Crocodile Tears

by Intern15_NightVale

Summary

It was an accident! If it was anyone's fault, the blame landed on Hermione. He never expected to be transported back to 1943, two years before the fall of Grindelwald and when Tom Riddle was gaining his following. He certainly never meant to adopt a magical breed of crocodile, so much for living under the radar.

Notes

I have no idea why I wrote this, it just came to be when watching a show, and I really just wanted to see Harry with a pet crocodile. Don't ask me why. I can't promise regular updates on this, but that's nothing new. I do NOT own Harry Potter. Kudos or Comments are welcome!
Murphy's Law

Harry thought that perhaps his life would have been simpler if he had stayed an Auror. Ron had told him of his ability to stay in the office if he wished, or calling out sick without being questioned due to his status of being a war hero. Ron had also been extremely upset when he made his decision clear about not being initiated as an Auror. Kingsley had tried to bribe him with the promise of making him ‘Head Auror’. But he was no longer fighting a dark lord devoted to his destruction, these days he faced the stark disappointment of those around him.

It hurt.

Words were thrown and they cut like serrated knives, no one seemed happy with his decisions. Everyone seemed so certain they knew what was best for him, so certain that his actions were due to his inability to think clearly.

“Isn’t this what we always wanted Harry?!”

He looked at Ron; whose frustration was clear by matching the hue of his hair, who was screaming and starting to grate on his ears. It was so very similar to all he had been hearing since he was young. Others who could and would never know what it was like to be in his shoes; a boy with the weight of the world on his shoulders, expectations he could never achieve, shadows of the dead he would never step out of, and lives he failed to save.

Ron stopped with his yelling he wasn’t used to this Harry, a man whose emerald eyes pierced like the very spell that promised them an end so many times. “Enough Ron…” His voice was quiet but the effect was the same as the prior screaming, “Perhaps it has slipped your mind Ronald that this is my life and I am entitled to change my mind. I do not answer to you…and while I do care a lot for you Mrs. Weasley, I do not answer to either of you. And the ministry can go fuck itself. I have spent my entire life being either their perfect little ‘Light’ savior or an attention seeking lunatic. Is it so hard to believe that I would finally like to do something for myself without everyone telling me how incredibly selfish I’m being?”

The Weasley family was in shock and Hermione could only shake her head along with George. Mrs. Weasley was too shocked to scold Harry about his language and before anything else could be said, Harry left the Weasley burrow.

“Harry!” Harry turned to see Ginny who had tears in her eyes, she reminded him too much of a ghost he had been chasing since he was old enough to understand death. “I’m sorry, Ginny.”

She nodded with a mirthless chuckle, “I can’t say it doesn’t hurt. Part of me will always love you Harry James Potter. And even though you may resent the title, you have and will always be my hero. I hope you find whatever you are looking for. I have some words of advice Harry.” Harry smiled at Ginny, “and what would that be?”

“You are probably one of the most oblivious and hard-headed wizards I have ever known. I also
really like this new Harry. He’s really hot.” They erupted into laughter and Harry was happy he hadn’t lost Ginny as a friend. “See you later, Harry. I have to go talk some sense into that idiot brother of mine. Hopefully Hermione hasn’t strangled him.” Harry chuckled and watched as Ginny ran back into the burrow, and he disappeared with a pop.

Hermione had finished lecturing Ronald on the various times Harry had been ruined by the people who continuously reiterated they had Harry’s best interest in mind. It seemed she was the only one with common sense to sit down and have a conversation with Harry. At first she was shocked with his decision to continue his education, when he had been so against it immediately after the battle. Hermione knew that Harry’s education was purposely sabotaged and disappointed in herself for never questioning it, until it was too late. Harry had told her that training to be an Auror had opened his eyes in seeing how much curriculum he had learned in Hogwarts...or the lack thereof. Hermione had been glad to help Harry with his expansion of knowledge, but she saw hesitation when he asked for her assistance. Part of her couldn’t help but feel anger for him; he had been conditioned to act so by adults. Harry was constantly dismissed by teachers and even his peers throughout his life, she also knew that the Dursleys also held some blame but Harry refused to talk about them.

Harry has been horrible at potions in class but Hermione was certain it was due to Snape’s ire and Draco and his stooges sneaking unneeded ingredients into his cauldron. She helped him with the extensive studying needed for magical plants and creatures, she was stunned by his determination and felt that perhaps if Harry hadn’t always been in fear for his life she would had competition. She was also very relieved about his struggle in becoming more adept in his healing spells, now she could sleep a little better at night knowing he wouldn’t come to her half dead.

Harry had grown up and she really hoped Ron would to before his immaturity cost him a friend.

This was one of those days, when the comforts of a perfectly placed fluffed pillow and the warmth of blankets should not have been left.

For four years he had kept himself busy by diving into different aspects of magical and muggle learning with Hermione’s help. Martial arts, muggle first aid healing, potion mastery, creature handling and identification, herbs and poisonous plants, all these subjects were a part of learning to become an auror. Other subjects were expanded upon through his travels and he learned he was still shit at healing spells; Luna had suggested one time when he had fallen out of a tree in the Amazon to vanish all the bones in his arms. He had laughed at her suggestion but told her they should continue their search for the creature she was looking for; Harry had a hunch that Luna was looking for ghosts of what had once been. He never bothered to try to confirm his suspicion; he enjoyed her quirky company in the humid hot rainforest.

Lately he had become obsessed in testing the boundaries of magical artifacts, since the
reappearance of the elder wand and the resurrection stone had caused him to ponder how these items hadn’t stay destroyed. Yet there was only so much one could find on myth and lore in the Black library, this led to him having to go to Gringotts bank which didn’t end well either. Not even Hermione knew about his experimentation with the Deathly Hallows; which thinking upon it now would have been a safety measure he should have taken.

Hermione had been the one who asked him for a favor, since she was still busy with the reconstruction of the Wizarding government which still faced a few minor problems. She had asked him to fix a time-turner, so if anyone was to blame it was her. She had found it broken among the ruins of Hogwarts and it held sentimental value to her. She knew that Harry had now a good grasp at Arithmancy and trusted him to get it back into working condition. She never expected him to use the Elder wand on it, which she had seen him destroy after the battle.

The time-turner was being particularly stubborn and he needed more power to mend it. So he had put his Phoenix wand away in one of his coat pockets and brought the elder wand out. That had been a mistake, he had overloaded the time-turner with so much magic that he had found himself in his current situation.

August 15th, 1943.

“Bloody bollocks.”

He didn't know where he was, probably on the outskirts of the country by the looks of it. He mentally thanked himself for his specialized clothes that stored emergency supplies and personal objects he wished to keep close. It's magically extended pockets was something he was quite proud of, even Hermione had been impressed. He had promised to gift a custom made coat for her birthday, which might not happen anytime soon by the looks of things. He thankfully had both wands on him, luckily putting his phoenix core wand in his pocket rather than his work table. His invisibility cloak was safely away in one of his pockets, and it gently wrapped around the resurrection stone.

It seemed he would be staying a while and he knew that if something happened and he didn't have identification trouble could arise. He needed to go to Gringotts immediately so he apperated without a second thought to the bank.

He smiled as the place seemed unchanged from the first time he entered the giant doors as a child. He walked over to one of the goblins who paid him no attention. “Greetings, I would like to talk to Griphook about a lineage test and other matters.”

The goblins in the vicinity that could hear him stopped what they were doing, after all it was not every day a wizard would speak a language spoken by Goblins. “Your name?”

“Harry or Hadrian, my last name has yet to be decided. I would like these matters discussed behind doors and away from eavesdroppers. ”
Many were curious to this young man who didn't treat them as if they were a lower species and spoke one of their names in their native tongue. “Please come this way.” Harry followed with a smile on his face, because if one thing he could count on to not change in the wizarding world it would be the goblins.

“Greetings Griphook.”

“I am surprised to hear of a wizard asking for me, one I have never met. Who are you?”

Harry smirked as he sat down across from Griphook. “I'm an accidental time traveler Griphook. You guarded my family assets well and I thought of no one better to help me with my current situation. You would of course be well compensated.”

The goblin’s eyes now held a greedy glint at the possible idea of money. “Very well then, all information in these walls in confidential.”

Harry nodded already knowing this, “In the future I am Harry James Peverell-Gryffindor-Potter-Black. Surprisingly my mother against all odds had more than mud in her blood.”

The hiss that followed the last statement sent a chill down the goblin’s spine.

“Very well, which surname would you like to take?”

“Gryffindor and Peverell…..for obvious reasons I cannot claim the Potter and Black lines.”

Griphook nodded at this, “Let's take a heritage test and then I will have the paperwork done for you, for a fee of course.”

Harry smiled, “I will pay extra in order to have it unquestionable Griphook. I cannot afford any suspicion, especially not in these times.”

The goblin harrumphed and went to bring the necessary items for the heritage test. Griphook and Harry were both startled by the name next to what he had already given, ‘Master of Death’.

“Bugger. I hoped it would have gone away.”

“Lord Gryffindor-Peverell. I would suggest not using Peverell, there are rumors Grindelwald has an obsession with becoming the Master of Death or at least finding all of the Deathly Hallows. Your papers will be in order in a few hours. You are allowed to stay here but I advise not to
wander Lord Gryffindor-Peverell.”

Harry hummed, “Please call me Harry even with just two surnames it is still a mouthful. Good day Griphook, may your enemies tremble before you.”

The goblin smiled at the strange wizard, “and may your gold always flow.”

Harry beamed he had always loved their sayings more in Gobbledygook, it lost something with translation.

The goblins watched as the man left their establishment, they had promised to keep a close eye on the young lord.

He decided to enjoy the cool air of August on his walk; when he got enough of the outdoors he would apparate, to the Peverell mansion which he would have to work on in getting it to be habitable. And as his luck would have it he heard a reptile hiss, he could tell by its tone that it was under stress.

‘Just wait till I get my jaws around your puny little heads. I will take great joy in crushing them. I bet you taste terrible…’ Harry smiled at the viciousness of the animal, snakes were amusing but whatever animal this was, was quite entertaining. He saw as two wizards had their wands out, all the spells they were casting were being deflected. ‘Can't wait to skin this stupid beast, cost too much trouble for what we are getting out of it!”

Harry sighed and now knew that his ‘saving people’ thing was now just ‘saving things’. Hermione would have a smug look plastered on her, if she ever heard of this. He smiled as he shot both, one with the Elder wand and the other with his phoenix wand. Immediately after he summoning both unconscious poachers away before the magical crocodile had a chance to sink its teeth in.

‘Stupid human, you should have let me tear them apart.’

‘How rude, after I just saved you.’

The crocodile comically swerved around and looked at him with interest. ‘You speak the tongue of reptiles.’

‘I taught myself, not too much different from speaking to snakes.’

The crocodile gave a hissing sound, ‘don't compare me to those legless logs. Snakes are only good as a small snack.’

Harry laughed and humored the talking reptile, ‘I know some snakes that grow bigger than you...’
I'm a respectful size, human. And I will continue to grow much bigger than any dumb snake.

Harry nodded and was unsure what to do with the reptile. What is your breed?

I am me. I don't know what you silly humans call me. I have no use for names.

Harry sighed and rubbed his temples it was obvious the reptile was magical, perhaps it was one of those that went extinct before any laws were made to protect magical creatures. After all the poachers did mention of skinning it, he knew how often reptile skin was made to make accessories even back in his original time. It was a creature that Luna would have marveled at and tried to climb on top of and invited it to drink tea, he was pulled out of his thought by more hissing.

'Take me with you human. I think you would make a worthy companion. And you smell like death, I like it.

Harry sighed and put a warming charm on the reptile much to its pleasure. You will have to wait for a short while till I can get you food. I have to find somewhere to make sure I have a steady supply of meat.

Yes. I like my meat, fresh and bloody and preferably alive. I could hunt for both of us human.

Harry scoffed, No you will only cause problems if you go around killing. I will provide for you. And my name is Harry.

The crocodile hissed but it complied a bit grumpily, it knew it owed the strange wizard its life.

Then at least let me accompany you. It would be amusing to watch all these humans squirm when I snap at them.

Harry sighed and was unsure how he got himself stuck with a sadistic two meter reptile. Harry stared into the crocodile’s beady eyes, very well, but I get to give you a name or you will give yourself one.

The reptile responded without hesitation, Skull Crusher.

No.

The crocodile immediately whined, but you said I could pick my name. Harry rubbed his temples trying to make the oncoming headache recede, I am not going to go around introducing you as Skull Crusher. The crocodile made a clicking sound clearly of annoyance, Fine. Then name me something fierce.

Cocidius….a being known for its hunting prowess and violence, is it to your liking?

Cocidius snapped shut his mouth multiple times, You should have a better name as well. But my name will spread fear enough for both of us.
Harry rolled his eyes in amusement and walked with the crocodile next to him, which was moving quicker than he expected it to be. He decided to head back and go to Eeylops Owl Emporium and he saw the wide eyes of wizards and witches who parted for them like the sea did for that one guy in the Bible, that had made Petunia and Vernon almost self-combust in church. The memory made him smirk, because apparently the church was too full of freakiness and somehow Harry had a hand in influencing a book written 2,700 year ago.

Harry rolled his eyes as the crocodile laughed and hissed getting the reaction he wanted from wizards and witches passing by.

The man behind the counter practically leapt out of his skin when he saw the creature and Harry enter the store. “I would like to inquire if there is a possible shipment of meat for a magical crocodile of Cocidius’ size.”

The poor man was stuttering as Cocidius opened his mouth wide in their general direction.

“Cocidius enough! Stop or you will be eating rats and mice!”

The crocodile shut its mouth with a hiss terrifying the poor man more. “I need 480 kilograms of meat delivered to my manor each week.”

“That'll be 85 galleons and 10 sickles.”

Harry quickly signed knowing that this would draw attention from the man to have it come out of his account. The man gasped as he signed Lord Gryffindor. He winked at the man and gave him an extra galleon, hoping it would keep his name from the wizarding world for another day.

Silver eyes watched as the man who resembled a Potter and Black walked on without care, with eyes that outshined the reptile that followed behind him. His lord would definitely want to hear about this development. Everyone watched as the young man walked on with grace of a pureblood, and with a large reptile following him snapping and hissing at anyone who got too close.

Suddenly the man stopped in front of Florean Fortescue’s Ice Cream Parlour, happily ordering three scoops of chocolate. He handed the young woman at the counter more than enough money for his cone and a brilliant smile which made her stumble putting the coins away. Abraxas wondered how well financed the man was and if he was engaged.
Abductive Reasoning

Chapter Notes

If it looks like a Potter, and it speaks like a Potter, then what is it?
So I keep procrastinating on all assignments, which eventually will screw me over.
Anyways I hope you enjoy this chapter! Kudos or Comment! I do NOT own Harry Potter.

Harry was exhausted, since he had to actually walk all the way to the Peverell manor which was a good distance from Diagon Alley. The large crocodile had complained of too much walking and refused to walk anymore when they were at the halfway point, so Harry had to wandlessly levitate him along. He wasn’t too sure how Cocidius would react to apparition; he didn’t want to take the chance of Cocidius snapping at him.

The Peverell manor could not be seen from the small dead end country road and the wards hummed against Harry’s magic. It was almost as if the magic of manor recognized him, like the sentient magic of Hogwarts, the time and occupants had shaped its presence. Harry gently put his hands on the wards and released his magic through them, pulling the Peverell manor out of its stasis. The wards pulsed welcoming him and the giant crocodile; it reminded him of the first time he came across the Peverell manor. It had not been a pleasant experience, since he had to face Gringotts after riding one of their dragons off into the sunset with a horcrux. In all honesty he was surprised when Gringotts had asked him to be present for a closed door appointment in order to settle his accounts; he felt the tension and dozens of eyes on him looking for any funny movement when he entered the bank. Harry knew their dark eyes were scrutinizing his slightest movement, even his breathing; it was like they were expecting him to spontaneously breathe fire.

Everything had changed when they were informed that he had never received any bank statements or letters pertaining to his lordships. The goblins went rigid and their presence was more bloodthirsty than before, the situation was so serious that the head banker was called in to personally review records for any withdrawals of money or removal of artifacts.

Luckily all had been untouched but the same was not said for Harry.

“Harry Potter, if there was anything of monetary value missing from your vault, heads would have rolled. The fact that we have recognized you have been purposely been made unaware about your bank and social status is…atrocious. We recommend that to conduct a lineage test in order to see if there is anything else you should be aware of, that has been kept from you.”

To say Harry was horrified by the magical blocks and compulsions was a gross understatement, after overcoming the shock and betrayal he had thrown up on the marble floor of the bank. His magic ran wild, crackling around its owner waiting to strike any aggressor like lightning. The goblins with great unease asked him to regain his control because this was only the beginning.

By the end of it Harry had a migraine and he felt numb, the compulsions and blocks were broken had left him vulnerable. The goblins saw him in a new light, they had informed him that his magic should have been damaged beyond repair; they also told him they were surprised he was even alive. Harry saw their reasons for surprise on the parchment papers, the pain behind his eyes grew more excruciating as he realized how much had been kept from him; how much a man who had
trusted and thought of as a grandfather had played him for a fool.

Blood Status—Family Lineage

Parents

(Pureblood)                     (Half-Blood)

James Fleamont Potter    Lily Evans Potter

Harry James Peverell-Gryffindor-Potter-Black-Slytherin

Master of Death

- House of Peverell ---- House Motto: mortui vivos docent (the dead teach the living)

Right by descent (from father’s side)

MOST DISTINGUISHED ITEMS: Necromancer’s guide by the Peverell brothers, Deadly Potions Causing Instant Death by Ignotus Peverell

TOTAL VALUE OF VAULT: 1,469,191,344£ or 1,968,716,400.96$ or 298,010,410.60 Galleons

- House of Gryffindor ---- House Motto: animus vincit omnia (courage conquers all)

Right by descent (from mother’s side)

MOST DISTINGUISHED ITEMS: Golden Pensieve, Elemental Magick by Godric Gryffindor, Personal Diaries of Godric Gryffindor

TOTAL VALUE OF VAULT: 1,384,733,173£ or 1,855,542,451.82$ or 280,878,939.76 Galleons

- House of Potter ---- House Motto: morior invictus (I die unvanquished)

Right by descent (from father’s side)

MOST DISTINGUISHED ITEMS: Moste Strong Wards by Edgar Potter and Ivy Hufflepuff, Ivory Pensieve

TOTAL VALUE OF VAULT: 636,333,207£ or 852,686,490.68$ or 129,073,671.87 Galleons

- House of Black ---- House Motto: Semper Purum (Always Pure)

Right by blood adoption (godfather Lord Sirius Black)

MOST DISTINGUISHED ITEMS: Enchanted Diamond Necklace by Miriam Rostango, Moste Ancient Dark Curses & Cures by Rowena Ravenclaw

TOTAL VALUE OF VAULT: 515,641,383£ or 690,959,453.22$ or 104,592,572.67 Galleons

- House of Slytherin -- House Motto: Oderint dum metuant (let them hate so long as they fear)

Right by conquest (Tom Marvolo Riddle Guilty of Lineage Theft)

MOST DISTINGUISHED ITEMS: Parseltongue Spells by Salazar Slytherin, Enchanted Diamond Snake
TOTAL VALUE OF VAULT: 83,638,471£ or 112,075,551.14$ or 16,965,207.10 Galleons

Magical Blocks & Magical Compulsions

Harry James Peverell-Gryffindor-Potter-Black-Slytherin

BLOCKS

45% Magical Power Suppression  WARNING!!! NO MORE THAN 15% SHOULD BE BLOCKED BEFORE THE AGE OF 10!!!

WHEN: How Old: 1 year, 3 months, 2 days—Day: Nov. 2, 1981

REASON: Unknown

CAST BY: Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

100% Metamorphmagus suppression

WHEN: How Old: 1 year, 3 months, 2 days—Day: Nov. 2, 1981

REASON: Unknown

CAST BY: Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

100% Necromancy Affinity Suppression

WHEN: How Old: 1 year, 3 months, 2 days—Day: Nov. 2, 1981

REASON: Unknown

CAST BY: Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

100% Natural Occlumency Suppression

WHEN: How Old: 1 year, 3 months, 2 days—Day: Nov. 2, 1981

REASON: Unknown

CAST BY: Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

100% Magical Sensor Suppression

WHEN: How Old: 1 year, 3 months, 2 days—Day: Nov. 2, 1981

REASON: Unknown

CAST BY: Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

NOTE: WARNING!!! MORE THAN TWO MAGICAL BLOCKS BEFORE THE AGE OF FIVE CAN LEAD TO PREMATURE DEATH AND DEVELOPMENTAL PROBLEMS!!!

COMPULSIONS

Immediate trust in Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

WHEN: AGE—11 years, 8 months

CAST BY: Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

STATUS: Active
Distrust in Goblins

**WHEN:** AGE—11 years, 8 months

**CAST BY:** Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

**STATUS:** Active

Distrust of Slytherins

**WHEN:** AGE—11 years, 8 months

**CAST BY:** Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

**STATUS:** Active

Trust in Ministry

**WHEN:** AGE—11 years, 8 months

**CAST BY:** Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

**STATUS:** BROKEN

Career Aspiration of Auror

**WHEN:** AGE—14 Years

**CAST BY:** Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

**STATUS:** BROKEN

Romantic Interest in Ginevra Molly Weasley

**WHEN:** 16 years 1 month, 20 days

**CAST BY:** Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

**STATUS:** BROKEN

**NOTE:** WARNING!!! MORE THAN THREE COMPULSIONS MAY LEAD TO MENTAL HEALTH PROBLEMS (such as paranoia, loss of identity, insecurity, etc.)!!!

**Family Traits & Abilities**

*Harry James Peverell-Gryffindor-Potter-Black-Slytherin*

**Metamorphmagus**

*COMES FROM: Peverell Family Line—enforced by blood adoption via Sirius Black*

Ability to change some or all appearance at will

**Natural Occlumency**

*COMES FROM: Gryffindor Family Line*

Ability to compartmentalize one’s emotions, resistance to legilimens or legilimency

**Parseltongue**
**COMES FROM:** Slytherin Family Line (by conquest)

Ability to speak the language of snakes

Magical sensitivity

**COMES FROM:** Potter Family Line enforced by Gryffindor Family Line

Ability to detect/sense wards, spells, potions with greater ease

**Necromancy Affinity**

**COMES FROM:** Peverell Line

Easier grasp on necromancy magic

Out of all the lordships that Harry had, he only expected the Potter lordship. The Peverell, Black, Slytherin, and Gryffindor lordships had taken him by surprise, the goblins informed him that Dumbledore had named himself his guardian and blocked his will from being read. Dumbledore taking guardianship of him meant he could control Harry’s Wizengamot seats; this only made Dumbledore’s façade crumble even more. His mother was the last magical descendant of Gryffindor, he had read in Godric’s dairies that Gryffindors were known for their blood red hair and striking green eyes. Harry had asked if the Slytherin lordship had been a joke, the goblins assured him that he had gotten it through conquest. Voldemort’s actions of stealing his blood for his revival was a crime against old magic, since taking Harry’s blood had been a theft of family abilities and traits. He didn’t really understand all the fine details and he wasn’t going to test their patience by asking them to explain it again.

This was the most painful moment of Harry Potter’s life which he would and could never bear to find the answers. Harry did not have the strength to visit the portrait of Albus Dumbledore, because he knew what words he would hear come out of the late headmaster’s mouth. “For The Greater Good,” he was trembling as the bitter tears ran down, his slightly hysterical laughter made the goblins feel unease. Those words had been used for horrendous acts in muggle history as in the magical community, but now those words had been used to rip him of his childhood and the promises of death. His laughter turned to sobs that racked his body, as it finally hit him that his aspirations had been fake, they were just mere manipulations to make a good little soldier.

Harry Potter felt as if he had only been a marionette and the strings had been cut; the grandfatherly figure had mercy for all except for Harry.

The eyes of the goblins had become too much and Harry apparated away to let his anger and magic run at full force for the first time in his life. He found himself at the Riddle manor, a place riddled with tragedy and anger. His magic ran through the building, making brick and marble disintegrate and soon the rubble fell around him. The tears running down his face made an evident trail through the dust that clung to his skin. Tom Riddle was a ghost that would always haunt him, a broken soul soured by the circumstances he was born into. Wasn’t Tom just another victim of Dumbledore’s prejudice and twisted ideals, a boy who was constant harassed because he reminded Dumbledore too much of his lover. A part of him would always pity and despise Voldemort, but Tom...he could never truly hate.

After a few hours of sitting amongst the rubble Hermione had found him and smiled sadly at finding Harry in such a disheveled state. She hugged him closely and cleaned his face with the cuffs of her jumper. “O Harry. Let’s get you home.”

Harry’s voice cracked, “I’m not sure where home is ‘Mione.” She nodded understanding him,
after all her heart was still with two people who didn’t remember her. She had been the one to encourage him to heed Gringotts’ request and ease the relations with the goblins, if he could. Hermione had been the one to explain that after gaining his lordship then he would be taken much more seriously by the wizarding society. She told him that the press would be less likely to slander him due to being a lord and his Wizengamot seat would give him some sway over the Pureblood families that survived. When the goblins had come to her and announced that Lord Potter had apparated away and was emotionally unstable, made her worried and confused. The confusion slowly turned to horror when the goblins gave her the parchment of the blood test Harry had just taken; they only showed her the multiple compulsions and lineage blocks that proved Harry was a walking conundrum. Harry was once again denied something that he not only deserved but was his right. Hermione looked at the name who had cast it and cursed, it was another betrayal by someone they should have been able to trust.

Harry truly thanked whatever mystical force for Hermione, because he remembered her encouragement as if it were yesterday.

“Everything will be fine, Harry. You can make your home, because if anyone deserved one, it’s you.” She saw as Harry looked at her with relief in his eyes and continued, “even if it’s not within Britain,” the ‘with us’ was left unsaid. She had encouraged him to visit Romania to see Charlie, and even went out of her way to ask Luna to take Harry on one of her trips. She was someone who was busy with the reconstruction of the wizarding government after Voldemort’s regime, but still made sure Harry had someone he could rely on until he could get back on his own two feet. Harry thanked whatever supernatural force that brought Hermione Granger in his life.

Hermione called him and asked him if he could make it for the wedding, and so Harry dropped what he was doing and headed back to Britain.

Hermione seems so bright when she spoke about her wedding dress and all of the minute details that went with planning a wedding. Harry wasn’t sure how involved he was going to be, especially with the fact that Ron and him weren’t really talking. He found himself at a small muggle café in order to meet them before the wedding took place. Harry winced as he saw Hermione jab her elbow into Ron’s rib as they stood before him. “Harry…..mate, I know sometimes we haven’t seen eye to eye, but I would appreciate it if you could be my best man.”

The wedding had familiar faces who now were adults, all moving along with time, none saw through Harry’s spells.

Harry smiled at Hermione’s parents who now remembered their daughter and understood her actions. He had stayed with them for a short while in Australia, he had been there as Hermione’s support. The experience had been full of tears and repeated apologies; the interest then turned to Harry who was unsure how to deal with the affection Hermione’s parents had for him.

Hermione looked stunning that day, nothing could ruin her day not even the scars on her body from the war. “I have something for you.” She looked up and her parents were by her side as they waited to see their daughter walk down the aisle. “Shouldn’t you be by Ron’s side? Making sure he doesn’t run off.”

Harry smiled at her humor, “Ginny is there keeping an eye on him. She’s more than enough to take him down. Have you seen her muscles?!?”

Hermione laughed, “So what’s so important you needed to leave guard duty?”

He reached into the pocket of his coat and pulled out a jewelry box with the Black Family crest. Hermione gasped as she opened it, “O Harry I can’t.”

“The wedding gift needs to be given. It was in the Black’s vault, don’t worry I checked it for any curses already. Actually it has some pretty strong protective charms for the wearer, besides I thought it would really suit you.”
“You have to put it on me then.”

Harry gently connected the clasp, the necklace fit snugly against Hermione’s neck. It was a necklace with rows of diamonds embedded in it and with only four black diamonds in the middle which formed the shape of a rectangle. “O you look beautiful sweetheart. It’s almost time for you to walk. Harry dear, will you walk me to my seat.” He took Mrs. Granger to her seat and saw as Hermione walked down the aisle and many gasped when they saw her.

Harry left slightly early before Molly tried to make him talk about the future. She still thought that Harry would one day marry Ginny.

He winced when he thought of Ginny, he never meant to hurt her and Hermione was the only one who knew this. Because apparently Dumbledore was not against forcing ‘love’ to secure the Golden Boy would walk without hesitation to his death. In all honesty, everyone would be better off if they knew nothing of the compulsions, Hermione had reluctantly agreed with him.

He trusted no one more than Hermione but even she never knew about the title that he held after the Hogwarts battle.

‘This place could use a body of water.’

Harry was pulled out of his memories, ‘I could have one made, or I could make it myself.’ Cocidius snapped his mouth to show his pleasure at the idea of one being made just for him. He smiled as he observed that the manor was in a less than ideal shape but it wasn’t in a horrible condition. His headache came back as he realized he would need to hire some house-elves and take his N.E.W.T exams in order to get a job if he ever chose to. If he even wanted to be taken seriously in the wizarding world he would need to have shown that he had a proper education, Hogwarts or not. Gringotts had covered most of what he needed for his identity, but they could not forge scores that would be too suspicious.

“What can I do for you?”

