A Promise Fulfilled (Rewrite)

by LegendaryWrighter

Summary

Eight years after the war, Harry is doing well in his career. However, his love life is non-existent because his heart still longs for Cedric. When the pain becomes unbearable one day, for the first time ever, he does something for himself. Sequel to So I Swear

Notes

If you didn't read the description, you won't know this is the sequel to my Harric (or Hedric, whichever you prefer) fic, So I Swear. While you don't need to read the prequel, it will give background to my OMC who is paired with Draco.
Chapter 1

It was a busy time in the Ministry; Great Britain was hosting the 433rd Quidditch World Cup Final, and since the last time had ended in catastrophe, the Minister was doing anything and everything he could to ensure nothing went wrong this time. Harry was terrified at thinking how he and the rest of the aurors will be under the Minister’s watchful eye for the next two months.

“So you finally decided to join us” He heard someone say when he entered his office, and found Ron.

“All right, you too” Harry said as he set down his stuff.

“We missed you at the meeting this morning” Ron said.

“I know, but these are just getting tedious.” Harry sighed. “I mean, he expects me at every meeting concerning security. The meeting on the security of house-elves preparing the fest after the match took nearly twenty minutes, and Michaels will be in charge of that.”

“I get it and to be fair, that meeting only went that long cause of Hermione” Ron stated with a chuckle.

“Wotcher, Harry, Ron” Tonks said, and the two males turned towards her portrait. “How’s Teddy doing?”

“He’s doing well, as always” Harry replied. “Oh, and you can tell Sirius and Remus that he’s keeping the Marauder traditions alive.”

“I’m sure Sirius will be glad to hear it. Remus is undecided, since he knows how the teachers feel after dealing with Fred and George during your third year” Tonks said smiling. “By the way, the Minister is summoning you.”
“A summons, eh. He’s sounding less like a minister or more like a Dark Lord” Ron said.

“I’m pretty sure he’d use any and every magic possible to avoid anything going wrong for the next few months” Harry said, before turning to Tonks. “Thanks, I’ll be up in five minutes.”

“So the Minister wants to send a group of us to discuss the security measures with the aurors from the American ministry” Ron said.

“They don’t have a ministry, Ron. It’s a congress” Harry said. “They’re very adamant about the fact that all magical folk are represented in their government.”

“Yeah, well the Head of Magical Law Enforcement is sending ‘Mione since more and more work’s just being piled on” Ron stated. “I’m sure the Minister would want you to go to make sure everything is taken care of properly.”

“Ron, do you want to go with Hermione?” Harry asked with a knowing smile.

“What I want doesn’t matter” Ron said, blushing slightly. “What matters is if this conflicts with the Minister’s grand plan.”

“You guys should go together” Harry said. “‘Mione will be there to make sure everything is done and done well, and you guys should also take a few days off just to relax.”

“Do you think we should?” Ron asked, and Harry nodded. “Would the Minister even approve this?”

“I’ll try to convince him when I go up there” Harry assured his friend. “Besides, I can’t think of two other people who has worked as hard as you guys have over the last five years.”

“Thanks mate” Ron said, giving Harry a hug. “Now you better get up there, before he decides to channel his inner-Snape.”

“He doesn’t need to” Harry said as he headed for the door. “Joseph has Snape’s portrait in his
“We missed you in the meeting this morning” Joseph stated as he led Harry into his office.

“Ron told me” Harry said. “But do I really have to be at every meeting?”

“I’m sorry, I thought it was the job of the Head Auror to oversee the security of major events like these” Joseph stated as he rolled his eyes before sighing. “Sorry. I just need this to go well.”

“Why? Joseph, you’ve been Minister for three years, succeeding Kingsley, held elections every year and won” Harry pointed out. “I don’t see any reason for you to worry.”

“That’s just the local aspect. The whole world will have its eyes on us” Joseph said. “We haven’t hosted the World Cup Final since the disastrous end to the 422nd. Ever since then, even when the English, Irish, Scottish or Welsh teams played in the finals, the other country was the host.”

“Well, since then, the Fudge’s focus was on denouncing me and Dumbledore, Scrimgeour was basically all bark and no bite when it came to fighting Voldemort, Voldemort used Thicknesse and turned Wizarding Britain into a police state, and Kingsley was focused on reforming the Ministry, restoring peace and order in society, and catching escaped Death Eaters” Harry pointed out.

“I know, and Kingsley has done remarkably well” Joseph said. “No one could’ve done a better job. It’s a shame he decided to retire.”

“You’re just saying that because of all the stress you’re under” Harry said with a smile.

“If I couldn’t handle the stress, I would’ve stopped after two years” Joseph returned with a smirk. “Now Harry, I didn’t just call you in here because of this morning. You’ve been arriving to work late a lot more lately.”

“Where’s Professor Snape?” Harry asked, looking at the portrait that had a tall, black lounge chair that was surrounded by even taller bookshelves that held, probably, more than a hundred books.
“Other than here and Hogwarts, he has portraits in Draco’s office and study” Joseph said. “And stop changing the topic. I know you’ve been visiting Cedric’s grave.”

“Is there something wrong with that?” Harry returned.

“No, but you’ve been visiting so much that the habit is bordering an obsession, and it’s unhealthy” Joseph said as he sat next to the shorter raven, giving a concerned look. “Harry, it’s been eleven years. Cedric would want you to move on and be happy.”

“Look who’s talking, the guy who broke up with Draco Malfoy five years ago” Harry spat back angrily, and immediately regretting it when the concerned look on his friend’s face turned into the blank expression he had gotten used to as a teen.

Joseph moved towards his liquor cabinet and poured himself a glass of Firewhiskey. He hesitated a few seconds after filling his glass before filling another one. He handed one to Harry as he sat on his seat, and the two drank in silence for the next couple minutes

“I’m sorry” Harry apologised, to which Joseph replied with a nod. “I just read that Astoria gave birth.”

