ragnok says, "The Heir, Sirius Orion Black, used an ancient blood magic ritual with noted parental consent to declare Harry Potter as his official Heir, magic recognized the act. Magic also recognizes that while Scion Sirius Orion Black retains the right to be Head, the effects on his magic after all these years would mean putting on the Head Ring would be a death sentence, and so the right of Head has passed onto Lord Potter here. That said Sirius Black still retains the status as Heir of the House of Black, magic still recognizes him as the true Black."

Remus opens up his mouth, then closes it, then opens it again in shock.

Harry takes the opportunity to say, "I figure that is a story, but lets move on right now and continue the list."

Remus nods and gestures to Ragnok to go on, with a slight, "sorry."

Ragnok nods gently, he knows why Remus had issues with that, and wasn't really looking forward to that conversation. So he continues, "- You are the Head of the Utmost Ancient and Noble House of Sage. You are the Head of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Levant. You are the Head of the Ancient and Noble House of Valerius. You are the Head of the Aged and Noble House of Pevensie."
Ragnok then stops and grins, causing a bit of worry for the two wizards, before he continues. "You are the Head of the Sacredly Ancient and Noble House of Vidan. You are the Head of the Greatly Honored and Noble House of Gryffindor. The Head of the Greatly Honored and Noble House of Ravenclaw. The Head of the Greatly Honored and Noble House of Slytherin." A pause. "And finally you are the Head of the Foremost Ancient and Royal House of Emrys."

"Oh Merlin," is all Harry can say while Remus just feels his jaw drop.

After some shock Remus latches on to one of the more concrete discoveries and says, "Harry you are the heir of three of the four founders." He then stops and gasps as he says, "Oh Merlin, you are also the heir of Merlin himself," which is followed by a giggle.

All the time that Ragnok was reading out the listing of Houses a section on his desk was glowing slightly. Moments later packets appeared, one per House, with the appropriate name labeled on top in bold levels. These folios contained the preliminary descriptions of what each House had in asset. More comprehensive information could only be given after some extensive research by the account manager and his team.

While the material was appearing Ragnok was speaking. "Yes, though in different ways. Gryffindor is from his father's lineage and Ravenclaw is from his mothers. Slytherin is through the Rite of Conquest, he faced and defeated the previous heir and so gained the authority."

"So was Voldemort ever able to take up the mantle of Slytherin," Harry asked curiously.

"No, when he attempted to put on the Head Ring he was rejected, the magic did not accept him for reasons we are not sure of. So while he used the title he never actually had a declared right to it." Then Ragnok gives an open tooth smile as he pauses. "Now, before I can give you any more information I need to see if your claims are recognized by the magics of the various Great Houses."

"Of course," Harry takes a deep breath, "I figured you would have to make sure I am recognized before information can be shared." A shake of his head. "I'm going to be wearing so many rings."

"Actually you won't," Remus answers but then stops, though with a gesture of go on from Ragnok he continues. "All Head Rings go on the same finger and in the case of a person having more than one they merge together into one. You call forth the one you want at the time, though as a standard its mostly going to be Potter." Remus then smiles. "Even better they can disappear if you wish to not have them visible, that way you can hide your status if you want to."

"Oh, okay, great. I guess I missed that part of the teaching." Harry pauses. "I figure I should put Potter on first, as its my true House, would that be right."

"Yes, since its your primary House. The others don't make any difference as to the order." Remus answers.

At that point Ragnok has taken out from what was clearly a magical drawer an enchanted box. Putting the box on the desk he lifts the lid and there are eleven smaller boxes within, one for each House that Harry is the Head of.

Ragnok then reaches into the chest and takes out the box with the Potter Ring. He uses his innate magic to open the box, whereupon all three see the ring sitting patiently. Harry, taking a deep breath, then reaches forward and picks up the ring. He feels a sense of resistance but ignores it - as he was taught to - and slips the ring on his finger.
Suddenly he feels a great rush as the Potter family magic flows over and through him. The magic feels warm and Harry knows he is accepted by the great lineage that is his family. He didn't realize he was crying until he heard Remus go, "Harry, is everything okay."

Lowering his eyes Harry responds quietly, "yes, sorry. Its just to feel the Potter magic accept me fully without hesitation. It was marvelous. Like a thousand warm hugs."

Remus nods at that while reaching forward in Harry's direction in order to offer a real hug, which Harry actually accepts. Which showcases how close the two have gotten.

At the same time Ragnok says, "take your time Lord Potter," a pause, "Harry, there is no rush, not for this."

A few minutes later Harry wipes his eyes and looks up and gives a graceful smile to both adults for ignoring his momentary breakdown. He then coughs and says, "Right, okay then. I figure the rest won't be as emotional. I'm guessing I won't feel as connected either. Right."

"That is mostly true," Ragnok answers. "Though you might feel something from House Black considering the ritual that was used to grant you the Headship. That said, whenever you are ready just begin."

Harry reached into the chest and one by one picked up a ring and put it on. Needless to say none of the rings rejected him, though some were harsher on him then others. Each time a new ring was put on a different feeling came over him. Most felt neutral, their magic wasn't that different from his and so there was no issue. The Black magic felt cold, though welcoming in a way that was shocking when he said that fact to Remus. The magic of Sage felt warm, which Harry thought was because of his more intellectual mindset. Slytherin was different, he cried out in pain on that one, though it faded quickly as he was accepted. It caused Ragnok to raise his eyebrow and make a note on a pad in front of him. When it was all done, which was roughly a half an hour later, Harry took a break to drink some water before saying, "So that was entirely interesting and I am glad that I won't have to bond to so many rings ever again at once." A breath. "So what is next."

It was Remus that speaks first, "so with the rings all accepting him I had a question about Hogwarts, does his new status give him any special ability over the school."

"Well it does give him three seats on the Board of Governors, each with the right of veto. When Harry is magically mature he will also be able to hold the wards of Hogwarts without usurping the right of a Headmaster to do the same. That said on a day to day level no he doesn't have any more authority."

When Ragnok stops speaking Harry then asks. "So what are the holdings of the Founder Houses."

"Well, House Gryffindor gives you the title Earl Lionhome and Baron Wolftown plus two vaults, one item and one currency, as well as Gryffindor Tower located a dozen miles from Hogwarts. House Ravenclaw has the title Earl Ravennest and Baron Ashtree plus has six vaults, four item and two currency, and the Ravenclaw Lakehouse. Finally, House Slytherin has the titles Earl Nagamarsh and Baron Elderwood as well as two vaults, one of each, and a place known as Slytherin Hall. None have private hundreds for they combined their lands when they created Hogwarts and Hogsmede."
"Their high noble title is Earl, I though we used Count." Harry asked curiously.

"Albion does, except for the four Founder Houses. Earl was chosen as a way of separating the nature of their honours from that of the other noble houses." Ragnok explains without pause.

"Oh, okay, interesting." Harry shakes his head at everything before he continues. "I think we went a bit out of order by starting with those three houses. Let's go back, start with Potter please."

"The House of Potter grants you four noble titles, that of Archduke Ravenshome, Duke Mighty Oaks, Count High Cherry, and Baron Alderbrook. It should be stated that there are no other Archdukes in Albion, it was an honor granted to your ancestor for duty beyond any and all requirement. The House also has nine item and thirty currency vaults, with the trust vault being the smallest of them all. Potter holdings include the greater estates of Potter Manor and Potter Keep, as well as nine minor manors, eighteen small residences rented out, and 64 private hundreds. The House owns many businesses, which collectively gives it quite a large income. Finally, you also have one seat on the Board of Governors and four seats on the Wizenemgot, one for each Potter title."

"So I understand most of what you said but what are the private hundreds," Harry asks in wonder.

Remus is the one who answers for though he is not noble born his family is of the magical world. "Hundreds are the administrative territories of the magical world, with foundations that go back to the feudal system. Within the lands of the hundreds you are pretty much the absolute lord and master. While once a normal part of the world by the present they are pretty much entirely magical spaces and contain farms, villages, towns, manors, and other features. In the current day they contain internal government bodies overseen by a local sheriff and the hundred court, all rule at the pleasure of the lord of the estate."

Ragnok then speaks, "I would add that there are two types of hundreds, royal hundreds and private hundreds. The private hundreds are overseen by the Lords of the Great Houses while the royal hundreds were once governed under the King-Emperor directly but are now overseen by the appropriate Ministry of Magic. As an aside there are a little over five thousand magical hundreds in Albion spread out over the world."

Harry looks at both Ragnok and Remus in shock at that. He takes a deep breath before uttering, "oh boy, do I have research to do, much more than I even expected." They wait as he focuses his mind, only continuing when he gestures for Ragnok to go on.

"The next House is that of Sage, which gives you three noble titles, that of Duke Hazelgrove, Count Ivorywell, and Baron Roundhill. It seems that the last living member of this House was lost during Grindleward’s campaign. There are twenty item and three currency vaults, with more books and scrolls than other forms of items. Holdings include Sage Manor, Sage School, three vacation homes, and 59 private hundreds. Business deals are most scholastic and non-profit, including a number of printing houses and newspapers, but does have some for profit enterprises designed to support the first category. Seats on both the Board of Governors and the Wizenemgot."

Ragnok then pauses after that, curious to see what Harry was going to say next.

"Okay, so without the events that make the House of Black shocking to Remus, I would like to know what it entails for me.”
"That is not a problem, though I will note that its name, Black, refers more to the fact it was the House to operate in shadow and darkness, not that it was the House who did black magic. Besides that the House has three titles, that of Duke Blackmoor, Count Black Torrent, and Baron Obsidian Springs. Out of the three the only one you may not use is Count Black Torrent for that is the standard title given to the Heir, which as mentioned is currently Sirius Orion Black. The House possesses twenty-three vaults, twelve currency and eleven item ones. The holdings of the House include Black Manor, Black Tower, Grimauld Place, eight minor manors, and 54 private hundreds. Between all of its world wide business connections the House is quite sustainability wealthy."

"Right, so besides history it is similar to my other Houses." A pause. "So what is next."

"That would be House Levant, whose history is focused mostly on overseas matters rather than that of Briton itself. The two noble titles of Count Marche and Baron Clearford are yours. Its chief house is in the location of the same name in the holy land. Current holdings include the destroyed Levant Citadel, Levant Manor, three minor manors, and 46 private hundreds. No outstanding business deals currently exist, unfortunately. That said there are five item vaults and ten currency vaults which could easily jump start such deals. Finally there is a seat on the Wizenemgot."

Taking a deep breath as the information continues to come Harry then says. "Okay, Valerius."

"The House of Valerius has two noble titles, that of Baron Whitewell and Banneret Hartland. The last Valerius was lost during Voldemort's rampage, he hunted them all down. Two item vaults and four currency vaults exist. Holdings wise the house has Valerius Manor, Valerius House, six minor manors, and 38 private hundreds. The House portfolio is coastal operations and seafaring, including fishing, ship building, cruise line operations, cargo transport, and naval warfare."

"So this gives me operations at sea, interesting." Harry says with a smile before nodding at Ragnok to go on.

"Then comes House Pevensie, led by the Baron Ottercat, whose last remaining member died a few years ago. This House is most famously known for its primary holding, the entirely magical island of Ottercat in the sea between Britain and Ireland. Besides being home to a local population the island also serves as a world renown holiday spot, Pevensie Resort and Vacation Center, with multiple resorts catering to all tiers of wealth and social standing among the magical world. Other holdings include Pevensie Manor, three minor manors, and 18 private hundreds. Business operations focus almost entirely on the entertainment industry, including all that is required to support it. There are thirty vaults, twenty currency and ten item, most of which are designed to ease its internal operations."

Its Remus that breaths out, "Wow, you own that place, that's is marvelous." He smiles at a confused Harry. "Its the magical equivalent of Disney World, but even older and more grand. I was able to go a few times, once with James actually but also with my parents. Its really brilliant."

Ragnok comments with, "an interesting fact is that their only restriction is that a person must have magic. But the thing is they don't care whether its full wizardry, squib level, or even creature magic." Ragnok's smile goes fond. "They even have a special section for goblins to vacation at."

Remus has a grin on his face at that while Harry breaths out in awe, "really, that is wonderful. Good for them."

"Yes, it is pretty nice. Now, the next House is that of Vidan with two titles, Count Lifegrove and Baron Thorntree. The House has the standard seat on the Wizenemgot but also a special authority
that I don't have all the details on right now, but will inform you once I do." Ragnok waits and gets a nod from Harry before he continues. "The House has six vaults, four currency and two items, and I see note that your mother visited the item vaults. On holdings the House contains Vidan Ranch, three minor manors, 28 private hundreds, and the special area known as the Preserve. Its an expanded wizard space some hundred miles in size that our records show is a dangerous environment home to hostile plants and animals, not somewhere you would want to go and relax."

"That is intriguing to me, both the fact that my mother had it and that Preserve. I would like you to investigate it further, safely, so don't feel as if you need to mount an expedition to it or anything. At least not at this time." Harry says with a smile.

"Right, I will make note of that." Ragnok says with a grin. "The final House you have control over is that of Emrys. Its a very special house in numerous ways, including the fact that its one of the two Royal Houses of Albion. The noble titles of the House include Prince Hightower, Count Wavegrave, and Baron Crystaltree. It has a seat on the Wizenemgot with veto power and the unique authority to actually retroactively look back at old laws passed by that body."

"Wait," Remus says, "are you saying that Harry could bring up a law passed three years ago and then change his vote or veto its passing, even if actually passed." Even to his educated mind all the ramifications of such an ability didn’t entirely come to him.

"Yes. Its basically part of the Royal Prerogative designed to reduce the legislature’s authority to resist the Crown. The act itself is backed by magic and so once its use is declared then the appropriate records get updated. Its probably not something you want to use ad hoc, but if you save it for the perfect time it can give you an advantage." Ragnok says with a sharp toothed grin before continuing. "Additionally, the Lord of Emrys is also considered the Guardian Monitor of the Circle of Mysteries, which is the ancient name for the current Department of Mysteries in the Ministry."

Once again its Remus who speaks, which Harry thinks make sense since he is still new to the whole magical world. "Hold on, so Harry will be in charge of the Unspeakables. This is going to be brilliant and useful Harry, especially in the future."

"Yes it will," Ragnok says in full agreement before continuing. "Besides that the House has two vaults, one currency and one item, and a standard assortment of business deals. It has Emrys Manor, Emrys Tower, Emrys Cabin, ten assorted manors, numerous small properties, and 50 private hundreds."

Here the goblin takes a deep breath before saying the next part. "There is an ancient note that says much more exists but that it is locked away till the right person comes at the right time. It says 'the fated times,' though we don't truly know what that means." He stops for a moment before continuing, "we goblins have some theories on that, I could share them if you wish for it."

Harry nods at the first part before shaking his head on the second. "I won't worry too much about it right now, I have other things to concern me. But it is interesting to think that in times of supreme danger to the world I, as the Lord Emrys, might find myself getting access to some new resources." He then has a thought and so says, "how did I get all this. Did my father have it."

"Some of it yes, though he never attempted to claim anything but Potter, wasn't interested to be honest." Ragnok explains. "Some of it came directly from your mother, such as Vidan and even Sage, though I don't think she knew of the later. The rest came from the blending of both bloodlines."
"I also think Magic choose you for some of these honors as well Harry," Remus says calmly. "Most magicals of noble blood could be said to have Emrys or Hogwarts lineages, but it was you that was chosen for it."

Ragnok nods in agreement at that.

Harry gets a thoughtful look on his face, "so after all that name would I go by."

"In general it would be Lord Potter, though you have the right to go by Lord then any of your eleven Houses, so Lord Vidan or Lord Pevensie. If you are doing something that is based on a particular House then you should use that name, so if you are leading the Unspeakables go by Lord Emrys."

"As a note," Remus says, "this doesn't change your name, you are still Harold James Potter, it just adds a bunch of qualifiers after that name."

"Remus is right on that. If you need to give the whole listing then you go in order of precedence, with higher going first. The only exception is that Emrys, though its a Royal House, goes last - it was something Merlin dictated." A pause then, "so first goes Pendragon, then the 42 great houses, next the ten knightly houses, followed by the seven special houses, then Emrys, and then the minor houses.

Harry shakes his head at that before saying to both men, "well I am glad that won't be necessary except in the most formal of situations. Which I won't have to worry about for years now."

A smile is then directed at Remus as Harry says, "let's consider this to be a subject matter worth conversation on Remus."

After taking a breath to drink some water Harry turns to Ragnok and says, "so what's up next as we went over all the Houses I am now Head of."

Ragnok nods at the question before waving his hand over his scroll, which splits in two. "One for Gringotts and one for you Lord Potter," Ragnok says in an official tone which gets a quick grin from Harry as he accepts the scroll. "As for what is next, well, its time to organize things.

He waits for Harry to nod before saying, "First things first, account authority. As I was just the Potter manager I need permission to absorb all the other accounts under my authority. Before you wonder the others will remain in their position, its just they will all report to me using Gringotts organization for such bridging of accounts." A pause then, "that is if you choose me as your high account manager."

"Of course I choose you. We have been discussing matters for over a year now, why would I change my manager now," Harry said, then continues. "Further if you need my permission to have an assistant then I give it to you."

"Thank you Lord Potter, that permission will come in handy. Now, do you wish for me to just keep your wealth balanced or are you willing to invest it into properties, businesses, charities, and operations."

"The later for all the accounts have been stagnant for too long and need to flow again. Plus I am sitting on more money than a thousand people need for a hundred lifetimes. Find high risk, medium risk, and low risk opportunities in both the magical and muggle world and let us invest."
Now, don't just have this be businesses but also look for people with good ideas who just need some money or support."

Harry then thinks a moment. "Also, you may begin the process of combining vaults within each House. Use your logic but I see no reason for me to have to visit three hundred vaults just to get money. Related to this is my request that you do a full audit, I want to know where my money has gone since my parents died."

Ragnok makes a note on his files before speaking worryingly. "Do you feel that money was taken out improperly."

"No, not at this time. But since I wasn't aware of the magical world till I got my Hogwarts letter I want to make sure that it remained untouched beyond that which my parents set up, Gringots organized, or my Houses required to support their operations."

"Of course, understandable, I will see to that."

Remus then speaks, "Harry, you might want to have the rite of recall activated for every House you know you are the Head of." Seeing Harry raise his eyes in confusion Remus explains. "It basically brings to Gringotts every item bonded to your Houses which lie outside of your properties or person."

"So for example if I did this earlier the invisibility cloak of my father would have come here from where the Headmaster stored it, right." At Remus' firm nod at that Harry then turns to Ragnok. "Yes, do that please, lets recall everything that is mine that is outside of its proper places."

As Harry thinks about things he then says, "can you look into those organizations that use my name without permission, which is pretty much every one outside of those owned by my Houses as I never gave anyone permission. That said, I am willing to support those that I should while shutting down those that are harming my image, as I see it."

"Of course, that sounds good. Gringotts will begin investigating while also getting a wizarding barrister to legally look into the matter. Either I or they will contact you when we uncover such activities in order to see what you want to do." Ragnok then stops before saying, "Are there any wizards or witches you wish to authorize to work with your accounts."

"Do I need to worry about someone coming in and saying they have the authority. Like a guardian or someone." Harry asks, its been a question he has long wondered about but never felt comfortable asking.

"As a point of fact Harry, by claiming the Head of House Rings by right of the Last of Line clause you are considered legally an adult in both the mundane and magical world. On a negative side it does mean you will be charged as an adult, but on a positive side it means you can use magic without issue. It also means that any rights that a guardian might have over you are suspended, you may make your own decisions." Explains Remus.

Ragnok then comments, "since your parents death the official guardian of your person has been, as you would assume, Albus Dumbledore. That said his authority was limited to you personally and not that of the whole House of Potter, of which he could only monitor not command. Though as a standard we monitored his actions concerning your House, it seems all he did was check in with the various Potter officials from time to time to protect your interests." A pause. "In fact out of the salary he was granted by being your guardian he only kept half, the other half was given to Hogwarts to maintain various scholarship programs."
“Oh, interesting, and well for now keep that money flowing. That said, if he was only looking after me as a person who has been directing the assets of both House Potter and the others.”

“As is ancient tradition when the Headship goes empty your various estate bailiffs and private hundred sheriffs got together and formed a sort of regency council. Each year one of them was rotated into the the Seneschal position to provide a single voice of direction. Due to the number of holdings you have none of them served more than once, and some have never served as Seneschal.” Ragnok pauses a second before continuing. “I should point out that those of House Potter have done extremely well in maintaining the honor of your House and the prosperity of your lands in your absence. As I did not take care of the others I cannot say if it was the same for your other Houses.”

"I’m extremely happy to hear that, and will reward them for their continued loyalty and excellence.” Harry says with a firm nod. “That said, I do plan on keeping my status as a declared Lord and Head a secret for as long as possible as I feel that serves me better right now. Still, knowing that I am emancipated takes away a lot of the worry I had of someone coming in and stealing my accounts or binding me to contracts I did not want.” He then turns to Remus and says, “I still plan on staying with the Dursleys for now, it still seems as the safest option, especially as I don’t know the nature of my holdings. So don't panic on that Remus.”

Remus shakes his head while giving him a grin. "Good to know Harry, that is quite mature of you.” Harry's only response is to stick out his tongue at Remus, much to everyone's amusement.

After the bit of childish behavior Harry gets serious as he nods in Remus' direction. "Now before I answer your question on an adult I trust, I wondered something. If I appointed a Seneschal would those that had been doing it feel slighted.”

“No,” Ragnok says, “in truth they would be relieved. They did it because it was tradition and they had to, not because they wanted to. The family magics which bind those who takes the oath of sheriff or bailiff would have weeded out such manipulators.”

“That is great to hear, which makes the next part much easier to state.” Harry pauses and then gets a huge grin on his face. “I trust Remus here, and thus would like to appoint him as the official Seneschal of House Potter and advisor to my accounts.” Harry then turns to Remus and says, “I will require you to take the oath of the position, but that really shouldn’t be that difficult for you.”

“Harry, you shouldn’t, I’m a werewolf, what will the others think. Plus I know nothing about being a Seneschal.” Remus says.

“Well first of all, I know for a fact that neither the Ministry nor the Wizenemgot would, or could, pass a law that restricted who a Great House could hire or appoint, it would never work. Second, well, I’m pretty sure if they work for House Potter than they won’t have a prejudice against werewolves, considering my father did become best friends with you. But even if they said anything you have the backing of an Utmost Ancient and Noble House, what could they say that would mean anything.” Here Harry stops. “The one thing I won’t do as yet is have you be my proxy on the Wizenemgot, and that is mostly because I don’t want them to know I am in charge of my House.”

Remus then says, “and on me not having the skills of being a Seneschal, what do you say about that.”

Harry doesn’t say anything for a moment, then nods. “Well we could always keep the so-called
regency council intact for now, maybe even keep the fact that one of their members rotate into a senior position. While they see to maintaining order you can assist me, and work with Gringotts, in sort of auditing all the holdings that I have now come into possession of.” Harry then stops. “Actually, that sounds like a perfect idea, especially since there is almost a dozen Houses I am Head of. Each House can have its council, with their rotating Seneschal, while you can serve to represent me over them, at least till I am able to do it myself. You will be my High Seneschal.” A pause. “How does that sound.”

After looking at Harry to see how serious he is Remus gives a single firm nod. He then reaches over and, after giving Harry enough time to indicate no, he hugs him. Harry hugs back just as firmly for he fully accepts and cares for Remus, and knows he will be spectacular at the role.

Ragnok lets them do that before getting their attention. He then speaks, ”well that seems to be the last of the financial and legal matters we need to go over. When you leave I will begin the process of fully analyzing and organizing everything related to the accounts you now hold. It will take a few weeks, maybe some months for the oldest accounts, but it will be done.” He then stops for a moment before saying. ”There is but one more thing I wanted to cover, and its your health.”

Harry gives him a confused look, ”my health, what do you mean. I'm fine.”

"It has come to my attention that you are smaller for your age than is standard. Additionally, from talking to you, it seems your childhood was less than stellar as far as nutrition and care was concerned. Though you corrected it through aid of teachers it still occurred.” Here Ragnok stops and gives him a look. ”That all said, the most blatant reason is the reaction you had when you bonded to House Slytherin, it shows to me that there is something wrong. What that is, I do not know, but it reacted and a Head Ring reacting is always cause of study.”

"I think you should do it Harry,” Remus says gently. "This is a perfect opportunity to make sure you are in the best condition you can be, physically, mentally, spiritually, and magically. If you are good then it will take a second, but if you are not, then we can make it better.”

Harry looks between Remus and then Ragnok before taking a deep breath, nodding once. "Sure.”

Ragnok gives Harry a pleased smile while saying, ”good. I had the ritual room prepared for you earlier and now that we are done with the business side of things we can head down to it after a quick break.”

So said Ragnok stands up from his seat and comes across the room while gesturing to Harry and Remus to follow him into an ornate sitting room. To one side was a table with food arrayed on it and in the middle there was place sittings to eat at. It turns out the break was lunch, though not one that Ragnok joined them for.

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It was a little over an hour later that Ragnok returned from his duties in order to escort them to the healing halls of Gringotts. He took them down a number of winding hallways that twist and turn before he knocks upon a stone door. ”Gorrak, Ragnok here with Lord Potter for a health scan.”

"Come in Ragnok and guests,” says Gorrak from within the room. Its a rectangular stone room with a circular indented section in the middle. In the very center there lies a stone bed in which untold numbers of runes are carved all about, linking it to pedestals located at points along the circle.
Harry also noticed something else, Gorrak wasn't alone for standing next to her was a wizard. A tall ginger wizard who looked familiar to Harry, which is why he didn't hesitate to say, after greeting Gorrak, "you must be a Weasley."

Only to get a bark of laughter and the motion, easily accepted of a handshake. "Yes, figure you would know Lord Potter, with you being friends with my brothers. I'm William Weasley, but go by Bill, nice to meet you."

"Less chatter, more spellcraft," is the response by Gorrak.

Ragnok nods at her but turns towards Harry and says, "Mr Weasley is here as a sort of bridge, though he works for Gringotts he is also a part of a family you know. I figured his presence would be soothing."

Harry smiles at Ragnok at that, while reaching out to shake his hand in thanks. "I appreciate that Ragnok, thank you." He then turns to Gorrak and Bill and says, "so what will you be doing and what do you need me to do."

"First come here, then we will have you undertake a ritual similar to the inheritance ritual, but this will show everything that has happened to you physically, mentally, spiritually, and magically. Any curses, bindings, bonds, or personal wards tied to you will show up as well. Once that is done we will go over the results before figuring out what we need to do."

"Okay, I understand. So this could take minutes if only minor things are uncovered or much longer if something unknown - like Ragnok expects - shows up." They nod at him and Harry thinks about it. "Okay so today is Friday and the Dursley's are going to be gone till Sunday, we are on a trip you see, so I have till then. If necessary." A pause and a look at the adults. "Not that I want it to be necessary."

They give him a nod while Remus says, "its going to be okay Harry. Even if they discover something they can fix it, the goblins of Gringotts are aware of certain healing and cursebreaking magics that wizards have long forgotten."

"That is good to hear Remus." Then Harry turns to the others. "Okay, when you're ready lets cast the diagnostic ritual."

Gorrak gestures for Harry to come over to her and says, "seven drops of blood, no more, no less." Harry just nods at that and when she begins casting and gives him a look he uses the ritual knife to cut his finger and drop the requisite seven drops of blood. He glows, his blood glows, the bowl glows, the scroll linked to it all glows. The glow fades and writing appears on the the page, a lot of writing, about two minutes worth of writing.

When its done Gorrak grabs the paper and begins reading it, turning it slightly so that Bill can see it as well. As they read their faces grow more and more shocked and angry. When they finish they look at Harry, seemingly without words.

"So, let me guess, I should plan on being here till Sunday, right." Is Harry's response, not entirely shocked as out of everyone in the room he knows his life the most.

Gorrak growls up, "first year of life, quite good, taken care of. Only three things occurred, the first looks like the standard Potter mail ward, the second is a parental blood bond to Sirius Black, and the third is a parental block on your magic. All three are proper for parents, after that though everything is wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong."
Harry looks at the adults before saying, "before moving to the wrong, I would like to know about the first three."

Ragnok speaks on the first topic. "All Potters have a mail ward on them activated at birth, it protects the family from malicious mail sent from anyone they do not personally know or who is not family. Hogwarts and Ministry letters are exempt."

On the second topic Ragnok says, "this seems related to the whole Black issue. With your permission, I would like to investigate the matter before speaking on it as there is much we don't know."

Bill interrupts with, "I can say its not harmful, in fact its a protective thing. So don't panic on it."

Harry nods and then says, "and the binding on my magic."

It's Remus that answers that, "even as a baby you were using magic, consciously. I was present when you summoned your toy from across the room. Your parents thought it was accidental but I saw you stand up in your crib and then reach out and make a look of concentration, a second later the toy came into your hand. You giggled and sat down. That was probably not the only act you did, so they probably put a parental lock." He then turns to Gorrak and says, "but why didn't it break around eight or when he went to Hogwarts, it should have."

It's Bill, once again, who answers. "The ritual we did doesn't tell us that, though we have other spells that will tell us more details which we will cast before we do any work healing."

Harry nods and then says, "so after that point everything is wrong, what happened."

"The night you got the scar is the first, there is a large amount of dark magic around it, spiritually aspected dark magic." Bill says when it seems that Gorrak is focused on reading. He shakes his head in an attempt to push aside his anger and says, "from that till age eight -.

Harry interrupts him by saying, "right, I understand. All the issues though are physical right, so it should be something relatively easy for magic to correct."

Bill nods, accepting that Harry doesn't want details given out. "Yes, easy though doesn't mean quick or painless, you understand right." At Harry's nod he continues. "from eight till now things get better physically speaking, you have some issues last year that seem indicative of Quidditch accidents, but they are healed. Your nutritional level is better than it was, but not as good as it can, will, be."

Remus says with a bit of sadness, "you will be going on a potion plan which will undo the years of neglect."

Bill nods in agreement and then continues. "You have a few cases of magical exhaustion, but that is logical for a first year who is trying to be the best he possibly can be in everything. The only other thing to note is there is another residue of dark magic, and there is no way its self-caused."

Harry nods his head in agreement at that before saying, "the two moments of dark magic were caused by the same person."

Bill nods at that as it seemingly makes sense to him, "so the bastard is still alive I see, I figured it was too good to be true that he was gone for good." Then he gives Harry a look before saying,
"and he was at Hogwarts, if we get a chance and you are up for it I would like to know more. I do have family there after all."

Harry gives him a small nod as Gorrak turns her focus back onto him as a person. "Come here and sit on the bed, we will do a more exacting scan. I want more information on the dark magic."

Unlike the original ritual, which involved Harry using his own blood as a catalyst, this one was a standard spell cast in partnership by both magical and goblin working together. Due to that fact the spell revealed more information than even Harry's own blood told them, all because of the great knowledge the two users of magic had.

Upon being cast a sphere of red energy manifested and moved to encompass Harry. Harry felt a warm tingling sensation go over him that was calming for most of the scan. That is until it touched the area around his scar, at that point he felt a sharp bit of pain. It came and went but left him gasping in an attempt to try and gain breath.

When the spell finished the sphere dispersed, with the only proof it had happened being a physical orb which slowly unraveled till it took a shape of a scroll. At this point Gorrak and Bill both began reading the newly manifested scroll.

Bill gasps when he gets to the dark magic residue element. "Its a horcrux," he states firmly.

"What is a horcrux," Harry asks in response.

"Its the foulest type of dark magic," answers Remus without pause or thought as to Harry being too young, "one in which there is no returning from if one uses it. It involves murder and dark rituals. and though it provides immortality it does so at the cost of one's soul. Even the darkest of the Great Houses do not accept those who have created them, to the point where they become disinherited." Seeing the look on the other’s faces Remus blushes a bit and says, "I learned about it while getting my Mastery in Defense of the Dark Arts."

Nodding at what he said Bill then says, "and its seems Voldemort actually made more than one as the piece in the scar is too small to be simply half of his soul. The thing is dark wizards don't use a living vessel to house a horcrux, it just isn't done for many reasons."

"Then why would he use me as one," Harry asks.

After a slight pause Gorrak speaks up. "I don't think he meant to. From what I have gathered it seems the aftermath of the failed curse caused a large burst of chaos magic and a portion of it came into contact with you. That portion contained part of Voldemort's soul."

Bill then comments. "The thing is the block on your magic put on you by your parents is what saved your life. It wrapped around the dark magic and, well, blocked it from effecting you. It was that and the after effects of the ritual that your mother did to protect you that let you survive.

Remus then asks in the silence, "can you tell how much of his magic is blocked."

Bill and Gorrak look at each other, though it is Gorrak that answers. "Sixty percent was blocked, Harry here is only using forty percent of his total capabilities at this time."

Harry just looks at the adults for a second as he is completely unsure what to do. Its hard to think that he is the top of his year with only forty percent of his true capabilities available. Taking a deep breath he then asks, "can you get the horcrux out of me," he wonders out loud, "and can you
unblock my magic."

"Yes to both," Gorrak says evenly, "the removal of the horcrux will occur first and then when its
gone we will unbind your magic. The process will be relatively quick but its aftermath will knock
you out till Sunday."

"Understood," Harry says with a nod and then a thought comes to him. "During the time I am
unconscious can you heal me of the other physical issues you mentioned."

Gorrak gets a thoughtful look on her face, before saying, "I don't see why not. You not being
aware means we can actually dose you with higher levels than if you were awake. When you
wake up Sunday afternoon you will feel like a new man."

"Okay then, lets do that." Harry says with the authority of being the connected with eleven
different Great Houses.

It was twenty minutes later when the ritualists had gathered all the necessary materials in order to
undertake the ritual. Over that time Ragnok had went over some final business matters with Harry
and Remus. A number of operations and ideas were put into play, some short term while others
longer before completion.

One area that Harry failed was in how he tried to tell Remus he didn't need to stay. Remus said he
would watch over Harry, he needed to make sure his 'cub' was fine. That caused Harry to stop
and look at Remus and led the man to blush. Harry didn't mind the term it was just new and would
take getting used to. Harry did get a promise that Remus would sleep and eat rather than just
simply watching over him.

Harry didn't really say it but he was extremely happy that Remus made it known he would watch
over him. It was similar to what the teachers had done for him, but even more since it was also
personal rather than academic. The comforting nod from Bill and the "all will be well" from
Remus were the last things said before the ritual began.

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"Its good that we caught it now," Remus said while sitting on a chair near to the bed that Harry
was on, and still asleep.

"I agree," Ragnok says from another chair, "especially as it pertains to us breaking his connection
to Voldemort."

"We were also lucky for another reason, the parental binding was still intact. If we didn't have that
protecting him we would have had an even stronger soul fragment we would need to fight." Bill
commented as he sat around the sleeping child.

"I'm happy that he has all of his magic available, being bound to only use forty percent of what
one has available, its upsetting." Then Remus smiles, "what is interesting is that even with that
low level of his potential he was still the top of his year at Hogwarts."

Bill nods at that, then a thought comes to him. "You might want to test his wand, with all the
power now available he might need a different wand." A pause. "Additionally he will probably
need to test his magic, he might find himself overloading his spells if he casts as he is used to.
Though he will have difficulty using magic over the summer since he lives in a muggle
residence."
Remus blinks at that but then nods. "Yes, I can see that, both of them. I will bring the wand idea to him when he wakes it, we can visit there when he is ready." Then Remus gets a sly look on his face. "Well, and I feel okay saying this as you are bound by the security oaths of Gringotts, Bill, but he has an expanded wizard tent. Since its entirely a magical location no magic done in there shows up on the trace."

Ragnok is of course not surprised, which makes sense since he was heavily involved in the purchase of said item. Bill though laughs at that, in full glee at the advantages of such a thing.

"Good," Bill says with a smile, "I'm glad he can practice."

For the next ten minutes they continue to discuss various matters, including some Potter business which Bill is only allowed to hear due to Gringotts oaths. Eventually they hear a groan and the sound of rustling, which clearly indicates that Harry was waking up.

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"So you understand the potion regimen you will have to take, right." Gorrak says to Harry while sitting in Ragnok's office.

"Yes I do. For the next two months I have four potions to take each day in the order they are placed in the potions box. Collectively they will undo years of neglect on my body, in a way that even good exercise and healthy living won't do on its own." Harry smiles at the adults at his pause. "I might sound frustrated that you keep on asking me, but I appreciate the fact that you are doing this. I couldn't have done it on my own, and I am glad that my physical issues will be corrected."

They nod at that as Gorrak says, "Well good. So with that my job is done, you are as healthy as you can be. Good life to you, and may your gold grow and your enemies fall at your feet."

"Thank you Gorrak for all your help, on removing the darkness and curing my body. May you gain the gold of your desires and see your enemies know your power." Harry then reaches out to shake her hand and then bows a bit in her direction.

Bill also stands up, since his job has been completed with Gorrak's departure. "It was nice meeting you Harry, please feel free to keep in touch. And if you have any questions about cursebreaking or wardcrafting then don't hesitate to ask." Another handshake and the eldest Weasley son departs for his next assignment.

After the two leave the office Ragnok turns to Harry and says, "Well I do believe that is it for now. I will be heavily in touch as I continue to go over your vast number of accounts and reorganize them after centuries of neglect." He pauses then gives a grin before saying, "I will also keep in touch with Remus, he will be quite busy aiding me in supporting your accounts."

The two wizards laugh at that while Remus says, "Thanks." He then pauses and turns to Harry. "Well if that is all for now, I guess we should depart Gringotts."

Harry nods, "Quite. I'm glad that this 'vacation' is over." Which leads to laughter that is followed by Harry giving Ragnok the proper departure, while thanking him for his work so far. They then leave the office, escorted by a goblin assistant, to the same apparation point they arrived in.

They appear one street away from Privet Drive in the shadow of a massive tree which Remus had
isolated as an apparition point. The two look at each other in knowledge they have to part ways for now. Harry gives a bittersweet smile, one that Remus shares with him even as both keep their feelings unspoken.

Harry then says wonderingly, "its too bad that I can't get the fireplace in the tent set up with floo access. Then we could meet up without having to through the process of actually walking too and from."

Harry expected Remus to laugh at the idea, but the thoughtful look he had on his face was surprising. "Hmm," Remus then says, "I will communicate with Ragnok, with us working on maybe that or portkey access could be possible. If I don't leave the tent then I won't show on the wards, just like your usage of magic doesn't." Remus then shakes his head and gives Harry a pleased idea, "its a good idea cub, so let me see about it."

As Harry turns to the man and opens his mouth to ask a question he is interrupted by Remus who says, "I guess it's time I talk to you about why House Black appearing caused me much shock."

Harry nods but says, "only if you want to though, I don't want to cause you pain."

Remus smiles, "that's a great thing about you Harry, you care about others." Shaking his head. "That said, I need to tell you. Better me than others I think." A deep breath and then says in a rush. "Sirius Black is your godfather and the reason you don't have parents."

"What," Harry exclaims in shock, "how can that be."

"He was the secret keeper and revealed the secret to Voldemort which allowed him to go after you all." A pause. "A secret keeper is chosen for the fidelus charm, which protects the location of a person or place and makes access difficult for those who do not know the secret."

Silence as Harry ponders it all. "But why would he make me his heir if he was going to betray me." Shaking his head. "What did he say in his trial."

"I don't know actually. Right after that night I left the country to try and cope with everything I had lost." He pauses. "I know it makes me seem cowardly but I just couldn't deal, I needed some space. To come to terms with feeling as if I just lost my whole world. When I got back I headed to Hogwarts to see about meeting you, but Albus said that since I couldn't adopt you it would have just confused you more." A shake to his head. "I listened to him and so I staid away. Till I got your letter after Christmas and everything changed."

Silence as Harry thought about it all. "I understand. It's hard you know but I get it." A stop. "Well you are here now and serve as my High Seneschal and so you can't leave." Harry smiles, which Remus soon copies.

Remus then says, "okay, so you make a good point on there being something weird going on. So I'm going to work with Gringotts to see what I can uncover. I'm not sure what we can do right now but I will try." A pause. "Sirius deserves that I try and find the truth." He then takes a deep breath before letting it out and saying, "well, with all that said, I think you have to head out. We will talk soon."

Harry nods at that, then in an act that shocks both a bit Harry reaches out and hugs him. Remus gladly reaches out to both accept and extend the hug. When Harry pulls back after a few minutes he reaches into his bag and takes out his Invisibility Cloak, which he puts on and thus disappears as he heads back to Privot Drive.
Chapter End Notes

So that was that, and I hope you enjoyed it. From this moment forward I can say that there will be a lot of political meetings and discussions as Harry gets to know and learn about the nature of his new role in society.

Also, this will be the only section updated today as it's so long. :)

I'm looking forward to any feedback or ideas that you may have. I thank you for reading my story!
High Seneschal

High Seneschal

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Date: Summer Before Second Year, , Mid July

Using his amulet of office Remus appeared in front of the gates of Elderkiln Castle. As this was his first time doing that since gaining the position he didn't even hesitate to use his Potter gifted athame and give the gate three drops of his blood. With the authority Harry invested in him as his High Seneschal he knew this place would open up for him.

Which it did, with a feeling similar to a dog rolling over for some belly rubs. Remus gave a chuckle at this for he knew that only Harry himself would have gotten an even better greeting.

Which, Remus thought, made sense for Harry was the bonded Lord of the castle and the magic would LOVE to see him.

Sadly though Harry was not here and so the castle's magic would have to accept Remus. At least for now.

"Hello sir," was said to Remus as soon as he walked into the castle. "I am Alexander Jones, the Reeve of Elderkiln Castle."

He is answered with, "hello Reeve Jones, I am Remus Lupin, Lord Harry Potter's newly appointed High Seneschal."

"Welcome sir," Jones says with a slight bow. "As soon as we felt the magic we knew you would come and so have begun preparing your official area." A slight pause, "if you wish I could escort you to that chamber."

Remus smiles wildly, "yes, thank you, that would be great. I have a lot to go over and a relatively short amount of time to do that."

A nod at that, for Jones fully understands what Remus is going through. It was, after all, only a few years previous that he took up the position of Reeve from his dearly departed grandfather. "Of course. Please come this way." As the two start walking through the castle Jones speaks again. "If you have any need for either me or any of the staff, both magical and house elf, do not hesitate to call upon us."

"Thank you, and I will. Especially you Reeve Jones as I expect you know a lot of how things are, and should be."

A grateful nod, "thank you for the kind words High Seneschal Lupin, and while I admit to having some knowledge I do feel I am still learning."

"If you feel comfortable doing so, by the way, feel free to call me Remus. I am finding my place but I know there is no reason to keep strictly to formality on a day to day basis." Remus says with a nod before commenting further, "as for you still learning, I say good. One should never stop learning."
Though he tries to hold it back Jones finds himself laughing anyway. "Sorry, its just that sounded exactly like what my grandmother would always say." A pause then, "but will do and please feel free to call me Alex, I don't require formality."

Remus nods and then says, "so what can you tell me about Elderkiln Castle."

Which leads to the start of an almost forty minute long conversation.

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Remus looked up when he heard a knock at his office door. "Come in," he then says.

Its Alex, "sorry to bother you Remus but Sheriff Michael Anders is here. He was wondering if you were available for a quick meeting."

Remus nods, "yes that I am. Give me five minutes to gather some paperwork before you escort him in." A pause then, "thank you Alex for not just letting him walk in, even if he is a Sheriff."

Jones nods before walking out of the room to speak to the Sheriff. Remus proceeds to use the next five minutes to not just move some of his paperwork but to gather the material that he knows they will end up talking about.

He snorts then says, "quick meeting indeed," since he knows it will be anything but that.

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"Thank you for seeing me High Seneschal," says Sheriff Anders after the very initial meet and greet.

"Not a problem actually, especially since I was planning on seeking you out soon. You are the active Seneschal for the House of Potter."

A nod before the Sheriff says, "a gesture that I want to say I appreciate. It is in fact one of the reasons I wanted to come, to ask about the Seneschal position for House Potter."

"While further details will be presented in the meeting I will have next week with all Potter Sheriffs, Bailiffs, and Reeves I am more than happy to give you an update. Lord Potter is planning to keep the Seneschal position rotating, at least for now." Remus then pauses before asking, "remind me please how much longer does your term last."

"Six months, it ends January first of next year, at which time the honors will be given to Sheriff Lucy Victoria."

"Perfect. Long enough for us to work together to get everything situated. Lord Potter will be most pleased by that."

"What's he like," Sherrif Anders asks.

A not unexpected question, which is why Remus had no trouble answering. "He is like his parents, especially his mother. He is driven and can be intense in the pursuit of his goals and projects. Though he is new to it all he has an aura of nobility around him. Finally, though he is young, nobody should make the mistake of thinking he is not in charge."
"Good," the Sheriff says. "I prefer that to a person who lets himself be guided by the wills of others." Seeing Remus' confused look he explains, "for over a hundred years have I served the House of Potter, while my family has been in service for over a thousand. I do not want to have a figurehead of a leader, I want a leader."

"He will be happy to hear that," is what Remus says with a firm nod. "I will also set up a meeting between the two of you before he has to return to Hogwarts."

"I appreciate that," the Sheriff says with a firm tone himself. He then pauses and grins, "now I know I said 'quick meeting' when I spoke to Alex but, well, if there is anything you wish to go over I have a free afternoon."

Remus gives a wide grin at that, one soon shared by the Sheriff, as an entire stack of paperwork is brought out and placed on the desk between the two. The Sheriff sits back in comfort as the two quickly begin conversing on everything going on. With the exception of a quick break for some food its almost five hours later before the Sheriff leaves Elderkiln Castle.

As that happened Remus couldn't help but feel it was a quite productive day. So much so that he took out his message journal and wrote to Harry.

Remus : Met with the current Potter Seneschal, Sheriff Michael Anders. Meeting lasted over five hours, it was quite productive, a lot was discussed. As Ragnok had said the House of Potter had been kept in a near perfect state by the hardworking and loyal actions of its officials.

Remus : It's late and I'm tired, so good night.

He didn't even give Harry the chance to respond, quickly closing up the journal as he stood up to get something to eat before relaxing for the evening.

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As the last person sat down Remus Lupin, decked out in the traditional robes of a High Seneschal began looking at the men and women sitting around the round table he gave a slight smile. "Thank you for coming to this meeting, last minute though it might have been. I am here to confirm what you all feel, a Potter once again wears the Head Ring. This occurred last week when Harold James Potter utilized the Last of Line protocol." Here Remus pauses before continuing on. "As part of the process of proving his identity he used the Augustan Rites, which shows all of his potential inheritances. That numbered eleven, all of which had a vacant Headship, though no longer as he claimed them all."

The group, powerful though they may be, still acted like rowdy school children when that was said. Murmurs of shock and dismay were said by most, though Remus waited it out patiently. When it quieted he continued, "I know, I felt the same way, so did Lord Potter himself. It was made all the worse as until a year before he didn't know he was even a wizard, let alone the fact he was noble or a titled lord. Nonetheless its true, and it's a burden he now has to bear." He pauses as he sees the gathered all nod in acceptance and approval. "And bear it he will, with strength and honor, for all that he is only twelve years old. The age hampers him of course, and he knows it, for how can he hope to govern while at the same time learning both about magic and the magical world."

Remus stops once more.
"Till he graduates Hogwarts and steps fully into the role of a Lord a dozen times over he is going to depend on us all. He is not worried of course, as over the last dozen years you have all proven your skill and honor, and so he is nothing but pleased by your actions. You have all done your families and ancestors proud."

He has to pause as he feels the aura of power flow through him and into the room. As he is officially speaking for his Lord the magic reacts and surrounds the members. They gasp as they come to be filled by warmth, the equivalent of a hug and a 'you did well,' as magic and the House of Potter rewards them all.

"As you can see," Remus eventually is able to say, "you have been given a boon by magic. May you continue to serve honorably and to the best of your ability."

He gives a nod to them all before continuing on with what he has to say. "The fact is Lord Potter does not personally know that many adults, let alone those he fully trusts. He doesn't know you either but through your oaths and talismans he knows you can be trusted. I, as one of those few adults he does know, was appointed by him to serve as his High Seneschal, with a responsibility over all of his Houses." They nod when Remus pauses, as they think about all the complexities that exist. "It is for that reason he has chosen to maintain this council, as well as the nature of your yearly rotational leadership."

He lets them ponder that for a few moments before speaking again.

"Now, as he is your Lord, feel free to message Lord Potter if you need to. You may also communicate to me, as overseeing his honours is my new full time job. That said, on most routine actions, you may maintain the decision making you have become used to. There will be audits and questions but it's more to know what is going on than it is to double check on the rightness of what you have done."

Everyone nods at Remus on that point, since it makes sense. "As for this council it will meet quarterly at minimum, more if the need arises. I will also schedule individual meetings with each of you, so as to go over the details of the holdings or hundreds you administer. That said, since all of you are here we might as well go over some of the broad elements of the holdings you monitor."

It's a few hours later, with a lunch in between, before he meeting breaks up. Remus couldn't help but think on how successful it was, and how much he enjoyed it.

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First Sight: Potter Manor

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Date: Summer Before Second Year, Mid July

"Hey Remus," Harry said as he met up with Remus at their spot in the park, "how are things with you."

"Hey cub," is Remus' cheery response, "and I'm doing pretty well despite the fact that I have even more paperwork to do. How are you," he asks.

Harry laughs at that, "I'd say you have nobody to blame but we both know that is not true as I am the one who appointed you. I'm doing well, the Dursley's ignore me, and with my summer assignments finished I have been able to turn to my House studying."

"That is great to hear, so what did you want to do today," Remus says with a smile. He knows he should postpone these meetings as he has so much work to do, but he can't bring himself to do it.

"We will be visiting Potter Manor," is Harry's cheeky response. "It seems the answer to solving the question of how to get to the locked down manor is on my finger."

"Ah," Remus says with a shake, "so simple and yet not even the team of goblins and wizards I'm working with knew it."

"I'm pretty sure that was part of the lockdown, unless the Heir or Head says it the link is not there." Harry says with a smile and then a shrug, "I wouldn't be surprised if other House manors are similarly secured. But that can wait till later, once the audit of my Houses is complete."

"Right, we can have you activate your ring if we find any holdings missing." Remus laughs before saying, "okay then so what do we do."

"All you need to do is hold on to my arm as it operates like side-along apperition and a portkey all in one, at least that is what the family lore tells me." Harry says with a smile.

As soon as Remus is in position and Harry is ready he thinks about it and activates the magic of the House Ring. Soon after they are whisked away, appearing a moment afterward on a short stone and gravel road in front of a wrought iron gate with two lion statues standing guard. The road they are on ends not that far back from where they appeared, but even more there are nothing to the sides of the gate.

Finding humor in it Harry says, "well that isn't great security, people can just walk around the gate."

Remus gives Harry a serious look, as if to say this is important don't joke, but then losses it as he smiles and then laughs. "Right, I think the fact that when you look past the gate there is no manor as something more new worthy then a lack of gate."

"Always so serious Remus," Harry says with a smile, "and we both know its the combination of my blood and House Rings which will get us in."
Remus laughs, "cheeky lad is cheeky."

Harry just laughs in response as he walks over to the lions and the gate. Gazing at it all he says, "this is my history, a history I was kept from due to a madman. No longer though for even if I don't live here right now it is still my history."

Remus doesn't say anything, what could he say after all, but he does put his hands on Harry's shoulder in comfort. Harry turns towards him and smiles in thanks. Remus lifts his hands so Harry can go and do what he needs to do. He doesn't leave but he gives Harry the space he needs to do it.

"Okay Remus, just so you know I am giving three drops of blood to both lions and seven drops of blood to the House symbol on the gate. This is both due to my father not being here to pass the wards to me and the lockdown on the Manor."

Remus nods his head at that and gestures for Harry to do what he needs to do. In matters such as this he fully trusts Harry, especially as he can detect Ring based information.

Harry walks to the first lion and manifests the bound athame he found in the Potter Gringotts vault. A cut and three drops later Harry is moving to the second lion to do the same. Between the walks the cut was healed immediately, no blood was dropped except where it was required. Standing in front of the Potter symbol etched in gold upon the gate Harry took a deep breath, cut himself for a third time, and dropped the blood upon the gate.

The lions roared as they transformed into first beings of flesh and then flowing into spirit as they ran into Harry. He was pushed back and had to focus intensely on his and the House's magic in order to not collapse. He did, mentally and magically wrestling the totem animals into submission, he was the Lord and Head of Potter and he was the one who was master here.

When the proof of his blood and his right to be here could not be questioned the lion statues reappeared and the gate glowed gold before slowly opening.

Nodding at both statues he thanked them for their protection, they bowed back before going still, and Harry - with Remus right behind him - walked through the gates and into the demense of Potter Manor.

They could feel the powerful magic rise them up from the mundane world and into a magical zone. Which was the secret of Potter Manor and why it needed no walls, it wasn't of the base world and thus secured but for its special gateways.

"Well," Harry says, "isn't this beautiful." Which it was, for the two found themselves at the end of a gravel and stone road lined by flowering fruit trees of numerous mystical varieties. Beyond the road line Harry could see numerous groves with trees arrayed around ponds of various sizes.

"I think we should head straight to the manor itself," Remus says, "not that I don't want to explore myself." For even though he had been here as a child there was much to the place that he hadn't seen, that none of the Marauders but James had seen.

Harry grins at him, "yeah I know, its going to be fun."

As they begin walking they start talking about simple things as what else were they going to do over the five minute walk.
Eventually they reached a point where the path ended in a loop right in front of a massive manor house. It was a four story pure white stone-brick rectangular building containing many six story octogonal towers with long pointy conical tops. Harry was amazed and awed and happy that it was completely different from Hogwarts, a uniqueness that brought a smile to his face.

Nodding at Remus the two made their way to the front door and Harry, knowing of it ahead of time took out his athame and dropped three drops of blood onto the door. Once he did that he backed up and watched as the ornate wood paneled stone door open up all on its own.

They walked in and found themselves in a massive semi-circular three story entrance way. Though open arches could be seen with hallways beyond them the real feature was the double twisting gorgeous staircases in the center of the way.

Pop. Pop. Pop.

All of a sudden Harry and Remus were surrounded by almost a hundred house elves, all wearing toga like robes bearing the Potter symbol.

They bowed down regally, while the eldest looking of them began speaking. "Master Harry Potter has come home, Tilly is happy to show Master and his companion around and answer any questions you may have."

"Thank you Tilly, it feels good to be here. This is Remus Lupin and he serves as my High Seneschal for I have almost a dozen Houses that I am Head of." Harry stops to take it all in. "Unfortunately for reasons both annoying and inescapable I cannot yet move here permanently. That said I plan on providing Remus here with apparation permission so he may come and go as he needs to, maybe even making it his residence and main office."

Tilly nods in understanding when Harry finishes speaking.

"That all said, I thank you all for your dedicated service to the House of Potter in general and my family in specific. I can see and sense that even without an active Potter living here you have maintained Potter Manor to a state beyond the expectations we had. I commend you for that."

Over a hundred murmurs of "thank you Master," is heard by Harry.

"Though my time here is limited there are certain things I want to do. The first of which is to meet and greet every single one of you. If any of you wish permission to start a family or have offspring, well, this is the perfect time to ask. The same if you wish to be moved to a different section of the Manor." A smile, "okay everyone, lets begin."

When the hour passed every house elf associated with Potter Manor was spoken to. During that time Remus, with Harry's approval, was escorted by one of the house elves to where his bedroom apartment and office would be. As he was heading away Harry did jokingly say, "now don't go wandering off without me to see the mysteries of the manor before me." Much to everyones amusement.

Before meeting up with Remus for lunch Harry did the second thing he needed to do, which was bond fully with the manor's wardstone and examine the access list. The foundational stone for the whole of the manor was located in a deep chamber far underneath it all, with access through a secret panel inside the master's office. Nine drops of blood was used to bind the whole extended and highly complex wards to his physical, spiritual, and magical pattern. It wasn't difficult since
there was no doubt he was a Potter, the Head Ring and all the other times he had proven it were enough.

When Harry opened the book containing the access list he was shocked by the amount of people on it. Shaking his head he cleaned it of everyone but himself and Remus Lupin, even Albus Dumbledore was no longer on it. Harry knew he could always add others when needed as temporary access was pretty easy to accomplish.

Before pulling out of the list he looked up to see if Remus' thought was accurate, and it was - those officials bonded to any of his Houses and in possession of the proper amulets of office would be granted access. It wasn't to a level equal to what a person on the official list had, but it was good enough for whatever business they needed to accomplish.

When that was done and everything was secured Harry found himself heading towards the office that Remus was sitting in. Coming into the room Remus looked up from some paperwork he was reading and said, "ready, everything good to go with the access and wards."

"Oh yes, everything is good to go, and was easy to accomplish. I came to get you so we can have lunch before Tilly escorts us around the manor." A pause then Harry continues, "I already told them that we will be staying for dinner but after that we will both be leaving. They know you will be here a lot while I will probably visit once or twice more before school starts."

"Sounds good," Remus says as he stands up in a stretch. "I have to say letting me be here was a blessing, some of the documentation I was missing was sitting here as if waiting." A slight laugh as he gazes back at the papers, "its actually sped up my work catching up on the Potter holding by weeks, if not months."

By this point they had gotten to the dining room they would be eating lunch in. "That's great Remus, I'm glad that it helped you. Now, none of that business right now, we are in my ancestral home, let's relax."