Harry knew that several curious eyes rested on him even this early in the morning, “I have recently returned to Britain, and an appointment has been made for me in order to take the N.E.W.T exams.” The older woman nodded but still was annoyed someone was here so shortly after opening and led him to the room where he would take the tests. Harry saw the slight surprise with each individual testing him; in reality they did a very poor job of hiding their astonishment. Harry thought that it was perhaps the fact they didn’t expect someone who was homeschooled to do so well or he would do so well of taking the tests back-to-back. N.E.W.Ts tests might be particularly nasty but it did not hold a candle to Hermione’s extensive study sessions.

“You can expect your exam scores in 3 to 5 days, Lord Gryffindor.”

Harry decided to get his apparition license while he was at the Ministry building, that way he wouldn’t have to come back. The building hadn’t changed much over the years and Harry hated just to look at it. Harry began to walk towards Gringotts and saw that he still gained a lot of attention without a magical crocodile in tow. It was now a little after one and thankfully he had food stored in one of his many designed pockets of his coat which allowed him to eat, so he didn’t have to make any other stops. Harry noticed how in some ways things were entirely different in this time; everything was alive even with the Dark Lord Grindelwald running about. Then again, the Dark Lord didn’t terrorize Britain as much as Voldemort had.
As soon as he entered the bank one of the higher ranked goblins hurried to meet with him. “I was interested in whether Gringotts could arrange in hiring some house-elves…three at most.” The goblin gave him a funny look but then told another to quickly send a message to Griphook and another goblin’s name was mentioned who Harry assumed dealt with house-elves. Before he could ask about services and prices for the construction of a lake he was grabbed harshly. “Fleamont Potter!”

Harry looked at the woman before him with whose voice was laced with agitation; to be this angry at his grandfather he assumed the woman before him was his great-grandmother. “I told you that your allowance was not to be increased, because of that little stunt you pulled! Wait till I talk to your father about not only disobeying both of us but sneaking out of Hogwarts!”

It seems that the Potter genes would always attract trouble no matter the year, “Excuse me madam, but you have the wrong person.” He could practically see the fumes coming out of her ears, “I know it’s you Fleamont, I suggest you stop trying to play clueless. I can’t believe going through all the trouble of changing your appearance and age. You didn’t change that bird’s nest that is clearly just as aggravating as your father’s!”

Harry smirked because he knew he was about to stun and embarrass his poor great-grandmother. His hair grew and his face changed to mimic hers only his eyes stayed the same, “I must apologize for picking such an aggravating hair style, I didn’t know it was patented. I am not your son madam.”

He saw as she struggled to think of anything to say or what to do, one of the goblins interrupted and asked him to sign some paperwork and she could only look on in interest. “You’re a Black.”

He smiled at the older woman, “I do believe there is some Black blood in me somewhere, but most families are related in England or so they say.” The woman chuckled through her embarrassment, but appreciated that the young man didn’t react poorly to her accusations. “I apologize; it’s just that the hair looks very similar to my husband’s and son’s.” Harry mentally berated himself for keeping the Potter hair, he began to morph back to his natural features but this time his hair was longer which he tucked behind his ears for the moment until he could get something to tie it back. “Then I will keep it in its natural form, so I won’t get manhandled again.” The woman blush reached her ears and Harry’s laugh caught the attention of many witches and wizards in the bank.

“As an apology, I would like to invite you to tea at a shop nearby.” Harry grinned, “I’m in dire need of some tea, I would be more than delighted to join you madam.”

She took his arm with a small soft smile, “are you the one everyone has been gossiping about?” Harry hummed, “that would depend, what the gossip has been about?”

“A young man that looks like a mix of a Potter and a Black walking around with what looks like a muggle crocodile.”
“As far as I know I am walking around with a magical crocodile not a muggle one. His name is Cocidius, I just found him yesterday when I stumbled across some poachers.” The woman wondered if this man truly wasn’t a Potter, only a Potter had enough luck to attract a magical crocodile and stumble across some less than legal situations when only being back in Britain for a day. The young man was raised well, as he opened the door for her and pulled her seat out so she could sit. They ordered some tea and biscuits, “so you just got back to England? Have you been traveling?”

Harry smiled warmly and thanked the waiter as he set down the tea and biscuits; the poor man turned three shades of red and almost dropped the tray he was holding. She thanked that Fleamont was still more focused on quidditch, if her son was anything like the man before her she would have to fight off men and women with more than a broomstick.

“Yes. I returned yesterday, since I had been traveling for a short while. I was homeschooled and I actually was in Gringotts after returning from taking my N.E.W.Ts I also got my apparition license while I was at it, as not to cause any problems.”

Mrs. Potter was not the lady of the Potter house, but she had been raised to be one so she was quite observant of her surroundings. Even if she wasn’t hosting in her own home she was aware of the people who were listening closely to their conversation. And the way that more people were entering the establishment than usual to get a look at the mysterious man.

“How do you think you did?”

Harry finished his biscuit before responding and seemed unaware about the attention they were gathering. “I did well. I was adequately taught...though as the name implies they were extensive and quite tiring.” Lady Potter did not miss the subtle message, “it seems to have slipped my mind to ask your family name. You only said you were not a Black.”

Harry smirked, “I apologize, and I have not formally introduced myself. Greeting Lady Potter, I am Hadrian Evans Gryffindor, at your service.”

Several teacups shattered and the smirk never left Harry’s lips.
“Impossible!” Lady Potter looked toward the person of interest of distaste. “Lord Arcturus, it’s rude to listen to others conversations.” The man openly scowled at Lady Potter, “it is, but the exception should be made when someone is obviously lying!”

Harry saw as the servers were quickly cleaning up the mess of some of the eavesdroppers and felt slightly guilty for the trouble he was causing. “I think the word you were looking for was ‘improbable’. I have been openly been called Lord Gryffindor by the goblins, Lord Black. How am I supposed to prove I am Lord Gryffindor or in any way obligated to? Do you wish for me to call forth the Gryffindor sword?”

Arcturus was aware he was being made fun of and his agitation with the man before him grew, “yes.”

“Now Arcturus, you know that sword hasn’t been seen for centuries.” Lord Black smiled at her comment thinking he had won.

Harry huffed and held his hand open, a flash of light blinded whoever was in close proximity which was most who were in the establishment. Everyone gasped as they saw the distinct sword in the man’s hand, before anyone could say anything he conjured a wooden plank in midair and cut it in half. “Hadrian was that really necessary?”

“Definitely,” Lady Potter chuckled at the young man’s actions; he really did remind her of a Potter. She would be grilling Henry about his family tree when she got back, and would be extremely upset if he had kept this young man’s refreshing presence from her.

Lord Black still seemed to be processing the scene before him since he had not spoken a word. Harry was about to leave enough to cover their bill but Lady Potter slapped his hand away and he got the message. He smiled at her and turned back to Lord Black, “well not that our meeting has been unpleasant Lord Black but I must be getting back.” He winked at the man who had now a faint tinge of pink decorating his high cheekbones. Lady Potter laughed softly behind her hand and decided that Hadrian Gryffindor was going to be adopted and was to meet her entire family.

Harry arrived in the manor with a pop to a chaotic scene. The elves were throwing pebbles at Cocidius; he was unsure where they got the pebbles from. And Cocidius seemed to be close to singing something that to the elves sounded like a jumble of hisses and roars.

* Little bones,
Little bones,
Snap like twigs,
Gushing blood,
And squealing
Makes the meat,
Such a treat, ’

Harry felt really bad for laughing but at least it stopped the scene before him. He was trying to stop and catch his breath; he finally managed to compose himself. “You will not be attacking each other. Cocidius is my magical crocodile and he will behave himself around the three of you. I will offer you safety and a bond, since I am aware you need one to survive. You will not be mistreated or forced to reproduce, but I expect you to never speak of what happens in this house. I will talk to Cocidius first you can wait in the guest area for now.” The elves stared at the man wide-eyed and one of them grew teary-eyed. ‘Cocidius, they are not for you to eat. They will bring you your food, so if you eat them you will starve. Do you understand?’

The large crocodile hissed and lifted himself up to pin Harry to the wall, ‘They are too bony, anyways. Not enough meat on those tiny little creatures. By the way did you know you have the smell of arousal on you?’ Harry’s eyebrow rose slightly, ‘I can assure you that I am not currently aroused.’ Harry then vaguely remembered touching Lord Black’s shoulder as he passed by to get to the exit.

‘I can tell. I shall meet anyone who desires to mate with you first.’

Cocidius’ weight lifted off of him and he realized that the crocodile was doing something similar to scenting him, making sure any smell Lord Black left was gone. ‘Why?’

Cocidius was slowly walking away probably heading out to soak in the sun, ‘so that I can eat them, of course.’ Harry laughed but then he followed Cocidius with a slight worry sinking in, ‘Wait! Are you being serious?!’

‘COCIDIUS! I expect you to answer me!’

Harry had to stop following Cocidius in order to talk to the house-elves, which were all nervously waiting there in nothing but worn and torn rags. “Hello. Can I have your names?”

“I be Tipsy,” the one with large brown eyes announced.

The next one had blue eyes full of tears, “my name is Endis.” The last one with light lime eyes shifted nervously probably unused to the kindness, “I am Linky.” Harry was secretly relieved that they didn’t have the worst names he had heard, “what can you do?” Tipsy ears wiggled, “I be the cook and can clean. Endis be taking care of the plant-sies.” Linky stopped Tipsy and introduced himself, “I can clean the house too, and I be answering whenever you call Master Gryffindor.”
“Please just call me Harry, especially when I have company. I wish to have the Peverell mansion back in shape within a week with your help; however, do not overwork yourselves. I also wish that the mansion is properly stocked on all necessities, if you cannot acquire them tell me and I will handle it. Also buy some materials to make yourselves a uniform; you will be representing the Gryffindor and Peverell name with honor.”

He saw as he continues Endis started to cry, Linky looked suspicious, and Tipsy was comforting young Endis. “Please don’t cry. I know you probably won’t believe this, but I had a friend who was a house-elf. I owed him my life and I would never hurt you three, I have never liked the treatment I have seen towards house-elves. By the way, I had a talk with Cocidius and I have made it clear that he is not to hurt any of you. One of you will have to feed him, but I’ve already arranged for his meals to arrive soon. He might seem mean and scary, but I can tell he’s a sweetheart.” Winky then started to wail which startled Harry, and the two older house-elves were now both comforting Endis. “Master Harry truly is kind. Do not take Endis’ tears wrong Master Harry, he’s the youngest. He not be meaning to insult he’s just happy, it be rare for a Master to be so kind.”

Harry’s smile was soft and knowing, “Of course, no matter the year, creatures have always been treated unfairly by any standards. Worry not; this will be your home just as much as it is mine. Here is a bag which should have more than enough money to buy what is needed. Now, I’m off to find a crocodile.”

He saw in the corner of his eye as he was leaving that the elves looking excitedly at each other before popping away. In the future he was astounded by the mansion, even more weathered than now it was still impressive in size and grandeur. He thought about his accidental incident and was pleased it rid him of his Slytherin surname, after all Tom Riddle was still alive and the incidents of the future had not yet passed. The goblins discussed the possible aftermath of his stay would cost him, and they also put into his perspective of ever being able to go back to his time. They speculated his overpowering of the time-turner had caused it to fluctuate in order for the runes to balance the magic evenly; in doing there was a temporary field around the time turner which was then fueled by Harry’s sensory magic causing teleportation to a random point in time. The absence of the time-turner suggested there was an extremely small chance that he would be returning home, even if they tried to replicate the incident. He asked them why then did he still have the title; they understood which one he was referring to.

“Lord Gryffindor, we goblins have great desire for valuable and ancient artifacts but our kind would never seek those cursed objects like wizards do. We might live very long lives but we are not as foolish as man…as to wish to live forever. We do not know much about the title and we will not press about how you acquired it. All we know that such a title cannot be given back so easily, and also know that the Peverell family has always been involved in matters pertaining with death.”

The wand vibrated in pocket almost with excitement since he arrived, he supposed it was because this was the time Grindelwald had used it to commit atrocities. Harry wondered if Grindelwald was holding an identical copy of the elder wand, or if was looking for the missing wand that should be in his grasp. He would have to be careful either way, but wondered if he was to cross paths with Grindelwald. He knew that Dumbledore wouldn’t face his ex-lover until two years, yet if the elder wand was missing Grindelwald’s obsession with the Deathly Hallows would only grow.

’You humans think too much. What are you worrying about Harry? I can practically smell the anxiety halfway across your dwelling.’
Harry smiled at Cocidius who ended up finding him instead, ‘knowing my luck I may have to face a dangerous man one day, Cocidius. A man, who was once human is slowly becoming a monster and sinking deeper into darkness.’ Cocidius curled protectively around Harry, he had just met the human but he was pleasant company, for a human. ‘I could eat him if you like?’

Harry chuckled as he bent down to pet the scaly creature, ‘no Cocidius, he is a very powerful wizard and while I know you are fierce, I rather not lose you; I’ve become very fond of you.’ Cocidius allowed the emerald eyed man to rub his scales, ‘you should make a lake for me since you care for me so much.’ That comment made Harry laugh but he nodded and motioned for Cocidius to follow him out to the backside of the manor which had acres upon acres of land. Harry let his magic dig at the ground, vanishing bit by bit, till there was a gaping hole more than big enough for Cocidius. ‘Augementi.’

The elder wand amplified his already potent magic and like a flood the lake was filled in a matter of seconds, ‘I could add salt to it if you wished.’

The crocodile made growling sounds which Harry assumed were to signify his pleasure at the sight, ‘I am a magical crocodile Harry. Salt or fresh water does not matter and I only need to swim once in a while.’ This was new to Harry and something he would store for later, ‘Of course, go ahead then and enjoy. I put a warming charm on the water, so it should be adequate temperature.’

Cocidius wasted no time and shot towards the water, Harry heard his hisses of pleasure as the water enveloped his body. Harry watched as Cocidius swam around the lake at various speeds, he was to the water like Harry was to the sky. When Linky popped in next to him it caused him to slightly jump, “the rep-telly’s food has arrived.” Harry covered his laughter with his hand and promised this would be Cocidius’ nickname out in public. “Linky if you would be kind enough to bring half of it here. I think Cocidius would enjoy a meal.”

“Of course, Master Harry,” Harry sighed at the ‘Master’ part but expected nothing less from house-elves. A large pile of meet appeared next to him and it was too late to react as he saw Cocidius swim towards him at full speed. Cocidius erupted from the water with his jaws wide open and quickly closed around the bloody meat beside Harry. Harry has been caught in the small tsunami that was created by the reptile that was now happily munching on his food.

“COCIDIUS! I AM SOAKING WET NOW!!!”

The crocodile cackled loudly and then continued to eat and Harry sighed with a smile. Harry windlessly dried himself so he wouldn’t create more work for the elves by walking soaking wet around the manor. He was about to enter his bedroom Linky interrupted him; she was gently holding a large barn own with a letter tied to one of its legs. “Hello there, let me get that off of you. Linky could you please give her some treats for me.” The owl hooted softly and soaked in one last pet by the young lord before it was taken away.

The letter had a seal upon it, the Potter family seal on it.
Dear Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor,

I have heard a lot about you from my beloved wife Arlene. It seems you have made quite an impression on her and she insists that I meet you. We would like to invite you to our home for some tea, seeing as you didn’t get to finish your last one according to Arlene. We hope to see you tomorrow at noon.

Sincerely,

Henry Potter

Member of the Most Ancient and Noble House Potter

Harry hummed and wondered whether it would be smart to be in contact with his great-grandparents. Yet another owl came to him, an owl he recognized as belonging to Gringotts and wondered what it could possibly be about.

Dear Lord Hadrian Gryffindor-Peverell,

It has come to our attention that you hold the ability to speak to reptiles. Gringotts would like to be informed if you have the ability to speak to dragons as well. If so, Gringotts would be willing to pay you for your services. Please respond or come directly to Gringotts at your earliest convenience.

Sincerely,

Ironclaw III,

Head of Gringotts Bank

Harry wondered how pressing this matter could be if the goblins didn’t bother with pleasantries in their letters. He didn’t want his mail to be intercepted, if this ability got out he would be harassed more than he was going to be when word gets out on who he is. The war had made him paranoid even if this British wizarding was still untarnished by malice and greed.

‘Where are you going?’

He turned to see Cocidius and wondered how he managed to sneak up on him; perhaps he was just too caught up in his thoughts. ‘Gringotts, the bank, it seems they are having some problem with one of their dragons.’ He saw the crocodile observe him, ‘I will go with you then. They are basically my kind with wings, having me by your side will help you.’
Harry didn’t know if this was true but he trusted himself to keep them both safe from dragons.
‘Very well Cocidius, but please do not insult the dragons. We will apparate in front of the Bank. It
might feel a bit weird but try your best to stay still.’

He genuinely hoped this wouldn’t bleed into tomorrow, if it did he would have to inform the
Potters. With a pop they appeared and the two goblins at the side of the doors watched in interest
as they opened the doors for the wizard and his beast.

“This is not the most interesting about our new citizen of our wizarding community. It seems he has
popped up with a magical creature in tow that he seems to have a fondness for. During my

A Magical Creature and a Possible New Lord Reemerges

By Parley Skeeter

There have been rumors of a dashing young man that has begun appearing throughout our
wizarding community. There is no news to who this man could possibly be or any known identity
but he has been seen visiting Gringotts bank. Those who have had the luck of having the young
man in their shop either never got his name or denied knowing his name. Many speculate that he
could possibly be pureblood due to his immaculate clothes and sharp facial features.

This is not the most interesting about our new citizen of our wizarding community. It seems he has

research into the magical creature archive, I did not find anything about a large magical crocodile. We can only guess where this young man came across this magical creature and his intentions.

For more on magical creatures and rankings……see page 4

Chapter End Notes

DRAGONS!!!!

P.S.--Cocidius is actually going so Harry doesn't come back with a dragon.
Harry was surprised the goblins accommodated the cart to for Cocidius, but he figured they were pretty desperate given the situation. He forgot how vast and overwhelming Gringotts was, but also how dreary it seemed. He then noticed the roaring and felt as the temperature dramatically increased as they came closer to the origin of the heat. “There has been no way to control the female dragon’s temperament; about a few hours ago is when the heat around the dragon made it too unsafe to even get near. We have had to shut this part of the branch down for safety concerns even with all the upset customers.”

Harry nodded in understanding and noticed they stopped a ways from where the heat was coming from. He saw as embers flew around them like little fireflies he had seen in the States on one of his visits. The roars were deafening and he looked down to Cocidius who was pressed against him and emitting a low hiss of his own.

‘**BLOOD ON STONE,**

**FIRE IN ME,**

**LET ALL BURN,**

**YET DRAGONKIN BE. ’**

Harry felt as the words reverberated from the walls and into his bones, “Do you know what it is saying Lord Gryffindor-Peverell?”

“It is chanting. I suggest you leave, I can only guarantee the safety of one.”

The heat was now sweltering and uncomfortable; he put a cooling charm on Cocidius so that the heat surrounding them wouldn’t make Cocidius boil in his skin. He then put on fire-repelling charms and made it so that they would both be able to withstand a flame if need be.

‘**BLOOD ON STONE,**

**FIRE IN ME,**

**LET ALL BURN,**

**YET DRAGONKIN BE. ’**
Harry saw the dragon which looked similar to a Ukrainian Ironbelly, but some features on it suggested the possibility of it being a hybrid. This dragon was certainly bigger than the one he had escaped; he could see that the heavy wards were probably in place after this incident. The blue fire dances on its scales, pulsing from a dark blue to a blinding bright light that hurt Harry’s eyes. It’s head snapped towards him and Harry saw its blood red eyes with cat-like slits in them, it reminded him too much of Voldemort for his own liking. ‘They have sent another pathetic morsel for me to eat.’

‘I hope not.’ Harry wanted to groan loudly at Cocidius’ choice of words, his choice to speak at all. The dragon stopped in its advance in surprise and then looked at the creature besides the human. ‘One would think your kind would be in the deep not walking around destructive beings.’

The time Harry was the one that spoke, ‘I came to ask about your health, or if I can do anything for you.’ The dragon turned towards him and Harry swore it smiled, ‘It speaks, but sadly it will never listen. Blind and dumb…heart sorely numb, just like the creatures who fuss over gold, those with a thirst worse than our own.’ Harry knew she spoke about the goblins and part of him knew that her deep hatred for them would hinder helping her. ‘I hardly care for gold. My friend once said I have a people saving thing.’

‘Look how easily it lies in my tongue, your kind ruins everything they touch.’ This really wasn’t looking good because the flames grew hotter. ‘He does not lie; he saved me from being killed. I might be nearly indestructible but it only does so much against chains and magic, you should know.’ The dragon peered at him and he could see the glowing chains on her, but they were not melting. The dragon inhaled and the fires on her scales flickered. ‘I see, now I know, you are more than just flesh and bones. You are chosen, you are the ‘One’, who is the living and the dead all wrapped into one. Then I will tell you this, what happens to fire when it no longer wishes to burn?’

Harry’s eyes widened and he jumped towards the dragon coming into its reach. ‘No! Why!’ He had never heard of a case where a dragon committed suicide, but then again this could be seen as an illness since no one could speak to dragons to find this out. ‘You are still a child but one day you will learn. Death grants a freedom life never can. I have lived long and all I have seen is chains and stone, never reprieve.’

‘Surely there is something that will convince you to stop this.’ The dragon’s chuckles were too harsh and raspy and now knew the boy spoke true when he has a ‘saving people’ thing. ‘Too much times has passed little one, nothing can be done. I will meet my end like all fires do, tell those who have hired you, the others will follow. If things do not change, grant my brethren a taste of life, Master of Death.’

The dragon rested its head on the warm stones and its fire was now being overtaken by dark orange and red flames. She seemed so tired but ate the stone that lay beside her. ‘Save the Dragonkin surrounded by darkness and cold, reignite the fires weathered by time. Speak to them; allow them to see of what could possibly be. And make me a small tray for my very last
Harry transfigured a slab of stone into a tray as big as he could carry. ‘This will allow you to go near, to play with fire without fear. Drink it little one, and the others will know. You will bear the mark of Dragon Friend, a privilege only known by one other human soul.’

Her flames were now turning mustard yellow as she watched him; he could tell she was fighting to keep her eyes open. There was a small puddle in the middle of the tray that looked like golden lava. And Harry couldn’t help but feel horror at the thought of drinking it, but she was fading fast. Harry tilted the tray up and closed his eyes as the liquid slowly made its way down. It didn’t burn but he felt the warmth of the golden liquid slowly envelop his body. The tray dropped from his hands and he quickly followed with a scream.

The goblins hears the piercing scream and thought the worst, it was a pained scream like one made under the cruciatus curse. Many of them wondered whether they had gotten the time traveler eaten. Griphook looked at the registry of his client and it still said living, he let out a breath he didn’t know he had been keeping. He told a group that Lord Hadrian was alive, and that they were to go to assess and assist if possible.

Griphook wondered how long the title the young lord held would be kept under wraps, if the boy continued to run headfirst into trouble. Griphook and his fellow goblins did not know that Harry had earned another title that would cause just as much trouble.

The frustration was palpable in the air; the magic was heavy like the air before a storm. And of course… the closer one got, the more the suffocating it got. The origin of the source was a man who took out his anger on his surroundings. “One of you must have it! A wand does not simply grow feet and walk away by itself!” The man was causing those around him to wither and cower in fear, but that wasn’t enough, he continued to pour his magic letting it overload their pain receptors wherever it touched. One of the men rasped trying to overcome the pain by digging his fingernails into the wooden floor, “the wand….is….it….important?”

The German wizard’s eyes narrowed, “more important than your pathetic worthless life! If I find out one of you took it, I guarantee you a fate worse than death.”

“PLEASE….my lord! None…of us…would…betray you!”

The magic eased but still coiled around the German wizard ready strike on command, “Let us hope so. This will set me back in my plans but not for long.” He looked coldly as the men picked themselves from the ground, and knew that one day he would have to challenge his old lover. He was the only person that would stand in between and taking over the Britain wizarding world.

Emerald eyes opened, but they weren’t quite emerald anymore. Harry’s eyes were emerald with flakes of gold throughout the iris, and a pupil that was slightly slit but still round. The pain had been immense and was finally dulling, “BLOODY FUCK!”

‘You know if we just refused to go out, thinks like this wouldn’t happen.’ Harry grunted, ‘thank you for your concern Cocidius.’ The crocodile made clicking noises showing his amusement, ‘I should have eaten you when I had the chance, it would have saved me a whole lot of trouble. For someone who insisted on telling me that I shouldn’t say the wrong things, in order to avoid being eaten. You run towards a dragon on fire and then consume an unknown substance that could possibly burn your face off!’ Harry laughed hysterically at Cocidius’ clear worry as well as his wording of the entire situation, which made the crocodile whip him with his tail. ‘SHIT! Cocidius
that hurt!

Good thing you woke up. I can sense the goblins getting closer. You might want to get your fire under control.

What?! Harry stopped looking up and looked at the green flames that surrounded his body, and then quickly conjured a mirror to get a better view. “WHAT THE FUCK! MY EYES!”

You’re literally on fire and you are worrying about your eyes. Humans are so weird. Harry then focused on the green flames that outlined his body, they were beautiful but he needed them gone before the goblins saw him, “finite.” Nothing happened and Harry was severely glad these flames didn’t melt his clothes, because not only would he be facing goblins naked but these clothes were especially tailored and made to be nearly indestructible.

He remembered Hermione looking at him weirdly when he ranted about his auror training robes didn’t withstand a simple blasting spell. “Harry I don’t think when Madam Malkin is making robes she thinks about her clothes surviving a blasting or cutting curse.”

“Hermione the fact that she hasn’t is completely bonkers! We are wizards for fucks sake! Or make a more expensive line of clothing that is especially made for aurors.” Hermione huffed but then nodded her head, “if it bothers you so much, I recommend talking with Madam Malkin or doing something about it yourself.” Harry decided to do something after he decided to not become an auror; even if it did not benefit him it would benefit Ron. He did not expect the harsh treatment by Madam Malkin but he supposed it had been to the negative press by the Daily Prophet. “How about you leave auror wear to the aurors, son. Being a hero is only going to so far in life. You need a proper job, now it isn’t any of my business…” The taste was bitter; this proved he would never be enough for the wizarding world, “you are right. It isn’t any of your business. Good day Madam Malkin.”

Cocidius’ drew him out of his thoughts, ‘Concentrate Harry.’ He was startled by Cocidius giving him advice, but he imagined the flames being gone and slowly flickered out. And just time, “LORD GRYFFINDOR! DO YOU NEED ASSISTANCE?!”

Harry did not jump; he had no reason to feel like he had almost been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. “We have a situation on hand. I need to see the head of Gringotts immediately. The dragon committed suicide and the others will be following shortly if something isn’t done.” Harry ran his hands through his hair; he was hoping this wasn’t going to make miss out on that cup of tea.

They rushed him to a meeting with the head of the bank, the goblin that had requested his services in the first place. Cocidius was close to him, near his legs resting with his eyes close but Harry knew Cocidius would act if need be. “Lord Gryffindor-Peverell, I would like to know what you propose to be done about this situation. We have our own ideas.”

“I would like to hear what Gringotts is thinking of doing to solve this situation first, and I will give advice.” The goblin nodded and started to speak, “we have several talented goblins and wizards on our payroll. We could add more chains and wards which could prevent the dragons from burning themselves out.” Harry’s fingernails started to make his palms bleed and Cocidius growls and hisses started to get louder.

“Potions could be made to make dragons more receptive, and certain measures could be taken to
Before Ironclaw III could finish his sentence the flames licked hungrily at the air surrounding Harry. Harry could only remember the pale dragon that he rode out of Gringotts with eyes like broken mirrors. He felt the pain of the dragon that died before him, who has only hoped for freedom. They reminded him of the little boy who lived under the stairs staring longingly at the sky, hoping that he could grow wings and fly away from the people who didn’t love him and hurt him; that was after giving up the hope that anyone would come and rescue him. A boy trapped in darkness and chained to a world he owed nothing to.

He saw as the goblins’ eyes widened as the chair underneath the enraged wizard turned to ash in seconds, and Cocidius was now snapping ready to embed his teeth into anyone who dared to hurt his human. “Dragon Friend. Impossible.”

“O…it is very possible Ironclaw, we will speak about reasonable actions to take. Dragons may not be your kind, but they deserve respect just like every other creature. For a race that has been constantly limited and oppressed by wizards, one would think you would know better than to screw over another species.”

“Watch your mouth human!” One of the guards yelled, another had tried to silence him but it was too late.

Ironclaw III flinched in horror when the guard spoke, they did not know what the boy was. He was young but the boy could decimate them if he wanted to. The boy’s magic and flames engulfed the room, and Ironclaw for the first time in centuries feared for his life because he was sure he heard the roars vibrate through Gringotts.

**GRINDELWALD CONTROL GROWS IN GERMANY! IS FRANCE NEXT?!**

*By Parley Skeeter*

According to sources in the ministry there is a growing concern in the France magical community. Who have been relatively unaffected by the muggle war, are now facing the imminent threat posed by Dark Lord Grindelwald. Much about Dark Lord Grindelwald goals and background remains relatively unknown, besides the propaganda his followers spread in order to recruit young wizards for their cause. Grindelwald’s symbol is becoming more feared and hated, often used as a symbol to represent muggleborn subjugation and muggle eradication.