“She did. They named him Scorpius Hyperion.” Joseph said in a happy tone, but the emotion didn’t show in his expression. “They asked me to be the godfather.”

“I’m sorry” Harry said as he took Joseph’s hand and squeezed it.

“It’s alright” Joseph said as he squeezed Harry’s hand back. “I expected this, even back then. This is the reason why Draco married Astoria in the first place.”

“I’m sorry again for what I said earlier” Harry apologised again. “It’s been really hard today.”

“I know. It’s Cedric’s birthday” Joseph sighed. “I would’ve given you the day off if things weren’t so busy.”

“I’m actually surprised I decided to come in to work today” Harry said.
“Hey, why don’t we both clock out early today and visit Ced’s grave together?” Joseph suggested. “We can just talk, like old times.”

“I’d like that” Harry said, smiling softly before giving the taller raven a hug. “Thank you and I’m sorry again for what I said.”

“Stop apologising. I said it’s fine” Joseph said as he hugged back. “Now, you better get some work done before we leave.”

Harry nodded and thanked his friend again before he left.

Chapter End Notes

I know it's short and that it doesn't give much information, but readers of the prequel know that I like to keep my secrets. Don't worry, i have the next few chapters planned out already, and will update as soon as I can.

Please leave a review with your thoughts, what do you think happened, what should happen, what other pairings should be in the story, any questions you have, but I would prefer if you would just message me with questions instead.

Also, I'm looking for betas for this story who, while helping improve this story, get to see the new chapters first.

That's all for now. Thank you everybody for reading, and I hope you enjoy this new chapter in the continuation of Harric.
Chapter 2

Harry walked up the hill where Cedric's grave was, and found Cedric's parents there. Taking in a deep breath, he walked up and stood next to them. They all stood in silence for a while before Amos transfigured some rocks into chairs.

"How have you two been?" Harry asked as they sat.

"We've been well" Andrea replied. "We just returned from America."

"Can you believe they don't call non-magical folk muggles?" Amos asked. "They call them No-Majs, because they can do no magic."

"And how are you Harry?" Andrea asked.

"I've been well" Harry replied. "A little stressed because the Minister's obsessed with everything going well for the upcoming World Cup Final."

The Diggorys faces fell, and it took Harry a few minutes to remember 422nd World Cup Final, the night that it all started.

"I'm sorry" Harry apologised.

"It's alright, Harry. You're not at fault" Andrea assured him.

"And stop blaming yourself" Amos said, cutting off Harry's next sentence. "If anyone should take the blame, it should be me. I'm the one who pressured Ced into putting his name forward."
But you could've stopped him A snake-like voice added. Cedric had said multiple times that if you didn't want him to enter the tournament, he wouldn't have.

"You're not to blame either, Mr. Diggory" Harry said. "The one to blame is Voldemort."

Are you sure? Cedric told you to take the cup, but you didn't. You even insisted that you two should take the cup together. If it hadn't been for you, Cedric would still be alive.

'We don't know that' Harry thought angrily.

Harry looked up to see that he was no longer sitting with Cedric's parents near his grave. He was now standing next to Cho in the Room of Requirement, looking up at Cedric's photo.

"He was my first friend" Cho said sadly. "I was terrified of getting on the train because it meant leaving behind my home and people who knew me for an unknown place filled with people who didn't know me. Cedric approached me, calmed me down, and even helped me find a compartment with some other first years who became my friends."

"I know" Harry said with a small smile. "He kept saying that he couldn't believe that the terrified, shy first year turned out to be a huge pain in the arse."

"As if he wasn't, but I'm sure it was a good kind of pain in the arse for you, Harry" Cho said with a wink and chuckled, before looking back at Cedric's picture and sighing. "I miss him."

You took him from his friends and family because you did not do enough to save him.

'I did not' Harry thought. 'Voldemort did.'

You did not stop him from entering the tournament, you did not listen when he told you to take the cup, you insisted on taking the cup together, and you were not able to defend him. Voldemort may have told Wormtail to kill Cedric, but you were the reason he was there in the first place. You might as well have murdered him yourself.
The scene shifted again and Harry was back in the graveyard in Little Hangleton but rather than being with Cedric, Harry was at the side, watching as Cedric walked through the graveyard. Harry wanted to scream, to tell Cedric to get back to the portkey. The door to the crypt opened and Harry's eyes widened. It wasn't Wormtail who exited, it was him. Younger Harry moved towards Cedric with his wand raised. Harry thought to move forward but before he could take one step, he was blinded by a flash of green.

Harry woke with a jolt, sweating and breathing heavily. He looked around, making sure he was in his bed in Grimmauld Place, before trying to calm down. He sighed as he lay back down and turned to see the photo album filled with pictures of him and Cedric lying open next to him. Putting on a robe, Harry picked up the photo album and headed for the kitchen.

"Why is Master Harry being awake at one in the morning?" Kreacher inquired when he appeared.

"I woke up from a nightmare, Kreacher" Harry replied, sitting at the head of the table.

"Would Master Harry like Kreacher to get sir a glass of water, or make sir a cup of tea?" The house-elf inquired.

Kreacher had become extremely taken to Harry after he gave him Regulus's locket, even more so after Harry allowed him to keep any Black heirlooms that wasn't cursed or that belonged to Sirius in the shed in the back. Kreacher was very helpful, nor did he call Hermione a mudblood or the Weasleys blood traitors, and he was invaluable during the renovations, but Harry wished he didn't check on him all the time. This was one of those times that Harry just wanted to be alone.

"A glass of firewhisky, please" Harry said, thanking Kreacher when he was handed a glass filled with the amber liquid. "You can go to bed now Kreacher. I won't need anything else."

Kreacher disappeared with a pop, and Harry took a sip of his drink before opening the photo album and going through it. Harry smiled as he saw pictures of him, Cedric, and their friends, reliving each memory in his head. Harry suddenly remembered the voice in his dream.