Remus laughs happily and reaches over to hug Harry, which is eagerly returned.

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After lunch Harry and Remus went with Tilly to a special room situated on the uppermost level of the tallest tower in the manor. It required Harry to put his hand on the door and give it a bit of his magic, but when he did and they walked in what they saw had them gasping in awe.

It seems this was an observatory chamber with full 360 degree enhanced views of the whole of the manor estate.

In the silence the house elf spoke, "with this room Tilly can describe all the sections of the manor without us having to go walk to them all." The elf pauses before continuing, "though Tilly would be happy to take the master to those places which he wants to see close up."

"Thank you Tilly," Harry says, "this is actually a perfect location to get a sense of what the estate is about." A smile then, "so lets begin."

Tilly nods then starts, "first thing to know is Potter Manor is a bounded space with only three gateway entrances, plus two approved apparation points. That said there is a moat at the edge bordered by stout stone walls for decorative purposes." A pause then, "the gate you came in from is the primary one from the mundane world and is the start of the main road that traverses the
whole of the manor. The trees that lie on its side are bigger and bushier then the ones in other places."

"It was a beautiful site walking along it, that's for sure," Harry says with a smile.

Tilly nods at that, "we be working hard to keep it as intact and beautiful as when Masters James and Mistress Lily lived here." A pause. "The road continues down till it meets the central circular manor zone, which is bordered by hedge and circumnavigated by road."

"Its this area that we will probably spend most of our time in, isn't it." Remus asks as they gaze about.

"Yes," Tilly says, "while the outer circle contains the working fields and buildings the inner one is mostly residential." A pause. "Besides the central manor house itself, which is fully expanded with many examples of wizard space, the area has an outdoor pool, deck, garden maze, stables, a decorative garden, an ornate pond, a general sports field, and a Quidditch pitch. In the front where you came in there is also a standing stone circle the Potters normally used for ceremonial rituals."

"I'm going to enjoy exploring and using all those fun facilities," Harry says with a smile.

"They are all good to go," Tilly then stops, "we knew you were alive though not where you were, so we always maintained these lands hoping you would come home."

Touched deeply all Harry can say is, "thanks Tilly, I appreciate that. From what I have seen and sensed so far, you have all done an amazing job." Harry then gestures for her to go on.

She smiles happily and then continues, "the outer ring is divided into twelve sections, three of which are the gateway boulevards. From the top and heading clockwise the sections go farm, craft, lake, boulevard, livestock, forest, boulevard, orchard, forest, farms, boulevard, and greenhouses."

"With the way the land is organized and zoned is Potter Manor self-sufficient," Harry asks.

"For the most part yes, only the more exotic magical goods are outside of our ability to grow or supply," Tilly says with happiness for she is clearly pleased at the great work they did. "We even have a clay pit, stone quarry, and iron mine in the craft zone," she then whispers as if saying a deep secret, "they be enchanted by Merlin himself to forever provide resources."

"Oh," Harry blinks at that, "that is amazing. I will need to look up what my ancestor did to get us that boon."

Remus just giggles and when they turn to him he says, "clay pit, you are the Potters and you have your own clay pit." Which gets smiles as they realize how funny that it is.

In the silence Tilly continues, "Besides olives and grapes you also have a score of other fruit trees, and even some sugar cane. The manor also has deer, rabbits, cows, sheep, pigs, chickens, bees, plus the traditional working horses, cats, and dogs. Some of our breeds are magical though many are of the standard mundane types." A pause. "Upon harvest we store some for use of the manor while the rest gets packaged and sold in the hundreds of your House at traditional cost."

"Really, that is brilliant. So none of its been wasted these last twelve years," Harry says in awe at their planning.
"Oh no, Master Harry, we wouldn't let that happen. Plus we used some the money we got to purchase the goods we couldn't make ourselves so we never had to touch your Gringotts accounts." She smiles happily at that.

"While I am glad that everything worked well for you, I do grant you permission to use funds from the Potter account when you need to to support, maintain, and upgrade Potter Manor."

"Tilly thanks you for that, but do not worry for even though you weren't here the officers of House Potter never forgot their duties, Potter Manor was fully supported."

"I'm extremely glad to hear that," a pause then, "the more I hear about the officers the more I know I am going to have to reward them."

Remus smiles at that, and makes a mental note, but then notices something in the lake section. "Tilly, are those human sized houses around the lake."

"Yes Master Remus, though they are empty now, have been for two generations. Once Potter Manor had human workers in addition to house elves, that be where they lived." Then she smiles, "but don't you be worrying, when the Master at the time closed them down they were transported to a village in a Potter hundred and life went on. These be new houses to replace those moved."

Harry smiles at that once again, "I love being a Potter, I keep on seeing thoughtfulness and kindness in the actions of my ancestors." A shake of his head as a thought comes to him, "though I bet there is also darkness somewhere in there."

Remus nods in agreement, and so does Tilly, though she shakes her head when they look at her, "Tilly can't say cause Tilly doesn't know, but Tilly hears rumors from older elves that bad things sometimes happened long ago. Tilly only says this so you are prepared when you know."

Harry nods at her, "thank you Tilly, its nice to have a warning." He pauses as he looks around the estate. "We were allies to Merlin, were good to our human workers, are good to our elven ones, even if we had a dark lord who did horrible things at one point, I can't say it will undo all of the good."

At that the group just gazes around looking at the various points of interest.

"I noticed the greenhouses and were wondering about them," Remus says after a little while.

Tilly nods, "there be eight of them in various sizes and shapes, some for day and others for night. Even the insides vary by environment and terrain, with one even based on other realms." Her ears then droop. "We be working hard to maintain them but a few plants are unsafe for elves and so we left alone. They need to be worked on by a trained wizard but lockdown prevented all but us elves access."

As they talked about it the image they saw zoomed in close enough that the three could get an inside view of the green houses. After looking at them a moment, Herbology not being his top subject, Harry nodded. "It's okay, you have done all that you can do, I don't object to you not working on the dangerous ones." A pause. "Remus can you see about finding and hiring a herbology master to come in and tend to the gardens, preferably one who already lives or works in my lands, but outside is also fine."

"Will do Harry," a stop, "I can also see about selling them to potions masters, we can probably get a pretty knut for them."
"Sounds good, no rush of course, they survived this long what's a few more months to a year, but it can be added to the list," Harry says with a laugh. At that the image zooms back out again and they see the whole of the manor. Harry gives a nod, "well I think that is good for the estate itself, lets now walk about the manor house itself. I want to see the towers and all the halls that lie within."

Which is what they do for the next few hours, only stopping for dinner.

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After spending roughly seven hours at Potter Manor the two wizards had returned to the park where the journey had begun that morning. "Well," Remus said with feeling, "seeing that place again brought back memories of the summers we spent there." A shake of the head. "Who would have thought I would come back as a High Seneschal and then get to live there."

Harry smiles at Remus, and it's a bit bittersweet. "I could have grown up there," then he laughs as a thought, "but no wonder my father grew up with a big head, that place would give it to anybody."

Remus laughs in response, as yes, after thinking about it, that would be true. Remus then shakes his head to focus on the now as they head back to the Dursleys. "By the way when I show up again where do I appear, do I have to walk down the path."

"No, that would be extremely annoying," Harry laughs. "You will appear in the family gateway chamber that lies off the main entrance way, as I placed you in the Seneschal category. When you call Potter House officials for a visit they will appear in a different more secured chamber." Harry then pauses before saying. "When I travel to Potter Manor again I will appear in the same chamber you do. I can control the arrival point as needed."

"Of course you can," Remus blinks, "I think the Heir can as well cause I remember a few times James had us appear at different stops." At that point they had reached the point where the more secured wards the Headmaster had put on and so Remus knew he couldn't go farther, not if he didn't want Albus to know he was there.

"Okay then Remus, have a good night, talk to you later, and see you soon," Harry says with a smile and then he went and something which he doesn't normally do, he reached out and hugged Remus. When they broke up Harry laughed, waved, and ran down the street and to the Dursleys.

Remus just stood there for a moment in awe at the happiness he felt before he nodded at the good in his life and apparated away to his home. His last thought before leaving the street was, 'I get to live in Potter Manor'. Then he giggled, though he would deny it if anyone ever asked.

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When Harry Meets Dobby

When Harry Meets Dobby
Date: Summer Before Second Year, Late July

Harry is working on his summer assignments in his office when he feels a disturbance in the tent wards. Standing up in shock he runs to the entrance chamber and sees a house elf who looks as shocked as he is.

"What is this," Harry says as he stops in front of the elf, "who are you."

"Ooooh Dobby didn't expect to be caught, Dobby going to be punished," wails the house elf who manifests a pan and starts hitting himself over the head with it.

"Stop that," Harry says firmly, "I forbid you to punish yourself in my presence." Though he is still not entirely sure what is going, Harry doesn't think Dobby means him personal harm.

"Oh, Dobby knew the great Harry Potter was good, but kind, Dobby didn't know that. Dobby come here to tell the great Harry Potter not to go to Hogwarts, dark things are at Hogwarts, and the great Harry potter is not safe." Dobby says in a rush and a wail.

Harry sits down at the nearby chair while using the power of his Head Ring to make a twist to the tent wards, releasing Dobby. This didn't provide Dobby access to the tent, it just didn't keep him in the one stop. When that was done Harry gestured to Dobby and said, "please sit down Dobby, let us talk."

That got another wail from Dobby, "ooh the great Harry Potter let Dobby sit with him, never has a wizard asked Dobby to do that."

Choosing to ignore the wailing for now Harry then asks, "So Dobby can you tell me why you are here."

"All Dobby can say is something bad will happen if Harry goes to Hogwarts, Dobby can't say any more."

Though there is a lot he doesn't know Harry can feel what this means, "so you're master doesn't know you are here does he."

"No," wail, manifest pot, single hit, pot fades, "master would not like, Dobby will iron his hands when he leaves here as punishment."

"Won't your master notice the extra harm and question you on it," Harry wonders out loud.

"The great Harry Potter notices Dobby but current master doesn't notice Dobby even if Dobby was tap dancing on his table." Then Dobby giggled at the thought.

"I get the meaning Dobby, though I don't think you should do that," Harry says with a smile. But then gets focused, "I thank you for the information but I have to go to Hogwarts Dobby."

"Great Harry Potter is kind, is generous, but will not be safe."
"Dobby," Harry stops to try and think. "As I know you can tell I claimed the Head Rings of my Houses, eleven of them. How can I not go to Hogwarts, I need the education. All the people who depend on me would be harmed if I didn't finish my education and become magically mature. I can't do that to them."

Dobby nods sadly at that, "Dobby knew that when he sensed your Rings, but felt he should still try."

"I understand and I thank you for the warning," Harry says with a smile. After a pause he continues, "is there anything you can say about it that would aid me in stopping whatever is going on."

"Dobby doesn't think so, but Dobby plans on watching over the great Harry Potter when he is at Hogwarts. Not to get him to leave but to make sure he is protected." Dobby then stops before asking, "may Dobby leave."

A twist of the tent wards, "yes you may Dobby, and I guess I will see you at Hogwarts won't I."

Dobby stands up and nods, more like flaps, his head in agreement. "Dobby will watch over the great Harry Potter and will make sure he is safe as can be, Dobby swears this."

"Thank you Dobby. One final question, if a situation were to happen would you want to be freed from your current master."

"Dobby wouldn't say no if the great Harry Potter were to free him from his current master," Dobby says with wide eyes at the very thought.

"Okay Dobby, I will keep that in mind as things go." Harry says with a smile.

Dobby nods one last time before walking out of the tent and popping him away. Harry didn't know where he went off too, but he figured it was probably to cause more trouble to someone else.

Shaking his head Harry went over to his desk, he had a message to write to Remus about the crazy elf and his antics. Oh, Harry believed him, how could he not after the events of First Year, but it didn't take away from the crazy antics. After that letter, Harry thought, he was going to go back and finish his assignments.

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"So Harry pointed out how interesting it is that house elves seem to be able to bypass wizarding wards," Remus says to Ragnok in the latter's office.

Ragnok nods at that, "that is interesting, it is also something that I think deserves further investigation."

"Would Gringotts be willing to establish a joint warding project with House Potter on that topic," Remus says in response.

A fierce grin is the answer, "yes. Though I must ask why keep it limited to Potter, Harry is after all the Lord and Head of eleven Houses."
Remus blinks at that then tilts his head in thought, "while it could benefit Harry to make use of all his assets, it also comes with higher risk of public awareness."

"Understood," is Ragnok's answer on that. "Though I do not feel it would be that difficult for us to narrow down the most useful House while also finding ways to limit the risk of exposure."

"Sounds acceptable and a good place for us to start working out a contract." Remus says with a firm nod.

"Perfect," Ragnok says on that. "So let us turn to the next order of business." A statement that would lead to over an hour of discussion on numerous business deals related to the many Houses of Harry Potter.
Birthdays Come But Once a Year

Date: Summer Before Second Year, Late July

On the day of his birthday Harry woke up much earlier than was even his standard. After taking a quick shower for the simple fun of it he then decided to go out on his morning run, once again because he could. After returning he then took another shower, this one out of necessity, all the while humming.

He then went downstairs and began making breakfast for the Dursley’s. As he began cooking he couldn't help but smile, since he knew what his friends would say. That he was crazy for cooking for them, on this day of all days. But the honest truth, which he would tell all those who asked, was that this was his choice. - and a powerful choice it was.

When he saw the package scrawled with his name on it from the Dursleys all he could do was laugh as well. While the pair of dirty socks given to him by Vernon were thrown away immediately the cookbook from Petunia was kept, even if it was her way of making him make these foods. Since he didn’t mind that task he actually considered it a good present. But it was Dudley’s present that surprised him, it was a video game cartridge for a game series he had once accidentally mentioned he liked. Though it was clearly second hand, with no pretending to be otherwise, the fact that Dudley actually had given him a thoughtful gift was surprising to say the least.

The quiet of the kitchen was then interrupted by the Dursley’s themselves who simply grunted when they came down and saw the various plates of breakfast foods already made for them. None of them even batted an eye when he chose not to eat with them.

Petunia did say, in her grating voice, "should we expect to see you around today."

"Yes and no," Harry said without missing a beat. "I have both a luncheon and dinner planned today but between those events I am going to be around."

"Who would want to spend time with you," is Vernon's question.

"Oh plenty of people Vernon. My old coach for one, but also an individual from my world who knew my parents." A pause as Harry grins, "you might recognize his name, Remus Lupin."

Immediate pinched faces come upon the two adults at the name, which they hadn't expected to ever hear again. Oh he might not have been as hurtful towards them as the other two who came about with Lily, but that didn't change the hatred.

With the shock all Petunia could say on that was, "oh."

While Vernon asks, "so why didn't he take you in if he cared so much about your parents and you?"

Harry gives them a grin, which Dudley - for all him sitting back there quietly - could tell was not going to lead to a good comment. Harry did not disappoint them on that.
"Well, Remus is a werewolf and as such they wouldn't have given me to him. Hence Dumbledore putting me with you two."

Vernon glared, but held back saying 'how dare you speak the name' since even he could recognize that he put Harry to it.

"Well," Petunia speaks up, "we don't want him coming anywhere near here."

"He isn't. I am meeting him at the park." Harry then pauses a second before saying, "in fact you won't see anyone as I am meeting the others in town."

They just nod as Harry gets up to head outside. As he moves he says, "you might see owls come and go today for me, but do not worry nobody else will see them."

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It was an hour later when the first set of owls appeared, three of them in fact. By this point he had been sitting on a bench in the little gazebo in the back.

"Thank you my friends," Harry says to the owls as he reaches for the letters. "Please enjoy the bowl of food I prepared for you."

As he watches the owls move towards the food and take a bit from it Harry couldn't help his internal chuckle. Oh, what the him of the past would think if he had been told that owls he spoke to would understand him.

With a slight chuckle Harry opens the first letter, its from Remus, which begins to speak. "Hey cub, Happy Birthday! So I know I will see you tonight but I wanted to also send you a birthday card just so you know that I am thinking of you and wishing that you have a great day. I will be giving your gift when I see you. Later Harry, and have a good birthday."

"Oh thank you Remus," Harry says softly to himself. He then opens up the second letter, which also turns out to be voiced. Its from Neville, much to Harry's amusement.

"Hey Harry, Happy Birthday! I hope you have a great day, one with lots of fun, letters, and knowing you have people who care for you." There is a pause as Neville seems to think of what to say. "Oh, by the way, after your last spoken letter I realized I could also speak to you this way. It makes the message so much easier." Another pause then, "right, so have a good birthday and I will see you back at school."

Harry chuckles at that while reaching for the present that came attached to the letter. Opening it up he found that it was a perfect set of crystal vials. The note that was attached to it explained that they were the perfect receptacles to gather stored aura energy for later use. What made Harry smile even wider was the added mention that they were a Longbottom House item, and thus both rare and expensive.

Which made Harry quite happy at his own present for Neville, since it was his birthday as well today after all. Which was an authentic Potter made set of spell gems filled with numerous protective and utility spells that Harry knew Neville would find quite handy. Especially when working in the garden and on some of the more hostile plants that Neville was prone to talk about.

As Harry opened the letter that was quickly revealed as being from Charlie the smile grow
wide that it almost seemed to escape him. In fact, he chuckled a moment later, his cheeks began to work hurt a bit due to smiling so much.

Though it had faded a bit it only grew larger when Charlie's voice flowed over him. "Hey Harry, I want to wish you a very Happy Birthday. I hope your day is as great as you deserve, which is so great that its approaching infinity." There is a slight chuckle in the recording before Charlie says, "oh, also, Norbeta also says happy birthday. Well, actually, she just growled, but its basically the same because even dragons recognize your brilliance." A final pause then, "anyway, again, have a happy birthday, and I look forward to hearing from you all about it."

"Oh Charlie," Harry says with a laugh and a shake of the head as he stood up to head back inside. He had to get ready and head out to the cafe where the gathering was being held.

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As Harry walked into the pub where he was meeting his old coach he stopped short in shock. For while he saw George and Elizabeth Wallace, as expected, the fact that all his older team mates and their parents were also present came as a shock.

'Maybe they aren't all here for me,' Harry thinks a few seconds before they say "HAPPY BIRTHDAY HARRY" in a loud explosion of noise.

As that was clearly no longer a possibility Harry smiled and said, "thank you all for this. I find myself at a loss of words, since this is not something I expected."

So said he moves forward and begins greeting everyone, personally and by name. As he goes around he is given cards, lots and lots of cards, but thankfully no presents. Which he was really glad about for he would have felt horrible if any of them gave him presents.

After making a circle around the room he came upon the Wallace’s, who he just stared at. His old Coach simply smiled and said, "happy birthday Harry, you deserve this." This is quickly shared by his wife Elizabeth, who he had spent a few years undergoing therapy with.

"Thank you, though you didn't have to do all this. Having lunch with you both was good enough."

They smile at that while Elizabeth shakes her head and says, "no, spending the afternoon with your teammates is a lot better than spending it with us old folk."

A nod from Coach who also adds, with a lowered voice, "we made sure none of those attending gave a gift, just cards. Especially after your talk of status."

Harry nods at that, "thank you for that." He then does something which is rare for him, he reaches over and hugs them. First his old Coach and then Elizabeth, both hugs are firm. With a smile he pulls back and says, "I am grateful for you both, so grateful."

They nod while Elizabeth smiles and adds, "we understand."

While Coach claps his hands and says, "now go, have fun, enjoy the company."

Which is exactly what Harry did.

At one point he is pulled aside by Philip Cole, one of his football team mates. "So Harry, I was
meaning to tell you that I know you attend Hogwarts." Before said wizard could get worried he continues, "I attend Beauxbatons Academy in France as my family moved there after my mom got a job in the EU."

"Really, wow," Harry says a bit shocked. "That's actually really cool though."

Philip nods at that, "I know what you mean. I have to say there was a bit of a shock when my talents were revealed. It did help that my new father happened to have the same talents as well."

Harry nods at that while remembering that his birth father had died when Philip was nine. Which led Harry to saying simply, "congrats on that."

Knowing full well what Harry was meaning, and it wasn't congrats about being a wizard, Philip simply smiled. "It's been great." A pause then, "I mention this especially since I know who you are."

Harry nods at that grinning. "It's hard not to isn't it."

Philip laughs, "yeah it really is. You name was one of the first things I read about after the introduction." An embarrassed comb through his hair as he says, "might have squeeled 'I know him.'" A slight pause, "not my finest moment."

Harry laughs while clasping Philip's hand, "it's fine, no worries." A pause then, "write to me using our method as it would be cool to keep in touch."

"Will do Potter, will do." Is what Philip says before the two rejoin the rest of the group for some more fun.

In total the party would go on for four hours, starting around eleven and ending by three in the afternoon. It was a quite fun time, with good food, music, games and even conversation. Though the other lads and him had been put together for their love of football and other sports they had also become friends.

As the party was moving towards a close Harry went up to where Coach was talking to the pub owner. Once Coach Wallace finished speaking he moved to where Harry was and smiled while saying, "it's all settled, don't worry."

"While I thank you for this, please tell me you didn't pay for it all," is what Harry says.

A shake of the head, "no, not entirely. All the parents contributed a small amount plus the owner is my brother so he gave me a discount."

"Ah good," Harry says with a smile. "This was amazing, I couldn't have asked for anything better. It was nice seeing everyone again."

The three talk for a bit longer before Harry makes his way out of the pub and back to the Dursley's.

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Upon returning to the Dursley's he went back to the bench and just basked in the peace that had been feeling all day. Though his eyes were closed he heard and felt, magically that is, the approach of another set of owls. Like before he smiled at them, took their packages, and gestured
towards the fruit bowl near to him. As they were enjoying themselves for a bit he began reading
the letters.

The first of the four actual messages he got at this moment was from Blaise. It didn't talk, unlike
the previous ones, but it did have much more than simply a 'happy birthday.' In the letter Blaise
actually talked about Italy and all the sites he had seen there that he figured Harry would like. As
part of this was the gift he sent Harry, an Italian painting of King Arthur and Merlin with the
backdrop being the Potter owned Serenita Palace. Which, despite its name, is not a palace and
more an Italian villa style manor house.

Then Harry opened the letter from Draco, which did speak. "Hello Harry, just wanted to wish you
a Happy Birthday. I hope that you get to enjoy this day and not slavishly devote your attention to
those muggles you call relatives."

The fact that Draco took the time to besmirch the Dursley's brought out a loud laugh from Harry.
'Only he,' Harry thought, 'would both say happy birthday and insult muggles in the same
statement.'

Then the Draco's voice continued speaking, "so my present to you is learning crystal which was
given to our House centuries ago when a Potter married a Malfoy. I do believe you will find the
history the crystal gives to you to be quite informative."

What a nice gesture Harry thought as he put the crystal back in its secured housing. He was
already looking forward to listening to what it said and had to teach. But that is for later as he
opens the next letter, which is from Ragnok, and then immediately starts laughing. For Ragnok
had written it out in a similar format to that of a message journal rather than like a normal letter.

Ragnok : Harry, may your enemies fall down dead, your gold pile up to the heavens, and your
day be as happy as a warrior returning home from a victorious battle. Or, as the Magicals would
say, I wish you a very Happy Birthday!

Ragnok : The fact that you would read this message and be glad to receive it, even from one who
is not a human, says much about you. Though you have had many moments of sorrow and
misfortune in your life you remain, despite that, a good person.

Ragnok : Which is why I present to you the birthday gift that I do - a Goblin made ring stone set.
Each stone is designed with its own embedded spell matrix and the ability to be added to a power
ring. Such as, I should note, your various Head Rings, who are each capable of holding a number
of such stones. Choose wisely on which stones go with which ring, for addition is much easier
than subtraction.

Ragnok : In closing, once again, have a Happy Birthday Harry.

The smile on Harry's face for that gesture does not fade for a while, since he knows what an
amazing gift that is.

Harry then opens the last letter, which is from Cedric. It is another talking one, which makes sense
since Harry had sent something similar for his own recent birthday. "Hey Harry, Happy Birthday.
I hope you are having a great one and I look forward to seeing you again at Hogwarts. Especially
when we run, as that is such a good time for talk and gossip." Laughter. "Your gift is something I
found in a local shop I visited, I hope you enjoy it."

When Harry opened the gift he was a bit surprised, but also quite pleased for it was an old magical
cookbook. Flipping through it Harry couldn't help but smile as he imagined cooking them, they looked so delicious. What made it especially useful is that the magic of the cookbook could scan the pantries of a nearby kitchen to assist its owner in knowing what could be made with the food they had available.

Which caused Harry to smile as he began thinking about contacting Tom from the Leaky Cauldron in order to increase his weekly food order. An order that was already more raw ingredients then it was already prepared. Though, Harry thought with a chuckle, that didn't stop good old Tom from adding in a number of his specialty items as well.

Looking at his watch his eyes widened as he realized it was time for him to get cleaned up for dinner. Which was going to be with Remus at a nearby higher class restaurant.

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Remus and Harry stopped at a nearby bench after walking out of the restaurant, with bellies quite full of the delicious meal they just shared. After sitting down Remus says, "though I know I said it already, numerous times in fact, but honestly Harry, I hope you have had a very Happy Birthday!" A pause then, "and that I am glad you wished to spend even a part of it with me."

Harry smiled then put his arms around his mentor and friend, and honorary uncle. "Trust me Remus when I say that there was no way I wouldn't have spent some time with you today."

Remus smiles himself and fully returns the hug before reaching into his pocket and pulling out a wrapped gift. "Here, this is for you. I hope you like it."

Harry slowly opens the gift and gasps as he sees a set of five beautiful hand-carved stone figures on a little platform. His parents to one side, Remus and Sirius to the other, and Harry in the middle.

Next to Harry was an open space and a little circular platform. As Harry raised his eyebrows at that Remus grinned and said, "its for your future mate, whomever said person is."

"Ah," is what Harry says as he continues to gaze at the figures. He then reaches out with his hand and gently touches the faces of his parents. "Remus, I," he manages to say before words fail him.

"Its okay Harry," Remus says gently with his own smile.

"I need to say it," a pause then, "thank you Remus." He then reaches out and wraps him in his arms in one of the largest hugs he has ever done. "Thank you. This is, I don't have words, but I love it." Harry then looks for something to change the subject to and so says, "I didn't know you knew how to shape stone."

Remus smiles at that, "it was a random hobby I picked up with the others. James worked with wood, Sirius metal, and I picked stone." A pause then. "Peter painted." Another pause, "since the Night I really haven't had much motivation to pick up the hobby, but when I was thinking of my present to you I just knew it would be perfect."

"It is Remus, it really is. I love it. I am going to put it front and center on whatever desk is my main office. Thank you."

Harry then clears his throat in the universal sign of subject change. With a knowing smile Remus accepts the change as the two begin talking about a bunch of random subjects. It is two ours later
As Harry sat at his desk in the tent's office the sound of owls coming into the wards were not a
surprise to him. As he took the letters he once again gestured towards the bowl of owl fruits he
had set aside for them. "Thank you," he then said, "please enjoy the treats before you head out."

As the owls hooted at Harry he reached for the three packages. The first he had grabbed was a
Gringotts bag and contained the birthday cards from everyone who was not on the pre-approved
list. With a sold 'huh' Harry realized that the goblins had divided the letters into those from
Hogwarts and those elsewhere. At a quick glance each group was also divided, with those from
Hogwarts being his year in one pile and everyone else in the other. On the general everyone
category even further organization was present. The first tier being those living in the lands of his
House as compared to everyone else, with the former also divided into actual House members
(both familial and employee) and simply resident.

Though Harry would read through all the cards he decided that would come after he checked out
the other two packages. Of which the first one was Hermione, with a talking card. "Hello Harry,
so I wanted to wish you a great Happy Birthday. I saw the organizer while visiting some magical
shops in France and I knew it was a perfect find for you. I hope you enjoy it." There was a pause
and then, "PS. also in this package is my response to your last letter, I figured it would be easier to
send it all to you at once."

Harry smiled and laughed at Hermione's organization while opening the package and looking
through the planner. "Hmm," he then said out loud, "she is right this is pretty good." The
organizer was designed for nobles to use and contained numerous sub-sections and abilities.
Putting it aside for right now he figured he was going to get a lot of use out of it.

Which led him to turn towards the third owl, which which was clearly old and tired and still
enjoying the owl fruit. "Please stay as long as you need to, including resting in a perch in the
owlry I have." The owl, who Harry knew was a Weasley owl, hooted in thanks at that before
flying to the specialized owlry that the tent had.

With that done Harry opened the larger package and realized that there were letters and packages
from all the Weasley siblings - minus Ginny and of course Charlie. Putting letter to package Harry
began going through them one by one. Percy's letter was both full of well wishes and a number of
conversation points. His gift was a set of magical quills with various abilities, a highly practical
gift. Bill's letter was simple, as it just wished him a happy birthday, and his gift quite useful - a
Gringotts produced ward checker. Which immediately lit up when it was put on the desk, which
of course made sense as the wards of the tent were quite advanced indeed.

The twins letter spoke, or better yet, sang to him the happy birthday song. Which brought much
amusement to his face as did the first of two gifts - a toilet seat. Which was something he
remembered overhearing Mrs Weasley talk about last year, which made this all the more hilarious.
The second gift was a leather bound copy of their magic notes - at least those they figured Harry
would find useful. It was a quite thoughtful gift, one Harry knew would help him in his own
studies.

Ron's letter was all about how he hoped Harry was having a good day, that the muggles didn't
bother him, and that he looked forward to seeing Harry in a few weeks at the Burrow. The letter
also contained some interesting stories he had picked up, all of which brought smiles to Harry's
face. The gift was also quite enjoyable, a quidditch equipment cleaning kit, which was actually
something he needed.

With him finishing reading the letters from his immediate friends Harry turned his attention to the vast collection of birthday cards from everyone else. Those of his year, and really those from Hogwarts in general, were quite enjoyable and very much personal - since he knew them all. As he turned his attention to those from everywhere else Harry was interrupted by another owl coming into his tent.

As he took the package from the owl Harry smiled in awe when he realized that the letter and gift were from the Flamels. Harry chuckled as he realized that besides the 'have a happy birthday' card there package also included an updated assignment list for his summer studies. But that wasn't it, not at all, for there was two other gifts in the package. The first was personal, it included a copy of an extremely rare book on ancient magic that not even his House libraries had access to.

But it was the second that awed him greatly, it was a splinter from a Philosopher's Stone. Attached to it was a note for him to add the splinter to the foundation stone of his tent ward matrix. That with it added the tent would gain a massive boost to its magical energy reserves. With this gift he knew that in time the tent would become just as much a Family heirloom as the invisibility cloak was, despite being much younger.

Stretching a bit Harry made a quick list of tasks he wanted to do before bed. Which included add the splinter and finish reading through the letters he got from at least his House, then he could go to bed. With a smile and a nod Harry got up from the chair and began his self-appointed tasks.

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Mother's Legacy

Date: Summer Before Second Year, Early August

Ragnok had been quite busy ever since Hagrid had visited his office on an errand for Harry Potter. Though he often complained about it, the truth was he had never before been so satisfied with his chosen career. Then he had personally met Harry and instead of just being the account manager for one major account, he became the senior manager for eleven of them.

It was as marvelous as it was frightening.

He knew the House of Potter, pretty well considering he had been working with it for the last century. But the others, well, the others were giving him a headache. Especially the whole bringing them under his authority, for despite his statement to the new Lord Potter, it wasn't as simple as he had made it out to be.

The fact that he had to hunt down most of the other account managers made the fact that Banlock sought him out to be all the more surprising. Now, Ragnok would admit, he had figured that maybe Rodnast would visit him - especially considering the whole mess that was the Heir of Black. But not any of the others, especially since none of them had any connection to Harry Potter.

"May your gold rise and your enemies fall," Banlock spoke first as was customary. It was Ragnok's office after all.

"May your glory rise as your wealth becomes ever flowing," is how Ragnok answers his brethren. Then the two grin at each other, teeth showing, before they sit back. "So my friend what do I owe this visit to."

"I was informed when the House I serve as the account manager for received its new Lord and Head. I had the same feeling roughly fourteen years ago when said Lord's mother came to Gringotts and asked for a legacy check."

Eyes widen at that as Ragnok realizes what that means. He then says, "she had a full scan done, nothing in my notes indicate that."

"It was kept secret, for safety reasons. Reasons that do not apply as Lord Potter is the Head of the account I manage."

A nod at that then, "well then, what can you tell me."

"Lily Evans was a pureblood." Is Banlock's first pronouncement.

"Ah," Ragnok says with a bit of chuckle, he does so love it when wizard beliefs are thrown out the window. "How did that gem of a detail come up."

"After she met me I required that she undertake the Hestian Rite. With her magical ancestry we learned a lot of information about where she came from."
"How did she take this information," Ragnok asks curiously.

"Lady Lily's personal sense of strength was well developed, it didn't bother her that much." A pause then, "though she didn't say it I do believe she either already knew it already or had enough hints that it didn't come as much a surprise."

After hearing this Ragnok shakes his head and then adds to answer the curious look on the other goblin's face, "her son gets that strength of self from her then." A pause then he adds, "so do tell me the lineage."

Which he does.

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One 'emergency' call to Remus later and both him and Harry were sitting on a swing at the local park gazing up at the stars.

"Why is it," Harry suddenly says, "that out of all the revelations I have learned the facts of my mother's ancestry is the most upsetting."

Remus doesn't speak for a moment as he gives the question the proper thought it requires. "I think," he eventually says, "its because it is more immediate. Your connection to three of the four Founders, or Levant, or Pevensie, or even Merlin, are history, ancient history. But the nature of Lily's status, that is more concrete."

Harry nods at that, it makes sense he thinks, but he doesn't speak.

"Harry," Remus then says, "you told me the generals but you might find it worth while to speak the details out loud."

Harry nods once before giving Remus a quick smile, for he knows that is the truth. He then takes a deep breath before speaking the details. "My grandmother was born Rosemary Parkinson while my grandfather was born Tobias Vidan. Though both had full magic it was only inches above that of being a squib. They fell in love but ran away when neither House supported them or gave them permission to marry. After getting married they magically changed their name to Evans and acted muggle, mostly that is. They would, as we all know, have two daughters, the squib Petunia and the full on magical Lily. My mum would, in the year after Hogwarts claim the title of the Head of House Vidan."

Once Harry finishes speaking the two sit in silence fora moment before out of the blue Remus chuckles, though he tries to hide it since the situation is not really funny. But then, at the look of question in Harry's eyes he explains the laugh. "Sorry," he started with, "but the fact that Petunia is a squib just hit me, I hadn't realized that before. It means magic is in her veins, for all that she hates it."

Harry grins at that for he can see the humor in that fact. "Oh, yeah," he then laughs, "that is brilliant." A shake of the head, "while she will not be hearing that from me, at least not anytime soon, knowing it makes it all the better."

Grinning for a moment Remus then thinks of something which causes the smile to fade as he asks, "do you think that Lily ever was able to ask her parents about it."
"Yes," Harry says with a nod. "At least Ragnok says that Banlock said she mentioned it to him once. Banlock didn't know the details but from what mum had said to him it seemed her parents had no problem with giving her the information."

"Well that is good to hear Harry," Remus says with a smile and a hug. "I am sorry that you couldn't speak to them yourself, I know they would have adored you."

"Did you meet them Remus," Harry asks curiously to his mentor and friend.

"Just once unfortunately, but they were quite nice folk." Remus then tilts his head as a thought came to him. "You know," he then says in a way that stretches the statement out, "Severus might know more about them, he did live quite close to Lily while they were growing up."

Harry's eyes light up at that, "ooh, I will have to think about how to ask him." A shrug and then a laugh, "though there is some respect he is still quite prickly."

Remus laughs at that before changing the subject fully, as what else could be said about it. "Oh, Harry, by the way, I meant to ask, how goes the spell practice."

Harry groaned, not in frustration at the question but rather with the task. "Oh Merlin is it annoying. So the first time I cast lumos in the tent, well, the light was blinding. It took me hours before I could cast it at normal levels. I kept overcharging it, accidentally of course but still. A pause then, "I had the same problem with most of the other spells I tried to cast."

"Have you been able to find a balance yet," Remus asks curiously.

"Mostly, especially after I read some of the books given to me by the Flamel's. It helped me master my greater power levels." A pause before he adds, "all my meditations have helped since it seems a part of me knew my reserves were greater than I had access to."

"That is good to hear Harry," Remus says with a smile. "It also makes sense," he adds, "especially considering how quick and easy you seemed to have taken to the House magics."

"I agree." Harry then smiles as he stretches his legs before saying, "I am not done yet but I figure by the time school starts I will have as much control as I did before. Which would be good, it means nobody will know that I had any issues to begin with." Whatever else Harry was going to say was cut off by a yawn.

This led to Remus chuckling before saying, "well I do think you should head back home, you seem tired."

Harry nods at that before standing up. After one more hug to Remus he says, "yeah I am, Petunia had me assisting in cooking a meal for a party. It was fun, but exhausting, and also why it was easy for me to come out here, nobody wanted me in the house, least of all me."

With that said Remus apparates away as Harry makes his way back home.

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It was an hour later, after he spent some time reading a book he heard a ding from his message journal.

Remus : Harry, I meant to ask, did you need a new wand.
Nodding in affirmative before he stops as he realized that didn't actually give Remus an answer. He then takes out a pen and writes a response.

Harold : Hey Remus, and yes, I do. At least to reach my potential. I can use my current wand for school matters but I do believe that in the future I need to get a more 'me' wand.

Remus : That makes a lot of sense Harry. Give me a few days to plan as I have the perfect place for you to get a custom wand. You will love it.

Remus : Have a good night Harry, I will talk to you later.

Harold : Good night as well Remus.

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The next day Harry was sitting in the office of his tent reading though his mail.

And boy, he thought, was it a lot of mail.

But then he shrugged, for it was the 'price' to pay for being good friends with many of his fellow Hogwarts students. Though some of the conversations were more enjoyable than others, none were truly boring or bothersome.

Not Neville who between explaining a new plant he had been working on while also telling Harry about his summer in his Spanish lake house.

Or Draco, who really enjoyed talking about politics with him, while also peppering it with commentary about Albion-wide quidditch games.

Not even Hermione, whose letters were a mix about France (where her family had a vacation home) and the summer work she had been doing.

Or Ron who was telling him about quidditch, history, and the random antics of his family.

Especially not Blaise, whose entertaining stories about Italy were quite fascinating to Harry and made him want to visit there himself.

Or Cedric, who had gone with his father on a state visit to the Kingdom of Scandia, a fact which was quite enjoyable to hear.

Nor Hagrid, who was telling him about numerous animals he was working with while also adding the details of his visit to the Dragon Preserve where Norberta was living.

Or the Twins, who alternated telling him about their pranks and their various serious studies.

When Charlie wrote Harry never failed to get a smile on his face, no matter the topic that the two were talking about.

Or Percy, who often used his letters to share the thoughts he knew most of his family would scoff at as being too boring. Which in some ways amused Harry for while he enjoyed reading about most of them even he had his limits.
As he finished reading the letters he received he contemplated, once again, responding in a similar way to each of them. But he, just like always, stopped when he realized that wasn't fair. They wrote him personalized letters it was only fair, only right for him to do the same back to them.

So he got out his supplies and began thinking about the letters he was going to write to his various friends.

As he was thinking about the letters he stopped suddenly before gasping out loud, "the Letter." So fast did he then stand up the chair he was sitting in started spinning.

Moving from his office and out into the actual Dursley home he stopped short and thought about them. But then he grinned as he realized they had stepped out, it was their night to visit the local cinema. Which was perfect for him as it meant he had the house entirely to himself.

Heading to the hallway he reached up and pulled down the stairs to the attic. For that was where the boxes with the objects that had belonged to his mother all lay. Hopefully, Harry thought, ignored by Petunia for either mundane or magical reasons.

Climbing up there he went to the corner where he had left the boxes all those years ago. With a grin he saw that it was exactly where he had left them, including the box which held the letter his mother had written to both her sister and him.

It took a bit of time, though he had that to spare with the Dursley's being out, before he had gone through all of his mother's belongings. In the end he had found that four boxes of hers were up in the attic. Once he had triple check and knew that there were no others he began bringing them downstairs and into his tent.

Back in his tent, after making sure the Dursley's wouldn't notice anything changed in the attic, he began going through the boxes. Two of them contained his mum's pre-Hogwarts belongings, including various jewelry, a notebook of random thoughts, and other such matters. Though they were interesting and brought a smile to his face, he also knew they would have little on what his mum became once magic was revealed. The third box contained sibling stuff, which to Harry showed that Petunia had once been a good person, for all that she wasn't that way anymore.

It was in the fourth box that he felt like shouting for victory. Though at first glance the box only held some muggle school books upon a closer look the sheer amount of magic wrapped around it lit up like a beacon to his senses. Reaching for one of his analysis books Harry began trying to figure out what sort of magics his mother weaved into it. He only got a few levels deep before having to stop, for it was magically much more advanced then he had gotten to yet.

Which brought a smile to his face.

Reaching out for the message journal he wrote to Remus.

Harold : So after remembering that my mum had sent Petunia some boxes I retrieved them. Three of the four had some of her muggle stuff, which while interesting wasn't as nifty as the fourth box. A box she enchanted on a level that I cannot yet unravel which has me grinning. I look forward to seeing what she left, no matter what it is.

Grinning for real, rather than in writing, Harry closes the journal with a snap as he turns his attention to one of the other projects he needs to work on.

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Harry was sitting comfortably next to Remus in a visitor chair within the office of Ragnok. The timing was perfect for though it was in the middle of the summer it was also two weeks before he had heard Hogwarts had its first staff meeting.

"Can you repeat your idea, I'm not sure I fully understood," said Ragnok to Harry.

"Sure," Harry said with some humor, "I would like to purchase fourteen copies each of a number of books for use by Hogwarts. Two books for each House, one for each Head of House, and a final two for the Hogwarts Library itself. This includes the introductory books to magic theory, Transfiguration, Charms, Potions, Herbology, DADA, the categories of magic, wizarding society and culture, and the muggle born introductory texts. Additionally, I want to include six copies of Hogwarts a History, one for each common room plus two additional ones for the library."

"So you are using your money to outfit four house mini libraries, assist the heads of house, and enhance the Hogwarts library. What benefit do you get from this as knowing you the donation with be an anonymous one." Ragnok asks curiously while knowing full well that Harry can afford it without even a blink in available funds.

"Quite correct on that, I don't need my name on the donation. Though I do want the books magically protected from theft or seizure and most forms of damage." A pause. "As for the benefit no student will be unable to get their hands on a copy of these very valuable texts. I believe that long term this will benefit all."

It's Remus who then asks, "what account are you thinking to use to pay for all this."

"Well in all honesty I could use the trust account for it all and still not run out of money, let alone if I used the Potter account. But I was thinking to use some funds from the account created due to people donating to me as the Boy Who Lived. It is just sitting there gathering dust and with this at least part of it will be used." Was Harry's thoughtful response.

"Well, if you are interested in using it you could always donate some to the muggleborn scholarship fund." Was Remus' next comment after nodding at the logic of what Harry had said.

Turning his head at the nature of that idea Harry then nods. "That's actually a really good idea." A pause as he thinks things over. "Ragnok take a nice percentage of that account and make it into a principle with high interest to be used to purchase potentially profitable enterprises. The profit will then be used to support the various scholarship and sponsorship programs I find compelling. Including preliminary, standard, and graduate education for muggleborns and other low wealth individuals, including halfbreeds and human magical creatures such as werewolves."

Silence in the office as the two adults look at the new Lord Potter. Eventually Ragnok gets his thoughts in order and speaks. "The nature of that proposal is that beyond the initial expense the account should be self sustaining, you wouldn't be loosing money. Especially if part of the initial interest is used to payback the Potter account. Though the sponsorships might start off low they would increase as time, and thus money, increases. It is a great business plan, one I will
immediately start to set up for you.”

"Plus it is morally helpful to hundreds of magicals of many different backgrounds, which should not be ignored." Remus says with a smile as he thinks about both sides of it.

"Exactly. Profit and morality, how could I ignore when a single action supports both." He stops as he sees Ragnok writing things down. "So, do you see any issue with my purchase and donation of books to Hogwarts."

"No," is Ragnok's simple answer, "I don't. I will write out the proposal and forward it to Hogwarts in time for their first meeting. They will be shocked when owls fly into the Great Hall carrying shrunken packages of books."

"Good." Harry says with a grin.

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It was the first meeting of the new year and the whole staff were gathered in the great hall for it. As was tradition it was designed as a working lunch, the staff would eat at the same time as they would go over all pertinent topics.

The timing couldn't have been more perfect for it was Madam Pince the librarian who had been speaking when the owls arrived. Six majestic owls flew into the Great Hall, one to each head of house, one to Madam Pince, and the final to the Headmaster.

Said Headmaster looked at the envelope in the talons of the owl for a second before taking it off. After seeing the Gringotts symbol and checking it over for dark magic he opened it up. As he read it over he couldn't help the sparkle that appeared in his eyes, for it was an unexpected development. Though not an unpleasant one.

"Well Albus, what is it all about," asked Professor McGonagall.

"It's completely fine, feel free to open the packages. It seems we have a mysterious benefactor who wishes to better the education of all Hogwarts students." Was the Headmaster's answer.

Giving him a sideways glance, McGonagall who was seated next to him opened up the package. In it were multiples of a number of introductory textbooks which the staff had long wished for but could never get the Board to support making mandatory. While not as good as every student having one them having a number of common copies would make everyone’s life easier.

"This is marvelous Albus, it will definitely come in handy in improving the education of our students." Was said by Flitwick. "Is there any sign of who the donator is, I would really like to thank him or her."

"No, with a statement from Gringotts that their won't ever be. The point was not for fame but betterment. In fact there is but one requirement, a requirement backed by magic upon my acceptance, which is that these books be made available to all and not locked away. Which as requirements go is not a difficult one to accept."

A second later they hear a pop and a house elf appears in from of the Headmaster. "Missy be called by the magic of the contract to get things ready. Elves be placing bookshelves in each house commons for the books. Drego be installing new shelves in the library to house them Madam Pince. Space be created in each head office so the books be displayed."
"Thank you Missy, you all do Hogwarts proud. You may take the copies beyond the ones for each head and place them on their appropriate shelves."

"Missy be doing that," then the elf snaps her fingers and the various books all disappear. Just the copies for the heads remain on they can look through them. Which is what happened for the next ten minutes before Dumbledore put the meeting back on track.

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A little while later professors Snape, Flitwick, McGonagall, and Sprout were gathered in Flitwick's office discussing the matter. Many thoughts on who it was was put forth to them up to this point.

Eventually Severus Snape says, "I think it was Potter."

Everyone stops and looks at him, it's Sprout that says questioningly "why do do think it was him."

"Well I can't be the only person he came to with the question of what books I would recommend he read. Of course while not all my suggestions were bought for the school I can say those I pushed as extremely important were." Was Snape's response.

Flitwick nods at that. "Actually, I quite agree. Over the year he asked me for ideas and the Charms based books included fit our discussion. Which means he listed to what we had to say."

"If it was Mr Potter then he must have spoken to those teachers he doesn't even have. I saw an introductory book that covers Arithmancy and Runic Studies at a level even first years could understand." McGonagall logically comments with.

"Do you think we should be concerned he is overextending his money. We wouldn't want him to ruin his personal finances by helping others." Asked Sprout worryingly.

Flitwick shakes his head at that before commenting. "The packages and letter came with the Gringotts seal, which means the goblins assisted him with it. If they did then they wouldn't have allowed him to go above his means."

"Plus," Severus says with only a hint of sneer present, "as the last Potter he is wealthy beyond measure. I think this probably didn't even put a dent in his worth." A shake of his head. "I'm sure he didn't even notice that, what he probably focused on was making sure that everyone had access to the fundamentals."

"What I find curious is his, if it indeed was Potter, inclusion of pureblood societal and cultural information. A lot of those books were not in our Library nor easily found at the most common bookstores. Despite the fact they are comprehensive and useful in aiding muggleborns in knowing of the magical world." McGonagall says with some thought.

"While intriguing and a mystery worth pondering let us go back to discussing the topic we gathered here for. I have plants I need to gather so my time is limited." Was Sprout's comment right before the group changed topic.

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Shopping Spree

Shopping Spree
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Date: Summer Before Second Year, Early August

With all the recent revelations Harry and Remus had decided that some shopping was in order. Not for their regular school supplies but rather for all the other goods that Harry might have wanted access to. But not to Diagon Ally, no, they instead went to the ancient grand market district of Eblana, in Hibernia (or as the muggles liked to call it Ireland).

As with most all wizarding communities Eblana seemed a place out of time. The buildings were ancient and yet beautifully well maintained with no sign of the passage of time on their wood and brick exteriors. The many awnings strewn about were vibrant and many hewed in color, a quilt of rainbows in some ways.

Harry didn't know where to look first. At the colorful food vendors selling fruits, vegetables, even cooked meats in more varieties then he even knew existed. Which of course made sense since they didn't exist in the mundane world, the wizarding farmer's market had come up with thousands of different varieties in the two millennia of Albion.

Buying a bit of this and that when it came to food Harry and Remus found some seats to discuss their plans for the day. As they sat down they talked, which was a pass time both really enjoyed.

"So what do you think of it Harry," Remus asked with a smile.

"It's amazing, simply amazing. Diagon Ally is great but the hometown country feel of this market, for all that we are in the magical equivalent of a city is beautiful."

Remus nods at that. "They serve similar purposes, Diagon for Britain and Eblana for Hibernia. This one is a bit more low key in feeling for all that the goods are among the best in the Empire."

Giving a smile at that Harry says, "well I'm happy to look around and see the sights. I especially want to look for and buy the goods that we can't get at Diagon Alley. So, any ideas where to begin."

Which is how the day began.

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After visiting a number of other local stores they walked up to a wand shop named Harmitage Fine Wands.

"It's actually a great shop," Remus was saying of it as they walked in.

"Hello gentleman," the shopkeeper said as soon as he saw them. "Welcome to my shop. How may I be of assistance."

Remus takes the lead, saying. "Hello, my young friend here need a personal wand, a ritual staff, and a focus orb. I could use a spare wand as well."
"Hmm," the man says as he gazes upon the two with knowing eyes. "You are aware right that it's illegal for an underage magical and a werewolf to have multiple wands." It's all said in a tone that gives nothing of his feelings away.

It is Harry that answers with a shimmer that presents his Head Ring, that of Levant. "That might be true in general but as I have claimed my Headship not for me. As for my friend here, as my declared High Seneschal such Ministry laws do not apply either." A pause as Harry looks about the shop. "I have heard good things about the shop, it would be a shame if I had to take my business elsewhere."

There is silence for a moment, which is then broken as the wandmaker laughs, a boisterous happy sound while he slaps his leg in good humor. "You told me Remus he was a powerful one, but not that he was smart and cagey as well." He then turns to Harry and says. "Well met young wizard, my name is Harmitage and besides owning this shop I can also say I had the honor of going to school with your parents and Remus here. I was sorted into Ravenclaw, before you ask, but got to know them a bit from classes."

"Ah I see," is Harry's response to what was clearly a test. Oh was he going to have words with Remus later, he thought amused. After a slight pause he says, "well then nice to meet you." A smile. "So what made you decide to become a wandmaker."

"Family business actually." He then paused as he let out a slight laugh before continuing with, "my name is Harmitage Ollivander, I'm the sixth child of our current patriarch." A pause. "Who you have met, as he was the one who sold you your wand."


"Our family has a shop in each of the great prefectures of Albion. Half of which get to use Ollivander in its title while the other half doesn't. As the sixth son I didn't get that honor, so when I took over here it became Harmitage's." Here he laughs. "The funny thing is I'm actually doing a bit better than many of the Ollivander shops because I get to experiment in ways they aren't allowed to. Which I like."

"It also means", Remus says, "that the secondary foci one can get here will be one of a kind creations."

Nodding in agreement Harmitage says, "personally suited and bonded to your magic. In some ways maybe even better than your core wand. Though don't say I ever said that." When Harry nods he says. "Good, now let's begin figuring out core components." He pauses. "Oh, and before you leave remind me to show you the books I have detailing the various different magical foci and what they do."

With that comes the scanning and outfitting process. A huge assortment of woods, stones, metals, gems, and magical materials are tested by Harry. It took a while but in the end numerous components were spliced together to create his two new foci - both a personalized wand and a primal staff. The wand was formed of English oak and possessed a dragon heartstring core, which was most amusing considering that Harry's central wand was that of holly. As for the staff, well it was an intriguing construction with a structure of multiple mixed woods blended together with a rectangular prism fused to its top. What pleased Harry the most, even more then the warm feeling of full on acceptance, was when the staff shrank in size till it was no bigger than an ornament, one which was perfectly sized to become part of an armband. Which he also bought here since he needed one that resonated with the staff when it detached and grew.
As they were leaving, with books and foci tucked securely away, Harmitage says. "You should be
good to go. But if you find yourself in a situation where other foci bond to you please come see
me, I might be able to aid in your mastering of them."

Giving a nod, and Remus a promise of keep in touch, the two head back out to the street for more
shopping. Out of everything Harry was glad that they had brought Gringotts notes, bank slips, and
withdrawal orders for otherwise they would be walking around with a lot of gold in their pockets.

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They were walking down the street when Remus stopped at a display. "Ah, these bring back
memories," he says as gazes upon a mirror in the window sill.

"What is it Remus," Harry asks curiously.

"They are known variously as mirror communicators and message mirrors and they do what they
sound like, allow people to talk at a distance. We once saw them advertised and then saved our
money to buy them. Of course we later heavily modified the enchantments, as we often did to
such things."

"Oh, cool. Let's go inside, I want to see about them." Harry says with a glance towards it.

Heading inside the two are approached by the owner of the shop. "What may I do for you today
gentleman," he says.

"Hello," Harry says immediately, "I was curious about the mirrors out there. Could you provide
some detail on them."

Smiling widely the man explains, "the communications mirrors allow face to face conversations
without worry of distance. There are different models available depending on ones interest and
need."

"Hmm, interesting," Harry says. "So what about one primary one who can call many secondary
ones, who can only call the primary one."

"That's actually a standard model we sell, it's very useful for businesses and noble houses. It's also
easily added to, the way of linking new secondary mirrors to the primary model is a simple tap of
the wand." A pause. "Are you interested in such a purchase."

A pause as Harry thinks about it before he firmly nods and says, "yes I am. I think they would be
quite useful in many different ways."

Fully agreeing with the purchase Remus decides to add, "he would need the Great House model
for added safety and security."

As that is said the shopkeeper turns his eyes to Harry, not his face but his hands. Harry, knowing
what he is looking for, flashes the Head Ring of Sage upon his finger.

Nodding firmly, "of course, of course. That will be done with no issues. I will even throw an
order form so you may purchase additional mirrors without having to come to the shop." A pause.
"How many mirrors were you thinking."
"One primary and seven secondary mirrors," is Harry's rapid response. "Is it possible for me to add an additional primary mirror or is this the only one allowed."

"It's possible, difficult but possible. It would require us to work on the previous primary as well. An in shop visit would be required for that." A pause as he moves to gather the mirrors. "But your current order is entirely feasible and we have all the supplies present."

Harry nods at that, it sounded good to him.

Remus takes the opportunity to speak. "What items do you have related to the mirrors."

"We sell pouches, bags, and stands to store them. With varieties for both field and office use." A pause as he shopkeeper thinks. "Additionally we have rings, watches, necklaces, and bands that connect to the mirrors to tell the wearer a call is coming in. They have a few additional functions as well, an example being the ability to send small short messages to linked mirrors, even the wearer's own."

The two wizards blink at all those options they could buy.

"Well," Remus says, "okay then. Show us around the options. Let's discuss the detail."

Harry comments, "as you imagine money isn't an issue, but quality heavily is. If satisfied with what we purchase here, I might direct my House to purchase more of your products."

The man nods firmly, there was no way he was going to loose out on the business opportunity.

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An hour later the two left the shop with a bit less money but some really good equipment. Harry was having fun testing the recording function on the new wrist band he was wearing, much to Remus' amusement.

"Well," Remus says, "that was a bit more successful then I imagined when we first went inside."

Harry laughs, "yes, very much so." A pause as he gets a bit serious. "I do want either our oath bound enchanters or those from Gringotts to take a look at them, just in case. But I think the functionality they give us will be very useful."

By this point they had moved to a nearby bench and sat down. A quick silencing charm later and the two continued talking.

"I'm assuming you're thinking of having your seneschals each have one. Maybe with both of us linked," Remus says with a smile towards Harry.

A warm smile back, "that's my plan for the future. But till I decide to do that I'm planning on giving you one, of course, Ragnok, the Flamels, and probably Charlie. There is also a very good possibility that Hermione, Neville, and the Weasley's would get one at some point." A pause. "One total for Ron, Fred, George, and Percy to use, not four."

Nodding at that Remus then asks, "I get everyone on the list but why Charlie Weasley."

"We message each other a lot, at least once a week if not more, it seems. It's difficult on the owls we use considering he is in Romania and I'm in Briton. In fact, we have taken to using postal owls
rather than our own due to the distance. So us having the mirrors will help I think, especially as I choose to get the journal functionality added to them all."

"Okay," Remus says at that while hiding his curiosity at the nature of their friendship. Of course he is not one to complain about the exchange of letters for that is how he got back in contact with Harry after all.