The France magical community is taking the Dark Lord seriously and cracking down on any sympathizers, though the concern that their large magical creature population of Veelas could possibly side with the German wizard. There is growing concern among citizens that the German Dark Lord may spread their officers thin, and the wizarding community could be exposed. The France wizarding minister has reached out to our very own Minister of Magic, there is discussion of the possibility some of our Aurors could possibly help in France. Many of whom I have talked with are against the idea, saying we are not involved with this conflict, and should therefore not involve ourselves. Others pose the idea that waiting till Dark Lord Grindelwald is on our doorstep is a more foolish action.

What do you think readers?
For more about France’s magical creature community.....see page 5

For more about Grindelwald and his crimes.....see page 6

Chapter End Notes

So apparently my dragons rhyme. Or at least they try to.....
Cocidius needs hugs....
Harry might get involved with politics more than I initially planned, Darn his bleeding heart.
Empathy-Altruism Hypothesis

Chapter Notes

I totally forgot I was going to update today lol, my bad. I got distracted. I made a necklace today. Very proud of myself. Pearl skull, very morbid. Anyways, thank you for the great comments and kudos. I will keep enjoying them if you keep them coming. I do NOT own Harry Potter. And I do NOT have a beta reader.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If the German wizard’s magic was a storm that promised death, Harry’s magic was the apocalypse that promised a fate worse than hell. It was wild and dripping with malice that made you hope that your death was quick. Ironclaw III knew that Harry was restrained in his magic, not using all his magical power, the boy was not even tapping into the power of the title he held. Harry’s magic darkened and quieted the room, “the last thing I want is an altercation with the Goblin Nation. Yet you must understand my position, I made that dragon a promise to help her kind. So we either discuss the betterment of their conditions, or we speak about how much they are worth to you. There is no third option.”

Ironclaw III was glad that none of his guards spoke, but that was probably due to them still being in shock with the sheer magical power the boy in front of them held. “Very well, Lord Gryffindor-Peverell. Will you tell me what would have happened if you didn’t intervene?” The head of Gringotts saw as the boy’s eyes dulled as if going over past memories.

Harry thought of once Charlie had told him in Romania, the travesty that tainted the walls of Gringotts. It was the reason Charlie refused to work with Gringotts even when Bill had personally asked for the goblins; those dragons had burned themselves out one after another until only one was left. The only dragon they had left was denied death and was experimented on how to keep it alive and under their control. Harry closed his eyes and breathed slowly to calm himself, “a tragedy.” The flames receded back into his skin and Cocidius no longer snapped at the goblins promising missing limbs. Harry now knew he changed part of the timeline tremendously and part of him couldn’t find himself to care, if it helped a creature it was worth it. “Then we at Gringotts are open to discussion to the proper care these dragons need.”

Harry smiled, “I will have to talk to them. Get them to trust you and hopefully get them to agree to stay in Gringotts.” The goblin grunted, “For your sake, I hope you succeed Lord Gryffindor-Peverell.”

Harry nodded at the goblins words and left for the depths of Gringotts without waiting for a guide, he did not need them to find the dragons. Only three others remained and he felt their warmth calling out to him. ‘ Dragon friend, come down to me, one soul worthy to share the skies with Dragonkin. A soul we would trust with our hatchlings. A soul just as weary as thee... ’ Harry felt as Cocidius moved in to comfort him as he walked forward to meet the second dragon that day. It was a young male Ironbelly, healthy and well fed but still chained. ‘ Hello there, I want to make sure you get what you need. ’ The dragon let the fire escape from his mouth, ‘ I want the sky, I want my wings to feel the wind; all I ask is to be free. ’ Harry smiled sadly and wished it were only that easy, ‘ life is not easy outside of these walls. Wizards hunt your kind down; there
are no laws to protect your kind. If you were to leave here you would probably be captured again. I have come into agreement with the goblins as long as you do not hurt them; they will expand this place to feel like home. They will provide nourishment and all you have to do is to protect the gold that resides in these vaults. 

The dragon did not react kindly to his words; Harry knew it was mourning and stayed by its side till it stopped fuming. Harry appreciated the gift from the first dragon which allowed him to be immune to fire; although he couldn’t stay dead it would have still been a very painful death. Cocidius whose head was on his lap offered to show the dragon his memories. Cocidius managed to escape the poachers during transportation, but he had seen dragons killed for their scales and hearts. Harry pet Cocidius through his experience, and promised to help those like Cocidius who could not fend for themselves. ‘*Chosen One, I will stay. But promise to keep fighting, so that one day, if not I, my kin will be able to see and feel the sky.*’ Harry promised him and went on to find the next one, she was a young Common Welsh dragon, and she was far more docile. Harry assumed she was raised in captivity; she nuzzled him and Cocidius and made him promise the same as the dragon before her. The last was an older female Ironbelly dragon that understood the cruelty of wizards and had taking a liking only to Harry completely ignoring Cocidius. She made him promise to visit her again and Cocidius didn’t like it and told her he would be accompanying Harry on every visit making Harry laugh. And that was the fourth promise made to a dragon, he laughed as Cocidius was pouting. ‘*At least they won’t be coming home with us, Cocidius.*’

‘*I would not put it past you to go behind my back and bring one of those wretched things home.*’ Harry smiled, ‘*you are adorable when you sulk. I appreciate your help Cocidius. And if you ever need to talk about what you have seen, I am here. I have seen things that I will never forget. I know what it is like to carry guilt with you. There is no shame in surviving Cocidius.*’ Cocidius made clicking noises and they ascended back to the lobby of Gringotts in silence.

He was greeted by Griphook and Ironclaw III, who led them to another room; they would be talking about the chosen goblins that would take care of the dragons. They also spoke of the other accommodations such as; enchantments to mimic their environment or space expansion. Harry made it clear there would be regular visits to check on the dragons’ health and satisfaction. The goblins did not understand why but they respected him, and knew that the boy thought well of creatures and cared. “Lord Hadrian, did you not mention you have an appointment at noon at the Potters.” The boy practically beamed at their use of his name, they felt like they had just involved themselves with a very troublesome person. Then with a snap what he said registered in the wizard’s mind, “Fuck! Can I use your floo?!”

They nodded and watched as he was hit with his crocodile’s tale. “COCIDIUS YOUR TAIL HURTS! I did not forget about you! Lady Potter knows about you Cocidius, it won’t be too much of a surprise if you join the tea party. Besides it is only Arlene and Henry Potter, I don’t think anyone else would be too interested in meeting me.”

‘*Famous last words,*’ Cocidius said as Harry yelled out “Potter Manor!” And followed his human into another poorly thought out way of travel…wizards were weird.

Arlene Marie Potter was taught how to handle unwanted guest, yet she had a growing urge to throw all the Lords and Ladies in her guest parlor out. She looked at her husband and promised retribution, the man withered under her glare. Her husband was too soft and was pressured by the Blacks, Longbottoms, and Malfoys. What in Merlin’s name was her husband thinking, she has specifically told him that the young man she wanted him to meet didn’t like attention. They were
all comfortably drinking tea and eating biscuits like they belonged here. She was lucky that the school year had already started so there weren’t as many people as there could be. She came out of her thoughts with a loud thump at the fireplace, and she saw their only intended guest lying upon their floor. She was startled when a large reptile who she assumed was his crocodile landed upon the poor boy with a hiss.

“All I understand the floo is a horrible way to travel. That fact has nothing to do with your ability to remove yourself from on top of me and that you weigh a ton, please get off.”

She couldn’t help but giggle at the boy, something about him just lightened up the room. Even with a large reptile that could eat her, comfortably placed beside him. Arlene did not expect the boy to arrive in her home covered in soot on his face and slightly disheveled. This would not make a great impression on the families behind her; she would make sure her idiot husband would find himself living in the greenhouse for a few days. “You are covered in soot, dear.”

She saw as he blushed and looked down at his state and realization dawned on his less than presentable state. Her jaw almost dropped as he waved himself free of soot and cleaned clothes; wandless magic at such a young age was unheard of. Arlene knew that wandless magic was rare to begin with, “Sorry. I just spent the entire night helping Gringotts sort out a few problems.” The crocodile next to him hissed and it startled her and the occupants in the room. “I’m sorry, Cocidius is just jealous of a cute dragon at Gringotts. He likes to be the only reptile in my life.”

“Cute?!” Someone behind her shouted in disbelief and she saw as Hadrian practically flinch at the realization of whom and how many people were there. Henry Potter would be sleeping on the couch for a month, and she told him with her eyes.

“Is that why you are covered in soot Hadrian? Are you hurt anywhere?” He looked back at her and softened, “I am fine Lady Potter. I am practically fireproof.” She smiled as he winked, “if I can call you Hadrian, then I must insist you call me Arlene.”

She led him to a seat and saw as Lord Malfoy’s son practically devoured the young lord with his eyes. Arcturus Black was in the same boat, she thought that the crocodile by the boy would be enough to hold those two back.

“I thank you for the invitation sir; it is a pleasure to meet you.”

“No, it is my pleasure to finally meet the man who my wife has been talking about nonstop, Lord Gryffindor. Let me introduce you to my other guests.”

“Lord and Lady Malfoy with their son Abraxas Malfoy, Lord Arcturus Black, and Lord and Lady Longbottom.”

Arlene saw as Harry was a bit stiff but relaxed with the clicking noise of the reptile resting near him. “A pleasure to meet you all of you; I am sorry to meet you in a less than ideal fashion. I formally introduce myself as Hadrian Evans Gryffindor, and my loyal companion, and magical crocodile…Cocidius.”
Lady Longbottom smiled at the young man before him, “and how did you come across him?”

“I regret to inform you, that I have a curse upon me where trouble finds me. I ran across poachers trying to recapture Cocidius.”

Lord Longbottom laughed, “A true Gryffindor then.”

Harry saw as the Malfoys’ and Black’s eyes filled with distaste. “I’ve heard rumors you are a metamorphmagus from my wife.” Arlene wanted to in a very unladylike fashion to hit her husband with every hex she knew. Harry just smiled and changed his features to mimic everyone, one by one. Until he went back to himself and Arlene though she was probably imagining things, she thought she saw his pupils change. “Are you a Black?”

“No, although. My father was said to have some Black blood in him.” Lady Malfoy was the next to question the young lord, “who are your parents?”

They saw as the young man’s face darkened and they all tensed, “I am sorry but I rather not speak of my parents. Perhaps one day I will speak of them, although, I grew up having no memories of them all I was told was that they gave their life for me.” Arlene’s face matched the other two ladies in the room, “what happened to them dear? You don’t have to tell us, if it is too much.”

“They were murdered protecting me when I was a babe.”

Arlene felt a strong need to hug the boy but knew the subject needed to be changed, “who raised you Harry?”

“My mentor, he was a callous man. He thought he was doing the best, but he was very misguided in his ways. I cannot regret my upbringing, it taught me a lot about the world.”

The boy drank his tea and took a biscuit while they all observed the young lord. It was obvious the boy had seen war or at least some sort of conflict. His eyes were haunted and it tore at Arlene’s heart, the boy looked so much like her son in some ways. “So does that mean you were homeschooled?”

Harry looked at the young man who was to be Lucius’ father, “yes. My mentor didn’t trust anyone besides himself to teach me how rough the world could be. Constant vigilance and all that…”

“Are you planning on working with Gringotts, or do you have something else in mind?”

Harry was surprised Lord Malfoy was talking to him without disgust. “I will be called to Gringotts only if it ever has any problems with the dragons, I am just settling in and waiting for my N.E.W.T scores to decide where I go from there.”
“A fine man like you would get a job anywhere, I’m sure.”

“You can speak to your reptile, how is that possible?”

Harry smiled softly at Cocidius taking the breath of Abraxas Malfoy and Arcturus Black; the young lord before them was beautiful. “Unknown to many, Gryffindor and Slytherin were friends. Slytherin gave Gryffindor the ability to speak to snakes through a blood ritual. A ritual that has been lost to time unfortunately, but the talent passed down just like it did for Slytherin’s line except it tends to skip a generation. I practice speaking to reptiles; they are quite different from snakes in their vocal ability.” Harry was lying through his teeth but they wouldn’t know the difference.

“So Gryffindor had personal journals?” Harry saw as both Arcturus came closer and Abraxas mirrored his actions. “Yes. He was actually a prolific writer. Godric had more than ten journals which I would read on my travels. Did you know that the Hogwarts saying ‘Never tickle a sleeping dragon’ came from an actual experience Godric Gryffindor had?”

Arlene smiled and saw the growing interest that everyone held in the young man, something about the Hadrian just drew people to him. “They were looking for a school mascot and Godric decided that he wished to see if there was anything in a cave which was located in what is now the Forbidden Forest. They had found a sleeping dragon, and against everyone’s wishes he decided he needed to tickle it. He wrote that he mainly did so as to annoy Salazar. They ended up running for their lives and decided that each their house would have a mascot only in image.” Many of them laughed at the story and were amazed they could hear of the elusive founders of Hogwarts whose memories had been lost to time. “Do you ever plan to visit Hogwarts?”

“Perhaps one day, I would like to see the building Godric Gryffindor helped build. I’ve heard so much about Hogwarts as well, but at the moment I find myself needing to focus on settling some family assets. To make my living arrangements feel like home.”

Harry was unsure if he would ever be ready to enter Hogwarts wards anytime soon, it brought too many memories at the moment and it would mean coming face-to-face with Albus Dumbledore.

Chapter End Notes

Is a crocodile enough to keep suitors away? lol it rhymes, should print it out on a shirt. I'm a tad bit sleep-deprived. Hope you enjoyed it!
Abraxas Malfoy in his many travels with his parents knew that he would probably never meet someone like Tom Marvolo Riddle. He remembered the calculating eyes of Tom Riddle as the sorting hat shouted Slytherin, the young boy’s poisonous tongue as he lashed out at those who sought to taunt him. The concentrated magic that escaped his body coiled tightly around him, it was undeniably powerful and addictive in its darkness.

Abraxas was intrigued when he had glimpsed the Gryffindor Lord from afar but he could now see the breathtaking beauty of the lord that kept the entire Britain wizarding community talking. Hadrian Gryffindor wasn’t tall but he was lean and well-built from the way his clothes clung to his frame. His emerald eyes shone like fine jewels and his black messy hair was loosely tied back but Abraxas was sure that if he was to run his hands through it, it would feel like fine silk. His easy going smiles and kind demeanor made it easy to overlook him. Yet his parents could barely keep their mouths from dropping when the man performed wandless magic like it was something he did on a daily basis. The man was perhaps the exact opposite from his Lord, the man before them was warm and it made you want to come closer to him. The little taste of his magic only teased them, only allowing them to feel enough to recognize that the wizard before them was grey. Malfoy was not an idiot and saw Arlene Potter’s weariness towards him; she had already taken in the young lord as her own. Arlene was not the lady of the Potter house but Malfoy knew if she was already fond of the boy, Dorea Potter would be in the same boat soon. Hadrian Gryffindor was in some ways to Gryffindor-ish but that was to be expected, yet his grey based magic gave the idea that the man would not be affronted being acquainted with the darker families. To find out Hadrian spoke Parseltongue was unexpected and it was a development he would have to tell his Lord. If Abraxas could get this man to be on his side then he could get his lord a strong ally, and a beautiful and exquisite partner to merge the Malfoy name with. He did not expect for Lord Black to be showing as much interest in the young lord so openly. Lord Black had every right due to his widowed status but the man was older than both of them by almost a decade, surely Hadrian would enjoy a partner who could give him the attention he deserved.

Abraxas agitation was noticed by his parents who smiled slightly, though it went unnoticed by Hadrian who continued to answer all the questions posed by Black on possible partners in the picture.

Arlene Potter was amused about the two men subtly fighting over Hadrian’s attention, and it seems she wasn’t the only amused person in the room. Lady Malfoy was smiling at her son’s feeble attempts at flirting; both pureblood women gave each other a subtle nod, a silent agreement that perhaps something would be arranged. They were startled by the wandless protego that engulfed the three men. “COCIDIOUS!”
Both men retreated away from the Gryffindor to everyone’s amusement; the chuckles began when they saw the young lord reprimand the large reptile. “I’m very sorry. He has been acting petulant since the dragons. I offer my sincerest apologies but I will be leaving Lady Potter. I have to get back home before he starts snapping at everyone.”

Harry dragged the stubborn crocodile to the fireplace and yelled out Gringotts before anything could be said. “Wait young man! YOU SAID DRAGONS, as more than one!” But it was too late; the young man was gone, bickering back and forth with the reptile he was struggling with.

“I swear Henry; if he was our son I would put all the blame on you. He might as well be a Potter with his luck finding trouble.” Henry laughed at his wife’s antics, “I am only disappointed Charlus and Dorea weren’t able to meet him, though I think Fleamont would learn a great deal from him.”

Lady Longbottom spoke next, “I think all our children would learn much from him, he’s a charming boy. Hopefully we get to see more of him.”

Lord Malfoy had a small tilt at the edge of his lips, “we will probably invite him to the Malfoy ball. He made quite an impression on Abraxas.” Their son had a red blush upon his porcelain skin which made the ladies chuckle.

“I hope that boy isn’t putting himself in danger, since he did say dragons. I don’t know if it is the mother in me, but I feel like that boy hasn’t been loved enough.” The trio of women nodded and the Lords just looked at their wives with fond smiles. Lady Malfoy then turned to Lord Black, “Arcturus you seemed to have an interest in the boy as well. Are you planning anything more than one of those flings you fancy yourself.” Arcturus wanted to hex Lady Malfoy for that comment, because now he found himself under the hard glares from the other pureblood women who seemed to have become protective of the Gryffindor Lord. “I hardly know him Lady Malfoy.”

“Hadrian will surely be the talk for quite some time. I can only hope the poor boy is used to all the stares, with his title the rumors won’t be dying anytime soon” The rest agreed with Lady Potter’s words and went on with their chatter before finally bidding their goodbyes. This evening went better than Arlene thought it would, it was Henry Potter’s only saving grace.

Harry arrived to the Peverell manor after separating from Gringotts. ‘What the hell was that Cocidius?!’

‘I could practically taste their arousal. I will not have you being eaten.’ Cocidius started walking toward the lake and Harry was stunned. ‘Eaten?’

‘Mates usually eat their partner after the mating process is finished.’

Harry was at a loss for words when Cocidius said that, and he fell to the floor in laughter. He was trying to inform Cocidius of his misunderstanding but his fit of laughter just started all over again. Harry barely got out of the way of the giant tail aimed for his head; Harry had to calm himself to inform the angry reptile in front of him.
‘Cocidius, humans do not cannibalize after mating.’

The crocodile looked at Harry to determine if he was lying, ‘they don’t?’

‘No they do not Cocidius. Cannibalism in humans is usually frowned upon in human societies.’

Cocidius was annoyed but it only made Harry smile more, ‘your kind is boring.’ Harry knew Cocidius was sulking again, and left to swim leaving Harry laughing all over again. He collected himself and followed Cocidius into the warm water. The crocodile came from under him bumping him playfully, Harry realized how big Cocidius was then. Holding onto Cocidius as they glided under the water, it reminded Harry of the time Dudley had boasted he had swam with Dolphins by showing him pictures. Harry had gotten in trouble for saying that Dudley didn’t need a dolphin that he was buoyant enough to float himself. ‘I will still bite anyone who tries to mate with you. Hold on.’ Cocidius rose to the top so that Harry could breathe once again, and Harry asked Cocidius to take him to the edge. Harry thanked Cocidius and asked Linky to get a bath ready.

Harry passed out once his head hit the pillow, blocking the world out for a few hours.

Harry woke up and was told by Linky that breakfast was ready and there was an owl waiting for him. Harry groaned and got himself out of bed, he was startled when he almost stepped on Cocidius.

Dear Lord Hadrian Gryffindor,

It was a pleasure to make your acquaintance yesterday. I found myself intrigued by you, and knowing that you have recently moved to Britain, I offer my company to show you around.

Sincerely,

Abraxas Malfoy

Heir of the Most Ancient and Noble House Malfoy

“How cute,” he saw as the elegant owl was waiting patiently for a response.

Dear Malfoy Heir,

I appreciate the offer. Perhaps some time next month, I am currently in need of some time to settle into my manor.

Sincerely,

Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor,
He gave the pretty owl some bacon which it made chirps of pleasure and gave the nice wizard friendly nips before leaving reluctantly. Harry thanked Linky for the big breakfast; he had been famished since he had missed several meals these past days. ‘Who was the pompous bird from?’ Harry swallowed his food barely avoiding it going down the wrong pipe, ‘the blond haired man you snapped at yesterday.’

Cocidius snapped his mouth closed and hissed, ‘Do not encourage them. Tell him to go jump into a merpeople infested lake.’ Harry laughed and threw Cocidius one of the chicken breasts that he had made sure Tipsy cooked for Cocidius to indulge himself on. ‘Do not worry Cocidius; knowing who Abraxas’ child would be, I would never get into a relationship with him. Draco after all taught me a lot about pureblood customs, even against his wife’s wishes. I also want to thank you for not attacking Arlene and Henry Potter.’ Cocidius finished the small tasty snack, ‘it is obvious they are related to you. You reek of sorrow when you look at them. Why don’t you tell them?’

Harry smiled sadly and his breakfast was left forgotten, ‘No. I am not taking the chance my father will not be born. It is best to keep everyone at arm’s distance if I can; besides I have you.’ The crocodile knew at that moment there was no human in the world like his human, and no one deserved him except Cocidius. ‘Come Cocidius, we have some shopping to do, Malfoy will get the hint. Hopefully.’

‘And if he doesn’t I’ll bite him for you.’

And once again Harry should have stayed in bed and ordered for the house-elves to chain him to it.

From the corner of his eyes a familiar store came into view ‘Borgin and Burkes’, his eyes flashed with memories of Merope desperately begging for money so she could see Tom to birth. Cocidius’ tail bumped his leg in order to make sure his flames didn’t cause a show in the middle of Diagon Alley. He walked toward Knockturn Alley and entered the store with plenty of eyes and whispers following him. ‘Welcome to Borgin and Burkes…’ The overweight man noticed who he was and stiffened. Harry knew how to play this man thanks to Tom’s memories, and he put on his warmest smile. A smile that tricked Hermione into thinking he was fine and made Mrs. Weasley stop coddling him. Cocidius next to him hissed in disgust at the pudgy man before him and wondered if his human was in his right mind. ‘I have heard wonderful things about your establishment, even across my travels there have been people who have spoken highly of you.’ The man preened and puffed his chest, smoothing his hair back and Harry was utterly disgusted. ‘We hold some of the most unique antiques and artifacts not available anywhere else in magical Britain.’

Harry nodded letting the man thinking Harry was impressed by him. ‘I need your experience and help finding something.’ Burke flashed his yellow teeth at Harry, ‘I would be more than willing to help you Lord Gryffindor.’ Harry slowly got closer to the man and wondered if the man had heard of something called a ‘bath’. ‘I am looking for a particular locket with a snake on it.’
Recognition lit in the man’s eyes along with greed, “of course, we have just one like that. A lady came in here claiming it once belonged to Salazar Slytherin himself, raving mad the woman. Her family has always been an odd bunch and known for spouting lies. Ah here it is… I will be willing to sell it to you for 400 galleons.” Harry chuckled at the man’s mistake, “did you just not say that the woman was raving mad, so then how you could hardly trust her claims? Are you trying to trick a LORD, into buying some subpar necklace? I see many of the things about your trusted and honest service are farfetched. I can only imagine the damage it would do to your establishment’s pristine reputation.” Harry wanted to guffaw as the man couldn’t decide between turning pale or dark red, usually people told more than they meant to when trying to impress a potential partner. “I will pay you one more galleon for what you paid for it. I would say that is a fair price.” Cocidius next to him growled and snapped his jaw several times to send the threat across. “That would be eleven galleons.” Harry gave the man his money and left the shop with a smirk, a woman passed him by who he recognized as Madam Hepzibah Smith.

He did not expect to be confronted by Albus Dumbledore so soon; his agitation was read by Cocidius who was getting ready to launch himself at the man before them. ‘ Cocidius no, he is an enemy we cannot afford. ’ Harry knew that Dumbledore could understand Parseltongue, but then again the tongue of dragons was very different. A language only understood if the one speaking wanted you to understand, even if you knew Parseltongue. Harry looked up to see a younger version of Dumbledore with those same annoying twinkling eyes. Harry tried to speak without anger seeping into his voice, “Hello, how can I help you?”

Chapter End Notes

FUN FACT: This fanfic almost didn't end up a Tomarry. Abraxas was not the option either even though it seems like it in this chapter. Can you guess who?
Youth Bias

Chapter Notes

You got this update early because someone won my challenge. It wasn't really a challenge but someone asked what they would win if they got my question right, and I panicked and promised an update to whoever won would get to choose when they wanted the update to be lol. So the pairing that almost beat Tomarry is actually Newt/Harry. Yeah it's a cute ship, fight me. I hope you like the chapter. Comment or Kudos! I do NOT own Harry Potter! And I do not have a beta.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I had heard a rumor of a man with an ability to talk to reptiles. I didn’t expect him to be quite so young. Anyways my name is Albus Dumbledore; I am a professor at Hogwarts. It is a pleasure to meet you.” Harry really wished Cocidius would stop hissing at the wizard before him it did nothing to help his nerves. “Hello professor Dumbledore, can I help you?”

“He took great please at Dumbledore’s inner turmoil and horror of Harry being completely different than what he had expected. Hadrian Gryffindor was not one of those stereotypical lions, perhaps once but not anymore and it had been Dumbledore himself who assured that.

“I apologize Lord Gryffindor. I overstepped my bounds, an old man like me forgets sometimes. Perhaps we could sit down and ta…”

Before Dumbledore could finish his sentence, Harry watched in horror as Cocidius embedded his teeth into Dumbledore’s robes. “Cocidius! That’s rude of you! I’m so sorry professor Dumbledore. I believe he thinks you are trying to court me. He made it very clear he’d eat any man attracted to me…."

Harry continued to ramble loud enough for the people passing by to hear; he really did love Cocidius. “O Cocidius…I am sure you are smelling things wrong.”

It didn’t take long before the people were gossiping to know what the young lord meant by that. Harry wanted to laugh and hug Cocidius, who now claimed a large piece of robe for himself. “I
apologize professor Dumbledore. I can reimburse you for your robes; I wouldn’t know where to start in finding robes so intense.” Harry wondered if Dumbledore slowly started getting more outlandish in his choice of wear after the split up with Grindelwald. “No worries, Lord Gryffindor. I just remembered I have an engagement that requires my attention.”

“Very well. Once again I apologize for Cocidius’ actions.” Dumbledore disappeared with a pop and Harry wished he could laugh without making a display, but this had certainly taken the attention away from his journey to Knockturn Alley. ‘ Why did you bite his clothes Cocidius?’ The crocodile finally let go of the colorful fabric, ‘ his choice in clothes was hurting my eyes.’ Harry chuckled and petted the scaly head of the giant crocodile. People watched as the giant reptile wagged his tail like a kneazle, “Silly rep-telly.”

He was then met with Cocidius’ tail and laughed; people were startled by the scene and soon walked away in a hurry. Harry decided he would immediately need to subscribe to the Daily Prophet after this incident, he knew tomorrow’s headline would be interesting. ‘ What is it that you bought?’

He smirked as they walked around Diagon Alley, ‘ It’s an object that does around your neck, showing off wealth and status. Or it could be something someone gave to you out of admiration. It’s called a necklace.’

‘ I want one.’ Harry stopped walking and did a double take, ‘ what?’

‘ I want a necklace. I deserve one after what I just did, the clothes tasted of decrepit old man.’ This sent Harry into a fit of giggles, ‘ that must have been very traumatizing.’ Cocidius nodded his giant head, ‘ Even someone as ferocious as I should have refined tastes. I have standards and so should you. Stop flirting with older men, it encourages them.’

‘ So I should only flirt with younger men, note taken.’ Cocidius growled and halted in his path, since he was so close if Harry hadn’t been careful enough he would have tripped and landed face first into the pavement. ‘ I flirt so that I am underestimated Cocidius. All they see is a pretty face, someone they think they can overpower. Only to find themselves…. ’ Cocidius finished the sentence for him, ‘ close enough to the edge of the water, so that you can sink your teeth into them and drag them into the water and rip them apart.’ Harry chuckled at Cocidius’ morbidity, ‘ I wouldn’t exactly put it like that, but yes.’

‘ Are you secretly a siren?’ Harry laughed but denied having any creature blood in him.

Cocidius then clicked in contentment, ‘ I’m a good influence on you then.’ Harry smiled down at the crocodile and then spotted a store meant for the upper-class society of the wizarding world. He opened the door and followed Cocidius in, and saw the unease of the clerk when she eyed Cocidius. “Hello madam, I am just looking around something for Cocidius.”

She relaxed slightly at his smile and blushed, but then Cocidius snapping his jaw startled her and brought her back to her nervous demeanor. “Who…who...is the lucky lady?”

Harry gently chuckled which left the woman staring at him in confusion, “I’m sorry, lucky man?”
The man before her smiled, “No it’s for Cocidius, my magical crocodile. He seems to want a necklace…well it would be more like a collar for him, wouldn’t it? He wants one and to be honest I am too tired to argue.” The woman eyed Cocidius with a nervous smile and then back at the handsome man before her. If the crocodile was anything like its owner, it couldn’t be that bad.