"What if it was my fault?" Harry asked himself.
His eyes then landed on the picture of him and Cedric standing side by side on the day of the wand weighing, and Harry's heart ached.

"I'm sorry" Harry whispered, tears starting fall from his eyes. "If only I could go back, do anything else different..."

Harry suddenly remembered something he and Joseph talked about recently. He had told Harry that the Unspeakables working on studying time had created a contraption in the Department of Mysteries that could send a person back to any place and time dating back about fifteen years ago. Harry stared at the picture of him and Cedric for a few seconds before heading to his room. He got dressed, grabbed his invisibility cloak, and headed down.

"Master is leaving at this hour?" Kreacher asked as he appeared just as Harry was about to open the door.

"I'm just going for a walk Kreacher" Harry said. "I'll be back soon."

With that, Harry left and walked to the closest alleyway before apparating to the atrium at the ministry.

Joseph walked through the beautiful gardens at the Malfoy estate. Lady Narcissa had worked tirelessly to bring it back to life after the manor was renovated, all the hard work paid off. The garden was full of life and colour, filled with intoxicating aromas of the flowers in bloom.

"Can we go back in now?" Draco asked.

"You know, you don't have to be with me everywhere I go" Joseph stated.

"I don't, but I asked you over for a reason" Draco replied. "And I'd much rather have this conversation in my room."

"Why can't we have the conversation out here?" Joseph asked. "If you're worried about privacy, your mother and father are out, remember?"
Joseph turned to see that Draco had a frown on his face. He then bit his lip, and Joseph knew that what the blonde wanted to talk about was unpleasant.

"Why did you ask me to visit Draco?" Joseph asked as they sat on one of the benches.

"I wanted to talk about..." Draco began nervously as he looked down at his lap. "I wanted to talk about my engagement to Astoria."

"I see" Joseph said slowly. "Is there a problem? Is the Greengrass family refusing to annul the agreement, because I can have mother take care of this immediately."

"No, it's not that they don't want to annul the agreement" Draco said before taking in a deep breath. "I'm going to marry Astoria."

"What?" Joseph said, his anger rising quickly.

"Please don't get angry" Draco pleaded.

"I have been with you for the last five years, and you don't expect me to get angry when you tell me you're going to marry a woman you don't even like?" Joseoh asked exasperated. "Give me on good reason why you're doing this Draco."

"My father..." Draco began but was cut off.

"Your father again?!" Joseph exclaimed. "Draco, you're an adult you can make your own decisions. Unless your father has you under the Imperius curse or is threatening to do something terrible, then he is not the one to blame here. It's not enough that you tell me this after five years, but you don't even have the bollocks to claim responsibility for your own actions."

A ringing silence followed. Nothing but the two Slytherins' breathing could be heard. Joseph stared at Draco angrily, while the blonde merely looked down.

"Fine" Joseph finally said after a few minutes. "Live the life your father has designed for you,
Draco. Just don't expect me to be a part of it."

Joseph woke up and sat up with a groan, rubbing his face. He really needed to stop forgetting to take Dreamless Sleep every two days.

“You were mumbling in your sleep” the blonde next to him said. “You only do that when you have nightmares.”

“You’re not going soft on me, are you Goldstein?” Joseph asked, and Anthony turned to hide his blush.

“Just saying if you’re going to stay after, you should have the courtesy not to wake me up” Anthony returned.

“And I’ve said that if you don’t want me staying the night, you should wake me up half an hour after” Joseph said as he got up and began dressing. “Do I need to put every detail of our arrangement in writing?”

“Prat” Anthony muttered as he got up. “I’ll see you tomorrow?”

“Most likely, I’ll owl you at lunch” Joseph said.

Anthony went into the bathroom while Joseph let himself out of Anthony’s house, only to find his new bodyguard waiting for him.

“Of all the aurors Harry had to assign” Joseph began. “He got the one that knew how to find me. Didn’t he, Blaise?”

“Well, the reason why the last two were reassigned was because they couldn’t find you” Blaise returned as he and Joseph began walking towards the apparition point. “How long has this been going on?”
“Since I found out we were hosting the final” Joseph replied.

“And is it serious?” Blaise asked.

“No, but Goldstein thinks it is” Joseph stated. “Even when we were both clear about what this was in the beginning.”

“You can’t blame him for thinking it’s developed into something more” Blaise said. “It’s been five weeks since you started. How many times do you ‘visit?’”

“Depends on how stressed I am by noon everyday” Joseph said. “But at least four times a week.”

“Well, why don’t you try developing your arrangement into an actual relationship?” Blaise suggested.

“I’m not in the mood to be lectured on this” Joseph said. “Especially by the guy who tried to sleep with the entire Hogwarts student body.”

The taller Slytherin was about to retort when there was a ringing sound. Joseph brought out a pocket watch, his eyes widening when he opened it.

“Someone’s broken into my office” He said.

The two of them rushed to the apparition point and once they arrived, Joseph grabbed Blaise’s wrist and apparated them into his office. They immediately inspected the place, finding that other than the door being opened, nothing was out of place.

“The door wasn’t forced open” Blaise stated. “Whoever broke in knew how to undo all the locking charms we cast.”

“It doesn’t look like anything is missing” Joseph said as he went through his desk. “Call Harry and get him here.”
As Blaise firecalled Grimmauld place, Joseph noticed that one of the panels on the wall didn’t look right. He rushed over and opened the door to his personal store of potions, going through them quickly.

“Potter’s not at home” Blaise said when Joseph emerged from the secret room.

“What?” He asked, approaching the fireplace. “Kreacher, why did Harry leave at this time hour?”

“The master had woken up from a nightmare, sir” Kreacher replied. “Said he was just going out for a walk.”

“Was Harry doing anything before he went for his walk?” Joseph asked.

“He asked Kreacher for a glass of firewhisky, sir” Kreacher replied. “Master was also going through old photos of himself and his old mate.”