They would continue shopping for the next hour and then stop to get a bite to eat. It was a simple though quiet delicious local eatery that they went to. After that they portkeyed back to the park near Privot Drive where Harry returned to the Dursley's residence.

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Chapter Summary

This has a bit of Ginny bashing in it as a note for those who like her, cause I don't. That said I hope you find it enjoyable.

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Time: Summer Before Second Year, Mid August

Upon finishing the last of his updates, Ragnok says to the two wizards in front of him, “before we end the meeting are there any other topics that need to be presented.”

Harry nods and says, “yes actually there is. I discovered something recently while reading my mail that I think we should discuss.”

Remus raises his eyes curiously at that, since this is the first that he had heard of it.

Harry, realizing that, gives Remus a smile and answers the unspoken question. “We didn’t get a chance to speak about it because it began even before we knew each other.” A shrug, “the truth is up until my little discovery I didn’t think I needed to as everything was normal.”

“That is understandable Harry,” Remus says with a nod. “So,” he then adds with a smile, “what happened to change that, and how can I, or we, help you.”

“A question first, is Bill Weasley still in the building, as I think his presence might be helpful when discussing certain matters.”

As Remus blinks at that Ragnok asks, “as a wizard employed by Gringotts or as a Weasley.”

“Weasley,” is what Harry answers.

“I see.” A pause then Ragnok says, “right let me ask for him. If you feel it necessary.”

“I do. For while I might not be entirely sure how to solve the issue I know in the end we would have to call him or his father here anyway.”

“Understood,” Ragnok nods, “it will be just a moment.”

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Ten minutes later Bill Weasley was knocking on the door, welcomed in, and then gestured to take a seat.

As soon as everyone was situated Harry begins speaking. “Okay, first a little backstory in order to explain why this entire situation appeared in the first place.” With everyone nodding at that Harry then begins by saying, “it all started with the discovery of a Potter mail ward on me. This was a
standard family ward, only owls from those a Potter know can get to them. What made my situation unique is that usually an older Potter handles answering the mail, though in my case I didn't have that." A pause then a continue. "Anyway, so after that was rectified a team of goblins were assigned to check any arriving mail for me. When that is done they are sorted by theme and put into piles for later read through and answer. While Ragnok takes care of the financial letters the business and political ones are stored for future analysis." A pause then, "which Remus, you should already be getting them." Harry waits for a nod from him before continuing with, "I get the rest in order to decide how they should be responded to." He gives a tired but pleased look. "Having to go over the last eleven years worth of letters wasn't fun, nor was responding to them all. That said it should be a lot easier since they will be arriving one by one rather than sitting all innocently looking upon a vast number of tables."

"While interesting, that is not why you called them here. Is it." Ragnok said matter of factly.

"No not at all. Honestly, I just wanted to explain the situation so you all know where it all began." He stops as he seems to try and get a focus on what he is going to say. "Okay, so I have received a lot of letters from other children among the worldwide Magical community. You all probably know this." It's Bill that nods. "Yes, many prep schools have their students write a letter to the Boy Who Lived to thank him for our peace."

"Exactly," Harry says while nodding at Bill, "while it does somewhat bother me it is what it is and I know no harm is meant from it." Here he laughs. "Reading a letter from Malfoy was interesting, very much not the Slytherin prince I know from school. I also got one from you Bill, as well as your siblings."

Everyone nods. "As is standard," Remus comments before asking, "so what is the difference."

"Right, so the most I get from a single person is say two, with even that being rare. In many cases the second is because of a switch in school or gaining of some sort of special award that had my name on it." He looks at Bill once again before saying, "a perfect example is Percy, who sent me two letters because he won an award with my name attached to it."

The group laugh a tiny bit at that, though Harry soon continues. "Beyond that there are three others whose messages to me were of a higher level. One, a girl who had been in St Mungo's found that by writing to me was basically a way to cope with the curse she had been under since the last war. From her I received four letters, the last right before she passed on." A moment of silence then Harry says. "I have already authorized Ragnok to donate some money to create a fund for those suffering such as she did, it will be announced over the next few weeks."

Then Harry smiles. "The second came from a Jordan Ignerra, who sent me five letters. This was a lot happier, it seems his parents work for the ICW and moved around allot. Over the span of two years he visited five different schools, each of which made him write me a letter. This was despite the fact that he said he had already, because, and I quote, they said 'he wouldn't want to say he is better than me by not thanking me.' He was quite put out in the last letter, I do believe there was some yelling, if the capitalization was any indication." Everyone laughs at that. "We have actually exchanged a few letters since then, since I found it humorous."

The group nods at that and then Harry turns to meet their eyes, as he gains seriousness. "This then leads to why we are meeting, their is one other person that I want to discuss and ask you about." A pause as he catches his breath. "I received ten letters from the same girl, with only one being class based and so excused. The rest talk to me as if we know each other already. The last letter
was sent about a year ago, around the time I started Hogwarts."

He stops and the two wizards seem to sit up straight at that. It is Bill who asks, with some trepidation, "May I know the name?"


Bill slouches down, he had feared that would be the answer. Mostly since why else would he have been expressly invited to join the meeting. Oh he knew Harry, especially since the cleansing ritual, but it wasn't like the two were that close. At least not yet.

Realizing the others were waiting for his answer he marshaled up his Gryffindor courage, sat up straighter, and said. "Of course it was. I say that not because I knew but because why else did you want me here." A pause. "May I see the letters so I can get a sense of them."

Harry nods and hands Bill the ten letters, or, at least, copies of the ten. He trusted Bill but he wanted to make sure nothing was going to happen to them, so the originals were still secured. As Bill read them over so did Remus, who was sitting next to them. Once they read a letter it was passed to Ragnok who then read them as well.

The first letter was the standard and didn't really warrant any sort of reaction. But as they read more and more of them the two men could seeing the growing familiarity, one sided though it may have been. By the end the two men were upset and angry in equal turns, and if their glares could have set the paper alight then it would have.

Eventually Bill lifts his eyes from the paper and looks at Harry. "I would say sorry, but it's not my place." A nod at that. "At base its improper at worst its downright -," he pauses to find a word, "- creepy. Yes, creepy."

Nodding at what he said Remus than asks. "What do you want to do about it?"

"Not sure," is what Harry says, "which is why I am asking both of you. Something needs to be done, I know that, and if it was anyone else I would sick my counsel on her, Potter lawyers are highly trained. But for all of it she is a Weasely, and well, I am friends with all of them," a pause as he turns to Bill and says, "you, all of you. There are plans for me to spend the last week and a half of the summer at the Burrow, which I have been looking forward to."

The adults nod at that, they know how lonely Harry gets at the Dursely's even if he has a magical tent.

Remus comments. "I agree that taking it to counsel at this moment is probably a bit much for a family you know. But you need to do something."

Bill nods. "I agree. And I say this as both as a wizard and as Heir Weasley of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Weasley. You will need to speak to my father about this, he needs to know so he can decide what to do."

Harry nods at that. "Should I have Gringotts send out a message for me to meet him, or what?"

"Only if you wanted to make it an official thing right away." A pause. "Which I am not saying you can't or trying to talk you out of it. But if you do that its pretty similar to having your counsel look at it. If you wait till the visit to the Burrow you can pull my father aside and speak to him about it. Its more low key and wouldn't be an official House versus House sort of manner."
Harry nods at that and looks at Remus for his thought. "Doing one doesn't stop you from doing the other Harry, as Ragnok can attest to." Which leads to Ragnok nodding in agreement. "It's your call but if you wanted to keep it secret at first then telling Arthur personally would fit that. If he for whatever reason ignores it or doesn't solve it, then you can always take it higher."

Thinking about it Harry then asks, showing his youth. "It's not disrespectful for me to bring it up to him in his own home? Also, should I ask Mrs Weasley to be there as well, or just your father?"

It is Bill that answers. "No, in fact its the opposite. By telling him there you are saying you respect him enough to let it be looked at first within the House. As for who you should speak to, just my father. I know it might seem old fashioned but as the Head of the family it is he - and the Heir - that has the official say. He will tell mum after you leave, probably after you go to Hogwarts." He stops. "If you want I could come to the Burrow with Remus a few days before you head back to Hogwarts. That way you have support of a non-Weasley for the conversation."

Looking at Remus who nods firmly. "I would be more than willing to be present for this." A stop as he thinks about something. "And if you worry about it getting out its an official meeting between the Great Houses of Albion, so anything said at the meeting cannot be told, oaths would stop it."

Bill nods in agreement. "Like this meeting. You called me here under the oaths I swore to both Gringotts when they hired me and then you personally when I was present for the ceremony. I can't tell anyone either."

"Wouldn't that cause you problems with your father?" Harry asks, the last thing he wants to do is cause a family to fight over him.

"No not in the case cause you plan on telling him soon anyway. From what I understand you will tell him and then let him work out a solution good for all, right, rather than ask for judgment immediately." Bill then smiles at Harry with respect. "You are not making me choose between oath and family, so don't worry about that." Here he gives a shrug. "It would be different if you required me to, I don't know, hunt down my own sibling or tear down my family's wards, but in this case there is no such conflict."

"Okay," nodding at that, "thank you. So that is what I will do. I will talk to Lord Weasley near the time when I go back to Hogwarts. Remus can be their as a witness that is not a Weasely. I will see what Lord Weasley has to say and we can go from there."

Looking at the wizards in his office Ragnok then says. "All settled then, good. You may go! I have work to do." He then gives them all a sharp tooth grin as Harry laughs with respect at the goblin.

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Coming down the stairs from the smallest bedroom Harry went into the living room to find the Dursley's. Seeing them watching TV he waits for a commercial break before saying, "just so you are aware my friends from school are coming to pick me up. I will be spending the remaining bit of summer with them."

Vernon gives a short nod, "fine."

"I will be upstairs till they get here in a half an hour or so. I'm not sure how their coming so it should be interesting."

"They better not do anything that attracts the neighbors attention," Vernon says in his standard angry tone.

"Or what," Harry comments but then waves it off. "Anyway when do the neighbors ever notice magical things occurring. The fact is they don't, because my kind sees it as important to protect your kinds continued belief in your superiority. False though it may be." A shake of the head, "anyway the debate is pointless and I will be leaving soon."

He went back upstairs to pack his belongings and take down the tent. A half an hour after he felt the magic fluctuate nearby and so went downstairs time see how the Weasley's were going to arrive.

Which was by car, needless to say that was not what Harry expected.

The passenger doors open up and out come Ron, the Twins, and Percy.

"Hey guys," Harry says with a wave, "how's it going."

"Good harrykins," Fred says while George whistles going, "looking good my man," as he gazes at Harry.

Percy comes up to shake Harry's hands all professional like while saying, "ignore them, how has your summer been."

"Good, busy, interesting. I'll tell you guys some of it in the car." A pause. "Speaking of it, a car, really."

They laugh as they take Harry's trunk and put it into the trunk of the car. Yes, he thinks, he could have shrunk it but it wanted the Dursley's to see him carry it downstairs.

Ron laughs and after a greeting says, "we figured this would be the least shocking to the Dursleys."
"Sounds good, so who's driving if you all came from the back."

The driver's door opens and Harry then sees Bill standing by it. "That would be me Harry."

"Hey Bill nice to see you," Harry says with a smile at the unexpected sight. "Wasn't expecting you here."

"You know each other," Ron says, "like actual met before know each other."

"Yeah we met at Gringotts," Bill says after getting a nod of go ahead. Then to Harry, "well father is at work so when I heard they were planning on picking you up I volunteered to drive. So it's legal."

"Cool. Well let's go." Harry turns to the Dursley's who are peaking out the door. "I'm heading out Petunia, see you next summer. Bye."

Harry then shakes his head at them as everyone heads into the car.

"I love magic," is what Harry says the moment he went inside and saw it was bigger than the outside made it seem.

They laugh, and Ron goes "I know right, it's really wicked what some charms can do."

Harry smiles at that and then asks, "so how's your summer been guys."

There is a slight pause as the car starts up and they begin driving towards the Burrow, at least that's what Harry assumes since it's what they had told him.

Percy answers first, "been spending most of it reading and writing and studying the topic we discussed. I have learned a number of things that I think you would find interesting."

Nodding then, "very cool. Looking forward to hearing about them."

Percy nods with a smile, as the twins say, "experimenting, prank creation, spell crafting. We had some nifty new ideas."

"Awesome," Harry says, "that sounds fun. How about you Ron."

"Not much. Flying, chess, relaxing. I'm enjoying the summer." He then sighs. "I even finished my school work already," but then he grins, "so I wouldn't have to do it when you came."

Harry has a grin on his face as he says, “great Ron, so did I. Which means we can spend the time having fun and not working about that.”

Bill, sitting in the front driving then says, "so what about you, how's your summer been."

"Yeah," the twins chant pretending to be younger, "tell us tell us."

Harry laughs at their antics. "Well busy. I visited Gringotts, like I mentioned, at the start of the summer. Claimed my Rings, though I'm keeping that hush hush for now."

They all nod at that as they fully understand why he would choose that path. It also doesn't take any of them long to realize that Harry said 'Rings', as in plural, which meant he had more than
just Potter. As they knew they would hear about it later they choose not to dwell on it.

Which is why Harry was able to continue, uninterrupted even as he took a breath. "While there I had them do a full Healing check, including dark magic scan. As you can probably tell it helped, they had me on a potions regimen to counter both my earlier malnutrition and other things they found."

"So is that where you met Bill," Ron asked.

"Yep," Harry says with a smile, "they wanted a wizard present to bridge the gap between them and me and they choose Bill. They didn't realize that I knew his family, which made it all the more acceptable."

Everyone laughs at that.

"Good to hear, Harry," Percy says, "as having you checked now will make it everything easier to correct then if you were say twenty years old."

Nodding at that Harry then adds, "I've been speaking to Ragnok, my senior account manger, a lot and well I have a decade plus worth of years of House reports to go over. But its fun to discover the things my family has or owns or influences."

With that said the group decide to change topics, and for the rest of the car ride they talk about more fun and humorous things.

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Upon getting closer to it Percy decided that it was the perfect time to take up a narration about his family home. "So the first thing you need to know is that the Burrow, as its called, was expanded organically by successive generations of Weasleys."

Harry nods at that and opens his mouth up to ask a question but closes it when Bill drives the car up over a nearby hill and the whole visage of the Burrow comes upon them.

"Oh wow," he breathes out at the site. Though it is quite different from Potter Manor it is charming in its own way. Especially at a distance, he can only imagine how beautiful it will be when he gets closer.

As the others beam at Harry for his compliment Percy explains, "its a few hundred acres of magical land expanded to such a degree we can't be more specific than that. The entire area is surrounded by a low old stone wall that is basically a magical barrier keeping muggle from magical."

"Then why can we see the Burrow," Harry asks curiously.

"Because we all have magic and are in a Weasley vehicle. If you didn't have magic then looking you would only see some trees, a pond, a small stone structure, and a sign demanding you keep out." It is Bill who answers from the front seat.

Which makes Harry realize that magical security systems can be quite discerning if its makers want it to be. Which is actually quite amusing to Harry as he thinks about it. "Okay, good to know." He then grins and says, "so what's next."

Pointing to the bottom of the hill Percy says, "well a once within the walls the main road zig zags a bit for the fun of it."

Squinting a bit to see farther Harry comments, "yeah I see the hedge rows and lines of flowering trees. Quite beautiful that is for sure, especially those who are approaching."

Ron snorts at that before ducking down a bit as the others look at him. He then straightens up and comments, "that would be true, if people drove up to the Burrow. But since wizards apparate, portkey, or fly there is little chance for others to see this approach."

A nod at that from Harry who smiles, "while that makes sense it is still a beautiful entrance way, one that should make your family proud."

As they look back towards the Burrow Harry gets a questioning look on his face as he asks, "so you mentioned the property being an expanded wizard space. Does that mean the various subsections are larger inside than they would be when one looks at the property as a whole."
"Yes," Fred says instead of Percy, mostly as a way to annoy his brother. "Each section is physically an acre but magically as large or small as it needs to be for what its function."

George, knowing what Fred was trying to do sees that its too his own benefit to do the same, so he begins speaking. Going clockwise from the six o'clock position the sections go fishing pond, then fields, then another set of fields, then a section for beehives, then an orchard, then a third fields, then the massive animal pen, and then the second orchard."

Ron, clearly understanding the nature of things decides to join in. "We grow dozens of different fruit, numerous types of crops, and have space for bees, cows, pigs, rabbits, sheep, and of course a few horses." A pause then, "though the horses are not for food, as that is weird."

Percy, who by this time was a bit angry goes, "thanks guys." His tone is very sarcastic.

Silence is for a moment and then everyone breaks out in laughter. Well, everyone but Percy, who is not finding it amusing, at least not now.

With that explained the group gets back in the car and then Bill starts driving it down the hill. As they move through the front gate Harry feels the magic rush over him.

Before he can speak about it Percy decides he must take up the narration and says, "so besides the hedges and trees this area also contains three sections of note." Seeing the others opening up their mouth to speak in front of him he rapidly says, "a large horse stable, the car garage, and Haven, a grand old oak."

Harry gazes at the grand oak in awe, especially as he feels the sheer amount of magic pouring out from it. "Wow guys, that is almost Hogwarts level of magic. What is it?"

They all grin at that while Bill comments, "it long ago served as ritual site for a number of pre-Roman groups."

"I see," Harry says with a tilt of his head and then firmly nods. "I bet its done wonders for the local ritual magics your family casts here."

"It does, it really does." There is a pause and then Percy adds, "it benefits us numerous ways which is why it has more defense magic then most of the other sections of the holding."

At this point they pulled up to the garage and Bill works quickly to park it in its spot. He then laughs as they get out while saying, "so instead of the garage housing this car its used by Father as his workroom. Which means the car stays outside."

Harry grins at that for it is quite humorous, he would agree. The smile fades from his face as he looks up and sees the Burrow itself up close for the first time. "Wow," he breaths out.

The others grin at that.

Ron slaps Harry on the back and says, "welcome to the Burrow. A home away from home and the most welcoming place you will find." He then begins walking towards the door, which the others quickly follow, even Harry.

Percy, deciding to take advantage of Harry's state explains, "see the Burrow had its start as a bunch of random stone farm outbuildings. The Weasley Head at the time choose them, moved them around, and connected them together by a stone hallway structure."
"That's brilliant," Harry says with a nod. "So the individual rooms were there own buildings but repurposed. That's so cool."

"It is pretty nifty," Percy says with a smile. As the others look at him surprised he says, "what, I love the Burrow. Even as I bemoan sometimes how haphazard it can be."

"Nothing wrong with that guys," Harry says while coming to Percy's defense.

"Thanks Harry," Percy says with a smile of his own.

"Look Harry," Ron says straight faced, "there is one rule you need to know, Percy is never right."

"Ha ha ha," is Percy's response to that, "your so funny Ron." The sarcasm rolls off Percy's tongue, much to everyone's amusement.

At the same time Bill raises his eyes at Percy's antics, not used to him being so relaxed. Though he doesn't say anything he can't help but feel it is partly due to Harry's influence. Which is a good thing in his estimation.

As they walk inside Harry can't help but feel that the place is warm and cozy. With its many tapestries and random items and the various wooden and stone beams highly visible. With a smile he realized that part of it was medieval and part of it was very log cabin like with other parts that were from other places and times.

"Very nice," he said, though he didn't realize it was out loud.

Which made the sudden comment of "thank you Dear," a bit shocking to hear.

As he turned towards the voice he saw it was their mother. "Hello Mrs Weasley, thank you for inviting me to stay for the week. I very much appreciate it."

"Not a problem Harry dear, not a problem at all. Please enjoy yourself and feel free to look about, my home is your home." She then smiles once more before turning to the others. "You lot, show Harry around and then clean up for some lunch."

"Yes mum," they all reply with smiles on their faces.

She chuckles a bit and then heads back into the kitchen as Ron turns towards Harry and says, "so what next."

"Well I wouldn't mind the tour," Harry says with a smile and a smirk. Which causes them to react as he expected, the twins groan and Percy perks up quite a bit at that.

"Well Harry, you are currently in the entrance hall." Which is quite obvious considering the main entrance is present in the two story room, not that Harry says that. "Two hallways lead from here, to the right and to the left, and a door to the inner courtyard."

Harry nods, hiding his smile, as he looks around the open beam room with its large glass windows and various high tapestries. "It's a very useful room," he says in response.

The others laugh while Bill adds, "we actually make use of the top area as our owly." He then points to the two stairs circle stairs that lay on each side. "They take us up to the platform near the
roof where any visiting owls may stay and rest."

"Oh really, now that is cool." Harry says and then gasps as Hedwig comes flying down from said rafters and lands upon his stretched out arms. "Oh, hey Hedwig, didn't see you come in. Any issues with getting here."

A gentle hoot for hello, a nip to his fingers, and the equivalent of another hoot that said it was fine.

"Good to hear girl, well have fun till we go to Hogwarts." Harry says as Hedwig hoots once before taking off to fly back to the rafters.

"Nifty isn't it," Fred says.

While George adds, "there are a bunch of similar magical features here that just work."

"That is really great guys," Harry says with smile and then continues with, "so what is next."

"The family library, or as we like to call it the Hexagon." Percy answers the question as they get to the room.

Fred then says, "hey Harry I bet you can't guess why we call it that."

"Hmm," Harry says pretending to think, "is it cause its a square."

Which gets everyone to laugh as Harry is gestured to walk into the room. "Oh, wow." Which is a good reaction for the room is full of books, two stories tall and in numerous shelving units. Also in the room are a number of cozy sitting areas and fireplaces.

"I don't really go here much," Ron says, "but its nice isn't it."

"It is," Harry says with a smile as he looks around.

It is Bill who then says, "feel free to come here even without us Harry, you are fully welcome to sit and read in here. As Mum said, our home is your home why you are here."

A nod at that, "thanks Bill," then a pause, "thanks all of you."

There is a bunch of nods and smiles before the group heads out an moves on to the next room. Which is a vast two story almost entirely glass encloser with a number of sitting areas arrayed around a bunch of small plots housing fruit bearing plants. "Our conservatory," Percy says.

"Because we are noble and all nobles have a conservatory as a standard," Fred comments.

"Yeah we don't really go here, though I know Ginny does," George adds.

"Its nice," Harry says, "I could imagine getting a book from the library and sitting here on a nice warm day."

"Well we have the courtyard for that," Ron says with a grin which leads to laughter as the group then moves on to the next room.

"A bathroom," Fred says pomposly in a very Percy like manner.
"You may use this facility to rest your tush when needed," George then adds.

"Oh, okay, so that is what that's for. Good to know guys," is Harry's response much to everyone's amusement.

As they walk down the hall a bit Harry comments with a smile, "I love all the windows showing the courtyard and portraits and paintings that line the other side. Its nifty how even a hall feels lived in and comfortable."

With a grin Ron says, "don't tell mum that she will just add in more paintings, portraits, and tapestries and we won't even be able to move around anymore."

Which gets laughter from all, even Percy, who did find that amusing.

They then walk into another room two stories tall but which has its own stairwell to the balcony that lies on the second floor. "This," Percy says, "is our music room."

Ron then adds, "somewhere in an alcove or stand in this room is an example of most kind of musical instruments, both muggle and magical."

While Bill states, "though I should admit that muggle musical instruments are not that different from magical ones."

"Yeah, they just don't have the self repair or tuning abilities that magical instruments have," Fred comments.

"Its a really gorgeous room, though I don't think I would be coming in here as I don't play," Harry says.

"Really, wow," Ron says, "I thought everyone knew how to play an instrument."

"Well," Harry says in answer to that, "I did play a bit in primary school but it as I began focusing on sports and academics music began pushed."

Some nods as Percy asks, "what instraument did you play."

"Violin, though only for a bit. It was fun though," Harry says as they walk out of the room.

They then walk into the another room which leads to Ron saying, "this is our main living room."

Which makes perfect sense as Harry gazes at the two story room with its open center, a circular stairwell, four two fireplaces, multiple sitting areas, and generally all around comfortable looking space. "Very nice, I could totally see myself sitting here happy and relaxed doing my thing while others are in other corners reading or talking or playing games. Very cool you all, though I really shouldn't be surprised anymore."

As they walk out of the room Percy stops the group before they head through the door right in front of them. "Hey guys lets circle back to the entrnace way, I want him to see the other side before we go into the room that is clearly not the kitchen." The last is said because the door to it had opened at that point and Harry could see inside.

"I'm game for seeing the other side before going through this door."
So the group, all smiles, heads backward the way they came before stopping in the entrance way where George speaks up. "So Harry, just so you are aware, as I don't know if you know this, but this is the entrance way."

"Ah, okay, thanks George, I'm glad you told me." Harry then pauses and says, "so what does it do again."

To everyone's laughter, even Percy who understands what they are doing. Still, that doesn't stop him from gesturing to the door right next to it while saying, "the second bathroom on this floor."

They then move down the hallway and enter into another two story room, which prompts Harry to say. "There are a lot of two story rooms on the ground floor."

"Yes, yes there are," Ron says with a laugh.

"Remember Harry," Percy chimes in saying, "that the buildings chosen were old style farm outbuildings, most of which are two story tall structures."

"Right, pardon me for forgetting that point," Harry says with a chuckle as they walk into the room fully. Gazing at the room Harry notices that the center is open to both floors while being accessed by a circle stairwell, which seems to be a common method of movement here at the Burrow.

As he looks he realizes what the place is. Though before he can say it Percy comments, "this is our family office. There are enough sections for all of us to have our own bit of space."

Which causes Harry to blink but then he realizes that yeah, between the ground floor and the upper space there is in fact enough alcoves for all the Weasley's to have their own spaces.

"Oh wow, cool," Harry says at that. "What an interesting professional space."

Bill comments to that, "it's really mostly used by our mum who due to House magic is easily able to gather all the data she needs to efficiently run the Burrow."

"Yeah," Fred says, "and since she is often here we aren't really using it that much."

"Its not like its a secured space," George comments.

"I mostly only use it to do my homework," Ron says with a laugh.

Harry nods at that as they walk into the next room, which is clearly - "this is the family workroom," Percy explains. "Arts, crafts, and other such related activity."

"We actually use it for some of our more," Fred starts to say but then gestures for an answer.

"Tricky," Harry says with a smile.

George nods, "yeah, tricky prank designs. The room is layered with more protective magics than even the research chambers of the Ministry are."

"Nice," Harry says with a smile to that as they back out of the room, since there isn't much to actually see since the room was not designed to be pretty, but simply functional.

As they walk into the next room Percy comments, "so this was once the classroom our mum
taught us in, but now its in transition as we don't know what to use it for."

Nod. Nod. "That makes sense," Harry says to that, "well good luck on figuring out what to do with it.

As the others nod they walk into another two story structure which is clearly a dining room as the giant twenty something person table clearly shows. Giant chandeliers hang from the ceiling and numerous alcoves with storage line the otherwise windowed walls.

"Though this is the primary dining room we really don't eat here that much anymore," Percy explains.

"Not a bad room though, quite ornate in design."

They nod at that as Bill comments, "this was one of the few rooms that mum decided to go more 'noble' then the rest of the place."

"Well it does still fit."

Pointing to a door under the stair Percy comments, "so the door leads to another bathroom while the stairs lead upward to the bedrooms. But first lets head inside."

"To the Kitchens!," the twins explain in a very knightly tone of voice.

Once they group steps inside, with some laughter, Harry stops short at the sheer welcome factor that the kitchen is. Its a two story rectangular structure containing a wooden table in the center big enough for twelve people to sit around it. Four doors lie within it, one on each side leading to the hallways, one for the courtyard, and another for the backyard. The walls contain pantries and all the standard kitchen furniture that Harry would expect to see in a kitchen, magical or muggle.

Harry also saw a ladder leading up to a raft area in the room's attic space. Which led to Percy saying, "mum stores certain food up there."

"Nice," Harry says, "very nice. Functional and decorative and comfortable at all once." A pause then, "I could see spending a lot of time in here."

"Which is good as we are in here a lot," Ron says with a laugh.

Percy then gestures towards the courtyard door which leads the group to head out there. "Oh," Harry breaths out, the space is beautiful and also bigger than it looked like from the windows.

"I know right," Ron says with a laugh. "Why do you think I often got us to sit outside either on the bridge or in the courtyard area. It reminded me of here."

"Its really cool Ron," Harry says as he gazes around the highly wooded area with its cobble stone paths leading to what seemed like a gazebo, pond, and stone platform with benches. The wizard space charms didn't make the place massive but simply stretched out the various alcoves so that they could fit what one would hope they fit, rather than what they should have fit.

"Despite appearances," Bill adds while pointing upward, "this space is not open to the sky. Rather its bounded and secured so that the only way to get in here is through the two doors."

"It also stops bad weather, at least the kind we don't want to be targeted by," Ron adds with a nod
towards what his brother said.

"Wicked, nice feature," is all Harry can say as by this point he is quite far awed.

"Lets head back inside, as all there is left is the bedrooms," Percy says with a nod towards Harry.

As they walk to the stairs Percy begins explaining the design. "So this section of the Burrow is a tower six stories tall and capped by an arched attic space. Each floor but the second has two bedrooms and a bathroom between them as well as a balcony and a fireplace in each room."

"Really, wow, cool," Harry says with a smile as they begin walking up the stairs.

As they get to the second floor the others in front of him continue up while Ron gestures towards the alcove and door. "This floor has but one room, our parent's master bedroom which is basically a no go zone."

Harry nods at that, "of course. Its their private space."

"Exactly," Ron comments on that as they get to the next floor.

Bill then says, "the third story has both mine and Ginny's bedrooms."

They continue upward which leads Percy to say, "the fourth story has the bedrooms of Charlie and myself. Though really its just me as Charlie hasn't lived here for a few years now."

They move upward, though Harry gives the door to Charlie's room a longer glance than he did for those on the previous floor.

As they stand on the landing of the fifth floor Fred adds, "we live on this floor."

"Technically we each have our own bedrooms but its not how it really is," George comments.

"Yeah," Fred explains to the eyebrow raise of Harry, "we moved my bed into his room and then turned my room into our research and experiment chamber."

"Really, nifty," Harry says with a chuckle. "You guys are lucky that the bedroom arrangements let you both do that."

They nod as Ron adds, "whatever you do don't go into there room, its not safe unless you are them."

Which gets everyone laughing a bit at that as they go to the top floor. Ron says, "As there is an uneven number of children I have this floor to myself normally, with the other room being spare."

"That is where you will be sleeping Harry while you are here," Bill adds.

"Oh nice. Though I admit to being surprised as I thought you hinted we would have to share a room"

They actually laugh at this for a moment before Ron explains, "we thought the same. Sometimes mum seems to want to double us up even when its not entirely necessary. But she choose to do otherwise and have you just use the room next to mine."
"Well I don't mind on that," Harry says with a chuckle of his own.

Bill then adds, "so when your friend Hermione comes to stay with us for the last few days mum decided she will be staying in Charlie's room."

"That makes sense, especially since you are here and in your room," Harry says in response to that as it did in fact make a lot of sense.

At this point the tour seemed to come to an end. While the others went back downstairs Harry and Ron went into the later's room to hang out a bit before the call for lunch.

8888

It was a few hours later and Harry was sitting in the living room with the other Weasley sons. While Ron was playing chess with Percy, Harry was relaxing in a corner with a book that he had found in the library.

Then the door opened and their father Arthur Weasley walked into the room. He went to each of his sons and greeted them with a smile, wave, and a hug or handshake depending. When Mr Weasley got to Harry he began the same thing and then stopped, confused for a bit.

"Hey Molly, was there something you didn't tell me," he then asks.

Which gets laughter from the rest of the Weasley's as Harry says. "Hello Mr Weasley, my name is Harry Potter. I am a friend of your sons and they invited me over to the Burrow till we returned to Hogwarts."

"Ah, I see, well then, welcome to the Burrow, Harry. May your stay here be quite fun." So said he reached over to shake Harry's hand, which Harry was quite happy to do.

At that point Molly walked in, saw him greeting Arthur and then laughed. "Sorry Arthur for not reminding you."

"No worries hun," Arthur says with a laugh as he turns to look around the room. "Where's Gin, love."

"Staying over at her friend Alexandria's place since its her birthday today," Molly answers.

"Okay then," Arthur comments while knowing his wife enough that she is not saying something. But then he turns towards Harry and asks, "so Harry, you live with muggles right? Can you tell me what a sparkplug is?"

Which leads to smiles and good times as Harry begins trying to explain to Arthur various muggle technologies.

8888

"Hey Harry, did you mean all the things you said earlier about the Burrow," Ron asks shly.

"Of course, this place is amazing and wicket in all ways. I love how homely, how comfortable it is." A pause then, "everything feels like it can be touched, be used, its not just for display."

"Okay," is Ron's simple and yet smile filled response.
"Ron, you mentioned your home is smaller than what other nobles would have. But I don't see it, your place is amazing."

Ron nods at that for he can see where Harry might think that. "The thing is yeah, as compared to say the commoners among the magical world our home is large. But as compared to other nobles our place is comparatively tiny. We don't have ballrooms, nor do we have multiple examples of the rooms we just visited." A pause then, "see some noble manors actually have enough copies that you might only go into a particular room on Wednesdays, etc."

"Oh, okay, that makes sense." Harry then says and then at Ron's confused look he explains further. "Its a secret but I visited Potter Manor a few weeks ago with Remus. There are dozens of rooms that supposedly do the same thing but just with different styles of decor."

"Exactly," Ron says with a nod, "that would be considered a normal Great House manor house."

Harry chuckles at that before adding, "most of the rooms haven't been used in centuries, even when the Potters had more people. I much prefer this style, with every room actually being used by someone."

8888

Right before turning off the light that night Harry takes out his message journal and writes to Remus.

Harold : Am at the Weasleys, and wow. The Burrow, as they call it, is amazing and beautiful. I am so glad I was able to visit it before the school year began.

Harold : Have a good night, talk to you later.

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"Okay everyone head outside for the chores," Mrs Weasley said to the gathered Weasley’s after breakfast.

As the others were standing up Harry said, "ah, Mrs Weasley what can I do to help."

"Nothing Harry dear, you just sit and relax," Mrs Weasley says with a smile towards him.

"No really Mrs Weasley, how can I help," Harry asks again.

Seeing that he is serious she smiles and nods before gesturing towards the dishes. "If you really want to help," she stops as Harry nods firmly. "Well then you can help by washing the dishes." She then gives a smile, "if you do that I can go outside and tend to the animals."

"Not a problem Mrs Weasley, not a problem. Especially as I know I would just slow everyone down since I never did it before." Harry then smiles widely, "though I wouldn't mind watching it get done some other time."

Before Mrs Weasley can comment Bill speaks up. "I will help him with the dishes and other such clean up mum. As I have to get to work before the other chores would get done."

"Oh really Bill, thank you." Mrs Weasley nods and then gestures towards her other kids while saying, "okay you lot, outside you go."

Seeing that Harry did not complain they all nod and begin heading out. Ron stops for a moment to double check with Harry before he too heads out.

Once its just the two left Harry laughs and says, "well Bill lets begin." Bill smiles in response and then gets up to start the gathering and cleaning process.

As they are going about it Harry decides to ask a question he was curious on. "Hey Bill, so I was wondering, for how much longer are you staying in Britain."

"Oh just a month more actually. It seems Gringotts like my work on the healing ritual so well they pushed to get me here for a bit." Bill answers in a deadpan voice, but then ruins it at the end with a grin.

Harry grins as well, since it was afterall his healing ritual that brought Bill here in the first place. "Really, wicked. So have they given you other work while you are here or is it a vacation."

"Work. It seems that that Gringotts was recently given authorization by a Great House to investigate one of its somewhat ruined British holdings. I was put as a senior member of that team."

"Oh really wicked, so can you tell me anything about it."
Bill blinks at that before saying, "ah, yeah I can. It was a House Levant holding." A pause, "though I am not sure why I can speak to you about it. I might need to tell Gringotts the security spell is wonky."

Harry grins at that while perking up a bit. "Don't worry about that, its not the spells. See you can tell me because I am the Lord Levant." So said Harry flashes his Levant Head Ring.

"Merlin, wow, okay." Bill then nods at that, "okay that does make sense." He then chuckles, "I am glad that its not the security spells." There is quiet for a moment as the two continue washing then Bill raises an eyebrow and asks, "so can you tell me how many Houses you are the Head of."

"Sure, since anything I tell you is going to be secured by the oaths you have taken as an employee of Gringotts." Harry says with a smile, then waits for the nod which he gets, before answering. "Eleven."

"Merlin, wicked," he says like a kid himself. "That's quite brilliant Harry, it really is." A pause then, "I don't think I have ever heard anyone else with as many Headships at once."

Harry grins, "there were three others who had around eight Headships but none which had the total or variety that I do."

Bill asks, "variety?"

Harry nods at that, "yeah variety. Besides the Knight Houses I have at least one House in every category of Great House."

"Nice," Bill says at that, a bit of awe in his voice.

"Yeah, it kind of is." Harry says with a smile. "But less about me and more about you." Which gets both men smiling. "So, what is it that you are doing for Levant."

Bill gives him a look while saying, "you don't know?"

Harry laughs, "oh no I have access to the files. I even read them. But House Levant is one of those Houses where I have established scores of operations with Gringotts, most with the cursebreakers and wardmasters."

"This is a cursebreaker job," Bill says after a bit of a nod at what Harry just explained. "I'm working in the Green Tree hundred." A pause then in a put upon voice, "which does NOT have a green tree in it."

Harry laughs at that, "did it have one at one point?"

Bill laughs himself while shaking his head, "nah, I don't think so." A pause then, "anyway, the job requires as to find, retrieve, access, secure, clean, and empower the legacy wards of the hundred. Most of which take the form of old pagan ritual sites and so have the magics of both the ancient world and the modern House."

"Which is tricky balancing act I would assume," Harry comments.

"Yeah, you betcha. Thankfully Levant is one of those Most Ancient Houses with roots pre-Empire and so the House magics are a bit ancient themselves. Otherwise it would be a much
longer task then any of us figure it actually will be."

A nod, "that makes sense." A pause then, "so understanding that I have no plans on just showing up there, would having the Head of the House help you on this."

"Sometimes yeah, but not in this case." A pause then a grin as he says, "good question actually. There are a number of locations we work on that having the House lords be present would aid us." Another pause then, "but not here, mostly because we already have local House support, its the ancient non-House magics that are causing us problems."

"Ah, okay," Harry says with a nod. "So, what do you and the others on the team imagine the sites to be doing."

"Well, that is a bit of a hard question to answer," Bill says calmly.

"Ah," Harry says with a laugh. "So is that why the reports don't actually have a conscience answer on the result, you guys don't have one yet."

Bill nods then says, "if am talking to Harry here and not the customer." Harry just nods at that, "well we are divided between a couple of different options."

"Are they equally likely and you guys aren't sure or is a few stupid but the people suggesting it are too powerful for you to dismiss."

"The former," Bill says with a smile, "Gringotts has a quite advanced ability to weed out the idiots from the program." A pause then, "no the three ideas we have are all equally well as good. So we are not sure."

"On that I am glad to hear Bill," Harry says with a smile. "As simply Harry I am willing to hear what you think on it, but as the customer I can also say tell your fellows that presenting all three and the good and the bad on them all is not a bad thing."

Bill raises an eyebrow at that, then asks, "wait are you sure?" Especially as this is something that could effect his job and the way his team reports on the matter.

"Oh yeah definitely. If all three ideas are worthy of consideration than you guys mentioning them all in the report, with appropriate pros and cons, is helpful. I will not look at the report as you guys not knowing, but rather as the magic being complex enough that at this point you can not be sure." Harry then tilts his head a bit and adds, "magically speaking I might be able to tell which option is more likely, especially if House Levant magic is involved in it."

"Duly noted on that Harry. I will speak to my coworkers when I see them next." Bill then pauses before adding, "ah, you don't mind if I don't say what the options are right now, right."

"Oh not at all. I can wait as I will be getting the report soon after you write it anyway. So no worries on that." Harry then chuckles while adding, "this is random I know but if you ever find Ragnok listed as a goblin involved in an assignment of yours, consider it to be more than likely part of my extending domain."

"Duly noted Harry." Bill says with a smile as he asks, "my next assignment is in Bemuda, House Valerius." He sees the grin on Harry's face and then laughs and with a shake of his head goes, "no, you again."
Harry's laughter continues as he nods, "yep. That is one of my Houses. So that job will be part of my domain." A pause then, "what is that on."

"Certain underwater sites in that region need to have their magic checked over and recalibrated. They," a pause then, "or I should say you," with some laughter, "requested that Gringotts go over it."

Harry nods at that, "Valerius is a good House but it focuses its magical lore on the more sefaring categories which is why I had wanted I wanted Gringotts to go over the wards there."

"That makes a lot of sense, very forward thinking of you Harry," Bill says with a smile. Then he shrugs, "so I will be working on that for the rest of this year and a tiny bit of the rest."

"Oh, really, nifty. So what is the job you have lined up after Bemuda."

"Egypt, working a cursebreaking job at the pyramids." A pause then, "please tell me that is not you."

Harry laughs, "I can say it is not me, at least this time. Though I will admit that between a few of my Houses there are some holdings there that might be investigated someday."

"That makes sense Harry," Bill comments with a nod, "as a lot of Egyptian locations are actually of House Potemy in that region."

Harry nods at that before adding, "I find the Potemy territorial concentration quite fascinating. Besides a few hundreds in Britain, France, and Spain almost all of their forty some hundreds are in Africa."

Bill nods at that, "I am with you on that and its a feeling that hasn't gone away in all the years I have been working in Egypt."

As they are finished with the clean up the two begin moving to sit down, only for the door to open and Ron to come in. About twenty minutes later, and partly into a second Ron story, Bill realizes the time and comments its off to work he goes.

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"But that doesn't make any sense," Harry exclaims that evening as books laid all around him as he sat in the Weasley library.

It's Bill who sticks his head in at that point and after glancing around says, "hey Harry. Hows it going?" A pause then, "where are the others?"

"Outside tending to the animals." Harry gives a shy gesture, "I begged off after a few minutes, since there was little I could do."

Bill nods at that highly common situation, one which he would have begged off just as much if he had been able to when young. It's at that point he looked at the books arrayed around Harry - including 'Advanced Guide to the Mind Magics', '50 Secrets of Occulamency', 101 Fantastic Mind Palaces, 'The Essential History of the Art of Mentem', 'The Travelers Companion to Protecting One's Mind', and 'Ecology of the Mental Creature'. He then says, "ah Harry, whatcha researching."
"Occlumency," he says calmly while flipping through various pages in the many books around him. He then looks up at Bill and sees his shock. "Ah, Bill, are you okay."

He shakes his head but then nods, "yes, I'm fine. It's just seeing you with such an advanced list of books kind of hits home how powerful you are." A pause as he sits down in the chair opposite of Harry. He then asks, "I was wondering a few things Harry, if you don't mind answering them."

Harry grins at Bill before saying, "well I can say I don't mind you asking them. Once you ask I can say whether I have a problem answering." Bill laughs at that, it's such a pureblood way of answering the question. "Right, the first is did you practice your magics since the ritual."

"Yes I have by using the wizard tent I purchased from Gringotts," a pause then, "speaking of which said knowledge is secured by your oaths."

"Of course," Bill says with a nod. He then continues a moment later with a, "great, so glad to hear that Harry. If you had gotten back to Hogwarts without practicing, well kiss goodbye any attempt at hiding your advanced status."

Harry nods at that for it is exactly what his mentors - Remus and the Flamels - had both said to him. "We are good to go on that." A pause then, "and your other question."

"Well how much of this is theoretical for you and how much practical?"

"It's all practical Bill," Harry says with a bit of amusement in his tone. "I began practicing last year since I didn't have the House Rings yet but I have expanded my research even as the Head Rings boosted my abilities."

"Have you manifested a realm yet Harry," Bill asks curiously. He then blinks as he realizes he is flowing into a lecture tone and so says, "sorry Harry. I don't mean to make it seem like I am a teacher or anything."

Harry shakes his head at that and responds, "no worries Bill. In fact I actually thank you for asking about it." A pause then, "in fact you are the first person able to teach me it, for various reasons."

What is left unsaid is that as Remus is a werewolf his mind is naturally fortified against the mind magics to a level equivalent to a master occlumens. As for the Flamels, the other potential teachers, though they know it they had already stated their abilities are from a different source. One they can't explain yet, let alone teach it to Harry.

"I see," Bill says and the truth is he does. He then grins and asks again, "would you mind answering my question? Have you a manifested realm yet."

"Yes," Harry says with a tone clearly showing how pleased he is. "In fact it occurred during last school year. It's currently little more than a beach with a cabin leading to a forest that sits at the edge of a mountain, a quite massive one."

"Really, wicked." Bill says with a tone that is both awed and pleased at once. He then frowns, wonder if he should, shakes his head, and then asks his question anyway. "Would you permit me to visit, I might be able to help you strengthen it?"
"Oh, that is possible," Harry says curiously. A moment later he continues with, "if it is, then yes, I would permit it, in fact I would be glad to receive your help."

"Yes it is possible. Its basically the same spell but it can be used so that I just skin your surface mind or, with some added concentration, I can enter your mind realm." A pause then, "would you like to see what a fully manifested mind realm might be like."

"YES," Harry says sitting up. "I very much would actually." At the raised eyebrow for the reaction Harry grinned before saying. "Its just that some of the writings I have read don't seem to match my actual experiences."

Bill nods at that, "that is not actually all that surprising Harry, especially for a Magical of your caliber. See at a certain level magic is personal which means the magics differ between different wizards."

"Oh, so the books are talking about generals that might apply to the most people but sometimes the specifics vary," Harry says with a nod. It makes sense afterall.

"Yes, exactly," Bill says with a smile. He then sits up straighter and says, "okay, so if your ready let us do this. I am going to cast a specialized spell which will basically bring you into my mind realm. Though you won't be harmed by my defenses you will manifest in a location that those who are attacking would enter."

Harry nods at that. Though he doesn't entirely know what to expect he is willing to try, especially as he trusts Bill when he says it is safe. Well, he chuckles, as safe as any magic in the Wizarding World is.

"Okay then, ready, set, one to three - Legimens Vos Ego."

A blast of magic from Bill's wand encompasses Harry which causes his sense of the world to fade as he manifests within Bill's mind realm. All Harry sees at first is desert, an infinite expanse of dry windy desert.

"Wow," Harry says, knowing that Bill could hear him. "This is amazing. I could get out but there is no way to know how to go forward."

A voice manifests, "thank you. Now, let's pretend you began attacking me. Though I won't manifest them there is numerous creations I can manifest that would attempt to force you out, including raiders, storms and other such environment hazards. That said, this is what you would see if you started defeating my outer defenses."

From around Harry the wind blew strong and certain tracks and paths could begin to be seen. At first the tracks were hard and small but as the 'fighting' grew stronger the paths grew in intensity.

Just as an oasis began to manifest Bill spoke again, "the oasis represents you punching through most of my outer defenses. By entering it you managed ot get into my actual mindscape."

Which Harry could see was true for once he stood in the oasis he found himself looking at a vast city growing from the sands in front of him.

Bill continued to explain, "now just because you can see my mind city doesn't mean you can get to it."
Which Harry learns is true the moment he tries to leave the oasis and enter the road of the city. The road stretches out and no matter how far he thinks he is traveling he gets no closer.

"Exactly," Bill says with a smile in his voice. "But if you did get through that and into mind city you would soon have access to me."

As Harry moved the road compressed and soon he found himself in the city, right after a massive gate separating the outside from the inside.

Bill's voice continues, "the towers of the city are both memory chambers and my defenses, and an attacker is never capable of knowing which."

"I would presume that outer appearance has no bearing on function."

"Partially. At the level of access you have that is true but if you tore through even more of my defenses then the library is a library and the temple holds my spiritual beliefs."

"Okay that makes sense," Harry says while nodding. He then gestures towards the whole thing and asks, "so how big is the mind city."

"As infinite as my will, my ability to dream, and the power of my soul. As I age new districts appear as my abilities grow and understanding deepens."

"Interesting Bill," Harry says with a smile, "thank you for showing this to me." He then smirks before saying, "I will be leaving your mindscape now." So said he follows the trail his soul and magic manifested and pops back to the real world.

As he opens his eyes he finds Bill doing the same, leading to the two grinning happily at each other.

"Thanks Bill for that tour, I really appreciate it." A pause as Harry stretches and then he says, "okay, let us see mine."

Bill nods at that and then says, "Legimens." He soon finds himself exactly where Harry said he would, on a beach. But what he did not see was a cabin or any other sign of human habitation. Peering upward past the foggy forest he saw the massive mountains that Harry had mentioned. "Nice place here Harry."

Harry's voice appears, "thanks. I see you don't see the cabin."

"Yes, you naturally protected that structure." A pause then, "now Harry my entrance was on the beach if you wanted you could make it so enemies appear in an eternal ocean."

"Ooh, okay. Hmm, interesting," is what Bill hears then he finds himself shaking and then the island fades away as the ocean rises up around him. Instead of him floating in the ocean he is on a small wooden raft.

He chuckles at the raft, "a raft really, you ar emuch nicer than I am." Bill then pauses and says, "also great manifestation of power Harry. You changed the initial appearance of the realm another appears in. That is brilliant."

"It wasn't that hard either Bill," the voice of Harry says. "In fact it made a lot of sense. The island is my mind city, so to speak, so why would I want enemies to appear naturally in it."
"Exactly. Now I imagine you can conjure storms and sea creatures to basically fight me, correct."
A pause then, "please don't thought."

Laughter is heard at that, right before the raft begins moving again. Then Bill finds himself landing at the beach, once again.

Harry says, "I made it seem like you defeated the initial defenses and are now at the beach."

"Nice," Bill then says. He then nods, "okay Harry so this is brilliant and a great start. When you get a chance practice on extending the beach and the initial forest as they will be among your lines of defense." A pause as he feels the nod of agreement and then, "so how do you store your memories."

Bill finds himself moving from the beach to the forest and then up some hills before reaching the foot of the mountain. Then he gazes upward as he sees towers and a curtain wall appear far upward from where he is stating. "Okay great," he then says. "So the towers are the buildings that house your memories and your traps. My only suggestion is for you to manifest some sort of connection between them. Be it road, bridge, tunnel or even portal of some kind. The more interconnected your memories and defenses are the stronger your abilities will manifest."

"Okay Bill, will do. Thank you on that." There is a pause as Harry thinks. Then he says, "so is there anything you see that is wrong or missing."

"Well not wrong, your mind realm is a perfect manifestation of you at your current state. But I would say add more life to it and expand the auxiliary buildings you have around it. Other than that you are brilliant Harry." He then smirks and uses his own power to pop out of Harry's mind, for two could play that game.

Once again two people open there eyes at the same time, the grin they share is infectious.

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Diagon Ally School Shopping

As breakfast began to wrap up Mrs Weasley gestured for attention and then said, "okay all so this is our plans for the day." Once she was sure they were all listening to her she continued with, "after morning chores we will be heading to Diagon Alley for our Hogwarts shopping. Due to our large numbers," she gets interrupted.

By Ron who says, "and Hermione joining us later on."

Glaring at her son, who looked a bit sheepish, she continues, "and because Hermione is also joining us we will need to divide." She then clears her throat and turns towards Harry, "Harry dear do you need to visit Gringotts."

A negative shake of the head, "no Mrs Weasley, I'm good. Gringotts provided me with a secured pouch."

She nods at that, not entirely surprised, and then adds, "okay then dear. So Bill, would you mind staying with Harry while we visit Gringotts."

"Not at all mum," is Bill's answer.

"Good, thanks. Now Harry, if there are any other stores you might want to go to that we won't be visiting, this would be the perfect time." She stops as Harry nods at that with a smile. Then she continues speaking, "okay so after Gringotts we will split in two. Percy, Ginny and myself in one and Arthur, Ron and Fred and George in the other. We can mix and flow as needed."

When she finishes Mr Weasley speaks up, "now from what I have heard Diagon Alley is going to be a bit busier than normal, so this split up is actually going to make shopping easier.

Mrs Weasley nods at that and then says, "okay all, let us work the chores. Harry, Bill, thank you for agreeing to do the dishes."

"Not a problem Mrs Weasley," Harry says in answer.

At the same time Ron goes, "I can't wait to go to the Leaky Cauldron for a late lunch, I love their meat pies."

A few grins and laughs later the family head out to complete their assigned tasks.

"So Harry," Bill says as the two stand in front of the Leaky Cauldron after arriving, "was there any stores you needed to head to that the others do not."

A nod, "well there are three places I would like to visit without the others present." Seeing the
intrigued look on Bill's face Harry grins and says, "the first is R.W. Toys, which was one of the few shops to use my name in a way that gave me credit, even before I was contacted."

"Oh really, nice. So what's your goal for visited there?"

"I want to see there set up. Plus I have two hundred cards signed by me that can be stuck on certain toys as a thank you for the shop owner for there actions."

"Wicked Harry, brilliant," Bill says with a bit of awe in his voice. After all one doesn't just do that, at least not in his experience, and so the fact Harry is says a lot about the man. With that stated he then asks, "and the second?"

"The headquarters of the Daily Prophet where I will be dropping in on the chief editor."

"Is that wise Harry," Bill says curiously.

"Yes because if we time it right Remus will have dropped by minutes before."

"Merlin Harry, how brilliant." After saying that Bill pauses and then tilts his head, "is there more to it then you visiting as a guest."

Harry nods firmly at that before adding, "between my various Houses, well, let us say I am a majority shareowner."

Bill just opens his mouth but no words come out on that. Then he shakes his head and goes, "only you, only you." He then grins and says, "and the third place."

"Vlad's Exotic Books. I want to see if they have a number of certain rare books which I was given a suggestion to buy. I want to get it without the others so there is no questioning of cost or other such matters."

"But you don't mind me knowing," Bill asks curiously.

"No, for numerous reasons, including your Gringotts employment and you advanced status as a cursebreaker. You will see the usefulness in the books I am choosing, that I have no doubt."

Bill grins at that before gesturing outward, "well then, time's a wasting, let us go."

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Walking into R.W. Toys was like walking into a dream, one even few adults would want to wake from. It wasn't an enchantment of that did such a thing but the sheer collection of joy that lay upon its many wooden shelves.

"The few toys we got from here always seemed so much more magical than from other shops," Bill says with a smile on his face.

Harry grins himself while adding, "I don't have much memories of the toys I played with before my first year but Remus showed me pictures of me zooming around on a toy broom while clutching a toy bear who held a tiny sword."

"That would be the Swordsman from the Mighty Bear collection and a Child's First Broom from the collection of the same name," a voice nearby could be heard saying. As the two wizards
turned towards him the man smiled and said, "hello, I'm R.W, welcome to my shop, how may I help you two gentleman today."

Harry smiles and says, "just looking actually. I heard stories of this store and so wanted to visit now that I could."

"Splendid, well have fun and enjoy looking around. If you have any questions don't hesitate to ask either myself or any of the other sales clerks."

"Will do, thank you," Harry says in response to that.

The man gives one more smile before heading off, only to be stopped by another patron who had questions about a series of toys.

As they made there way around the shop they saw a treasure trove of toys, some muggle most magical. Everything from stuffed animals to vehicles to blocks, from those with alphabets, pictures, or even building sets. It was a huge array of toys, one which would clearly contain something for pretty much anyone.

It was at the Harry Potter merchandise that they stopped and looked closely. The Harry Potter toys ran the gamut of types from books, to dolls, to stuffed toys, to even playsets with bite sized Harrys going on adventure. What was especially intriguing was the sign that lay above it.

Which Bill chooses to read out, "a portion of all purchases go to charity and to a fund established for Harry Potter."

"Are you interested in our Harry Potter collection sir," says the wizard from earlier.

Harry smiles and says, "I was just curious at the portion mentioned."

The man nods and says, "well traditionally half of all profits are donated, half to a charity fund and half to Mr Potter himself in honor of great sacrifice made by the Potters." A pause and then he says, "that said, more recently we began donating a bit more to St. Mungo's children section so that those in hospital will be able to have toys, even if funds are low."

Eyes widen at that, "nice, what a nice gesture." A smile then appears as he adds, "I bet its a highly bought series of toys."

The man nods, "definitely. Especially now that Mr Potter has begun attending Hogwarts. We had to increase our production to equal the much greater demand."

Harry nods at that while taking down one of the books labeled 'Thank You Harry Potter.'

The man grins at that while adding, "I do believe that is a bit simple for your level, sir, if you pardon me for saying so. One of the sets might be of more interest, they are made from building blocks."

Harry laughs at that, "oh I was just seeing what it was about."

The man nods, "well that one is more of a teaching book for little kids who are awakening to themselves." A pause, and then the man says, "I do have to mention that none of the books we have here are actual depictions of real events."
Harry nods at that and opens the book to the first page, which has in big giant letters 'despite our method of writing everything here is fantasy.'

"Oh, wow, wicked. That's very nice of you to do that."

The man nods at that, "we have been doing that since the beginning. Our books are to teach but not to make people think that Mr Potter actually did what the books say." He then chuckles, "like the book where at six he met and befriended a vampire. The goal of that book is to teach children about befriending those who are different."

Harry laughs at that in good humor. This place was exactly what Remus, Ragnok, and his lawyers had said it was. With a glint in his eyes he puts out his hand and says, as he shakes the owners hand, "pardon me for not introducing myself earlier, but hello, I'm Harry Potter."

