Viva la Revolution

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Summary

The boy who lived has enough. He doesn't see any reason to fight in a war that wasn't his, nor do he wants to be lied to. To the horror of all, he will leave the war behind him, and he doesn't have any intention to be stopped. With the Slytherin Theodore Nott, he will create an impartial side in this war. A side with no intention to fight this bloody war.

Notes

Disclaimer: Harry Potter isn't mine. I just take the characters and have some fun with them. I don't make money with this story or such nonsense.
Explanatory/Legend:
“Speaking”
‘Thinking’
“Paseltongue”
Text in italics are letters or other written texts.
**Text in bold are visions or dreams.**

Chapter one

It wasn't a quiet night on the grounds of Hogwarts as the magical school was under the attack of death eaters. In the castle and on the grounds you could see and hear the fight. It was no night to be trapped under the invisible cloak, bewitched with the Petrificus Totalus and therefore in no condition to fight. Swipe this, he wasn't even able to defend himself. Just his luck, really. He had thought in part that the wind might get caught in the fabric and expose him, but his concern about it quickly evaporated when he became aware of the conversation. Unless you could and wanted to
speak of a conversation at all, because in his eyes this was nothing more than a fucking farce and this tugged at his patience. How should he keep his temper under control when Albus Dumbledore, his headmaster and former mentor, the man he had always looked up to, tried to persuade Draco Malfoy to switch sides? How he promised him that he would protect his family, offer them a safe hiding place if the young man only switched sides after all? If he hadn't exactly been paralysed, then Harry would now snort contemptuously or fall into laughter, he wasn't sure for himself yet what he thought was more appropriate. Incomprehensible! What the old man was making right now for promises he probably couldn't even keep, just as he just looked like he was about to have an appointment with death very soon!

And Draco?

This flat pipe let his wand to sink and stammered somewhat from the fact that he would have had no choice at all, that he had had to think about the safety of his mother. A worm had more backbone than this coward and Harry seriously felt it was an insult to him personally that this warped boy had been given such an important role in this doomed war. Voldemort must have completely lost his mind! Not that Harry had ever doubted that he was dealing with an insane psychopath. However, such decisions did not atone at the high intellect Riddle must have had. He was aware that if reason did not immediately get back into one of the two, then a damn misfortune would happen and as if fate wanted to taunt him, the doors to the tower flew open crashing and more death eaters entered the action. Harry again felt the need to snorting disparagingly, that was now slowly becoming really ridiculous.

The Carrow siblings, ugly as the night and not exactly the brightest candles on the chandelier, had nothing better to do than to invite Draco to finally finish his assignment. He had done everything right so far and the Dark Lord would surely reward him profusely for getting their master's old enemy out of the way. Harry, however, irritated even more this crazy monster, who stumbled upon the fact that he liked to consume human flesh outside his wolf form and in particular to that of young men, whom he had previously raped. Harry seriously had his difficulties in understanding how utterly stupid some has to be to rush this monster on those young witches and wizards. Young minds Voldemort still needed for his reign. Tommy-boy got really old. Or his brain had received lasting damage when it had been thrown into the cauldron with the elixir for rebirth. There was only one who was still halfway by mind and this was the death eater unknown to him, who stopped the crazy werewolf from mauling the headmaster while the old man was still speaking on Draco.

Harry couldn't help but feel disbelief about the absurdity of the scenery ahead, but also untenable anger. Wrath burning hot and all consuming in his chest, who longed to be let out. It would all be fine again if Malfoy switched sides? Dumbledore would know how to protect his family? Then, if he couldn't even protect his own people decently? After all, Harry could hear them, their cries of pain were carried from the winds to them upwards on the astronomy tower. Then, if his secrecy had already destroyed and wiped out enough lives? Harry could feel his anger feeding on those thoughts, growing on and on and demanding that he make his voice heard. He had had enough of the half-truths, the lies and the struggles. Enough of him being the fucking boy-who-lived and the chosen one. Nothing would be able to stop him from his decision yet, it was time to make it known. Now!