“Ginny Weasley?” Blaise asked. “And was anything taken from your storage?”

“Ginny was an attempt to get over his old mate. And two potions were taken; Felix Felicis and Polyjuice” Joseph stated before realisation struck him. “Get every other auror in the building and head for the Department of Mysteries.”

Before Blaise could say anything, Joseph rushed out and headed for the lift, hoping that he’d be able to stop Harry before the shorter raven did anything rash.

Harry walked through the halls of the Department of Mysteries, keeping his focus on his goal, trying not to remember what had happened in his fifth year. He had, luckily, not run into any unspeakables, which was probably due to the Felix Felicis he took before entering the department. Unlike the aurors assigned to guard the entrances to the different divisions of the department, the unspeakables would not yield so easily to Harry’s authority, since the Department of Mysteries
was answerable only to the Minister. It wasn’t long before he approached the Time Room, and the two aurors guarding it.

“Head Auror” the two of them greeted in unison.

“Gentlemen” Harry greeted them back with a nod. “Has anyone come here in the last half an hour?”

“No sir” The blonde one replied. “All the Unspeakables assigned to this room entered at eight in the evening, and hasn’t been out since.”

“Well, the minister wants us all on high alert” Harry stated. “Someone broke into his office and stole a bottle of Polyjuice potion. Speaking of which, hand over your badges. Nothing against you boys, but it’s protocol.”

The aurors nodded and handed their badges. Harry casted a spell to check if they were authentic, a spell only the Head Auror, Minisiter, and Head of the Department of Magical Law enforcement knew.

“Apologies, can’t be too safe” Harry said once he was done, discreetly switching the blonde one’s badge for his own. “How long have you two been standing here?”

“Since seven, sir” The brunette auror replied.

“Well, it’s been over six hours” Harry said. “Why don’t you two go take a quick break?”

“I don’t think we should sir” The blonde auror said. “Someone broke into the minister’s office. What if they try to get in here next?”

“I doubt that’ll happen. They broke into the minister’s office, they should know that the entire building will be crawling with aurors soon” Harry explained. “Even if they do, I’ll be in there, discussing the security protocols with the Unspeakables.”

The two aurors looked unsurely at each other.
“And don’t worry about getting into trouble” Harry said. “I’ll take the heat if you do.”

“Really?” The brunette one asked. “Well, I am a bit peckish.”

“Go, and take a break” Harry said as he patted the blonde one on the back. “You two will be more alert when you get back, and we need you at your best right now.”

The two aurors nodded and left, thanking Harry before they did. Harry sighed, taking out a small vial and placed the blonde strands of hair he got into it. He then entered the Time Room and headed towards the end. On his way there, Harry spotted several time turners like the one Hermione used in their third year. He was able to save Sirius then, he thought bitterly.

Harry arrived at the end and opened the door into a huge circular room with a circular, stone platform with runes carved on its edge on the end opposite of him. Two, giant hourglasses stood at either of its side, one with the sand flowing down, the other with the sand flowing up. Harry approached what looked like the control panel, judging from what Joseph had said; a metal part of the wall with three pairs of buttons and dials, which would be used to input the day, month, and year. Below that was a clock, to input the time, and on the far end, after the last pair of dials and buttons was a globe with what looked to be the keys of a typewriter in front of it.

Harry took in a deep breath and started on the dial for the day. As soon as he turned it to one, a glowing number “1” appeared above the dial. He pressed the button next to the dial and the glowing number became solid, as if it had been etched into the metal. Harry moved to the next dial, and inputted “09,” then moved to the last pair of dials and buttons, and inputted the year “1995”. Harry moved to the globe with the typewriter keys. He pressed the “H” key, the letter appeared in front of the raven, and several spots on the globe lit up. Every place that started with the letter “H” was being shown and the lights reduced every time Harry added another letter. Harry continued typing until only one place was lit on the globe, and the name “Hogsmeade” appeared was glowing in front of him. He then moved to the clock moved the hands until the time read “7:30” and then Harry pressed the button with the symbol of the moon.

“That’ll give me enough time to get from Hogsmeade to the Astronomy tower before dinner ends’ Harry said to himself.

Harry then pulled the lever at the end. At first, nothing seemed to happen, until Harry noticed that the sand in the hourglasses was flowing faster, then they began swirling and the rune on the platform began glowing. Harry was about to move towards it when he heard the door open, and turned to see Joseph with five aurors and the heads of each of the divisions in the Department of Mysteries.
“That’s quite enough, Harry.” Joseph said. “Now, step away from the…machine and let’s talk.”

“No” Harry stated, taking a step forward only to jump back when Blaise shot a stunning hex in front of him.

“I won’t miss on purpose next time” Blaise stated, still pointing his wand at Harry.

“You won’t get another chance, Zabini” Harry said as he drew his wand and pointed it at Blaise, making everyone else but Joseph draw theirs.

“Wands down…now” Joseph ordered and everyone but Blaise and Harry did so. “Harry, enough is enough. I just want to talk and understand why you’re trying to do this.”

“You may want to talk, but they don’t” Harry said, gesturing to the aurors and Unspeakable. “That’s why they’re here, right? If you can’t stop me, they will.”

“Everyone get out” Joseph ordered and everyone started leaving the room. Blaise opened his mouth to protest, but Joseph gave him a look that made the taller male shut it and angrily walk out. “Now, why are you doing this?”

“To save Cedric” Harry said, lowering his wand. “I can’t go back far enough to stop Riddle from becoming Voldemort, but I can stop Cedric from participating in the Tri-wizard Tournament.”

“Harry, we’ve discussed this” Joseph said, slowly walking towards his friends. “Trying to change time is a gamble. Even if you do manage to save Cedric, there’s no assurance that things would work out the way you want them to.”