The man's eyes widen in shock before he moves his sight up towards the fabled scar on the forehead. "Mr Potter," he eventually manages to say, "welcome, welcome. This is not how I expected to actually get in touch with you."

Harry laughs and nods at that, "I understand, though please take a deep breath to calm down." When the man seems to do that Harry continues, "I wanted to see for myself what your shop had to offer." A pause then, "if it's possible may we head somewhere quiet, there is something I wished to speak to you about."

The man nods and then gestures towards a back door in the shop and begins leading them there. As they get near to the door the man stops and he suddenly turns, "are you going to sue me."

Harry smiles kindly, "no, not at all. But please not out here."

The man nods and continues walking into the back where they stop in a little office that is to the side. "Then how may I help you Mr Potter."

"First, I want to thank you for the way you have handled the Potter merchandise. Though you did not technically get authorization you established a much better deal then most of said contracts actually require." The man opens his mouth to say something but Harry raises his hand and shakes his head, "oh no, trust me, I don't blame you for not contacting me. As I have recently learned you tried, a lot, and many times over the years. Though the reasons are not being shared I can say that until I attended Hogwarts I was not aware of any of this, ANY of it."

The man nods at that. So the rumor that Harry Potter grew up not knowing of either the magical world or his status within it was true.

"I wanted to see this place for myself before my lawyers contacted you so we could create a backdated contract."

"Backdated sir," the man says surprised.

"Of course. I see no reason not to recognize all the work you have done over the past eleven years and so the contract will be magically backdated so its as if it happened eleven years ago."

"Oh, wow, Mr Potter, just wow. I am not sure what to say on that."

Harry just grins, "but there is more." He then reaches into the knapsack he carries with him and pulls out a small box. Opening the box the two others can see hundreds of cards with signed
personally by Harry Potter. "These cards have been signed by me and stamped by Gringotts, and I want you to put them on some of your current stock. Its my way of saying thank you."

"Mr Potter, that's," the man just stutters into silence. He then reaches out and grips Harry's hands and shakes it. "Thank you Mr Potter, thank you." A pause then, "is there anything in the store you would like, on the house."

"Well," Harry says with a smile, "I would like one of each Harry Potter item, so I can see what it is my name is actually on."

"Done. No charge. You deserve them. Anything else."

"Do you have any Swordsmen and My First Broom's in stock. I lost the ones my parents got for me and I would like something similar." A pause then, "but I will pay for them."

"No you won't Mr Potter, no you won't." A pause then a nod, "but yes we do. In fact we have a few special mint condition original production lines of both toys."

"Oh, so they were made in the same year as I got the first ones."

"Yes Mr Potter they were, and they will be yours. Lets go fetch them." As they walk the man can't help but continue to say, "thank you Mr Potter," in between his various other stories about the shop and the toys in them.

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As they are walking down the street towards the Daily Prophet offices there is a moment when Bill puts his hand out to stop Harry. "Harry," he then says, "I just wanted to say what you did there was amazing."

Harry nods, "because he deserved it for running the business the way he did. Oh he will make a profit on my signature, which is fine, but the point is that it will show him being in good faith with me will aid him. He will no doubt tell the other shopkeepers who will start to worry if they use my likeness without care."

Bill nods at that while adding, "well not of that changes the fact that you did an amazing thing so great job Harry." A pause as they stand in front of the sign for the Daily Prophet. "Well, here we are, should I stay out here or."

"Come in as we aren't really going to talk business, at least I won't, though Remus will." Harry says with a laugh before opening the door and stepping inside.

Only to be approached immediately by a severe looking woman who says, "can I help you child."

"Yes, I would like to speak Chief Editor Barnabas Cuffe."

With a bit of a kind voice she says, "I'm sorry but he is currently in a closed meeting, but if I may take your name we can schedule something."

Harry grins at the women, who wasn't as 'mean' as she first appeared to be, and says, "of course. Can you please tell him that Harry Potter is here to speak to him. Thank you."

She gasps in shock and then raises her eyes to the scar, which is quite there and so she raises her
hand to her heart in more shock. "Of course Mr Potter," she says with a stutter. "If you please give me a moment I will inform him of your presence here."

Harry nods, "thank you for that."

As he is waiting he hears a person slide up to him and a voice quite artificially silky say, "Mr Potter, may I call you Harry, and can I get a word."

Harry turns towards the woman and says, "Ms Skeeter I would presume, and no, you may not call me Harry." A pause and then, "also no, you may not get a word. Especially with you using a Quick-Quotes Quill."

While she opens her mouth to comment on that another voice comes into the room. "Mr Potter, hello, what a splendid shock to see you here. I'm Barnabas Cuffe, currently the chief editor." A pause and a gesture, "if you would both come this way I can bring you to my office."

"Of course," Harry says as he and Bill make there way to where Barnabas is standing. Right before they enter the room Harry turns and says to the secretary, "thank you Glenda." Which he only knew because of the name plate on her desk.

Once inside the room Harry goes over to where a Remus who has a big grin on his face is sitting. "Hello Remus, what a fancy surprise meeting you here."

Which gets the two wizards grinning at each other, which is shared by Bill, who knows this is anything but a random meeting.

"Mr Potter," Barnabas Cuffe says in a series voice while trying not to be amused, "I must say that this is a surprise."

"A good one I would hope," Harry says.

Which Remus answers, "well that depends on the outcome."

"Quite," Harry says with a nod, "So where were you when I arrived."

Remus smirks and says, "we were discussing the nature of the articles written for the paper and how loose the truth is."

"Ah, I see. So what do you have to say about that Barnabas."

"It's how the Ministry wants it, its hard ignoring them."

"Hmm, I see. Why is that."

"They have a majority share and so we have to follow the rules they put out, even if I don't like it."

"So what would you say Barnabas if I told you that between the various Great Houses I am the Head of I currently own 85% of the Daily Prophet."

"If that is true than that means it would be you who gets to direct the magic of the business."

"Remus," Harry simply says.
With a grin Remus hands Barnabas a folio with all the proper information laid out. This includes the share information, which is 15% Potter, 14% Sage, 21% Black, 6% Levant, and 25% Emrys. Of course none of this was said out loud, just in case the room was 'bugged' but the paperwork listed it all. It was also secured against being read by anyone else but Barnabas.

"Oh," Barnabas says as he wipes his brow as a nervous action. "I see." A pause then, "well then, what would you like occur now Mr Potter."

"No articles are to be published without proof. If there is ironclad concrete proof then you may print it, regardless of its ramifications." A pause, "this includes me, if I do something bad then report it, it just has to be true."

"Even though you own the paper," Barnabas double checks.

"Yes, even though. You won't be penalized by me for reporting the truth, even if I don't like it. But you will be penalized by me for reporting lies, slander, or out right fictions." A pause then, "unless the article is clearly labeled as a fiction piece or personal thought. Remus here can go over the details with you."

"Of course Mr Potter, thank you, ah, is there anything else you want to make known right now."

"Yes, one more thing. No writer employed by you will use a Quick-Quotes Quill or the like. A dictation quill is allowed, since it takes down everything said, but not anything which can choose what words and in what order to record. I will not let people be misquoted, take statements down the way they are said in the method they are meant."

"Understood Mr Potter," Barnabas says with a nod and the thought he will have to talk to Rita as soon as possible.

"Two final points Barnabas. I am not ready to make it known that I have accepted my Head Rings, so no articles are allowed to be reported on that." Barnabas opens his mouth, probably to complain, but Harry shrugs and says, "life is not fair sometimes but I do promise to let the announcement of my status be in the Daily Prophet, so you won't loose out to others." A pause as Barnabas nods before Harry then finishes his statements up with, "but do realize there are positives on all this, such as independence from the Ministry and access to my vast multi-House legal team backed by the authority of Gringotts."

Barnabas, for the first time, realizes that despite first appearance not all was lost in this. That if he handles it all with care he could actually come out of this with higher rewards then when he was first hired by Charles Potter all those years ago.

Not long afterward Harry and Bill make there leave from the office, with only a few handshakes a few restricted signatures to mark his passing. As Barnabus turns to Remus who is near to him the other wizard says, "needless to say both you and all your staff are under oath bound restriction prohibiting you from talking to others of the nature of this meeting."

Barnabus just nods as the two go back to working out the details of the various Potter dictates. Remus with amusement and Barnabus in a much less enthusiastic demeanor.

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"You know Harry that took a bit longer than expected," Bill says as they are walking the crowded
"I know, your family is already probably out of Gringotts. But the visit to Vlad's Exotic Books should be quick." A grin at seeing Bill's gesture of disbelief, "I know, I know. But I will be getting an order sheet from them so that I can find and read the excerpts of other books later on. For now I have a list which should make it a much more rapid situation."

Which turned out to be less than true for moments later they ran into Hermione coming out of one of the secondary supply stores in Diagon Alley.

"Hello Harry," is Hermione's greeting to him as they meet by the door.

"Hey Hermione," Harry says with a smile and a quick hug for his friend. "Funny running into you here."

Gesturing to the sign above their head, Hermione says, "oh you mean Vlad's Exotic Books. Yeah, considering we hate books why would we come here."

Only to get laughter from Hermione's parents and Bill, and grins from both Hermione and Harry.

Harry then turns towards her parents and says, "Mr and Mrs Granger, nice meeting you again. How as your summer vacation."

"It was good Harry," says Mrs Granger, "as Hermione no doubt told you we spent a part of it in France, it was quite soothing."

"How was your summer Harry," says Mr Granger, "though I can see the answer in your healthy face, a good summer it must have been."

Harry grins and nods, "it was great, and very busy, though I wouldn't change it for the world. Though I must admit I am looking forward to going back to Hogwarts soon."

After few more moments of conversation Hermione comments, "Harry we should probably check the store out now, if we want to meet with Ron and the others."

"Good point Mione, lets go." So said Harry and the others head into the shop. Which despite the name on the sign was not gothic or dreary but rather bright and airy.

"Hello all, how may I help you," the shopkeeper asks as soon as they entered.

While Hermione and her parents say they are just looking Harry smiles and takes out his list, "hello. So it was recommended that I get a number of particular books, said individuals also indicated that your store would be the perfect place to purchase them."

The man nods with a smile and then takes the list, humming as he reads over it. "Oh, what an interesting list. Are you sure that these are what you are looking for."

Harry nods firmly at that, "yes I am. They cover certain topics that my current books miss." A pause and then he adds, "I would also like to purchase a owl order subscription service, so I may go over your other books at a more leisurely pace."

"Of course, of course." The man nods with a smile, one that indicates both enjoyment at the books and happiness at the large sale. "If you come with me to main desk we can gather these books and
"Harry Potter," he says with a smile and a clear gesture to lift the bangs covering his scar. While doing that he can't help but be glad he choose to grow his hair out a big longer, it made it much harder for others to realize who he was till he wanted them to.

The only response to the name was a widening of the eyes and a look at the scar but then the man nods, "I see, I see. Well Mr Potter, if I may say, I take back my comment about the book suggestion, these are perfect for you."

Harry nods at that and gives the man a smile, as they begin the work of getting everything and signing him up.

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As Harry and the others began walking towards Flourish and Blotts they were intercepted by a smiling Blaise Zabini. "Hello Harry, Hermione, I hope you had a good summer." A slight pause as he nods at Bill Weasley, who he recognizes from certain pureblood noble events.

Harry smiled back and shook his friend's hands, "hello Blaise, it was good, how was yours."

"Oh great, Italy was gorgeous this year." Blaise says to Harry while turning towards Hermione to add, "I don't think I mentioned it but my family has a vacation home in Italy, we spend most summers there."

Hermione smiles and nods at that, "sounds beautiful, we do the same in France, its nice to get out of the country." Which gets some laughter as Hermione then turns to her parents, "mum, dad, this is Blaise Zabini, a classmate of mine. Blaise, these are my parents, Dan and Emily Granger."

"Nice to meet you both," Blaise says to Hermione's parents. He then adds, "my mother is currently in the pet shop, or I would introduce you all." He laughs a bit before adding, "considering the smell and sound in the shop I had to get some fresh air." Another pause, "oh, so have you gotten your books yet."

"Not yet no," Harry says with a smile, "that was our next place to go."

"Then its great that you ran into me first," Blaise says with a smile, "see Gilderoy Lockhart is currently in there signing books. Which isn't entirely bad, except for the fact it means the lines are nearly out the door."

"Oh Merlin, thank you for telling me Blaise," Harry says with a shake of the head. "That would have been the last thing I wanted to get involved in." He turns to Hermione and says, "why don't we get our other supplies and then come back for the school books."

"That is a good idea Harry," Hermione says with a smile of her own. She then turns towards Blaise and asks, "do you know when the signing ends."

"Yes in about half an hour, so not bad if you go to a few other shops first."

"Perfect."

Blaise nods at that before quietly sighing and saying, "well I best be heading back to the shop, mother hasn't returned and I must see why. Have a pleasant rest of summer, see you on the train."
As he goes off towards the pet shop the others make a turn and head for some of their secondary school supply shops.

About a half an hour later, as they were walking back towards Flourish and Blotts they ran into Mrs Weasley, Percy, and Ginny heading towards Madam Malkins.

"Hello all," Harry said with a smile and nod as his group approached the others.

"Hello Harry dear," Mrs Weasley said with a smile of her own, one followed by, "hello Hermione, Emily, and Dan."

After the three greeted her as well Harry asked, "so how has the shopping for school been so far?"

"It's been really great," Percy says with a smile. "Especially considering that I was able to purchase 'Prefectures to Ministries: An In-depth Analysis' which should help my research."

"That's brilliant Percy," Harry says to that, "in fact I wouldn't mind glancing through it myself later to see what it covers."

Mrs Weasley gazes fondly at her son while adding, "it was a reward for getting on the high list for his year, good grades get honored."

Before anything else could be said they hear the tap tap of a cane on the group which is followed by the presence of none other than Lord and Lady Malfoy with Draco.

Seeing Mrs Weasley, and Bill, stand up a bit straighter Harry decides it might be best to head off any potential confrontation. So he turns towards the elder wizard and smiles, "hello Lord Malfoy, Lady Malfoy, Draco, what a pleasure meeting you here. I do hope you have had a splendid summer."

"Lord Potter," Lucius Malfoy says with a half smile and a nod, "it is good to see you as well." A pause as he notices the changes, "and may I comment on how healthier you seem to be."

"I have to thanks Gringotts for that, for it was there healing touch that makes it possible the state you see before you." Harry then pauses a second before adding, "in fact I have to thank Lord Weasley -" clearly referencing Bill as the Heir and holder of a secondary Weasley noble title - "personally for his part to play in undoing the binds which held me."

It is Narcissa Malfoy who chooses to take that particular bait by saying, "really, well that is quite remarkable. Lord Weasley, may I commend you on your great service for out society."

A slight bow, "thank you Lady Malfoy for the complement."

At that point Draco steps forward and says, "Harry, Hermione, hello."

"Hey Draco," Harry says with a smile and a nod of his own. "How was your summer."

"Splendid actually. We visited Spain this year." A pause then, "remind me to tell you about it when we return to Hogwarts."
"Will do Draco, will do," Harry says with a smile and a nod.

Just then in an act of either complete coincidence or skillful planning a random bystander rushing from one place to another walks into Ginny. She looses her balance a bit which causes the bag she is holding to fall out of her hands, spilling its contents.

As the bystander almost walked into Lucius Malfoy as well the man says, "you, watch where you are going and do be careful."

He also reaches down and seems to pick something up off the ground before turning to Ginny and placing the object - a book - into the cauldron she used to collect everything that had fallen.

"Well," Lucius then says with a sniff at the growing crowds gathering around him, "we should be off."

Narcissa nods in full agreement while Draco says, "yes father, of course."

As the Malfoys walk off Harry turns towards the others and says, "well, that could have gone worse."

"What do you mean," Dan comments, "they completely ignored us."

"No," Hermione comments, "I agree with Harry, that went well actually. The Malfoys and Weasleys don't see eye to eye, and Harry here is only slightly accepted by them, so the fact that there was peace was good, real good."

Harry nods but then adds, "though I am sorry Mrs Granger, Mr Granger that you were ignored it was probably for the best."

The two muggles nod, they know prejudice, "we understand," Emily says to that.

"I do thank you Harry," Mrs Weasley says, "for the way you handled that. It was done in all the proper peaceful ways, you do yourself, your family, and your House proud."

Harry grins at that, a wide, full on grin, "thank you Mrs Weasley. I appreciate the compliment." A pause, "that said, I think we should divide again, we are off to Flourish and Blotts for our books, now that the crowds are gone." With nods the group departs to go there separate ways.

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"There you are Harry," Ron says with a laugh as he sees Harry and his group as the two groups meet by the joke and quidditch shops.

"Hey Ron, good to finally find you too." A laugh then, "though its only been what, two hours, it feels so much longer."

Ron grins at that, "yeah I know." He then sees Hermione, who had been talking to her parents, and smiles while saying, "hey Mione, hows it going."

This soon leads to conversation and the blending of the two groups into one. Said new group will continue shopping for about an hour more before meeting with the other group at the Leaky Cauldron for a late lunch.
Magical Lands

Magical Lands

Date: Summer Before Second Year, Late August

It was late one night and Harry, who found himself unable to sleep, could be found sitting in a chair in the living room with Arthur and Bill sitting nearby. They had been discussing various things about the Burrow, which led Harry to asking, "So am I right in saying that the Burrow is not of the mundane world."

"That would be correct. In fact most places magicals live are not of the mundane world." Arthur pauses as if to think. "Picture the world as a multi-story building whose floors are layered on top of each other. The ground floor is the mundane world and all the above floors are within the magical world. Whatever we do on our story does not effect the first story, and the same."

Harry nods at that while smiling, "what a splendid explanation, much clearer than others that I have read." A pause then, "so what is the mundane floor like."

"Its divided into hundreds of separated land plots, each owned by different families. We do own the acre the house sits on though, as a simple means of additional protection." A pause then, "not that the muggle government realizes that it is wizards that own said land."

Nodding at that as more thoughts come to Harry. "So the first layer is a one acre piece of land with what an abandoned farm house on it." Getting a nod he continues. "But the second layer is hundreds of acres of magical space?"

"Yes. Many hundreds, maybe even around a thousand, though its hard to be firm on the number due to the fact that we have ritually enlarged spaces within other ritually enlarged spaces."

“Which is such a nifty thing.” A pause then, “so how exactly did such magical territory come about.”

It’s Bill who answers. "It’s a combination of the two methods of wizard space and realm manipulation. See, at its base, think of it as if we built connectors to a number of other towers but then over time we took the first floor of all but one of them out."

Nod. Nod. "Okay, gotcha. So at one time they were separate pockets of wizard space, but now is one gigantic space." Arthur smiles at Harry for his understanding which gives Harry a happy feeling and lets him continue thinking about it.

After a minute pause it leads him to saying. "So would you say that is how most of the territory of the magical world is laid out. A number of distinct magical spaces separated from each other by the mundane world.”

“Yes, exactly. See the smaller units of territory are the estates and outliers while the greater ones are the hundreds. It is the purely magical hundreds which serve to house the majority of our population, for all that the estates get most of the fame for being the residents of the nobles of the Great Houses.”
Harry nods at that while adding, “I must admit that the magical world does not make learning about hundreds and other purely magical administrative units that easy. I only began to learn about after I went to Gringotts near the start of summer and went through the Augustan Rites.”

Arthur nods at that piece of information, while not being really surprised, the magic just flew from Harry. “Which is when you learned about your status as the lord of numerous hundreds, correct.”

“Yes exactly. It was both awe inspiring and a little bit scary to realize that with the noble status I inherited came the responsibility to administer, to govern, almost three hundred distinct territories.” A pause and then, “and that I was to do it with noble titles such as Archduke, Duke, Count, Baron, Baronet, and Banneret.” A shake of the head, “those last three still confuse me, for all that I know why and what of them.”

Knock knock is heard which has the group turning to the door where a sheepish Hermione is standing. “Sorry to interrupt, but I was wondering if I could join you for a bit.”

“Of course Hermione,” Arthur says with a smile while gesturing to the many open seats arrayed around, “please sit.”

“Thank you,” Hermione says and then pauses for a moment before adding, “so I meant to ask as the books I read don’t really seem to answer this. But why the word ‘Hundred’ why not another term, like province, for example.”

Sitting back Arthur rubs his face in thought before answering. "Well we call them hundreds for they are reminiscent to the same territorial structure that existed in the time before King Arthur. Remember, at Albion’s birth there was no real separation between the magical and muggle world, it was one vast empire. Only later did the two go separate ways, so while we kept the hundred the muggles I presume left it. We do use province and prefecture as well but they serve as a combination of hundreds rather than as magical territories in their own right.”

While Hermione ponders that Harry chuckles and then says, “so history is why we have that term. I like that, it means that King Arthur used what came before, he didn’t simply wipe the old away. He changed the old, yes, but the nucleus of what we are now is the old.”

“Yes,” Bill says in response. “Its the same with the noble hierarchy we have in modern Albion. Almost all of the Great Houses have as their basis a family that was considered noble during the time of King Uther.” A pause then, “the only exception being the Knightly Houses and some of the Minor Houses.”

It is Hermione that then asks the next question, “so does the fact that the magical world have lords and fiefs mean its still has a feudal system?”

Arthur decides to field this question and so answers with, ”not really, not a true one anyway. The majority of our citizenry, though called commoners, are not serfs or anything like that, even the least among the magicals own the land they live on. But yes in the sense that wizarding leaders aren't often elected at the higher positions, rather they inherit. The locals answer to elected mayors who answer to appointed bailiffs or sheriffs who answer to the ruling Lords of the Great Houses who answers to the Monarch.”

Hermione, who is quite curious on this, then asks, "monarch, would that be Queen Elizabeth?”

Bill shakes his head sadly at that comment while answering, "no. Our magical kingdom is separate from the muggle one, even as we respect their right to rule over the mundane world."
pause then a sad comment. "We don't currently have a ruling monarch. The last crowned King, and all his family, were murdered by a dark lord some three centuries ago. Since then the crown and throne have remained empty."

It is Harry that then asks, “so I meant to ask about that, so who rules now?”

"The Wizenemgot took the Crown's place, as is its ancient right, till the coming of a new King." Arthur says sadly and then before Harry can speak he continues. "Before you ask if we could appoint someone else, no we can't. The magic is in the family and only till Magic recognizes a new King can we have one again." A slight pause. "This is important as only one chosen by Magic would be able to hold the ward stones."

Nodding slightly in understanding. Even without knowing everything Harry can understand how a certain amount of power and connection would be required to hold the wards of an entire kingdom. Though that leads him to asking, "ward stones?"

It is Hermione, to the others shock, though it really shouldn’t have surprised them, who answers. "Its the central nucleus of a ward structure. Lower level ones cover their own properties while higher ones overlap and connect with lower ones." A pause and then, "how did you not know this Harry."

Harry laughs at that for a moment before saying, “really Hermione. You know I am studying like a hundred subjects, so don’t be surprised when a few slip through.” A shake of the head but then, seeing the confused look on the faces of Arthur and Bill he explains, “there is so much I don’t know, that nobody has told me. So while I am working hard to fill in the blanks it seems that for every topic I have researched or learned a hundred other topics come up. Which is why I am grateful when others are willing to explain to me the details I miss or clarify the answers to my questions.”

“Not a problem Harry,” Bill says with a smile, “I’m quite happy to help you understand your legacy.”

Hermione then speaks, “I’m sorry Harry for making light of the problem, it just that you seem to have an answer to most things and so I forget that we are basically in the same boat. We came to the Hogwarts knowing near nothing.”

“Never fear asking questions, both of you. Though some will not be willing to answer them you will find that most wizards and witches are.” Arthur says with a nod and smile. “As a Lord and Head myself there are a number of questions whose answers are easy for me to give, while they might be hard for others.” A pause as he turns towards Harry fully, “that said your Houses might do some things different than how we do it here at Weasley, so you should always look to compare exactly.”

Harry nods at that point, “I appreciate it and actually have to say I find that aspect amusing. For all that the Great Houses are organized under similar charters the fact that some nuances are different from House to House is interesting.”

“That is what happens when you have some Houses older than others. The seven Utmost Ancient and three Sacred Houses all predate Albion and so there compacts were fashioned directly with Magic. The twelve Most Ancient predate King Arthur, being established by High King Bruta, and so use ancient structures. The rest of the Great Houses were made by King Arthur, even if their members were from older noble families, and so their compacts are of similar natures.”
“So fascinating,” Harry says and then yawns which is quickly followed by Hermione as well.

“I think it’s sleep time,” Arthur says with a smile. “One that I will partake in myself as I have to get up early tomorrow.”

“I will be going to bed soon myself,” Bill says, “I just am going to have one more cup of tea and then will floo to my apartment.”

As Harry gets up, “that must me one of the nicest facts of the magical world, its people are only a fireplace or jump away from each other even when they live far away.”

The group laugh at that which ends the conversation and leads to everyone heading to where they said they would be going.

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"So how many hundreds does the House of Weasley have," Harry asks as he sits in the living room with Bill and Arthur while the others were getting ready for activity time.

The two give each other a look before it is Arthur, with a sigh, that answers. "The answer to that is a bit more complicated then it should be Harry."

"Oh," Harry says, "I'm sorry if I offended, none of my research indicated that talking about such a thing is restricted."

A negative shake of Arthur's head, "its not, especially for one of your status. Its just that the answer is complicated, though important for you to know." A pause then, “I guess its best if you here it from us first, rather than one of the other nobles you have befriended."

Bill then answers, "technically the House of Weasley is declared a blood traitor. Some, such as the Malfoys, would have you believe its because we married or deal with muggles, but its not. Rather the title was given when the Head at the time betrayed Albion to the dark lord who would later cause the massacre. We only survived because even before the King could act we had delt with the problem internally, we removed the Head, his Heir, the second Heir, and then called back the former Head's younger brother and installed him as Head."

Arthur takes up the narrative when Bill falls silent. "It saved us, but only just, much of our wealth was stripped from us and most of our holdings were taken and put in trust. We were supposed to get it back eventually but some of the other Houses saw fit to punish us further and refused that. What made it worse was that without a King there was no force that could order them to hand it back." A pause. "Its actually where the feud between the Houses Weasley and Malfoy began, they were the worst on refusing to give back our holdings."

"Oh," Harry says shocked at the information, "so did the various Houses absorb them into their honours."

"No, its still technically Weasley holdings, we just don't have direct authority over them. We had 51 hundreds but now only hold 10, the minimum allowed for a Major House." Bill explains. "What is worse is that said hundreds were sadly among the least productive of all of our lands."

"Which leads us to our economically challenged status, most of our income goes right back into the hundreds in order to keep them afloat." A pause then, “though that said, I must admit that while we are poor according to the standards of the nobility the gap between us and the richest commoners are still quite high.”

Harry nods at that, while internally shaking his head at the very fact that there is basically two economic systems in Albion, the ones the nobles use and ones that commoners have. That the poorest noble family is still going to be many times richer than a rich commoner family. As the thought comes to him, Harry asks, “so what about your noble titles."

"While we kept the right to sit in the Wizenemgot we had our voting rights suspended as part of
the punishment. I managed to get back one of the two Weasley seats, fortunately it was the Count seat which did make some matters easier.” A pause then, “it was one of the reasons I went for employment in the Ministry, its laws backed my regaining of it.”

"Ah, I see,” Harry nods interested, "and if I may ask is there anything that can be done to get your holdings back."

"Bearing a new King coming in and reversing our status not really, at least not easily,” Arthur says. He then continues, "don't really worry about it Harry." He pauses and gives Harry a smile. "I say this not because its a matter above you but rather because I can tell you have a lot of other matters to worry about, there is no need to add the House of Weasley onto that list."

Harry smiles at that, "I appreciate that Arthur, though I'm probably going to look into it anyway. It won't be as high a priority as my other projects but as a Head of numerous Houses, including a few Utmost Ancient, I'm pretty sure I can at least learn something if not actually do anything."

Arthur shakes his head kindly, "you don't really need to, but if I know the Potters than I know that since you now know about it you will try and find a solution.” He then stops and gets a bit more serious. "That said, the initial punishment was just, the then Head did betray the Empire. So while I feel we should regain our honors I do not second guess why we are in the position we are."

Nodding at that Harry then says, in a voice that will one day be called regal, "to me that proves your worth Mr Weasley. Yes your House made mistakes, a horrible one, but you have paid for it and are now better for that. To that end I swear that my Houses will look into all legal means of returning your rightful holdings."

"Thank you, Lord Potter," is Arthur's response for he can feel the magic in his voice. Whatever else's they might have said on the topic is lost as other people start arriving and other more fun topics get discussed. Including the makeup of the teams for the quidditch game they were going to have in the backyard.

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"Hey Bill," Harry asks a few hours later as he is sitting near him, also present are Fred and George, "I was wondering something. What happened to Weasley Manor, I know it had to have existed."

"Its use was taken from us," is Bill's automatic response. "But unlike our holdings which are being overseen by others its been put into magical lockdown."

"Do you know where it is," Harry asks.

"No," Bill says, "the location was taken from the minds of those who knew about it and a block was put on it under the authority of the King. Only he could return the land to us."

"Hmm," Harry says, "so does it have to a crowned king or can one who is a Head of a Royal House get you access."

The three sit up at that while looking at Harry in surprise. Though Bill knew Harry had a spectacular list of Houses, he did not know all of those on the list.

"From what I know a crowned King would just know but I would think even a Head of a Royal House would have some the ability to counter the order," Bill says.
"Its Emrys, isn't it," Fred says.

"Yeah it has to be Emrys, if it was Pendragon then putting on the Head Ring would have crowned you immediately," George adds.

Giving them a smile, Harry then tilts, "wait so the only reason I am not being forced to accept the crown right now is because it's Emrys." A pause. "And yes, its Emrys." Which gets a bit of laughter at the second thought confirmation.

Nodding at that Bill explains, "Merlin, who was in fact THE Emrys, never really wanted the Crown. Thus he built into the charter that his successors would have a choice when to take it up."

"Oh, well, isn't that useful." A shake of the head, "funny enough the Head Ring didn't tell me."

"But it did," Bill says with a slight smile, "in a way. Not to lecture but magic doesn't always tell things outright, sometimes it gives feelings."

"Oh, I see, then yeah, your right, it did tell me. I knew that I could hold off being crowned, I just didn't know why." Harry then tilts his head at them before saying. "Bill, knowledge of my status is protected by your Gringotts oaths." Bill nods at that as the oaths settle around him. "Fred, George I need an oath of secrecy. I trust you but I need to make sure this doesn't get out."

"Of course," the two say, "no problem. Especially since we expected it the moment you revealed you were Emrys." Without hesitation their wand goes out, and under the eyes of their Heir, they swear an oath to keep Harry's status a secret.

"Thank you guys," Harry says with a smile before asking, "so do you think as the Head of Emrys I could bring the manor back."

It's George who answers that, with a shake of the head, "honestly, I don't think so. I mean for all of Merlin’s power and authority as Consort and First Advisor he was not the Monarch, and never wanted to be."

“Yeah,” Fred continues saying, “so since it was the Monarch who took it probably has to be the Monarch who gives.” A pause then a sigh, “unfortunately.”

Harry nods at that, “though that makes sense it is quite sad to be honest.” A pause then, “you know for the Burrow not being the official Weasley Manor you guys have made this place quite efficient and capable.”

A proud happy smile comes to their faces as Bill adds, “yeah it is, isn’t it. While the previous few Weasley Heads made a bunch of the choices it was our parents that really made the Burrow what it is.”

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“Oh Remus, I meant to ask, are there any business deals that my various Houses can negotiate with House Weasley.”

“A number of them yes,” Remus says with a nod while already making notes as he figures he knows where this is going.
“Why weren’t they signed before now,” is Harry’s next question.

“The whole black mark on the House is the reason given for most of them. It seems nobody wanted to accidentally step on the toes of the next Monarch by being too chummy with the Weasley’s, officially that is.”

“Okay, that’s stupid.” Harry says automatically but then tilts his head as he thinks about it further. “Okay, I take that back, it’s not stupid, it is in fact a well developed political strategy.” A pause, “one that I don’t have to worry about.”

“Oh,” Remus asks with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes, see there are two possibilities. The world remains at peace and I never have to raise my Emrys rights, or something happens and I use the Emrys Rites to become more. In either case I don’t have to worry about a King coming in and saying my actions were wrong and I am bad for doing it.”

It’s Remus’ turn to tilt his head in thought. “That makes a lot of sense actually.” A slight laugh. “Okay then, so what do you want to do.”

“Well, I am not doing this out of charity but more out of both respect and a willingness to spread the wealth, so to speak.” Remus nods at Harry for that comment.

“Okay, understood. I will go over the potential business deals of all your Houses and House Weasley. I will discard those which are mostly fluff but no substance, as well as those which harm us while benefiting Weasley.” A pause then, “which I am firmly going to declare is any and every marriage contract that I find.”

“Yes,” Harry interrupts, “marriage contracts are bad. I don’t care if its someone I like or care about or how beneficial it is. I will marry for love, or not at all.”

“Of course Harry,” Remus says firmly in both gesture and voice. “Neither of your parents would agree to such a match, and frankly I would never push you for such a thing either.” A pause then, “since we mentioned this I would like to firmly state that there are no active, near active, or secretly active marriage contracts for you and anyone from any of your Houses.” Another pause then, “plus due to the fact that King Arthur and Merlin married each other the Great Houses of Albion never really got into the whole forced marriage thing. Oh marriage contracts do exist but its not ones made pre-birth or without consent of the people involved.” A shake of the head, “but we got off track.”

Harry laughs, “yeah we did. So back onto Weasley business deals.”

“Right, as I was saying, I will investigate and pursue any of those which benefit both us and House Weasley, even if other Houses are too worried to do it.” A pause then, “as a final point on this I will state that all such deals with relate to House Weasley itself and not those holdings which they do not have access to anymore.”

“Good on that,” Harry says with a smile. “So, with that done, anything else you want to talk about.” Which transitions the conversation to a more informal one, one which only ends an hour later when Remus started yawning.

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"Mr Weasley sorry to bother you but can I speak to you for a moment. Alone please, maybe in your office." Harry asks the day before he is to return to Hogwarts for his second year.

He had chosen a quiet moment, the rest of the Weasley's had spread out and Harry found himself alone, at his request.

"Sure Harry. Let us head upstairs then." Arthur says with a smile, though curious at why Harry had wanted a moment.

Not long after they had gotten up stairs the floo in his private office activated. Soon after his oldest son and another came though.

"Remus!" Arthur exclaimed as he went to greet the two, "what do I owe the pleasure." Then a frown. "Bill, is there a reason you came out of this floo?" Then he looked at Harry. "Sorry about that Harry, I know you wanted to speak to me, it will be just a moment."

Surprisingly enough it was Harry who actually answered. "It's okay Mr Weasley, they are hear on my request. There is something I needed to talk to you about, as Lord Weasley."

"Ah," Arthur says as his eyes go between the two men, "I'm not going to like this am I."

"No father, probably not." Bill says calmly. "Though it also might not be as bad as you worry it might be."

Nodding at the wizards, and keeping his curiosity that his Heir couldn't warn him ahead of time. 'Must have been oaths,' Arthur thinks. He then says with the proper tone, "Okay then. How may I help you Lord Potter."

"As you know it has been standard practice for schools to have their students write to the Boy Who Lived in thanks. Due to that status all mail sent to me by people I do not know actively goes to a secured mail room in Gringotts. Recently I gained access to that room and began going over my mail."

"You found something in it from my family that bothers you Lord Potter." Arthur says directly as soon as the young lord stops to take a breath.

"Yes. It seems your youngest, Ginerva Weasley, has written me ten times over the last eleven years - with the last being about a year ago right before I started Hogwarts. I find the letters to be less than appropriate."

So said Harry then hands Arthur a stack of letters and lets the man read through them. As with Bill and Remus his face goes a number of shades of color as he reads them.

When he finishes he clears his throat and then looks up. "Yes, I can see why they would bother you Lord Potter. First, as Lord of House Weasley may I apologize for the lack of respect that these
letters show you. Though the first two fully fit within the social contract of our society, the other eight do not." He stops and thinks. "May I assume that by you bringing it to me personally you would like this to be dealt with within my House, rather than in our world's legal and public forum?"

"Yes. The House of Potter has nothing but respect for the House of Weasley. I consider your sons to be friends, and have nothing but admiration for both yourself and Lady Weasley. I do not want any bad blood between us, you did, after all, open up your home to me for the last week and a half. Of which I am nothing but grateful for."

Smiling at the young man Arthur nods with respect back for he too has nothing but positive thinks to say to him. "I appreciate that. If you grant me time I will discuss this both with my Heir and my wife and we will come up with an appropriate response." A pause. "Ginny goes to Hogwarts tomorrow as you do, and if you find her behavior less than proper please do not hesitate to message either Bill or myself with your concerns."

"Of course. And though I hate to give an end date to your deliberations, the standards that I have been taught do indicate I must." A half smile comes on Harry's face. "Which will be one year as of this date. I do feel that this should provide you with adequate time to decide what you want to do."

"You are too kind, Lord Potter. That is plenty of time for us to make it known how improper such an act is." A slight pause as Arthur thinks on things. "It also lets us see what her first year at Hogwarts will be like. For in the end she might realize what she did was wrong."

"I have hopes for that as well." Harry says plainly then seems to drop the whole Lord Potter thing that while looks natural to others doesn't yet feel entirely natural. "Um, I think that's it. Right?"

The adults laugh, how can they not. It is Remus who actually answers that with a smile. "Yes, Harry, that covers it all. Though for the record saying 'um' is not how you end such a Lord meeting."

Arthur, who is still smiling because for all the seriousness of the topic how could he not. "You did good Harry. Everything was done proper, with the right amount of authority and yet also respect."

Harry smiles in thanks. "Okay, thanks. It wasn't easy, especially since your family has been so kind to me. So, should I head back downstairs or is there something else we need to discuss."

"Before you leave," Arthur says, "may I assume that you recognize Remus as an advisor to you on this?"

"Oh yes. He is in fact my High Seneschal, though I retain all rights to make a decision as I see fit."

"Understood." A pause and a smile. "If Seneschal Remus has no wish to speak to you then you may head downstairs. I do believe the Twins are back and are looking for you."

"Oh cool. They were saying they were going to show me some project they worked on." He then looks at Remus who gives a nod of everything is good to go before he is off.

Smiling at the boy. "Well, the House of Potter is in good hands I think." Arthur says before turning to the other wizards. "Thank you for being there for Harry, Remus. I'm limited somewhat, especially in this situation that cropped up." A shake of his head. "I have no clue what is going through my daughter's head."
He then looks at the letters. "I assume these are copies," and after receiving an affirmative, "good, smart lad. Some families might make these disappear if they were the originals."

Bill nods at that. "Not that he thought we would but he came to that conclusion on his own. Its probably something to do with the muggles that raised him." The later is said with a sneer.

Remus nods and stands up. "I appreciate you letting me be here for the meeting, even though I didn't say anything. I will leave now," a pause, "and Arthur, good luck with Molly."

Arthur gives a frown at the conversation they will have as he shakes hands with Remus and lets him leave. Once its just Bill and him in the room he turns to his eldest son and Heir. "Right. It's bad, and we don't need this, but it could be worse. I have two people to try and do right by, so let us begin discussing this."

Bill nods, its going to be a long day.

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Hello all, so you might have noticed a lot more rapid posting recently. The reason is I have completely finished writing Second Year so all there is left to do is post it. Obviously I am not going to post all the sections at once but they will come a bit more rapid. Mostly as I want to get them to you all.

Rise of Second Year
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Date: Second Year, Early September

It's the day before Harry returns to Hogwarts and he is sitting at the table in the kitchen at the Burrow. "So what time are we heading to the platform tomorrow."

"A little before ten dear, I need to walk around the station for any arriving first years." Is Molly's answer.

"Oh." As a thought comes to him. "Is that why last year I saw you outside saying words like muggle, Hogwarts, platform 9 3/4 in a somewhat loud voice. You help others get to the platform."

The table laughs a bit at that while Percy says pleasantly, "thats our mum, the helping sort."

"I thought it was a bit weird, especially when I learned you were purebloods." Harry says with a half laugh.

Molly nods in understanding while also giving him a big smile. "You would be right that it is a bit out there. But I have a deal with both the Headmaster and the Ministry where I act like a beacon to those who know but are confused on how to actually get on. Unaware muggles don't really pay much attention to me or those around me who speak loudly of magical things." She pauses with a smile. "I have been doing it since Bill's second year at Hogwarts and will continue till Ginny graduates."

"That's very nice of you Mrs Weasley, and I guess that's why you don't floo or apparate directly to the platform itself. A family arriving at the station and then walking to the platform is more visible."

Ron speaks while still eating, "we often floo to one of the other wizarding chambers and then walk to the Hogwarts platform. Sometimes we go by car, it's more comfortable."

Nodding at that Harry gets a thought on his face which Molly picks up on. "Is everything all right dear."

"Oh yes very much so." Harry pauses to think over his words. "It's just that, no offense here, I'm
not sure if I want to be part of the walkabout. You understand right.”

Molly tilts her head slightly in thought.

The twins speak first, words split between both of them. "That makes sense mum. I'm not sure if you know but Harry is a bit famous, he did something at some point or something like that." They grin a Cheshire like grin as they finish.

Mrs Weasley laughs at their antics while pretending to hit them with her kitchen towel. But then she nods at Harry in acceptance of the truth of what her sons said. "I understand Harry. So sure, you can floo directly to the platform. So be ready a little before ten. Percy can join you there, since he has Prefect duties, the rest of you will come with me as you always do."

"Sounds good to us," the twins say, "we enjoy being able to speak loudly of magic around muggles without getting in trouble."

Ron nods too, then turns to Harry and says, "You don't mind going alone right, we can meet on the train. But I kind of like walking around the station, it's tradition."

"Not a problem mate," Harry says with a smile. Turning to Mrs Weasley he continues, "thank you for agreeing on that."

"Not a problem dear, not a problem." A pause. "Now, have more eggs, you are to thin." And breakfast continues.

8888

As Harry flooed from the Burrow to the Hogwarts Express the next day he couldn't help but think that it was a ton easier then going via muggle London. This was besides the advantage of not having to deal with muggles or good intentioned but controlling wizards.

But even more it allowed him to begin his plan of introducing himself to and helping the incoming first years. He knew some people thought it odd but he had realized that him saying hello before they realized who he was often made their later reactions less intense. Plus, a part of him remembered when the adults helped him and he wanted to do the same for others.

He had been moving about the station and talking to the arrivals for about twenty minutes when he saw a face he remembered.

"Hello Luna," Harry says as he came upon the younger girl about to load her trunk onto the Hogwarts Express. "Need any help there," he then asks.

Smiling at him Luna says, "hello Harry, it seems you are still clear of Wrakspurts and Nargles."

Taking that as a yes, Harry lifts her trunk with a flick of his wand. "Really, I'm glad. I was a bit worried that in the last year I might have had an infestation." He says with a smile towards her.

"Oh no, you are clear. I can see some tried but you fought it off."

"Good to hear," Harry says with a smile as he brings the trunk down the corridor. "So did you have fun on the expedition, any luck with finding the Snorkack."

She smiles widely at him for remembering and then says, "not so far but Daddy says he made
progress and it was quite nice either way. I'm just glad to be going to Hogwarts."

Harry nods, "well good luck for next time." A pause. "So do you have anyone your meeting."

"I used to hang out with Ginny but she has lots of Nargles around her so I stay clear."

"Ah," Harry says with a pause as if that confirmed something for him. Which it did since he knew Ginny saw his fame and not him as him. Nodding at that he made a beeline for a particular compartment. "This is where I'm sitting though nobody else is here right now but your welcome to join my friends and I."

She nods at him with a smile, "thank you, I like that, I accept." Then she waves her hand as she takes out a book. "Now go, meet the other first years like you planned to. I will be here."

Harry laughs pleasantly, he knows there is something about her, grins, nods and then heads out.

8888

"Hey Neville", Harry says as his friend floos onto the platform, "how's it going."

"Very well, thank you. The seeds you sent me for my birthday have started sprouting and so I have focused on that." He says with a smile.

At that point Harry sees Neville's grandmother and so greets her as is polite, "hello Lady Longbottom, it is nice to see you again."

She nods back, though does not make a move for him to kiss her ring, he is after all higher ranked then her. "Lord Potter, good to see you as well. You are looking quite well yourself."

"Thank you, Lady Longbottom, and I feel much better too. A nice trip to the Gringotts healers does wonders to clear the pores and right one's mind." So much is said in that simple sentence.

She nods in understanding then bids well to her grandson before heading off. After she departs Harry says, "so I have a compartment on the train, you will find Luna Lovegood in it. I greeted her earlier." A pause. "You don't mind, do you."

After a shake of his head Neville says, "no, not at all. In fact you will find most pureblood nobles don't have any issues with her."

Giving him a questioning look, Harry says, "you will have to tell me more about it later, I have some more meet and greet to do." A grin follows that. Neville laughs and heads off.

8888

It took a bit of time bit eventually Harry had met, helped, and introduced himself to all 54 new first years. Of course during the time he was also spoken to by all of his fellow second years, the group study sessions helped with everyone knowing everyone, and even many of the older students and their parents.

It's funny how it had only been forty five minutes, for it felt like a lifetime.

Heading into the compartment he had chosen he saw it contained Neville, Ron, Hermione, and Luna. Smiling for a second at the peaceful atmosphere present he sat down and watched as Luna
and Ron played chess and Neville and Hermione talked Herbology.

"Did you have fun," Hermione says a moment later, "being a social butterfly."

"It was tiring but also enjoyable. I'm glad I don't have to do it again."

"Till next year at least," Ron says with a laugh.

"Well yeah," Harry responds, "so I have a year to relax."

Neville snorts at that, "right, relax. With your sports, both Quidditch and football, study groups, social clubs, general friendships, and personal projects. You are the busiest relaxed person I have ever known."

The group laughs, even Luna, who while not experiencing it personally still knew about it.

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Study Continuance

Date: Second Year, Early September

Opening his schedule after Professor McGonagall gave to him he can't help but chuckle slightly. The professor, who was still nearby, says, "is there an issue Mr Potter."

"Oh no, not at all, in fact the opposite. I want to thank you for the way you organized the doubles and break periods."

Giving him a pleased smile she nods and then says, "not a problem Mr Potter. It was in fact something all the heads wanted."

"I'm pleased to hear that Professor, I will assist in getting the new first years to pick up the practice as well." Harry says with a grin, one returned as she moves off to another group.

"What was that Harry," Ron asks.

"Look at the schedule Ron, do you notice particular blocks that seem similar to last year."

After squinting at it he shakes his head, "blimey, it seems your study session periods have become somewhat official."

Harry laughs, "well its not forced so you don't have to always go if you don't want to, but yeah, it seems they recognized its use."

Hermione, listening in as she was want to do, comments, "so do you think the other houses will want to continue the study periods."

Neville, after taking a bite of food, says with humor in his voice, "heads up, their speakers are on their way."

Which was why nobody was surprised when Justin Fitch-Fletchy, Anthony Goldstein, and Blaise Zabini all came over to where Harry was.

"So Harry," Blaise said after the standard greetings, "were you planning on continuing your little library study groups after the doubles."

Giving them all a pleased nod, Harry then comments with a grin. "We were just talking about it in fact, did you guys notice the way the professors organized their doubles. Me thinks they wanted us to continue them."

Anthony nods with a laugh, "yeah we did, and it amused us greatly."

"My house," Justin says with a nod, "was thinking of trying to get the new firsties to pick it up, since they don't have any bad habits to correct."

The group laughs at that while Harry says, "but to answer the question, yes I was, and I figure you
are all in agreement with that." He pauses as they nod at him. "You know, the three of you could also set up similar study periods with each other, that way all your bases are covered like ours are."

Blaise nods at that, "my house agrees on that Harry, which is why they sent me." He then looks at Anthony and Justin, "we are willing to set up something similar and while I can't say all of us would go I know I will. It helped a lot last year."

The group all nod in agreement and some quick planning is done to figure out the times times.

Harry speaks in a moment of quiet, "I do think we should wait till next week for any study sessions to begin. Let us just get back into the swing of things first before we start studying."

"Sounds good," Anthony says onto that as the others agree.

Blaise nods at each of the others before saying, "well I think that was it for now, see you all in class and talk to you later." He then heads off, quickly followed by Justin and Anthony.

Neville just laughs and then says, "that is what happens when you are mister social butterfly."

"Yeah," Ron says with his mouth full of food, "you do something not done before, you are uniting the house." He then grins and then turns back to eating.

Harry laughs and follows suit, he still has food he wants to enjoy.

8888

Near the end of breakfast the Headmaster stood up once again to address the student body. "Before you head off to classes there is one small matter I wish to speak to you about." A pause then, with a twinkle in his eye, "over the summer Hogwarts was given a gift, a great gift. One you will find in a corner of your common rooms." Another pause then, "you see in secret someone donated over a hundred books to Hogwarts and made but one demand, that you all freely have access to them. So whether you are a first year trying to figure yourself out, or a upper year wanting to double check facts, or anybody wanting to know more about Hogwarts, these are the books for you. Thank you." He then sits down to finish his own meal.

All the while the Headmaster was speaking the eyes of Flitwick and Snape were looking at a particular student, an emerald eyed lad. "See," Snape then says, "its him, he is not surprised, for all that he is pretending to."

Flitwick laughs at that, "of course it is, who else would it have been."

Hagrid, sitting next to Snape adds, "good lad he is, and I’m sure his parents would be extremely proud of him."

"That they would, that they would," McGonagall says with a smile of her own.

Snape then adds, “despite or maybe because of his unfortunate upbringing with his mum’s sister.” A slight pause then, “she was a dreadful girl and I can only imagine how much of a dreadful woman she is now.”

“Now Severus,” the Headmaster says calmly while drinking, “you need not mention that again. I did why I did it, and how I believe in family.”
A slight unbelievable sigh is the only sound Snape makes to that while McGonagall just says, “I did tell you, the worst sort of muggles.” Then another pause, “but it is what it is and Mr Potter seems to be much improved than even last year.”

“He does, doesn’t he,” is the response that the Headmaster gives as the others all to look at the lad once again.

Harry, seeming to notice the nature of the attention turns and looks up at the head table. With a smile, a nod, and a wave towards his teachers he then turns back to Neville to continue the conversation he was having. If the fact that the teachers were staring at him bothered him, he gave no sign of it.

As Harry was walking out of the the great hall Luna walked past him, and with a knowing smile on her face said, “thank you Harry Potter for the gift.” She then skips away before Harry can say anything in response.

Thankfully it was in a low voice, though one loud enough that Ron, Hermione, and Neville were able to hear it.

It is Hermione who coughs and gestures after that, commenting “was there anything you wanted to say.”

“Not really, other than that was Luna Lovegood, but you know that as you met her on the train.”

Giving him a frown for a second, which clears up with a shake of the head and a laugh, before she says, “only you Harry, only you.” A pause then, “come on we don’t want to be late for class. Its Charms.”

All that gets her is a grin, mirth dancing in his eyes, as Harry nods pleasantly and gestures for her to lead the way.

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Nursing Visit

Date: Second Year, Early September

It was two days since the start of Harry's second year and he was visiting the infirmary. Unlike other times though this one wasn't due to him being injured.

"Mr Potter, what happened now, classes haven't even started practicals yet." While gesturing to a bed Madam Pomfrey then says, "well hop up, and I will see what's wrong."

Laughing in good humor Harry replies, "I'm not injured, I just wanted to speak to you about something. If you're free may we go into your office."

Though looking a bit shocked at the request she nonetheless moves towards the office, gesturing for Harry to follow. Once inside she sits down behind her desk and says, "what can I do for you."

Giving her a smile Harry asks, "I was wondering if you had ever done a comprehensive scan on me."

"Unfortunately no, though not for a lack of trying to get permission to do one on you. But every time I asked the Headmaster permission he said your relatives didn't allow it, and he didn't want to push them or cause more problems by countermanding them. I got fed up on that answer and so I used my authority to send them a letter, I got back 'no, go away'." She shakes her head sadly at that. "I can't overrule a guardian on that and so all I have been able to do is a shallow scan whenever you came in."

Harry blinked at that response, it wasn't what he had expected that's for sure. "Ah, I see. Well, I appreciate your attempt at trying to help me and I understand the restrictions you were under due to your oaths. I wish you were allowed to scan when you thought something was up, but I can see how some in the world wouldn't allow that."

Madam Pomfrey nods sadly at that. "I might be a fully recognized Healer, for all that my title is Mediwitch, but unlike those in St Mungo's I don't have the prerogative to overrule guardians." A pause and then, "was there something else you needed, otherwise I need to get back to work preparing for whatever this year brings."

Smiling at her Harry nods, "actually yes there is. But first I would like a healers oath that you will keep my medical information sacred and secret."

Looking at him for a second, Madam Pomfrey nods in acceptance and without issue makes the standard Healer's magical oath as he requested.

As soon as the glow of magic fades Harry says, "over the summer I visited Gringotts. While there I did two major things, the first was to utilize the Last of Line protocol to take up the burden of being Head of House, this emancipated me in all ways." He stops as her eyes widen at his manifestation of his Head Ring, he continues. "The second was I had some Gringotts healers and cursebreakers look over my physical, mental, spiritual, and magical pattern. After that they worked to purify and cure me of my woes."
Madam Pomfrey nods at that and then wonders, "do you have a copy of the results."

"Yes I do, I made sure they gave me a medical copy for your use. Now the folio it's in is enchanted to only be readable by a healer who has sworn the medical oath." Harry then hands her the packet.

She nods at him and then opens it up, with no issue or difficulty, the magic accepting her oaths. As she reads through it her face goes more and more ashen. She looks across to Harry from her seat and says, "I'm sorry I didn't discover this earlier. Though I tried I still failed you."

"Don't worry about it. Honestly don't, it's the past and I'm fine." Harry shakes his head. "It seems that a number of random events occurred to make my early life horrible, yet none were actually directly based on the actions of a particular person."

"I'm glad to hear that, a part of me was worried that your issues were a result of active manipulations." Madam Pomfrey comments.

"I can understand that." Harry smiles at her. "But as you can see they corrected ALL of the problems they uncovered. The nutritional issues, the physical problems, the parental block, and the dark magic. They even had me on a potion regime over the summer to undo the body issues I had."

"Yes, I see that," Madam Pomfrey says with a smile, "they did great work on cleansing you. Much better then I could have done here."

Nodding at that Harry then says. "The fact is now you both know my lifelong medical history and that I am the one who gives permission. Which means when whatever next happens happens you can get permission from me to do what is necessary."

"Well that is good to hear." A pause as she then smiles, "now don't think just because you are emancipated you can order yourself released whenever you want." Both laugh at that before she continues. "Right then, thank you for the information, I appreciate that you shared it with me."

Harry then stands up and shakes Madam Pomfrey's hand before saying, "no problem, I shall see you later," and then heads out.

Madam Pomfrey spends another five minutes reviewing the notes before nodding firmly and then putting it away in one of her most secured patient file safes.

8888

It was a few hours later, with Harry sitting on a couch in the common room, when Seamus asked him the question he had been expecting a bit earlier. "So Harry, what happened man, you seem quite different this year."

Harry laughs while giving his friend a smile, "was that hard, I figured one of you would have asked earlier."

Those gathered around, which included practically all of those Gryffindors who Harry knew quite well, laughed at that. It was Dean who answered, "well at first we were waiting for a Weasley to ask but then you mentioned that they, plus Hermione, had seen you over the summer. So we kind of drew straws, though Neville wanted no part in that.”
“Yeah, he already knew about it,” is Harry’s smiled response to the question. Then he shrugs and says, “it’s not a big secret guys, and I definitely don’t take any offense.” After a bit of smiles and nods, and a few chuckles, Harry actually answers. “Anyway, during the summer I visited Gringotts, their healers did a full check up as is standard for a scion lost for years in the muggle world. The scan turned up certain deficiencies due to my upbringing which they corrected with a potion regime.”

“How many potions did you have to take,” asked Rock Benson, a Fifth Year Gryffindor. When everyone looked at him he blushed and said, “I had what sounds like a similar process a few years ago after I was adopted. They gave me a list of twenty potions that I had to take like clockwork for a few weeks.”

“Yeah the same,” Harry says with a nod to that. “Plus eat well and exercise,” though a laugh on that before he adds, “not that that was a problem, as I enjoyed nutritional food and I run almost every day.”

“From what I understand,” it is Percy who says this, “the potions basically speed up a process that might take months or years. They use your natural magic to push your form to take up its proper rightful place.”

“Interesting,” Harry says to that. “Anyway, I am grateful for their help and effort, it has made me even better than I was.”

“Oh, so there goes any chance of being number one,” says Seamus, to everyone’s laughter. Especially those who know that while is grades are pretty good, he has no interest in the power of the letter.

Harry, smiling at that then says, “so enough about me, come on guys, how was your summers.” Which leads to some friendly House-wide storytelling as people share their summer vacation.

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"Thank you girl," Harry said of Hedwig as she delivered his morning mail, which as always was an envelop containing a compilation of all wizarding newspapers. After giving her a piece of bacon she hoots once and then flies off back to the owlery.

Opening up the envelop Harry began sorting the issues in the order of when he will be reading it over the course of the day. This was something he had begun doing when Hagrid came back with his new supplies from Gringotts, who had signed him up for every news outlet even remotely applicable to him.