“O well, he’s a very handsome crocodile.” She saw as the crocodile preened and she found herself oddly taken with it even if she was still terrified. “He is. Don’t say it too often though; his ego is already big enough.” She found herself giggling as the crocodile playfully nipped at its owner.

“Well then what is his favorite color?”

She heard Lord Gryffindor gasp when the crocodile spoke to him. She had heard rumors of the lord who looked fondly at his crocodile. The gossip spoke about how you would know Lord Gryffindor when you saw him…especially with the giant crocodile that followed him. “What did he say?”

She saw as the lord smiled gently to Cocidius and wondered why more purebloods weren’t like him. She was sure the world would be a better place if they all smiled and were as caring as he was. “Cocidius said my eyes…the color of my eyes were his favorite.”

She smiled toward the crocodile, something she would have never imagined doing so in her life. “Great taste. I think I have just the thing.”

She went into the back and picked the case holding a necklace she looked at and often imagined one day someone would gift it to her. She then opened the case so that Cocidius could see it, which surprised Lord Gryffindor.

“What do you think? It is one of our finer and most expensive pieces. It has three rows of crystals, forty emeralds on the top and bottom, and forty diamonds in between. It is a necklace though…so more may need to be added and it would need to be changed to be a collar.”

She saw as Cocidius hissed, and while it made the hairs on the back of her neck stand up she knew he liked it. “Cocidius said you have excellent taste and I am inclined to agree with him.”

She blushed for he was the kindest pureblood to enter the doors of her uncle’s shop, an uncle who didn’t hate her because of her blood. She was lucky that they were not as close minded as some who were sticklers for traditions in Britain, but that probably had to do something with her grandmother being from Latin America. “How long would it take it for it to be finished?”

“About two days, if you are willing to pay 10,000 galleons more.” She wondered if he had that kind of money in these trying times. “Very well then, I am willing to pay that. How much is it in total?”

She felt disbelief, “279,000 galleons, Lord Gryffindor.” He signed the slip for Gringotts to approve the transaction and she felt great envy for the reptile besides them. “How?”
She was embarrassed and covered her traitorous mouth with her hand. Her uncle couldn’t save her from her wayward tongue if this lord took offense. Instead he smiled, “investments and old money. I may hold an old name but that doesn’t mean I can’t invest in the future.” Though it was vague it was enough and she found her eyes begin to water. “Thank you, Lord Gryffindor. You are the change this world needs.”

His smile was sad as he exited, “this world should not need me. Cocidius and I will be back in two days.”

And with that the man left and she quickly closed the store and firecalled her uncle.

“Uncle! We got a big sale! It should help keep the store open. It was no one other than Lord Gryffindor, the one that everyone keeps talking about who bought a piece!”

PROFESSOR ALBUS DUMBLEDORE MAKING UNWANTED ADVANCES

By Parsley Skeeter

Recently Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor has returned to the wizarding world of Britain from his travels. Many have described the Gryffindor lord as strange and charismatic, usually with a large magical crocodile in tow. A man who has made a big impression on those who have tested him on his N.E.W.T exams from what they were allowed to tell us. “Truly remarkable. I expect that Lord Gryffindor had a well-rounded mentor. He was very talented and unfazed by anything I threw at him.” This statement was given by one of the instructors who tested him just a day after reappearing in Britain. Other lords and ladies who have met him have only spoken of his kind and caring demeanor.

Yesterday many witnessed Professor Albus Dumbledore confront Lord Gryffindor and address him with familiarity. Many explained that Lord Gryffindor was taken aback by the professor’s demeanor and horribly flustered.

I speculate Lord Gryffindor had an upbringing addressing proper etiquette of interaction in the wizarding society. To address anyone with such familiarity would imply relations of blood or intimacy.

Many onlookers then informed that professor Dumbledore explained his mistake due to old age. This reporter has to ask the important question, shouldn’t someone who is head of house for Gryffindor be always fully aware of Pureblood etiquette? Since several of his house come from old and prestigious families who have been raised similar to Lord Gryffindor. Many also reported that the reptile accompanying Lord Gryffindor reacted badly to the professor’s advances towards his owner. We heard from lady Arlene Potter who was most upset by this information. Arlene Potter also gave us insight on the event and Lord Gryffindor himself. “I do not know what was going through Albus’ head coming onto that boy. Such a nice young man, he was more than willing to accompany for tea after I mistook him for my son.” Lady Potter explained that the young lord was very kind and a perfect gentleman. “They look quite different now that I think of it, I think he was trying to avoid attention. He is a well-mannered young man. Hadrian allowed me to formally use his name, and explained to me how he came across his charming companion. He saved the young crocodile from death; the dear ran into poachers and didn’t think twice before acting. Cocidius which is the crocodile’s name is awfully protective of Hadrian. Hadrian explained to me Cocidius has sworn to keep all suitors away from him. I’m awfully cross with Albus, while I may not be the most avid follower of the old ways. Lord Gryffindor was raised to be a Lord, and we have to respect that.” One young shopkeeper in Diagon Alley which specializes in selling jewelry explained that while she was weary of the crocodile when it entered
the shop, during its short stay it was very well behaved and smitten with its owner.

We would like to welcome Lord Gryffindor back into Britain and hope that he has come to stay. We can only hope that he is not confronted by any wizard or witch trying to take advantage of his youth. We also wish any suitor good luck in their attempts to get past his protective and loyal magical crocodile.

*For more information on pureblood customs and proper etiquette.....see page 4*

Harry Potter laughed and was going to offer his thanks to Griphook for getting Rita’s ancestor to slander Dumbledore. Harry knew this Dumbledore had done nothing to him, but perhaps it would bring attention to Dumbledore’s obsessiveness with Tom Riddle. And it would also keep the man from trying to recruit him for a while. He did not want to be constantly badgered by Dumbledore to join his little group of prized trophies.

Harry smiled as he saw the owl with his N.E.W.T scores, or so he assumed because it was a ministry owl. “Aren’t you a pretty little thing?” The owl trilled happily and held out its leg for Harry to take the letter. And took the treats Harry offered it and left. ‘*Look Cocidius, I got all ‘Outstandings’. Sadly I feel like this will only bring more attention to me if it gets out.*’

Cocidius hissed,  ‘*I don’t care, pet me.*’

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully the picture of Cocidius shows up, I drew it. It's just my interpretation of him. Also the fanfic that almost convinced me to make this a Newt/Harry fic is called 'Against My Nature by Araceil'; I came across it after starting this fic and it almost made this fic not focus on Tomarry, it's really good. Enjoy.
This update is late. I was doing some last minute assignments. Anyways I hope you all enjoy! I am so glad a lot of you are loving this fanfic and Cocidius. Please read the end note, for a little special. I do NOT own Harry Potter! I do not have a Beta reader. Comment or Kudos! Tom MAKES an appearance!

Tom Marvolo Riddle rose before the sun touched the sky, he moved gracefully across the cold stone to get ready for another day of his last year at Hogwarts. He was annoyed since the incident with the Ravenclaw student; Dumbledore refused to leave him alone and had him always under suspicion. For an idiotic Gryffindor, the man was conniving and two-faced, often making Tom’s life impossible. He went to the other Slytherins, only a few in his house and handful of Ravenclaws would show up this early to breakfast. Slowly students trickled in and he was surrounded by his half-asleep followers. He ignored them as they talked, favoring to read a new book he had bought on potions.

His reading was interrupted by a choking sound; he looked up to see Avery clearing his airway. “What a pleasant way to start your day Avery, do choke more quietly.” Orion Black giggled, “Might have to do something with today’s paper. I still don’t understand why you aren’t subscribed to the Daily Prophet.” Tom scowled, “as I have said before, I will not pay for some gossip rag.” Black just smiled, “maybe you should. Here look at the front page, might explain Avery’s adverse reaction.”

Tom’s eyes widened as he registered the heading of the paper and quickly moved his eyes to the moving picture. It was one of Dumbledore touching the arm of a young man and then finding himself with a giant reptile attached to his robes. Tom Riddle’s mood that day improved exponentially and a smirk could be seen forming at the side of his mouth. His eyes then went back to the man this article revolved around, Lord Gryffindor. He had heard from letters that Malfoy had taken interest in the young lord.

Tom had scoffed at that, surely someone like Lord Gryffindor wouldn’t be attracted to a Slytherin. He also knew of Abraxas’ often loved to collect things he considered “beautiful”. Tom knew that beautiful doesn't always mean smart, either way he was never one for relationships. Especially one that would be only physically fulfilling, he would not tie himself to an idiot. Abraxas on the other hand was fine as long as they pleased him in bed and were easy on the eyes. He smirked and wondered who was behind the article, was there someone with a grudge against the grandfatherly professor. He looked over to professor Dumbledore who was uncharacteristically quiet this morning, and receiving curious looks from students and colleagues alike.

Tom heard the whispers of his classmates and he knew that his article was a small blessing. After all everyone was now going to scrutinize Dumbledore’s actions more harshly, even his precious loyal Gryffindors.
A regal own landed before him, he knew it was Abraxas; owl. He quickly took the letter and the owl took his scraps and left.

My Lord,

I feel that today’s headline will be of most interest to you, a copy of the Daily Prophet is attached to this letter. Some information has come into my possession about Lord Gryffindor. It would be best if I tell you in person. The outing to Hogsmeade will be this weekend, so I will see you then.

Sincerely,

Abraxas Malfoy

Heir of the Most Ancient and Noble House Malfoy

Tom turned Abraxas’ letter to ash and soon left for his first class of the day.

Harry was amused to say the least at the current expression of confusion the goblins’ were wearing. “You wish us to conceal your N.E.W.T results? You did profoundly well; you must know that to deny access to anybody would make them extremely suspicious or come to the wrong conclusion.”

Harry grinned, “I’m counting on it. I already have more than enough attention on me; I cannot attract the wrong attention at this moment. Just because Grindelwald is not currently in Britain does not mean he does not have supporters recruiting here.” They knew to trust the time traveler’s words but it was still so rare to see a wizard purposely sabotage themselves.

“Do not worry, if I have learned anything from my years it is how to deal with the press.” The goblins wondered if the wizarding world was ready for Harry Evans Gryffindor-Peverell.

Harry forced himself to smile softly at the woman before him; she had the same sickly sweet smile of Rita Skeeter. He knew this woman was not Rita Skeeter, but the actions of her future daughter flashed before Harry’s eyes. “It is a pleasure to meet you, Miss Skeeter.”

He saw the flush that decorated her face and smiled, “I am very thankful you agreed to meet me, and please call me Parley.”

He hummed making her flush a little harder; he found his effects on her laughable. “How could I not meet such a beautiful woman? I am most flattered by your article. You must be one of the finest journalists Britain has to offer. I have the highest respect for someone who likes to get to the bottom of things.”

His compliments had the desired effect, and the malicious glint in her eyes softened. “T-Thank you, Lord Gryffindor,” he nodded and recognized that she was appreciative of her surroundings. After all they were having this conversation in one of the most expensive restaurants, a place Miss Skeeter could not afford on her pay. It was also a place known for its confidentiality; so when he ordered one of the finer wines it surprised Skeeter. He knew reporters weren’t treated this well, especially reporters like Skeeter. “Please call me Hadrian, Miss Parley.”
The blush along her cheeks grew and her pupils along with them. “Lord Hadrian, I have a few questions for you, if you don’t mind of course.”

“I would be quite welcome to answering some.”

Parley Skeeter was someone who melted in his palms just seconds after meeting him. “It has come to my attention that your N.E.W.T scores have been concealed?”

Harry expected this, “Miss Parley you seem like someone who above all else, is a bit quicker than everyone else.”

She didn’t even try to seem bashful, she nodded and he continued; “All my life I have had the Gryffindor name hanging above me. I was raised to think on my feet and left to fill a role at a very young age. I grew up a Lord, Miss Parley. Every day I woke up, I would have to be a Lord and act like a Lord. I learned from a very young age that life wasn’t fair. My mentor taught me the intimacy of the pureblood society and magic the hard way, and I assure you there is a hard way. My entire childhood I was exposed to a world not fit for a child, and so I learned to keep to myself. My N.E.W.T scores would bring unwanted attention to me, especially in these times.”

He saw the sympathy Skeeter held for him in her eyes and knew that he had won. “I did not want to hide this from you. So I can give you a look at my results, but I do ask you to help me Miss Skeeter. I do not want to be involved in a war, but I do want to allow the wizarding world to flourish.”

She smiled at him, “I think I can help you with that Lord Hadrian.”

*A Very Kind Heart*

*by Parley Skeeter*

After the scandal of Professor Dumbledore, a staff member of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, this reporter has chosen to interview the very man we have all been trying to know more about. Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor was more than happy to give the Daily Prophet an exclusive interview.

*Skeeter: Hello Lord Gryffindor, thank you for meeting me today.*

*Lord Gryffindor: It is a pleasure, please call me Hadrian. I have learned a lot from Britain’s wizarding world since my leave from your informative articles.*

*Skeeter: Why thank you, Hadrian. So can you tell us a bit about yourself?*
Lord Gryffindor: Well there isn’t anything special about me. The most exciting thing I can say about myself is that my homeschooling has taken me all across the world.

Skeeter: Did your parents raise you?

Lord Gryffindor: Unfortunately not. You see I was orphaned from a very young age; I was taken in by my mentor who was a very old friend of theirs. He too passed away and I decided to come back to Britain to where I could settle down.

Skeeter: You have my sympathies.

Lord Gryffindor: I have come to terms with their deaths, Miss Parley. Other than that my return has been eventful since I adopted a magical crocodile.

Skeeter: Yes there has been much speculation about the crocodile. How did you come across it?

Lord Gryffindor: Well Lady Arlene Potter has touched upon it in your interview with her. I met Cocidius when he was being recaptured by poachers. Once I saved him, he decided he would look after me.

Skeeter: Look after you?

Lord Gryffindor: Yes, Cocidius is quite the mother hen. He’s decided that he would protect me even from myself.

Skeeter: (laughter) and suitors?

Lord Gryffindor: Yes. I find it charming. Cocidius might look fierce but he’s as harmless as a lethifold.

Skeeter: Those aren’t…necessary harmless. What plans do you have for magical creatures, since you seem to have such a soft spot for them?

Lord Gryffindor: I know of how traditional Britain is…but I want to bring to attention certain aspects that I think with change could benefit the wizarding society as a whole. Magical creatures like Cocidius are being exploited often, and just the thought tears me apart. I hate seeing anyone fearing for their lives. Even if you are not fond of magical creatures as a whole, everyone benefits from their existence in magical Britain; House-elves working in wizards’ homes, or thestrals
pulling carriages in Hogwarts, and the fact of how eighty percent of potion ingredients come from magical creatures. Through my travels I have seen animals exploited and even driven to extinction for resources that one could get without the cost of the lives of the creatures. What is the wizarding world going to do when they have no more resources to make essential potions that save lives or can be used for wand cores.

Dear readers, I have to say Lord Gryffindor left me with a lot to think about. And I see why Lady Potter and many spoke so highly of him; he has a very kind heart. Lord Gryffindor has also asked for his privacy to be respected, and we will be rewarded by more knowledge about this dashing young man. I hope we at the Daily Prophet get to hear from him soon.

For more on pureblood families and lineage……….see page 4

For more on creatures and potions……..see page 5

Harry knew he has now accepted the consequences of time-traveling and knew he should be expecting a lot of owls. He laughed as Cocidius put his head on his chest telling him to shut up and sleep.

The very next day Tom riddle looked at the article and saw the man was well-versed in the politics of purebloods. He looked to see the nodding of his fellow classmates, and knew that this lord might affect his plans in the future. Perhaps, Abraxas could find out the lord’s views. “He has a point you know, imagine not having any materials needed to make wands. I would like to see my siblings get a wand and make potions.” Avery agreed with Orion which was a miracle all of its own. “How is Abraxas going to bed him with a giant reptile with pointy teeth standing between them?” Some snickered while others ignored what the young Black said.

Another Slytherin spoke, “what does he mean by magical creatures pulling the carriages?” Orion rolled his eyes, “even I know that one, you can only see them if you have seen someone die.” Avery smiled, “you kill someone Orion?” Orion stood up to leave with Tom but took the time to throw a hex at Avery, “no you idiot, my father is widowed after all.”

Chapter End Notes

So I am not updating this coming week, I am taking a break. But like the last time I will give you a question to solve, which allows you to choose the update day for the following week March 19th-24th and will also gets a drawing to go along with it if you get my question right! Good Luck!

Cocidius is keeping something from Harry, can you guess what it is?
Hello my wonderful readers! I am so surprised how well this fanfic is doing and it makes me so happy to read the comments and see all the Kudos! I'm kind of in a slump lately but that's nothing new. I promised an update and a sketch so enjoy! This will be probably be the last sketch of Cocidius, unless inspiration sucker punches me. I do NOT own Harry Potter! I do not have a beta. Comment or Kudos!

Cocidius was bathing in the sun, taking advantage of one of the rare moments Britain provided anything besides drizzle or clouds. He would let Cocidius enjoy his moment, “Tipsy, I’ll be going out. If Cocidius starts hissing tell him I am at the bank.” He was surprised the goblins asked him to confirm the amount of galleons he was spending on a jeweled collar. They probably thought someone forged his signature; it was a bit annoying to go the bank but he was touched because they showed they cared. As he walked into the bank it did not surprise him to find Griphook waiting for him with a stern look.

“Lord Hadrian, we would like to confirm this interaction. If it is not genuine rest assured….” Harry smiled and held his hand up, “it is a transaction of mine Griphook. It seems Cocidius has a very fine taste; honestly I don’t know who he takes after.”

The goblin knew wizards were strange but this just reaffirmed his belief that they were too troublesome for their own good.

“I also need two other things done. One is business and the other is a little favor.” Griphook regarded the smirk on Lord Hadrian’s face with suspicion but allowed the man before him to continue. “I would like to bet on a few quidditch teams. And I need you to when Heir Malfoy comes up to us to say I’ve lost more than I’ve gained in my gambling adventures.”

Griphook though that perhaps the boy knew which teams to bet on, but surely not all the way to this time period. “We do not make it a custom to lie…even for you Lord Hadrian.”

The smirk never left the wizard's lips, but his eyes gleaned making the goblin shudder at thinking about the danger this human posed just like the spell who shared the same color as his eyes. “Then don’t think of it as lying Griphook. Think of it as misdirection, or if you wish business…you can take 100 galleons from my account as payment.” Against all good judgement Griphook agreed which made the young wizard grin. Harry felt the magical signature grow closer as Griphook droned on about the odds of who had the best possible chance of winning based on players’ stats. He expected Malfoy to become interested in him, but the man literally had informants which got back to Malfoy when Harry appeared anywhere Abraxas could convincingly show up unexpectedly. Harry almost felt bad for what he was about to do. He turned his attention to the team and players, and then stopped Griphook. Ron has been so quidditch obsessed that Harry
knew which teams to bet on since it was invented. Griphook was writing down the teams when Abraxas approached him. “Greetings, Lord Gryffindor.”

Harry paused before he turned around informing that those were all the quidditch teams he was betting on for now. Abraxas was good at hiding his surprise, but after being around Draco it allowed him to see through the Malfoy mask. “Greeting Malfoy, please call me Hadrian. Lord Gryffindor always makes me sound so old.”

Abraxas took his hands and gently kissed the top. “My mistake, Hadrian. Call me Abraxas in return.” Harry wondered if all the charm of the Malfoy family died with Abraxas, he allowed the blood to rush to his cheeks.

“Please sign, Lord Hadrian.”

Taking his hand out of Abraxas’ grasp, he turned around and signed the amount he bet on each team and once again he was going to head for the jewelry store. “Are you a quidditch fan, Hadrian?”

Harry nodded, “I am, Abraxas. I have to say I usually have a good instinct on which teams to bet on.”

Harry tapped three times on the wooden desk which signaled Griphook to speak, “Lord Hadrian, lately you’ve lost more than you have gained on your good instincts.”

Harry chuckled, “maybe my luck is about to change. Besides winning is only one part of the thrill. Have a good day Griphook.” It did not go unnoticed that Abraxas was walking by his side, but Harry let Abraxas join him. “May I join you to wherever you are going next?” Harry smiled, “you’re more than welcome to Abraxas, but I have a feeling that I could hardly stop you if I wanted to.”

Harry enjoyed bringing down the Malfoy heir’s defenses enough to cause them to show emotion in public. The man was blushing so much; Harry thought he could possibly be mistaken for having a fever. “Where are you going?”

Harry led the way into the shop and was greeted by the young woman from last time. “Lord Gryffindor we just got the confirmation of the transaction from Gringotts, so your item is ready for picking up. I don’t see Cocidius.”

“I left him at the manor to enjoy the sun. I will tell him he has an admirer.” Her eyes darted to Abraxas and then to Harry, she decided to give him a bright nervous smile. “I’ll be right back with it.” Abraxas watched with interest that Lord Gryffindor treated everyone he met with such kindness and trust, truly the opposite of his Lord. He saw the metallic case she put it in a bag for him, it was one used only for clients who bought one of the most expensive products in the shop. Abraxas couldn’t believe Harry was spending so much on a magical crocodile.
“Cocidius is a lucky crocodile.”

Harry looked up to the blond wizard and smiled softly in agreement. “He is, but I am also very lucky to have him. I must be going back before he starts throwing a fit.”

Abraaxas did not want to see the emerald eyed man go. “What is the other part of the thrill?”

Hadrian stopped right in his tracks, “excuse me?”

“What thrill is there besides the money?” With this Harry came close to softly whisper in his ear that lingered with a hiss.

“Being right, Abraxas.”

Abraaxas felt his knees grow weak and before he could act, Hadrian left with a small pop.

Harry was back in his manor and immediately heard the familiar hissing. “Cocidius!”

‘ Don’t Cocidius me! You left once again without me just to run into one of those wizards high on hormones. I can smell it on you, so don’t try to deny it! ’ Harry was for once rethinking his choice of keeping a large reptile in his home. ‘ Cocidius, I went out to bring you something, look! ’

The crocodile saw as his human opened a metal box to see his large collar lying inside. ‘ Put it on me. ’ Harry laughed and obliged the large crocodile, ‘ you look dashing Cocidius. If I ever have to attend a ball, now I can take you as my date. ’ The crocodile purred in contentment at Harry’s bright smile, ‘ you will take me everywhere with you. You attract trouble, like a wounded animal. ’

Harry enjoyed as Cocidius swam with his new collar on, it was the Potter owl and saw it was from his great grandmother.

Dear Hadrian,

I know this is late but I apologize for my husband’s stupidity. I expressed that only he was to meet you but was pressured into letting other family heads in on our private tea party. I still need to ask you to expand on what you meant by ‘dragons’ at the Gringotts bank, young man. I would like to invite you to meet my brother-in-law Lord Charlus Potter and his wife Lady Dorea Potter, and their young son Emery Potter. This time I promise only my family will be in attendance. I reiterate that I would like you to meet my brother-in-law, who was out of Britain the last time you came. There is a portkey attached for tomorrow at noon since your floo is not yet working. I hope to see you soon!

Cocidius is invited to join, he seems quite attached to you and Emery would love to see him.

Sincerely,

Arlene Marie Potter
Member of the Most Ancient and Noble House Potter

Harry remembered hearing about Charlus’ son who died at a young age and wondered if he could do anything to help the boy. If he remembered correctly the boy had died of a sickness whose cure would be found a decade later, a sickness that Teddy had caught. Hermione had asked him for help to make the potion, saved the rest of the batch and preserved it just in case any future incident. So he would only have to convince the parents into letting him give their child a potion they have never heard of………great.

Cocidius was now walking towards him hissing for information. ‘Would you like to meet more of my family Cocidius? You have to promise to behave; there will be a child in our midst this time; No suitors, sadly.’ Cocidius hissed, ‘I know how to act around hatchlings. Good, the last thing you need is more interactions with males high on hormones.’

Tom Riddle was waiting at Hogsmeade for Abraxas, the rest of the knights were already here due to them still not yet graduating. Most were going to graduate this year along with Tom. He saw as the pale blond man entered and locked onto their location. “Greeting Abraxas, nice to see you could join us. I do know you are busy with being at the ministry most of the time.”

“Yes, my lord. I ran into Lord Hadrian Gryffindor yesterday.”

Tom saw as everyone leaned in curious to what Malfoy had to say. “He was at the bank betting on quidditch teams; it seems he doesn’t mind losing a bit of money. So he must be well off financially.”

Tom found himself repulsed by this, a big flaw in many purebloods. Tom never saw the purpose of betting unless there was absolute certainty in earning interest, and of all thing quidditch. “He also bought one of the most expensive pieces of jewelry in a shop in Diagon Alley, the one that is run by muggle lovers.”

Tom wondered if that was enough to overlook Lord Gryffindor. Orion Black commented, “Lord Gryffindor has enough money to gamble and decorate his pet crocodile, no wonder father is interested in him.” Avery grumbled low enough for only Tom to hear, “never thought I would be jealous of a bloody crocodile.” Tom saw the distaste Abraxas gave Orion and figured that he was still interested in the young lord. “He speaks Parseltongue, as well my Lord. He said it was gifted to his family by Salazar Slytherin himself, and that it skips generations.” Tom felt annoyed that he did not know anything about this. He didn’t like the fact that a Gryffindor had a Slytherin trait, “did he explain how he knows this information?”

Abraxas nodded and continued, “He said that he has journals kept by Gryffindor, but the ritual itself was not written down and lost to time.” Tom’s jaw clenched, he never found any journals of Slytherin, even if it was Gryffindor’s journals…Tom knew how to appreciate history. “Abraxas I still want you to see what his views are; I don’t care how you do it.” Avery said with laughter, “it’ll be interesting pillow talk, if you don’t get eaten by his pet crocodile.”
“A reptile won’t stand between me and something I want.” Orion laughed, “You have to compete against father, and personally I don’t see the appeal.” Lestrange spoke before Abraxas could, “that’s because you’re head over heels for Walburga. I can see the appeal, but the man is a Gryffindor, do you really think he would sleep with a Slytherin.”

Tom rolled his eyes at how childish this conversation had become, “enough…I don’t personally care for the man as long as he doesn’t become an obstacle in our plan. For all I care you can all have him as a bed partner. So please, let’s move onto other matters.” The others soon agreed and began talking about the growing threat of Grindelwald and the obstacles they would be facing in taking over the ministry. Tom repeatedly expressed his hatred of Albus and the growing problem the teacher was becoming.

Chapter End Notes

It's gonna happen, the flower crown that is. Harry is purposely making a bad impression on Tom........I find it very funny. Sorry. I was thinking of selling my art, mainly because I need income and my former supervisor was a bitch and the reason I quit my job. However, I never sell my artwork because I doubt myself a lot and it never gets off the ground. I'm not selling anything right now, but My tumbr page https://intern15-at-nightvale.tumblr.com/
Hello! Here is another chapter and sketch. This sketch was inspired by the picture I got from Angst_boy and has nothing to do (as soon as I saw it I thought of that one meme) with the story but enjoy! And Harry's saving people thing strikes again! Comment or Kudos! I do not own Harry Potter! I do not have a beta reader.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry was up early that morning to do this daily workout routine, another thing he kept from training to be an Auror. He didn’t want to get complacent or get soft around the middle, because his figure was great for flying. He has his broom gifted to him by Sirius the ones in this time couldn’t compete, and flew around for a moment before one of the elves signaled that breakfast was ready. “Master Harry should eat before it is getting cold.” All the elves were doing a delightful job of bringing the manor back to its former glory.

“Linky did you manage to finish it?”

Linky bobbed its head up and down feverishly, “O yes, I managed to finish the stuffed rep-telly for the little Heir Potter you be going to see.”

Harry beamed just as brightly as the small house-elf before him. “It’s perfect! I’ll just enchant it with a little trick Hermione taught me.” It was simple rune Hermione had showed him, it allowed for the stuffed animal to gain the desired temperature to make the person handling it comfortable. He etched the rune into the stuffed animal with some thread and a needle, and then spelled it to be practically indestructible. “Master Harry would be a good father, hopefully you bless this household with a child soon. So we can be taking care of it.” Harry blushed and stuttered, “O…I don’t think that will happen anytime soon with Cocidius around.”

“Where is Cocidius? By the way, this morning has been too quiet.” Endis chirped this time, “I fed rep-telly the rest of his food, before he leave with Master Harry. Rep-telly is in one of the greenhouses bathing in the light.”

“Thank you, Endis. I’ll inform him we will be living soon. You have also done a wonderful job with the greenhouses, best quality I’ve seen in quite some time, my friend Neville would be proud.” The little elf practically burst into tears and Harry gave him a pat as he left to go find his crocodile.

‘ Cocidius. It is almost time for us to leave. ’

The large reptile turned slowly towards his human, obviously enjoying the warmth of the greenhouse.
The small creature fed me a while ago; it has settled enough to go through the disturbing ways wizards travel. Harry chuckled, 'look at the bright side Cocidius we aren’t using the floo again, since we don’t have a working one in this mansion.’

Good riddance. Cocidius snapped and Harry told Cocidius to climb into a chest he had enchanted to make this way of traveling easier on Cocidius. After a lot of coaxing, mainly promises of food and pampering finally got Cocidius into the enlarged box. Harry then shrunk it and secured it in one of the pocket robes and used the portkey.