“Joseph, he was there because of me” Harry said, his eyes filling with tears. “I had multiple chances to save him and I didn’t. He had asked me twice before the Goblet of Fire was revealed if I was fine with him competing, and he wouldn’t have done so if I didn’t want him to. He told me to take the cup, but I didn’t insist that we take it together. I-I-I couldn’t…”

“Harry, Cedric’s death isn’t your fault.” Joseph said as he hugged the shorter raven, who hugged back tightly. “Everything you said, all those things lead back to Voldemort and his followers. Had he not interfered with the tournament, you wouldn’t have had to compete, things would’ve gone normally, and Cedric would’ve won. You’re not to blame.”
“But…if there’s a means to save Cedric, shouldn’t I take it?” Harry asked in between sobs.

“Changing time is a gamble, Harry” Joseph replied. “Even if you do save him, you could come back to find, I don’t know, a world where Cedric became a Death Eater.”

“That’s stupid” Harry said.

“I agree, but it is possible. There are an infinite number of possibilities and Cedric, as well as everyone else, could end up worse than he had before” Joseph explained. “I’m sure you know that there are fates worse than death.”

“I’m sorry” Harry said after a few minutes of silence.

“It’s alright. Today was a hard day for you, as it is every year. And I’m sure your nightmare didn’t help” Joseph said. “Come on, I’ll bring you to the Burrow. I’m sure being in a house with other people instead of Kreacher will help.”

“No Joseph, I’m sorry for this” Harry said before Casting a wordless Full-Body Bind curse on the taller raven.

He gently laid his friend on the ground and heard the aurors and unspeakables outside trying to undo the locking charm he cast. After apologising again to Joseph, Harry rushed onto the platform. The light grew brighter and Harry felt weightless. He then saw that he was actually floating. The door flew open and Blaise moved to undo the curse on Joseph while the other aurors shot spells at Harry, which rebounded. The unspeakables rushed over to the control panel but before they could do anything, there was a huge flash and Harry was gone.

Chapter End Notes

Apologies if the description of the time machine is weird. If any of you have a hard time picturing it, which I did myself as I was writing that part, go through some steampunk art.
Harry landed on his arse in an alleyway in between the Three Broomsticks and one of the clothing shops. Looking up to see the night sky, and casting a quick tempus charm revealed that it was 7:30 in the evening. He then noticed numbers on his arm. "1:59" it said and after a minute, it became "1:58." As Joseph had said, the unspeakables found they only had two hours before they were brought back to their own time, so the made their device imprint on the time traveller their time limit.

'Alright, I've made it this far' Harry told himself. 'Just gotta keep focused. Besides, 10:30 is about the time Ced and I headed back to our dorms.'

He then brought out the vial with the auror's hair and the bottle of Polyjuice he took from Joseph's office. Harry did feel a little pang of guilt for betraying his friend's trust and cursing him, but he shook it off and figured he'd apologise when he got back. He poured the blonde strands into the potion and after letting it set for a minute, downed the foul tasting liquid.

Harry slowly transformed; his hair turned blonde, his face became rounder, and his body thinner. He soon looked like one of the aurors that was guarding the Time Room. Casting a quick disillusionment charm, Harry began taking off his Head Auror robes, and brought out and enlarged some regular auror robes before putting them on. He then transfigured the Head Auror robes into rocks, and started walking down the streets of Hogsmeade, heading for Honeydukes.

"Good evening, ma'am" Harry greeted the owner.

"Good evening" The witch replied. "Is there something I can help you with, Auror...-?"

"Davids, ma'am" Harry finished for her while showing the badge he'd taken from the real auror. "Professor Dumbledore informed us that there was a secret passageway in your cellar leading into Hogwarts."
"Oh goodness me" The witch said with a gasp. "If Sirius Black had gotten in last year through here, I would be out of business."

"Quite" Harry said with a nod. "For security reasons, the headmaster has asked me to seal the passageway."

"Of course, follow me" The witch said as she led Harry in and showed him a door in the back. "This leads down to the cellar."

"Thank you for your cooperation, ma'am" Harry said with a nod.

"Once the witch turned to return to the front, Harry brought out his wand and cast a spell to alter her memory. After apologising softly, he threw on his invisibility cloak and headed down.

Harry quietly entered the third floor corridor, the statue of the one-eyed witch sliding back into place to hide the secret passage. Harry checked his watch and it was quarter past eight, meaning Dumbledore was about to dismiss everyone for the night. Quickly but quietly, Harry headed for the Astronomy Tower, dodging Peeves and Mrs. Norris on the way.

When he got there, Harry hid where he had the night Professor Dumbledore died. A part of him wanted to head for the headmaster's office, tell him about the horcruxes, but if he wanted to save Cedric, he had to stay put. And even if he did tell Dumbledore, he doubted the old man would believe him without Harry revealing himself, which would cause consequences so great, even he wouldn't risk it.

Harry suddenly heard footsteps and wondered how long he'd been spacing out. He turned and saw Cedric. He had to resist the urge to rush over and hug the brunette, reminding himself that he was nine years older and looked like someone else. After getting over the fact that his boyfriend was alive, Harry began preparing himself for what he was about to do; he was going to use the Imperius curse on himself.

He wondered if it would work. He was able to throw of Moody's...Coruch's Imperius curse when he tested them. He wondered if the fact that the younger version of him didn't know what the Imperius curse felt like, or that it was being cast upon him, would make it easier to gain control. Harry sighed. He had only used the Imperius curse three times, when he, Ron, and Hermione
broke into Bellatrix’s vault, and he hated doing it. The only reason he probably succeeded was because he was desperate at the time. Harry heard footsteps again and saw his younger self arrive. Seeing his younger self smile widely at seeing Cedric filled him with even more conviction than he had when he broke into Joseph's office. The students began conversing and Harry readied himself.

"You’re thinking of entering?" Younger Harry asked.

’Now or never’ Harry thought as he brought out his wand.