Considering that with all of his Headships he had holdings seemingly everywhere there were a lot of magazines present.

So many newspapers to go over, with some more accurate than others, that Harry was quite happy to let some of his friends borrow them for a few hours. In fact it didn't take long before it became part of the morning status quo, which made breakfast quite fun as people passed around the papers they found interesting.

He did find it amusing that in the end of each day his collection of news papers and magazines were collected by house elf. Under a secret pact with Harry they would read it, making them among the most knowledgeable of house elves in the wizarding world. After they finished reading they both recycled the paper and used it as part of the bedding for the owlry and kindling for fireplaces.

Harry's musing on the papers and the elves were interrupted when Dean asked, "so I was wondering about the pretty collar your owl wears, is it just decorative or." He then stops and waits for an answer.

"Or," is what Harry answers with a smile. "They are heavily enchanted to protect the owl wearing them from both foreign and harmful spells." He pauses then says, since its not exactly a state secret. "The one Hedwig wears was especially enchanted by Gringotts, as a thanks for who I am."

"The boy who lived," asked Seamus who was sitting near to Dean.

As Harry shook his head it was Neville who answered, "I doubt that, its probably him being the last Potter."

A smile and nod in Neville's direction then, "yep, exactly. The reduction in cost was for my 'fame' but the enhancement offer, well that was because I am A, no, THE, Potter."

Dean then asks, "so anybody can buy the collar, its just that yours were made better."

"Yes, though for most people it's not really necessary. I mean no disrespect when I say nobody really would target your owls."
Neville interjects, "the security of our messages is actually one reason House Longbottom uses eagles for their important posts."

Harry smiles at that thought, "oh really, I didn't know that. I might have to see about getting some Longbottom eagles."

Neville gives a nod and a little bow before saying, "the House of Longbottom would be honored to provide our traditional allies the House of Potter with some postal eagles." He finishes with a huge grin on his face.

Harry blinks at that, "ah, okay Neville. We can discuss that later, in a more private setting." He gets a nod in response to that. Then turns to the others, "so yeah, I decided to outfit Hedwig with as many protections that I could, and the goblins helped." A pause. "Anyway, did you guys read the article about that Spanish wizard who has plans on exploring the moon."

Which set the group on the new topic and what it meant for the magical societies if they go to space, and what an interesting conversation it was.

8888

“So Neville, what exactly was that bit of non-oath oath magic you uttered earlier,” Harry says to Neville that evening as they sat in the privacy of his claimed office.

“It wasn’t anything to telling Harry,” Neville says on that.

“Come on Neville, don’t hold back, what did it mean.”

“Fine,” Neville says with a sigh, one which has Ron and Harry chuckling at his bit of whining. “It was a sort of announcement that the House of Longbottom is interested in bringing back our traditional relationship with the House of Potter.”

It is Hermione who speaks up on that and questions, “can you even do that Neville.”

“I can initiate notification that such a relationship is wanted, but no, I cannot sign it at this time.”

“Okay Neville,” Harry says with a nod as he thought about it more, “if you wanted to I wouldn’t object to a packet of information coming my or my House’s way about it. We can see what is needed to make bring about such a state, and when it would be useful for us to do that.”

Neville nods, “okay,” a pause then, “and ah sorry for just springing it on you in the way I did.”

Harry nods at that with a smile on his face, though before he can say anything Ron speaks. “Enough of that pureblood noble stuffy nonsense, lets play a game.”

Which gets the group laughing.

8888

It was a few days after the initial conversation when Hermione turns towards him during breakfast and says, “Harry have you noticed anything different about the deliveries today.”

“If you mean that pretty much all the owls that delivered mail today had an owl collar on them,” a long pause, “then no.”
“Harry,” Hermione says with a cluck of her teeth and a nod.

Harry just grins at her, “what, come on Mione, its kind of obvious don’t you think.” Which gets some laughter. Harry then turns towards Dean and says, “so Dean, what happened.”

“Well, it seems our conversation got out that you felt that protecting your owl was important. One thing led to another and most of us began to feel that even if it wasn’t generally necessary it wouldn’t hurt. So between the upper years visiting Hogsmede and the lower years owl ordering them a lot of us got collars.”

“I see,” Harry says with a bit of shock in his voice. “I would like to say, for the record, I didn’t get them out of any worry about anything going on.”

It is Sophie Roper, from a few seats down from where Harry is, who speaks next. “Oh we knew that,” she then smiles, “its just that we figured it would come in handy if one day something did happen.”

“A sort of be prepared just in case,” continues Lavender Brown.

“Okay, gotcha,” Harry says with a nod. He then chuckles which gets some raised eyes from his fellows, so Harry shrugs and says, “I create trends even when I don’t mean to.”

The laughter is shared by those around him, while they think ‘he does, he really does’.

8888

“So two things happened today Remus, both of which you probably won’t believe.”

“Oh, what happened,” is the answer that the illusionary Remus says to Harry in the private office. After hearing the whole explanation about the day Remus breaks down in laughter. “Only you Harry, only you.”

A sigh, “I know right, and honestly I don’t know whether to laugh and be delighted or sigh and just shake my head.”

“I think you should laugh and shake your head.” Remus says with a grin. He then tilts his head in thought for a moment before saying, “on the first topic I will look up the nature of the relationship between House Potter and that of House Longbottom.” A pause, “I can say that his mother was your godmother and your mother was his godmother, so there was deep friendship there. Though how that related to the two Houses I do not know.”

“Understood and thanks for looking it up, but don’t rush, it is not like we are going anywhere.” Harry says with a smile before adding, “and your thoughts on the second.”

“Well as your friends said security and preparedness is never a bad thing. So they spent some gold but at least their owls are protected and their messages secured. I do think that it was good for them to know you just did it as a general action and not for a specific reason.” A pause then, “but its still bloody fantastic hearing how you got most of the student body to bring back the owl collar custom.”

“Laugh it up Remus,” Harry says in response while not being really good at hiding his own grin.
“I will, that I will.” A pause then with a grin, “that does remind me of the time your father accidentally started a new tradition at Hogwarts,” and off into story time they went.

The next morning, while running with Cedric, Harry informs him of the details of the whole owl collar situation. Which has Cedric laughing so hard he has to stop for just a moment to catch his breath. Which when done has the two running again and Cedric saying, “only you Harry, only you.” A shake of the head follows that.

“What,” Harry exclaims grumbling, “it’s not like I meant to do it.”

“Still, it happened.” A pause then a side wise look before he continues, “did anyone tell you that the whole reason owl collars haven’t been as popular in the last century plus was due to a concentrated Ministry campaign to reduce their use.”

“Wait, what no, I did not know that.”

“Yep, the Ministry of the time didn’t like added protections that they gave to the common witch and wizard and so worked to get them from mainstream use. The Great Houses for the most part ignored the push, at least for their high level owls, but the same could not be said for the commoners.”

“Oh, Merlin, wow. That’s …,” Harry then trails off without words for a while which leads to some silent running. Eventually Harry says, “you know I wouldn’t be bothered if I had attempted to honestly bring the tradition back. But the fact that I didn’t and it is still growing is what makes me speechless the most.”

“Growing,” Cedric asks confused though he also nods as he understands where Harry is coming from.

“Yeah, growing. In the Daily Prophet for today it seems that Magicals outside of Hogwarts learned about us using it and picked upon it themselves. Its spreading widely.”

“Oh,” is what Cedric says in response to that, which is then followed by laughter. “So I go back to what I said earlier, only you Harry, only you.”

The two grin at each other as they change the subject but continue to run.
First Mirror Talk

Date: Second Year, Mid September

Harry was sitting in the library reading when he felt a buzz in his mind. Tracing it to his armband he figured it was someone calling him - a pulse of his thoughts as to the identity and he learned it was Charlie Weasley. Smiling at that Harry left the library and headed to an empty classroom.

Taking out his mirror communicator Harry says, "Respond: Charlie Weasley."

A second later the mirror changed from showing his visage to that of Charlie Weasley.

"Hey Charlie," Harry said with a smile, "I see you got my gift."

"Hi, Harry. Yes I did and while a part of me wants to say that you shouldn't have spent the money the bigger part of me is thinking its going to make our talks easier." A pause. "So thanks." Charlie then grins at that.

Which causes Harry to laugh before saying, "well if it makes you feel any better you can consider me doing it for our poor owls. So they don't need to travel all the way back and forth and hurt their wings."

Charlie laughs, "okay okay, I get it. Your reasons are good and I accept them."

A tilt of his head, clearly visible to Charlie. "Do you really Charlie because you don't seem like it."

A firm nod. "I do Harry. You know us Weasleys, we don't really take well to what we think of as charity. This is not charity, and I can accept it, but it still causes me to frown at first."

"I understand Charlie, and I never want you to feel like I am doing stuff to buy our friendship. I really enjoy our letters and now our talks." Harry says truthfully.

"I know," Charlie says with a smile. He then changes the subject, "oh, so I was looking at all the options this thing has and its amazing. I like the fact that we can talk without image, or even write to each other without either."

A shared smile, "yeah, I know. Hearing the seller describe and then show the features all sorts of ideas came to me. Which is why I had to buy it."

"Oh," Charlie says, "so I'm testing it for your is that right?"

"You, Remus, Ragnok, and I," Harry says with a laugh.

"Oh, so you haven't expanded the network to all of you seneschals yet," is Charlie's curious question.

"No, not yet," Harry shakes his head, "they are busy enough gathering data and putting it together"
that they don't need to speak to me on a quick basis. Also they know I'm in school and so they go through Remus for most things."

Nodding at that Charlie adds, "but they always have the ability to contact you through the Head Ring if it is absolutely necessary, so they are safe."

"Exactly," Harry replies, "they can wait. Two, three, years maybe."

"Are you planning on having them all linked to you," Charlie asks, "or to each other in a hierarchy."

"Both," is Harry's answer. "With them being given firm orders to go up the chain unless they feel its required that I know." A pause. "I find that magic will tell both them and me when I need to become aware of such things when I get older."

"Aren’t both the Head Rings and the House magics great," Charlie says with a smile. "But that is not entirely why I wanted to talk to you. An interesting event happened at work today that I think you would find fascinating."

"Oh what happened," Harry asks curiously as he sits back in a comfortable position to listen.

After a grin Charlie begins with, “I don’t know if I said this before, but the site of the preserve was chosen because dragons seemed to naturally come here. We figured if they liked the area then they wouldn’t try to escape from it at random moments. We have learned that this is true because on three separate occasions the barriers have failed, and the dragons did not even attempt to leave.”

“That’s brilliant Charlie,” Harry says with a smile. He then tilts his head and asks, “do you know why that is?”

“We didn’t until a few days ago, when we made a startling discovery.” Charlie’s grin goes even wider than it was moments before. “That was when we found a hidden chamber, which turned out to be one of many.” A pause then, “what makes it even more interesting is that they are ancient, as in tens of thousands of years ancient.”

When Charlie seemed to have stopped talking for a moment Harry says, “oh Merlin, that’s wicked. Do you know who built them.”

“Magicals,” he says utterly in awe at the concept. “We know this because the magic clearly resonates with us.” Another pause then, “But what makes it even more brilliant is that we have detected threads of magic aligned with those Great Houses whose foundations stretch to before the times of Albion.”

“Oh,” Harry says shocked, “wow.” A pause then, “are there any Potter magics there.”

An affirmative nod at that, “we are keeping it mostly a secret for now as we are trying to figure out what it means and what to do. We have told Gringotts who is preparing a packet for the House Heads and Seneshals, but we are still working on investigating it all.”

“That’s brilliant Charlie,” Harry says with a big smile. He then asks, “is there anything you want me to do?”

“Welllll,” Charlie says in such a way that he lengthens the word quite a bit. “I didn’t tell you for political reasons,” Charlie then says but gets interrupted.
“I know that,” Harry says with a smile and a chuckle, “you wanted to share the news with someone you trusted. So don’t worry about that.” A pause then, “but if you do think there is anything that I could do to make your work easier?”

Charlie nods, “yeah there might be. We are thinking of getting Gringotts to outfit an expedition of specialists to study the sites in greater depth. If you provide support to it we might be able to push out certain Ministry based problems we are having.”

“I can understand wanting them out of the picture,” Harry says with a smile. “I do think having professionals who know their subjects would probably be better, and safer, then you all studying it.” A pause, “you work with dragons, which is a dangerous field, but you don’t do cursebreaking or magical archeology.”

Charlie sighs at that put out, but then he grins. “Yeah we know, which is why some of us pushed for Gringotts involvement. We put the sites under magical wards for now so that nobody risks their life by going into them.”

“That’s smart Charlie,” a pause then, “please stay out of them yourself, at least until backup arrives.”

“Yeah, don’t worry about that, I like life and my dragons to much to risk it.” He then laughs, “oh so you mean till Gringotts sends Bill here.”

Harry laughs with Charlie on that before saying, “I will contact Ragnok and Remus so they can see about getting my Houses involved.”

“Thanks Harry, I appreciate that,” Charlie says with a smile. He then pauses for saying, “so how have things been so far at Hogwarts.”

Which gets Harry explaining the start of his second year. Soon afterward the conversation begins switching topics, as they both talk about whatever happens to come to mind. Eventually they both found themselves needing to go which ended the conversation with smiles.

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Date: Second Year, Late September

As Professor Lockhart ran out of the room being chased by the pixies he let loose the students from Ravenclaw and Gryffindor just stared at each other in silence for a moment. Then a pixie made the mistake of buzzing next to Harry and getting his attention on him. A second later his wand came out, one properly aimed stunning spell later, and the pixie was on the table stunned.

The other students looked at each other and then began casting together with coordination born of over a year of studying together. It took less than ten minutes for all of the pixies to be both stunned and then put back in the cage all safe and sound.

When it was over the students just looked at each other. It was Terry Boot of Ravenclaw that said, "so now what."

Everyone looked at Harry to see what he thought about it all. "Well," he eventually said, "I think we should go to Professor Flitwick and inform him of what just happened."

"Sounds good," Hermione says as the others nod, "but after that I think we should go to the library and begin outlining our plans for our Defense study this year."

Anthony Goldstein comments, "I agree." He then looks at the rest of the room, "seriously, if he can't handle pixies how do you think he will teach us actual material.

Everyone nods, begins gathering their supplies, and head out of the class.

8888

While in the middle of teaching Charms to the first year Slytherins he was not expecting a knock at the door. "Come in," he said after a slight finishing the point he wanted to make.

What was even more surprising was that it was Harry Potter who knocked. A student who, if he was remembering correctly should have been with his Ravenclaws in Defense.

"Sorry to bother you professor, but could you come into the hallway for a moment, we need to talk to you." Harry says with respect clearly in his voice.

Nodding at his best student he turns to those he is teaching, "pardon the interruption, this is no doubt important. I will be right back. If you would please continue practicing the levitation charm."

He then heads to the door and out into the hallway, where he was both surprised and not to see the whole of the second year Gyffindor and Ravenclaws students.

"What happened," Flitwick starts with, "shouldn't you be at Defense."

"That is the problem Professor," Terry Boot says as he stands next to the door.
"Lockhart," the lack of honorific not escaping anyone's notice, "let loose pixies after failing to cast a stunning spell properly." Harry begins to explain.

"A first year stunning spell, mind you," is said by Michael Cormac.

"Yes, a first year spell. What was even worse is one stole his wand then threw it out the window and then the mass of them chased him out of the classroom."

"Are the pixies still loose," Flitwick asked concerned.

The group shake their head, Hermione answers. "No we took care of that before coming here."

Harry nods, "we wanted to tell you personally about his idiocy and that we will be heading to the library in order to begin self-studying." Here Harry pauses and gives his most respected teacher a look, "its fifty fifty if I walk back into that class."

"Oh," Neville says as if just remembering, "this was a test he gave us as soon as we first sat down." He then hands the Professor the test sheet where the questions were all about how awesome Lockhart was.

Glancing down quickly he sees questions like 'what is Lockhart's favorite color,' and 'what hair care product does Lockhart use.' He opens his mouth, then closes it again, then opens it again. "Right, thanks for the information please run along to the library. I will look into this."

The students gathered all nod at that. "Thank you Professor," Harry says, "we will be heading off."

Flitwick nods at that and then heads back into the classroom, to continue teaching.

Back outside the room the group of about twenty students look at each other for a moment. Then they turn around and begin heading to the library. Conversation breaks out as the group starts mingling in alternating on what they are talking about.

8888

A few hours later Flitwick walked into the teacher's lounge and started handing the other teachers present a copy of the 'exam' that Lockhart had given to his students.

"What is this Filius," McGonagall asks as she starts flipping through it, a move copied by the others.

"That," Flitwick says with distaste, "was the exam that Lockhart gave to his students during the first day of class. All students."

"You can't be serious," says Snape with a drawl, "as there is no way he is that much of an idiot."

Nodding at the astute question Flitwick nods, "I thought the same thing so I looked further. A number of discrete charms and conversations with portraits confirmed it. He made his students answer these questions." He pauses then laughs. "But it gets better in the class with the second year Gryffindors and Ravenclaws."

Knowing that means Harry Potter was involved the teachers sit up. Flitwick gives them all a smile as he says, "so it seems our dear fellow professor doesn't know how to deal with pixies. His
stunning spell failed, they took his wand threw it out the window, and then chased him from the classroom and then Hogwarts."

The gasps of shock followed by laughter was without equal.

Snape then says, "so what did the students do once the teacher was gone."

"They worked together to stun and then capture the pixies. Then when the classroom was put back to right they came and spoke to me about it." He then stops. "They then, all together, spent the rest of the double period of class in the library outlining topics to research for this year." He shakes his head. "They have no confidence they will learn anything in his class."

"Are they going to be skipping it," Snape asks in a tone that is so controlled the other teachers can tell he is holding back his amusement.

"When I asked they said they weren't sure though I think they might." Was Flitwick's reply, one where he seemed to be working hard to hide his amusement.

"Are we really going to accept the students rebelling in such a blatant way," asks McGonagall who is both pleased at her students and horrified at what might occur.

"They haven't done anything yet and I don't think we should plan for it unless it happens," Flitwick comments.

"While that is all good," Sprout says, "we must realize that if something happens it will be a widespread action. Mr Potter is friends with people from all houses and most years, he will not be acting alone. Even your Slytherins, Severus, will probably get involved."

"Which is why I am not worried," Snape says with a drawl. "Mr Potter, though sorted into Gryffindor is a person with the traits held in high esteem by all four houses. He won't be stupid enough to blatantly rebel, not yet, and definitely not for something as ridiculous as an incompetent Defense professor."

"You are saying he won't do something," Professor Sinistra says disbelievingly.

"Oh, no, not at all. He will clearly do something, it just won't be something we will be able to give him detention for. If I know him even a little bit even as we speak he is making plans."

"I agree," says Flitwick, "in fact I wouldn't be surprised if he was with a group of students from all four houses working out a plan."

With that said the group decided to take a wait and see attitude, at least for the moment. If things got too bad they would step in, but till that they would consider it this a perfect teaching tool.

8888

In a classroom quite distant from the teachers lounge a different meeting was going on.

"We have two choices," Harry says to those gathered, "we either do nothing and let our education suffer under the fool or we do something."

"Well, what can we do, we are just children," says Hermione sadly.
"We use that fact to our advantage," says Blaise.

"Exactly," Harry says with a sly smile, "those of us with magical parents should write to them about the class."

"Send the test Lockhart gave us all," Hermione says without pause.

Draco tilts his head, confused. "I'm surprised Granger, I thought you would have objected to Harry's statement of only magicals."

She shakes her head, "I understand this world, there is no way muggles will have any influence." A pause. "But if you Malfoy tell your father about the situation, he might choose to do something."

Ron adds from where he is sitting, "there is no way he wants his heir to have a subpar education, and there is no way that a wizard like Lucius Malfoy respects Lockhart in any way."

"Its not enough," Neville says firmly. "My Gran is on the Hogwarts Board and she was telling me they didn't have any other candidates. It would take him breaking the law or doing something evil for them to sack him early."

Nodding at that the group sit back to think.

"So, let us find something he did that was illegal." Anthony Goldstein says into the silence. "We don't make anything up, rather we comb through his books and search out material in the Hogwarts library."

Hermione nods at that then says, "its a good idea and would look like we are paying attention."

"All the while we are subverting his authority," Harry says, "whatever fake amount he thinks he has."

"Maybe we can create a year wide study group for Defense," Justin Fitch-Fletchy says.

"Good idea," Harry says on that, "do we have a schedule for each house here. Maybe we can see if there is a common period we all have open."

Between the students present at least one schedule for each house was presented and opened. Going through the daily schedules they began pointing out points where one or two houses had a free period.

"There," Ron says as he glances at the paper. "Tuesday and I think, yes, Friday as well. A double period in which all four of our houses are entirely free of class.

The group is quick to praise Ron for the find, which seemed to escape the others.

Its Terry Boot who asks, "what should we do with the two house study period we have after Defense."

The group stops to think about that for a little while, though eventually Harry answers. "I think we should use the all houses study period to go over the generals and then the two house periods for the particulars."
"That's a good idea Harry," Hermione says, "it's easier to have twenty people casting spells than it is forty in a single room."

Everyone nods at that.

Blaise then says, "I think we should work together on Defense assignments that are not real. I have no interest in spending a weekend writing a paper when its about his hair care products." A pause then, "plus I don't think he will even notice if our answers are similar."

"I agree," Harry says, which is echoed by the others. Even Hermione nods at that, she wants to do well but she has no interest in learning about Lockhart's favorite food.

At this point the clock nearby chimes the hour which causes everyone to realize they better get going. Its dinner time after all.

8888

Its about a week later when some of the heads of houses are gathered in Flitwick's office relaxing and discussing matters.

"So in the time since that first period they have done nothing," Sprout comments.

"Not exactly nothing," Flitwick answers with a smile.

"They are using the free period all four houses have to gather together and study," Snape answers with a smirk.

"How many students join that," asks McGonagall.

"Though numbers vary period to period it is all four houses and over ninety percent of the second years," Flitwick answers.

Snape raises his eyes at the information, "that is oddly specific."

Flitwick nods at that, "I know and its not because I'm spying. After the second week Mr Potter came to me to inform me of their study sessions."

"I'm surprised he would do that," Sprout says.

"So was I but he explained that part of their study is practical, they will be spellcasting. They wanted me to know so that if they get caught casting spells they wouldn't get in trouble, especially with Filch." He smiles proudly.

"So you took the time to ask questions about it," Snape comments.

"Of course since as he put it there is nothing clandestine about a group of students gathered together to study their subjects." The grin is quite brilliant.

"While I find that attitude brilliant, what I don't understand is the reports of them paying apt attention to what Lockhart says. Irma even says she has found them studying everything they can about him." McGonagall says with some confusion.

There is silence and then Snape grins, or at least his equivalent of a grin. The fact is the others
only recognized it since they knew him for decades now.

"What is it Severus," Sprout says as soon as she notices the look, "you have a look on your face that says I know the secrets of the universe."

"I do, I do indeed," Snape actually smiles, which is such a rare occurrence. "It seems this plan, and believe me its a plan, is a product of all four houses working together. The study sessions are Ravenclaw, the fact that nobody knows what is going on is Hufflepuff, the working together and acting upon the idea is Gryffindor." He then stops. "But this, this part is pure Slytherin."

"What is it Severus," Flitwick asks.

The grin turns fierce before he responds. "I see the plan. They realize that him being a fool is not enough to get him sacked, what they need is to find something that he did that was illegal."

"So they are combing through everything he has every written or had written about him in order to analyze it," Flitwick says.

"Yes, and when they find something, and I figure they are bound to at some point, letters will go out." Snape nods firmly.

The rest sit back in thought, with Sprout eventually saying. "So we wait, we wait and watch and see and then when we notice more owls then normal we should expect to see something the next day or two."

"Yes," is all Snape says.

"Well then, let us talk about other things." Which they did, as they sat back and enjoyed some tea and scones and each other's company.

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Date: Second Year, Late September

A bit after school started Harry was walking through the halls when he came upon Luna, a barefoot Luna. Raising his eye at that he says, "hey Luna, how’s it been. How’s Ravenclaw been treating you."

"School is great," she says, "I'm learning a lot in all my subjects." She then pauses. "The girls in my year are playing games with me by hiding my stuff."

Harry blinks at that in shock before realization hits him, which leads him to trying trying to contain his anger. When he finds balance in his voice he says, "that's bullying Luna, and that is unacceptable. Have you told Professor Flitwick about it."

A shake of the head, "it's fine, don't worry about it, everything always turns up in the end."

"It's not fine," Harry says firmly, "bullying is never fine. So let's go to tell your head of house." A pause. "You are not alone, so don't feel like you are."

She nods, and though she doesn't say anything she is really pleased how things are going in her life. And all it took was the random meeting at the clothes shop.

8888

“Is everything okay Filius,” the Headmaster says to the professor during the next meeting of the Heads of Houses.

“It wasn’t but it will be,” is Flitwick’s response. Then seeing the curious look on their faces he explains further. “I was informed by Mrs Lovegood that she is being bullied by her classmates.”

“How quick did you become an avenging angel on those who bullied her,” is Snape’s comment to that reaction.

“Less than an hour after I had first heard of the incident.”

“What did you do,” the Headmaster asks not to question his judgment but rather out of simple curiosity.

Flitwick gets a series look on his face as he says, “I cast a charm that gave the bullies the knowledge of what it felt like. Which in this case was them simply feeling the cold of walking around Hogwarts in the evening without shoes or socks on.” A pause then, “they are lucky that it was this event that brought the bullying to my attention, as they wouldn’t have liked the effects of the spell if I had cast it on other days.” Another pause before he finishes with, “in addition to them all having to write an essay on what bullying can lead up to using the sources I picked out for them. They will know and they won’t do it again, I am sure of it.”
The gathered professors nod at that while the Headmaster brings the meeting to official order.

"I don't understand it," Harry said in the classroom that his year had taken over in their pursuit of studying Defense. Gathered around him were a number of the other pureblood nobles in his year group.

Neville nods at that before saying, "this is a case of you thinking like a pureblood noble even without realizing it."

Draco nods at that and adds, "let me guess when you first met her your magic reached out, saying she was special, to be believed. It's the power in your blood."

"We all know her and her family and yes, she may be odd, but we know it's the magic that flows in her veins." Blaise comments from his corner.

"If you noticed none of the girls who messed with her were pureblood nobles, those that are left her alone before." Millicent Bulstrode said in agreement to the others.

Daphne Greengrass then pointed out, "you also needn't worry about the bullying continuing. Even if Professor Flitwick didn't succeed in stopping it, and I'm sure he did, it's clear to the purebloods she is under your protection. They won't let harm come to her."

Harry's groan at that caused a bit of sideways laughter. They knew Harry was learning pureblood customs, but even he couldn't learn everything in a years time.

Sensing his pain, though also amused by it, Ernie Macmillan decided to calm his sudden worries. "Don't fear you activated some sort of pureblood clause you didn't know about."

Theodore Nott interrupts with, "like an expectation of a marriage contract."

"Well I'm glad about that," Harry says with a shutter at that thought.

"Well don't worry about that as only your Head of House could sign one, and so you are safe." Neville says with a smile on order to reduce the worry Harry might have on that.

"Not to change the subject," Draco asks, "but who is your Head of House."

"That is an interesting question," Harry says with a grin. "Technically my guardian is Dumbledore, but as he is a commoner, magic limits his authority over my House. That said I am, as you might know, the last of my line."

The other purebloods, fully aware of ancient protocols blink at that. Of course none of them say anything, such as 'did you claim your rights under the last of the line protocol.' They don't ask as its both uncouth and not any of their business, and of course what they don't know can't be made to be told.

Harry nods in thought, "so pureblood nobles, the snootiest of the bunch normally, are the ones being nice while the others, who are normally accepting, are being bullying gits." A shake of the head at the irony of it all. "I love the magical world."

Which causes some smiles and laughter at the irony of it all.
“Hey Luna,” Harry says while approaching the girl in the corner of the Hogwarts library.

“Yes Harry,” she says with a smile on her face as she is doing her homework.

“I was wondering if you wanted to join Hermione, Neville, Ron, and me in the room that I basically claimed as my own.”

“Of course I do, though are you sure you wanted to invite me there before you invited the rest of your year.”

Harry chuckles, not surprised that she would have figured some of his plans already. “Quite sure.” A pause then, “as we both know they won’t complain on who I invite and when I invite them.”

Luna nods at that, “they will just see it as you being you.”

“Which is true isn’t it, I am being me.” Harry says while Luna finishes picking up her books and papers and they are met by Neville and Hermione for the walk to the section.

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Chapter End Notes

Hey all, so I was wondering if I could get some feedback on the nature of what Professor Flitwick did to the students who bullied Luna. I like it, knowing how something feels to another would stop a person from doing it again, but could also see how it might be construed as a bad action. Obviously the last thing I want is for Flitwick, or any of my teachers at Hogwarts, to be using bullying tactics against the kids who they are supposed to be teaching not to bully.
"Well then, that completes the business portion now let us go over politics," Remus says by mirror after finishing the discussion on the potential business deal with a potions shop in Diagon Alley.

A bit of a sigh at that, as politics are messy. "Right then, let's begin discussing how my interests are or are not being taken care of."

A grin on that, "it's not as bad as you imagine it would be. It seems that even in the absence of a Head the House's all have rules on who and how a person can vote."

"Ah, right, okay. So how is it organized and who does the voting?"

"In general they all go by the title of Chancellor and without the Head being present they appointed by the Seneschal under rules established through both ancient history and tradition. That said there are some variants to how the Houses set it up, which we will get to as we discuss the particular Houses. If you are ready I will go through them in order from greatest to least." A pause. "I will leave Potter for last to create suspense." Seeing Harry's look Remus grins and says, "hey, I have to have some fun."

A laugh, "fine, I accept that from you." A pause. "Right then, no need to wait any longer, let's begin."

"Sure. First lets go with Sage. The Chancellor is Caden Lee and has been for the last fifteen years. He was appointed by the last Head about a year before the murder. His voting record is not bad, definitely in line with what you have told me you wanted. If I was to give him grief it would be that he is not outspoken enough, but I understand why."

A nod from Harry then, "Yes so do I. He is operating under last orders are to be followed. What point is there for him to be active."

"Exactly," a smile to that. Remus then continues, "When he received my message he was quite happy, ecstatic even, to have a boss again. He sent me his credentials and the ideas he had he wished to see about implementing."

"Really, wicked. So how are his ideas, any interesting."

"Many of them actually, though not all fit into the agenda you seek. He did say that if we had any questions on anything he has done, is doing, or wants to do then we should contact him." Remus stops and laughs. "I made the mistake in asking for a qualification on something he had said and in response he sent me back a twenty foot essay with annotations."

Harry laughs at that, "really, he did. Tell me, was he Ravenclaw at Hogwarts."

A nod, "yes he was and proud of it." A pause. "Other than that I don't really see any issues to be had."
"Okay then, lets move on."

"The next is Black. The seats are currently occupied by Aquarius Black and has been for the last six years. He is a study in contrasts to be honest, in some ways he fits our needs but in others he does not." A pause. "I should state he is Sirius' cousin, but from a different brother than the one that beget Andromeda, Narcissa, and Belatrix."

"Is he is a Death Eater," a pause, "and do you have an example of his confusion."

"No he is not, a fact that is not as surprising as many of the side families in Black weren’t. But that said he hates muggles with a passion that stems from an incident in his youth. He also finds muggleborns tiresome but not to the point he doesn’t welcome them into the magical world. That said he is quite fine with halfbloods and halfbreeds as both sides of their ancestry have magic. He has two lovers, a veela and a werewolf, and has been with them since right after his Hogwarts days." A pause, “I mention that only as a statement of his open mindedness when it comes to that category.”

"Well, that's interesting and a mix of good and bad." A pause. "So what does he think of me, of us since you represent me."

Remus grins at that, "well he is completely fine with me. Hugged me when he saw me and said congrats on the promotion, secret though it was." A pause. "He feels sorry for you actually, since he is aware of your actual pureblood status." A pause, “on that, I am not sure how he knows about it and I didn’t think to ask but will the next time I see him.”

"Oh," a pause. "So no issues on the personality front them."

"Nope, and he actually laughed when such a worry was mentioned. It seems that Sirius actually made him aware of his blood bonding to you so he was prepared for you to be in charge at some point." A stop. "He still hates muggles and does not have a great opinion of muggleborns though and will need to be directly ordered to vote in approval of measures to better include them."

"Hmm, okay, that is interesting. One we will need to keep in mind going in the future." A pause as Harry thinks. "So with that said are there any issues we will have with his previous voting records."

A nod, "slightly. He voted in favor of some of the restrictions that muggleborns are now saddled with when they live in the muggle worlds. But in general not really, nothing that causes us pain or will make your muggleborn friends hate you."

"That is excellent." A pause as Harry thinks on things. "Well his presence is going to be useful I would say, so we will obviously keep him around."

"That is good to hear actually, he was slightly worried that you might dismiss him right off the bat, he actually enjoys being at the Wizenemgot." A pause. "I should note that he doesn't believe in Sirius' guilt either but due to past edicts approved by the Wizenemgot he is restricted on what he can do to get Sirius freed."

A sigh on that last point, "okay, I see. Can you get those edicts sent to me I want to read over them, to see why they were established. Though they might hamper us I want to know if they have a point that is in general a good one." A shake of the head. "Right then, lets continue."
"Sure, the next is Levant. The Chancellor is Quinn Hunter and he is a bit of a firebrand actually, with him often being quite loud and disruptive in meetings."

In the silence Harry tilts his head and goes, "its an act, isn't it, one he probably enjoys but an act all the same."

"Got it in one, I will make a politician out of you yet." Remus says with a laugh. "I don't have the exact detail but it seems that one of the policies put into place by the last Head of Levant was for their representative to be always visible. So on every issue he speaks his mind, and sometimes its contrary to what he later votes." A stop. "Its brilliant actually and works to keep the Wizenemgot on its toes."

"I like the idea in theory but where does he actually stand on the issues we care about."

"Amusingly enough he was quite happy to give me direct answers on the topic. He also made it clear that one should not look to his voting record as an actual indication of what he believes or supports."

"What do you mean."

"I actually have a perfect example. Last year a Ministry Undersecretary by the name of Dolores Umbridge tried to put in a law which was heavily anti-muggleborn. She was getting great traction on it till Quinn began supporting her idea by taking it to an even higher level of ridiculousness. His actions then let even many of the supporters of the bill to turn their backs on it, and so it began to loose steam and eventually it got voted down."

"Let me guess he voted no when it actually got to a vote." A pause. "That is brilliant, absolutely brilliant. So are there any examples of the opposite."

"Oh yes, three months later there was a vote on increasing liberties, he supported the notion in a way that got people's attention and it was passed." A pause. "He is a firebrand and perfect for our needs."

"That sounds excellent, quite excellent. We need to make heavy use of that ability of his, maybe have him meet with some of my other proxies."

"Will do, and I think he will enjoy it." A pause. "Moving on, Valerius." A quick shake of the head. "This is an interesting one. The current proxy is 'Captain' Darius Little, who likens himself to being a pirate. He's not of course, in fact he is a member of a distinguished noble family without personal title."

Harry laughs at that, "really, oh wow. That's wicked, even if he is not an actual pirate."

"I have long thought the same thing. The nifty thing about him is that for all of his noble stature he is more of the people than many of those sent to represent the people. He has a long standing policy of being willing to meet with any interest group and so his proposed laws are all over the place." A pause. "The thing is he doesn't always vote in favor on the laws he proposes."

"Wait really, you can do that."

"Oh yes, quite so. Proposing, nominating, or approving a law does not mean when it comes up to vote you have to support it." A stop. "Most do, as their track records show, but he does not as he feels the people have the right to get their ideas heard."
"Interesting and I can see where that would come in handy. So how does his actual beliefs equate to what we are leaning towards."

"Pretty good for the most part. There are some cases on the edges where we differ but those are the fringes. He is pro-magical, but so are we, open to muggleborns, and accepting of halfbreeds. He doesn't support the Dark Lord but doesn't object to the violence he causes."

"Well he is a pirate after all," is Harry's cheeky response.

"Yes, exactly," Remus says with a laugh. "Well that is his status, so moving on we come to Pevensie. The Chancellor for this House is the Chief Administrator of the Pevensie Holiday Resort and Theme Park and has been for a long time. The current holder of that title is Elizabeth Strong, a native of the isle itself. Their interests are business and entertainment and often stay neutral on most other issues that come before the Wizenemgot. With that said though they do vote on issues of the economy, safety and security, and the rights of any person with magic to be in the world."

Harry laughs, "so they support those groups so they have money and can thus spend it at their park."

"Yes, exactly, and they don't really hide that fact which gets them bonus points. They are against the Dark Lord mostly because its bad for business. Related is that they are against most forms of Ministry regulation, as restriction often leads to less money and less money means less park visitors."

"Makes sense, and I can't really see anything changing with that."

"Me neither, they are very much a status quo type organization. That said their Board was insanely happy to have a Head again as that is required for them to get approval on some of the expansions and extensions they want to make. Which is a meeting in and of itself."

"Right, one I know we will have but I can’t say I am looking forward to.” A shake of the head, then a grin, and then, “so lets move on."

Giving a slight laugh at that Remus continues, "then comes House Vidan, whose current proxy is Bridget Leynham. She has been in the Wizenemgot for thirteen years now and was appointed by your mother, interestingly enough. This was done without anyone knowing actually, as was her claiming of the Headship of the House. Leynham has focused most of her attention on more people helping laws, of all kinds. She supports muggleborn and halfbreed rights and pushes for enhancement to St Mungo's and other such healing organizations. She will follow your orders without issue.

"Well that is interesting, I look forward to speaking to her in the future. It would also be nice to see if my mother told her anything that she has since kept secret.”

Remus nods at that before continuing on. "Right so next is your three Founder Houses. The first thing I should say is that the tradition is that when they do not have a Head it is one of the Utmost Ancient Houses who gain the proxy. This is traditionally Potter for Gryffindor, Sage for Ravenclaw, Priest for Hufflepuff, and Black for Slytherin."

"So I could vote for them even if I hadn't become their Heads of House."
"Yes, though not with as much authority as you actually have as the real Head. Now Sage is fine, Cadan Lee is easily our man. Black is a mix, especially when muggleborns are discussed as Aquarius really doesn't like them, though I will note he has never tried to blanket ban them. Potter, well, we will get to that in a minute."

"Sounds good." A pause. "I have to say I am glad that vacant seats don't stay vacant, that there are rules for someone taking up the chair."

"Yes, I quite agree. Especially as in the aftermath of the last two magical wars a lot of Houses no longer had active Heads." A pause as Harry can here Remus flipping through pages. "Okay, then we have the House of Emrys. The proxy representative is Louise Collins, a native resident of Ealdor Hundred. She will not be difficult to work with as she is pro-magical, for the common worker, and heavily in favor of magical development. Ealdor, as the birthplace of Merlin, also has a great tourist industry and so she also supports that heavily, often working with Pevensie actually."

"Good to know but it seems entirely up and up, with not much to comment on."

"Your right, its all very stable. Day to day life stuff and all." A pause. "Okay now let us go over the final one, the House of Potter."

"So how bad is that one," Harry asks curiously.

"Its not so much bad as complicated and frustrating. See the Potter, and thus Gryffindor, Chancellor is Dedalus Diggle. Now he was appointed by your father but it was done at the suggestion of Albus."

"Is he the Headmaster's man more than that of Potter," Harry asks when Remus stops.

"I am not sure on that actually. I can say that were I to meet him as your Seneschal I would have to secure his silence with an oath."

"Okay, let us put him personally aside for one second. How is his track voting track record."

"Mostly fine. He is not as pushy as he could be, as Potter representatives normally are, but I won't hold that against him. The worst thing I can say is that when it came to your placement he supported Albus rather than the Potter officers who wanted you raised in the traditional style of a ward. Despite that he is a magical traditionalist, supports muggleborns, has no issue with halfbreeds, and hates Riddle so we are good on those topics." A pause. "On actual laws I would say he voted pretty much as your father would have."

"Okay, his biggest issue is his ties to the Headmaster." A pause. "Which lets not overplay as some evil thing that will screw us over. Yes I don't want the Headmaster knowing yet but no, its not because I think he is an evil man." A pause. "Okay, meet with him. Seal the meeting under Potter oaths and make him know that its me who he answers to not the Headmaster." Another stop. "Don't come out and say it but if its necessary I am willing to speak to him by mirror."

A nod at that then a grin, "I could always give hint that if he serves well he might get his own mirror to you, that might spur him to be on his best behavior."

Harry laughs slightly, "yes, that sounds good. Though don't promise when that personal mirror will come just that it might." A pause. "Honestly, its not as bad as it could be, especially due to the oaths sworn by those who speak for me. It stops the more extreme acts of betrayal among my
sworn officers."

"That it does," Remus says with a smile, "that it does." A pause. "So besides your twenty-six personal votes you also have an additional 24 additional votes to consider when engaging in lawmaking."

"Wait really," Harry blinks at that, "I must have missed that memo."

A quick shake, "don't worry on that, your assigned lessons haven't gotten to that point yet. But yes, you have both vassal houses and secondary lineages to consider from a voting standpoint. Three for each Utmost Ancient for a total of nine, two for your Most Ancient House, one for each Founder House for three, two for the Sacred House of Vidan, and six from Emrys." A pause then, "as a side note the six Emrys ones are shared with House Pendragon but since no Pendragon Head exists you have monopoly control over them."

He then shakes his head and adds, "I do want to admit that I have yet to truly study those vassal Houses. That said, I can say they have long voted the way their leige Houses went and so will not cause you any problems."

"Well that is good to know, it means I don't need to focus as much on them." A pause. "If you haven't done so already contact their Heads so they know their liege is back and that they need to honor all their oaths. But other than that I guess we seem good to go for now."

"Yes, on both things." A nod with a smile. "The last thing to note is that I am just about finishing with gathering the actual voting records for your read through. Obviously take your time reading that, there is no immediate rush."

"Good to know. Well then, anything else we need to go over or are we done with business."

"We are done with business," Remus then pauses, "so how has your week been so far." Which leads to a twenty minute conversation that is as fun as it is enjoyable and which works to bring the two closer.

8888

As they had expected Daedalus Diggle had wanted to speak to Harry directly before he would gracefully give in. Funny enough, as Remus could tell, it was purely cause he wanted to speak to Harry rather than due to him being loyal to the Headmaster.

He did agree to the point of it being a mirror call rather than a face to face, though he managed to get a promise that come summer he would get to see Harry at Potter Manor. Even if he couldn't tell anyone about it till Harry revealed it.

"Harry I have a Daedalus Diggle here to speak to you," was Remus' opening comment, as they had planned.

"That is great to hear Remus. Please put him on, I look forward to speaking to him."

"Lord Potter," Diggle said as soon as his illusion manifested, "it is an honor that you would speak to me."

"It is no less than you deserve Lord Diggle for your continued service to the House of Potter," Harry says with a pleased smile.
Diggle blushes, blushes, at the praise before saying, "I wanted to personally thank you for what you have done, and continue to do, for our world. And I wanted to make sure you knew you could always count on me to follow the ideals of your House."

"Thank you Lord Diggle, I appreciate the kind words and I am happy to know that I can count on you."

"Oh you can, you can. I will work with you and communicate with High Seneschal Remus here on anything you need." Here he smiles widely before saying, "and I promise to not say anything to Albus about the change in who directs me."

Harry grins at that, "I appreciate that. Its not that I distrust the Headmaster or think he is less than honest, its that as the last of the Potter's it is I who must make the decisions. But I know you understand."

"Oh I do, I do." A pause. "I am not sure if you know this but one hundred and eighty years ago the House of Diggle was in the same boat as yours. My great uncle took it from nearly nothing to what we are today, a House with over three hundred full blood members. Sitting at his feet I learned of his drive to make the House the best he could on his own merits and not the command of others. So I understand your need to take charge, and I admire it."

Harry blinks at that then smiles, "thank you Daedalus that is really inspiring to hear. In fact it gives me hope that one day I too could be sitting somewhere with over three hundred blood relatives around me."

"I am glad to help Lord Potter. So if you ever have need of me, either my voice or my wand, then do not hesitate to call. I will come and I will help."

"I am pleased to hear that," Harry says with a smile. "Now before this meeting comes to a close, for you know I am at Hogwarts and so time is limited, lets are matters I would like to discuss. See there are some details of your Wizenemgot record that I would like to go over with you."

Which is what they did for the next thirty minutes, till Harry's timer went off.

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"So Harry, how do you know what to study," Justin Finch-Fletchly asks.

"What do you mean," Harry asked in response. "I follow the guide each professor gives us."

A chuckles, "no not for Hogwarts classes, the other subjects you are learning."

"Ah, I see what you meant now. Well I have a tutor, two actually, plus a few others who guide me on what extra subjects to learn." A pause, "why."

"Well, I was wondering if I could look at some of what you're doing. Not all of it or anything but I'm interested in some of it you see." Justin pauses before saying, "such things as languages and even some of the crafts I noticed you working on."

Harry gets a look on his face, "I don’t see why not, they aren't me specific after all." Then a laugh. "Plus selfishly it would benefit me, we could practice together and thus I could get even better."

Justin grins at that while thanking Harry.

"So one of my classmates asked if he could use your outline as a study guide. He was interested in languages and some of the crafts. I said it would probably be fine as they weren't me specific subjects." Harry said to the Flamel's over mirror a few days later.

"Makes sense," Pernelle says with a soft smile. "It would be entirely self-study as with the exception of you passing on the occasional question they might have I won't be going over their work."

A nod at that, "they know that, and are fine with it." A slight chuckle. "Justin said he would go to Professor Flitwick for the 'exam' type assignments. That and make me and his friends read over what he wrote." A pause. "I found it amusing when he he said that he would only let me read his work after I already handed my work to you."

A smile. "He sounds like a very nice and proper boy. One who has experience with tutors and how they work."

A nod. "He does. In the muggle world his family is rich, very upper class though a tier right below their nobility. He wanted to do this so his more general education didn't suffer."

"That sounds exactly what you said when we brought up the idea of tutoring you," says Nicolas.

"I know and I don't regret it, even though you two are slave drivers sometimes." A grin to show he is joking. "But I find it very useful to continue my liberal arts education let alone the sciences, crafts, languages, and everything it means to be a pureblood noble with a House to manage."
Smiles from the two then Pernelle says, "well if it helps your classmates feel free to share. Anything liberal arts based was generic so they can know, but keep the advanced magic a bit more restricted. Though we trust you so aren't worried."

Harry smiles, nods, then changes the subject to well a subject he is studying.

8888

"What's that Harry," Hermione asks curiously as he pulled out a small box with crystals sitting in it from his bag as he was looking for his work.

It was actually Blaise who answered rather than Harry. "That Hermione is a memory crystal. It is used by tutors of the nobility to to rapidly teach those skills which don't require magic.

"Yep, what he said. I'm using it to fast learn the liberal arts and sciences as well as the basic skills that the magical nobility all learn even before they enter Hogwarts." Harry answers with a nod.

"How do they work," she then asks.

"I have a thin circlet with five sockets for the crystals which I put on before bed. On the top of my bed I have a power node linked to my House. I then go to sleep and as the night progresses I learn the material in the crystal to near perfect level."

"Oh wow, that's pretty nifty. How are the crystals loaded."

"From what I gather," Harry says with zero issue, "there is a ritual that the tutors do when they want to fill new crystals. The thing is a crystal isn't one use so once it's made its stored in a House Repository for future generations."

"That seems quite useful but also unfair that I can't get one and use it to speed up my studies," is Hermione's response to that.

"It's not as easy as the others are making it seem," Daphne Greengrass says. "It's only used by the oldest of the Great Houses, and even then it's not that common."

Neville comments, "the Ministry restricted their production and use a few centuries ago. That said, the Great Houses laughed at them when they tried to seize the ones we had or prohibit our use."

"I do believe 'over our destroyed bodies' were the words the Great Houses collectively said," Draco said in a deadpan voice. "Needless to say they didn't even attempt to try and take those we had."

"Then how can you make more if the Ministry destroyed their production," Dean asks curiously.

Chuckles come from the purebloods.

Harry gives a sigh and says, "well put it down as me being me, which is why they laughed. House Potter was a major manufacturer of them and so that meant our workshops were inviolable. So when it was suggested I use them my House reactivated the workshops."

"If they are so useful why aren't they more common," Hermione wonders.
"They require House level magic to function," Nott says. "Now while that can be shared to outsiders it's the equivalent of inviting someone into your home and saying go wherever you want. It's not really done."

"House level, not just House," Dean asks as he picks up the qualifier.

"The Great Houses aren't the only magical organizations with ties to the ancient magic, from all that they are the biggest. The others include the various Ministries, Hogwarts and the other schools of magic, St Mungo's Hospital, and a number of ancient guilds whose foundations stretch to King Arthur's day."

"Okay, that makes sense," Hermione says. "But why is Harry the only one of you using it if most of you could."

Harry nods at her good question before answering it with a, "from what I understand if I had started the standard pureblood education at the age of five like they did then it wouldn't have been as useful and I wouldn't need it. As it is, I didn't, and so now I'm using them to not just play catch up but get ahead, as I said before. It, plus the personalized though long distance assistance my tutors are giving me, is what's letting me reach the standards of my status."

"Well, you are doing well on that Harry," Neville comments with a smile as they go back to regular study.

8888

"You look frustrated Harry, is everything okay," Daphne Greengrass asked of him one day as the group was in a classroom.

"What, oh yes, everything's fine," is Harry's distracted response as he continues to read the syllabus given to him by the Flamel's.

A laugh. "Come on, we know it's not. You can tell us what's wrong." Blaise says.

Harry looks up from his book and at his gathered friends. "Well, in general my studies are all the same. I get an outline of what to do, I read some books, have lectures, or use memory crystals, I ask questions of my tutors, I write papers and do exams. Easy, simple, standard. But I'm going over my pureblood customs and I'm noticing that there are elements of it that are hard to learn from a book." A pause. "Hence my frustration."

Dawning looks of understanding cross the faces of the purebloods around him, both commoner and noble.

"So actions like what is the proper utensils to use at dinner," Ron says to the amusement of others.

"Or the way to speak so that you aren't dismissed as uncouth," Blaise adds.

"Or the way of bearing, of proper posture," Draco says.

"Or," Daphne Greengrass says in such a tone that everyone looks at her, "how to dance at a party."

"Yes, to all of them, but especially the last." Harry answers.
Wicked gleams appear on the purebloods faces.

Neville groans, "sorry mate, nice knowing you." Which gets some laughter.

Draco grins, "we can show you, we can teach you."

"Especially how to dance, on that I'm looking forward to teaching you." Daphne says.

"I can help," Lavender Brown says with a giggle, "in fact I would love to. It's going to be sooo much fun."

Harry groans. But it's too late his fate is sealed, he will learn it all from them. Especially, how to dance to everything. Over the next two years he will learn how to dance every type of music style used by the magical world, and some muggle ones as well.

It will be fun but it will also be hell.

Though it does have the effect of bringing them all closer as friends, which is never a bad situation to be in.

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As Charms class was ending Harry turned towards his friends and spoke. "Hey all, would you give me a moment please I wanted to ask Professor Flitwick something." He then turns towards the others who were standing back and says with a smile, "why don't you head towards the library and we will meet you there."

The others nod and so soon afterward only Hermione, Ron, and Neville are still present in the classroom with Harry. As they head towards the hallway Harry moves towards the Flitwick's desk, who had an eye raised at that.

"Pardon me Professor but I have something a bit personal I would like to ask you about," is what Harry says as soon as he gets close by.

"Not a problem Mr Potter, so what can I do for you."

Closing his eyes for a moment he then says, "as next week is the anniversary of my parents death I would like to have permission to conduct a private ceremony for them."

Flitwick doesn't speak for a moment as he contemplates the matter. He then gently asks, "what were your plans for it."

"I wanted to perform for them the Rite of Remembrance." A slight pause then, "and the last thing I wanted to do was slink about like a thief in the night."

"Hence you asking me for permission," Flitwick comments with a gentle smile which gets a nod from Harry. "Hm.," he then says, "if you give me a few days I will see what I can do about permissions and such." He then pauses before adding lightly, "I should state that if we gave permission a professor would need to be present."

Harry nods at that, "that's fine. Again, I don't want this to cause issues so I am NOT trying to act as if this is some dark secret." A shrug then, "don't get me wrong I don't want just anyone to participate but I'm not against those who I trust and who knew my parents from joining."

Flitwick gives Harry a smile and a pat on the shoulder before saying, "understood. Like I said please give me a few days to double check on this, I will get back to you on it."

So said the talk ends and Harry leaves the classroom before heading, with his friends, to the library for the study session. They don't ask what Harry was up to, knowing full well he has his secrets.
"You seem a bit more maudlin then normal," Snape comments.

Flitwick gives the two a smile and a nod. "I was just thinking of a request that Mr Potter asked of me earlier."

Snape raises an eyebrow at that while simply saying, "oh, and what did the lad say to you."

"He sought permission to perform a Ritual of Remembrance for his parents on Samhain night," was the answer that Flitwick gave.

Snape, in a rare instance of surprise simply has no words.

It is McGonagall who, after noticing that, comments, "well Severus, it seems that shocked you speechless."

Snape just nods before commenting, "whenever I think Mr Potter is like his father he does something so Lily like." A shake of the head. He then turns towards Flitwick and asks, "what are you going to say to him."

"That while I am going to allow it I need to know the details first," is what Flitwick responds with.

McGonagall nods at that, in fully agreement, before saying curiously, "I wonder if Mr Potter will allow others to join him for it."

Flitwick nods and says, "he said that he would not be against it for those who knew his parents personally." A pause then, "he did say he wanted it to be by his personal invitation only."

"Ah," Snape comments, "I see." He then blatantly changes the subject by saying, "so Filius did you read this month's edition of Interesting Magics." Though the other two know what he is doing they let it happen.

8888

As Potions class ends a few days later Harry gestures towards his friends to head out before he approaches the desk of Professor Snape. After having spoken to Professor Flitwick the other day he knew exactly what he needed to do.

"Professor Snape, may I have a moment of your time," Harry asks.

"Yes Mr Potter you may. What do you need?"

"I am working with Professor Flitwick on having a ceremony of remembrance for my parents and I would like to see if you would like to attend."

"Are you serious Mr Potter," is what Snape says in a shocked tone - though it would take a person knowing him quite well for the shock to register.

Harry nods firmly, "yes. You were quite close to my mother and I feel it would honor her memory for me to have you there."

"I thank you Mr Potter for the offer, I very much appreciate it. I also accept it."

"Not a problem Professor, you deserve to be there as well." A pause then, "either Professor
Flitwick or myself will update you on the particulars as they are decided."

With that the small meeting is over and Harry heads out of the room. Only to find that Neville has remained waiting for him.

In answer of Harry's raised eyebrow Neville says, "Hermione panicked about a test and so both Ron and her headed to the library. As I am not I said I would wait for you."

"I see," Harry says with a laugh and a shake of the head. He then turns towards Neville and says, "you haven't asked what I am doing."

"No, and its killing me." Neville says with an amused laugh.

Harry laughs in response to that before saying, once they calm down. "Well, its nothing spectacular, but I was asking Professor Snape if he wanted to join in my Samhain ritual of remembrance for my parents." A pause then, "which was also why I talked to Professor Flitwick a few days ago."

"Oh, okay," Neville says blinking. "You honor your parents Harry in your actions."

Harry stops from where they were walking and says, "thank you Neville, I appreciate that."

He nods at that and then, a few minutes later, it is Neville who stops short. "Oh," he then says with a slap to the head, "there was something I meant to tell you." When he gets Harry's full attention he says, "I learned this summer that your mother was my Godmother, just as my mother is yours."

Though he nodded and smiled Harry also felt a bit sad while saying, “that means we are basically godbrothers.”

"Yep, we would have been raised together I think if the events that happened never happened," this is said by Neville with a bit of sadness.

Harry reaches out to take Neville's elbow in his hand in a pureblood brotherly gesture. He then gives his friend a smile while adding, "you will come to the ceremony right Neville, since my mum was your godmother its only fitting."

Neville nods at that and then says, "I would be honored Harry."

8888

"Mr Potter was there something that you wished to speak to me about," asks Professor McGonagall kindly to Harry the next day in class.

A nod then, "yes Professor. See, I was wondering if you would be interested in attending the ceremony of remembrance I am holding for my parents on Samhein."

A bit choked up she nods and says, "yes Mr Potter I would very much like to join you for that." A pause then, "just like you have become close to Professor Flitwick I was quite close with James." Another pause then, "so I thank you for asking me, I appreciate it quite a lot."

"Its not a problem Professor," Harry says before making his leave from the office.
As Harry stood nearby to the field Madam Hootch was wrapping up the flight lesson to the Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff first years. As he watched he couldn't help but chuckle at the thought of his own first lesson on flying.

As the class began heading back to the school Harry made his way down to where Madam Hootch was collecting brooms. Smiling at her Harry quickly worked to assist her in gathering the gear up.

As they were doing it Madam Hootch said, "I saw you chuckling over there Mr Potter. Did it have anything to do with what happened to your own first flying lesson."

Harry's smile widens as he chuckles fully, "yes, most definitely. After it happened I wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry at the crazy happenstance."

"It was your first at Hogwarts, wasn't it Mr Potter," Madam Hootch says with a grin on her face.

