

Through the Window

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Through the Window

by [PenRot](#)

Summary

One summer day, he sees Voldemort on his neighbor's roof. And it all came crashing down.

Armed with a stabbed diary that oddly brings him comfort and a ring that feels important, Harry is ill-equipped for the summer ahead.

On his neighbour's roof, staring directly at him, was Voldemort.

It would be comical if it wasn't for the struggling muggle teen in his grasp.

Mockingly, Voldemort held up a scrap of parchment. 'Surrender yourself, or the muggle perishes.'

Harry ducked away from the glass and got his writing supplies out. He held the parchment to the wall as he wrote, with a quill this time.

'I don't negotiate with terrorists. I'm going back to bed.'

He wiggled it into the corner and left the sight of the window. There was a strangled scream he tried to block out. In bed, he piled his blanket over his ears. Bottom of the line, he needed sleep.

And who was he to intervene? Every damned time he did, the person ended up dead or injured. Cedric, Sirius, and countless other friends had suffered under his supervision.

Harry was done playing saviour.

Writings of a (Not-So) Madman

The year was drawing to a close. Finals week, when everyone crams as much information as they can down their throats and sleep-deprived students can be found fighting over books in the library,

Dolores Umbridge may have... resigned as headmistress a week ago, but the long-term consequences and ministry rules remained. Exams would be a great deal harder due to her no-magic rule. It hadn't entirely gone away, and magic in the classroom was highly regulated. Charms would be one of the worst classes under this rule.

"How are we supposed to identify high-level cursed objects if they're banned in Hogwarts!" Hermione exclaimed in frustration.

"A magical user is able to 'feel' the darkness," Harry quoted from the article, "but having a bad feeling doesn't tell you which spells are used, or how dangerous it is."

"Bollocks." Ron spat, "We've encountered plenty of cursed objects. At least we'll have an edge on everyone else; maybe Flitwick will curve our O.W.L.S. if everyone does terribly."

"The ministry is grading them, not him." She sighed.

Ron was right. How many cursed, dangerous items had they just stumbled upon? They all should at least be able to pick out the cursed items—the most important task in the exam—and might be able to tell the level of danger. Although most had been deadly, as opposed to minor maiming. He had almost died because of the cursed diary in their second year.

"Guys!" Harry yelled, receiving glares from the other students in the common room, "I think I know how we can get our hands on something cursed."

"What?" They lowered their heads as Harry beckoned them.

"What dangerous, cursed object did we find in our second year?" He said it teasingly.

"The diary!" Ron answered immediately.

"Dumbledore should still have it."

"What are we waiting for?" Hermione threw her notes and books in her bag and said, "Let's go!"

The trio trekked to Dumbledore's office. Even with the delayed curfews, they needed to be back in the common room in an hour. The familiar eagle statue opened as soon as they turned the corner. Odd.

Up the set of stairs, the wooden door was already ajar. Inside, Dumbledore was scribbling on parchment with Fawks perched at his side. He looked up through half-moon glasses at them and summoned three chairs in front of his desk.

“Hello, what do you need at this time of night?” His voice was tired but still held an optimistic tone.

“Professor Dumbledore, you know the diary Harry murdered in our second year?” They filed in, lounging on the chairs.

“Ah, yes. The memory of Tom Riddle. Why do you ask?” He sat down his quill and folded his hands.

"Well, Professor," Ron stood up straight, "our Charms exam has a unit on cursed objects, and we can't find any to research." We were asking if we could borrow it to know how these objects ‘feel’."

Dumbledore smiled, “But of course. I may say, I thought cursed objects were under your Defence Against the Dark Arts exam.” He rummaged through a desk drawer.

“The ministry decided that since it wasn’t over neutralising nor destroying cursed objects, only detection and identification, that it would fit better.” Hermione rolled her eyes.

“My apologies, the content of your ministry-approved exams has passed me by.”

He took out the diary, the hole in the middle as mangled as the day he sank the fang into it, and the pages warped from water damage. Just sitting on the desk, they could feel the wave of dark, sickly magic over them.

“The diary is a soul-leech. Although neutralised, it still has residual magic on it. Investigate this thoroughly, and if you need any lesser cursed objects, do not be afraid to ask. Try to keep these under close guard and do not let anyone see them.” The headmaster seemed to be looking straight at Harry as he spoke.