“I know it’s risky and there’s a possibility that I could end up really hurt or…worse” Cedric said. “But the thing is, I really want to enter, become Hogwarts’s champion and if I do, do everything to win it.”

"Imperio" Harry cast softly, pointing his wand at his younger self.

"Ced..." Younger Harry began before he felt something strange. It wasn’t a bad feeling, he even felt at ease. He then had this idea to tell Cedric not to enter, but shook it off.

"Harry, are you alright?" Cedric asked.

"Yeah, just felt a little strange" Younger Harry replied.

"So, how do you feel about me putting my name forward for the tournament?" Cedric asked.

"Imperio" Harry cast again, putting more conviction into the spell.

Younger Harry felt the calming sensation again, only this time, it was stronger, and he submitted to it.

"I don't want you to put your name forward" He said.
"Harry, why?" Cedric asked in disbelief. "Do you think I'm not up for it?"

"Of course not, Ced" Harry made his younger self say. "I just don't want you risking your life."

Harry felt heat pooling on his right forearm. He pulled back his sleeve and saw that he had half an hour left.

"Please Ced, don't do it" Younger Harry pleaded as he hugged his boyfriend. "All the stuff that's happened; me dreaming about You-Know-Who and my scar hurting when I wake up, those Death Eaters and the Dark Mark appearing at the world cup. I have a feeling they're all connected and that something bad's going to happen that involves the tournament."

The Hufflepuff looked down at his boyfriend, tears were threatening to pour from his green eyes, and he sighed, hugging the raven back tightly and nodding.

"Alright Harry, if you don't want me to put my name forward, then I won't" Cedric said as he rubbed the Gryffindor's back.

"Promise?" Younger Harry asked.

"I told myself when considering on entering the tournament that if you didn't want me to, I wouldn't do it" Cedric stated. "You and I can both spend the year for Hogwarts's champion focus on our studies."

"I'm sorry" Younger Harry said. "I know how much you wanted to do this."

"It's alright" Cedric returned. "In all honesty, I just think I wanted to do it cause my dad made winning the tournament sound like the best thing in the world without mentioning how dangerous it was gonna be. One of my friends said that one time before, when Durmstrang was the host, the champions had to search a frozen tundra at night for a sack of supplies, carry it back, and defend themselves against whatever came for them."
"But you seemed so excited" Younger Harry said.

"Sure, the idea of being known as the winner Tri-Wizard Tournament is appealing" Cedric began before looking directly into Harry's eyes. "But I remember the feeling of dread I felt when I couldn't find you the night you saved Sirius and yourself from all those dementors. It was the worst feeling in the world, and I don't want you feeling that all throughout the year."

Younger Harry pulled Cedric in for a deep kiss, the two parting a minute later.

"I love you Cedric" Harry said with a smile.

"I love you too, Harry" Cedric returned with a smile of his own. "Come on, we better get back to our dorms before Filch catches us.

The two students and the shared a quick kiss before heading down. Harry had released his younger of the Imperius curse when they shared that last kiss and began following them. Cedric and Younger Harry shared a quick kiss before they parted ways in front of the portrait of the Fat Lady. Harry waited a few minutes before he approached the Fat Lady and said the password.

He watched his younger self climb up the stairs leading to the dormitories and waited five minutes before heading to the fourth year boys' dormitory. He quietly walked in and saw asleep already. He was afraid that his younger self would've taken longer to fall asleep, but was relieved that he was wrong. Harry then took out his wand, pointed it his younger self, and quietly cast the spell to remove the memory of being Imperiused so that when Crouch starts training them to resist the Imperius curse, he wouldn't realise that it had already been used on him. Harry also altered his younger self's memory so that he would believe that the thoughts and feelings Harry made him feel were his own.

Harry snuck out once he had finished, checked his forearm and saw that he had ten minutes left. As quickly and quietly as he could, Harry rushed out of the Gryffindor common and headed for the third floor corridor. As he rushed, Harry could only hope and pray that, for once in his life, things would go his way.

Harry groaned, his head was hurting like hell. He slowly opened his eyes and immediately noticed
the white walls, and white tiles on the floor. Why was he at St. Mungo’s? Did something go wrong during a mission?

“Ah you’re finally awake.” He heard someone say.

He saw Joseph approaching him, checking a clipboard that were most likely his vital signs.

“Joseph, what’s going on?” Harry asked. “Why am I here?”

Joseph opened his mouth to say something, but the door opened, and Harry’s eyes widened.

“Cedric?” Harry said as he stared in disbelief.

“Harry, thank Merlin you’re alright.” Cedric said, pulling the shorter male into a tight hug.

“I don’t understand.” Harry said, but hugged back. “What happened?”

Was he dreaming? Cedric definitely felt real. Perhaps he had ingested something experimental from Joseph’s lab.

“I’m going to go pick up James from my parents’ place, and we’ll be back soon, alright?” Cedric said.

Harry didn’t know what was going on, he didn’t know if any of this was real. Not knowing what to say, he nodded. Cedric leaned in and gave him a short kiss before leaving.

“Joseph…that was Cedric” Harry said.

“Yes it was.” Joseph said, still going through Harry’s charts.
“Why was he here?” Harry asked. “And who’s James, and why did Cedric go pick him up from his parents’ place?”

“To check on you, of course.” Joseph returned. “I think that’s the natural reaction when your husband is hospitalised.”


“And James is your son.” Joseph continued, and Harry’s jaw dropped.

“Cedric and I are married? And we have a son?” Harry said in disbelief.

“You really don’t remember anything?” Joseph asked.

“No.” Harry said as he shook his head. “My head hurts really bad, and I can remember things from like, months ago, but nothing from the past week.”

“Yes, I had a headache too when I woke up.” Joseph said as he tapped Harry’s chart. “But it faded after a few minutes, and I didn’t lose any memory of what happened recently. Perhaps this is happening because there are more new memories for your brain to process than mine.”