Harry grins himself before nodding and saying, "yeah, and if I knew what I was getting in for I might have just turned around and left."

She chuckles at that, "somehow I don't think that you would have left even if you knew what was going to happen."

Harry chuckles before saying, "okay, you got me, that is true."

She grins while adding, "while this is pleasant, was there something you wished for Mr Potter."

Harry nods and then says, "yes Professor there was. On Samhein I was planning on performing a ceremony to honor my parents. I have learned that you had become quite close to my father and I wished to invite you to join in on it." A pause then, "Professor Flitwick is helping me plan for it while both Professors McGonagall and Snape have agreed to attend as well. Neville is attending as well as my mum was his godmother."

Before Madam Hootch could say anything a slightly musical voice rings out with, "I am attending as well as your father was my godfather."

The two turn towards the voice and see Luna coming towards them.

"Oh hey Luna," Harry says with a smile directed at her. "Wait, really," he then adds, "I hadn't known that."

A nod from her, "yeah, he and my mother were close cousins on their father's side."

"Oh, that is wicked Luna." Harry says with a smile and then turns towards Madam Hootch and says, "you will attend as well right."

"Yes Mr Potter, it would be my pleasure. Over his school years, and then a bit beyond, I had gotten to know James quite well. It would be an honor to celebrate his life and honor his legacy." She smiles at him then clears her throat and says, "well then off you go for I know there are important tasks you must complete."

The two nod, Harry thanks Madam Hootch, and then the two students head back towards the
castle. The walk back is quiet, but in a comfortable peaceful way and not an oppressive way.

8888

As Harry stands in front of the gargoyle that leads to the Headmaster’s office Harry takes a deep breath before saying. “Hello Mr Gargoyle, my name is Harry Potter and I would like to speak to the Headmaster, if he is available.”

There is grumbling by the gargoyles, though Harry can tell that while it sounds mean it is simply their magical form of communication. Just as Harry figured it was a negative the gargoyle nods and moves out of the way.

Harry, smiling, says, “thank you,” and heads through the opening that turns into an elevator that takes him up to the Headmaster’s office.

“Mr Potter, welcome, please have a seat, how may I help you,” says the Headmaster the moment that Harry walks into the office.

“Hello Professor,” Harry says with a smile as he moves to the seat in front of the desk and sits down. “I wanted to invite you to the ceremony I am performing for my parents on Samheim.”

“All right Mr Potter,” the Headmaster says a bit shocked at the invite. As while he knew about it he never thought Harry would ask him to join in it.

“I am sure Professor. I have learned that you knew my father even before school, were mentor figures to both my parents during school, and had become quite close to them both after graduation.”

“Your parents were smart, brave, honorable, and amazing people Mr Potter, and you do them honor every day by being who you are.” A pause then, with a twinkle in his eye quite bright, says, “yes Mr Potter, thank you, I would be honored to attend the ceremony in any role you wish for me to have in it.”

A pleased Harry gives his nod at that the two speak for a few additional moments before Harry stands up and heads out.

8888

Halfway into the meeting to discuss the details of the ritual Harry stops and stares at the facts they had written out. He then chuckles, which catches the attention of Flitwick.

"What has you amused Mr Potter," the Charms professor asks.

"Oh its nothing Professor, not really." He then stops as the professor raises his eyebrows at him while gesturing with his hands in a 'go on' motion. "Well," Harry says, "I just realized that I accidentally created a balanced ritual. See there is both myself and the Headmaster, both of us knew both, one new to the world and one old to it. Then there are the six others, three male and three female. Those that are there to honor my mum are male while those to honor my father are female. One of each is a student while the other two in each group are professors." A pause then, "synergy, balance."

"Hmm, interesting Mr Potter. It seems like an auspicious set up, almost as if Magic wishes for the ceremony to occur."
"That seems true Professor," Harry says amused at how things go on. He then shakes his head, "anyway, I did have questions on the words that are supposed to be said during the height of the ritual."

Which leads to another half an hour's worth of discussion on how the ceremony is best laid out. A discussion which pleases Harry on how much Professor Flitwick is helping on it.

8888

"I really wish you could attend the ceremony Remus," Harry says a few days later as he talks to his mentor and friend. They had just finished discussing the nature of the ceremony he was going to be performing with his professors and friends.

"So do I Harry but the truth is its impossible at this time, which means it is what it is." Remus says matter of factly with a gentle smile on his face.

Harry nods, since he knows how true the statement is. He then asks, "so what are your plans anyway for that night?"

"Well, I plan on joining the House Potter Samheim celebration in Evertree Gardens Hundred. The ceremony is centuries old and is conducted by a number of priests and acolytes." A pause then a smile, "so I won't be alone if that is what you are worrying about."

Harry laughs and then nods, "you know me too well for I was, yes." They grin at each other before Harry says, changing the subject, "so what is there any truth on the story about Lord Ferguson of House Galatine that I heard."

Which led to the beginning of an hour long discussion, not just on the events of the Wizenemgot but also on a few related topics that the conversation simply flows into.

8888

"Are you sure that you didn't want us to attend," asks Hermione to Harry the day before Halloween.

"Yes Hermione," Harry says with a smile only a few steps away from not being real anymore. "This ceremony is designed for those who had a deep connection to my parents. Be it as a parent, godparent, best friend, or mentor figure."

"Which neither Ron or I can say we have," comments Hermione with a nod. "Okay then, just wanted to make sure you knew I would be more than willing to honor them with you."

Harry smiles at his friend, "and I thank you for that gesture for all that it is not necessary at this time." A pause then, "maybe next time as I can guarantee that this will not be the only time I honor my parents memory and life by ritual and ceremony."

Hermione just nods before saying, "so could you explain what you did in Transfiguration to get the result you did."

"Sure," Harry says and then begins explaining the combination thought space and aura movement he did to get the results that was required for the casting.
Halloween was not, and probably would never be, Harry's favorite holiday. Still, Harry could not help but think that the one of his second year at Hogwarts was not that bad, not at all. The feast in the Great Hall was well done and free from any sort of monstrous presence.

Which Harry was quite grateful for.

It was thus a much more content Harry who found himself heading down - with the other seven participants of the ceremony - towards the lake and the ritual site. Once there Professor Flitwick guided everyone, as they had agreed upon, into the proper ritual positions for the ceremony.

At the proper moment Harry lit the two candles representing his parents as the others began chanting the proper words. Words which summoned forth not just the physical elements (Earth, Air, Fire, and Water) but also the spiritual elements of Life and Death were then said.

Once they finished calling forth the cardinal directions the group felt the rise of magic. It was a pure, light filled magic which both sang to the mind as it filled the soul with warmth. Though no spirits actually manifested all eight members of the circle could feel the presence of James and Lily Potter, and it was a happy, light, and quite positive feeling.

When it ended there was a gasp, though nobody was able to tell which among them made the sound. For upon the pedestal, where the candles had been, were now ten perfectly shaped crystals of pure midnight onyx. What was even more miraculous was that they seemed to glow with their own inner light while also presenting an infinite starry expanse to those who gazed upon it.

The group blinked at that as words failed them all. With tears in his eyes Harry eventually found the words, "we will each get a crystal for there are ten of them and eight of us."

Neville then asks curiously, "what of the other two crystals."

Luna then speaks in her slightly out of phase voice, "Harry will know who they belong to but it is not for us to know at this point."

The group all nod at Luna, even the professors for they are quite well aware of her instinctive connection to magic.

Harry just nods, still a bit overcome with great awe at the work of divine magic they were witness too. Gazing at the other seven people he smiles before saying, "I thank you all for joining me here tonight. I couldn't have asked for a better ceremony, it was both everything I had wanted and more."

As they head back to the castle all feel much lighter than they had before it began.

Back in his room, right before bed, Harry takes out the message journal and pass tin and writes a message.

Harold: The ceremony was more of a success than we imagined. As part of the ritual Magic gave us all a great gift, and they gave me one to give to you.

He then puts the crystal in the pass tin and activates the magic, sending the stone to Remus.
The next morning Harry checks the journal and sees a response from Remus. The words are a bit tear stained.

Remus : Thank you. I have no words to describe what this means to me.

Harold : I understand.

Which is all that Harry says while also simply nodding. Though there might not be words, Harry knows what Remus is feeling, for he feels it himself.

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"Are you the Heir of Slytherin," Draco asks Harry directly during one of those hanging out slash study sessions Harry has with the Slytherins.

"No, I can say that I am not the Heir of Slytherin," Harry says with a bit of emphasis on Heir. 

Blaise tilts his head slightly at that, as a part of him notices something not computing. His eyes go wide as realization hits him and then he breathes out. "You aren't the Heir you are the Head of House Slytherin."

Harry keeps his face straight while the other Slytherins gathered around begin giving him a look. He then looks at Blaise and says, "oh, what makes you think that," all innocent like. 

Nott snorts at that, "really, you are going to act all innocent with us. Please, we perfected that."

Harry laughs at that as he looks between the various purebloods that are gathered around him. "I gained the title through the Right of Conquest, I defeated the actual heir when I was both one years old and then again when I was eleven."

Those Slytherins with Death Eaters for parents breath out at that, a bit shocked.

Draco then says, "why could you become the Head if he could not."

Harry meets the eyes of every Slytherin in the room, figuring out their intentions. He must have gotten the answer he wanted for he nods firmly before saying. "The former Heir was born Tom Marvolo Riddle, the child of Merope Gaunt and the muggle Tom Riddle through the use of love potions. I don't know when he first did it but at some point before he went to Gringotts to try and claim the Headship he had split his soul. The House of Slytherin, like all Great Houses of Albion, forbid mutilated souls from inheriting."

Harry then reaches into his bag and pulls out ten copies of the research he did at the end of last year. He turns to those around him and says, wand out, "I swear that the research in this document is to my knowledge true and honest, so mote it be," the ringing of the oath taking hold, then "lumos," which sees the wand light up. Harry then starts handing them out to all the students, "for both yourself and your parent's reading pleasure. You can inform them of my oath."

"What do you expect to come out of this," asks Nott with little emotion.

"Not much, at least not right now. But I would like your parents, especially those who are believers in Magical society, to know who they served. But even more that he was willing to damage his soul, the trait which allows us to have the gift of magic."

A slight nod comes from them, they will definitely be passing the information on. Even if their parents dismiss it its their duty to make it known they received it.
"Okay," Blaise says, "though you may be the Head of Slytherin there is no way you opened the Chamber of Secrets, petrified Mrs Norris, and threatened the muggleborns. I think we can all agree to that."

They nod at that.

Draco continues, "plus he spent all of last year making friends with them, including Granger who is one of his closest friends. Why would you do that and then randomly decide to throw all that effort away."

The group nods at that, they can't really disagree.

Nott even sighs, "plus he believes that the magic of muggleborns actually enhance us rather than harms us."

Harry lets them talk for a moment before he laughs while saying, "he is here."

"They know," Daphne says with a slight smile as the information received doesn't change much as her family is notoriously neutral.

"What I find weird is why now, why this year, and if its not you, then who." Bulstrode says.

Harry nods at that, "I don't know but something had to have changed. Its either a new person or an old person with something new. I plan on watching out for any bizarre behavior from any of the new first years or changed behavior from those who were here before."

Harry than stands up, its time for him to head to his next class but he finishes with a firm statement, "the one thing I can say is that the Noble House of Slytherin, of which I am spiritually and magically the Head of, does not approve of what is going on by this so-called heir." He then nods at everyone before heading out with a smile.

8888

It was a few days later and Harry was walking through the halls of Hogwarts when he was stopped by Neville. Seeing the look on his friend's face Harry sighed, "hello Neville, so what am I about to walk into it."

Neville gives him a grin at the fact before saying, "there are some people who would like to speak to you Harry."

Nodding his head Harry gestures for Neville to lead the way, and though he contemplates running away he know it won't do any good. So he follows behind till they reach a classroom. Inside said classroom were all the muggleborns of his year plus a few of their pureblood friends all arranged in a semi-circle around a single desk chair.

"Hello all," Harry says with a half smile as he enters and then heads to the seat where he sits down, "what can I do for you."

"With everything going on we wanted to speak to you about the whole Heir of Slytherin situation," says muggleborn Justin Flitch-Fletchly.

"While most of us don't really think you are doing it," Dean Thomas comments, "we do feel that you know more than you are saying."
"You are right. Both in that I am not the one doing it but also that I have more information about it," Harry says with a nod.

"Can you explain what you know," asks Hermione not surprised that Harry knew more than he had told others. She might have been a good friend but he kept some things to himself.

"Sure," Harry nods. "The events that matter to us begin a few decades ago when the Heir of Slytherin was here before. He opened the chamber, terrorized the student body, even murdered a student."

"Moaning Mrytle," Anthony Goldstein says at that point.

"Yes, exactly. So she died and there was talk of closing the school. As soon as that was discussed suddenly evidence was found that Hagrid, who was a student at the time, was the Heir. He was expelled and had his wand snapped, after which the horrors faded and everything went back to normal."

Into the silence as everyone ponders that Terry Boot then says, "there is no way that Hagrid is the Heir of Slytherin. So he was framed."

"Yes he was," Harry says with a firm nod, no hesitation in either tone of voice or mannerism.

"So what happened in the present," asks Dean Thomas.

"I don't know who the current person is but I know it can't be who it was back then," is Harry's response.

"So who was it then," Ron asks curiously.

"It was a wizard by the name of Tom Marvolo Riddle, though all of you would have heard of him better as Voldemort," Harry says without pause.

Shock, silence, then an uproar.

Harry lets it go on for a little while before raising his hand in the universal gesture of 'silence please.' Eventually quiet occurs.

"He is not here, though I firmly believe he is not as dead as he is made out to be, but I stand firm in saying he is not here."

"Which means someone or something is acting in his name," Neville says while specifically not bringing up the fact that Riddle had actually been here the previous year. The others, he figured, did not need to know that.

"Exactly, who or what that is I do not know. Its not me, its not Hagrid, its not anyone in our year, I know these things to be true." Harry says firmly as silence again falls upon the group.

"What I don't understand," says Padma, "is if You Know Who was the Heir of Slytherin why didn't he claim the Headship after graduating Hogwarts."

"Good question," Harry says with a smile, "and the answer is he couldn't. He did something to his soul while here at Hogwarts that magically made him illegible."
"Is that why," asked Ernie Macmillion, "he was never able to use the rites of the nobility on his followers. Despite his noble claim magic saw him as little more than an upstart commoner."

Seeing the looks of confusion on many of the faces present it is Neville who answers. "Noble status in the magical world is not just a title, it magically means something. Some of the families gave oaths to Magic directly while others gave similar ones to King Arthur upon his reunification of the Empire of Albion. The state provides enhancement and empowerment and access to certain unique rites and rituals others cannot access."

"Exactly," Harry says with a nod towards Neville's explanation. "His decisions stripped from him any right to access those special abilities." A pause "Now this doesn't mean he is weak or anything like that, just as I would never say a commoner is a lesser person for not having noble status."

Everyone nods at that, they really cannot deny that Harry believes people are all important.

"So that is why the Death Eaters use dark magic for the Dark Mark," Ron asks curiously.

Harry nods, "without access to the rites of nobility the standard rituals that bond vassal to lord do not work."

Into the quiet Seamus asks, "so how can you know we aren't the ones doing it."

"Easy, I know all of you. We all spend hours together, be it in the dorm, common room, classrooms, even studying in the library. Its the same with the Slytherin second years, they aren't it either as I said."

"So its either a first year or an older student effected by something they came into contact with," says Hermione.

"Yes," a pause, "though don't think I can simply walk around and discover who the person is, it doesn't work that way." Harry says as he clearly notices certain people thinking about that, their sigh of disappointment proves it.

"Well," says Oliver Rivers a Ravenclaw, "would the person show up as tainted by dark magic."

Tilting his head at that Harry answers, "probably yes, why."

"Well, if we got aid from the Weasley twins couldn't we do a prank that requires the students touched to be scanned by Madam Pomfrey.

"So what you are suggesting," says Lisa Turpin, "is that we find an effect whose cure is a spell that just so happens to detect dark magic."

"Its not as simple as that," Anthony Goldstein says, "as a lot of purebloods would show up as having dark magic on them."

"I know I would," Neville comments, "both due to an event in my childhood but also cause of some plants I often tend to."

"I would show up as well," Harry says, "for obvious reasons," which gets everyone looking at his forehead, which he grins at. "But let us not dismiss the potential of this out of hand."
"I agree." Hermione says, "why don't we begin researching the types of dark magic taint and the spells that reveal them."

"Good idea," says Mandy Brocklehurst, "if we find a way to narrow it down it won't cause every pureblood who has lived in the magical world to show up."

Everyone nods at that, it sounds like a perfect idea.

Harry then speaks, "I don't mind showing up as having a dark magic taint, in fact it would be expected, so don't dismiss it if I would be targeted." The group nods at that. "We also shouldn't rush on this, lets make it a good prank with secondary effects that we can go 'oops' at if ever discovered."

Ron tilts his head as a thought comes to him, "I think Harry should stay away from the research on the negatives of dark magic. If other people besides us notice that of him they might declare him guilty."

Harry nods at that, "I can maybe work on the more prank aspect of it with the Twins. We can then plug in the spells we decide near the end."

Susan Bones comments, "I think we should bring in the second year Slytherins as well. If Harry says they are not the Heir, and I believe him, then they can provide great help."

"Good idea," Harry says, "let's put that to vote, those in favor of bringing in our year's Slytherins, raise your hand."

While it wasn't all it was more than half of those present and so it was decided that the Slytherins would be invited to join the prank plot.

Hannah Abbot then laughs, when everyone turns to her she blushes but explains why. "I think we should keep Lockhart around while we do this, his idiocy provides a distraction."

Harry nods at that, "I like that as well, so all in favor of delaying our plans for him till after the discovery of the tainted one, hands up."

Everyone, so that motion carried as well.

It was at that point that Ron's stomach growled, which caused the group to last. "I think," Hermione says after that, "that this is a good time for us depart. Its almost dinner time."

Everyone laughs while gathering their things to head out.

A few hours later Harry would stop some Slytherins and mention their inclusion in a particular plan. Though hesitant at first they were just as curious as the rest on who was the tainted one and so agreed to join. This thus became a project of the whole second year class. 

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"So that is the last thing I have in my list," Remus says after two hours of them going over the business he needed to inform Harry on over mirror.

"Not a bad meeting, things seem to actually stabilizing," Harry says.

Remus chuckles, "I agree, it does seem that way. Most of it is that the influx of your magic when you put the Head Rings on have stabilized. We are also lucky that both the world has been at peace and that your officers are experts in their fields."

Harry smiles at that, "I know. I am quite lucky that we didn't come into a situation where I was robbed blind by those my Family had trusted. Instead we find ourselves with reports of overflowing wealth and officers who decided on simplicity even when other options were possible."

"I know," Remus says with a laugh. "When you get the chance read the reports I just sent over your going to laugh. I had to force some of your administrators to purchase new supplies and goods rather than just keep on fixing what they had."

They laugh a bit longer on that.

Eventually Harry says, "well there is one more thing I want to go over." At Remus' nod he continues, "so you remember the house elf that visited me over the summer. His name is Dobby and I want to find a way to free him from his current master." As he spoke he made she he kept a tight lid on his magic, so that Dobby would not feel his name being mentioned. After researching the details of it he had found it to be quite interesting, especially how wizards later took it and used its natural principles in the creation of their own related form of magic, that of the taboo magics.

A nod from Remus on that as he gets a frown of concentration. "So how did you want to go about freeing him."

"I am not entirely sure. I had visions of the master coming to Hogwarts and then I find a way to get him to hold clothes while passing it to the elf who got free from it. But there are too many random factors in that to make it worth planning or preparing for, you know."

Remus grins at that flight of fancy. "Yes, I would imagine so." A pause. "So what other option were you thinking if you didn't go that way."

"Well, I guess the only other way is the legal way. Set up a team to investigate what House owns that house elf and then go through Gringotts to try and get him freed. When we succeed in freeing him contact me immediately so I can summon him and bond him."

Remus blinks at that well thought out plan, though he really shouldn't have been surprised this was Harry after all. A quick nod then, "okay that works. I will make sure it doesn't get out that it is Potter that wants the elf." A pause. "I could put the feelers out as Sage or Levant, they are not
Houses that any would be concerned about."

"That sounds perfect actually, especially as we know the house elf is owned by a Death Eater. Many of them would say no as a matter of course if Potter was the name attached to the attempt."

A nod, "yes, I agree." A pause as he thinks. "So I would say that figuring out what House owns him will be relatively quick and easy. Its the next part that will probably take a while, especially if we don't want to make it seem we care as much as we do."

"Understood. Well keep me informed, as I know you would, but take your time as well. This is what I consider a year project so it doesn't have to happen tomorrow, or anything like that." Is Harry's response.

With that said the two continue to talk for another ten minutes about random things before ending the call.

8888

"Its Malfoy," is what Harry hears from Remus a few weeks later.

"What," Harry says a bit confused as to what they are talking about. "What is Malfoy, of which I assume you mean Senior."

Chuckling a little at the look of confusion, Remus explains what he meant. "The crazy house elf, he is a Malfoy elf."

Dawning realization comes to Harry, "ah, okay wow. That doesn't change anything, not really, but it does mean we need to go slower."

"Yes, that is what I figured. At this stage he would act to spite us so we want to be careful." A pause. "Though I really can't say I am surprised. Out of all the Death Eaters he is the one most likely to establish a dangerous plot at Hogwarts."

A chuckle, "I agree. Especially hearing what I have heard from both Ron and Draco, let alone Neville and Blaise." Harry stops to think. "Okay, so feel free to go slower if you need to but this shouldn't cause the plan to fail, at least not automatically."

"Will do, talk to you tomorrow, I just wanted to tell you about this." Remus says with a nod which soon leads the two to ending the call.

8888

"Hmmm, interesting," is what Lucius Malfoy says as he reads the report his seneschal got from Gringotts.

"What is it Husband," Narcissa says in response to what she heard Lucius say.

"Oh, its a report that House Sage has put out feelers for the purchase of a house elf of ancient breeding. The details are lacking but that is expected but the offer itself is intriguing."

"Which elf would were you thinking of selling, if you did go through with the deal Husband," Narcissa asks.
"Dobby," says Lucius as he purposefully keeps his magic contained so said elf didn't respond. "He fits all the requirements they state pretty well. Others do as well but they aren't as independent minded as he is, which makes us loosing his service a bit of a boon actually."

She nods before saying, "I know you husband and you are having other thoughts in mind then simply that of selling an elf."

Lucius grins at his wife, which would not be something he did outside of their home. "You know me too well, and you are right. I plan on using this as an opportunity to speak to House Sage about a business deal. One that my House has long wanted but never really had an opening before. This will be a perfect opportunity to get some good will and benefit the House in multiple ways."

"A good balance dear Husband," a pause, "well then I will leave you to that letter writing. Don't be too long as we do have plans tonight after all."

Lucius nods at his wife before going back to his work as she leaves the room.

8888

"So how is the house elf plot," Harry asks as they are nearing the end of another one of their multi-hour update calls. It makes him glad that they have scheduled personal time calls where they only talk about non-work related topics.

"Going quite good actually, in fact we recently made a breakthrough on it. It seems our feelers have caught Malfoy's attention and he is now discussing the potential of selling the house elf to Sage, as that is the one we used."

"Oh really, perfect. Is it money he wants or is he trying to turn it into the start of a business relationship."

"Both actually, but the later part was something I wanted to discuss with you. His counsel has made a pretty lucrative offer to us based on the good will that is occurring due to the house elf sale."

"Really, well isn't that interesting. So is it something in accordance with our business interests and House culture."

"Yes, very much so. If its done it would add hundreds of jobs for both Houses, as well as the magical world in general. I am sending the details over to you but in basic it sees the opening of some farms, craft shops, and shipping routes and would increase trade a hundred fold."

"If it it is really that great, and I will know when I read the file, pursue it. It sounds marvelous on multiple fronts and if it brings us a bit closer than it might make him think twice in the future on siding with a madman who wishes to destroy the whole world."

Remus just grins at that, in full agreement on multiple levels. Soon after the meeting ends.

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"The deals with House Malfoy are moving rapidly through the phases, Harry." Remus says as they get to the part of the meeting where new deals are discussed.
"Good, I like the sound of that," Harry says with a smile. "So since you say deals I assume both the business and the elf ones."

"Oh yes, both. I figured that it would look better if the house elf part was signed at the same time, that way it doesn't look like that was our focus." A pause as Remus waits for Harry to nod, which he does. "But the preliminary negotiations have passed and we are in the phase right before the last signing part."

Another nod from Harry then a tilt of his head, "I won't need to go, will I."

"Oh no, not at all," Remus then smiles, "in fact Lucius is also not directly involved, its occurring through the seneschals of the two houses working through Gringotts."

"Sounds perfect. So what is next."

"Well House Potter was recently contacted by House Priest with a request to open up some more temples in our hundreds. It seems their coverage isn't as complete as they wanted." A topic change that leads to another thirty minutes of conversation before the end of the meeting.

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"Dobby," Harry says out loud, not sure it would work but willing to give it a try.

Pop

Well that answers that is the thought that Harry has when he sees Dobby in front of him.

"The great Harry Potter called for the house elf Dobby," a pause, "Dobby can't be here long or masters would notice him missing."

"Its fine Dobby I just wanted to tell you something quick. Its a secret though so you can't tell anyone," Harry says.

Dobby nods frantically, "Dobby will keep Harry's secrets. Dobby won't let anyone know that Dobby knows a secret of Harry Potter."

"That is very good Dobby," a gentle smile, "the secret is that I am the Head of House Sage as well." So said Harry flashes the Head Ring for the House, so Dobby can know he is telling the truth.

Dobby's eyes go wider, which is to say something of his shock as he naturally has big eyes. He then breathes out, "but that means," he then trails off.

"Exactly, but we will not say the actual words, to protect the secret."

"Dobby understands and is pleased to hear about it." A slight tug on his ears, "Dobby will no longer be worried about that which he has been hearing."

"Perfect Dobby," Harry says. A smile, "in fact that is why I am telling you, so you wouldn't worry about the business deals you have heard."

Dobby nods and with a nod of okay pops away to continue his cleaning tasks.
Meeting Places

Date: Second Year, Late November

Near the end of a year-wide study session in the library Harry stood up to get everyone's attention. "Hey all, so before we head out there was something I wanted to mention to you all." Seeing that he had their attention he soon continued with, "a few months before the end of last year I had found by accident, a series of rooms arrayed around a courtyard hall."

"Is that where you sometimes disappear to," asks Draco with a bit of humor in his voice.

Giving his fellow student a smile Harry nods, "yes, it is. For a while it was just me that knew about it but then it was expanded to the Twins and Lee Jordan, since I needed their help with something." Another pause then, "and then I expanded it again to include Ron, Hermione, and Neville."

"So why mention it to us," asks Nott, "if its your private area."

"Well, that's the thing, I am planning to invite you all to make use of the section as well. It can be our communal relaxation and non-Library study space."

"Is it big enough for all of us," asks Daphne Greengrass.

"Yes, with room to spare. The place contains a lounge area quite similar to that of the House commons, though with an added kitchen area."

"Will we get in your way," Justin asks curiously for he knows how Harry likes his privacy.

"No, not at all." Harry then grins before saying, "mainly because there is a space set aside that I turned into my personal office."

Hermione then adds with a smirk, "we have been operating under a tradition of leaving him alone when the door is closed."

The group laugh a bit at that.

Harry shrugs as he laughs, "though funny I do have to admit that its actually quite a good idea."

"So besides the lounge what else is there," asks Ernie.

"While I don't want to spoil it all since you will see it for yourself I will say that the area was clearly designed so that many people could hang out, study and practice without worry of getting in other's way." Seeing there shock he adds, "like I said its of a pretty large size."

"Well then," says Blaise, "whats delaying you, lets go see the place."

With laughter that is exactly what the group did.
A few hours later, after a thorough examination of the hall and chambers in the section, even letting them see his own office area, those in Second Year had found seats in the lounge and were relaxing.

"See," Harry said with a smile, "I told you. Brilliant isn't it."

"Yeah it is, quite impressive Harry," Seamus says with a laugh from his corner.

"What I find curious," Ernie comments, "is how you needed to grant access. That without that permission none of us could see the room."

Harry nods at that, "I found it amusing as well. At the time I didn't realize what it meant though now I do."

"That you have the Headship of a Founders House," says Susan Bones.

"Exactly," Harry nods while saying, "Hogwarts knew it even before I claimed it and so," he trails off.

As Hermione adds, "the school rolled over for you like a dog wanting a tummy rub."

The group all laugh at that before the topic changes onto other matters.

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"Mr Potter how may I help you," Professor Flitwick says a few days later when the student walks into his office.

Giving him a smile Harry says, "I wanted to speak to you about something quick." Seeing the nod to go on he explains, "I don't know if you remember but last year I mentioned my find of a space that I turned into my own area. Well I just expanded who knows about it to those of my year. I wanted to mention and show it to you."

A nod at that, "thank you Mr Potter for that consideration." A pause then, "for while I hope I don't need to use the knowledge, there is benefit in knowing that if any of your year happens to be missing then there is a good chance they are going to be in that room."

Nod. Nod. "Which is why I wanted to mention it to you. I figure its better to be safe then sorry."

Professor Flitwick stands up and moves across to where Harry is, gestures, and then says, "lead the way Mr Potter for there is no time like the present."

Needless to say the Professor was quite amused at what Harry found. He also promised to keep it in confidence and only go there if the need was great. A statement which brought a big smile onto Harry's face.

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A little while later the group sat gathered in the lounge on makeshift furniture talking about various matters. At one point Draco lit up his wand in order to try and get the attention of everyone else which was soon done. When all were looking at each other he said, “I do believe
we need to figure out how to furnish this room.” He pauses, “though you didn’t do half a bad job at the basic furniture if we had more we could really personalize it.”

As the group nods at that Harry speaks, “well there is a room that the twins found that have a bunch of random furniture, I figure we could start there.” A shrug then, “beyond that we could always see about bringing furniture from home, in a shrunken state, or even going out and purchasing that which we want.”

“T’m all for the free stuff,” Ron says with a chuckle.

While he does not laugh at Ron’s comment Blaise does nod while adding, “though I think the equipment for the potions laboratory should be a bit higher class. I don’t think we want to risk the dangers of subpar equipment.”

Nods come from all around as Harry says, “well why don’t we do this. Let us look in the room and then decide what else we need to gather. Then we can decide how to go about it. If any of us know of a particular item we could use then we use it, if not we then work to split costs to purchase it.” A pause then, “there are two other matters that I wish to bring up quickly.” When everyone nods he says, “the first is what are your thoughts on me inviting Luna here?”

Daphne is the one to speak up first on that, “I think that would be fine, for multiple reasons.”

“I agree,” says Padma Patil, the Ravenclaw sister. “While the bullying has stopped she doesn’t really get along with her roommates.”

“Which is a shame,” adds Mandy Brocklehurst, “for I saw that she tried to help them become more comfortable with Hogwarts.”

It is Milicent Bulstrode who asks, “of what standing are the girls of her year.”

“A mix between pureblood and muggleborn, but all commoner,” is the answer that Isobel MacDougal gives. Considering her own pureblood noble status nobody is surprised that she would know said fact within her house.

Harry nods at that, then asks, “so any issues with it.” Nobody says no, though many do say they don’t care, which leads Harry to adding, “okay then, I will ask her to join us.” A pause, “I am not saying you need to be friends with her but please do at least give her a polite if not warm welcome.” Nods of agreement, since nobody is really surprised by that.

“What was your second question Harry,” it is Hermione that asks that after a bit of random chatter occurs.

As the talking slows to a stop Harry laughs, “oh, right, pardon. So we all know I notified Professor Flitwick about this place, but I was wondering about the other heads of houses. Did we want to inform them about it.”

“I don’t think so,” says Draco. He then pauses and adds, “and I include Professor Snape in that.”

“I agree,” says Blaise, “this place is ours and while it was good that Professor Flitwick knew it is just as good that the others do not.”

“Unless something happens and we need to tell them,” says Daphne with a nod.
Then Ernie Macmillan says, “but what if something happened to Harry, only he can inform others of this place.”

“I checked that actually,” Harry says with a smile, “and it seems that the secrecy magic only holds for the regular professors. Due to the heads of houses having a deep connection to the Hogwarts wards they are able to see and access this section.”

“Then I agree with the others,” Ernie says with a nod, “let us keep this separate from them unless we had no choice.”

Full nods of agreement come from that which leads to Harry saying, “okay, will do. As of right now the only professor who will know about the room is Professor Flitwick.” A pause then, “well that was all I had to say, so let us go back to relaxing.” Which gets laughter as the conversations pick up again.

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**Dueling Blunders & New Friends**

Date: Second Year, Early December

It was a Lockhart class, which meant useless and pointless. Yet for Harry the day had a purpose, for he was given a task.

Raising his hand he waited to be called on before saying, "Professor so I read that you beat a werewolf through your dueling powers. Would you explain that, it sounds fascinating."

Lockhart smiles a big smile at that while nodding. "Of course. Of course. Well you see," he begins as he tells the story.

Near the end of class, and after a number of followup questions, he gets a grin on his face. "You know what everyone this gives me a great idea. I am going to start up a dueling club."

The looks of worry and shock on the faces of those in class are taken by him as joy rather than what it actually was.

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It was few days later and Harry stopped by Professor Flitwick's office after classes Friday. Knocking at the door he was welcomed into the class.

"What can I do for you Mr Potter," Flitwick said with a smile.

"I came to say I'm sorry professor," was what Harry said immediately.

Only to get a raised eyebrow. "I'm not sure what you mean Mr Potter, what are you apologizing for."

"Well, you see I might have been the one to mention dueling to Lockhart. Due to that he decided to start a dueling club."

"Ah," Flitwick says with a smile, "I see. Well, apology accepted Mr Potter, though its not really necessary. You see I decided to join him in it, as I am actually a dueling champion, and so its not entirely what he wanted."

"Oh, awesome then. It actually makes me look forward to what is going to occur since I know you have skill."

"Thank you," Flitwick says with a look that shows he understands where Harry is coming from on skills.

Harry nods back before saying, "well that was it I just wanted to say sorry, have a nice evening professor."

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As the duel was nearing its end Lockhart gestured widely and said with a flourish, "look what I can do. Serpensortia."

"Mutatum," was all that Professor Flitwick said as he moved his wand in a spiral pattern.

The result was spectacular, for where there should have only been one conjured snake the whole great hall was covered in hundreds of serpents.

Which led to both screams and laughter depending on one's reaction to snakes.

Ron snorted from where he was standing up against the wall. Gesturing towards the laughing Slytherins he said, "of course they find it amusing."

At that moment a snake crawls up and around his shoulder. Hermione jumps at that before pointing at it so Ron could see.

"What," Ron says then looks down and sees it, "oh." He then laughs before saying, "right." At Harry's raised eyebrow he says, "we have snakes in our yard."

Harry chuckles at that before he sees a few snakes crawl up his legs. One circles around his arm while another, somewhat bigger serpent, crawls around his shoulder.

Harry's grin gets wider at that especially when he hears words through their hissing.

"Hey, I was here first," says the smaller snake.

"But I am bigger," says the one across the shoulder with a loud hiss.

"Be good both of you," Harry says as he glances between the two.

"You speak," the small snake says. "I haven't met a Speaker before."

"Hello Speaker," the large snake says in a happy hiss.

"Hello, and yes I speak. Though this is not a trait I have learned much about."

"Its very rare," says the small snake.

"Especially here, very few Speakers still exist," the larger one adds then pauses as she tastes the air. "Speaker those around you are confused."

"Any fear or anger," Harry asks curiously.

"No Speaker," the two snakes answer at once.

"Ah, Harry," Neville says before trailing off.

"Yes Neville," Harry asks curiously with a raised eyebrow.

"Since when have you been a parselmouth," Ron asks curiously. There is shock in his voice but not hatred.
"Not sure, the last time I spoke was to a little garter snake in the backyard," Harry says seriously then gives his friends a look. "Are we okay guys," he then asks.

"We are fine with it," says Blaise while gesturing towards Draco and the other Slytherins. He spoke since Draco was simply opening and closing his mouth in shock.

"I'm fine," says Hermione, "as I don't have the social baggage attached." She says in a completely matter of fact tone.

Neville shrugs, "magic is magic. Though I admit wanting to talk to you about it."

"Ron," Harry asks.

Ron opens his mouth, then looks at the snakes around him, then closes it, then looks at Harry. "Can I answer that later."

Harry gives him a knowing grin, "sure." He then looks around to see if anybody else nearby heard it. He sees the wide eyed look from both Terry Boot and Justin Flitch-Fletchley. So he says, "so what about you two."

Justin says, "I'm fine with you having the ability, though I admit that snakes bother me."

Harry nods for that makes sense, its a fear that a lot of people have.

Terry grins before saying, "I think its nifty and makes me want to learn more about it."

Ron grins at that while saying with some laughter, "of course you do."

Harry smiles himself before saying, "are these snakes conjured or real animals."

"Magic entities," Hermione says.

"Real animals," Draco adds.

The others slightly chuckle at the fact that the two spoke at the same time.

"Both actually," Daphne says with a bit of a noble air to her speech. "It depends on how the spell was cast."

Harry nods at that before tilting his head, "can you tell which way it would be for these two."

"Hmm," Daphne says with a eyebrow raise, "unfortunately I can't but what you could do is have them head out of the great hall."

"Ah, so when they cast the countercurse they aren't within its range," Hermione says before Harry could comment.

"Well sounds good." A pause as Harry turns to look at the two serpents. "Did you hear that, could you go and hide outside of this room and stay there till I come and get you." A pause, "that is assuming you want to stay with me."

"I do," the female big snake says with a tongue flick to Harry's ear.
"So do I," says the smaller male snake as he licks Harry’s hand.

"Okay then go out of the room and stay hidden till I come and find you," Harry says with a smile and a rub to their heads. Which they must have liked because they of the sound they made.

Harry just turned to the others, "you didn't see anything."

They all nod with a serious face, which is broken a moment later by laughter.

About an hour later Harry was walking hallways a few turns distant from the Great Hall when he heard movement. Stopping he then kneels down to wait.

Which wasn't that long before he saw and then felt the two snakes come up over to him. As before the big serpent went around his neck while the smaller one wrapped around his arm.

"Sorry for how long it took, the meeting lasted a while," Harry says to the two snakes.

"Its fine," the smaller snake says, "we knew you would come."

"It was good, we got to the other side of the castle," the larger snake says.

"I am glad to hear that," Harry says with a smile before continuing with, "I am especially glad that you managed to remain around even after the dismissal spell."

"I felt it," said the smaller snake, "but we were far away and so it didn't work on us."

Before Harry could say anything he he a silky voice say, "please hold still Mr Potter, we can banish the snakes."

Harry turns to look at Professor Snape, and then realized Professor Flitwick was also present.

"Oh its okay Professor, they won't harm me. In fact I was about to visit your office Professor Flitwick."

"Mr Potter, where did you get the serpents," said professor asks while Snape looks on.

"The duel earlier, when Lockhart cast Serpensortia. It seems these two found me comfortable and well I kind of like them."

"How did they remain manifested after we cast the wide dismissal spell," says Professor Snape, “it should have covered the school and any snakes that came from the duel.”

"I told them to basically run and hide, they were far from the Great Hall when you cast the spell," was Harry's immediate response.

The two professors looked at each other in silent communication before Professor Flitwick says, "they spoke to you."

Harry nods firmly, "yes. It seems I am a parseltongue, though I was not aware of the nature of that ability." A pause then, "at least in relation to myself, I had read about it in the magical talents book I read."
"I see," that was Professor Snape who drawled out. He then paused before continuing in his smooth voice, "you are aware that not all consider this a talent that is positive."

"Yes I do. My friends, from all four houses, who were present for it are fine. Which is what matters to me." Harry then pauses for a moment before saying in a tone of voice that would one day come to be known as 'regal,' "since I do not listen to the gossip of others, especially those who let fear control them."

"That is pleasant to hear," Professor Snape says with a firm nod.

"I agree," Professor Flitwick says, "though its not entirely all that we need to deal with."

"Of course," Harry says with a nod. "As I said I was planning on going to your office professor. I wanted you to check them over, to see if they are real, as well as to get all the necessary permissions and such."

Professor Snape nods at that, "which is quite pleasant to here." He then pauses before saying, "if you come to my office we can determine what needs to be done."

Flitwick looks at Snape and then at Harry and raises his eyebrow in question. Harry smiles at that before nodding, "sure Professor Snape, that sounds perfect."

Which is what happened next.

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As Harry was walking back to his dorm he saw Neville standing next to a classroom. With a gesture the two went into the room.

"We choose to gather here since we knew you would have to pass by here," Hermione says.

Getting down to the subject immediately Draco says, "so what is the result. Can you keep them."

Harry nods, first towards Hermione and then again at Draco. "Yes. It seems that due to the vagaries of chance, and maybe fate, these two are as real as you and I. Which is good as it means they will ignore dismissal spells."

"That is really great to hear," Blaise says.

While Daphne adds, "so did you get their names."

Harry laughs at that, "funny enough in all our talks I never did ask." He then turns to the snakes and says, "do you two have names."

"No," they both answer at the same time.

"Will you name us," the larger snake says while the smaller one hisses in agreement.

"Sure. How about we research it to come up with a perfect name," Harry says to them which gets their approval.

Turning towards his friends he says, "they don't have names. I will look ideas up and I guess
discuss it with them."

Nods all around.

Neville then says, "so what did the Professors say about you and keeping them."

"That I can but I have to be careful. That the smaller one can be with me in class as he can wrap around my wrist. But that the larger one has to either stay in the dorm, with Professor Snape, or in a room I hang out in as long as the others in the room are okay with it." Harry says with a grin.

Once again his friends all nod at that.

"Why Professor Snape," asks Ron from where he is sitting.

"He likes snakes and so would be happy to care for her when I am busy," Harry says with a chuckle. He then gets serious and then asks Ron, "so did you think it over."

"Yes. I both do and don't like it, which basically means its fine." As the others look at him he says with a shrug, "I am fine with the snakes as animals but your ability to speak to them is going to take me a bit."

Harry nods, "okay." He is surprisingly fine with that. As he thinks about it its probably because Ron is trying.

"So what is the next step," asks Neville curiously.

"Good question," Harry says with a smile. "I guess we should see how the rest of the student body, especially our year, deal with the ability."

Draco snorts which gets everyone to turn towards him, so he says. "What, its you Potter. There will be a moment of shock and then some fear, a few will cry ‘dark’, most will laugh at those who do, and then they will be fine with it. Mostly because you are nice to everyone and clearly not ‘evil’." 

"I have to agree," says Daphne. "A year and some time of positive 'press' will definitely outweigh the whole stigma some believe in parseltongue."

Hermione then giggles and as the others turn to her, like they did Draco, she says. "Well Project Support Parsels will be a go."

Which leads the rest to laughter.

8888

"So I found names that I think would sound perfect for the both of you," Harry says the next as he is laying about the communal lounge of his year’s new hang out space.

The two snakes hiss happily at that.

The larger snake then says, "I will see if the name is worthy."

"I was thinking Isis. She is the Egyptian goddess of health, marriage, wisdom, and magic."
"Isis," says the larger snake with a twist of her body. "I like it, I shall be Isis."

Harry smiles at that, "I'm glad you approve. Now as for you," he says to the smaller snake, "I was thinking Loki. He is a Norse trickster god also aspected towards magic and shapeshifting."

"Loki," the second snake says as he gives a wiggle of his body. "I like it. From this moment on I shall be Loki."

"Isis, Loki, I greet you in friendship," Harry says with a smile as his aura connects with them at the same time he is rubbing his hands over their back and head.

"I thought snakes didn't really like being touched that way," Hermione asks from where she sat on a couch in the corner.

"They are magic," is what Draco says before Harry could speak, "and so they react to his."

Blaise then wonders, "so did you ever lean if they had lives previous to the summoning?"

Harry shrugs, "I don't know." He then turns towards the two snakes and says, "do you remember a life before appearing in the hall."

"I do," says Isis, "though I was a bit different."

"I know warmth," Loki says, "and then I was here." He then hisses some more in pleasure. "I want to stay here."

After Harry repeats what they had just said Neville laughs and says, "so basically this is one of those Harry Potter moments."

Which gets grins from the rest of the group.

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"Mr. Potter, if you could please stay back a moment." Was said by Professor Flitwick as the class was getting up to leave.

Nodding at him in response Harry continued to put his books away but sat down patiently as the rest of the class left the room. When he was alone with the Professor he politely asked, "Is everything alright Professor?"

Flitwick smiles at the young man, only twelve and he has already seen, learned, and done so much. Before Harry can notice the thoughts he says, "Mostly. It's just that I noticed you have been a little distracted lately. I just wanted to make sure everything is alright." He pauses. "It seems that Madam Pince said you spent a lot of time in the Library with what appeared to be Charms texts. So I wanted to make sure you were understanding the material."

Harry gives a big smile at the small professor, while nodding firmly. He then laughs a bit before saying, "Oh yes, very much so. Its not the current material that I was looking up, I understand that fine."

In the pause Flitwick asks, "So what were you looking up if you don't mind me asking."

Harry grins with a bit of a laugh. "Well, nothing bad. It's just that my recent project ran into some difficulties."

Though he hadn't been aware that Harry had taken up such personal interests in Charms he asks. "While I am quite happy to hear that you have an interest in Charms, I am curious on what you are researching. So may I ask what the project was Mr. Potter?"

There was a pause in the conversation, long enough for Flitwick to realize that Harry was deciding whether he wanted to say anything. Then he seemed to have come to a conclusion because Harry said, "I am looking behind the scenes on how magic is weaved to create both the conveniences and tricks and traps that wizarding places have."

After blinking in surprise at that Flitwick then gets a small frown. "Some of that magic is dangerous, I hope you haven't been casting anything."

Shaking his head in negative Harry confirms, "Oh no, not at this point, I'm just researching. I don't have anywhere near enough knowledge to actually cast the related magics safely."

"I'm glad to hear that," Flitwick says while smiling at the young man, "as I said it could be dangerous. So what have you already figured out."

"That Hogwarts is a perfect place to conduct such research," Harry says with a smile. "There are so many effects weaved into the castle that I already have hundreds of pages of notes." A pause and a bit of a laugh. "What makes it even better is that this is all without me even touching the ward structure."

Researching Magics

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Date: Second Year, Late December

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Flitwick nods at that before saying. "Using the castle is a very smart idea, though don't get caught up in the thought that the way its done here is the only way to do it." A stops. "Or even the best way in fact."

Nodding at that Harry says, "I understand. One of the things I am doing is seeing how Hogwarts does something and then I compare it to other sites in both the magical and mundane worlds." Harry tilts his head for a second. "I am even comparing it to what is described in the design portfolios of various Potter properties." He then smiles. "After examining what already exists I try and see if I could come up with my own versions."

"That seems like an intriguing idea. As you probably can already tell there is much advantage in having a unique ward pattern. One of which is that its harder for others to unweave using standard methods. Another is that only you know the unique traits and abilities of your residence, which could come in handy." Flitwick says with a smile as he enters full lecture mode. "Now, while I am not going to even attempt to stop you I do request that you keep spellcasting on this project to the utmost minimum." He waits for Harry to nod. "If you feel you must try something then please come and speak to me first so I can make sure its done safely."

"Of course Professor and I thank you for the help on this. I also promise to not seem as distracted as I seem in class, though I do promise that I have been paying attention."

Flitwick nods at that, "Oh I know. Your magics haven't suffered and neither have your work or test scores. Now, off with you and don't forget to eat a hearty lunch, its important for a growing lad like you." He says with a smile.

Harry gives him a nod, and then a quiet "thanks," before he leaves the classroom to head to lunch. As soon as he walks out of the classroom door he is met by his Neville and Dean who waited for Harry.

"Oh hey guys, I didn't realize you waited. Thanks though." Harry said with a smile as they begin heading towards the great hall.

"Its no problem Harry, since we are all headed to lunch." Neville says with a smile.

"Ron and Seamus were going to stay but they grumbled on missing good food and so we sent them off." Dean says with a laugh.

"That probably wasn't a bad decision, they can save us seats. Though not the good food." Which gets a laugh from all three.

"So what did Flitwick want," Dean asked curiously.

"Well it seems Madam Pince noticed me working on a Charms project or two and brought it to the attention of Professor Flitwick."

Neville then says, "so which of your projects, if you don't mind me asking."

"Not at all, the idea is nothing special. I was just studying how wizards create the magical features of places like Hogwarts. I'm not casting the spells at this point, just researching the effects." Harry says with a smile.

Dean just shakes his head, "how very Ravenclaw of you Harry."
Harry laughs before saying, "while its mostly study now I have already begun imagining how I could put what I am learning into practice. It will come in handy as it means that nobody will really know what my house can do but me."

"Do you think I need to do something like that," asked Dean curiously.

"Nah," Neville says before Harry can speak, "just think of it as a Harry being Harry thing rather than a magical thing."

Which gets a grin from Harry and a bit of a laugh who nods and says. "Yeah, its not really necessary for most people. Even purebloods the like of Malfoy often make use of prepared ward schemes designed by officially recognized wardmasters."

"Gottcha. Well no matter how fun this discussion was, lets eat." Dean says as they walk into the great hall and make their way to the table. This causes a laugh as the three sit down to eat.

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Secrecy Clauses

Secrecy Clauses
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Date: Second Year, Early January

As soon as everyone settled in the lounge Hermione began speaking, "before we begin studying is there anything anyone wants to say to the group."

Anthony Goldstein raises his wand and lights the tip up before speaking, "so with us going from general study to actual projects I think we should require a secrecy clause."

This causes conversation to break out among the various groups sitting around. Some really for it, others okay with it, and some neutral. Listening there doesn't seem to be that much objection.

Justin Fitch-Fletchy comments, "what does that entail, magically I mean."

Draco then answers as he loves speaking on his pureblood knowledge, "it depends on what method we use. Some are more restrictive than others in behavior."

People nod at that and begin throwing out ideas. Though some of the ideas are good, others not so much.

After that goes on for a while Harry raises his wand in order to get attention turned to him. Quiet slowly comes over the hall.

"While I enjoy hearing random ideas just as much as anyone I don't think we are getting anything done," Harry says with a smile. "So may I suggest we instead establish a mini-project." Which causes laughter and groans in equal measure. "I know, I know, project. But seriously if we are going to establish a secrecy system then we should research it."

With most of the group agreeing to the idea a general outline of topics and ideas to research and work on is created. Some help researching only one, others multiple, and some none at all - which is fine as nobody is being forced to do more work.

When the set up is done Harry then speaks again, "okay so I figure we can use the next two weeks to research and when we meet on the Tuesday of the third week we can discuss all the potentials and come up with the one we want to use."

Everyone nods at that before taking out whatever school work they were planning on going over with their fellows during this study period.

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It was the start of the third week and the time for the presentation on the security ideas. There were a few ideas to be presented and they varied heavily in design.

One group brought up the legal uses of blood magic and that it could help create a binding stopping people from talking.
Another group presented the idea of charming a scroll so that those who signed it were bound to keeping the meetings secret. This one got a lot of interest and caused Hermione to sit up and take notes.

It was time for the last presentation and so Hermione, Dean, Justin Finch-Fletchley, and Michael Corner all stood up to present their idea. It was Justin who spoke first, "so we were looking up ideas that were relatively easy to cast, safe to use, and without legal issues if discovered."

Dean continued, "we heard what most of the others were looking into and we noticed a trend, it was all about magical rituals cast on items that we either signed or wore."

Michael further explains, "so we decided lets go into a different direction, which was given to us when we overhead Neville and Malfoy talking about the interaction between their two Houses."

Hermione then takes up the narration, "it gave us the idea to look in that direction, which was when we hit the goldmine. We can use the magic of our noble members to forge a charter that is self-sustaining, safe to use, and legally recognized by both ancient tradition and present day law."

"Even more useful," Justin says, "is that it naturally hooks into the ward structure of Hogwarts, at least that is what parts of Hogwarts a History says anyway."

Hermione nods at that, "its all quite fascinating really." She then gets into a bit of a lecture mode which has the others smiling. "It seems that the very core of the Hogwarts Charter has at its basis a noble compact between the four founders. This is why heirs matter, as the Heads of their Houses the magic they established can be tapped into by their successors."

Though Dean gave her a nod he also interrupted before she could go on, "while a bit more formal then we expected to create it does protect us and our secrets without limiting us."

Justin nods at that, "its just so easy. I mean the ritual isn't complicated or difficult. We don't even need to write the compact from scratch, we found hundreds of examples during our research."

Harry laughs, then coughs at his interruption. Blushing a bit, he says, "sorry, I'm not laughing at you its just," he trails off.

Neville nods at that, "I get what he means guys." He pauses as if trying to find the words. "It is easy for us, seemingly too simple in fact. But we are a bit of a special case."

Draco then comments, "see we have numerous heirs of noble houses in our group, if we didn't none of this would work."

Michael nods at that, "yeah, we noticed that fact. That the foundations require nobles of a certain status to basically empower the compact."

Harry gives a smile, "its honestly more than that, we don't just empower it, we allow it to exist. Its also why it can't be blocked or restricted. The Ministry can do no more to stop us then they can impede the authority I have over my own holdings. No matter how much they try and say they can."

Hermione nods at the information given before saying, "from what I read it seems there is a difference between serving a House and being part of a compact connected with a House."

"Yes, quite a big difference," Nott says.
Neville adds, "it also doesn't limit or restrict or impede one's ability to make other pacts, compacts, alliances, or patronages depending on who one is."

Ron also comments on the topic, to the surprise of many as though he is noble he normally doesn't care. "Even better is that its safe, one's magic will not let rules and regulations that actively harm it work."

Daphne Greengrass adds, "there is a reason its called noble magic, its backed by the ancient belief that though the nobles lead they do it to make their people's lives better."

Justin smiles at the fact that they are getting support for what they researched. He then says, "to allow you guys to understand all that we gathered, which was a lot -" Which causes laughter at that part, "- we wrote out a paper for you all to read. We made copies, one for each of you. The sources we used for our facts are also listed here."

Dean then adds, "we double checked to make sure the books we used are considered accurate, since we all know there is little restriction on what can be written in the magical world."

At that point the papers are handed out so everyone can begin reading about it. This causes a lull in conversation which is eventually broken by the sound of Harry sighing.

Upon making a decision Harry nods, "as the highest ranked noble present if we go and do this I need to be the head of it." A shake of his head. "The others can attest that this is not me wanting the glory but the only way the magic will work."

"It's true," Draco says, "and you know that this pains me to give Potter even more of the limelight." Which causes some laughter.

Ernie nods at that, "he is right. Harry is of an Utmost Ancient and Noble House and only a person of a Royal House would have a higher standing than him in the magical world."

Susan Bones adds, "but do remember that this does not mean we are under his House, it just means that its the Potter magics which bind the compact together."

Everyone looks at Harry who just gives a sad half smile at the truth of it all. The smile then goes a bit wider and then he says, "well, let us not forget though that our year has a lot of noble Houses represented whose magics will be part of this."


There is silence as he finishes the list which is broken by Seamus going, "there is lots of power in this place."

Nods all around, quite firm nods in fact.

Blaise then speaks, "that said, the only requirement is that nobles must create it, their magic backs it, but it doesn't require them to lead it."

Hermione tilts her head, "is that why a Headmaster can be anyone who has magic, even a
commoner wizard. The Founder magics still reside in the school."

"Yes," Bulstrode says, "added to that Founder power is the backing of the Noble Houses through the Board of Governors."

Neville explains, "certain Houses are always on the Board of Governors, no matter what. So, for instance, even if I was banned from being on it the Longbottom's would still have a seat and a vote."

"Its the same with what we create here," Harry goes on, "as its my magic I will always have a place in the leadership board."

"Is all of this necessary," Lavender Brown asks into the silence that came upon the group. "We are a bunch of twelve year olds, do we really want to create magically binding pacts and guilds and stuff."

Its a good question, one which has the group quietly thinking about it.

Eventually Sally-Anne Perks comments, "I know I don't speak much but I think we should it. Plus I like the idea of us being part of something greater."

Lisa Turpin nods at that, "we could always make the original charter lean with the potential for expansion of it later on. Maybe when we get older."

Goyle adds, to some surprise, "focus on security for now, later on we can add benefits." He then laughs a bit as everyone looks at him in shock.

"Goyle makes sense," Ron adds surprised at himself, "we can make the initial charter a framework and have a section provide rules on how we can add amendments to it when we need to."

Terry Boot adds, "not to make it needlessly complicated but we could have two layers of rules and regulations. The top one is basically an amendment and requires unanimous support and the second might just require majority agreement."

The group nods at that, with many thinking it might be an interesting way to go about it.

Roger Malone raises his wand and then clears his throat before saying, "does this mean we are thinking of keeping this even after we graduate."

Daphne nods, "I think we should actually. We have already changed it from study group to social club, us making it an actual society is not that much beyond."

"Not when one realizes who we are," Nott says.

"Quite," agrees Ernie, "we are basically the future leaders of the magical world." Shocked silence at that. "Seriously, look around at who we are, think about it."

That gets people to sit up and pay attention as they think about it. Goldstein calling out the noble names not that long before also drag it home.

"Wow," is breathed out into the silence, a statement agreed to by many.