“We’ll keep it a secret,” Harry reassured. “Say, would it be that bad to use the Chamber of Secrets?”

Hermione shot him a look and elbowed him hard in the ribs.

“Harry! You want to go back to the place you both nearly died at?” She stared at him as if he were insane.

“Er, no. But it is a secret place. There may be more cursed objects there, and we’d be alone. Plus, the dark magic residue might still be down there.” He double-backed. On second thought, it wasn’t the brightest idea to voice.

“It may prove useful to investigate the Chamber. But try to avoid anything deadly, and tell me if you find anything. Voldemort,” Ron shivered at Dumbledore’s words, “may have hidden something down there.”

“Got it.”

Harry was the one tasked with keeping the item until tomorrow. The girl had hounded them, saying that their brains needed sleep to function, and it was already past the time she

normally slept.

Once in their respective dorms, Ron collapsed into his bed and instantly passed out. Everyone else was already asleep in the dorm, or it was Neville, who had probably fallen asleep in the herbology greenhouses again.

The curtains over his bed were drawn shut. Without his friends to distract him, his mind wandered.

He laid down, tossing and turning. But every time he shut his eyes, he saw Sirius. With the red bolt hitting him in the chest, sending him tumbling into the veil... Rumours say that the ministry was doing a post-mortem pardon for him.

Like that will do any good.

They were just covering their asses. Having Voldemort show up in person at the Department of Mysteries, one of the most guarded sections of the ministry, Azkaban escapees, and many nobles proven to be Death Eaters, on top of imprisoning a man for 12 years, was more than their share of controversy to cover. Yet they choose to proclaim a man innocent after he died.

Sirius never got the chance to live. He went from the dictatorship of his parents, to Hogwarts over the school year, straight into Auror training during a war, wrongfully imprisoned, and then a fugitive on the run. His life began at the end.

A flame burned within him. Turning all his sadness, sorrow, and anger, into apathetic ashes. Tired, but sleepless. He sniffed, wiping away the tears and snot he didn't know he was leaking. His head peeked out of the curtains. Everyone was asleep. He needed something, anything, to get his mind off of this.

Harry unravelled the book from his invisibility cloak and placed it on his bed. It looked innocuous, but something drew him to it. The diary, although from 50 years ago, had very few blemishes on its black cover and gold-plated edges. Besides the giant hole in the middle. Even the gilded name, '*Tom Marvolo Riddle*', was still in place.

Had the diary been purposely bought, just to be made into a memory? It seemed like a waste, Dumbledore had said that the Slytherin line was destitute and Tom Riddle was an orphan. It didn't seem like a resourceful move to just waste it.

He flicked open the front cover. Before, it was a completely blank page. Now, there were words, blurred and faint, but in that same swirling, perfect handwriting.

September 1st, 1942

September, 1st, 1942? He squinted at the text; the top and bottom of the page were more damaged than the middle. The boy dug in his bag for parchment, waterproof ink, and a quill. He'd pieced together this diary entry to get his mind off of things. He might even gain knowledge about his enemy.

September 1st, 1942

The start of term was as insufferable as always.

At least they related.

Abraxas has shown himself to be useful again. He was right. Heir Slytherin, I was the heir to the Most Ancient and Noble House of Slytherin. I should have known; Marvolo sounded like a magical name, and magical children's middle names are normally from their ancestry. Marvolo Gaunt was my connection. My mother's name was Merope.

I tracked down the last property of the Slytherin line, in Little Hangleton. I planned to visit the last member of my line, Morfin Gaunt, my uncle. But the air raid sirens were going off every other day, too dangerous. If my digging proves right, my biological father should be in town too.

The Gringotts' records are dreadful. How can an ancient line of powerful wixen make such poor financial decisions? Absolutely nothing lies within the vaults, and the few deposits are spent within days.

Nonetheless, I pervade. I plan to visit over the summer and get to know them. ~~I've never had a family before~~ I will have answers about my heritage.

I cannot wait to prove I am Heir Slytherin.

They will regret their actions.

The entry was followed by doodles on the rest of the page. Snakes, mostly, with the Slytherin crests drawn with practised accuracy. At the corner of the page, protected with some type of clear varnish, was a small drawing of a light-haired boy that looked eerily similar to Draco. Abraxas was the name, with an arrow pointing to it.

The juxtaposition of the serious writing and the doodles jarred him. His finger lightly traced the ink marks. He hummed to himself and turned the page.