He barely managed to land on his feet, any time it was not apparition it was not going to be a smooth or graceful entrance. He quickly let Cocidius out whose complaints were interrupted by a familiar voice.

“Hadrian! I am so glad you decided to come even after the last get together was a catastrophe because of my foolish husband. Come! Charlus and Dorea are so excited to meet you.” She dragged him through the Potter Manor, a manor he had never seen before, only in fragments from Sirius’ memories. “And my little nephew is also excited to meet you and your darling crocodile.” He could practically feel Cocidius’ pleasure at those words, which was crawling right behind them. “I am delighted to meet more of your family Arlene. And I thank you for inviting Cocidius as well.”

“I saw how much he cared for you. I have to admit I was also hoping it would help cheer up Emery. The poor babe has always been a sickly child since birth, but lately he has been constantly sick…it causes all of us some heartbreak to see he can’t be like the other children his age.”

“Might I ask what his symptoms are?”

Arlene paused before they entered the parlor, “he’s having pains in his chest and coughing. The poor child tries to be brave for Charlus and Dorea, but you can see he’s tired. The healers are trying their best…but nothing they have tried as of yet has worked.”

Harry knew he needed to convince Charlus and Dorea Potter to allow him to give their child a potion. He would have to play his cards well because Harry was still a stranger to this couple. “Through my travels I was in a village in South America. When I was there, there were unusually heavy rains and if there was a drop in temperature afterwards a lot of children would get sick. Perhaps if I can examine Emery and I can confirm my theory, I could possibly provide a potion that would help him.” He expected suspicion in Arlene’s eyes but instead he received a bone crushing hug. “O Hadrian! Running into you is the best thing that has happened to this family in a while. I’ll inform Dorea and Charlus of this. I’m sure they will be ecstatic.”

She opened the door and Henry was laughing along with his brother, while Dorea watched them with a fond smile. Her eyes darted to the young boy who had a small book in his hands, trying his best to decipher the print on the pages. “My love, you’ve brought our guest! I was sure you were going to spirit him away to see your lovely garden.”
“O hush, Henry…if anyone is going to spirit the young man away it would be that young Malfoy.” Harry couldn’t stop the blush from taking over his face and causing the adults in the room to laugh. All were surprised with the excited screech that the small boy emitted when he saw Cocidius. The young boy overcame his nervousness of Cocidius size and walked slowly toward the direction of the large reptile. Harry quickly looked to Emery’s parents who showed worry and amusement. Harry quickly lowered himself to the height of the small child, “hello you must be the Emery I’ve heard about. I’m Hadrian Gryffindor but you can call me Harry. Can you tell me how old you are?” The small boy smiled and his pale blue eyes simmered with curiosity, “I am five, and is that your crocodile?”

Harry hummed and nodded, “he sure is. He seems scary, but Cocidius is very nice when it comes to children. I’ve told him to be on his best behavior. If he ever does something you don’t like, all you have to do is give him a kiss and he’ll stop.”

Emery giggled and moved toward the crocodile to pet him. Harry was holding back a laugh as he saw Emery struggled to climb Cocidius. “I have something for you Emery, since it’s always polite to bring a gift.” The little boy turned back to the man with a kind smile and waited impatiently. Harry took out the stuffed animal that could be identified as a crocodile. The little boy quickly took it with delight and meekly whispered a thank you. ‘You are just going to leave me here to be climbed like a rock for sunbathing!’

‘Yes. Now play nice Cocidius.’ He smiled as Cocidius got a kiss from the small boy who seemed to think the large reptile was mad at Harry. He heard as Emery whispered to Cocidius, “it’s okay. Harry is just going to the table to talk grown-up talk. He’ll come back and maybe he can play with us.”

He saw as the adults were all practically beaming at him. “O you would make a great father Harry.”

“That is the second time someone told me that today.” Dorea smiled, “and who was the first?”

Harry sighed, “My house-elves.” They laughed, “I have to say they have a point, you are very good with children and thank you for giving Emery such a beautiful gift.” Arlene laughter was interrupted, “is it alright if we call you Harry…I know you only have given Emery the permission.”

“It is fine. I am more comfortable with Harry anyways.”

“So Arlene said you had something to say to us about Emery’s recent sickness,” Harry paused before he spoke looking back at the boy who had succeeded on climbing on top of Cocidius’ back. “I have a few questions to ask you before I can confirm what it is. I do not want to give you false hope, and I am not attacking you as parents.”

They nodded and Charlus gripped his young wife’s hand. “Lately has Emery been soaked by rain or during a bath, and then found himself in cold temperatures.” Dorea’s eyebrows scrunched
together trying to think back to remember of this had happened. “We had a caretaker who explained he escaped under her nose and played in the rain. After that is when he got sick and we couldn’t trust her after that so we let her go.”

Harry nodded, “I will have to listen to his breathing to make sure, if you both give me permission…of course.” He thanked Merlin that the Goblins thought to give him a mediwizard license he supposedly earned in the States. It was a different thing to say he was trained as an Auror and to be able to prove so. “I can use a charm to see if Emery is allergic to any of the ingredients in the potion I will be using.”

Charlus smiled, “We’ve only heard good things about you Lord Gryffindor, and now we can see that Emery is in good hands.” They hear the young boy coughing harshly right after. Cocidius walked towards Harry with the small boy on his back, ‘you might want to treat the hatchling soon.’

Harry picked up Emery and sat him upon the couch, “hey buddy, I’m going to listen to your lungs and if I hear what I think it is, I’m going to give you some potions to make you feel better, okay?” Emery nodded and Harry had his hand and cast several spells in order to hear the young boy’s lungs, and he heard what he feared. Then cast a quick spell to scan for possible allergies, one he had used when Teddy was younger with his heritage being a possible problem with certain ingredients. “Emery, I’m going to tell you something important. You have to be careful when you go play outside in the rain on a cold day, okay. If you do play in the rain and it is cold, you should tell your mom and your dad, do you know why?”

Emery shook his head, “so that you can enjoy the best part and it’s not jumping in puddles. It’s having them prepare a nice warm bubble bath with toys. Okay?”

Emery nodded and Harry took out from his chest pocket, “Engorgio.” As he opened it, he heard the gasps coming from the four adults behind him. “This potion is to help you with the mild fever you have and the pain. I made it taste better than it usually does; between you and me the ones you buy usually taste like smelly socks.” Laughter followed his statement and the boy took the potion without hesitation. “It tastes like apples.”

“I know, much better than smelly socks. This potions will help get rid of the yucky stuff in your lungs. You might cough to get the stuff out; it won’t hurt but once you finish you’ll feel a lot better.”

Dorea encouraged her son to take the potion and soon Harry conjured napkins and a small kids-sized bucket. When Emery finished he was tired and sleepy but he looked healthier than when Harry got there. Dorea put her child to sleep on the loveseat in the parlor, and called the elves to clean. As soon as Emery closed his eyes, she attacked the young lord with a hug. “Thank you.” Harry was stunned but saw the obvious relief in her eyes. “I know that we are in your debt Harry. Emery means the world to me and to finally see him better than he has been this past week bring my heart great joy...I was afraid we would lose him. If my family can ever be of service then we will do whatever in our power to help you.”

Cocidius was by his side brushing against his leg, “I’m glad I could just help, you don’t owe me
anything. You did enough in trusting me with helping your child and that’s enough.”

“O my dear, you are too kind, come the elves have prepared lunch. I’m sure Emery will want to see you when he wakes.”

Dorea had him by the arm and led him back to the table, “Mindy bring the food to the parlor, and we will be eating here while Emery sleeps.”

“The chest, are you responsible for all those potions?”

Harry ate from the plate that appeared before him, “Yes. Technically I could be considered a potion master but I was too busy to complete that. Traveling the world often cuts your time short.”

“Are you going to complete it? I can only imagine that would make you the youngest potion master ever.” Harry shook his head, “I do not need the recognition in these times, and it is too dangerous at the moment.” He could not tell them that the title belonged to another, a person who has yet to be born.
Chapter End Notes

So any sketches that I draw for this fanfic will be uploaded few days early to my tumblr account.
Harry would have never though in a thousand years that he would find himself sitting with his great grandparents. Or just having saved Emery Potter, which meant Fleamont, was no longer going to be the Potter Lord in the future. Harry knew that the Potters were a kind family and Charlus had cared greatly for Fleamont after the tragic death of his own child. He told himself that Fleamont would still be well off even if he was not the Potter heir. Harry had heard from Sirius how much power pureblood family names had in the past, before many families suffered from war. And he had experienced it himself; the Gryffindor name was not something to be thrown around lightly.

“Speaking of family, Harry are you going to attend the Malfoy Yule Ball?”

That certainly snapped Harry’s attention back to the conversation, “I’m not a big fan of….” Arlene smiled, “O nonsense, I’m sure you have had more admirers than Malfoy and Black.”

“Well yes, but that doesn’t necessarily mean I enjoy them. I haven’t had the best experiences with formal balls.” Dorea nodded in understanding of the young man’s weariness with these elite get-togethers. “I’m sure Emery would love to go as your company. Even then, you won’t be required to take a partner. I’m sure if you did the Malfoy heir would be disappointed.” Harry’s small blush made the men chuckle at the young lord’s predicament. “Or you could take Cocidius, he seems well-mannered enough. And I’m sure the Malfoys would not be opposed to him being there.”

“Besides it would be a great opportunity to meet Fleamont, I’ve been telling him about you. And he seems really interested in meeting you, and I can’t blame the boy. He’s heard so much from the Daily Prophet and me.”

Dorea then interrupted, “I’m sure he’ll be just as enamored with you as Emery is.” Charlus nodded in agreement with his wife, “I’m sure Dorea would love to introduce you to some of her family.”

“I’ve heard you’ve caught Arcturus’ eye, and I feel as though you should be aware he has children already.” Harry smiled at Dorea because he understood what she was saying; she was implying that he would be investing time into his children too. “No need to worry Dorea, I have
“Well you do have time Harry. I’m sure someone will come along and catch your eye, or you’ll catch theirs. If you need, I can set you an appointment with one of the tailors in Diagon Alley, I’m sure you’ll look dashing in any color. But make sure something that brings out your eyes, dear.”

Harry smiled as they continued to talk about the ball and wondered who else was invited. Part of Harry felt sorrow for the destruction the war had caused the Potter family, and the thought that time wore down heavily on the joyous and laid back atmosphere around today. He felt Cocidius bump his leg, ‘the hatchling is waking, you should check on it.’ Harry smiled softly at Cocidius’ thoughtfulness, and rose stopping all conversation on the table. ‘He has a name Cocidius.’ He saw as little Emery startled to yawn and his hands left the stuffed toy in order to rub his sleepy eyes. Emery blinked up at the kind emerald eyes and gave him a shy smile. “Hey Emery, how are you feeling?”

“Better,” he saw from the corner of his eye as Dorea hugged her husband in relief. “That’s great. Are you hungry?” Emery nodded and Harry carried him to a chair at the table which was still bursting of food. “Emery, you can have dessert once you’ve had enough. I’m so proud of you; you were so strong and brave.” Dorea hugged her son tightly and then let him go so he could eat by himself. The little boy ate and would try to share with Cocidius who had already been fed that morning. He whispered in Emery’s ear, “Cocidius already ate, maybe next time you can help me feed him.”

Emery’s smile almost blinded him, and he saw as the Potters gave him that ‘look’. It was a look that the Weasleys had once given him when he was younger, but this time he recognized it and didn’t take it for pity. They had officially adopted him, so much for not getting to attached and involved with the Potters. Harry smiled as Emery pulled him from the adults after eating some desserts.

Harry was prepared for many things, those things usually involved death eaters and a dark lord. It did not prepare him for a crying five year old intent on Harry and Cocidius to go home with him. “Sweetie, Harry and Cocidius have to go home.” Emery’s tears grew larger at those words, “how about we make a deal Emery? You go home with your parents and I’ll make sure to visit with Cocidius one day. Besides, Cocidius would miss you so much I bet he would you love to see you again soon.” And with those words the small stream of tears stopped, “promise?”


Tom was annoyed it seemed all anyone could talk about lately was Lord Gryffindor. Apparently, the Daily Prophet was not up to date on all of Lord Gryffindor’s amazing feats. Earlier this morning the Gryffindor table was abuzz with gossip that no other table seemed to be in on. Orion Black was sometimes worse than his intended with knowing the latest gossip. He was pouting that the Gryffindors obviously weren’t sharing what seemed to make them so active this dreary cool morning. Orion had enough and much to others’ protests went to the table across from them. Apparently, Fleamont Potter was the source of all the chatter and Tom knew that Orion used his connection to his distant cousin, Dorea Potter.

He saw the gleam in Black’s eyes, as Potter told him the gossip without hesitation. This just showed how foolish Gryffindors were in giving information that should have been kept from others. It practically hurt Tom to see Black practically skip back to their table, clearly enjoying
knowing something the rest of the school was unaware of. “O spit it out Orion, before you implode.” Avery sneered but they knew he was interested about the possible gossip as well. “It seems that Lord Gryffindor saved the Potter heir. His mother informed him that his cousin is recovering from an unknown illness that the Gryffindor Lord knew of. The man is apparently a certified mediwitch back in the States. Walburga you should contact cousin Dorea and get all the details.” He saw as the older Black lifted her petite nose in the air, “Cousin Dorea isn’t one for gossip, you should know that Orion.” It fooled no one; Dorea would probably have a letter out before noon.

The only good thing about the Gryffindor Lord was the fact that he brought attention to Dumbledore’s actions. Lately, many seemed to evaluate the man’s actions with a critical eye. Making the old fool leave him alone and stop blaming him for every little thing that went wrong in the castle. “Walburga…I am surprised to see you coming from the owlerly.” Walburga smiled coldly at him, she was one of the few that never kissed the ground Tom walked on. “O yes, well I was just asking Cousin Dorea about any places she could recommend to buy a new dress for the Malfoy Yule Ball. Are you going, Tom?”

“I don’t know where else I would be. Abraxas drags me there each year.”

“I’m sure ‘drags’ is a bit too harsh of a word Tom, but you are correct about one thing. Where would you be?” Tom’s magic remained controlled even if under his skin it seethed and wished to rip at her flesh. “You should be careful Tom; although, you may have many of the Slytherins approval but you still do not have the ones that really matter. Orion is a naive fool, but he believes in you. And even if I will never see him as my husband, he is still family.”

Tom was angered but controlled his fury; he could not attack someone like Walburga Black and not expect some retribution. Even Orion would be affronted over that, he was heads over heels for her even if she didn’t return his feelings. Tom never understood that, why people were so willing to be weak all for some other insignificant person. The window he was near cracked and he reigned in his magic before he demolished the site around him. Eventually people that looked down upon him like Walburga Black, would bow at his feet and beg for mercy.

It was now the middle of November and Cocidius was now used to having a small child climb him every now and then. They had kept their word to Emery Potter and in return they got a bright smile from the small boy. Harry would often give him checkups in order to make sure his health was stable. Dorea often insisted that one day she would return the favor, but decided for now she would feed him because he was far too skinny. “I hope you have found something for the ball, Harry?”

Harry nodded as he saw Emery and Cocidius play out in the grass, the Potters had fixed their mansion to have a consistent warm temperature for Emery’s comfort. “O no worries, I took care of that myself.” Dorea’s eyebrows lifted slightly, “pardon me?”

Harry looked at Dorea and then pointed to his cloak, “I have a very adventurous life as you can tell, and by that I mean trouble often finds me. I went through many cloaks when I traveled with my mentor, so I decided to make one. I made this and so far it has lasted me the longest and is still in quality condition.”
Dorea gasped, “O my! And here I thought this was made by a shop. Harry, you never cease to amaze me! Can I see what you have planned to wear?”

Harry nodded and took out the outfit making Dorea almost shriek, and for a woman who was a Black was telling a lot. “It’s so beautiful; it matches well with Cocidius’ necklace.” Harry nodded, “Cocidius was insistent that I look respectable enough if I were to bring him to the ball.” This made Dorea giggle; she missed having someone around her age she could talk to. She might be older than Harry but something about him just gave the feeling that he understood you, something that came with age. She admired the outer cloak which was a deep emerald that almost matched Harry’s eyes, with gold thread delicately and intricately woven in order to make a dragon, which gilded on the back of the cloak. In the front there was a crocodile on the left side and on the right a lion, on the inside there were pockets not visible to anyone but the owner. The shirt was a clean white dress shirt with a tie matching the color of the cloak. Dark black dress pants were accompanied by midnight shoes that sparkled with gold when the light hit them just right. It was all enchanting since Dorea stared in wonder as the three beasts moved around the clothes as if they were not made of thread at all.

Chapter End Notes

Prints available of this one art piece with Cocidius and Nagini. You can either go buy
it at Fine Arts America (there is a link on my tumblr to FineArts America). You aren’t obligated to buy anything, but you can go ahead and look. Either way I hoped you enjoyed the chapter!
Halo Effect

Chapter Notes

Hello Readers, I actually wasn't going to update this weekend but this is me procrastinating studying for finals lol. Fenrir Greyback is seen in this chapter and we see Harry being Harry. I hope you all like it! Comments and Kudos are appreciated. I DO NOT own Harry Potter. I do NOT have a beta. Enjoy the sketch of the suit and coat Harry is going to wear to the ball.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry found himself more often coming into Gringotts checking on the dragons and the progress of the manufactured environments for them. Or talking with Griphook behind the doors of the bank, he did not want to run into Abraxas until the Yule ball.

“Greetings Lord Peverell.”

It took Harry by surprise to see the head goblin greeting him this time and called him by that name. “I’m surprised to see you here Ironclaw, not that it isn’t a pleasure. I assume you’ve come to inquire a few things.”

The goblin before him seemed grim but Harry knew they were never one for smiles and compliments. “We do not wish to know of the future, and our nation feels as though quite a few things have changed. We are interested in the purpose of buying land with the winnings of your little gambling endeavors.”

Harry smiled and slumped in the chair, “O I thought you were going to chide me for betting money, like Griphook usually does. Usually he rants about wizard’s memory being less than optimal. Anyways, I’m buying land to make sure if the magical communities don’t make progression towards conservation of species, then I will take it into my hands to do so.” He saw as the head goblin stared at him making sure he wasn’t jesting. “You are aware that we have associates that have trouble expanding their ability to mine due to Wizarding laws and such.”

Harry was keenly aware that dwarves and goblins often worked together, it was the one fact that perhaps stayed with him from being taught about the goblin wars. “If goblins help you invest in lands around Europe and outside of it, are you willing to let our associated mine for natural resources?”

Harry chuckled, “if I have nothing against dragons, Ironclaw. Why would I be prejudice against dwarves? I would be more than willing to receive aid from the Goblin Nation. Of course, I would make it a necessity for them to understand that their mining does not hurt the environment, and they will probably share the land with other magical creatures. ”

Ironclaw was once again surprised about how much of a bleeding heart this young wizard had,
even with the scars he carried. Their healer had seen the memories that resided in the wizard’s head and she grew haunted with the wounds he carried in his soul. He would never forget her words, “That child, he has survived that not even the most experienced warrior could. Even Myrddin would have has difficulty from his soul being mutilated and torn.”

“I do not see why that could not be done, A contract will be made as soon as possible; you are slowly becoming the owner of most lands across Europe already. How much do you wish to expand, the Goblin Nation will do what we can.”

Harry smirked, “all around the world, we can target lands with indigenous groups that are being encroached on. Places where species are becoming more endangered. I would also make it possible for vampires or werewolves to relocate if they wish onto these lands. They can maintain the lands and make sure there is a peace between them through a treaty or contract.” Ironclaw had already called upon several others to immediately take notes and begin research. He knew that time was essential and so did Harry, this would help werewolves and vampires lose the infamy they gained for supporting Grindelwald in the war.

Behind the doors of Gringotts excitement was brewing, many purchases had easily been made in the parts of Latin America, New Zealand, Australia, India, Africa, and Canada. The lands that had the Gryffindor seal upon them grew, and they were working on gaining land in America. Harry was almost every day in November meeting indigenous magical groups and with the help of the goblins explained that he would protect their land and way of living from outsiders. He also offered to make them wards in order for them not to come into contact with muggles, which most accepted. Werewolves and vampires were applying left and right on all continents to be a part of his relocation program, where they would be treated fairly and have a way of life without worrying about being mistreated or hunted. He saw a familiar name grace one of the applications: Fenrir Greyback. Harry also got help from the goblins in mass producing the necessary blood potions for vampires and a potion invented by him and Hermione to allow werewolves to transform with all their mental facilities. This was funded through the generosity of the goblins by the increase in minerals with the help of the dwarves.

Each day there was something new to do, he was working with a woman hired by the goblins in Egypt to make an object were any group living on any land would be able to contact him or the goblins if they were in need of help.

**DECLINE IN DARK MAGICAL CREATURES: GOOD OR BAD?**

By Parley Skeeter

Hello Dear Readers, it seems there has been a growing concern about where dark creatures are going while their numbers according to the ministry is decreasing. Several departments of the ministry are working together: the Investigation Department, Administrate Registration Department, and Magical Creatures Department, in order to find out the cause. Perhaps this could be a good incident due to the problem werewolves and vampires represent, whether physical threat or loitering. Increases of their number have shown with a growth in reports against their kind for petty theft, manipulation, or simply being where they are not welcomed.

There has also been an increase of lands being bought, there is however no concrete that these two incidents are connected. All of my inquiries to Gringotts have been denied or stalled, who
could they possibly be covering for? Let’s remember that vampires and werewolves are constricted and not allowed to live within a certain distance of any wizard or witch living establishments.

From a reliable source in the ministry, I am told that the concern that the dark creatures could possibly be Grindelwald sympathizers and possibly be joining the German madman in his quest to conquer all of Europe. My source informs me of this is the case, that drastic actions will be taken in order to secure Britain and guarantee it remains untouched by the war.

I will keep you, my dear readers in the loop once I find out any more relevant information.

For more information on creature classification……..see page 7
For more information on laws regarding dark and dangerous creatures……see page 7
For more information on lands bough recently around Britain…..see page 5
For more information on different ministry departments……..see page 6

One day Harry woke up with Cocidius giant snout on him, preventing him from moving even a centimeter. ‘Cocidius….‘

He heard the bellowing of the crocodile, ‘you need to slow down. You are exhausting yourself. Every day you get up before the sun and come back when it’s dark. You spend magic which needs time to replenish, the goblins can handle if you don’t come every other day. And if they can’t then they aren’t worth what you are paying for them.‘

Harry laughed and hugged Cocidius which was on his plus sized bed. Sleep sounded nice, ‘you’re just jealous, I don’t take you every day.’

He remembered how scare the one leader in the jungles had reacted at seeing a creature like Cocidius not eating him. They had been astounded and even asked his to stay with them for his ability to talk to snakes and other reptiles. Harry had forgotten that the fear of Parseltongue in Britain had been caused by Voldemort, Harry got no closer to solving the mystery that was Cocidius, and the reptile took great joy in it. They had mentioned they had seen creatures like Cocidius but none were magical, and Harry wondered if Cocidius was the last of his kind.

‘I bet you aren’t even aware what date for today is.’ Harry smiled as Cocidius continued to lecture him about proper resting period appropriate for reptiles. ‘It’s………………..a day………in early December.’

Cocidius bellows made it appear like he was laughing which he probably was. ‘Harry it is the day before that flower smelling man’s ball. Though he also smells like some type of tasty bird.’
What?! Why didn’t you tell me Cocidius! I still have to buy stuff for you and me. ’ Cocidius’ laughter stopped, ‘what do you mean more stuff?’

‘You’ll see come on.’

Harry entered the upscale beauty shop usually used by purebloods. “Welcome to our shop…..O Lord Gryffindor! What a pleasure to see you in our shop! I imagine you are getting ready for the Malfoy Yule Ball.”

Harry smile was slightly strained, “of course, I have been busy as of late. Getting the manor into shape and sorting out family business.” The elderly woman with her face caked with some powder-like substance nodded seeming to understand, Harry worried her face would crack and fall off like some surreal nightmare. He was surprised she ignored Cocidius; maybe she just wanted to pretend there wasn’t a potential man-eater in her shop. “I have some youth potion, but I don’t think you’ll need it any time soon. I have some….”

Harry stopped before she could go on any longer, “do you have any nail polish or cosmetics?”

“What?”

Harry went still; he completely forgot it how long it took for the Britain wizarding world to even acquire some of these things. Usually the leaps in cosmetics were found in the States because they were not involved with two dark lords in a row. “I’m sorry. They are something I grew used to having on my travels. I need a few things then; I need the blush cream, the sparkling cream, and the hair removal cream, and the ultra-styling gel.” He saw her confusion turn into glee since these were some of her pricier products.

“Thank you for your business Lord Gryffindor. I’m sure you’ll be the talk of the ball with our products.”

Harry soon went to the apothecary and brought a few things to make the rest of the things he needed.

Cocidius watched as his human brewed upon the open fired, and made sure each concoction didn’t explode. He then cackled as he put them into separate containers. And Cocidius wondered just how sane his human was to begin with.

‘What did you make?’

‘It’s a surprise for tomorrow.’
At midday he ordered Endis and the other elves to seize Cocidius and wash him thoroughly. They knew by now that the rep-telly was kind and would stubbornly oblige when it came to Harry’s wishes. Harry made sure the small stubble that had been growing was now gone and the rest of him was smooth. His wild hair was styled to stay out of his face, and show his bright green eyes. He applied a slight line of gold around his eyes and applied a small amount of blush to his high cheekbones. His lips were slightly redder with the other cosmetics he made, and his nails were dark emerald with sparkles in them.

Cocidius came into the room disgruntled and ready to complain, he did not expect for Harry to close the door behind him and spell the room so he couldn’t escape. ‘Whatever you are planning to do Harry, don’t.’

‘O Cocidius it’s nothing bad.’

Cocidius found himself with his bejeweled collar, sparkling green nails, and his skin glimmering when the light hit it. ‘You look handsome Cocidius!’

Cocidius was indignant and didn’t like that he was basically adorned like a giant scaly doll. ‘Let me just put on my suit and coat on and we’ll be ready to go.’

The mirror he had for Griphook to contact him started to glow and when Harry came back he answered it. “Lord Gryffindor can you appear on land number eleven, a goblin needs to meet you there in order for you to be locked into the wards.”

He held onto the end of Cocidius’ tail and apperated, ‘wait here, it’ll take a few seconds. I’ll be back before you know it.’

The process went by fairly quickly and professionally; although, one of the goblins stared at him longer than usual until he was hit by one of his counterparts. He was walking back he was pinned to one of the new buildings that was now upon the land to house werewolves. “You wizards walk around without care, thinking you own everything because you’re kind thinks they are entitled to everything. Someone like you shouldn’t be out here all alone, pretty boy.”

“Unhand me.”

He erected a protection shield and shoved the man who assaulted behind him. “Cocidius down. I’m sure this man wasn’t aware of who he was attacking.” The shield lowered but Cocidius was still hissing and growling ready to attack the burly man now in front of them. “And who might have I attacked, pretty boy?”

“Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor.” The man’s eyes widened, “I apologize. I am Fenrir Greyback,
if I would have known I would…….."

Harry nodded and cut the man off, “even if I wasn’t the owner of these lands, it would be in your best intentions to not attack every wizard you meet. They might hate what you are, but don’t let them be proven right by your actions, Fenrir.”

And with that the lord disappeared with his crocodile in tow, leaving behind more than just one person in disbelief.
Before you ask me why would Harry wear makeup. I ask you, "why not?" But it actually has a purpose, it makes it seem like he cares a lot about how he looks, Harry is trolling hard. Cocidius is wearing matching nail polish and I'm dead. Let's play a guessing game (this is just for fun): which person(s) is Harry going to dance with at the Malfoy Yule Ball?
HELLO! Sorry guys, I was in no mood in May (my birthday month) to write anything, and then my depression hit me right after (why I literally went off radar for a while but the positive comments kept me going). Anyways a shout out to my beta readers; a ravenclaw and a hufflepuff, for helping me out. I wanted to post this chapter for you guys already, so it hasn't been beta read yet but I looked it over. Anyways I hope you enjoy! I do not own Harry Potter! You also get a rough sketch or Harry at the Malfoy Ball.

“Abraxas you are pathetic, stop pacing around like a worried mother. I’m sure your Gryffindor prince will be coming soon.”

Avery continued, “Speaking of Gryffindor, I see the Potters were invited.” Orion interrupted, “Aunt Dorea is a Black and it seems Emery is in better health, I’m glad they could make it.” Lestrange rolled his eyes, “stop being a sap Orion.” Orion in retaliation stepped on one of Lestrange’s feet causing the other boy to wince, “according to Walburga, Aunt Dorea and Arlene Potter has a lot to do with getting the Gryffindor Lord to come. And there have been a lot of rumors seeing him going in and out of the bank, apparently he’s been busy these past weeks.”

“Imagine that Abraxas, he must be in debt from the lavishing he does on his crocodile.” Abraxas eyes narrowed as he pinned Avery under his gaze, “he is not your father, Dewey. If you must know he helps the Gringotts bank with their dragons. It is not unusual for him to be there.”

“Don’t call me by my first name Malfoy.”