Harry looks at the group, the different personalities and backgrounds, and says, "no matter how
true that is we are still only twelve." He meets the eyes of as many as he can before continuing, "I might have had to grow up faster than normal but there is no reason you all need to. Yes this is a study group, yes this is a social club, but no, it doesn't need to be a political or corporate guild anytime soon."

"So we establish a framework for the society and then continue as we have been with studying and hanging out," Blaise says into the quiet. "I think that sounds perfect."

Everyone nods at that while Hermione comments, "should we create research groups to look into the ways to design the pact."

Mandy Brocklehurst speaks up, "I like the one called P3 in your notes, its simple and to the point and actually sounds like the way we already are organized."

Draco snorts at that, then gives an apologetic look towards Mandy. "Not disagreeing nor being insulting, its just once again Harry's luck strikes again. The P in the name indicates its a Potter House design." A pause as the group laughs at that, when it fades he then says, "but I do like it."

Justin nods at that, "it intrigued me the most actually, its also the oldest of the charter designs. Its called the Charter of Covenant and has its foundations many thousands of years ago. At its head is the First Speaker, who works with the Circle, whose members are Speakers. Then comes the Council, which is everyone who is a full member. Sideways are the Officers who assist in maintaining it all, such as secretary, treasurer, and whatever else we need as time goes on."

"I like it," Terry Boot says when Justin finishes speaking. "We could make the Circle contain eight members, two per house with one noble and one commoner. Speakers could be elected by those of their house."

Neville then speaks, "obviously Harry is going to be our first First Speaker, the magic requires that."

Bulstrode then adds, "we also need to add a feature that even if Potter steps down as First Speaker he will have a seat on the Circle." Seeing the look, "what, its required if its his noble magic that makes this all possible."

Ron turns to the group and says, "I think his title should be Rector when he is not the First Speaker."

Harry sighs, to the amusement of all, and then nods. "Fine, if I must." A slight laugh then he gets serious. "Okay, so who would like to take the time to organize everything we have said and come up with a full on charter."

A few hands, including Hermione, Justin, Blaise, and Padma Patil, are raised saying they want to help with that.

"Sounds good. So they will write it, I will look over it, then all of us will read through it and any thoughts, corrections, or objections will be noted and voted upon. Once that is done we will meet one weekend and, well, create the Covenant. Right then so is there anything else anyone wants to say on the charter. A pause. "No, okay then, we still have fifteen minutes of this slot, I guess we can go over homework or just relax, as you each see fit."

Which is what they do. Some break off to study or do homework. Others go to a corner and practice some of their magics. Even others take out games and play them. While the rest either
Harry was sitting in the office he had claimed within his hall with a mirror in his hand, "Remus Lupin," he spoke.

A second later a ripple occurred in the mirror as Remus manifests as an illusion in front of him. "Hey cub, what's up, you look like you have a story to tell."

Harry gives a smile and a little laugh at that, "that I do." A pause. "So you remember how I was telling you that my year was looking into secrecy spells, well it seems they went a step further."

"Oh really, so what did they decide to do."

"They uncovered the Charter of Covenant my family made long ago."

A look of shock, "wait, so it was decided that the best way to protect your secrets was to create a society based on the ancient noble magics." A shake of his head. "But cub," Remus says, "you are the highest ranked person in basically the world, that means its your magic that forges it."

"I know, I was quite blatant in telling them about that and thankfully the other nobles backed me up on how its required. It didn't talk them out of accepting me, rather it made them all happy about it." A shake of the head. "We are keeping the society a study group and social club for right now, though I already can tell that some of them are looking forward to making it a political organization and business enterprise in the years to come." A shudder. "They had a gleam in their eyes when it was mentioned."

Remus laughs at that, "oh boy, only you Harry." He then stops and seems to ponder things. "Is there anything you want me to do."

A sigh, "yes especially as this will be something existing for a long time. Take some gold and establish a fund for the covenant. On profits gained I want a return till I have twice as much as I put in, the rest can go into the fund to increase it on its own."

Giving Harry a wide grin, for Remus is very much not surprised at the order. "Is there anything else you want me to set up for your covenant."

Laughing, "not yet," Harry says, "though in time some land will be purchased and companies bought and sponsored. But me giving them money now is more than they asked for."

"Understood. Well I wish you well First Speaker Harry," Remus says with a laugh.

"Hahaha," Harry says, "anyway, I didn’t just call you to tell you about that. So how are you."

A question which leads to an answer which leads to a conversation which takes over an hour to finish. Much to both men's enjoyment.

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Steward Siblings Marriage

Stewards Siblings Marriage
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Date: Second Year, Late January

"Oh they finally decided to do it," Percy says as he reads through the Albion Chronicles paper that he borrowed from Harry.

"Who did what," Harry asks from a little ways down from where Percy was sitting.

"The Steward Siblings, they finally announced the date of their triple marriage ceremony," was the response.

A number of purebloods sitting nearby, especially the girls but also a bunch of guys, sigh and giggle at that.

From where he is sitting nearby Dean goes, "maybe I'm missing something but whats so cool about this."

From nearby Lavender Brown says, "its been the talk of the pureblood circuit for a few years now what would the three do when it was time for them to tie the knot. Everyone was worried when Curtis started dating Kayden because the other two were single."

"But then Eden started dating Lara and then not even two months later Keira started dating Isis, so people started feeling better about it," Parvati says with a smile towards Lavender as she picks up the narration.

"See the three are identical and are well known for doing most things together. So this started getting people worried, as I said," Lavender comments.

Neville, who had gotten the paper from Percy was reading through it. "Oh look at this, it seems the three each used one of the different Faiths of Albion."

"What," Dean asks a bit confused at what they are talking about.

"The three siblings each have different spiritual beliefs and they are using all three in their ceremony," Ron says from where he is eating.

Percy nods at that while adding, "it is as my brother says. Curtis and his boyfriend are practitioners of the British Christian faith, Eden and his girlfriend are Roman Christian, while Keira and her girlfriend are British Pantheonic."

Dean blinks at that, "I know you said words that mean something but out of the three I only understand the second one." A pause. "Is British Christian the Church of England that the mundane world follows." Another silence. "Also, what is British Pantheonic."

There is some laughter from those around while a number of the older students mumble "muggleborn" as an explanation.
Neville nods at Dean before saying, "That is a complicated question to answer, especially while we are eating." A pause. "But in brief, British Christian is a British aspected Christian religion heavily influenced but not dominated by magic that is much more local than hierarchical. Roman Christian, is as you would assume, Christianity based on the decisions of the Roman Catholic Church. British Pantheonic is another name for the First Faith, which is the traditional magical religion, and is a combination of Celtic druidism, the Greco-Roman pantheon of gods, with a bit of Christianity added in as well."

Dean nods at that explanation with a bit of a smile on his face for his friend being willing to provide information.

"Anyway," Lavender Brown says into the quiet, "the fact is the three siblings worked with Priests and Acolytes to design a ceremony that covers all and from what I read is going to be beautiful to behold."

"Does it say when they plan to have the actual marriage," asks Sally Smith.

"Two years from now," Hermione comments as she looks over the article.

"Ooh, its going to be such a fun event," Parvati says, "I am looking forward to attending."

"Do you know them, is that why you would go," Dean asks curiously.

"No, but as the child of a standing Lord my older brother, sister and I would all be invited along with our parents," Parvati says.

"Same for me," Lavender Brown adds then continues, "same for most of us nobles. In fact it would be more of a story if we didn't get invited or attend."

The group nods at that but then get distracted by the coming of the breakfast deserts menus.

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It was a few hours later and Harry was sitting in the lounge of the covenant section reading a book on wizarding culture. He had a slight frown on his face.

"Is everything okay Harry, you seem distracted," Hermione ask.

"Hmm, yeah Hermione, I'm fine," is what Harry answers.

Ron snorts, "sure, and I like to wear pretty bonnets. Seriously, what's up you have been distracted since the morning."

Harry looks at his three friends as he tries to make a decision. He then nods. "Right. So you all know I am muggle raised, for all that I have a pureblood ancestry." They nod at that. "I noticed that in the talk of the Steward Siblings earlier two of them were in same-sex relationships, and nobody batted an eye."

Ron and Neville look confused, while Hermione's eyes widen in realization at what he meant. It is her that explains it to the purebloods, "a lot of people in the muggle world have problems with those of the same sex getting together. Let alone the whole idea of letting them get married, either male male or female female."
There is a bit of a silence on that.

Into that silence Harry says, "I have been trying to look things up but its not exactly talked about."

"I know why Harry," Ron says with a nod, "such issues do not really exist in the magical world. Men can marry men or women with no issue at all, same with women marrying men or women."

"Ah, okay. That is good to know actually, so I wasn't missing it in my read through." Harry says with a nod.

"Do you have a problem with them Harry," Neville asks shyly.

"No," Harry says firmly. "But I didn't want to say anything cause I didn't know what you all thought. I am fine with them, always have been actually." A pause. "Well ever since I discovered that Mr Roberts was dating Mr Jones in primary school. The Dursley's of course hated it and I had already learned that anything they hated was bound to be awesome."

Ron and Neville blink at that conclusion but nod in acceptance.

"Not that I was asked," Hermione says with a bit of a smile, "but I am fine with it as well. Its not an issue for me, nor my family."

Neville nods, "honestly, that seems to be one of those topics that often cause muggleborns issue adapting to the magical world. We don't care, not at all, its a non issue."

"In fact," Ron adds, "our traditions cover all the possibilities that could come about in a marriage. Even who takes on whose name."

"Wait," Hermione asks, "its not always the women."

"Oh no, of course not, that would make no sense." A shake of Ron's head. "No its entirely dependent on who is socially superior."

A blink, "could you give some examples," Harry asks.

"Sure," Neville says with a nod. "Lets see. When a Lord or Heir marries their spouse takes on their name even if the spouse is technically from a higher tier. Great example is when Lucius Malfoy married then Narcissa Black, even though Black is of a higher tier, Lucius Malfoy was the Heir of his House at the time."

"But it doesn't matter who is male or female," Hermione double checks.

"Not at all," Ron adds. "It would have been the same if Narcissa Malfoy had married Lucius Black, Lucius would now be Lucius Malfoy because Narcissa was the Heir."

"Okay, that makes sense." Harry says then he stops in thought. "So what happens if two Lord's marry each other."

"It adds a bit more complication but nothing world breaking," Neville says.

Ron gets a big grin on his face, "soooo if Neville here decided to marry Draco Malfoy they would be Neville Longbottom-Malfoy and Draco Malfoy-Longbottom."
"Thanks Ron," Neville says with a shudder at the thought.

"No problem, glad to help give you the mental image."

A grin, then Hermione asks, "and children."

"Their name would depend on the order of precedence established by contract. So let's say that Longbottom was the senior partner then the first child would be the Longbottom Heir, the second the Malfoy Heir, the third and fourth spares for the two, and the fifth and beyond whatever they wanted," Ron explains.

"You know Ron for someone who says he doesn't care you know a lot of pureblood lore," Hermione says with humor in her voice.

"I have had years of sitting at my mum's feet learning all the things needed of a pureblood noble," is his answer with a grin. "The thing to remember," he then continues, "is that the House's don't really combine and so offspring are allocated to one or the other."

"That makes a lot of sense," Harry nods saying. He then pauses, "so basically Heirs shouldn't marry Heirs, is what you are saying."

"Yes, exactly," Neville says with a laugh. "Obviously it can and has been done but it's not entirely a happy moment for the families." He then shrugs, "its a bit easier if two Heads marry each other as there is no one who can tell them no."

Multiple nods at that.

"So what happens when two commoners want to marry, or two lower tier nobles," Hermione asks.

"On the nobles they take the name of the higher rung House, if equal they pick. For commoners the wife often takes the man's name, which is a remnant of muggle tradition, though that is not magically or legally required. If they are of the same sex then they pick or do the hyphen style, if all else is equal." Neville answers.

Harry stretches out a bit, feeling more relaxed then he did earlier. "Well, thanks for telling me guys, I appreciate the info. Its nice to know that in this the magical world is better than the mundane and that our friends are able love who they wish to love." A pause. "When we get to that age," Harry adds with a bit of a laugh.

Which basically ends that part of the conversation, a fact which Ron takes advantage of to tell a joke.

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"So I saw the article announcing the Steward Sibling wedding and how its the talk of Albion."

Harry says at one point in the conversation he is having with Remus over mirror.

Remus chuckles, "talk of Albion indeed, its one of the most discussed events of the last decade to be honest." A wide smile. "In fact the announcement has led to a vast array of new contracts being put out, of which you have gained many."

"Wait really," Harry says at that unexpected piece of news, "that is a bit funny." A pause. "Any
"Oh yes, two really special ones directed towards House Potter. The first is humorous, they ordered over a thousand pots from our pottery business." Remus says with a grin.

Harry laughs widely, "of course. Who better to get pots from then the Potters." A shake of the head. "That is hilarious." A pause. "The second."

"They wish to have the ceremony and party at the Spring Breeze Valley Manor. It's an ancient Royal Retreat given to us by a past King which makes it heavily sought after by the nobles of Albion."

Harry nods at that, "I can see the benefit, especially if it is a place that many past King's have staid at and such." A pause. "So what does it mean for me if they have it in a residence I own."

"Nothing from an actual celebration standpoint, though you will be given an even bigger seat of honor than you would just because you are House Potter. But no speeches or anything like that, nor would you have to be present in the receiving line at the start of the wedding."

A tilt of the head, "so is there any reason we shouldn't accept, and if we did what would that mean."

Remus answers with a, "there would be no real benefit to saying no, not personally, economically, politically, or socially." His tone is one of approval, for he is glad Harry asks such a question. "I guess if you didn't approve of the marriage you could say no, but other than that it just plain makes sense."

Harry laughs, "it's funny that you would mention that. I have to honestly say that till I read the article in the paper about them I didn't know that the magical world didn't care about same sex partners."

"Really," Remus says then shakes his head, "no of course you didn't, the Dursley's didn't even tell you magic existed." A pause, hesitant. "You don't mind, right."

"No not at all, which is the same I said to Ron, Hermione, and Neville. The Dursley's hated homosexuals, considered them sinful, not that they went to Church more than was socially required. Plus, as a standard, I have long been operating under the assumption that if they hated something then it was probably not bad."

Remus chuckles at that, "while its not the best philosophy I can see how it would benefit you in this case." A pause. "So it really doesn't bother you."

"No not at all." A tilt of his head. "I'm guessing that House Potter has no issues with it either."

"Nope, not at all. Both politically and personally and its been that way for thousands of years actually. The House of Potter has long been accepting of that, even in times when the more Roman hostility to same-sex relationships were widespread." Is what Remus answers with.

"Sounds good," Harry says with a smile. "Well, all in all, they are good to go. Obviously accept the offer as the only reason I would have said no is if we already booked the time, which is something I doubt. I have no issue with who Curtis or Keira, or even Eden, have picked for their partners."
"I'm glad to hear that Harry," a pause, "and in truth I never even thought that you could have had issues with such partnerships. But I am glad that you don't because I prefer males myself, one male in particular." He stops.

"Sirius," Harry says in a tone that is not a question.

Remus gives a light chuckle, "yes, how did you know."

"It was both the way you, well, freaked out when Black came up as a House and then again when you talked about him." A pause. "I didn't want to say anything as I figured it was painful."

"It is, was actually, its getting better. Especially now that there is some evidence he might be innocent." A shake of the head. "Anyway, lets not dwell on that for now. Rather I wanted to get your orders on which of the Steward contracts you wanted me to accept."

Which is what they talk about for the next thirty minutes before they have to end the call due to other plans both have.

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As Harry was walking through the halls of Hogwarts after the most recent dueling club meeting he heard hissing noises and the slamming of doors. Blinking at the sounds in confusion Harry decided to investigate further. “Loki,” he quietly said to the small snake wrapped around his wrist, “do you sense anything?”

Harry could feel a shiver and then the small snake said, “it was weird Friend, the magic was serpent but like yours, not actual snake.”

“Oh,” Harry said in surprise as he wondered if that meant another speaker was present, or if something other was going on. Still, he knew he would have to investigate, and so investigate he did. Walking a head he came upon the door leading to a girl's bathroom, which he knew as Hermione had complained about it being out of order.

Shrugging his shoulder at the nature of a closed door Harry pushed it open and walked inside. "Hello," he said, "anyone here."

Silence.

"Okay then," Harry said still out loud, "so I am going to be coming in and looking around."

Laughing at himself he did just that. Walked into the bathroom and begin looking at the various stalls to see if there was a reason he heard the hiss and the door. Nothing for the first few stalls and then, in the third out of four he noticed something.

'What is that,' he pondered to himself. As he moved closer he felt it, the presence of overwhelming evil.

"Oh," he gasped out loud. His Head Rings flashed upon his finger, his mind shields slammed shut, and his magic reacted to protect him.

A horcrux.

He blinked at the completely unexpected find, one which someone seemed to want to destroy. A girl probably, but he knew he couldn't discount it being a boy since he was, after all, in the bathroom and he was male.

Humming a bit he opened his bag and began rooting around inside it for a sealed container of some sort. 'Note to self,' he thought, 'put a jade box in the bag for just in case purposes.'

'Think, think, Harry,' he says to himself. He reaches into his magic - as powered by the Rings - to see if there are any spells that he can use to secure something generally unsecured.

An idea from House Emrys came to him suddenly. A rite of the House which purified and sanctified an object so that whatever taint inside it couldn't be felt outside. Harry knew it was created by Merlin too because of how many times he was randomly on an adventure and found
something dark that needed to be transported.

As he reached for his bag he began rooting around for the small box he knew he had shoved in his bag. With a sigh he pushed aside the solid orbs of manifested magic he was storing in there. “Note to self,” he then said softly, “must remember to store my solid magics in the proper container and not keep them in my day bag.” Shaking his head he then took out his wand and quickly cast the rite on the box he had finally found. The box itself shimmered in a golden purple color which clearly showed its magical nature.

Nodding in approval at what he found and did Harry then grabs the book, ignores the dark magic trying to touch him, and puts the book in the box. He didn't even bother opening it to check to make sure it was Riddle's, he didn't need to. He could feel the darkness and knew it was similar to the aura he felt last year and at Gringotts.

With a book in a box he nodded firmly and began heading out of the bathroom since there was nothing else for him at this moment. He stopped when he heard a giggle that seemed to come from everywhere and yet nowhere.

"Hello," Harry said calmly out loud.

Another giggle then, "what is a boy doing in my bathroom."

It was a ghost Harry realized, still, no reason not to be polite. "I was walking in the nearby hallway when I heard a hiss then a loud noise and went to investigate. I found a Diary in a toilet stall."

"Its a dangerous object," the voice says with a wail. Then a swoosh can be heard and Harry is looking at a thirteen year old girl.

Blinking Harry nods, "yes, I know. I also know who made it and what its about. I plan on destroying it." A pause. "So hello, what is your name."

"Ooooh," she wails, "a boy as good looking as you asked little old Myrtle who she is."

A smile, "hello Myrtle. I would ask how you are doing but I feel we both know the answer to that."

A nod and a giggle as she zooms up and around. "I'm dead, that is how I feel." Another giggle.

"Yes, I figured. Well, its nice meeting you Myrtle. Have fun in this bathroom."

"Will do cutie, will do. Please come back sometimes I get lonely here all alone."

Harry nods at that and then begins to head out of the bathroom. He then stops as a thought crosses his mind. "Oh, before I go, I have a question. Do you know who threw the Diary away."

"Nah," Myrtle says with a shake. "Didn't see a face or hear a voice though I know it was a girl. Younger than me even."

"Oh okay. Thanks anyway. Talk to you later," Harry says as he leaves the room after one last giggle is heard from Myrtle.

8888
Going into his private room he mirror calls Ragnok and Remus. As soon as the initial greeting is complete Harry begins speaking. "So I accidentally came upon another one of Riddle's cursed objects."

Remus couldn't help his curiosity and so asks, "so how did this accidental find come about?"

"I was walking in the hallway when I head a hiss and a door slam and so I went to look, found a girl's bathroom that Hermione told me is abandoned and so looked into it. I found a Diary sitting in a toilet as if someone tried to flush it. I learned from Myrtle that it was a girl but she didn't see who it was."

"Nice summation," Ragnok says in his drawl. "So what is it you want to do."

"I have the Diary in a box secured by Emrys wards so its safe, but I wanted to pass it Gringotts for disposal." A pause. "But I obviously can't simply walk over there and I do not trust giving it to an owl."

Nod nod.

"How big is the box," Ragnok asks.

In response Harry takes out the secured box and holds it near to the mirror so both figures can see it.

"So its small enough to fit in the document holder I sent you," is Ragnok's reply.

Harry blinks at the ease of that. "Will it transmit, I didn't think it would with the magic that imbues it."

"It will work just fine. In fact you could send it right now and I can show you that it's fine," Ragnok says with a sharptooth grin.

Harry laughs a bit, "well okay then. That is much easier than I expected. I will send it now, update me when the cursebreakers deal with it."

So said Harry reaches over to his document box and puts in the box with the Diary. Closing his eyes to the trust he is showing he closes the box and turns towards his mirror. He hears the ding of transport and then sees Ragnok open his copy of the document box.

Ragnok opens the document box and takes out the box holding the Diary. It still gives off the glow of the Emrys Rite and Harry knows, like he knew the Rite itself, that the Diary lies within it untouched.

"See, goblin magic works," Ragnok says with a grin, one bearing all his teeth.

"Perfect, thank you," Harry says with a smile. "So that was why I called but since the three of us our on line is there anything you need us all for."

"Yes," is said by both Ragnok and Remus, with both then giving a chuckle. Which is what the three do for the next two hours, going over various business elements.

8888
As Harry walked into his dorm room he noticed his roommates talking to Percy, they stopped when he arrived. "Hey guys, what's up."

They all greet him and then Ron says, "good news and bad news Harry."

Looking at the five in surprise, "okay, now I'm worried, so what happened."

Percy immediately explains, "it seems that someone attempted to get into your trunk, which is the bad news. But your protection and security spells stopped it, which is the good news."

Harry looks surprised at that, "wait, really. Why would anyone try to break into my trunk."

"That's what makes it even weirder," Seamus says. "The four of us were together for the last several hours which means whoever did it was from a different year."

"Interesting," Harry says with a nod. "Sadly Percy despite the many protections spells an imaging one is not part of it."

"Oh that is too bad, though I understand why you would go that way. This is a bedroom after all and you aren't alone in here." A nod. "We will still look into it so tell us if you learn anything."

"Will do, thanks Percy." There is quiet for a few minutes as Percy leaves.

"So Harry any ideas on what happened," Neville asks.

Harry gives them a grin. "Well nothing firm but I figure that whoever broke into our room figures I have something they want. Which means two things."

"What?" Seamus says in response.

Ron hums, "well its probably the same person who is behind the whole 'heir of Slytherin' thing."

Nods all around.

Dean adds, "which means said person is a Gryffindor, which narrows the house down." At the looks he gets he says, "what, it has to be a Gryffindor. Only they would have access to the dorm without tripping all sorts of magical alarms."

"Yep," Harry says, "those are my thoughts as well." A smile. "I think it means we are in the endgame of it and that soon everything will be revealed."

Neville says as the others nod, "good, just in time for the prank."

Which gets grins from all five guys.

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Tainted One

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Date: Second Year, Late February

It took months but eventually the research needed to uncover the tainted one and the prank designed to make the reveal fun for all was ready. The prank itself was only made functional due to the help the house elves and ghosts provided.

The day chosen was a Saturday, so it wouldn't interfere with school, the Ravenclaws demanded that part. It was lunch time and everyone was sitting there talking and eating as if everything was ordinary.

Up at the head table most of the staff were blissfully ignorant of there being anything going on. That is, except for two professors, that of Flitwick and Snape. They looked at each other, with Snape raising an eyebrow.

"You too," Filius says slightly gesturing to the students.

"Yes, something is going on and my Slytherins are involved."

"I think all of them are in on it," Filius comments.

A firm nod. "I approve of that actually, if all were in on whatever is going on but nobody said anything then it cannot be harmful." Severus comments as he thinks on it.

"Its also not the other issue we know they are working on," Filius comments, "which means something else caught their interest." He shakes his head for he never would think that students so young would be such a game changing force.

A nod of agreement from Severus as he continues eating his lunch.

8888

Its around a half an hour into the lunch when all of a sudden music starts playing. The music starts slow before growing in pitch and tone, to the muggleborn it very much sounds like something that would be written by John Williams.

Then the lights in the great hall all dim and upon the ceiling words start appearing. The music starts to fade as a voice appears and begins narrating, to the shock of the entire great hall.

"This story starts as all does, with once upon a time. And in that time humanity was but one."

A a stream of light rolls over the hall touching all four house tables plus the head table.

"Then from the heavens a star fell and where it touched magic came. While that which was not touched remained mundane."

The stars on the ceiling begin moving all about before seeming to take shape and form before reigning down upon the student body. Everyone noted that the head table was not touched by the
light.

This amused many of the students.

"But not all touched would be changed in the same way."

Beams of light started manifesting in the center of the hall and moved around touching certain students in a completely random pattern, ignoring house.

"Some became the Fae. Some became the Vampires. Some became the Shifters. Some became the Giants. Some became the Centaurs. Some became the Goblins. Some became the Magicals."

Those touched changed, not physically but by illusion as patterns of light grew around them giving them the visages of the race's called forth. Even those who were simply magicals grew more epic in appearance.

"For the longest time there was peace, for the changed communities of the Magical Races remained in their own lands."

Images appeared in the center of the great hall showcasing towns being built and societies forged.

"But eventually as the groups grew in power they met the others."

The images changed to meetings of multiple races.

"This sometimes led to trade forming but often times war."

The images changed from peaceful trade to violent battle. Considering the different age group the battles seen were not bloody or disgusting, very much art.

"In the end leaders formed within the races and wrest control from those wanting war."

Certain figures among the races gained in height and stature, becoming giants among those around them.

"First they brought peace to their own people before reaching out to the others races."

The scenes showed of control being established first internally then among the others.

"Which eventually led to the formation of the first great Conclave of Magic."

The great race leaders came together and could be seen gathering in council.

"At the site of the council soon was birthed a city."

Everyone sees the leaders working together to build a palace which was then surrounded, built by others who came from all races, into a city and the golden fields around it.

"This is where our story will end for now. The great Covenant of Magic ruled over their people and the races for thousands of years of peace and prosperity."

The voice pauses as images of celebration and peace reigned upon the great hall.
"What happened in the end you ask, well that depends on where one is of course."

The music rises and the lights return to normal.

"This little number was brought to you by the New Covenant."

The images fade and the music ends and everything goes back to normal. Well mostly, the illusions upon the students remain present.

Silence then the students start clapping in thunderous applause. For a prank this was an epic never before seen one and it was joyously entertaining.

The Headmaster stood up from his chair all the while clapping. "Well, wasn't that marvelous, a great production. I can clearly see that to produce this epic the students involved had to combine the skills learned in all their classes. So congrats, congrats." He then pauses. "I do see that the producers have left the traits upon the students, while suitably entertaining, let us remove them."

Professor Lockhart speaks up, "I can remove the illusions with but a single flick of my wand."

"Thank you Professor," the Headmaster says, though his twinkle is absent and his tone says anything but. "But I do believe it is a bit more than a simple illusion for all that its entertaining and joyous."

So said he raises his wand and slashes it in a complicated manner that gathers magic just so to separate the effect from the person. Magic extends from his wand and circles the great hall till it covers all the students and disperses the illusionary image of being of the various magical races.

Still standing up he gestured towards the students, "please enjoy the rest of lunch." He then sits down to continue eating.

A moment later the magic he sent out came back to him, as was expected, but he did not expect a scroll to manifest in his hand with a bunch of names. He blinked at it as he remembered the spell he used to cancel the illusions also had a function of detecting and analyzing spiritual taint effects. Glancing at the names he raises his eyes in shock, as his face shows some worry. Which is carefully hidden a second later, quick enough that only those professors right next to him could see.

Seeing that Minerva turns towards him and says, "what's wrong."

While Severus says, "you forgot the spell you cast also reveals soul taint, didn't you."

A slight nod is the only response the Headmaster gives to that.

Filius, who was sitting next to Severus, then comments. "Was there names on it that you found suspect."

Gazing over the house tables the Headmaster says, "there are thirty names, some we already knew about, others are extremely surprising."

Reading the list which the Headmaster put on the table Severus raises his eyebrow then glances at the Gryffindor table and one particular young red head. He then says, "I am extremely shocked by the youngest Weasley being on this, especially as the other four are not. It begs the question of what she ran into that tainted her."
"Yes," the Headmaster says, "yes it does. We will need to investigate this." He casts some magic and duplicates the scroll, five more times - one for each head of house and another for Madam Pomfrey. Without any sign of what he is doing the scrolls shift to the appropriate people.

It didn't ruin the lunch or the show but it did change the facts of it, making it a much more serious event that it originally was.

Which unknown to them, was exactly the point.

8888

After lunch was over the teachers met up at the Headmaster's office for a discussion on what the list meant.

Madam Pomfrey was the first to begin speaking after everyone settled down. "I am not worried by most of the names on the list." Seeing those looking towards her she explains, "Potter, Longbottom, Lovegood, these are people whose connection with dark magic are well known to me." A pause. "Its the same with those in their sixth and seventh years, after healing them for so long I know why they are on this list."

In the silence that appears when she finishes Severus then speaks, "I am aware of the few Slytherin names on this list. I can also assure you all that they are all accidental and not a result of personal practice of the dark arts, at least not those involving the soul magics."

The group nods at that.

Pomona then speaks up, "like Severus I am aware of the students of my house on the list. Most of the issues are caused from reactions to the last war."

Filius nods at that, "its the same with those of my house or who I serve as advisor for. I think some could use some healing, don't get me wrong, but them showing up the list is not a shock.

Minerva then speaks, her face pinched in worry. "Potter and Longbottom make sense, as does the few older years on the list. The one I have no knowledge of, and didn't even know that there was anything wrong, is Ms Weasley. I cannot see or believe that Molly or Arthur would be practicing any sort of magic at home that would create such an effect on the youngest daughter."

"I agree," the Headmaster says solemnly, sadly. "At some point today Minerva can you pull Ms Weasley aside and bring her to the Medical Wing. Severus can you be there as well, just in case its magic of a darker nature than Poppy routinely interacts with."

Severus nods in agreement while Poppy says “thank you”, for she knows she is not an expert at some of the darker magics that cause soul taint.

"Other than that Poppy, when you get a chance look over the other students on the list."

"Will do," Poppy says with a smile. She then turns to McGonagall and Snape and says, "I'm going to head to the Medical Wing, please bring her as soon as possible."

The two nod in agreement, they are just as interested in seeing the reason and fixing it as any of the others.
"Well," the Headmaster says, "with that said this meeting is over." The professors nod at that and head off to go their ways.

Needless to say the discovery that Ginny Weasley had been possessed by a shard of Voldemort and then forced to open the Chamber of Secrets was quite a shock. The fact that she couldn't remember what happened to the Diary was also a bit concerning. Still everyone in the know was quite happy that there was no deaths, the school staid open, and the real cause had been found.

As for the students who created the story and then the illusions they were patting themselves on the back for the achievement. The amusing thing about it is that while took the success and began relaxing others began working to try and find a way to legally get Hagrid declared innocent. That, of course, was occurring at the same time as research on Lockhart was continuing.

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Riddle's Victims

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Date: Second Year, Early March

"So it turns out it was Ginny Weasley who opened up the Chamber of Secrets," Harry said through mirror call to Remus. At his confused look, "it wasn't her fault as Riddle's Diary possessed her in order to do it."

Remus nods at that, for he knew how manipulative Riddle could be. "So is there anything you want me to do about it or her."

"Honestly, not sure. See on one end it wasn't her fault but on the other end it doesn't change the previous facts. She had a crazy view of me, one I do not appreciate and so I find myself limited in my affections."

"I see your issue with it." A pause from Remus as he thinks. "Plus, thinking about it, why didn't she say something when she first found a mysterious talking Diary."

"Yes, exactly." Harry shakes his head. "I honestly don't know what to do about this, I really don't. She needs help but I don't know how much I want to force it."

Remus can tell how bothered by this Harry is, especially with his friendship with all the Weasley's but Ginny. So he nods, "I will handle it Harry. Obviously I will keep you informed but I will speak to Arthur and Bill about it." A pause. "With your approval I would like to tell them that the Diary was a horcrux of Riddle." Seeing Harry open his mouth to object Remus says, "I will swear them both to silence, the strongest of oaths possible."

A nod, a smile, then, "okay. I agree."

8888

After days of scheduling conflicts (most of which were from Bill having to return to Britain from Egypt, where he was currently assigned) the small group was finally able to meet within one of the meeting rooms of Gringotts. Besides Remus, Arthur, and Bill the account managers for both Houses were also present.

When everyone was situated Remus gave Arthur and Bill a smile before saying, "Thank you for your willingness to speak to me."

"Its not a problem Remus," Arthur says in response, "I have a feeling that this is going to be important."

A nod at that, "It is." A pause then, "now for the record I am here in the position of Lord Potter's High Seneschal."

"That is understood and accepted," Arthur says with a firm nod at that. He is obviously here as the Lord Weasley, why else would he be here after all.

"I am here in the guise of Heir Weasley, not as an employee of Gringotts. Though all oaths I have
sworn still apply," is what Bill says into the silence.

Nods all around as Remus says, "now in outline there are two related issues I will be talking about today. But before I am given leave to speak on them I need oaths that what we say here will stay here. If you refuse then only one of the two points will be discussed."

"We should agree Father," Bill says. "I don't know it all but I have some idea on some of what will be said per my oaths to Gringotts." Which is an entirely appropriate fact for him to say.

Arthur nods and quickly swears the oath, one that is pretty much as strong as it could be.

"Thank you," Remus said. "Now first things first. Lord Potter has informed me due to recent events he is willing to extend the deadline on House Weasley's handling of Ginny Weasley's improper messaging. This is entirely based on the second topic."

"Which would be her opening the Chamber of Secrets and letting out a basilisk," Arthur says into the silence. A sad shake of the head, "I still don't understand how such a thing could come about."

Remus answers with a simple, "we do."

"You do," Arthur exclaims shocked. He then pauses a moment before saying, "well would you please explain it then as not even Albus seems to know entirely what happened. He just gave me half-truths and opinions." Arthur says painfully, this is his daughter after all.

"Of course, that is why we are here and why you swore the oaths." Remus then pauses as he takes a deep breath. "The fact is the Diary that I know Ginny told you about was an artifact of the Dark Lord Voldemort."

"It wasn't just any artifact was it," that is Bill.

"No, it was a horcrux."

"WHAT," Arthur says loudly in a way that is completely uncharacteristic of him. He knows about horcrux magic, his House is after all a Most Ancient, and so he knows how unforgivable such an act is.

Bill opens his mouth then closes it with a snap.

"Yes Bill, as was the dark force that was in Harry," Remus answers and so allows Bill to speak of the horcrux.

"Harry had a horcrux inside of him," Arthur says shocked as he learned two bombshells in a single moment.

"Yes. Its gone now and so is the Diary, which means you do not have to worry about their continued effect on either of them." Remus answers.

"So did Harry have a part to play in revealing Ginny as the culprit," Bill asks.

"Yes, though he had no clue that it was her. Her reveal honestly shocked him when he heard about it." Is Remus' answer.

"It also puts him in an awkward position doesn't it," Arthur says with a half grin for despite
everything going on he had to find some humor in it.

"Yes. Hence him asking me to handle it for all that I am to keep him informed." Remus goes silent as the others nod at that. They know that for all of Harry's incredible strength of character he is only twelve after all.

"So does Harry have any demands Remus," Arthur asks patiently.

"Yes, he wants Ginny to be checked over for dark magic corruption and he wants her to be signed up for mind healing at St Mungo's." Remus stops then says, "He is surprised that she would not have told anyone when she found the unknown Diary. Between that and her improper letter writing he feels she would do well to get that sort of help."

Arthur nods at that, "I don't entirely disagree." he takes a deep breath as he knows the next part will hurt his pride. "But I am not entirely sure House Weasley can afford the cost of such advanced healing."

"That will not be an issue," it is Ragnok that speaks on that point.

"What do you mean," even Bill questions.

Remus gives a smirk at that, "well Harry has acted in his role as Lord Slytherin."

Ragnok gives a sharp toothed grin at that, "as the Head of House he is fully within his right to declare when a member of said House is acting in bad faith. With that decree comes the right to seize any vaults that said person might have. Part of the gained gold will cover both the dark magic check and your daughter's visit to the mind healer."

The House Weasley account manager nods at that, "the proceeds have already been transferred and bank notes are ready to be sent whenever she goes to the St Mungo's."

Arthur opens his mouth, probably to object, when Bill says in his Heir voice, "the House of Weasley accepts." Seeing the look his father than gives him he says, "what. This is perfect, it solves everything and it protects Ginny. Its not us taking hand outs, its us being compensated rightfully for the damage that was caused to us. Its also not truly Harry paying for it."

"Also," Remus says into the silence, "you have to admit there is some poetic irony to having the Dark Lord pay for your daughter's healing."

Nod nod.

"What of the improper messaging," Arthur says trying to make sure everything is talked about.

"Harry is willing to put that on a wait and see category till she sees the mind healer and he gets a synopsis of their thoughts on the topic." A pause as Remus looks at both Weasley’s. “Obviously her privacy will be maintained but we want to know the results. Especially the plan they create to assist her in healing from its effects.”

"Okay, that is quite acceptable," Arthur says nodding firmly. "I guess the next step is for us to discuss the particulars."

Which is what they do, for the next thirty minutes.
Date: Second Year, Late March

Harry was sitting behind his desk in the office he claimed in the covenant section when he heard a knock on the door.

"Come in Dean," he said.

"It's always freaky when you know who is out here," Dean says with a smile. "I mean I know its the magic on the door informing you but its still freaky."

Harry laughed at that while gesturing, "come in, sit down, what can I do for you." A pause. "I know its something important when you guys 'bother' me during my office time."

Dean grins at that for a second before getting serious. "So I was looking through some of the books that Hermione had on a table in the lounge when I saw a book about the Knights of the Round Table. So intrigued I began reading it, especially interested in seeing how it differed from what the muggles taught."

He stops and so Harry nods and says, "which is a lot actually. The least of which is Merlin and Arthur being the same age and married, Lancelot and Gwen marrying each other, and none of the Knights dying of anything other than old age after over a century of life."

Nod, nod. Dean then says, "plus they all had magic, either naturally or granted to them by the Divinities for great service." A pause. "Which is a whole nother topic that I need to look into myself one day." A pause then, "magical faiths, who knew." A shake of the head. "Anyway, that is not why I'm here, which is the history of Sir Elayn, who would later form House Thomas."

Harry tilted his head, "not to put a damper on things Dean, but Thomas is not exactly an uncommon last name."

"Oh I know that, and at first that just made me go 'oh, cool, we share a last name.' I didn't think anything of it for I know its common." A pause. "Like Potter, in the muggle world I knew three of them, entirely no relation I can assure you."

Harry laughs, "yeah, so did I actually." Then getting serious, "but something changed didn't it."

"Yes," a nod. "Two things. The first is that I don't know my father, he died when I was young." A pause. "Well I say died but from what my mum has said he was murdered, though she doesn't know by who." Dean stops. "She never told me he had magic but some of her stories about him, well, they are possible in the mundane world but if done with magic, they are easy. Its the same way with how he died, it could be explained with magic a lot easier than through a muggle way." Another pause. "I do have his name though, as a note, even though my mother remarried, she choose to keep me Thomas out of memory of her first husband."

Harry nods at that. "Well that is intriguing and interesting, and I can clearly understand wanting to know more about your family." A pause. "You said a second thing."
"Yes, out of random curiosity I decided to look up more books on the noble houses. To learn more about them and such." A pause. "The fact that we have such a heavy concentration in our year is bizarre by the way, even for the magical world."

"Oh yes, yes it is," Harry says with a grin. "Personally I think its Fate and Destiny, and maybe even Magic, playing a prank on us. But anyway, go on."

A grin. "Right. So I was looking up the public history about the Houses, mostly the major and special ones as there are so many minor. I didn't put any particular focus on House Thomas cause, as said, its a common name. But I eventually got to it and oh wow, is it fascinating." A pause. "I am not Hermione so I won't tell you the history which you probably already read up on." He stops as he sees Harry nod positively, then gives a grin and soon goes on. "But what I did find was that the second son disappeared, suddenly, with no clue as to where he went or why."

Harry gives a frown, "well, that is mysterious, isn't it. Does the book give any information on why they think he ran."

"A bunch though the dominant one says he ran afoul of the minions of the Dark Lord and was hunted down. But the truth is nobody knows, or at least, the book doesn't. I know I wouldn't be an heir, and that is fine, I don't want that position, I just am curious to know my father's family."

"I can understand that, though I am still not entirely sure what you want me to do," Harry asks curiously.

"Your noble, and a Head, and special and all that, is there a way you can help me either test or contact or something." Dean asks curiously. He begins gesturing widely, "I don't think it would be proper for me to simply knock on their door and be like, 'I think your lost son Darius is also my father.' I don't think that would work."

Harry nods at what Dean is saying, "you are not wrong on that, it is a delicate situation." A pause. "Well, I guess I could look into it, though I am not giving any promises. Give me a few days to figure things out and I will get back to you."

"That sounds great Harry, thanks. Even if you don't find anything and I am not Darius son at least I can say I tried you know." Dean says as he gets up and leaves the room after a quick handshake of thanks.

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"So that is what he said," Harry finishes explaining to Remus through a mirror call.

Remus nods a bit. "Well, its a bit out of my experience that is for sure. I do agree that its a delicate situation for it could be conceived of as an attempt at line theft." A pause. "But it also could be considered the return of a lost scion of one of the Knight Houses, which would be a good thing."

"Right, that is exactly what I thought, hence this talk." A pause then, "if I am remembering things correctly the head is a Declan Thomas and the heir is his firstborn son Davion Thomas. It would be the second son, Darius, who would be Dean's father if this checks out as true."

"Yes, that is correct." Remus says with a quick face rub. "Though Potter does have some ties with House Thomas they are not deep enough for us to play the middleman." A pause. "Which is what I figured you probably thought I would suggest."
Harry gives a grin. "Maybeeee," Harry says with amusement. But then a thought comes to him. "Hmm, I wonder. Even if we are not close enough would Gringotts be."

"Of course, they are connected deeply with all the Great Houses. Why do you ask." Remus comments as thoughts come to him.

"Well," Harry says as he is thinking, "maybe Dean could have Gringotts do a magic check on him the next time he visits. Legally, us speaking to Ragnok about it isn't a conflict or us manipulating the situation as we are not asking for any boon from it."

Nodding at that. "Not a bad idea Harry, I will look into it and see what, if anything, needs to be done. I will update you as soon as I know." A pause as Harry nods then, "oh, speaking of Gringotts there is something I need to tell you."

Which leads to twenty minutes of conversation about some business deals they wish to make with Harry.

It also led, a few days later, to Harry pulling Dean aside and saying that the next time he heads to Gringotts ask to speak to a magigenealogist. They will perform a blood ritual to determine magical descent, if he has any that is.

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"So what do we know," Harry asks Fred and George as they sit in the room the later two claimed as theirs.

"Our sis was given a diary which happened to have a bit of soul stuck to it," Fred starts with.

"Through said diary she was forced to open the chamber, write messages the walls, and attempt to follow in the footsteps of the Heir," George continues.

"But she gained enough will to throw it away wherein I found it," Harry completes.

Fred then adds, "but let's not forget her attempt to get into your trunk. Was that her decision or a result of his residual control."

"I don't know," Harry answers, "but I am in communication with my Seneschal and am making it so she will be getting the full spectrum of goblin healing techniques, at the House of Slytherin expense."

"You shouldn’t be paying for it as you didn’t have anything to do with it.” George states. It was hard to think about that, after all it was his little sis, but he couldn’t blame Harry.

Shaking his head, "don't worry about it, Voldemort is paying for it." He sees their confusion so Harry explains. "I'm the Head of Slytherin House and through the use of my authority I claimed all vaults which had the magic of Tom Riddle touching it. I'm using most of the money for charity programs, the rest I'm giving to those petrified plus Hagrid and Ginny for the problems that plagued them."

"Speaking of Hagrid what about wand rights," Fred asks.

"In the process," Harry answers. "I'm optimistic that he will regain his full rights to the practice of wizardry."

"Sounds good," Fred says with a smirk.

"While very interesting," George says, "let's get back on topic." He ignores the pillow to the face Fred sends his way. "What else we know."

"The monster is a snake and if Hermione is to be believed probably a basilisk. The last time Myrtle was killed in the bathroom she haunts, which I think means something." Harry says listing things.

"Makes sense," Fred comments, "and is a good place to start. Let's explore that bathroom sometime over the next few days."

The other two nod and then all three sit back to discuss other topics.
A week later the now expanded group of six were standing in front of the door to Myrtle's bathroom. It would have been seven but Ron was currently serving multiple detentions for blowing up a cauldron in potions. The fact that it wasn’t entirely an accident was also why Harry decided not to postpone the adventure.

"Are you sure we need to go into the girls room," Neville asks.

"Nobody uses it," Harry says, "so you have no worries that a girl will show up."

"A ghost girl uses it," Luna says, "but yes nobody living goes here."

"I'm just curious why an entrance to a Founder site would be located in a women's bathroom," Hermione says.

Fred and George answer that, "from our exploration it seems over time rooms change purpose."

Nodding at that Hermione comments, "so at one point it might have been an office, closet, classroom or something else."

While the twins are nodding Harry is opening the door and heading into the bathroom. Looking around he is quite happy to not have to speak to Myrtle at this moment for her found her quite a bit annoying.

Giving him an "eep," Hermione follows the rest into the room, not wanting to be left behind. Which causes the group to laugh in good humor.

"Okay everyone let's look around for anything that seems off, sinister, or Slytherin related," Harry directs in an official tone.

They nod as all begin looking. After a number of false calls Fred shouts out, "I'm assuming snakes carved all around a faucet would count as an appropriate Slytherin feature."

That brings everyone over to the item in question. "Interesting," Harry says while looking at it, not realizing he switched to Parseltongue in the process.

"Uh, Harry," Neville says, "I'm not sure if you realized it but you just hissed at us."

Turning towards Neville he says, "I did what."

"Hmm," Hermione says. "Harry do me a favor," she directs. "Look at the snake and speak then look at me and speak."

"Sure," Harry says. Turning to the snake carving he says, "you're a nicely carved snake," in Parseltongue, though he only realized it halfway through it.

He turned his eyes toward Hermione and says, in English, "it seems when I see a snake I speak Parseltongue but switch back when looking at a human."

"While interesting and useful to know it doesn't help us now," George says.
Nodding at that, "your right. I wish we had a way of having it open." The thing is as he said the last part Harry's eyes turned towards the sink, and so 'open' was said in Parseltongue.

Which is why soon after sounds could be heard as the nearby wall moved apart, revealing a pipe big enough for even Hagrid to move through, comfortably.

"Well," Harry says matter of factly, "I guess we found the entrance of the Chamber of Secrets."

"What are we supposed to do, slide down it," Hermione says with distaste.

"By all accounts," Luna says, "Slytherin was a vain man. There is no way he jumped and slid down a pipe, no matter how clean."

"So do you want me to ask for stairs," the last part came out in a hiss as Harry had turned his eyes towards the carved snakes.

As Luna had half predicted the once smooth pipe became segmented into an unknown number of stairs. At the same time lights on the wall lit up, bathing the downward passage in light.

Fred and George, living in the magical world, then quickly cast some cleaning spells on the tunnel and top platform. Much to everyone's happiness.

"Well, we're here so lets go in. I'll go last as I want to close the passage behind me," Harry comments.

So said the group, starting with the twins, head into the tunnel. They stop at a landing two steps down seemingly big enough for all of them. As soon as Harry is in he hisses close and the door letting one in closes. He then looks and the others, shrugs, and says "down," in Parseltongue. The landing they are on then begins sliding down, like an elevator.

They were entering the catacombs under Hogwarts.

At the bottom of the lift they found themselves at the end of an omately designed arched corridor. Along the gilded walls lie statues of serpents and the decayed hooks of tapestries.

As they walk through it Harry feels a pulse from his Slytherin Head Ring that gives him a feeling. Shaking his head he looks at his friends, saying "there is something off about down here, as if it's not right."

Hermione gets an intrigued look on her face while Luna shivers as if feeling a great chill.

Of course that doesn't stop them from moving forward down the hallway. They stop at an intriguing sight - the large shed skin of a basilisk.

"There will be more of that down here," Luna says with an airy nod. "Enough shed skin to make hundreds of basilisk hide leather armor."

"I thought only the actual hide could be used for that," Harry asks.

"Normally that is true," Luna explains, "unless of course the serpent shedding the skin just so happens to be both over a thousand years old and inhabiting one of the most magical sites of Britain."
The group nods at that before moving on, though Harry gives the skin a single thoughtful look. Neville grins at him, getting an inkling of what Harry is contemplating.

They make it to the end of the hallway and another magically closed doors. Harry doesn't even hesitate the moment he notices the engraved snakes. "Open," he hisses out in Parseltongue. The door then does what all expected it to do, it opened.

Which led them into a three story domed chamber engraved in serpent imagery all along the walls. From pipes way up high water is cascading into the chamber as waterfalls and pooling into basins that flow next to and under the bridge where the six are walking.

"Gaudy," Fred says.

"Don't you mean ugly," George adds.

"It's clearly designed by someone with no taste," Hermione says as well.

"Which is bizarre when one looks at Slytherin in Hogwarts," Luna adds.

Neville just nods, fully agreeing with the rest. He then turns towards Harry, saying "Harry."

Who blinks as if coming from a far off place. Shaking his head he looks at the others, "sorry. The magic of the Head Ring was talking to me, well saying it was shouting would be more accurate actually. I can say this firmly, this is not how Salazar Slytherin designed this antichamber."

Hermione looks on in awe, "it's really fascinating that noble rings provide memory recollection abilities."

Neville nods at that, "it's the only way an Heir or Head could fully understand the details inherit to his House. Especially the older Houses, thousands of years of development and expansion."

Harry nods in agreement while saying, "it's incredibly helpful, especially when one has multiple houses. I would explain it as understanding and knowing the goals and needs and standards of the House. It's very intuitive." A shake of the head. "So okay, I'm about to summon the basilisk. Now I'm hoping my authority as the Head overrules whatever Voldemort did, but I cannot be sure. So cover yourself, for this is an incredibly dangerous act."

They all nodded at him before beginning to cast the various defensive magics they had prepared for. The most important of the magics was the one that blocked their sense of sight, replacing it with that of a magical node which could not reflect the gaze of a basilisk. Though useful magic the nature of it stressed out the body and mind of the user, which is why it was not a permanent answer to sight loss.

When his friends were ready and he cast his own version Harry then spoke authoritatively, "to the basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets I call forth your presence due to ancient pacts."

At first nothing is heard and then movement can be discerned occurring in the tunnels around the chamber. Then the mouth of the statue of Salazar Slytherin opens up and out slithers the ancient basilisk who immediately hisses, "You're not the Heir I serve."

"No I'm not. But what I am is the actual Lord and Head of the Noble House of Slytherin." The Head Ring manifests fully upon Harry's finger, bathing him in a kaleidoscope of multi colored lights. "Submit to me."
"Nooooh, you are the foul one who killed the true master," the basilisk groans and growls as magic battles within her. The dark magic seems to be winning out as seen in her action of slithering forward and pouncing on Harry.

Who wasn't there when the basilisk came down, for he had already jumped out of the way.

"It is not I who is foul, but the once heir. He dared foul the legacy of your father, Lord Salazar, while corrupting you. But no more as Head I cleanse you, as Lord I protect you, as Friend I guide you. You will be what you were always supposed to be. You shall once again be Zosterius."

As Harry speaks the Head Ring on his finger glows brightly, sending out beams of light to the many corners of the chamber. Where the light touches statues and patterns fall away, the touch of age disappears, and the underlining simplistic beauty that ordained the chamber is revealed.

The light, magical energy at its core, bounce back to Harry before splitting and striking the basilisk. Who gives a mighty screech as centuries of forced bindings are torn away, leaving just the core ones as established by Salazar and the other Founders. For Harry knew, had known the moment the Head Ring had come on his finger, that history was entirely wrong on the events of this place.

As a last act of darkness the basilisk twisted and turned and moved around Harry, trapping him in his scales. Then, with Harry standing motionless, she moved so her jaws circled him, and bit down.

A second later she opened her mouth and moved back, the dark magic gone from her. Harry then staggered back as she left, blood flowing from the point where her fang pierced the arm he had raised to cover his head. He dropped to the ground as her venom began flowing through him.

Moving back to the top of the ceiling the basilisk hid away, knowing her presence was not welcome.

The five ran to Harry, gathering around him in utter shock and growing sadness.

They thought their friend was dying.

Fred and George, even Neville, rose to their full height wands out, eyes ablaze. If they couldn’t protect their friend then they would avenge him.

"No," Harry choked out, "it's fine, don't hurt her. I'm not dying. Luna tell them."

Nodding at Harry, Luna then says. "It's true, he's not dying. He's honoring the ancient pact that Salazar Slytherin made with her."

"But basilisk poison is immediately deadly with no known cure," Hermione says.

"Normally yes," Luna explains, "but not when it's designed as a test of purity, trust, or in honor of the old ways. Harry knows he will be fine just as he knew he would have to do this."

Neville lowers his wand in a nod, "the Head Ring told him."

"But why didn't he tell us," Hermione complains.
"Because," Harry stutters and stops, then starts again. "Because you would have tried to stop me. This act of faith was long overdo, it was last done nearly four centuries ago. It needed to be renewed."

As Harry was speaking color was returning to his face, his whole body actually. He was tested and found fitting and so the magic now flowing in his veins was correcting the damage it had detected.

"Help me up," Harry says to the twins standing over him. They grip his outstretched hands and pull him up.

Hermione sees the mark on his arm where he was cut by the basilisk fang. "Your arm, the cut."

"I'm going to have that mark for the rest of my life," a pause, "but unlike the one on my forehead I'm good with it. I choose to have it." Harry then smiles at those around him. "First things first, I would like to welcome you all to the gateway chamber that serves as the link between the Founder Manors and Hogwarts. I can access three of them, Gryfffindor, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin."

As he speaks the three Founder House Rings appear on his hand, start to glow, and then send a beam of light to one of the sides of the now six-sided chamber. One of which was marked by the Hogwarts School crest, three which had banners and statues representing the Founders, and a forth which was plainly adorned.

"Hey," Fred says, "the ugly statue of Salazar Slytherin is gone."

Harry nods, "yes it is for it was never supposed to be here in the first place. Almost three centuries ago an Heir of Slytherin found this place but couldn't see the other three sections and so he thought only Slytherin had a space down here. He used his resources to build the disgusting shrine and corrupt the space."

"So it's not the Chamber of Secrets," Neville asks.

"Oh no, it is. But it was built by the Founders together as a place only they and those they choose could go. It's a six sided chamber, one door to the school, one for each Founder, and a door to their personal common room."

"Where do the Founder doors lead," Hermione asks.

"Their personal manor houses. I can access three of them, Hufflepuff is still without a Head." Is Harry's response.

"Is that why the Hufflepuff door is not actually a door," George asks looking over there.

"Yes, exactly," Harry them pauses. "Okay so the three Founders Houses are places I'm going to explore at some later point so while visible the doors are locked." He ignores the groans. "What we should take a look at is the Founders common room."

He stops, slaps his forehead lightly then says in parseltongue, "it's okay my lady, you may come out."

A second later the basilisk comes forth from a much more ornate arched tunnel. She looks different, transformed somehow, her scales are golden in color and she doesn't look as scary or monstrous. In fact she looks like she belongs here, rather than being a threat. She looks like a
guardian angel in snake form.

"They won't hurt me then," she hisses at Harry, "they looked angry when you were being tested."

"They thought you had killed me and so were about to revenge me, which I appreciate while being glad they didn't have to," Harry hisses to her.

"So am I," she hisses back before saying her real point, "so the return of this area to the proper state has me regaining access to areas I haven't been in centuries. I'm going to go revisit my real home. If you need me you know how to call for me." A pause as she thinks. "The last true Head before you built a collection chamber under the platform your on. All my shed skin, scales, hide, fangs, and such are secured away in there, clean and ready for use." She waits for the nod then slithers away to re-explore her home.

Harry chuckles at all that. Seeing the look on their faces he explains, "me undoing the change gave her access to the chamber's built for her so she is revisiting the long thought lost sections of her home. She also told me that there is a collection chamber under us where magic collects and cleans and stores everything she sheds."

"You have a new friend I see," Fred says with a laugh that Harry returns.

Then Hermione's watch starts beeping. "Oh darn, it's dinner time. We need to go back or people will wonder where we went." She sighs deeply. "I so wanted to check their common room."

"Its going to still be here when we find the time to explore it further, don't worry. In fact now I will be safer and easier then even before." As Harry was talking he was leading the group out the Hogwarts door.

Which, to their shock was not the corridor they had seen when coming in rather it was an eight sided room with arches on each wall.

The others looked at Harry so he explained, "like I said not as hard. From here we can get to a number of different places within Hogwarts." Here he stops before going on, "I don't know it all, not everything is recorded, I just know the generals. From in here anyone can leave, but from out there my Ring is needed."