They know. The horror on their faces—regret, terror—were all satisfying. It soothed my inner rage. Tonight, I made it through unpacking, showering, and just existing in the dorms without a single insult or glare being sent my way. It was refreshing, to say the least.

They want to talk to Abraxas to try to get close to me. Assholes, all of them. As if I could stand in the presence of people who had called me a Mudblood and demeaned me for the previous five years.

Orion and Thaddeus have recognised my greatness before; their respect was shown in private, but now they are open about their admiration. Especially Orion.

Doodles of the Orion constellation followed.

September 18th, 1942

Time has passed. My finances are stable for now. Those who have shunned me have sought to buy my favour. It will not work. However, exploiting the filthy rich is satisfying. Food for the

soul. They're practically throwing galleons at me. Parents, too.

For now, I have told them that my mother, Merope, fell pregnant after marrying my foreign father, Thomas. After the news of my conception, he died of dragon pox. My mother died giving birth to me in the muggle world, and that is how I ended up being muggle-raised.

That way, I can appear as a pure-blood. ~~I can't handle knowing~~ I can pretend my father is dead. They do not question the strictness of my pure-blood; the knowledge that both my parents are magical has been enough.

I can start working on my main project, searching the Chamber of Secrets. I tried last year, and the year before, but I plan on finally finding it. ~~I hope I find~~ I will obtain more knowledge of my parseltongue. Specifically, parselmagic.

There was a schematic of the second floor, with x's all over the place.

November 12th, 1942

I found it.

November 14th, 1942

There is a hidden chamber. On the right side of the central statue, a bearded man with his mouth agape, a "handle" is on the underside of one of the bricks. I pulled it and, Merlin, it's everything I've ever needed. Library, private quarters, duelling rooms, potions lab, a greenhouse, and the basilisk, who calls herself Amaranth, has a nest.

She has one egg, which will hatch only when the right person touches it. Half-dragon, Hungarian Horntail, and I'm not sure how they got a dragon in to copulate.

It needs more discovery. There should be something in here that's useful that I can use publicly. ~~There is an undying yearning within me~~ I want to share some of this with my closest friends followers. But not all, just enough for them to get ahead of the others. ~~I worry they will grow stronger than I.~~

There was a realistic rendition of the statue, covered by the same varnish.

January 21st, 1943

My power grows each day. The library has been a wonderful resource. I stayed for the holidays so I could learn about the Chamber's knowledge.

However, Amaranth has been wanting to explore the halls more. I wanted to test her petrifying ability. We stumbled across a Muggleborn second-year, and through the reflection on the window, he was petrified in an instant.

A basilisk was circling the entire page, ending at a nest with a large egg.

February 10th, 1943

Amaranth petrified another person today. She didn't mean to. We were just walking around, and a girl with glasses was struck. I fear she is becoming a safety risk. The prophet will be in an uproar, and I am sure something will be done about this. They can't find the Chamber. It's all I have.

February 18th, 1943

I asked Professor Slughorn about a Horcrux. I saw it in one of the books in the Chamber, but it was in the wrong section, and I did not know where to look for more. Horcrux: a vessel for a piece of a person's soul, made by killing someone. I believe it splits the soul in half each time, but I will have to research more. Soul magic—that's where I needed to look. It said it was the key to immortality.

The object needs to have some importance to the user, a sentimental object or an heirloom. I have neither. Perhaps that isn't as solid as it seems. An item that holds a piece of soul will gain importance once it's made, I will then solidify the bond.

March 31st, 1943

Two more petrifyings happened. Aurors are swarming the castle daily. I can no longer walk Amaranth, much to her dismay. I need to play this carefully.

I also need to keep this thing in mind more often.

April 17th

More Aurors. They came close to discovering the Chamber. I can't have them do this. They need to go away.

May 2nd

Aurors. Everywhere. One more petrifying incident happened. I thought that outside was the better option, and I was trying to release her into the Forbidden Forest. But some idiotic Gryffindor was out there. He tried to kill her with a bombarda.

The water that was flown up in the blast was just enough to petrify him, not kill him. I left him there and returned her to her nest. ~~I don't know what to do.~~

June 13th, 1943

I have made a fatal error

Myrtle Warren is dead.

I killed her.

They're shutting down Hogwarts for good.

I'm scared

I just made a horcrux.