“Then keep your mouth shut Avery, before you cause all of our brains to deteriorate.” They all looked at Tom, ashamed that they were acting like bickering children. Tom was finely dressed, and the power emitted from him drew the eyes of blushing women and piqued the interest from men. There was nothing flamboyant about Tom, with his simple black suit and Slytherin green tie. Yet his presence demanded attention and drew people closer hoping to feel the slightly dark and addictive magic that seeped from his being. Tom’s magic was also deceptive, warm from afar but to those who got too close often got burned. “Forgive us, my…” Avery shrunk even more as Tom glared knowing how he was about to be addressed.

The whispers then began and Abraxas quickly turned to the origin, finding a familiar voice coming from the opposite side of the room. He heard gasps of those around the room and Abraxas couldn’t help but agree. Lestrange and a few others were a bit more vocal, “bloody hell.”

Tom looked as Abraxas drifted as if he had been enchanted by a siren, walking closer and closer to the talk of the ball. Hadrian Gryffindor was in colors that he did not expect for the lord; and he acknowledged the man was daring in the things he wore that made one concentrate on his features which were usually reserved for females. Tom’s eyes were drawn to the magical crocodile that was being hugged by the youngest Potter. He did not feel any power from the lord and from then
Harry was late but he couldn’t find himself caring, it just meant less time he had to spend interacting with people. One of the elves looked at him with worry due to the company he was keeping. “Sirs need to be going through that door and you’ll be at the ball. Would you like me to be taking your coat?” Harry smiled gently, “Thank you, and no I need my coat.”

The elf was star-struck and Harry left with Cocidius before the house-elf could cry. As he came closer to the door he heard the chatter and music of the ball, and wondered if he really wanted to put up with the elite of the wizarding world. ‘Get it over with. I’ll be here; none will dare to hurt you.’

He smiled, ‘Thank you Cocidius. Please be on your best behavior, so no biting the Malfoys.’ The crocodile growled but agreed in the end, and so Harry entered and headed straight for the familiar faces in the sea of people. “Harry you came!” Emery ran to him and jumped, making Harry catch him and swing him around to make sure the frail boy didn’t get hurt. “Of course, I did. I wouldn’t miss seeing you, I did promise didn’t I. Cocidius wanted to come as well.”

“O Harry you look marvelous. I think I might have to hassle you later to get where you buy your products.” Dorea then fondly looked at her son who was climbing on the top of the crocodile, who she knew was fond of her five year old son by the way he lowered himself to be climbed on. “You look like a doll, dear. Harry this is my son Fleamont Potter. Fleamont this is Lord Hadrian Gryffindor, a very talented young man.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Lord Gry…..”

Harry interrupted his grandfather, “you can call me Harry.”

“Then I request you call me Fleamont. I have to thank you for helping my nephew; you’ve done so much for us.” Harry smiled causing Fleamont to turn slightly red, “it’s what anyone would do. I have to say you are dashing as your parents Fleamont.”

“Thank you but I have a girlfriend.”

Harry chuckled into his hand and Fleamont realized too late, “don’t worry Fleamont. I’m not going after you, but your mom and aunt will be.” Fleamont had dug his own grave because now two intent female Potters were now asking several questions at once to a flustered and stunned Fleamont.

“Harry.”

Harry turned and saw Abraxas Malfoy elegantly dressed in a royal blue and smiling at him. “Abraxas, your mother has a wonderful taste in décor.”

“I’m glad you enjoy it. You look beautiful tonight.” Harry laughed, “You are too kind Abraxas, and you look dashing.” Harry saw as Abraxas blushed, “I cannot exaggerate your beauty Hadrian; since you have entered many cannot take their eyes off of you.” Dorea chuckled, “I see you inherited your romantic tongue from your father Abraxas. You should introduce him to others; we
will be here with Cocidius.” Whoever said the Potters were not calculating people, never met Arlene and Dorea Potter trying to be matchmakers. Abraxas offered his arm which Harry took with a small smile and was escorted to meet people he would probably recognize for the better or worse.

There was a group in the back for the young members who either have not yet graduated or still had not taking over the mantle of Lord or Lady of their houses. As soon as Abraxas and Harry entered their view, they descended upon them like vultures. “This is Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor. Hadrian this is; Walburga Black and her younger sister Carina Black, Heir Orion Black, his two younger siblings Nysa and Pallas Black. This is Heir Irving Lestrange, Heir Dewey Avery and his sister Cora Avery; along with Heir Lowell Rosier and his younger brother Polaris Rosier.” There were several others that Hadrian acknowledged who all seemed very interested in him, given by their prolonged stares. “I would like to introduce you to Lord Tom Marvolo Slytherin.”

Harry knew that he should have been prepared for this moment; he knew it was going to happen at one point in time and it seems that Riddle finally claimed his title. He saw that the others watched this interaction with great interest, and he also knew that they were all testing him. Harry leaned close to whisper the last part of his sentence knowing what effect it would have, “Pleasure to meet you Lord Slytherin, whether you believe me or not; it was only known to a few that Salazar Slytherin and Godric Gryffindor’s relationship went deeper than friendship.” Harry stepped back with his warmest smile and enjoyed as the anger simmered around Tom; Abraxas stirred nervously because he like those who knew Tom personally could tell he was displeased. Walburga one of the few who wasn’t close to Tom but had experience seeing through facades, looked at Harry with some sort of approval. Harry glanced around and saw the ‘Knight of Walpurgis’ look uneasy and wondering at what Lord Gryffindor had said. “The music is starting,” he decided the awkward tension was enough but was surprised when Walburga stood in front of him expectedly. “Can I enjoy this first dance, Lady Black?” He took her hand and left Abraxas with a fuming future dark lord and didn’t feel a tiny bit bad about it.

“You’re a marvelous dancer. I have to inquire what you said to Tom, for research purposes of course.” Harry saw the malicious glint in her eyes but only returned a smile, “only the truth. Sadly it was something for only his ears, from one Hogwarts heir to another.” Part of Harry expected Walburga to scream her head off and demand answers, instead she just nodded and the subject changed. “As a woman with very fine tastes, I am also inclined to ask where you retrieved you robes and the products that has everyone imaging you in bed.” Harry laughed as he swirled Walburga around to the music, “Everyone? Even you?”

“Everyone,” Walburga said with a mischievous smile and at that very moment he saw Sirius which pained him greatly. “I hope I will not have Orion Black chasing me demanding a duel to the death, he is your intended after all.” This time it was Walburga who laughed, “Orion is too kind, and he knows me too well.” Harry’s thoughts flashed to the rumors that Walburga was more interested in the same sex; but Sirius had quickly shot that down about his mother, he had said and Harry quotes that “she was too much of a frigid bitch”.

“So tell me, how has someone as talented and handsome as you remained single so far? And do not try to lie to me, Aunt Dorea has told me about your mediwitch certification in the States.” Harry wondered if all Lady Blacks were this difficult, “I didn’t have time. I traveled too much and focused more on studying and surviving the world.” Her eyes warmed a fraction and he knew that he had perhaps gained another mother hen. Walburga found herself passed onto her next partner and Harry found himself in the arms of Abraxas Malfoy. “I care greatly for you Harry, so I must warn you not to anger Lord Slytherin.”
“I didn’t mean to Abraxas, I only told him something from Godric’s journals. I hope I didn’t upset him. Dance with me Abraxas.” Harry felt Tom’s magic calm and he let himself be led by Abraxas, he would have to find himself another partner before Abraxas decided to try his luck. Harry did not know what to expect when he felt a tug on his pants, he and Abraxas looked down to find small Emery. The small blessing made him smile brightly, “hey Emery is something wrong?”

“I want to dance; Cocidius agreed that I should ask you.” Harry’s laughter always drew the attention of those around him, “I’m sure he did. Well let’s dance; I hope you don’t mind me being stolen away.” Abraxas shook his head and gave a small smile, something very rare to get out of a Malfoy especially when so many people were around. “Did you know the creatures on your clothes move?”

“Yes, I made them do that.” Emery looked at him like Harry gave him the moon, “They are pretty just like you.” Harry gently swung Emery high into the air, “if you keep complimenting me like that. I am going to have to make you small enough to put in my pocket, that way I can take you everywhere and hear your sweet words.” Emery’s laughter reminded Harry that this is what he had sacrificed everything for, the carefree laughter of children untouched by violence and fear.

Harry did not notice the tears falling from his eyes and the worry that crossed the Potters’ faces.

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**GRINDELWALD GROWS EERILY SILENT! RUMORS IN THE STATES!**

*By Parley Skeeter*

According to our Minister of Magic, and his talk with the France ministry there have been some developments regarding the Dark Lord Grindelwald. The France ministry wants to make Europe aware of the lack of movement from Dark Lord Grindelwald and his supporters, they are not sure if this a ruse or strategic move. They advise all of Europe and Asia magical communities to take this time, however short to secure their borders and be aware of one’s surroundings. According to my source, the minister has been advised to recruit more aurors and expand their training and reaction time. I have questioned the head Auror of the Britain Auror Department on the advice given by the France ministry. He spoke assuring that our Auror Department was more than prepared for any attacks by Dark Lord Grindelwald and that they should worry about themselves.

Another one of my sources is that there has been some talk about possible movement in the States, these however are just rumors. I have made several attempts to contact MACUSA or the Magical Congress of the United States of America, they have not replied to any of my inquiries so far. If there is any possible movement from the Dark Lord Grindelwald in the States it gives birth to several questions. Why go halfway across the world? Is the States the new target? Or is this just a diversion tactic? What do you think dear readers?

For more on MACUSA and the States Magical Community……..see page 6

For more on the Ministry of France and their full message……..see page 4

For more on Dark Lord Grindelwald……………see page 5
Why did Tom get mad: Harry has presented himself as weak since he did not give any indication of magical prowess, Harry has information that could be true (Tom has expressed his envy of his possession of Godric Gryffindor's journals), and this was a weak attempt at flirting LOL

My sleeping schedule is so fucked guys. I decided that tumblr would be where I post art for this fanfic and updates for other art that is on sale, https://www.tumblr.com/blog/intern15-at-nightvale Check it out if you would like to, of course (or drop by and say hello).

There is a little devil on my shoulder telling me to start another Tomarry fanfic, and I might give into it.

There are possibilities of someone coming back in time besides Harry, but who?
Belief Bias

Chapter Notes

Hello lovelies! PLEASE TAKE NOTE: To those who have forgotten about the announcement I made or didn’t read it, with chapter 13 there was several edits to the previous chapters. You do not have to reread the story, but please note that one of the edits was now the visible difference between Parseltongue and Dragon-tongue. This is part 2 of the Malfoy Ball, so enjoy because this easily became one of my favorites. Shout out to my beta readers. I do NOT own Harry Potter. Comments and Kudos are welcomed!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To say Lord Hadrian Gryffindor had caused women and men of noble blood to trip themselves in order for the young lord to stay within their line of sight was extremely accurate. Since he entered the Malfoy formal ballroom all eyes were on him; his extravagance made him ethereal, the way the gold around his eyes shimmered when he smiled. Many were transfixed with the gold creatures that moved in a life-like fashion which seemed to watch those around them limited in their interaction by being only the enchantment attaching them to the cloth. Everyone was gossiping whether the young Gryffindor Lord had his robes custom-made by Madam Malkin, or whether he came by them during his travels. Lord Gryffindor knew his clothes and makeup would distract people enough to only talk about superficial things, especially Abraxas who waited for another opening to sweep Harry off his feet.

No one expected to see the Gryffindor Lord to shed tears as he danced with the young Potter heir; all the attendees knew by rumors that the man had saved the young boy from certain death. Not quite a healer but a mediwitch was still to be respected, and the care he showed the child softened many hearts.

The tears made the young boy in front of him freeze; it had made everyone who could see him in such a state stop in their tracks. Only one person moved and it was the man no one expected, least of all Harry. Tom offered Harry a handkerchief with a smile on his face that unsettled the Gryffindor, he knew Tom. “You shouldn’t cry Lord Gryffindor, Abraxas might take offense.” Harry slowly took the handkerchief and dried his tears in a sort of daze, because Tom was using this opportunity to land himself in the good graces of anyone who was seeing this incident. Harry wanted to laugh without restraint at the thought, because if there was one thing he could count on to not change was Tom Riddle’s need to take advantage of any situation. “Thank you, Lord Slytherin. How very kind of you,” the small twitch in Tom’s eye made Harry want to smile. Harry wanted to cling tightly to Emery’s little hand but the extended hand of the Slytherin in front of him had him cornered, he knew if he did not accept it many would wonder why and so would Tom. Harry was not prepared to be within Tom’s grasp, “Emery why don’t you go wait for me by Cocidius, I think I still have one more dance in me.” Emery obediently nodded his head and ran back to the crocodile, safer with Cocidius than he was in the presence of Lord Slytherin.

Few of those who stopped to observe the incident once again danced with their partners, the others stared at the scene before them as if it some strange anomaly…which technically speaking it was. Harry from the corner of his eyes saw the unease in Abraxas; however, Harry was aware that Tom would not try anything in front of so many people. One of Tom’s hands went to his waist and the other in his own; as he looked at his dance partner he couldn’t help but see flashes of the diary Horcrux. Harry saw the young Tom Marvolo Riddle who wanted to make his name known, but still had goals that would have led to something great if only he had been guided in the right
direction. After the making of his second Horcrux and the rejection from Dumbledore to become a
teacher, his goals quickly became twisted and distorted. “You seem deep in thought Lord
Gryffindor; hopefully I am not boring you.”

“Of course not, you are a fine dancing partner, Lord Slytherin.”

“I must ask where you found the information regarding Salazar Slytherin and Godric Gryffindor.” Harry allowed Tom to swirl him around. “Godric Gryffindor left journals, the largest one was
gold and green, and all or its pages were filled about Salazar Slytherin. I think it was quite a
romantic gesture, even if their story was a bit melancholy.” Tom eyes gleamed once again
thinking that Gryffindors gave information far too easily, information that they should have kept to
themselves. “I trust your words, but as a Slytherin I would like to see the journal. I know
something of value must never leave your family home, so perhaps…”

Harry knew Tom was clever and deceptive in his intentions, but this was a clear sign that Tom
wanted to scout him out. Nothing was more telling about one’s beliefs than one’s own home, and
panic started to settle in. Harry was playing the polite see-through Gryffindor, if he was to refuse
too quickly or not offer an explanation for why Tom couldn’t visit it would raise Tom’s
suspicions.

Luckily or unluckily an explanation didn’t have to be made, Harry was startled by a large growl
and a giant crocodile. Normally Cocidius was a good sized crocodile but still not fully grown, but
in his current size Cocidius could eat a man whole without much effort. ‘COCIDIUS, STOP!
PLEASE CALM DOWN!’ Harry was lucky enough that they had danced their way closer to the
Potters so no one was hurt in the growth spurt of his reptilian friend. ‘YOU CAN CHANGE
SIZE AND YOU DIDN’T TELL ME! YOU ARE TELLING ME THAT YOU COULD
HAVE BEEN EASIER TO CARRY AROUND THIS WHOLE TIME!? ’

Many people were murmuring and looking quite shaken that something with that many teeth was
so big and hissing loudly. ‘CHANGE SIZE IMMEDIATELY! I suggest you turn smaller than
you usually like to be. ’ Cocidius hissed indignantly but quickly changed for Harry, who snatched
him up before Emery could. “Sorry about that! Cocidius was getting jealous and just wanted a
dance. I hope he didn’t scare you Lord Slytherin.” Tom would not admit that he had been scared
of the crocodile almost sinking his teeth into him, and the ability to barely understand the very first
portion of their conversation. “It is fine; your crocodile just startled me that was all.” And with that
Harry started to twirl his crocodile around to the amusement of some and to the horrors of others. ‘
You are lucky Cocidius that he cannot understand dragon-tongue unless we wish him to.
Either way thanks for the save.’

‘I told you, no one would hurt you as long as I am here, and that man smells too much of
snake. Obviously he needs finer taste. Stop twirling me around, Harry…’ Harry only laughed
and many just observed the strange man stop and as he walked back to the Potters carried the
crocodile like a baby. ‘This is why I didn’t tell you.’

Harry chuckled and knew Cocidius was enjoying the warmth and not the cold contact of the
marble floor. “Harry, did you know Cocidius could do that?” Harry pet Cocidius, “no, I believe it
was an early Yule present.”
Tom heard this and his belief that Lord Gryffindor was a man who trusted too easily and was too unaware of his surroundings if he did not know the creature he held could change size. The man’s wealth and status was the only value he could see, the man would suit Abraxas well. Their interaction had allowed for Tom to be seen in a positive light and acting like a proper pureblood even with them knowing of his blood status; Lord Gryffindor’s unbiased behavior towards him still lingered in Tom’s mind.

Harry was looking to leave soon; he had been here long enough since this was the longest he had stayed in any kind of formal ball. “Harry dear, could you stop by the manor one day? I could owl you another portkey if you need me to?” Harry knew they wished to include him in the family gift exchange and so he agreed without much resistance. While he had Cocidius, there was sadness that he would not have his friends there to drag him from one party to another.

Harry almost got exited the door of the Malfoy manor, he did not greet Abraxas with a stunning spell only because he recognized the man’s magic easily. Malfoy turned him around, “you are leaving?”

“I am tired Abraxas. I was never one for formal balls; this has probably been the one I have stayed the longest in.” The tension in Abraxas’ body softened, “I was afraid something had upset you, since Cocidius had reacted badly.” His words made Harry smile, “How very thoughtful, Abraxas.” Abraxas then took out a small box, “inside is my gift.”

“I have nothing for you Abraxas.”

Abraxas looked down to the small crocodile in his arms, “I was hoping you would allow me a kiss, but I admit I am wary to ask because of your companion.” Harry chuckled, “You must know I am not looking for a partner Abraxas, not anytime soon. I may be flirtatious, but I find it seems to ease people’s moods.” Abraxas had made it easier to make Tom come to the wrong conclusions about him, but it felt wrong to lead Draco’s great-grandfather on.

“All you me one date and a kiss; perhaps I could change your mind.”

Cocidius struggled against Harry’s hold, “if you cannot then will you give up Abraxas?”

“Yes.”

‘Cocidius do not bite him.’ The crocodile stilled in his grasp, and Abraxas initiated a kiss….it tasted of champagne.

Two icy blue eyes saw the scene and then turned away.
The next day he went to see the Goblins to talk about establishing a policy which encouraged for any magical creatures to not attack wizards or witches unless in self-defense. It would only stir problems if what had happened between Fenrir and him, happened elsewhere and ended badly. The creature would be put in front of a jury and found guilty before one could say Merlin. “Lord Hadrian we had Lady Amanda make the items you requested. Each gold lion amulet can only be keyed to one person, and will work for no one else. The ring is for you to wear at all times, and will inform you if any of the individuals are in need of your immediate assistance. Your request for the new policy seems reasonable and will be issued in the next twenty-four hours; any incidents that could possibly arise will be seen over by Gringotts’ personal representatives.” Harry sighed in relief, “Thank you Griphook, perhaps later we can make an appointment to start making plans for a way for creatures to become employed or become self-sustainable.” The Goblin grumbled, “Happy Yule, strange wizard.” Harry laughed as he apparated out of the bank.

It was the 25th of December and Harry was carrying a smaller Cocidius with him as the portkey activated. ‘Why do I need to constantly need to be this size, and don’t think I have forgiven you for making me watch you swap spit with the bird smelling man.’ Harry couldn’t help but laugh, ‘Cocidius, you have no need to be jealous you did sleep in my bed that night.’ The crocodile hissed but Harry knew if Cocidius didn’t want to be held he could easily change size whether Harry wanted him to or not. “Harry you are here!” Harry looked up to see Fleamont coming at him with a huge smile unfearful of the crocodile that shifted size at will. “Hello Fleamont, how have your aunt and mother been these past days?”

“An absolute nightmare, no thanks to you. They keep pesterling me to bring my girlfriend around.” Harry laughed at the younger man’s exasperation, “well let’s get inside, everyone has been positively ecstatic for you to come over.”

The friendly and excited demeanor of the Potters’ was bittersweet, and Harry did his best not to let it show. “Harry dear, we got you a present. We can never repay you enough for saving Emery, but I hope you know you will always be welcomed into this house.” Emery got a large struggled to carry the box to Harry and it was pretty bloody adorable. “You didn’t have to.”

“No nonsense, Harry.”

Harry carefully took apart the paper in the box and opened it; inside there was a jeweled enchanted crocodile figurine on top of a small ornate wooden chest with the Potter and Gryffindor family insignia on it. “We went to that lovely store you got Cocidius’ collar at; Lord Adams is very good at his craft. I hope we haven’t overstepped but thought you would like to know you are part of this family.”

“It’s beautiful and Cocidius seems to like it.”

“We had to put in an order for another one, Emery saw it and was upset he couldn’t keep it.”

Harry let the enchanted crocodile roam on top of Cocidius, along with Emery was using his own stuffed crocodile to play along. “I have something for each of you. They are amulets which can be used to signal me if any of you are in danger all you have to do is pour some of your magic into it. Perhaps the Daily Prophet is right but better safe than sorry.”
Dorea Potter knew that Hadrian Gryffindor had faced hardship in his life but now she was sure he had lost people. She did not know who or when but she hoped the man before her would heal in time. “They are lovely Harry. Even if Grindelwald does not come to Britain there is no harm in wearing such a beautiful amulet.” Dorea agreed and took three, put one on and then gave one to her husband and son. Arlene did the same but took her time to admire the little gold lion at the end of the small dainty gold chain.

Tom Marvolo Slytherin never saw the point of celebrating the Yule holiday, but it allowed for what was about to happen now. Before him was the Riddle mansion, the place where his despicable muggle father and grandparents lived. The man who left Merope Gaunt after finding out she was expecting child and no longer being under the influence of love potions. He entered the mansion and saw how well off the muggles were and couldn’t help the anger and revolt that stewed within him. “Point me to Tom Riddle Senior.”

They were in the dining room enjoying a large meal when he entered, they looked at him and they turned pale. “What are you doing here, boy? Bet you are just awful as your mother, get out!” Tom Riddle eerily smiled, “is that any way to act when your prodigal son returns.”

“You aren’t my son! I never agreed to have you with that witch!”

Tom apparated right next to his father and pointed his yew wand to the man’s throat, “I wouldn’t recommend going for that weapon, father. One might think you would want me dead.”

“I should have only stayed with your mother long enough to make sure she miscarried; would have been one less freak in the world.” The words sealed Tom Riddle Senior’s fate, “Avada Kedavra.”

His grandparents screamed as their lifeless son fell onto the ground, “YOU MONSTER! YOU WRETCHED LITTLE BASTARD!”

Tom laugh was manic, “technically they were still married when they had me grandmother. Imperio.”

The next day a short story appeared in the muggle newspaper. 

Riddle Family Tragedy: Merry Bloody Christmas
December 25, 1943

The police force showed up at the Riddle residence due to calls of a disturbance late in the evening on Christmas day and came across a grizzly scene. The police report that the evidence at the scene suggest the William Riddle killed his son and wife with a shotgun, and a in a fit of grief killed himself shortly after. There is no sign of what caused the old man to snap, there however are rumors from the village that insanity runs in the family. The police have resolved this is an open-and-shut case.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it! GUYS, this story actually having some plot now lol. I'm going to take the liberty to say, shit starts getting real from here on out. I might also have a possible fanfic idea for the rare pair that is Newt/Harry, maybe (just curious how many of you would be interested in this?). Don't be afraid to say hi on tumblr: https://www.tumblr.com/blog/intern15-at-nightvale
Also the shop is open and art is for sale: https://www.etsy.com/shop/ZurisArtShop

What was Malfoy's gift? (This is just for fun. Make me laugh please and give me a serious answer too.)
Hello Readers! This hasn't been beta read but I hope you enjoy! HMMMM.......Things start getting interesting from here on out! I do NOT own Harry Potter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

2002

The heat of the jungle went unnoticed by the airy blonde, who had a purple neon sweater, radish earrings, and dark blue sunglasses in the shape of rabbits. She hummed as she drew one of the native species of Argentina down in her journal along with writing the date at the top of the corner. Now that she thought of it, today was important to those who knew the significance of it. New Year’s was a day of powerful magic important in many cultures around the world; the magic it held was often used for rebirth rituals and strengthened youth potions. Also, it meant only thirty days her monthly meeting with Harry, who had suspiciously stopped in his correspondence with her. Luna Lovegood knew that Harry James Potter was important since the day she set her eyes on him; with his kind offer to look for her shoes when the nargles had stolen them. Harry joined her on a previous expedition and asked her to keep him updated if she ever found what she was looking for. Harry had given her a magical camera with small radishes painted all over it; he had said it was for when she finally saw the Humming Burnic.

Luna was about to leave to go to the small stream to search for Freshwater Plimpies but then she saw something hovering from the corner of her eye. It was a magical creature that would be easily mistaken for a small hummingbird; it was something that Luna usually only saw shadows of. Yet there it was; the body of a bumblebee with wings similar to a hummingbird’s wings and upon its tiny little head was a small horn. She whistled a small tune similar to the Hogwarts’ chant, with that it danced around in the air, humming back the tune with the beats of its tiny wings. She took out her camera and managed to take a picture, the flash resulted in the small creature flying away in fright. “I should go show Harry this.” And with a small pop the jungle’s vivid colors were now only the bright flowers that sparsely littered the canopy.

Luna Lovegood smiled as she walked towards the ancient manor that Harry had invited her into several times for tea and food. She did not notice that it remained unchanged since the last time she visited, or on her way to the manor the world around her was changing with every step. She entered the building shouting for Harry, but when he did not answer she continued to go further into the manor since she knew where she could find him. Harry could always be found in his personal study, where he worked on various projects. Luna carefully opened the door, she like other had learned from individual incidents it was a bad thing to surprise Harry when he was intensely focused on something. The room was filled with magic, almost suffocating her as she entered; it felt desperate to latch onto the source of what had put it there. Upon the desk she saw a glowing object, which could barely be made out to be a time turner. And against all common sense, something that Hermione had once said Luna lacked like how Harry lacked self-preservation; Luna touched the unstable magic emitting from the glowing gold object.

It broke the fragile time field that was left in Harry’s disappearance; the magic that kept the mansion in a stasis and unchanged unlike the world outside its wards.
As soon as the field broke, the time turner took the silver-eyed blonde with it, leaving behind no trace of what had once been but the shadows only a certain few could see.

Luna saw glimpses of why no one else but her had been able to visit the manor; she was the least affected by the changes in time. She was a from a Pureblood family which was known for remaining neutral; other’s had either lost family or their blood status played a part of not remembering where the Peverell manor resided.

Time travel was never kind, many attributed to time being very fickle. It took a toll on one’s mortal body; disorientation, motion sickness, breathlessness, and other side effects were possible. Harry was not a mortal and this Luna knew since the shadows spoke to her, even with Luna’s creature blood it took a great toll on her body. Syphoning most of her magic and making her fall onto the jagged ground of the jungle; she weakly hummed a song until darkness took her. She never heard the whispers of the people who had found her.

“What should we do with her chief?”

The older man looked down at the unusual girl that shared the traits of the oracles, “she is a witch. We’ll heal her and when she gets better she can get off of our lands, or the wizard can do what he wishes with her.” One of them lifted the girl from the ground and then joined the others to go deeper into the jungle.

1944

Gellert Grindelwald knew he had to take a familiar face as to not arouse the suspicion but that would have to wait till after this short stop but he would have to address it soon since the MACUSA was already onto him; also what is it with Americans and acronyms. He cast a strong concealment charm on himself before going into the Gringotts branch in America, “I want to see the head goblin behind closed doors.”

The goblin gave him an unamused look and grunted, “Behave yourself wizard, we might not concern ourselves with wizard politics but if you try anything in this establishment… and you will wish we did.”

Grindelwald knew a threat when he heard one, he never cared much for the goblin race, and he thought they were fine where they stood in the magical society even if they themselves weren’t. “Of course,” Grindelwald was showed to one of the waiting room and a few minutes later the head goblin entered. “I heard the great Dark Lord Gellert Grindelwald had graced our fine establishment with his presence, I had to see it to believe it. What can we do for you wizard?”
“I need information and I am willing to pay whatever fee you find necessary for it.” The greed in the goblin’s eyes darkened, “and what might you want to know?”

“I found myself making a little side trip to America for business, and need some information which can be found just as easily here as in Germany. I would like to know the family lineage of the Peverell family.”

The Goblin’s face still and he called upon his assistant speaking in Gobbledygook, after several minutes the goblin turned to Grindelwald and spoke. “It seems that the Peverell family name is protected by the entire goblin nation, you will not get any information regarding the family from any of our branches across the world, Grindelwald. You will cease asking about the family and you will exit our building peacefully.” Grindelwald’s magic seethed around him like boiling water waiting to scorch anyone who came close enough. “Very well,” Grindelwald left and the head goblin thanked mother magic that the Peverell Lord was not to reside within the bank’s walls till tomorrow.

“My Lord, did you manage to get the information you desired?” Grindelwald’s furious demeanor was enough of a reply and his followers trembled, “the goblins seem to be uncooperative about giving information of the Peverell family.”

“Perhaps we could…..” Grindelwald turned to the man and sneered before his underling could finish his sentence, “Do you really think we could afford a battle against the Goblin Nation at the moment, several wizarding communities have tried to subjugate them you imbecile. No….we need to find someone willing to give us information or at least a goblin that isn’t faithful to Gringotts.”

“My Lord…I know the face you could take in order to find out such information and avoid the suspicions of the American Ministry….and just the goblin you are looking for.” The smirk that graced the Dark Lord’s lips promised deception and pain.