The group is looking around the arches trying to see where they lead. Neville laughs when he sees one is by the greenhouses. Luna likes the one by the kitchens. Hermione thinks the library one is nifty. Fred and George comment on the ones that access the corridors right outside the house common rooms.

"This is the one we want," Harry said while pointing to the access point right by the room the covenant claimed as theirs. "I knew there was something about the corridor."

Which gets a laugh as they use the gate portal to head to the normal section of Hogwarts. Before heading to the great hall for dinner Harry inspects the alcoves they came out of. "Well look at this, a wave of my ring and I can get us back to the Chamber of Secrets, no bathrooms necessary."

He then proves it by waving his ring then walking into the now shimmering door, then a moment later he returns. "If I go first it locks but if you go first it stays open till I close it."

With the realization that they wouldn't have to go into Myrtle's bathroom ever again they smiled and laughed and headed to dinner.
"Pardon the papers guys," Harry said to his friends as they walked into the office he had claimed. "I was going over a number of reports and didn't get a chance to put them away yet."

Hermione, Neville, and Ron all smile at that as they sit down on the chairs around the room.

As they did that Hermione looked down at the papers near to where she sat and couldn't help but see the title on it. "So, you have teams investigating the Founder Manors. What are they like." A pause then, "pardon me for reading it."

Harry laughed, "no worries, its okay. If I was worried about others seeing them I would have put them away before letting you in the room. They are basically just scouting reports from my agents and allies."

"So what did they turn up," Neville asks as well since he is curious.

"They are each a standard manor with little in the way of unique features." A shake of the head then, "once Hogwarts was built they lived here, even after they retired." Harry then smiled, "don't get me wrong, they are beautiful locations but in the grand scheme of things they are no different than other manors."

"Well that makes sense," Ron says, "why make them great when Hogwarts is home."

"Exactly," Harry says. "While there are some interesting artifacts and tomes in general not even that is as unique or rare as it could otherwise be." He then laughs. "Well, I guess the fact that each manor contains the pure unaltered version of Hogwarts A History could be considered useful to know."

Hermione gets a huge smile on her face, "really that seems ever so interesting. So what difference does it have compared to the current version."

"A lot, and I didn't even read through it like you would. The version the Founder's have is created by the magic of Hogwarts, and thus tells it as it happened."

"As compared to the heavily edited version we see in the published books," Hermione says with a bit of a tiff.

"Yes, exactly," Harry says with a nod before chuckling a bit. He soon continues by saying, "for example a lot of what history puts on Salazar Slytherin was actually done by his son, who shared the exact same name, with not even a II at the end to separate them. Salazar and Godric were in fact the best of friends, and sometimes even more."

"Wait, you mean they," Ron says trailing off at that as he wasn't sure what to say.

The group laughs while Harry simply nods. "Of course the point of it all is that nothing spectacularly new was found within the manors. So you didn't miss anything Hermione, not really."

Hermione nods at that, for what could she say about it.

It's Neville who asks, "so what are you planning on doing with the manors."
Harry grins at that, which causes the three to sit up and look at him. "Well," he drawls, "I'm thinking of opening them up to tours, day trips, and vacations. I figure magicals would find them quite an interesting location to visit."

Thoughtful looks appear on the three faces as they think over what Harry just said.

"How aspected are the manors Harry," Ron asks curiously.

"Not very actually," is Harry's answer. "But I plan on changing some of the decor to better fit the tropes that the modern world has with the Founders."

"But that is not accurate, why would you mislead things like that," Hermione asks curiously.

Harry just smiles, "honestly for the entertainment. I'm not talking about going overboard but things like add more reds and lions in Gryffindor and more silver and snakes for Slytherin. I will probably even change out certain portraits so only those who would keep the culture would be present." A pause, "all in all its going to be quite fun."

Ron and Neville nod at that while the former asks, "so Harry when was the last time the residences were last fully occupied."

Harry gets a thoughtful look on his face before answering. "Well Gryffindor was two generations ago, Slytherin four, and Ravenclaw, three. But even then the residents were few in number. I plan on changing that, maybe even having entire families live and work in the various sections of each manor."

"Well," Ron says with a smile, "good luck and have fun with that." He then pauses, "okay all, I'm bored, lets play a game."

Which gets laughter from the group at the blatant change of subject.

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“So do we agree that we have gathered all the information we need for the reveal,” Harry says to those of his year gathered around him.

“I say yes,” comments Daphne before the others could speak, “considering we tore apart every one of his books.”

“Including his biographies, both auto and other.” A pause as Ron shudders while adding, “I feel we know more about him then he knows about himself.”

Nods of agreement at that. Then Hermione says, “if we are going to do this then we might as well do it now, there really isn’t any reason we should delay.”

“Honestly, if the fact that the books talk of events happening at the same time but in locations continents away doesn’t provide the proof needed then we might as well give up hope,” Blaise says with a nod towards his year mates.

This leads to many of those present shaking their heads in agreements on the point he made.

“Okay all, let us figure out how we want to write the messages and who we want to send them to. Then to the owlry we go.” With the last part being said by Harry in a sing song voice, much to everyone’s amusement.

8888

"It happened," was the first thing Minerva heard as she walked into lunch on that Tuesday.

"What happened Severus," was her answer for there was so many things occurring she had no way of knowing which event he meant.

"The meeting we had about a student project, well it's happening now," is his response.

Filius, sitting nearby, goes "oh, really. What happened."

"I was outside gathering some supplies before my classes when I noticed hundreds of owls take flight at the same exact time. I reviewed the time table in my head and I realized it was the free period that the second years all have." Severus says with a carefully hidden grin, though to his coworkers can all here the enjoyment.

"Interesting," is Pomona’s reaction. "It means we have to wait either till dinner tonight or more probable tomorrow or the day after. But we all know something is going to happen, don't we."

"Yes we do," Filius says with pride in his eyes as he gazes over the house tables. Though he is proud of all the second years he can't help but feel that especially for a particular one. An emerald eyed boy sitting at Gryffindor table talking to a bunch of different people.
Said boy who suddenly turns towards the head table as if he knew someone was looking at him. When he met Filius' eyes the lad smiled widely and gave a tilt of the head for a moment before he was drawn back into conversations with classmates. He then turns back to his fellows and says, "its going to be good, I think, but it might also cause us more work."

Severus snorts at that but doesn't say anything else.

8888

The event that all had been waiting for happened a few days later at lunch time. Without much warning the doors to the great hall flew open and in came a bunch of Aurors. In the lead was a women decked in the sigils of office that Harry knew, from his study, as Madam Amelia Bones, the Director of the Ministry Department of Law Enforcement.

The Headmaster stood up from where he was sitting at the head table and spoke. "Madam Bones, for what reason do we have the pleasure of your company."

Madam Bones response is dead pan, "official Ministry business Headmaster. We are here to detain Gilderoy Lockhart and investigate his alleged use of illegal memory charms."

The moment that Madam Bones mentioned him by name he had stood up and tried to back out of the room. This was expected, of course, so when he turned around to exit through the staff door in the back he was met by four Aurors with wands out and pointed at him.

Slowly putting his wand away, knowing that fighting at this point would be disastrous, he then put his hands up in the air in a sign of peace.

Not taking any chances with him, considering what the Ministry was planning on investigating him for, they took his wand and slapped him in a set of magic restraining cuffs. At that point the Aurors then escorted him out of the building and to the Ministry.

Madam Bones and another Auror were the only ones left behind. It was in the quiet that fell upon the hall after the arrest that Madam Bones then speaks. "Headmaster, as an apology for taking away your Defense professor before the year is out the Ministry is offering the assistance of our Aurors. For now this will be Auror Tirol, he has a Masters in Defense, of all varieties, and often teaches at the Auror academy."

Dumbledore nods gracefully and says, "I appreciate the assistance on that." He then pauses. "If you would see fit, I would not object to learning of the results of your investigation."

She nods at the Headmaster, hands him a folder containing the resume of Auror Tirol, nods at the table and her Auror and then heads out.

The new Professor and the Headmaster both pleasantly greet each other which is followed by him heading to the now vacant seat that Lockhart had occupied. Which had already been cleared of everything touched or used by Lockhart and was ready for the new professor to use.

After watching that the Headmaster turns to the students and says, "due to recent events all Defense classes for today have been canceled." So said he sits back down and lunch proceeds as if it was never interrupted.

Of course there was much talk among both the students and staff about what had just happened
and what it all meant.

It was the next day that the real shocking news came out. It turns out that Gilderoy Lockhart not only never did anything he said he did but that he also illegally memory charmed the real people who had. The paper continued to report that he was currently waiting for his trial but that there was a good chance he would become an inmate of Azkaban.

Though they didn't say anything the second years walked around with huge grins on their face. They were extremely pleased with both themselves and their actions. It didn't really help that as everyone was leaving breakfast the day the news got out that Professor Snape said, "ten points to all four houses," while looking directly at the second years that were near him.

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Revealing Marauders

Date: Second Year, Late April

Harry was walking through the library in order to get to the private room he often claimed as his. As he got to it he noticed that it was already occupied, by the Weasley Twins. The fact that they were trying to be hush hush about things caught his amusement and so instead of quickly making his presence known he waited to see what they were talking about. Which came to a head when he head them say, "the Marauders did something similar."

Harry stopped at that, which caused them to notice him and then look up at him. Before they could say anything Harry muttered, "Progs, Padfoot, Moony, and Wormtail."

They blink at that and then their faces get identical big grins on them. "Now how Harrykins would someone like you know names such as that."

Harry gives them equally big grins before saying, "well, let me just say I have some insider information."

"Oooh," the twins gasp out, "it looks like little Harrykins is keeping secrets. That's very naughty we think."

Harry laughs, "of course I have secrets, many you will not know about. But this one," a pause, "this one I think I might be willing to share. Though not here."

The two clearly begin talking to each other with their eyes. Agreement made they say, "how about we meet in two hours in the sitting room right by our offices."

"Perfect. See you then." Harry then chuckles before saying, "it will let me finish the homework I have. The bloody potions assignment I have to do is driving me nuts." So said he shakes his head and goes to his table to begin the work.

8888

When Harry walked into the room at the appointed time he found that the twins were already there. They were sitting on a couch whose appearance and design seemed to be from centuries past. They were chatting about one of their future plans when Harry arrived.

"Oh hey, have you been here long." Harry says with a smile as he sits down on the chair in front of them.

"Nah, we got here a few minutes ago ourselves." Fred says.

"So Harrykins are you ready to tell us how you have heard of those names." George asks.

"As we know I do know those names how about I ask you first, how did you come to learn about them." Harry asks with a smile.

The two look at each other, and then after a few moments of silent communication, they say. "In our second year we discovered and then procured a special map in Filch's office."
"Wait, you found the Maurader's Map, that is brilliant, they had lost it in their seventh year." Harry says a bit shocked.

"Now don't leave us in suspense Harrykins, tell us what you know."

Harry laughs before saying, "okay fine. So the truth is I know about them because my father and his friends were the Marauders." A pause. "My father James was Prongs, Remus Lupin is Moony, Sirius Black is Padfoot, and Peter Pettigrew was Wormtail."

The two look at Harry in shock for a moment before they drop to their knees while shouting, "we're not worthy, we're not worthy."

Harry laughs, "get up guys, I'm just the son of the Marauders not actually one of them." All three laugh even more, though eventually Harry says, "that said, I do have access to a source of information you don't - and that is one of the Marauders, the one called Moony."

"Really that is cool." Fred says then stops as he thinks of something.

Which is picked up by George a second later who says, "do you think we could write to him, maybe ask some questions."

Harry shrugs with that question, "I don't see why not, but you have to keep it a secret. I think I was not really supposed to have contact with him, for reasons unknown. But he probably would enjoy talking about the past, I know he does when I ask, it has a lot of good memories for him you see."

The twins nod at that and though they don't say it they consider the general events that happened afterward - two Marauders are dead and one is in jail. After a moment Fred says, "its not just pranks we want to talk to him about actually. See we noticed some spells on the map that we wanted to ask him about."

George then speaks after a pause, "oh, by the way, do you want the map, since it honestly belongs to you."

Harry shakes his head, "nah you can continue to use it, though I do reserve the right to utilize it when I need to." They nod at that. "Plus when you graduate I want you to give it to me."

"Will do," the two say without hesitation.

Fred then hands the map over to Harry why saying, "so you can look over it."

George then tilts his head, "do you know the code to activate it."

"I solemnly swear I'm up to no good," Harry says while holding the map. Not a moment after he finishes speaking the ink blots start appearing on the parchment as a map of the school starts appearing.

"Nifty," is the comment that both of the twins say at that.

"So did you guys find anything else from them," Harry wonders.

"Yeah actually, one other thing, a journal that has their pranks written out. It has an index which we can look up to find the pranks they did." The two smile after this. "We have chosen to mostly not do anything they did, as we figure its more fun to make our own pranks." A pause then, "but we did kind of break that rule a few times for those pranks which were really good."
Harry laughs at that before saying curiously, “does it say whose book it was?”

"Yeah, Moony, which makes it all the better for us that he is the one you are in contact with." The twins say with a laugh.

"Oh nice, I will have to tell him about it." Harry then pauses. "Did you think about adding your own pranks to the back of the notebook for the next generation."

"Yeah actually, funny enough the journal itself had a note where it requested that we do that. We wrote a couple dozen so far, though we have kept many others secret." Fred says.

"That's actually really cool," Harry says with a smile as he pauses. "So, do you have any interesting pranks or related stories that you want to tell me. We have some time before dinner and I would love to hear about it."

The two smile at that, look at each other, and then begin waxing poetically of some of the pranks they did over the last four years. In the end all three considered it a really fun and productive use of their time.

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As they reached a lull in the conversation Harry got a look on his face, which led to Remus saying, "I know that look Harry, its one that means more work for me." A pause then, "what do you want?"

A laugh, the Harry says "oh don't give me that, you know you like it. You would be bored out of your mind otherwise."

The two laugh a bit before Remus says, "okay seriously, so what is it that you need from me?"

"Well I have been thinking about how Hagrid was framed. I would like to fix that."

Nod. Nod. "How blatant do you wish your presence to be?"

"Not much actually, at least not for why he is innocent. If I get involved then awkward questions will be asked that I do not want to answer."

"Understood," a pause as Remus gives a side grin, "and honestly I agree. Okay, so the next question becomes how manipulative do you want to be?"

"As far as possible without us going down a dark path," is Harry's answer as he gazes at Remus through the mirror.

"Okay, understood. Are you willing to get the Weasley's involved in this operation?"

Harry tilts his head in thought, "maybe. I guess I would say I am not against it."

Nod at that, "understood." A pause then, "we could use the fact that it was Miss Weasley who opened the chamber this time to make the question of who opened it fifty years ago."

"Would the Weasley's be willing to assist in that?" Harry asks curiously.

"Yes, especially if its phrased as part of the process to deal with what Miss Weasley had done," is Remus' answer on that. He continues soon afterward with, "all we need is the opening and then I can get all the proxies to begin asking the appropriate questions."

"Perfect," Harry says with a grin on that suggestion. "Now I don't need this tomorrow or anything but do start immediate. In truth consider this a medium duration project."

"Duly noted," Remus says with a smile and a nod at that. After a pause he says, "so, since I have you here, how are classes going?" Which leads to twenty minutes worth of friendly conversation before Harry had to leave in order to head to a dueling club meeting.

"So I looked over the situation and the evidence does not support the actions that were taken," says Senior Auror Eugene Banks.
Amelia Bones, the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, nodded in agreement at that. "Yes, I concur. It was clear that they took the statement from one Tom Marvolo Riddle as proof over what Rubeus Hagrid said."

"Probably because the former was a wizard of good standing and the later is a not-so-secret half giant," is Banks response. "No matter how ignorant such a comment truly is."

Bones gives a smile, a rare one from her, at the added comment. "Exactly. Unfortunately, our own time is no better. If the true culprit hadn't been revealed then Hagrid was going to be arrested once again."

Banks nods at that before saying, "do you believe the rumors that say the Dark Lord was none other than the Riddle fella?"

Bones leans back in her chair with a thoughtful look on her face. "It seems so. Though I find myself at a loss on how to use that fact."

"I don't think we are supposed to," Banks says in response. "Rather I think its seeded information so that we think on matters further." A pause then, "but I am pretty sure its accurate."

"I know it is," is Madam Bones' answer, "for I asked Gringotts and their silence was as useful as when they speak."

"Well then that means Hagrid was framed by Riddle all those years ago. His charges fake, his trial a farce, him being expelled from Hogwarts wrong, and his wand being snapped a travesty of justice." A pause, "what do we do to correct that?"

"I have already begun hearing some voices speaking up in the Wizenemgot on this case. I say we support them in the various minor ways that we can. I say we support them in the various minor ways that we can." A pause then, "unfortunately minor is what this is. Though Hagrid deserves our support the truth is that with everything going on in our Monarch-less Empire it is difficult to focus on justice for him."

"There are a number of Houses in the Wizenemgot that I have been hearing discussions on how they are open to assisting the Aurors. We might get some of them to push us looking at some of the old cases to better get justice."

"Do it," is Bones response.

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"Beyond their wish for us to support them in the economic bill they want us to approve going over certain old cases in light of new information," says Chancellor Anna Buck.

Lucius Malfoy leans back as he thinks over the situation and how he wants to handle it. Especially in light of the failure of his Diary plot, which still stung. "It seems a small price to pay for the economic and political benefits we get if the Landshire bill passes." A breath. "Support it for I see little way for it to harm House Malfoy."

"As you wish sir," is Buck's response to that as she makes notes on a document before she moves to the next topic of conversation.

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“Lord Potter,” says Chancellor Aquarius Black over a mirror call, “pardon my direct messaging to you but there was something I wanted to inform you personally of.”
Harry nods at that, “of course, go ahead.” A pause, “also no apology necessary as I trust you all to know when you should go through Remus and when you should come to me personally.” Another pause, “so what’s up?”

A nod at that before he gets serious, leading him to say, “it is about the nature of the Ministry looking over old cases and the potential of them reexamining that of Sirius Black.” A pause, “unfortunately there is no potential for that.”

A tilt of the head and a widening of the eyes, “but why?”

“It seems that Sirius was declared guilty using one of the war time laws passed by Crouch and Bagnold. To investigate the matter would require a direct act of the Wizenemgot after you, personally, made the proposal.”

“Which would require me to announce my presence as a reigning Head,” Harry says with a nod. “Which is not something I will do at this immediate time, though maybe next summer if I have to.”

A shake of the head, “okay thanks for the direct heads up on the situation and please continue to investigate the matter.” A pause, “oh, since you are here, what in Merlin’s name is keeping the proposal for the establishment of a Committee of Endangered Witches and Wizards still in traction.”

Aquarius shakes his head at that before launching into a deep description of why certain factions are supporting it, and what he and his allies are doing to stop it. Between that topic, and a few others, it is almost an hour later before the mirror call is ended.

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"House Lestrange will support the Aurors looking back at old cases if they check over the Silverstine matter as well," says Chancellor Damien Wallows to his counterpart in the Ministry.

Which was Kingsley Shacklebolt, an Auror who was given the task this particular day, "I know that case, wasn’t it pretty open and shut."

"No, not at all. That is why my House wishes for it to be looked over. William Silverstine was falsely accused due to the enemies he had made."

"From my lessons wasn’t it the Potters he betrayed?" Kingsley comments with an eye raise.

Damien nods slightly at that as he fully expected that question. "William Silverstine had been betrothed to Elizabeth Hanse, a cadet branch of House Potter. He broke the compact and tried to run away to be with his true lover August Lestrange. At some point a fight broke out that led to the death of Elizabeth's brother Henry. William has been in Azkaban for the last sixteen years due the trumped up charges."

"And you would like us to look into the matter, to investigate if he was guilty or not?"

"Yes, Lord August Lestrange would like his lover back if possible."

A nod then, "No promises of course but I will see what I can do. Especially if, and this is a big IF, he is innocent."

"As said you will have the House Lestrange vote on the Hagrid situation as long as you investigate the Silverstine case." A pause then, “we are not requiring that Silverstine be released first, just that you open an honest investigation onto the matter.”

Not long afterward the meeting ends.
"So I have been informed that House Lestrange would support the measure as long as we approve the Aurors investigating the case of one William Silverstine." Remus says to Harry through mirror call.

Harry blinks at that bit of news. "Well isn't that interesting. How does this effect me and is either this William Silverstine or the Lestrange he is connected with Death Eaters?"

"No to them being Death Eaters, the records are firm on that. As for how it effects you, well there is this long complicated love triangle plus familial entanglement between August Lestrange, William Silverstine, and siblings Elizabeth and Henry Hanse, the later two being scions of House Potter. William was betrothed to Elizabeth but truly loved August so he broke her heart. Due to events later on Henry was supposedly killed by William who has been in Azkaban ever since."

"Oh, wow. Is this my father's generation or grandfather's?" Harry asks curiously.

"Grandfather. Honestly, we were third year Gryffindor's when it happened and weren't involved."

"Did my father care for Elizabeth and Henry," a pause, "and what happened to her in its aftermath?"

"No, not really. They are extended cousins a few ways distant for all that they are House Potter. She lives in a Potter hundred in the Netherlands and is quite removed from Potter authority." A pause, “additional her responses to our greetings have been less than welcoming, the truth is she doesn’t even care."

Harry nods then hums a bit in thought before saying, "so is there any social, political, economic, or magical reason I shouldn't support House Lestrange in their effort?" A pause. "Besides the whole 'Lestrange is evil and I hate then' trope." Which gets a grin on the last part.

"No, not really. We wouldn't loose face and if Silversteine is really innocent then we are aiding in justice being done." A shrug then, "we also really don't hold any supernal loyalty to Elizabeth, especially since as I said she has basically ignored your re-entrance into polite society."

"Right. Good to know." Harry then stops as he thinks about things. Even taking the time to check the stored memories on his Head Ring to see if there is anything he is missing. Which he could tell there wasn't anything. "Well then, I see no reason not to support the idea of investigating whether the man is innocent. If he is guilty then he can stay in jail but if he is not, then he should be freed."

"Understood," Remus says with a nod as he writes things down. He then turns to the mirror and says, "well with the Lestrange support added to the rest we already have it should be a simple matter for us to get Hagrid his wand rights back."

"Sounds good." A smile then, "so what is next on the agenda for us to go over?" The two chuckle a bit before continuing the business conversation.

"So how does it feel Hagrid?" Harry says to his friend as he sits in his cabin a few weeks later.

"Wicked Harry, wicked," is Hagrid's happy gushing comment. "I cast a spell in the middle of the Great Hall and I wasn't yelled at, it was brilliant."

"Awesome Hagrid, good on you," is what Harry says to that. "So what happens next?"
Hagrid blushes at the complement before saying, "well, as I a bit too old to attend Hogwarts the Ministry is paying for me to have tutors to expand my magical skills." A pause as he smiles then, "with the goal for me to take my OWLs and NEWTs in the next few years in order for me to get a mastery in magical creatures and related subjects."

"I am quite happy for you Hagrid. It was a travesty what happened to you, one now corrected," Harry says.

Hagrid reaches over and hugs Harry, quite gently compared to his big size. "Thank you Harry." After the hug finishes they spend the next twenty minutes talking about the events that happened when Hagrid was called to the Ministry.

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Choosing Classes

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Date: Second Year, Mid May

Arriving at Professor McGonagall’s door at his scheduled time for the meeting he knocked on it, so she knew he was present. A second later he heard a "come in" from her and so made his way into the office and sat in the chair.

He waited patiently as she looked through the various paperwork on her desk till she found his. Which he could tell as it had his name inscribed on the cover. When she was ready she began with, "So Mr Potter let us discuss your thoughts on the electives you make take for your third year."

"Sure Professor. Let us see, I can firmly say I have no interest in taking either Muggle Studies or Divination. As a muggle raised wizard I'm pretty sure I could teach the class myself, so it wouldn't be useful."

"That is true Mr Potter, useful thinking on that. And Divination?"

"I don't have the gift as I have never had a vision of the future or a moment of absolute clarity. Now while I do know that the class also teaches the history of divination and goes over the many different types of practices that exist I do not believe in the future I will decide a friendship, vote, or business deal based on tea reading or card analysis." Harry stops for a second. "So yeah, there is no point in my taking that class."

"Good to hear Mr Potter, and while I won't speak ill of another professor, I can say that I agree with you on the general usefulness of a course where you either have the gift for it or you don't. I'm glad you didn't fall into taking it for the fact that its easy." McGonagall says with a bit of a smile. She than slightly changes the subject by saying, "and the other classes."

"Care of Magical Creatures would come in handy I think. I seem to run into creatures both peaceful and monstrous all the time and knowing how to work with or handle then would be handy." Seeing her look and unspoken question on what creatures, Harry continues. "In first year I heard a lot from Hagrid about dragons."

“Ah yes, the dragon. For all that I wasn’t involved I was informed of the basic facts about the situation.”

Harry laughed a bit. “Yeah, that was interesting. It seems that Quirell sold Hagrid the dragon egg in order to learn about Fluffy, the Cerberus which was protecting the corridor. My friends and I learned about it and contacted Charlie Weasley who works on a dragon preserve to take it."

Shaking her head at some of the facts she hadn’t been informed of, she then breathes out. "Any other magical creatures that year?"

"Yes, I also met a unicorn after one was injured. Needless to say while the meet up with the creature was interesting the situation could have been handled a bit better."

She nods for Harry to continue, which he does. "This year I learned that I can speak to snakes and
what it means, and how useful such a talent could be." Seeing McGonagall's confusion Harry explains further. "It seems parseltongue doesn't just apply to snakes but all such kin, including reptiles and even dragons. With some practice of course."

"That is a useful and interesting ability there." A pause as she thinks about it. "So does that mean you will be investigating all that you can use the ability for."

"Yes Professor, I think it might come in handy. I must say most snakes I have spoken to have been pretty nice to me. They are lovely creatures." Is Harry's answer.

"Right so you like Care of Magical Creatures, what about the other subjects."

"Arithmancy is both useful and interesting, especially in its many applications in spell weaving, runic crafting, and ward scribing. Knowing the fundamental mathematical patterns within organized magic is something that I want to do."

"Quite Mr Potter, I can see your passion is already lit by the idea of it. Now on to the final option, Runic Studies. So what do you think about that class?"

"Its both practical and theoretical. By studying runes I can learn about powered matricies in enchanting and ward creation. Even outside of the use on a ward basis knowing the languages of runes and how they are set up in various endeavors would be useful if I find myself needing to deal with them."

"Quite right Mr Potter, quite right. Nice logical thinking on what sort of subjects." A pause as she stops to look down on her notes. "Looking at your grades over the last two years, which sees you as the top student in your whole year you could get into any of the classes you want. So did you want all three of them or just pick two."

"All three I think would be good. I am pretty sure I could do it without overdoing myself. I have excellent time management and note taking abilities which help that. Even with me playing Quidditch I know that three additional classes are not too much for me to handle." Harry says with a smile as he looks at his professor.

"Good to hear. Well then as I don't see any issues with your choices or reasoning than I will sign you up for those three classes. I do believe we are done here for now Mr Potter, so have a good afternoon."

"You too Professor, and thank you for the help." Which Harry says as he gets up and heads out of the office.

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It was around the end of second year and Harry and Hermione were sitting in the common room. Harry turned to her and said, "so what classes were you thinking of taking next year."

She blinked and said, "all of them."

"What why," Harry said in shock and wait for her to turn to him before continuing. "First, why would you need muggle studies, you're muggle raised."

"It would be interesting to see what wizards think about muggles," is her answer.

"So go to the Professor and ask for the book list and do a partial independent study. You could always take the OWLs and NEWTs if you want without the class itself." A pause. "Honestly, from what I read, they are three or four decades behind."
"Oh," a pause, "I would get frustrated wouldn't I." She smiles at Harry's vigorous nodding. She then asks, "is that what you are going to do, self study in order to take the exams."

"Yes, on all the OWLs and NEWTs they offer at the Ministry but not here at Hogwarts," is Harry's response.

It's Dean who then speaks up, "sorry for intruding but what other exams do the Ministry offer that Hogwarts doesn't teach."

It is Hermione who answers with, "there are 26 exams, the twelve classes Hogwarts offer plus Magic Theory, Healing Studies, Flying, Physical Education, Fine Arts, Language Studies, Duelling, Dark Arts, Warding, Geomancy, Magical Craftsmanship, Estate Management, Politics and Law, and Teaching."

Dean looks at Harry, "are you planning on taking all of those exams."

Harry shakes his head, "no probably not, at least I haven't decided to do that right now but who knows." Here he gives a shrug, "the point I'm trying to make Hermione is that it's pointless to take the Muggle Studies course when you lived in the muggle world and know it by heart."

At this point Neville interrupts with a smile, "I say the same for Divination as well. Unless you have it there is no need for it and if you have the ability then you probably don't need it either." Here he shrugs. "Honestly, getting books on the subject and reading through them would be just as useful for most magicals."

Harry nods at that, clearly in full agreement.

Dean then asks, "so what subjects are you taking."

"Arithmancy, Care of Magical Creatures, and Runic Studies as all three are both useful and interesting. How about you Neville."

"Runes and Care, both have some use in the advanced Herbology I enjoy. What did you sign up for Dean?"

"Arithmancy and Runes, I'm not big on animals actually."

"Nobody should or needs to take five subjects, two for most and three for us overachievers. I think you should take the same three I'm taking, you simply do not need Divination or Muggle Studies."

Hermione bites her lip thinking about it, so Harry sweetens the pot a little by saying, "How about this, I promise you can join me when I research the two subjects we are not taking, so you truly don't have to worry about missing anything."

She nods at that, she likes study and revision. "Fine, I will tell Professor McGonagall at dinner. I know she will be pleased by the change, she didn't really like the fact I wanted to take all."

"Which I'm not surprised by," Harry remarks.

They are then interrupted by a Ron coming up to them after finishing a chess match with Henry, "dinner, did someone say dinner, I'm hungry."

"You're always hungry, but not really as its not yet time." Harry says with a laugh, then he asks. "We were actually talking about electives for next year. What did you take."

"Care and Divination," Ron says, "the later since I heard it's easy."
At this point Percy comes by shaking his head before saying, "maybe for now Ron but not the OWLs or NEWTs, they are difficult and require study."

"Oh," Ron says displeased by that as Percy gives him a nod and walks off. Ron then turns towards Harry and asks, "so what do you recommend?"

"I think for you Care and Muggle Studies, you might find the later interesting. As I said to the others I'm taking Arithmancy, Care, and Runic Studies. Most of us have Care so we will be in that together."

Nodding at that, Ron then says, "okay, sure. I'll talk to McGonagall tonight at dinner." A pause. "Hey, why don't we find Seamus, I think he said he was reading a book, and go to dinner."

The group laughs, and then shrugs, and then begins moving to do just that.

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Chapter End Notes

Hey all, so for the record my version of Arithmancy is not divination by numbers but rather the magical use of numbers in spell weaving and ritual casting. Obviously more information about this will come in future books, I just wanted to make that clarification now! :)
"Hey Hermione," Harry says out of the blue one day as they are studying in the room he claimed in the covenant sanctum.

"Yes Harry," she says with an eyebrow raise while continuing to go over her assignment.

Laughing a bit he says, "I should call you Spock as that eyebrow raise was such a perfect Vulcan act."

Giggling herself at the muggle reference, she then says, "seriously though, what do you need."

"I wanted to let you borrow this wizarding tent for the summer," Harry says with a smile.

Blinking at the random offer, "while I thank you for that I'm not sure I need it, as I'm not going camping."

"You don't need it for camping, its useful for something else," Harry comments with a smile.

"Okay, and that would be," she does the brow raise.

"First, take it and put it on the ground. Then tap it with a wand in the white square pattern on the top corner. Don't cast magic into it, just tap it. Once you do that go inside for a second." Is what Harry says without really answering.

So she does, without question, as she does trust Harry. The tent opens and sets itself up so that its fully inflated in a moment. She then opens the flap and heads inside. Harry hears the gasp as she does so but nothing else.

A moment later she comes back out awe on her face. "I read about wizard space before but this is the first time I actually saw it in such a blatant way." A pause after that. "So what was the point, not that it wasn't nifty to see."

"Well," Harry says with a drawl. He then stops and changes focus, "so what do you know about the restriction on the use of underage magic."

"That it unfairly targets muggleborn students since its easy to detect the single use of magic when there is nobody else around that could have done it." Is Hermione's prompt answer. She then continues, "the underlying idea behind it is a logical one even as its implementation is not."

Harry grins at that, "So you know the trace only works to detect magic in an area right."

"Yes which is why purebloods can do magic. One can't tell whether its the student or the parent and so nothing happens."

"You do realize that most purebloods do use magic over the summer, right."

"Yes, unfortunately I do. Ron doesn't advertise the fact but he has mentioned it before. I also realized that those purebloods wearing a Scion or Heir Ring are also immune to the trace, the rings
stop trace from working."

"That's good to know," a pause, "then you should also know that doing magic within a magical matrix does not activate the trace." Harry then grins. "And it's entirely legal for a magical to own or possess magic items even in a muggle residence. Obviously they have to keep said magic secret if the muggles do not know about magic, but your parents do which means the restrictions are lessoned."

"Which is a good thing as it wouldn't be fair of me to keep my parents completely in the dark on my studies," Hermione says as her mind is working out all the details. She then gasps and says, "are you saying that if I bring the tent home and do magic inside of it I won't set off the trace."

"That's exactly what I am saying," is Harry's absolutely wide grin. "I have one too, as a note, so don't feel like me letting you use this takes away from my ability to do the same exact thing."

Hermione grins at that, "thank you. Then yes, I will take and use the tent. There are a number of rooms I can put it in that won't cause attention to it." The smile turns even wider. "I can actually practice my magic, oh this will be such a splendid summer."

She then moves closer and hugs Harry in thanks.

Laughing and smiling Harry says, "no problem on that. Enjoy it Hermione but don't just spend all your summer studying and practicing."

"I won't Harry, as you know our family often goes to France for a a week or two during the summer. Other than that my parents still work and so I spend time at home studying and reading and now I'm going to be doing magic."

Harry nods, "so speaking of reading, what did you think of the four options we need to select to next read for our book club." Which starts a thirty minute discussions on the pros and cons of all four books for the next half hour.

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A little while later, while talking to Remus about various matters, Harry says. “So I gave Hermione the smaller wizard tent I purchased, so she could do magic this summer.” Once Remus gives him a nod of understanding he continues, “and she made a good point. See we talked about the underage restriction on magic and she mentioned that she didn’t object to the policy, just how it was implemented.”

With a grin on his face Remus says, “let me guess you wish for some research on maybe alternatives for a blanket ban on summer magics.”

Harry laughs at that while nodding, “actually yes. Though I didn’t mean I wanted you to personally research it, you are quite busy after all.”

“Understood, and honestly, I wasn’t going to do it personally. More than likely I would have chosen a Sage based team to analyze it as they like that sort of thing.”

“Good to know Remus,” Harry says with a smile. He then tilts his head in thought, “did you have to follow the policy during your time at Hogwarts.”

“It still existed yes, has been present for centuries actually, but it was not as enforced in my time. Its main enforcement came more recently, in the time after Riddle was vanquished by, well, you.”

Nodding his head at that Harry states, “that actually makes sense considering what Petunia said.”
“Oh, what did she say? Also, I thought she didn’t speak about magic.”

“She doesn’t, not really. But there have been a few conversations since I got my Hogwarts letters that indicated her knowledge of magical lore was greater than what she pretended it was.” A shake of the head, “anyway she mentioned her sister practicing magic over the summer, including transfiguration and charms.”

A nod at that, “you know I never really thought about it before but since we learned your grandparents were Magicals it makes sense she would be able to. The Ministry would not be able to track whether it was her or it was them who cast the magic, and so the trace would be ignored.”

“Oh right,” a laugh, “that does make sense. So it was basically a combination of timing, the world was a bit freer then, and situation, there was magic in her house, which allowed it. Nifty.”

“Speaking of Lily,” Remus then asks, “any luck on unweaving her spellwork on the box.”

“Not really no,” Harry says with enjoyment at its difficulty. “I got through the first few layers and all I found for my troubles was a note from her telling me good job and good luck.” Harry then laughs and says, “from what I could tell the note was enchanted like the Marauder’s Map, it knew I was her son. Otherwise I’m pretty sure the message is a bit harsher than ‘good luck’.”

“Oh that is brilliant Harry. Well,” he then laughs before saying, “good luck on that and I look forward to hearing how it develops further.”

“Will do, will do. Oh, so what is this thing with House Craft?”

Which leads the two to a half hour long discussion on said events which then turn into a two hour conversation about various other matters and topics, both professional and personal.

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Bonding Dobby

Date: Second Year, Early June

Harry was sitting comfortably in the office he considered his. Arrayed on the desk around his leather couch seat was a number of books, this time on magical creatures in general and house elves in particular. He had spent the last few weeks gathering the information and the last three hours connecting it all together.

He figured he had enough of an understanding on the topic to not foul it up. Especially after he had been contacted by Remus earlier in the day to inform him the deal had been signed successfully.

Which is why he said, in a clear voice to the empty room, "Dobby."

A pop was heard and then the house elf arrived.

"Dobby was called by the great Harry Potter. What can Dobby be doing for him." The little elf says with a shake and a smile.

"Hello Dobby. I figured you would come when I called. How are you doing."

"Dobby is honored that the great Harry Potter asked for him." The smile goes even wider. "Dobby is doing great sir. Dobby is enjoying his freedom."

"That is great to hear Dobby, I am happy for you. Now Dobby, after meeting you I began a project to learn more about your race. What surprised me was that house elves need to bond to either magicals or wizarding institutions in order to keep their magic. So I wanted to make sure you were okay."

He got a wail and a hug at his feet for his statement, then Dobby says. "The great Harry Potter is concerned for Dobby." Then he nods firmly, his ears flopping about. "Dobby is doing great right now. Dobby built up enough power to sustain him for a while before he needs to bond for new magic."

Harry smiles at that. "So you are taking a vacation. That is great Dobby, I am happy that you are taking time to enjoy life."

Nod. Nod. "Though Dobby likes it for now, he is also going to like bonding and having a family again."

"I can understand that, which is why I want to make an offer to you." Harry says with a big smile. "If you want to, I would be more than willing and happy to bond with you. To welcome you into what will hopefully grow into a big family."

"Ooh Dobby would love that. Dobby doesn't think there would be anything greater than him being the great Harry Potter's house elf. Dobby will be the bestest house elf ever!" He says while jumping up and down in excitement.

"I know you will, I have no doubt about that at all Dobby. That said there are some things you need to know." He pauses as Dobby nods happy to listen. "The first is that we will have to decide on a proper uniform, we shall make sure you look the best! The second is that there is more to life
then just work, so not only will you take time off you will also get a galleon a week so you may buy yourself things. Can you accept these conditions."

"Oh yes great master Harry Potter sir, Dobby can and does. Dobby knows you will be good to Dobby and that while he might be bored now he will later have lots and lots of work to do!" Then a pause. "Dobby will use the monies to buy socks, Dobby likes socks!"

"Good for you Dobby, that sounds great. So, what is the next step here."

"Dobby will reach out with his magic and touch Harry Potter's core, once sir feels it then he should state his acceptance. Then poof, Dobby will be the bonded elf of the great master Harry Potter."

"Thank you Dobby, if you are ready, please begin." Which as soon as Harry finished saying that he could feel Dobby reach out with his magic, wrapping it around the magical core of both Harry Potter as a wizard and Harry Potter as a lord of a Great House.

When he felt it at reached the appropriate strength level Harry then began speaking. "I Lord Harold James Potter, both wizard and Head of the Utmost Ancient and Noble House of Potter do accept Dobby as his bonded house elf. So mote it be!"

The magic accepts the oath with a bam and a whirl, and where once Dobby stood in a tea towel he was now in a nicely embroidered and perfectly fitted toga-like robe containing the crest of the House of Potter. It was a beautiful uniform, one perfectly fitting the retinue of House Potter.

The awed "oooh," from Dobby gets a firm nod in agreement from Harry. He hadn't expected the uniform to be transformed magically just from the bond, though he found he liked it quite a lot.

"Well," Harry says with a smile, "that looks like it went well doesn't it." He stops to grin widely when Dobby starts shaking his head in full agreement. He then continues, "right, so some official statements to get them done with."

A quick smile before he continues. "I, the Lord Potter, do give you, Dobby, permission to take out funds from my House vaults in order to establish, update, and maintain our standard of living. Further, I grant Dobby the authority to serve as an intermediate when it comes to passing official communications between myself and my Houses, those my Houses have business with, and Gringotts Bank, especially my Account Manager. Finally, I grant permission for Dobby to enter the wards of my holdings in order for him to complete his duties and tasks. So mote it be." The magic is then felt by those in the room as it goes out and modifies some of the wards of all his holdings and the documents listed in Gringotts on who may serve as message bearers for the House of Potter.

Dobby gives Harry a great grin before saying, "Dobby thinks that is all that needs to be done magically speaking right now." A pause. "What would the great Harry Potter like Dobby to do first."

"Well, I think we should get to know each other a bit before you go off to work on some tasks. That said once you head off please visit Remus, who is my High Seneschal, so he could put you in touch with all the proper officials. I guess, with me still here, you could work with him as his unofficial temporary semi-assistant.” He then stops to think about things before continuing. “I guess before you do that why don’t you pop to my private and personal areas of my various holdings. When we next meet you can share with me the thoughts you have on them.” Then he stops and gives Dobby a serious look before saying, "I do not want you cleaning or fixing things up beyond the simplest of magics. The point is that you will give me a direct eye on what the holdings look like and so we can decide what to do from there."
"Dobby understands and will follow sir's meaning." A slight bashful smile. "Dobby will enjoy visiting all the new places that Dobby has the authority to go to, it will be fun!"

"Good. I am glad you will enjoy that task." Harry stops for a second. "So, let us discuss other things. If you feel up to it, I would like to know more about you Dobby, personally that is." Which is what they did for the next hour, which was all that Harry could spare, though it was quite fun.

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"Do you have any house elves," Hermione asks as the small group studies.

"Yeah, a few thousand in fact, between all my Houses I have pretty much the largest collection of them actually," Harry answers without really focusing on who asked the question.

Neville sighs and mumbles under his breath, "oh there she goes."

"What," Hermione raged, "I cant believe that of you, it's wrong."

That got Harry's attention, "whats wrong," asked while finally looking up from the book he was reading.

"House elf slavery, that's whats wrong. You need to free them, like immediately," Hermione rants. Shaking his head, "why would I do that Hermione."

"You own them. Freeing them is the only right action." She declares. “Slavery is bad!”

Blinking at her Harry puts the book aside and looks at her. "While I do not condone slavery, on this topic may I ask did you actually research about it or are you using your muggle experience."

"I looked it up, but the information doesn’t seem that complete, there is a lot of missing pieces and random theories that well seem quite dodgy." Is what Hermione says onto his question.

Harry laughs, an honest laugh. Shaking his head he goes, "only you Hermione."

"What do you mean. Why are you laughing."

It's the twins that answer, with George speaking first. "He is laughing because on one hand you are truly knowledgeable about our world, our culture."

“But then on the other hand you throw out these one-off comments that seem too indicate you don’t even seem to know anything.”

“Which is bizarre because we KNOW you know what you are talking about most of the time.”

“But its like you don’t choose to listen on particular points.”

Harry nods at them. "Yep, that's why. It's not a conspiracy, what the books say on this is true. Why the ones you read are incomplete I don’t know but I could get you some of my House books on the topic to read. Anyway, a long time ago they had their own separate civilization, it was quite a big one too. Then out of the blue for reasons nobody has ever been able to figure out they got a disease that ruined their magical core. By binding themselves to magical people, Houses, or institutions their core stabilizes and they live. Without the bond they begin decaying, which over a year or so would lead to death." Harry stops. "I won't free them, I adore them too much to sentence then to death because on the outside it looks like slavery."
"Same with House Longbottom," Neville says, “our elves are more like family members than even some of our actual family members.”

"House Zabini agrees with House Longbottom and House Potter," Blaise says from his reading nook.

Harry nods with respect are his fellows and then turns towards Hermione and says. "Hermione, you’re my friend and I respect you a great deal but how is it that you have come so far in knowing of the magical world and yet still automatically presume that so much of it is a conspiracy theory.”

A pause, “especially since you know Albion as it stands were built by King Arthur and Merlin the Archmagus, individuals who were backed by Magic and the Divinities.”

Hermione opens her mouth then closes it firmly. She then sighs, deeply, before nodding. “I’m sorry guys.”

A pause, “honestly, to answer the question I first learned about them last year before we really all began the thing we do and so my references for it were a lot less thorough then they are now. I just never thought to double check the facts since then, since so many other matters have gone on.”

“That makes sense,” Harry says with a nod. He then chuckles warmly, “a lot has gone on hasn’t it.” Then a grin, "you know one of these days," a pause and a finger point, “but not today, we should maybe sit down and write out a list of what muggles do and how magicals do it.”

“That sounds fun actually,” Blaise says with a nod, “though as Harry said, not today.”

She grins at that, before getting a focused look on her face, “so you mentioned to research, do you have a reliable way for me to double check your facts.”

In response Harry says simply, "Dobby."

Plop, the house elf appears. "Master Harry asked for his Dobby, what can he be doing for the great master."

"Thanks for coming Dobby. My friend Hermione here was studying magical creatures and was worried about house elves being slaves."  

"Dobby helps his great and kind master's friend." He then turns to her. "House elves have lots and lots of magic but itty bitty cores not strong enough to handle it all due to a plague and disease and curse all in one. To live we bond, tie our magic to master so we don't explode all over the place." Which he shows by waving his arms around as if to mimic bits of him going all over the place. Dobby then pauses and looks at Harry, which nods. "Dobby will show Granger what it feels like to be house elf."

So said, Dobby then reaches out and takes Hermione's hand in his. As he does he lets her feel his magic, his tiny core, and the warm bond with Harry and House Potter which envelops it and makes it so many times larger. She gasps at the feeling and jerks away due to the heavy pressure of it all.

"Thank you Dobby, I'm grateful for you showing me that," she then turns to Harry, "thanks for letting me see it. It gives me much to think about."

Harry just nods while Dobby smiles and says, "Dobby glad to help." He then pops away after getting permission from Harry.

Hermione, still thinking of the situation, asks, “did anyone ever try and figure out the cause of the plague, disease, and curse that effected them?”
“Yes, hundreds of people, including Merlin himself. Though he and his contemporaries figured out the bonding they couldn’t find a way to cure the issue.”

“Hmm,” Hermione says as she nods at that. “Okay thanks Harry for the information. Though I must say I think I am going to look further into it, to see if there is a pattern that might lead to figuring out why it happened.”

Harry nods at that, “it sounds interesting and even if you couldn’t cure it finding out why would still be extremely worthy.” A pause then, “so, what’s next?” Which gets laughter from everyone.
That's a Wrap

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

That's a Wrap

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Date: Second Year, Mid June

As they were running Cedric finally asked the question that had been on his mind for a while. "When the year began did you think it would lead to what it led to?"

Harry laughed in good humor at that, "of course not." A pause then, "I will admit to you that I figured something would happen I had no idea that it would lead to what it led to."

"You freed a prisoner, got Hagrid his wand rights back, discovered the Chamber of Secrets, and caused the arrest of a writer. All in the span of a single school year."

"Thanks Cedric," Harry says with a laugh, "for outlining it for me. I mean if you hadn't then how would I have known what I did this year."

A wide grin and a laugh, "oh look you have even become more sarcastic than you were. Cheeky too."

The two laugh again but then after they calm down Harry says, "it was brilliant. A very successful year I would say." A pause then, "and I got two pretties out of the deal."

Cedric nods at that before gesturing towards his arm saying, "where are they anyway?"

"Oh they hate running so I leave them in the dorm or one of my lounges. I pick them up after my shower." A pause then, "well I pick up Loki, Isis is too big for me to take to class. Not that my year mates mind."

"So cool. Well, you are lucky to have them, especially since you can talk to them," Cedric says with a nod. "I wouldn't mind having a familiar that I could talk to." A shake of the head on that, "anyway, so what are your plans for this summer."

"Not sure. Its a mix of study, exploration, and discovery, you know what I do at school except out in the wider world." Which gets a bit of a laugh. When it stops Harry tilts his head and asks, "how about you, what's your summer plans?"

"Father did a really good job in Scandia last summer and so he is going back this summer. Mother and I are joining him for a bit. Another part of the summer is going to be in Africa and the final part back here in Britain."

"Oh that sounds quite nifty, and fun to." Harry then gives a grin as they continue to run as he says, "I look forward to hearing about it."

"As I do hearing about your secret summer adventurers," is Cedric's answering grin as they continue to run.

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As he lays back in the chair within the lounge Harry smiles and says, "we have done wonders this year haven't we."

"Oh yeah," says Blaise with a smile on his face. "I especially enjoy the whole firing of a teacher."

"I concur," Draco says with a laugh, "that was particular fun. The letter from Father after it occurred was particularly enjoyable."

"Oh," Harry says with a look, "are you finally willing to talk about it."

Draco gives him a look but nods, which gets amused glances from the others in the lounge. "He was both pleased with the political actions but 'upset' that I made such far ranging plans without informing him about it."

"Did you respond," Hermione asks curiously.

A nod then, "I informed him that the traditions of Hogwarts meant this was the time for such mini rebellions."

This gets a bunch of laughter from the other pureblood nobles in the year.

"I received something similar," says Daphne with a nod. "Though it was more helpful advice on better ways to undertake such acts without there being links to us."

Harry snorts at that and as the group turn to him he shrugs, "well, why wouldn't we want there to be links to us. Are we worried that Lockhart fans are going to attack us for daring to damage his reputation."

This gets the the rest of the class to laugh at that.

When silence came about Oliver Rivers, an often quiet Ravenclaw spoke up by saying, "well I have to thank you all for the friendships this created. I don't think it would have happened otherwise."

While a number of the other students are nodding in agreement it is Neville who speaks. Saying, "I agree with you on that Oliver. I don't think I have ever made as many friends or have done so much as I did here this year."

"It's brilliant isn't it," Hermione says. "In coming together we know more and can do more and are more than any of us would be individually." A pause then a smirk, "I looked it up our year has beat pretty much every record imaginable for over the last century. We are the best!"

"Go us!," Harry says which garners laughter and yells of praise from all those gathered.

8888

"So Harry how does it feel to finish your second year of Hogwarts?," Remus asks through a mirror call.

Harry laughs at that before explaining, "I have gotten a similar question from a number of others, so its amusing now." A pause then a grin, "but it feels good. This year has been spectacular. Different in some ways than last year but good on its own."

"Well you did take a step into the wider political world of Albion, which is bound to make things different."
"Oh yes, definitely. But it was a good different, especially in how my year worked together so well. That was fun."

"I bet it was," Remus says with a nod. "I have been hearing stories about the vast army of owls that descended on the Ministry bearing all the potential proof they could ever need. It was brilliant in truth."

Harry laughed, "yeah it was, wasn't it. We enjoyed that bit work."

Remus smiles and then grins widely as a thought comes to him. "Oh, I just remembered what I needed to tell you. So Gringotts was successful in their modification of the spell matrix of your wizarding tent. Thanks in part due to the sliver of the Stone you added to it they were able to connect it to the floo network.

"Oh, really, interesting. So how does it work."

"An individual either bearing an Amulet of Office for one of your Houses or coming from Potter Manor is able to floo into the new side chamber they forged." A pause then a wide grin, "what is great is that it doesn't set off any of the local wards since the person is never leaving the magical space."

"Merlin, that is wickedly brilliant. Very cool." A pause then, "how difficult was the work, do you know."

A grin, "from what I know difficult, as in rewriting certain well known theories of floor travel."

"Oh, wow," a grin then, "let us provide bonus payments and or rewards to those who participated in the ritual. It could not have been an easy task at all."

"Understood on that and will work on it." A pause for a moment, "It wasn't, and they are quite proud of their work. Though from what I know they are now seeking to figure out how to give the magical space its own apparation point."

"Really wicked." A pause as Harry thinks, and then with a nod he says, "I want us in on that research and I want it expanded to work on any sort of magical space created."

Wide eyes at that, "okay will do." A shake of the head then, "but the point of me mentioning it is that once you set up the tent at the Dursley's we can physically meet without either of us having to touch the wards."

"That's great Remus, and I can say it's going to be an awesome summer."

8888

Walking out of the great hall after dinner the last event that Harry had expected to happen was for Dumbledore to stop in front of him and speak. "Mr Potter, may I have a moment of your time?"

Harry smiles at that and says, "of course Professor. How can I help you?"

"Its nothing major my dear boy, I just wanted to say you were wonderful this year." A pause, "not only academically, of which you are the top, or athletically at which you won the championship for your house, but also socially, you united your entire year."

"Thank you Professor," Harry says a bit awed on that, "I appreciate it."

"Well you deserve it. I don't believe I have ever seen such unity before, its changing the world." A
smile and then a sigh, which is rare for Dumbledore to give. "I also wanted to say I'm sorry for some of my, let's say, manipulations of years past. I realize now that it was unwarranted and unhelpful and actually seemed to push you away from seeking my help." A pause then, "so I wanted to apologize and say that I will let you make your own decisions from now on."

"Oh, wow, ah, Headmaster, thank you, I don't really know what to say."

"Oh what is this, a speechless Harry Potter," says the smooth voice of Professor Snape coming around the corner.

The Headmaster looks like he was going to reprimand Snape when he gets shocked at Harry's laughter.

"Oh most assuredly Professor, though it is not as rare as you may think. I just usually let my speechlessness occur in the privacy of my room and not a hallway." This is said with a smile and a little bow of the head. He then turns his attention back to the Headmaster and bows even more, "thank you Professor, I appreciate it, and I thank you. I am really pleased to hear you say that."

The Headmaster nods at that with a twinkle in his eye. He then says with a smile in his voice, "you may head off Mr Potter, for I know you have some fun activities planned with the rest of your house."

As soon as Harry leaves Snape nods in Dumbledore's direction and says, "I figured the ice breaker was warranted."

Dumbledore nods, "it was good." A pause as the twinkle appears, "I must compliment you on your positive relation with the lad. Its nice seeing you get along so well with a Potter."

Snape gives an ironic grin and says, "I just look at it as him being Lily's child and not Potter's."

The Headmaster doesn't speak but the twinkle in his eyes grow wider.

8888

As Harry finished telling Charlie about his day Charlie chuckles and says, “so I won’t be like everyone else and ask how it feels to finish another year of school.”

Harry grins at his friend, “thanks Charlie,” he then chuckles. “That said,” which is followed by a wide smile, “I must say it feels a bit bittersweet.”

A nod, “it makes sense Harry,” Charlie then says. “But just think back at Privet Drive you have the freedom to go where you need to go and meet who you need to meet without having to watch your behavior.”

Eyes widen at that before Harry gives a nod, “oh yeah, that’s true. I hadn’t thought of it that way, but your right.” A wide grin, “and its not like I am going to be truly alone.”

Nod. Nod. Then with a tilt of his head Charlie says, “you know that reminds me of how I felt when I moved here to Romania.” Which leads to an almost two hour long conversation, one which was only ended when both wizards were contacted by their physically present friends.

8888

Sitting on a comfortable bench on the Hogwarts Express in the cabin they claimed as theirs, Harry laid his head back and sighed.
"Is everything okay Harry," asks Hermione while playing cards with Ron.

"He's fine," says Luna from where she is reading a book, "he is just relaxing before he goes out and greets the parents and then has to deal with his unfortunate relatives again."

Harry just laughs, "thanks Luna for removing all my mystery. What if I wanted to act like I was brooding or being all plotting. You just threw that out the window."

"Sorry Harry," she says in a tone that says the complete opposite of sorry.

Which gets laughter from those in the room.

It is Neville who speaks, "it is a lot though, so I can understand the sigh." Which he then proves by sighing himself, with a grin.

"Oh wow, so I think I need new friends," Harry says with a grin, one answered by even more laughter. "Seriously though, this was a good year and I am looking forward both to the summer and what comes next." A pause then, "so what are your plans guys?"

Which is the topic of conversation up until the group watches the train pull into the station and come to a stop.

The end of another year!

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Chapter End Notes

So there you have it folks, the complete second book in my alternate saga of Harry Potter. I do hope you have enjoyed this particular ride for there is still much more to be told.

I definitely look forward to comments, thoughts, ideas, etc. Even criticism is appreciated when its helpful. (Especially if one remembers I do not have a beta reader, editing team, nor am I doing this for money or profit.)

I will leave you with this final thought, Year Three of Harry Potter and the Golden Path is written and ready to post. That said I am not sure how long I should wait before starting the posting of it. I don't want to wait to look but at the same time I don't want to upload it immediately either - especially as waiting a bit gives me more time to continue writing Book Four and above. So thoughts on this would be appreciated, though I am thinking maybe start the posting of next book in December while having a certain interlude short story posted mid-November.

Anyway, that's all folks for now and, as I said above, I hope you enjoyed this story and the journey the characters are going on.

Till next time, happy reading! :(
End Notes

To those who have read this far, thank you and I hope you enjoyed it.

If, as you read this and future chapters, you find yourself with prompts and ideas feel free to share them. For if they spur me on I might borrow the idea for some future section within the story. I know, from some of the commentary from my other story, that you will have ideas that would fill in gaps between the sections I already imagined.

But yes, thank you for reading and feel free to leave comments and constructive criticism.

Bye for now!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!