It was similar to the incident when he had inflated his uncle's sister because she just couldn't refrain from offending his parents over and over again. His magic became independent without him being able to exert any direct influence on it. This burst of wild magic distinguished solely in that its magical potential was much higher today and its power was more evident. He hurled the curse Dumbledore had imposed on him, and the emerging wave of pressure ripped the ground under their feet away from those present, leaving them landing on their asses. Finally he was able to move again, he pulled the invisibility cloak from himself and if he judged on the shocked faces
then he probably had to give the picture of an angry harpy. That’s good they should remember, that he was really angry right now! Not that he had literally changed into any of these cruel creatures. But his already ruffled hair stood out to him a little more and his green eyes, which were otherwise scarred by lust for life and kindness, had become darker. They expressed deepest contempt for each of those present, shining in this eerie color that could otherwise be attributed to the Avada Kedavra.

"P-Potter? " Malfoy apparently possessed his father's genes after all, because he re-grabbed himself quite quickly and even got a word stuttered. It was obvious the teenager needed verbal confirmation of what he had in front of his own eyes and he wasn't doing it alone. His companions also showed this dubious expression as they became aware of the golden boy's sight.

"20 points for Slytherin – Malfoy could determine the obvious", sneered Harry, giving off a fairly faithful imitation of Snape when he again harassed one of the Gryffindors. It did not miss his effect on the young death eater, for he shrank under the tone of Harry's and turned his gaze away, which only led the Gryffindor to make a noise that expressed his contempt. He looked from Malfoy to the other death eater, pointed the wand at them and gave them cold smiles that no one and at least any death eater or Albus would have expected from the golden boy of Gryffindor.

"Move only a single millimetre and the Avada is the last thing you will see in your wretched life.” His threat underscored Harry by letting the curse of death crash onto the floor between the Carrow siblings.

There was no doubt for those present: Their dream of the child of war heroes, a boy who would be just like a holy person was coming to an end. Because it was impossible to cast an unforgivable curse, when one didn’t truly want to hurt, to torture or to kill with it. Someone with scruples will only be able to cast a very weak version of those three curses, if it will not be complete impossible to cast it. The dark haired teenager turned to the headmaster of Hogwarts, his eyes were full of contempt and wrath so it was clear that he doesn’t make any difference between the death eaters and this man. In his opinion were both sides the foe. “Albus. Albus. Albus.” Harry didn’t have any respect left for this man and he didn’t take any time to lie in this matter. It’s a truly sad moment because Albus Dumbledore is a man, who was loved and respected by Harry, just like a grandson would worship his grandfather. Harry had enough of the lies, of the half truth and he truly resented the phrase >for the greater good< with all his might. His life wasn’t Albus to control and it was just silly to believe that Harry would be thankful the bad decisions others had made for him – just because it was necessary for the fucking greater good.

“Harry, my boy...”

“Silence! Don’t you dare to ‘my boy’ me”, snapped Harry at the old man. He wouldn’t longer be lulled by his words, let himself be deterred from his plan. His anger did not relate in any way to being overwhelmed by his fate, but to the fact that it had been concealed from him for so long that people had to die because of it. “I've thought this were a perfect opportunity just to told you I will be out of this whole Voldemort must die business.”

“But Harry, you've got a job. You have to destroy Voldemort!” Albus considered the young man very seriously, but also understanding. It just had to come the time for it to get too much for young Harry and he regretted not being able to help him. He could not change the fate of the young man and he would have to insist that this one was fulfilled. However, he should consider whether he did not grant the boy more freedom, perhaps offering to spend the holidays here in the castle or in the Burrow.

"I don't really care what task you intended for me." Harry put in the room and squatted in front of his former mentor, looking at him mockingly. "The boy who lives, the chosen one, the savoir of the wizard world has just submitted the resignation. Your order? The ministry? The Death Eaters?
I classify each of these groups as my enemy and will act accordingly if you try to stand in my way. Was I clear?"

"But Harry..." tried Albus again.

"Nothing ‘But Harry’. I'm not going to live on with half-truths and your games. You really expect me to fight this psychopathic monster where Riddle would advance sixty years of experience? It's best to let myself be killed right away, what? -Avada Kedavra." Harry pointed his wand at Fenrir at his last words, who could dodge the curse just like that by jumping to the side. "What exactly was not to understand about my words, dirty cattle?! I said quite clearly that I would kill you if you were to move even one millimetre from the spot. You can try to sneak up on me again, but rest assured that next time I will send a second curse."