“Maybe this will jog your memory.” Joseph said. “Congratulations, you’ve successfully changed the past.”

"I changed the past?” Harry asked. "How come I still remember the things that led to Cedric’s death?"

"There were special enchantments on the room that let anyone inside it retain their memories" Joseph explained. "They were placed there so if the past was changed for the worst, they could go and fix it."
"So, I have two sets of memories now?" Harry asked, and Joseph nodded. "Won't it get confusing?"

"That depends on you" Joseph said. "I and some other Unspeakables are fine with the new set of memories. Meanwhile, the rest and Blaise had the old set of memories obliviated to make things easier for them. They've been put to sleep to let the new memories...set in."

Just as Harry was about to ask another question, there was a knock on the door, and a mediwitch entered.

"Sir, Mr. Potter's family is here" She said. "Shall I let them in?"

"Just his husband and son, for now" Joseph said. "I'll let you have some time with Cedric and James before we start helping you with your new memories. If Cedric asks what happened last night, tell him that you can't remember and I'll explain the situation to him when I get back."

Harry nodded, taking a minute to compose himself while Joseph left. The door to his room opened again, and his heart nearly exploded when he saw Cedric come in, carrying a boy about 2 years-old.

"See James? Papa's okay" Cedric said, before kissing Harry on the cheek.

Cedric gently handed James over to Harry, and the shorter male smiled as he stared down at his son, the young boy's grey eyes looking back at him happily.

"It'll take a lot more to hurt your papa" Harry said before kissing James on the head and ruffling his black hair.

"So can I ask what happened?" Cedric asked. "When Kingsley told me that you were brought to St. Mungo's this morning, all he said was that your life wasn't in danger."

"Well considering what I get into, that's a good thing" Harry said with a small smile. "I'm sorry for making you worry. Also, I can't remember what happened last night."

"What? Did you hit your head?" Cedric asked worriedly.

"No, I'm alright. Joseph said he'll explain things when he gets back" Harry replied. "Can we talk about something else? Like what my two favourite men were up to last night."

"Well, after having dinner at my parents' house, we headed home, James coloured a few pages in that new colouring book you got him, I gave him a bath, and read him a bedtime story" Cedric said with a smile, before giving Harry a serious look. "I'm just worried about you, love. I was already extremely worried before, and that was when you were just Harry Potter. Now, you're an auror who's probably going to become Head Auror, which will put a bigger target on your back."

"I know, and I'm sorry for making you worry so much" Harry said, taking Cedric's hand and squeezing it. "Can we talk about this later?"

Cedric nodded his assent, and the brunette spent the next couple minutes talking about training before Joseph came back in.

"How are we doing?" He asked.
"We're doing great" Harry said with a smile.

"As relieved as I am that Harry's alright, I think we'd both like to hear about what happened last night" Cedric stated and Harry agreed.

"Alright" Joseph said with a nod before taking a seat next to Cedric. "Over the couple of past weeks, some poorly made potions were being sold in Diagon and Knockturn Alley. Ingesting these could have serious repercussions on the one taking them."

"But why would people do that?" Cedric asked.

"To make a quick profit and get away" Joseph replied. "I was asked to come in and help with isolating the magical signature on the potion."

"You can do that?" Harry asked in awe.

"Highly skilled potioneers, given time, can isolate the individual ingredients of a potion" Joseph explained. "And only skilled aurors can detect magical signatures. That's why you were there, Harry."

"So, what happened yesterday?" Cedric asked.

"I arrived at the ministry at five, and after four hours, I was nearly done" Joseph replied. "But a couple of aurors brought in the actual culprit. Things got violent, and a misfired spell hit the bag of potions, causing an explosion. Of course, Harry had to play hero and push me out of the way, getting caught in the blast himself."

"It's what I do best" Harry said with a sheepish smile.

"You saving people's lives will eventually end mine" Cedric said with a sigh. "So, the blast caused by the mixture of the spell and several potions caused Harry to forget what happened yesterday?"

"You could say that" Joseph said and Cedric gave him a confused look. "The explosion caused Harry to forget a lot of things...like everything since our fourth year in Hogwarts."

"How is that not serious?" Cedric asked, his eyes were wide as they could go.

"Ced, everything's going to be okay" Harry said, squeezing his husband's hand.

"Perhaps forget wasn't the right word" Joseph said. "The memories are still there, they aren't lost. It just takes a while for Harry to recall them."

"But you can help, right?" Cedric asked. "I mean, that's a huge amount of Harry's life."

"I will definitely be able to help, but I will need to keep Harry here for the next couple days."

"Do you really need an entire week?" Harry asked.

"Harry, you've forgotten a lot of things, from the smallest details to the huge events" Joseph explained. "You could be speaking to someone, misremember some things, and offend them."
Joseph was right. Harry knew he was right, and knew what a serious situation this was. He was just being selfish, wanting to get out of St. Mungo's and immediately get to spending time with Cedric and James. But what was the point if he couldn't remember things like James's birthdays, or his and Cedric's wedding.

"So that's why you just had James and I come in?" Cedric asked Joseph. "So I could be the one to relay the news to everyone else, and no one would nag you."

"A few more months and you could outwit any Slytherin in their first year" Joseph said with a smirk. "But yes, I would gladly appreciate it if you could relay the news to everyone, and inform them that it isn't too serious, and he'll be back to normal soon. I will be working with him immediately."

"And there's our cue to leave" Cedric stated as he sat back down. "I'll visit again tonight, and bring James again tomorrow."

"Thank you" Harry said with a smile before turning to his son. "Don't worry baby, I'll be home soon."

Harry gave James a kiss on the head before he and Cedric shared a short, but sweet kiss. They waved goodbye to each other before Cedric left the room with James.

"I miss them already" Harry said with a sigh.

"Don't worry, you'll be able to go back home with them soon" Joseph said, giving the shorter raven a comforting squeeze in the shoulder. "Shall we get started?"