Harry found himself in a fancy restaurant across one person who for some reason had become very fond of him, but the expensive wine and his charismatic words probably helped with the person’s attachment to him. Parley Skeeter’s excessive blinking was starting to unnerve him and he was tempted to inquire if there was something in her eyes. “There have been some interesting rumors going around about you Lord Hadrian.”

“I suppose there would be, perhaps I can confirm which ones hold truth and which ones don’t, Parley.”

She smiled and batted her eyes again but he supposed that after this meeting she would cease doing so. “Before we start I heard that your magical crocodile can change size.” Harry nodded and smiled as he opened one of his recently made pockets and out popped a small Cocidius who could be mistaken for a hatchling. “He insisted on coming, he’s been highly paranoid that I will run off with a suitor. Well let’s start with this interview Miss Parley.” Harry relished the shock in
her face at seeing something so dangerous in such a small and adorable state.

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**A GRYFFINDOR THROUGH AND THROUGH**

*By Parley Skeeter*

Hello Dear Readers, yourselves and the Daily Prophet were promised more information about our mysterious and kindhearted Gryffindor Lord, Hadrian. I recently found myself in the position to ask this elusive Gryffindor Lord some questions and information about his experience in relocating to Britain’s wizarding world. There were rumors on the possibility that Lord Hadrian Gryffindor had some involvement in the miraculous recovery of Emery James Potter from a mysterious illness inflicting him. Lord Gryffindor confirmed that he had helped the Potter Heir recovery, “It is not well known but I had training to be a medwitch in the States, so with the Potters permission I was able to exam and diagnose what was afflicting little Emery. I had come across this sickness in my travels and fortunately kept the cure on hand, which allowed little Emery to recovery quickly. Emery was very brave throughout the whole process and some recognition must be given to Lord and Lady Potter for being so dedicated to their son’s health.” I have to say I find myself in awe of how accomplished Lord Hadrian is at his age, it seems like Lord Hadrian is living up to his family name with his achievements.

There were also rumors of certain events that occurred during the Malfoy Ball, one of the most prestigious events of the year which only the elite and most influential wizards are invited. There were rumors of Lord Hadrian’s magical companion which has shown abilities to grow and shrink in size. Lord Hadrian also commented on this matter, “It surprised me, I must admit. I did not know Cocidius could purposely shift in size; apparently he is very talented in keeping secrets. When he changed he meant no harm, he was just not ready to lose me to someone as charming as Lord Slytherin.” I was as surprised as you readers when I found out that Lord Slytherin and Lord Gryffindor shared a dance, and of course I tried to press for more information from Lord Hadrian. “I only met Lord Slytherin recently, I am sure he was being a gentleman in offering a dance. Besides at the moment I am spoken for, nothing serious but you never know it could lead to something.” It appears that Heir Abraxas Malfoy has snatched the interest of Lord Hadrian. I know that many of us find ourselves downcast by this news but know that any further updates will be followed by this dedicated reporter.

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Chapter End Notes

You guys remember the cocidius and nagini art piece, I have that as my background on my computer, I might sell the digital file on my Etsy shop depends on who is interested (my art shop is offering free shipping now). I'm also might make Cocidius bookmarks, so that way you guys can have useful art.
So Malfoy got a date, guess you will not be getting a father-in-law Orion.” Orion rolled his eyes, “don’t remind me, Malfoy has been a smug bastard because of it and it is putting father in a bad mood.” Avery poked the food on his plate, “I found the whole Malfoy Ball unfair, since Lord Gryffindor only danced with the Potters, Abraxas and Marvolo.” Walburga rolled her eyes before answering Avery, “If you can recall Lord Gryffindor also danced with me Avery, and I for one am glad you didn’t get your filthy hands on his beautiful robes.”

“Does our dear Orion have competition?”

Walburga hissed coldly, “I thought you would have enough wit to know that I would never do anything improper or care for anyone but my intended; you should also know that Lord Gryffindor was a true lord and gentlemen throughout the entire exchange. Besides Avery he would only be interested in someone who could truly be a lord.” The subtle insult did not go unnoticed by any of the other occupants sitting at the table causing snickering and giggling. Everyone knew of Avery’s situation; his parents had always been superstitious folk and as soon as he showed accidental magic was brought before a seer. Who had told Lord and Lady Avery that if he was their only heir, their line would find themselves extinct, the seer never explained what events would happen that would cause this fate. Avery had a younger sister and his parents were trying to conceive again to ease their fears, but they were still too terrified to see the seer again who would surely tell them if they sealed or avoided their fate.

Mulciber looked toward Tom who was unusually quiet through these events, “You are correct Walburga, but Lucius was not just lucky enough to manage to start courtship. He also was fortunate enough to lock lips with the elusive Gryffindor prince.”

They were all startled when Tom rose from the table suddenly making the plate before him shake, “I’ve lost my appetite. I’ll be in my room studying, if you’ll excuse me.” Tom rushed away with several pairs of eyes following his movements until he disappeared.

Tom looked absently at the stone that made his room; his hands were subtly shaking since that fateful night. He had to admit he let that man’s words get to him, he saw his mother as weak but she was worth something more than that despicable muggle, they were by no means lacking and unable. He had to grow up in that godforsaken orphanage; punished every time he performed accidental magic or those stupid whining children couldn’t take what they dished out. He learned quickly that any threat should be dealt with a fast and powerful blow in order to make them think twice about wanting to hurt him. The feeling of killing his father had been different but then again
he hadn’t been actively trying to kill the annoying Ravenclaw student, he just took the opportunity to make his first horcrux. Tom clasped his hands together stopping the tremble and sighed, he knew that Dumbledore was suspicious of him. However, due to Lord Gryffindor’s actions any action Dumbledore took to try to investigate the mysterious murder-suicide of the Riddle family would raise alarms. Recently Parley Skeeter, who was known for being vicious and persistent, had with someone’s help exposing several complaints from parents and students across all houses against Dumbledore.

Part of Tom wanted to find out whoever was behind the article and express his gratitude, whoever it was worth having in his company. Tom thought of perhaps sending an owl to Abraxas to see if he could extract any information from Parley Skeeter. Hopefully, he could do so in a timely manner with his duties in the ministry and his supposed courting of Lord Gryffindor. Lord Gryffindor….Tom was unsure of what to think of the man, part of him wanted to be disgusted at the magical presence when he got close to the man. It was weak, he thought of Walburga’s gossip of him being a trained mediwitch in the States and of his magical companion…could it be possible that Lord Gryffindor was trained to suppress his magical presence. It was a possibility but the man was so aggravatingly open with his expressions and intentions; his surprise at his companion’s ability to shift size also seemed to agitate him. How could you not know something so important about the animal who shared living space with you?

‘What are you thinking of Tom? ’

‘Nothing of importance Nagini, ’ she hissed as she draped herself across him. ‘ Are you sure? You have been unnaturally quiet, especially since that bird gave you a visit. ’

Tom looked at the journal at the head of his bed, gold and green snakes wrapped around the cover protectively. If Tom didn’t know any better he would have thought it would have been a birthday present. He held the note that same attached to the book:

Dear Lord Slytherin,

I hope this parcel finds you. It took me a few days to get the proper materials to make a replica of the original journal that resides within my vault. Take this as a late Yule present and an apology for Cocidius’ behavior during the ball. I wish you a prosperous new year.

Sincerely,

Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor

Lord of the Most Ancient and Noble House Gryffindor

Tom did not know why he had kept the note, he usually disposed of them right away like he did of all those he received from his followers. ‘ What do you gather from the journal Nagini? ’

‘It has a faint smell of death. ’
Tom did not know what to make of Nagini’s comment and decided to read where he left off in the journal.

“I would like to remind everyone that we are halfway through the year and many of you will be taking N.E.W.Ts and graduating soon after. I will be asking more of you, in order to prepare you for these tests which will be fundamental for your future careers.” Many in the room groaned even some of the Slytherins, who seemed to have less decorum when it came to complaining about an additional assignment. Professor Merrythought continued, “you will have two options: you may either create something that relates to your future career and could be seen as useful and beneficial to the wizarding society. It does not necessarily have to be defensive or offensive in nature, but if it is you will be awarded extra points and a personal letter of recommendation.”

The murmurs started among everyone, excitement now littered the students in possible ideas they had. “The second option is to perform a high level spell or magic ability, showing perfect execution and control. I will hand out a list containing several spells that have been approved by the headmaster and myself, I personally recommend working in pairs for either of these; As making and object or performing a high level spell can be magically exhausting or have unexpected reactions that could affect your health or state of well-being. Any questions?”

Several raised their hands a Gryffindor who was clearly more in touch with her muggle side excitedly called out, “what do you recommend, if we were to choose spells?”

“The patronus spell is a particularly difficult spell to master, it is quite a deceiving spell, but it is one will show your excellent ability to control your magic and emotions. It is an impressive spell if one can master it. The ability to be an animagus is also something extremely useful that can be used during battle, though it takes an extended period of time to possibly succeed with a low probability of actually becoming one. You can ask professor Dumbledore about it, since it deals heavily with transfiguration. There is also the bedazzling hex that takes an extreme amount of concentration and time to cast, though if things go wrong you can often end up with one or two body parts becoming invisible for an indeterminate amount of time.”

Tom saw Fleamont Potter raise his hand, “why did you say the patronus spell was deceiving? From what I have read in our assigned books, it seems pretty straightforward since you only have to think happy thoughts.” Merrythought smiled at this, “you would think so, but many people struggle with this spell even if you pronounce it correctly, move your wand correctly, and happen to have a thought happy enough some are only ever able to cast a non-corporeal patronus.”

“I heard that if dark wizards tried to cast a patronus they would start to rot and worms would come from their eyes.” Merrythought rolled her eyes at Morgan McLaggen’s words and dismissed it to move onto another question.

“Since many of you seem very interested in trying to cast a corporeal patronus, then I will please be sure to follow this wand movement and clearly speak the incantation. Think of your happiest thought and let’s see how you all do.” Tom thought about seeing Hogwarts for the first time but as soon as the words left his mouth, all he got was a fragment of glowing white mist like the rest of the class. It agitated him, he usually excelled when it came to casting several upper levels spells and he was basically as pathetic as his classmates. Merrythought saw his frustration and gave him
a warm smile, “don’t worry Tom most adults have trouble with this spell even with a lifetime of casting experience.”

Tom’s grip on his wand tightened, “Professor Merrythought do you have a corporeal patronus?” Merrythought gave Alphard Black a small smirk, “I most definitely can.”

Several of the Gryffindors shouted for her to show the class her patronus with the others nodding along, the Slytherins just watched their professor quietly in interest.

A gallant stallion joined Merrythought at her side; it surveyed its environment for any enemies and then decided to trot around in the small space before disappearing.

Tom found Alphard Black looking at him, “I believe I am making the safe assumption that you will be making an object, and not trying to cast a corporeal patronus or trying to become an animagus.” Tom sneered, “It would have been more sensible if Merrythought would have assigned this assignment at the beginning of the year, anyone who has read on the subject knows it would be idiotic to try with N.E.W.Ts just a few months away and the fact that the teachers would make sure you registered with the ministry if you succeed. Are you finally rebelling against Walburga’s wishes Alphard?”

The young Black sneered, “Orion sees something in you Marvolo, and while Walburga refuses to see anything but your acidic tongue, atrocious manner, and blood. I do not deny you have talent. I will also most certainly not allow Avery to bring my grades down. You have the highest scores in all of your chosen classes since first year.”

The message was clear, Alphard Black was testing him.

**FAVORITISM IN HOGWARTS**

By Parley Skeeter

With recent light upon actions of certain persons related to Hogwarts, this reporter decided to contact students and parents about their experience with Hogwarts. Discussions about traditions held throughout the years in Hogwarts suddenly switched to talk about tension caused by the house point system. There are four different hourglasses each representing a Hogwarts’ house which are filled when students show exemplary behavior or perform actions deserving of recognition. It seems there is a discernable difference between what students are experiencing now and what their parents experienced while in Hogwarts. Antonia Fleece a fifth year Ravenclaw shared her thoughts, “I remember my mother talking about earning house points before I came to Hogwarts. My mother said there wasn’t a big emphasis on winning it, but I think it is very different now. While the deputy headmaster Dumbledore says that inter-house unity is important, he sure seems to encourage the competition of winning house points. According to the
upper years, the decoration of the entire great hall in the colors of the winning house was started when he became deputy headmaster." Along with her was a Hufflepuff in the same year, Emmie Smith, "I heard that too. I think it starts unnecessary drama, especially with persons in different houses who are very competitive and have a superiority complex."

I decided to ask about their thoughts on different teachers rewarding points. Emmie Smith was kind enough to answer my questions, "Most teachers are pretty fair, though they can’t help but be biased towards their own class." I asked both girls if they ever had any problems with the point system, "I have to admit I once got points taken from my house when I argued with a Gryffindor in transfiguration class. It was unfair, since it was started by the Gryffindor but professor Dumbledore only took points from my house. We were arguing about how the yearly ball was called Yule instead of Christmas; according to Dumbledore because he was muggleborn gave him the proper excuse to be ignorant." I contacted Antonia’s parents to get their thoughts, "I have to say I am not surprised by this, it seems a pattern that Dumbledore often takes Gryffindors under his wings from what I heard. Regardless of that fact, if they were both arguing I can only say that points should have been taken from both of them, not just from my dear Antonia." Along with her was her cousin who had a son sorted into Slytherin, "I get letters from Tristan who often complains about Dumbledore, says that Slytherins often get points taken off if they arrive late, even if they are first years and had a hard time finding his class. While Gryffindors can arrive ten minutes late and no point are taken for their tardiness."

I asked Fleamont Potter about this, "it is true. I think it is unfair but most of us who say something against it are just waved off by Dumbledore. He does seem to hand out the most points to Gryffindor, so it shows that he isn’t immune to favoring his own house against others. There have been complaints against him for disregarding bullying against younger years from our own house and other houses, but he is a busy man. Things have calmed down since Evelyn became a head girl this year; she might be a muggleborn but she hates bullying and doesn’t have any biases toward the other houses."

I was shocked from what I heard come from Fleamont’s mouth, could it be true that Deputy Headmaster Dumbledore who is also the head of house of Gryffindor is ignoring cases of bullying and putting our children in danger? I can only hope that this is immediately rectified.

For more information on other complaints from students and parents……..see page 5

For more information on Deputy Headmaster Albus Dumbledore……..see page 6

For more information on Hogwarts Traditions……..see page 4

Chapter End Notes

I might start doing bi-weekly updates (this was a bi-weekly chapter update) instead of weekly ones for this fic, haven’t decided yet. I am also selling the .png file of Cocidius and Nagini which can be used as a computer background, currently have it as mine. You can buy it to show your support for Cocidius and me (I was thinking of doing Ko-Fi but at least this way you get something for the money you give)! Might make art of Cocidius that can be used as a screensaver for one’s phone, maybe. If you do show your support don’t be afraid to comment on whether you want to see this stay a weekly updated fic, or when you would like to see a Newt/Harry fic! https://www.etsy.com/listing/624767489/digital-art-deadly-encounter-original?ref=shop_home_active_1
I HAVE actually started the Newt/Harry fic but so far I only have the epilogue. I'm not sure when I will publish it but I am actually really excited for it, because these dorks are going to be adorably awkward. Anyways, thanks for reading!
Repulsion Hypothesis

Chapter Notes

Tbh I actually wasn't going to update but then due to tumblr I found out about some information about Credence. And let me just say, I called it! These upcoming chapters will be interesting. Also two new characters are being introduced: and just gotta say I would die for them (they weren't even planned tbh). Harry has a badass moment (like a Selena Q. moment) if you know what I'm talking about, give a shout out. Also, I give a thanks to my Beta readers. Anyways, I do NOT own Harry Potter! Comment and kudos!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Apparently if you were friends enough with the Goblin Nation, they would personally plan your transportation for you. Harry was pretty sure if he tried he could apparate to America, the only problem is that he had to envision where he wanted to be. And he couldn’t particularly be sure if the place he was thinking of hadn’t changed too drastically, since he only remembered how it looked in the future. Griphook had informed him that they had something similar to the floo but for international travel; Harry had sarcastically responded “fun” immediately after and Griphook just smiled viciously.

He basically tumbled coming out of the floo in America, to be greeted with two very confused and slightly amused goblins. “Hello. Sorry about that, I’ve never been a fan of any wizarding transportation beside apparition and flying.”

They were taken aback by the wizard’s friendly demeanor; they almost forgot just how dangerous this man was. “Hello Lord Gryffindor. We will be moving this into one of our most private rooms if you don’t mind.”

“Of course not, please lead the way.” Which got him several more slightly concerned looks; American wizards had slightly better relations with magical creatures but there was always prejudice present.

“Lord Gryffindor, things work very different here in America than they do in Britain. There are certain aspects you need to fulfill in order to buy land in the United States.” Harry motioned for the goblin to continue his explanation, “you must file for American citizenship, there is an Alien Land Law that prevents noncitizens from owning land, however it is extremely biased to effecting a certain ethnicity. You should have no problem as long as you go the ministry to sign the paperwork, we will get the process ready and you can go tomorrow to sign the papers.” The head goblin seemed nervous and Harry’s reassuring smile didn’t help, “Our branch would like for you to have a look at our dragons, we can pay for your services if you wish. We heard about your work from our counterparts in Britain.”

“You don’t need to pay me, Ramrook. You are already doing enough helping me acquire land in a country I am not familiar with. I have left the States alone while I acquired land in other
countries, all because I knew from experience how Americans seem to love paperwork.”

‘I knew it. You would be desperate to get into contact with dragons as soon as you could. We already have to deal with the ones back home.’ The goblins gave him a calculating look at the hissing that came from his robes, ‘I didn’t introduce you to Cocidius, my magical companion who happens to be a crocodile.’ He gently put the small crocodile on the floor that soon startled the goblins by growing ten times his size in a matter of milliseconds. ‘You are scaring them Cocidius, turn back.’ Cocidius let out a bellow which made the goblins tense; it was after all a warning. ‘I apologize for him, he always gets touchy when dragons are involved. He keeps thinking I am going to replace him with one.” Harry saw their faces and while they showed little emotion Harry imagined they were the human equivalent of shocked. “Please lead the way to your dragons.”

They were in a better state than the ones in Gringotts, but Harry supposed that had to probably have to do with these dragons being raised in captivity. They seemed to like him and amused by Cocidius’ constant snapping and threatening.

“Thank you Lord Gryffindor for your assistance, since you have the proper papers in order to be in America at the moment and know where your hotel is, you can look around if you wish. Though you must know the ministry here is much stricter on magic done near the presence of muggles. Please do try to blend in, but if you do run into trouble please come to Gringotts immediately if you can or request to call Gringotts and we will send a representative to clear any matter up.” Harry thanked Ramrook making many of those around them stare unashamed not used to this amount of respect from a wizard, no matter how many times he acted like this they would not be used to it any time soon.

Harry wandlessly transfigured his clothes to fit in and left to explore New York.

He decided to see the magical community of New York first and then explore the muggle one. The amount of ingredients they offered was startling; he shouldn’t be surprised since the States was much bigger than Europe. Cocidius was in his hair watching the world around him while he could; he would be going back into Harry’s transfigured robes once they went into the muggle world. “Do you know you have a snake on your head?” Harry was amused at Cocidius indignant chirps, “No, but I am aware I have a crocodile on my head.” The child giggled at Harry’s words, “you aren’t from around here, are you?”

“What gave me away?” The child grinned, “Your way of talking is funny.”

“You got me. Aren’t you supposed to be in school?”

The child looked at him like if he was stranger than the creature on his head, “you really aren’t from around here, huh?” He saw the sadness in the kid’s eyes, “I’m a shapeshifter. We are too dangerous to share the same school as the normal ones.” Harry saw Teddy in the chocolate skinned boy before him, “what’s your name?”

“Janiah Amber.”
Before he knew it the boy was yanked behind someone, “Leave my son alone. He ain’t doing nothing wrong.” The man before him had amber eyes like his son, his features sharp and his skin just a shade lighter. “I mean no harm, sir.” The man’s eyes widened at the accent and how he had been addressed by the wizard before him. “I was just having a conversation with your son, nothing more and nothing less. I am new around here and I was asking if he knew of anywhere I could possibly eat.”

“I’m sorry….I just thought…..” Harry saw the slight fear in the man’s eyes, “I understand.”

“Are you one of us?”

Harry smiled sadly, “no, but I had a godson who was a werewolf and his father was like family. He shared the same furry affliction; it would be hypocritical of me if I judged you for something out of your control.”

“My name is Jeremiah Amber. We can show you somewhere you can eat.” Janiah seemed excited that Harry was different than the usual folk. Someone they passed sneered and muttered, “filthy creatures.”

Harry saw Jeremiah’s face darken and protectively pull his son to his side and hissed, “Came north to escape the color of our skin and have to deal with this shit.” Harry admired the man’s protectiveness over his son and felt a pang of guilt for not getting here sooner. “Here we are, it is usually where your kind….people eat.”

“I wish both of you to join me.” The man was startled and his son seemed to almost be vibrating. “We can’t.”

“I insist.” They had a stare down and the man was nothing like facing a dark lord so he soon gave in. “Hello, I have a group of three.”

The woman smiled at him and then he expression changed when she saw his company, “why are you following this man around? I’ll call the Aurors if you don’t leave immediately.” Harry saw as they jumped and were close to leaving and Harry held his hand to stop them. “They are with me madam; I wouldn’t have requested a table for three otherwise.” She was conflicted on what expression her face should take but soon settled on a sneer, “then we don’t have a table of three.” Cocidius began chirping reminding Harry to keep his anger from leaving the woman and the establishment in ash. “I would like to speak to your manager.”

She rolled her eyes and then disappeared into the restaurant, “look we can go somewhere else, we don’t want to cause you trouble. We don’t even know your name.” Harry smiled and tried to ease the man before him, “My name is Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor, but you both may call me Harry. And don’t worry; we won’t be getting into trouble.”

“How may I help you, sir?” Harry saw the woman had returned with a smug look on her face knowing that the manager would probably side with him. “I requested a table for three, and I can see you have several tables available I fail to see what the difficulty about being able to seat us is.”

The man condescendingly spoke slowly as if he thought Harry was an idiot, “I don’t know how things are done where you come from, but we don’t serve filth.”

“I would hope so; I can only imagine the business you would lose if you gave trash for your customers to eat. Do you happen to use Gringotts bank?”

“Everyone does.”

Harry reached into one of his pockets and summoned the mirror and held it out in front of himself,
“Call Ramrook.”

“Lord Gryffindor what can I do for you?” The man before him paled slightly understanding that whoever the man before him was had what seemed a good relationship with the goblins. “I seem to have run into some trouble already, though not with the ministry but an establishment called ‘Magical Delights’. It seems that I am not allowed in because my company happens to be magical creatures.”

Harry saw the familiar glint in the goblin’s eyes, “I see. Let’s see. ‘Magical Delights’ has been recently opened and the owner is not even halfway through paying the mortgage. The owner recently came in to request another loan in order to invest in expanding his business.”

“What is going on here?”

“You must be the owner.” The slightly overweight man gave a gruff nod, “Ramrook, how much of a dent would it make to my accounts to financially destroy this establishment?”

The owner almost fell from shock and the two employees looked practically bloodless, “not a galleon, our bank is more than happy to help you on the endeavor for the favor from earlier today.”

“W-w-w-what can I do to appease you sir?”

Harry innocently smiled at the owner, “you will be serving me and my company today for free as an apology for our treatment. And you will make it a policy and take a vow to serve any customer regardless of what and who they are.” The man hastily shook his head and made a vow, then yelled at his staff to get them to the nicest table in the restaurant and to get the cooks to prioritize their table.

Harry looked over to his two companions who were staring at him wide eyed, “who exactly are you to be in the good graces of the head goblin?”

“You’ve met Ramrook?” Jeremiah nodded his head, “I went to Gringotts to see if they had a job opening, they informed me that they are fully staffed but would tell me if there was an opening. Goblins look out for other creatures more than the ministry does.” Harry nodded his head, “I’m doing business with Gringotts. I would go into further detail but I would rather talk in a more secure area.” Jeremiah nodded in understanding and the food came just in time to keep them occupied.

“Could you two please wait outside for me? I need to talk to the owner.” The man nervously twitched under the emerald eyes piercing him, “I will give you half of what you spent today playing as our gracious host. I hope that you have learned something today. I also hope that you never find yourself in a situation most magical creatures find themselves in; being denied a place to eat, a place to rest, or find yourself at death’s door because you don’t have a job to pay for necessary treatment. Rest assured I will keep an eye on this establishment.”

Harry was bid farewell by most of the staff, “do you mind showing me around for the day?” Janiah struck his best puppy eyes towards his dad who nodded making Janiah cheer. “After looking around are you going to need adult time?”
Harry looked at Janiah confused, “Adult time?”

“Yeah! You took my dad and me out to eat; dad said that’s what you call a date! You are going to need some alone time to get to know each other right and scent each other?”

Harry and Jeremiah choked.

Cocidius made a noise that could only be described as a high-pitched screech.

Chapter End Notes

Hahahaha this is one of my favorite chapters. Once again you can show your support by possibly buying some digital art of Cocidius and Nagini (if you do I’m going to be really touched and I’ll try to write more): https://www.etsy.com/listing/624767489/digital-art-deadly-encounter-original?ref=shop_home_active_1
I’m not sure when I’ll be updating next. I might take a break, and I might not. Nothing has been decided at the moment. Thank you for reading. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did.
Hello dear readers! There is an announcement at the end which you should probably read. I have no regrets writing this chapter. I do NOT own Harry Potter. Comment or Kudos! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Why?! You know how I feel about him!”

Alphard Black massaged the bridge of his sharp nose; he was facing Walburga’s well-known set of lungs. “I am fully aware about how you feel about Marvolo. Do you not think that his power and his views at least deserve our attention?”

Walburga gracefully rolled her eyes, “O please Alphard, you know his views are only to appeal to purebloods. He is after all a half-blood.”

Alphard raised one brow and asked, “So you would follow him if you knew he was a mudblood sympathizer?”

Walburga’s frustration with her brother rose, “I do not follow anyone Alphard, and you should know that. And to answer your question, no but I would respect him if he actually believed in what he stood for.”

“Like the Gryffindor Lord, I heard from Orion that you have actually sent him a letter.”

Walburga turned around to glare at her brother, “Orion told you. I shouldn’t be the slightest bit surprised; he probably came to you because he didn’t know what to do. Always so unsure of himself, honestly, he needs to grow a spine if he is going to become Lord Black.”

Alphard sighed at his sister’s poisonous tongue, “Walburga…please do not let mother find about this and to talk about your future…”

“For the love of Merlin, Alphard, Orion probably told you the contents of the letter; I showed it to him so he could see that I am not romantically interested in Lord Gryffindor. Besides do you honestly think mother is unaware about my intent….she practically encouraged me to write to him. Everyone is buzzing about his ability to make robes and no one, not even mother, can deny that they want to get their hands on especially tailored clothes by Lord Gryffindor.” She saw as Alphard blushed in embarrassment. “All of you act like I committed a crime by talking to him,
when in truth most of you are jealous that I was one of the few that got to dance with him. Do you want to know why I was allowed a dance and many of you weren’t considered; because I wasn’t drowning in my drool when looking at him. Abraxas was conducting himself better than most of you, and he has been chasing the man since he set his eyes on him.”

“Have you received a letter from him?”

Walburga did not miss the redirection but let it slide without a comment. “As a matter of fact I have, it seems that he is willing to make me a dress but will have to do the measurements in person at some point. Since, it seems that he has extended his stay in America; I do wonder how Abraxas is taking the information. You should ask him since you are childhood friends.” Abraxas did not miss the content in her smirk as she continued to talk, “shouldn’t you be off Alphard? You do have to meet Tom at the library to decide your project.”

“What have you decided to do Walburga?”

She was facing away as she spoke, “I decided to work by myself and make an object that is wearable which will hopefully warm when there is someone lying to you.”

“Of course,” Alphard opened the door to leave her room.

“Alphard…”

He turned to his sister who was still facing away. “Yes?”

“Please be careful.”

Alphard left the room with a small soft smile.

“I see you have finally arrived.” Alphard looked at Tom who was draped onto the old wooden chair that should have been identical to the others in the library, but it seemed like the dashing man
before him was sitting upon a throne.

“Walburga was insistent on reminding me that you were not to be trusted.” Alphard could not read Tom and knew he was a true Slytherin.

“Do you think I can be trusted Alphard?”

“With my grades, the answer would be a yes. You have beaten everyone in academic rank since you entered Hogwarts.” He knew he had answered correctly when Tom motioned him to sit down in the chair across from him.

“Do you have any idea on what you want to make?”

Tom flipped through the book he was reading, “I was thinking an object that could possibly be similar to a portkey; through interconnected objects one can call another wizard which automatically signals them they are being summoned to another location.” Alphard saw the appeal of such an item especially with Grindelwald on the horizon. If someone found themselves surrounded, they could possibly use these objects to summon others to help. That is if Tom agreed to share the possible creation with his fellow wizards, he strongly felt that Tom would only share it to suit his purpose of gaining favors rather than assets. It was something unsaid rule of the Slytherin house; unless money was openly discussed in exchange for one’s services then one would probably be returning the favor with services of equal value.

The journal in Tom’s hands caught Alphard’s eye, “I’ve never seen that book among the others.”