It was written in each of those present's faces that they were shocked by the twist of things. No one even expected Potter to be able to use the unforgivable and would use them to maintain his personal freedom. Harry, on the other hand, did not elaborate on her looks at all, instead turning back to his headmaster. "I'm out, Albus. If there are people who also want to withdraw from this war, they are free to follow me. I have no interest in being pushed back and forth as a pawn, so make up your little war with Riddle himself. You would do the world a favour if you killed each other in the process, I wouldn't care. But be warned that I will greet the first one to stand in my way with the cruciatus curse and then end its miserable existence with the death curse."

"Harry, my boy, you can...“ Albus immediately fell silent when he faced the top of Harry's wand. He didn't doubt for a moment that the teenager would make good on his threat. In his green eyes, the same fire flared that Albus already knew from his mother. A fire that could not be tamed and, in all its destruction rage, came over those naïve people who tried their way in it. Lily Evans, later Potter had been a force of nature and Albus had realised very early on that Harry was much more like his mother than his father. Although most magicians liked to be fooled into these things, as Harry looked so alarmingly similar to his father.

"Shall we bet, Albus?" Harry sneered. "It is no longer of interest to me whether Auror, whether a member of the Order or a death eater – whoever crosses my path, is executed by me and I take away the freedom to address the remains in individual parts to you in person." He rose from the squat and looked contemptuous of the headmaster. "White side? Black side? Tom and you, you both have a tremendous shadow and should be treated in St. Mungos. If you were to excuse me, I still have an appointment.” Harry turned away from the man and wanted to leave when his gaze fell on Malfoy, whom he approached, again a contemptuous smile on his lips. “There's war and you're a soldier who sided with Riddle. So do your job pleasantly decent and don't let the enemy side wrap you around his finger because it's just making you a better deal, you spineless and pathetic apology of a death eater. You don't need to imagine much on the offer made. He wants to protect you? Then, if he has not been able to protect me, nor Sirius? Then, when he's closer to death than to life? If he couldn't even protect his own damn school from a pathetic wit inviting his little psychopathic friends. Although I warned him – several times! Watch you disappear from the grounds of this school, you have nothing to look for here.”

No one tried to stop him, so Harry pulled the door angrily behind him and hurriedly ran down the steps. Who knew when one of those present had the need to examine his words for their truthfulness, only to be mercilessly slaughtered by him. He didn't get very far when the figure of Snape came towards him, immediately he lifted the staff and spoke in deadly calm. "Cruciatus Curse or Avada?"

"Astronomy tower, thank you very much." Severus could hardly overhear the threat in the words of his student, but he did not even get involved in it, but immediately pushed his way past the teenager. Behind him, his cape flared up, when shortly afterwards he disappeared around the bend.
of the circular staircase.

"I bet his patronus is a fucking bat," Harry just snorted, making his way back to leaving this damn castle to escape all this madness. Putting the fate of an entire country on the shoulders of a teenager and then hoping that it just fits in like that, testified to how complacent and also stupid these people were. Really, as if the old scrape of a fortune teller could even be trusted across the way.

ooOoOoo

At the top of the steps, the master of all potions opened the door to the platform of the astronomy tower, already prepared to find everything possible behind the dark wood. After all, he was one of Potter’s instructors and had an idea of what the young man was capable of. Anything possible? He was wrong, because he was not prepared in any way for what ultimately awaited him. There was no blood, no injuries and no other signs of a fight as he expected and Severus had seriously reckoned with one or the other mutilation. Instead, he found four death eaters, one in training and the leader of the Order of the Phoenix sitting together in peaceful harmony. Each of them stared directly at him or rather behind Potter, who had just disappeared through that door. Severus looked at those present after each other to understand what the boy had done.