Cedric entered the den in his parents' house. For the time being, he and James would stay there while Harry recovered. And Joseph definitely owed him big time for having him explain to everyone what happened. The brunette then remembered that Harry had forgotten things from his fourth year onwards. Did that mean he forgot they were married, or that they moved in together after the Gryffindor graduated, or that James was born?

"Cedric, you shouldn't worry so much" Andrea said as she entered the den.

"But mum, this is a serious situation" Cedric said. "What if Joseph can't help Harry? What if he is able to help, but Harry forgets again in the future?"

"Everything will be fine" Andrea said, pulling her son into a hug. "Joseph is an extremely talented healer. Not to mention, his father is one of the most specialised in memory charms."

"Thanks mum" Cedric said with a smile. "Did you have any trouble getting James to sleep?"

"Not at all. He was an angel, as always" Andrea replied.

The two discussed plans for tomorrow before heading off to bed. Cedric entered his old room, which was redecorated since this is the room he and Harry stayed in when they visited. He quietly approached the crib, smiling at how peaceful his son looked. After taking a quick shower, the brunette lied down on the bed, his mind focusing back on Harry.
'Harry's going to be okay' Cedric thought while taking a deep breath. 'Joseph's definitely going to succeed, and Harry will be back to normal soon.'

Needing to distract himself, Cedric summoned the photo album from Harry's fourth and his sixth year, the year of the Tri-Wizard Tournament. As he flipped the pages, Cedric's smile grew wider and wider as he recalled so many things; celebrating his and Harry's first anniversary, teaching Harry how to dance, spending Christmas with all their friends. He spent the next half hour going through the album before falling asleep with a smile on his face.

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11 years ago...

Cedric walked out into the Hufflepuff common room, excited for the new school year. He checked the notice board for any important announcements and headed for the Great Hall to eat breakfast.

"Hey Ced, over here" Another guy in his year called, and Cedric went and sat next to him. "How was the prefect meeting?"

"Same as always. Is that really what you want to talk about, Damian?" Cedric asked the redhead beside him.

"I was being polite" Damian said with a huge smile. "But since you just want to cut to the chase, let's talk about the tournament. Are you going to enter?"

"I'm not?" Cedric answered and his friend, as well as every other Hufflepuff within earshot, looked surprised.

"Why not? Other than the World Cup Final, entering the tournament was all we could talk about this summer" Damian said.

"After thinking about it, without anyone else saying how great it'll be to win, and talking to some other people who aren't as willing as you to blindly enter into a death tournament, I decided not to" Cedric said, his eyes immediately darting to Harry.

"Is the person you're dating the one who talked you out of it?" Damian asked.

"Yes and no" Cedric replied. "Look, I know what it's like to worry about someone not coming out of something alive."

"Yeah...still can't believe that happened at the World Cup Final" Damian said, letting out a shaky breath.

Cedric meant when Harry was trying to protect Sirius from werewolf Professor Lupin and around a hundred dementors. It should really bother him more that his boyfriend gets into so many life or death situations.

"We were there. I was so worried that we weren't going to make it out alive. I was worried about my dad facing off against the Death Eaters" Cedric said. "It's a horrible feeling, and I can't have my loved ones endure that for an entire year just so I could try to win the tournament."
"Alright" Damian said with a nod, and returned to eating his breakfast.

"Hey, I may not be putting my name forward, but you should" Cedric said as he gave his friend an encouraging smile. "If you get picked to represent Hogwarts, I'm sure you'll do amazingly."

"I'm not bummed out that you're not putting your name forward anymore" Damian said. "I'm bummed out because we've been friends since our first year, and you haven't told me who you're dating."

"I'm sorry, but they're just a very private and shy person" Cedric said.

Cedric felt guilty. Damian has been one of his closest and most loyal friends. He also knew Cedric as well as the brunette knew himself. Damian immediately picked up the change in Cedric's demeanour when he and Harry started dating, but kept it a secret from everyone else because Cedric asked him too. He was the closest thing Cedric had to an actual brother.

"I'll talk to them and see if they'd be okay with us telling you" Cedric said.

"Thanks Ced" The shorter Hufflepuff said with a smile.

"No problem. So, are you still going to enter the tournament?" Cedric asked.

"Maybe. I'm pretty good at duelling and charms" Damian stated.

"Well, you'd definitely win duelling the other champions" Cedric said with a smirk. "You're a smaller target."

"Prat" Damian said while lightly shoving Cedric. "I'll see you after Arithmancy."

Cedric waved to Damian before getting up himself, and heading to Charms. As he turned the corner, he nearly bumped into his boyfriend.

"Merlin's beard, Harry. I could've hurt you" Cedric said.

"But you wouldn't have because you're such a softie" Harry said with a smile before giving Cedric a peck on the cheek. "Sorry, but I wanted to talk to you."

"What about?" Cedric asked.

"Well, I know your last class of the day ends at two" Harry stated.

"How do you know that?" Cedric asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Have you forgotten about our Slytherin friend?" Harry asked with a smirk. "Anyway, my last class ends at three. Want to meet at our spot by the Black Lake?"

"Well, I was planning to go through the Prefect Handbook again, but your suggestion sounds much better" Cedric said with a smile, giving Harry a short kiss.

"See you then" Harry said, giving his boyfriend a quick peck on the lips before heading to Transfiguration.
Cedric knew he was going to be bothered by his dad for not entering the tournament, as well as several of his housemates, but as he watched Harry run adorably down the hall, he knew he made the right choice.

Chapter End Notes

This is the first new chapter of this story's rewrite. I've decided to write the thr GoF mostly focusing on Cedric as a non-champion. Thank you to nightingaleflyer for the suggestion. Don't worry everyone else, we'll still see plenty of Harry, Joseph and Draco.

I'd like to thank everyone for your patience and support. And i hope you all enjoy this new chapter and the rest of the rewritten version of this story.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!