Tom closed it gently and saw as Alphard’s eyes glinted with the gold and Slytherin green covering the journal. “Something this valuable would never be found in this library, not even among the Forbidden Section.”

“If I may ask, what is it?”

Tom had a small smirk tugging at the edge of his lips at seeing the curiosity in Black’s eyes and knew exactly what effect it would have on the wizard in front of him. “It is Godric Gryffindor’s journal, which has some details of the founders, but mostly Salazar Slytherin.”

The Black mask cracked and the astonishment was evident on his sharp features, “Godric Gryffindor? How did you come by it?”

Alphard Black looked as Tom slowly put the book away, “I always thought Gryffindors were too open in the information they shared, it was given to me by Lord Gryffindor.”
He saw the shock on Black’s face, “Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor?”

Tom refrained from rolling his eyes at the question, “Yes.”

Tom saw as it took Alphard to come to terms with the confirmation, “does Abraxas know about this?”

“Why would he need to know?”

“Well, usually one wouldn’t need to know about receiving a gift. But it is something of a courtesy when there is a pureblood courting in progress between two persons, to inform the other if one is receiving any kind of attention from whom they are courting.” Tom regarded Alphard’s words and then spoke after a few moments, “very well, I will send out a letter to Abraxas after dinner. It was merely a gift for the magical crocodile’s behavior at the ball.”

They started to make plans for their assignment.

The next day he recognized Abraxas owl which left him a letter and promptly left. He would open it later since he had several eyes on him.

My Lord,

I did not expect a letter from you so soon. I thank you for the information you have given me, and although I find myself amazed and slightly envious of your gift from Hadrian. I am also honored that my potential future spouse has been able to give you such an item. Regarding his views and stance, unfortunately I have been able to acquire no information since he has extended his stay in America. I hope he returns sooner than expected especially with the rumors of Grindelwald’s possible whereabouts. I have spoken to Parley Skeeter on her recent articles in the Daily Prophet, but it seems she is insistent on claiming that she is deserving of all the credit. If it is as you believe and she is not working alone, I do not know why she would not speak of her partner.

Sincerely,

Abraxas Malfoy

Heir of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Malfoy

Tom wandlessly lit the parchment on fire till it was nothing more than ash, he wondered if Parley Skeeter was indeed working alone. It was known that Skeeter was an adept in Occlumency since she could not have someone stealing her secrets or take her leverage against certain well
established wizards.

Deciding to ponder that mystery later, Tom thought about the possible objects that could be used for his assignment. It needed to be conspicuous but would still be distinguishable in order to show distinction. Tom took one of the galleons from the small green money bag, and took his wand to it. Tom knew that galleons were inscribed with goblin magic so that they could not be replicated or damaged. He held the gold coin which now had two intricate snakes on each side, each consuming its own tail.

Something so small could be misplaced so easily, so Tom began to enchant it with a spell similar to a sticking charm. Where it would return to the owner it was linked to, if it ever got farther than a meter from its person. Tom dropped the coin at one end of the room and walked far enough where the coin flew through the air into his hand. Tom smiled at having one part of the assignment down, the following steps would be much more difficult to complete.

The day to sit in Merrythought’s class came once again; it was unusually loud in class. “What has got the Gryffindors being insufferably loud this early in the morning?” Tom looked as Avery questioned only loud enough for the Slytherins to hear but he was met with no response. The center of the chatter seemed to be Fleamont Potter who was holding something in his hands.

“What is this entire ruckus for??”

The Gryffindors froze in surprise at their professor’s loud voice, “Professor Merrythought!” The woman looked at Fleamont Potter who had a furry little creature in his hands. “I hope for my sanity Potter that you did not take that without permission.”

“Of course not, it was a gift. I couldn’t leave her alone in the dorms. I spent a whole three hours this morning trying to find her.” The white haired Jarvey struggled in his grasp, “I didn’t want to see your ugly face and lose my appetite so early.” This made most of the class roar with laughter and made Fleamont blush with embarrassment.

Merrythought sighed before addressing Potter, “Who in Merlin’s name thought you should be in possession of a Jarvey, Potter?”
The Jarvey stopped its struggle to speak, “I got a name you know.”

Fleamont turned redder if that was possible, “I got her from Hadrian Gryffindor, and she is from the States. Her name is Iris.”

“Well, please get a cage for it on your next outing Potter. Or get your parents to buy one for you.” The Jarvey hissed, “Give me liberty, or give me death!”

The room was in complete silence after Iris’ comment, “I’m so sorry Professor Merrythought. She isn’t fond of cages, according to Harry she was in an overcrowded creature shop before he got her.”

Many of the girls cooed in sympathy at this, even the Slytherin girls seemed to soften in their expression. “Then please refrain it from interrupting my class again, talk to Kettleburn about finding a solution.” Fleamont gave her a relieved smile and the white Jarvey was about to say something but stopped.

Tom was surprised when he saw Walburga approach Fleamont after class was finished, many of the other Slytherins stopped in their tracks to watch this encounter, “Potter.”

“Hello Walburga, what can I do for you?”

“I’m just curious about Iris. Is she something Hadrian gifted to you personally?” All the Slytherin purebloods were aware of what Walburga was trying to figure out.

“Back off snake! He might be an idiot but he’s my idiot!”

Tom had to withhold the chuckle, others like Alphard did not making Walburga turn and glare at them. “Iris stop being rude. If you are asking if I followed pureblood traditions and told Malfoy about her, I did. I do not think Malfoy would appreciate Iris, even if she were a gift from Harry. Harry couldn’t particularly give him to Emery.” They all knew that a Jarvey wasn’t a particularly good gift for an impressionable five year old.
“If that is all I have to talk with Professor Kettleburn concerning what I can do about Iris before my next class begins.”

Halfway across the world a pair of silver eyes opened.

Chapter End Notes

Anyways, because unfortunately I need money to live 'Crocodile Tears' will be going on a break (got pretty regular updates this month though). This break will last from anywhere to 2 to 3 months, I will be writing but I will NOT be posting. You can always buy my digital art of Cocidius and Nagini for $1.50 (https://www.etsy.com/listing/624767489/digital-art-deadly-encounter-original?ref=shop_home_active_1), but that is completely optional. Other news consists of: one of my fanfics is being put to rest (That's so sad, Alexa play despacito), and hopefully I will get two new fanfics off the ground (one of them being the Newt/Harry fic). Till next time.
I haven't had this chapter beta read because one of them has been MIA and I decided to let them go; and my other beta reader has been busy as of late. Anyways, this fanfic WILL NOT be abandoned, I have just had a lot happening in these past months concerning academics and my mental health (also I took a well deserved break).

Now concerning the story, I have said that Jeremiah and Jeniah Amber would be skinwalkers I decided not to. I know that the Navajo see them as nothing but pure evil, and they are I am not denying that. But I am not fundamentally going to change a key feature of a Navajo spiritual being...It feels wrong. There are different details on the skinwalker depending on tribe, but they are all fundamentally witches/wizards who strayed from their path. I can tell you that Mexico has skinwalkers because my mother knew about them and believed they existed, she was even warned me about them. Honestly, you aren’t even supposed to mention their name according to the Navajo. So instead I’ll be taking from my from heritage that I know I can claim, they are named Nahuals, and are similar to skinwalkers. One still has to have an extraordinary amount of magical power to change into different creatures, but there can be those who use their Nahual forms for good and evil. Anyways, I’ve had too many encounters with the supernatural to be fucking around with something my mother said was real and dangerous. Fuck that.

Please note that I am taking creative freedom on Nahuals because there is very little on them. I am also taking creative freedom with vampires.

FYI This chapter will be merging the Fantastic Beasts Timeline in order to fit with Tom's Hogwarts years.

I do NOT own Harry Potter or any of the characters. Kudos or comments are appreciated.
There was a small part of Jeremiah that found himself incredibly jealous of whomever this strange wizard kept by his side. Hadrian or Harry as he asked for them to call him, was a contradiction of everything Jeremiah believed he knew about the upper-class wizard population. The wizard before him held power and prestige but he acted nothing like the uptight haughty rich magical folks that walked through the streets of the magical New York market.

Jeremiah savored the soft silky texture of the strawberry flavored ice cream before him and continued watch his son basked in the attention he was receiving.

There were few people who were so accepting of what Jeremiah and his son were; a nahual, a being that could change into any animal it desired something unheard of for a normal wizard or witch. A nahual was a wizard or witch that had to have an extraordinary amount of magical power since birth, taking its first breath under the light of a waxing moon and having exactly four hundred and twenty-four magical blood marigolds around the mother. Any less and there was a possibility that the child would not make it through its first year; anymore and the child would be cursed to live as something not quite human or nahual. There kind was often confused with the darker known creature whose origins were tied to the Native Americans. Those who were a nahual could both do good and evil, it was just a matter of choice for the wizard or witch on the path they chose to take.

Neither Jeremiah or his son were made into a nahual, according to the tales his mother once told him when she was alive. That his ability was gained through her blood, that her great-great grandfather was born a nahual, and his children would gain the ability too. His mother enjoyed taking the form of a sparrow, she had taught him how to shift from form to form during the night, so they could evade the white non-magical men who were responsible for killing his father. His father had been a proud black man, who worked hard to better himself, who was too good for a world filled with cruelty. His mother had loved him even if he had no magic in his blood, she used to joke that his magic resided in his heart and he changed her for the better.

Jeremiah never met his father and lost his mother too young, but he had his son to live for.

“What?”
Harry smiled at Jeremiah finally breaking out of whatever heavy memories he was reminiscing through. “Do you mind joining me in buying a few things?” Harry easily seemed to ignore the snapping coming from the top of his head while the caramel colored man could barely register the request.

“Can we please go with Harry? I promise to behave.” For a fraction of a second Jeremiah wondered if his son had learned to shift only select parts of his body, because those puppy eyes seemed more effective than usual.

When he had agreed he didn't expect for Harry to solely go on a shopping spree for both Janiah and himself. “I can’t pay you back for all of this.” It has seemed that the phrase was become something of a mantra when accompanied by this man.

At one point they had to purchase an enchanted trunk due to the amount of things Harry had brought, ranging from clothes to a few things that Janiah had quietly adored but didn’t want to ask for. Harry gave Jeremiah a gentle smile, “then you can pay me back later.” Harry then winked at him but soon followed Janiah to a shabby run-down looking pet shop.

Harry did not notice the stunned face of Jeremiah as he slowly grew more flustered at the possible connotation of Harry’s words.

Harry couldn’t help but be slightly horrified at the condition of the magical creature shop they just entered, because surely some of what he was seeing was a violation from some safety or health code. The air was caked with several unpleasant odors, some of the cages that housed the creatures clearly needed to be sanitized or even thrown away because they were beyond the help of magic. There were other creatures that were overcrowded and others looking worse for wear because of the conditions they were living in.

Harry felt himself grow slightly ill at the conditions these creatures found themselves in, but it was largely overshadowed by the anger of anyone allowing the situation grow this severe because their pride was more important than the health of the magical creatures in their care.

He saw a petite brunette woman looking about as miserable as the animals standing behind the
counter. Harry felt her magic and knew that she was not completely human, he should have easily realized the enchanted windows of the shop not only held up the façade of the shop but also spells that allowed a vampire to be untouched by the sunlight that lingered outside.

She turned to them and the pupils in her eyes dilated, ‘shit.’

Harry quickly got in front of Jeremiah and Janiah as the woman was clearly struggling in controlling herself. “Jeremiah, I need you to take Janiah and exit the building. I will take care of this, just make sure no one tries to come in.” Harry felt himself relax only by a fraction when he heard both amber eyed individuals shut the door behind them.

The vampire took the chance to launch herself at him and Harry reacted by instinct, letting his magic throw her back. Cocidius reacted as quickly as his partner and now had the woman’s neck between his jaws, any movement would cause a natural response that could decapitate the creature just between his teeth. “Why the bloody hell would you be managing a store when you are clearly starving?!”

The woman barely withheld her shivers at the venom in his voice, “…I-I didn’t want to, but I need this job.”

Harry signaled Cocidius to let her free who was justly reluctant to, “you are newly turned.”

It wasn’t a question.

“I am. The owner doesn’t ask questions, he wouldn’t. Piece of shit barely gives me enough to provide for my siblings and doesn’t care if the animals here die or live. It was his mother’s, but she passed away not too long ago. My parents…. they used to work for her family.”

It wasn’t hard to conclude that the young vampire before him lost her parents to the creature that turned her. Harry reached for the inside of his coat and summoned a blood replenishing potion, “I assume you have resisted your first feeding for a while. I know that to help lessen the effects of starving yourself, you will need to feed from someone. Even a potion isn’t as beneficial as the real thing.”

Cocidius growled, ‘ARE YOU INSANE?!”

Harry calmed Cocidius with his magic, ‘she is a magical creature, nothing all too different from you.’

‘I would never hurt you,’ the crocodile snapped his mouth shut after the remark.

Harry rubbed Cocidius on the top of his head, ‘I know, but you know I am strong enough to protect myself.’
The crocodile did something close to a huff of exasperation, and Harry turned to the young woman who was stunned. Whether it be from his suggestion or his ability to talk to a crocodile was unknown, but he was pretty sure which one had elicited such a reaction.

“I can’t. I could kill you.”

Harry chuckled, “you are by far the least intimidating death threat I have ever had the pleasure of getting then.”

He saw that it didn’t ease her fear and wondered if her siblings were turned as well or did she refuse to endanger them. “I am more powerful than I look. Trust me.”

Harry held out his wrist and saw her starting to lose her resilience, and quicker than one could blink descended and sunk her fangs into him. Harry popped the potion open and drank it in about three large gulps; and then focused on imbuing his magic with his blood.

It had been something purely theoretical based on extensive research by an older vampire who had suggested that there was a possibility that newly turned vampires could be helped through magic. The dairies had explained that there had been an unusual case in a small isolated village where a newly turned vampire fed on a willing wizard who had been a close friend. The ancient vampire described the vampire as being different; not quite immune to sunlight but resistant to it as well as being able to use a small amount of wandless magic. Something practically unheard of and it had surprised Harry to learn of it as well. The author had described it as a human newborn being introduced to antibodies through its mother’s breast milk; he had theorized that magic naturally worked like an immune system and that vampirism was like a virus that effectively decimated any magic in the system of a wizard or a witch. So, introducing magic during the first feeding would reintroduce magic along with the necessary blood that the vampire needed to stay alive and integrate both into its system lessening the chances of it rejecting the magic. The writings could only provide theories on what would happen next; but there was a possibility that the vampire would need to feed less, and its magical ability would only grow with time.

Harry felt as his blood was being drained and the potion immediately work to replace the blood he was losing. His magic warned him that he was soon reaching the limit of the amount he could give her even with the help of the potion. “**Enough.**” Harry had coated his words with magic he did not regularly like to use, but it worked like expected. The woman before him struggled to resist his voice but soon removed herself from his person and looked to be in a slight daze.

“How are you feeling?”

She looked to see the small puncture wound that were now healing but two small streams of blood were still on his arm. She wasn’t allowed to answer, because Jeremiah opened the door and immediately smelled the faint scent of blood even with the overwhelming unpleasant smells. And with Harry’s fatigue he wasn’t fast enough to stop the shape shifting magical creature from turning into a dark brown wolf and heading directly toward the shopkeeper. Jeremiah was trying to embed his teeth into the struggling woman who was just barely holding his jaws away from her throat to stop him from ripping her to shreds. “Jeremiah, stop! I allowed her to drink my blood!” It had taken a few moments before the shape shifter processed the words enough to realize that the woman beneath him was not a threat Harry.

“You what? Do you know how dangerous vampires are?”

Harry eyes narrowed, “I imagine they are just as dangerous as your kind, Jeremiah. The ability to shift forms but still keep your mind is dangerous in its own way.” Jeremiah looked embarrassed at his outburst, but Harry sent the man a small smile.
“Why?”

They turned to the woman who had finally gotten over the shock of what Harry had done for her and being attacked by a shape-shifter. “Jeremiah, please go back to Janiah.” The man reluctantly left Harry alone but soon left the shop to make sure Janiah hadn’t gotten into trouble.

“My name is Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor, but you may call me Harry. And before I tell you why, I would like to know your name.” The confusion on her face grew as she realized this man, who was a lord had helped a stranger when others would be more prone to putting a wooden stake through her heart.

“My name is Ana. Why did you help someone you didn’t know?”

Harry gave her sad smile and thought of his younger self and how the world had normalized that he was to take on the world on by himself. It had been years of Hermione’s lectures and constant badgering that made him realized how much the adults in his life failed him. Hermione had been furious for him and had become somewhat Slytherin when dealing with people who pestered him about the war. “Because everyone deserves help, especially those who are trying to better themselves. Also, I have never been one discriminate against magical creatures.”

Anna looked slightly relieved by his words but stiffened when his smile took a sinister turn. “Now if you could tell me about the owner and why they are allowing the shop to go to shit.”

“He never liked animals like his mother, even if that is where his family got his wealth from. I overheard him talking about insuring the place because he feels like an unfortunate accident might happen soon. Why care for the state of the shop if it probably going to burn down?” Cocidius had angrily let out a growling hiss understanding every word Ana had said.

‘I wish to eat the pathetic rat.’ Ana looked worriedly over at the reptile whose displeasure was evident and loud, it was also unsettling some of the animals in the shop. Harry knew that Cocidius still hated humans who didn’t value magical creatures as he thought they should, especially since he had been in the hands of poachers for an unknown length of time.

‘I won’t stop you.’ He looked around him and knew that there was not much the American magical ministry could do, there still wasn’t enough advocating for animals until Scamander’s book became more popular and a following book was published that showed studies that magical creatures were essential to the magical community. Unfortunately, that book would be written after there was an extinction of several magical species across the world; perhaps he himself could write the book years early to get things rolling. Currently the ministry would only get involved if magical creatures were exposing themselves to the muggle population and even then, it was likely for the magical creatures to be put down rather than relocated.

“Contact him, tell him it is urgent. Do not tell him why he needs to come here, even if he asks. I will be cleaning this place up while we wait.”

Harry was close to gagging several times as he cleaned some of the cages, which had a build-up of feces and uneaten spoiled food. There was a small tattered sign beneath a cage saying jarvey and it was obviously overcrowded with the lack of insults and curse words coming from it. He quickly enlarged the cage and proceeded in cleaning it and the animals within it. Most of them
seemed to appreciate his actions and decided they would not insult the man who just helped them…well all except one. “Hey you! I’m talking to you, you overgrown slimy snake!”

Harry could only help but grin as Cocidius took offense for him and hissed threats to the jarvey that couldn’t understand a word of it. He saw that the jarvey was the smallest of the bunch and in a better condition than the others, perhaps the others were taking care of her. “Pleasure to meet such a feisty little thing like you.”

The creature chirped to show its annoyance at the fact that he didn’t react how it had expected, “show proper respect plebeian mortal, I am a queen.”

“Forgive me for the transgression then, your majesty. Do you have a name?” The white jarvey scratched at the small door of the cage and Harry unlocked it. The jarvey scaled his arm and her tiny claws scraped his skin only to settle when she lay comfortably across his shoulders.

“I don’t have one mongrel, but I suppose I could let you suggest one.” Which set off Cocidius who stated he did not wish to share Harry with an overgrown rat and then proceeded to wonder out loud if it would taste any good.

“How about the name Iris?”

The jarvey didn’t say anything foulmouthed so he assumed that it approved of the name, “unfortunately, I do not think you will be staying with me. Otherwise you will find yourself in Cocidius’ stomach, the large agitated reptile beside me.”

The Jarvey tried to stare down the crocodile but was met with an opened mouth filled with sharp teeth and a growl which caused the jarvey seek shelter in his clothes. “That’s enough Cocidius, I think we can find Iris a home with the Potters. Though it will have to be with Fleamont since Emery is too young and impressionable to have her. Though I will first have to get the necessary paperwork to make sure Fleamont doesn’t find himself in trouble.”

Four hours had quickly passed but the store was finally in a presentable state and smelling faintly of flowers. Unfortunately, some of the animals were not going to pull through even if they were given extensive treatment.

Only Harry and Ana were left in the store as he had encouraged Jeremiah and Janiah to go home to rest with a promise to meet them tomorrow. The door was harshly swung open to reveal the owner that looked something like a villain from an old mob movie that Harry had on rare occasions gotten a glimpse of in his childhood. He also couldn’t help but compare the malicious glint in the man’s eyes to the memories of Vernon’s and the scowl on the man’s face was all too familiar. “Where are you? Dumb bitch! You took me away from attending to important business because you are too incompetent to even breathe correctly.”

Moments like these showed how much Harry Potter had changed before being thrown back into a world that knew nothing about him. There were people who once could remember when Harry would have his mother’s short temper when he was younger; Lily’s anger would erupt leaving no one safe from her wrath till she had her desired shed of blood. There was now no one who knew that Harry had gained his father’s temper; a marauder, who gained patience through the pranks he pulled. Now it was cold chilling anger that would could range the damage from a small shiver to a severe case of frostbite leaving nothing untouched.
Harry Potter smiled sweetly at the disgusting excuse of a man before him, “I asked her to contact you…..”

“Dickson Ferguson.”

Harry could only think about how fitting the first part of the man’s name was for him, “Mister Ferguson, I am willing to not mention the attempted insurance fraud and possible homicide you were planning to the authorities.”

“Now wait a minute-” but the man couldn’t continue his protest as Harry silenced him.

“I will even be gracious enough to give you half of what you would have tried to claim from your insurance and let me assure you…you wouldn’t have gotten a cent of the insurance money. You see your claim would be paid by the bank run by the goblins, and they send their own team of investigators to corroborate findings of the wizarding insurance company. They would have found your half-assed attempts in trying to burn this place to no more than ashes.”

The balding man with mud-like hair was now sputtering in denial, turning from an unnatural purple to a ghostly pale. There was a fear crawling slowly from Ferguson’s stomach to his heart with the toxic green eyes settled on him. “W-who a-are you?! You can’t do this!”

The mirth in the chuckle unsettled the man whose fear was starting to permeate in the air, “I most certainly can. You see…in the hours it took you to respond the goblins gave me a temporary position in their department that works with insurance companies. You have two options, take the money or find yourself under the investigation of not only the bank, your insurance company, but also the ministry.”

The man was now practically on the verge of breaking down, “I…. I will take the money.”

The smile on the Gryffindor Lord grew, “unfortunately you must understand, I had to spend money to make repairs and treat which animals that could be saved. So, I deducted my services from what I would have given you for this fine establishment.”

Harry held out the paper check for the man’s trembling hand to grab and waited for the reaction.

“You son of a bitch!” The man was shaking and was about to try to assault Harry but Cocidius suddenly grew and protectively stood in front of the green-eyed wizard, hoping this man would be foolish enough to try something. Cocidius would have loved to tear this man’s limbs off but Harry had asked him not to, at least not yet.

“50 galleons and 10 sickles aren’t enough for this shop! It’s worth more than 1,000 galleons!”

Harry nodded, “yes, this establishment would have been worth more if it had been in optimal shape. But several magical creatures died because of your negligence, the state of the habitats for them were abysmal, and the possible health risks from not only the animals but the store itself. As well as your inability to keep the store properly stocked. All the services I provided would cost about the same if not more than you would receive for the shop, you are lucky to even get something from me. You could go to your ministry but that will only end up in you getting arrested.”

“You filthy foreigner! I’ll fucking kill you!”
Harry saw as the man drew his wand and fired a spell, and in that moment Cocidius grew enough to make sure the spell would fizzle out against his scales. And a fraction of a second later Cocidius jaws snapped down on the man’s arm. A scream tore out from the man’s throat and blood soon tainted the shop’s floor. Harry showed his distaste at the man’s stupidity but soon collected the wand that fell to the floor covered in droplets of blood. “You live a sad existence, Mr. Ferguson. In your greed you alienated and isolated yourself; if you suddenly went missing there would be no one that would truly care because of your poor attitude and shitty personality.”

Tears left the grown man’s eyes and his whimpering barely drowned out the crunching of the bones in his arms. “Please, let me live.”

“I would, but the decision is for Cocidius to make. You see I can deny my companion little, he’s such a wonderful crocodile.”

Harry turned to Anna who was enjoying the show and the smell of warm blood. The vampire had not liked the fact that the man had intended to kill and blame her for the fire, without a care that her siblings would likely die. The man choked out during his pain, “you won’t get away with this.”

“No… I will, but only thanks to you. There is only one person who could have cared for you and she is standing right here, aware of the plans you had for her. She wouldn’t have been able to beg for her life as you are. I hate men like you; who use the weakness of others to get what you want, as if they are nothing more than pawns.”

Harry held no sympathy as he and Anna apparated out of the shop. The noise steadily grew in the shop as the magical creatures grew more excited with what was happening not too far away from them. Those outside of the shop were totally unaware of what lay behind the unthreatening façade of the magical creature shop that had stood there for decades.

Harry found himself in the creature shop once again to pick up his overgrown reptile and clean up the mess that his companion had made. He vanished the blood that littered the walls and floor and grinned at Cocidius who was sitting there obviously still enjoying his kill. ‘What you will be doing with this place?’

Harry smiled as he sat against Cocidius, ‘I won’t be doing anything. The goblins got ownership of this place and will keep the employment only for magical beings like Anna or Jeremiah. They will be hiring an expert to teach Anna and other future employees on how to care for the animals here.’

‘Are you really going to give the overgrown white rat to one of those Potters?’ Harry chuckled at the contempt in Cocidius voice when he talked about Iris; it seemed his crocodile was unwilling to share him with anything, even a jarvey.

‘It would be interesting to see Fleamont taking care of a jarvey.’

Cocidius gave a laugh which sounded like a combination of a short growl and a hiss, ‘I think you should give it to the smallest and most annoying one.’

Harry looked at Cocidius in horror who was enjoying messing with his human, ‘do you want me dead Cocidius, because even if I have the favor of the Potters. I think both matriarchs will have my head. Besides I can’t let you corrupt the young, especially not Emery.’ Harry then casted a
quick tempus spell to see how much time he had to explore.

Harry placed his hand on the floor for Cocidius, ‘it'll be dark in a few hours, how about we go see muggle New York for a short period and then go back to the hotel.’

Cocidius shrunk small enough to step onto Harry’s palm and hide in the man’s coat pocket especially designed for him. Harry soon apparated to the spot the goblins had informed him that was the designated area for wizards and witches to enter the muggle world by.

Looking around the non-magical world always amazed Harry, on how quickly technology would develop in a matter of decades. And what the muggle world would and could accomplish even without access to magic. Harry decided to head towards the Chrysler building and hopefully arrive their before dark so that he could observe any noticeable changes time had done to the building since the last time he visited it in the future. Harry noticed the atmosphere of both worlds were dramatically different; there was tension in the air and mumblings of the paranormal happenings. People often feared things they couldn’t explain, and the scene before him reminded him too much of how his world had been with Voldemort.

A boy came up to him, old enough to be considered a man around these times. He had sharp features and black neat hair cut into the shape of a bowl doing him little favor in appearance. The boy seemed uneasy as he shuffled anxiously with the papers in his hand. Harry glimpsed down at them seeing the initials ‘N.S.P.S’ and the small photo of two hands breaking a wand in half. There was little doubt left that this movement was the reason the American wizarding population was so strict when it came to the secrecy of magic.

“Hello.”

He did not expect the boy to look so taken aback by a friendly greeting, so Harry quickly put forward his hand to receive one of the papers that the boy was surely expected to hand out. The boy flinched at the quick action and Harry’s eyes narrowed slightly with suspicion.

“I’ll take one. My name is Harry, what is yours?”

His words startled the boy in front of him causing him to drop some of the papers on top of the pile. Harry gathered those near him before handing all but one back and saw as the boy’s eyes shifted around looking for someone. “M-My n-name is C-Credence.” Once saying his name, the boy soon went past him, and their shoulders met in Credence’s rush.

A chill ran down Harry’s spine.
Harry had felt the boy heavily shrouding his magic and he had thought it was done by training from going to the magical school in America. It wasn’t a reach since the Americans were so paranoid with keeping themselves a secret that they would train all their students to hide their magical signatures. His stinging shoulder was a sign that his assumption was dead wrong.

The magic was restrained but not being consciously done by Credence; it was at a subconscious level and that was incredibly dangerous. Harry did not have to consciously shroud his magic, but he could control it if he desired. Harry was suspicious that he and Credence were not similar in that aspect.

Harry knew that Credence was an obscurus.

An obscurus was a magical child who would unconsciously suppress their magic to guarantee their own survival, but their magic would become tainted with negative emotions the longer the suppression went on. Eventually the magic would become harder for the child to control and the tainted magic would end up killing its host.

Harry by all rights should have been one, with the Dursleys’ treatments of him due to his magic as a child. Luna had once told him that he was an anomaly among peculiarities, from anyone else Harry would have taken it as an insult. But not from Luna, never Luna. Harry remembered immediately asking her why he didn’t become one. She had only given him a knowing smile, “your mother’s magic protected you from more than just Voldemort, Harry. Your magic always knew it was loved far before you did.” Harry was perhaps the only person in the world that could help the boy he had just met.

Harry now knew two things: one was that his saving people thing was going to kick in soon and that Cocidius was totally going to be disgruntled with him.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this unusually long chapter.
Here is my tumblr if any of you would like to say hello or follow me: my tumblr
There may be previews of chapters on my tumblr page for this fic.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!