Albus didn't look good, not healthy. It was obvious he was battered and Severus did not doubt he had carried serious damage that night and also a deep shock of it. He wasn't so sure he even wanted to know what Potter had done to get such a result. After all, they were not talking about any sorcerer, but about Albus Dumbledore, conqueror of Grindelwald and leader of the resistance against Lord Voldemort and his followers. However, Potter didn't seem to know that putting this man in a state of incomprehension was contradicted. The Carrow siblings didn't make a better impression, sitting as if grown on their posteriors and not stirring a millimetre, he had to look three times to spot their breathing in the first place. Greyback showed an expression of sheer panic and this was a condition seen with a werewolf only when he felt threatened in its existence. Not a good sign. Jones, the name of the fourth in the bundles still seemed quite apprehended, but Severus realized at a glance that this was just a facade and the man was deeply terrified. Ah. He would report to the ministry at the latest time of three days, presumably as he would feel safer in Azkaban than in the firing line of Potter. His dark eyes glided to Malfoy, who had widened his eyes in fear and the dark spot on his pants suggested that the teenager had lost control of his bladder in fear. Severus snorted, not in disgust or for making fun of the young man. It was an instinctive reaction, so he wondered one thing: What had Potter done to disturb these people in such a way?

Severus was torn from his observations when the whole castle shook under an explosion and soon after tumult erupted on the steps to the tower, bringing closer to the tangle of the voice. He couldn't even understand a fraction of what was spoken there, but he could filter out from the fragments that they were talking about Potter and about Dumbledore. The potion master turned to the death eaters and drove them cold. "Move, we disappear here – immediately!" He was not interested that they looked at him perplex, but strode towards Malfoy to grab it by the arm and tug him up. Stupid boy, who who needed to involve himself in this madness. "Move it, now!"

"But our order!" Fenrir coveted. He was loyal to the dark lord, giving him the opportunity to expect his pack and always have a little fun with his new companions before transforming or killing them right away. It was happy in his request to make his master pleased, but he was prevented from doing so.

"Stupor," Jones let hear, reaching for the werewolf’s arm to apparate with this one from Hogwarts. Snape was a highly regarded death eater, not only before the Lord but also in front of her comrades. If the man ordered them to jump from the tower, it was synonymous, as if the Lord
himself had spoken this command. No one disagreed with the Lord's poison mixer and closest confidante.

"Move it, Carrow," Snape snapped at the siblings, speaking none directly and yet both of them together to make fire under their butts. He now had no time to care about any orders from anyone else. A Potter who left one with only a choice between torture and death was cause for concern, but certainly not the fact that the headmaster would survive that very day, provided he received medical help. Presumably he would be able to sell to the Lord that the old men one day would choke on his lemon candy. He waited for everyone to disappear, then pressed a port key into his godchild's hand, so that he could disappear as well. After all, one of the death eaters had got it on the line that the protection against apparition had been lifted. His last look was Albus, to whom he nodded slightly before he disappeared himself with the typical crack.

As the death eaters disappeared from the tower, the other death eaters also gave up their positions and disappeared from the grounds of the magic school, taking with them the injured and dead. Albus had been found by Remus and Minerva, but had not given them much information, that night had dragged on his powers and the shock was sitting deep in his bones, so that he soon lost consciousness. No one could really tell what had happened on the tower and soon the wildest rumours came up, especially as Harry, who was supposed to be with Albus, had disappeared. There were two people who had met him on the way out, but they would not comment further, after all, they had witnessed how Harry had blown up the half entrance hall to get one of the Order's members out of the way. Neither doubted that it had only gone so peacefully, because said member of the Order had not tried directly to stop Harry, but was simply in his way on his way out. It had been obvious that Harry would not let himself be stopped, so neither had tried.

"We've got to put together a search squad and make sure he is safe again! It's irresponsible that he's out there alone," Remus shouted incensed. He ran up and down the hospital room, deeply concerned for the son of his best friends. It was not for him to grasp that no one had yet made his way to seek the boy, that he had even been explicitly banned so as not to endanger the safety of Harry. It would cause too much of a stir, if you started a big search now, they had justified it.

"Calm down, Remus." Molly was also worried about the boy, after all, he was the hope of all and had now disappeared. How should they still face darkness when the only person who could stop the darkness was untraceable.

"Molly's right, it doesn't do us any good if we act hastily now. Let's wait for Snape's report to see if the death eaters know anything about the disappearance of Harry and then there's hope Albus will wake up again soon. He will certainly be able to tell us more about what happened and why Harry left." Arthur was the voice of reason in this group. Certainly, he too was worried about the young man, but he didn't doubt that he knew exactly what he was doing. He had seen it in his eyes when he had encountered him. Arthur trusted the determined young man who had made his decision and would not comment on it until he knew all the backgrounds – this included why Harry had turned away from Albus.