June 14th, 1943

The half-giant, Rubeus Hagrid, has taken the fall for it. He held an Acromatula in his trunk, I said he did it. I'm Head Boy, and they believed me. He got his wand snapped, and expelled. ~~I feel so dirty.~~

I needed to do this.

Harry frowned at the words on the next page. They were even worse than the others, but some of the water stains that scattered the page were different. They pooled with the ink, mixing with it when it was still wet. It took him longer to make it out. There was no date listed.

I met my uncle. He lived in squalor. He couldn't understand me when I spoke. When he processed I was there, he started throwing junk around the room. His magic was weak, little more than a squib. He was yelling about not wanting a muggle in his house.

I told him I was Merope's son. This made him angrier. I left after he mentioned the muggle on the hill that looked like me. There was an incredibly large, white-brick mansion. A baron's mansion.

The man who answered the door looked exactly like me. I wanted answers. He tried to slam the door on me and yelled, but I am stronger than him. He tried to hit me when I got in.

Compulsion charms got him to spit out my answers. He told me he knew my mother was a witch who had used her powers on him. She stopped charming him once she was pregnant, and then he ran off.

He wanted me to leave. To never contact him again. Two older people, my grandparents, were there too. They were more reactive and screamed at me to go away. To leave their family alone, that I had already caused enough damage. My grandfather had a shotgun.

I panicked.

I adjusted Morfin's memory and his wand. He thinks he killed them and proudly proclaimed himself to have done so when the Aurors arrived. He fought with them, and they murdered him.

I killed my family.

I made another Horcrux.

The next page was blank.

Harry stared down at the pages. The diary was an accident? Then how was he writing in it? Unless, of course, the diary was later charmed. He wouldn't want to just hand over the diary to Lucius, or leave it anywhere, for anyone to stumble across it. After destroying it, the charms must have disappeared.

He traced over the words, pangs of sympathy bleeding in. It was surprisingly human. So different from the cruelty he'd encountered in the chambers, but also a far cry from the charismatic boy he remembered. Had both masks been fake? Or was he looking at another false personality?

Who was the real Tom Riddle?

And were there other Horcruxes? The diary must have been one, and he mentioned another one. He must have more. But how much of his soul could he split? Surely it wasn't much, not like the thing that crawled out of the cauldron looked like it had much of a soul.

The boy aggressively flipped through the other pages. There must be something, anything else, to explain all of this. But the rest were blank. He hissed and felt a burn on his fingers. Blood trickled down his hand.

A thin but deep paper cut ran from the tip of his pinky to the middle of his index. He shook off the excess blood, using his wand to cast a healing charm on them. Perhaps this was a sign that he should rest for the night.

The diary and translated parchment were wrapped into his invisibility cloak and placed under his pillow. He could investigate more tomorrow. Deep sleep followed him into the night.

A splash of icy water awoke him. Harry gasped, squirming off the bed as his muscles contracted violently. Above him, an annoyed Ron stood.

"Finally!" He loudly huffed.

"What?" Harry groaned.

His legs felt like jelly. All the blood left his head as he stood. A faintness almost overtook him, but he managed to stay upright. He fumbled as he put on his glasses, wiping away the water on them.

"I've been trying to wake you up for the past five minutes!"

"Sorry, I went to bed late." He yawned, "What time is it?"

"Seven-thirty. We only have half an hour to get dressed and eat breakfast!" Ron tugged on his sleeve.

"Go without me, I'll be down eventually." He needed to shower.

"If you say so,"

Ron left the room. Harry sighed, knowing that Ron would be agitated today. He had at least woken him up for breakfast, but he was still half asleep as he rummaged through his sidedresser for his clothes.

The boiling shower woke him up enough, but the grogginess lingered in his mind. He moved his bed around, sorting the damp patches from the dry ones. As he lifted his pillow, panic ran through him.

The diary.

After a momentary check behind him, he tore his invisibility cloak open. The diary was soaking wet. His parchment wasn't spared, but the ink was waterproof enough to still be legible.

Each page was unreadable. Little more than light smears across the page. At least he had transcribed the entries. It had even washed away the little drops of blood; nothing was left of it. It was just a more damaged version of the trapped diary.

A drying spell evaporated the water around him. His notes were still warped but were overall unharmed. He stuffed them into his trunk, balled up the diary in his cloak, shoved it into his bag, and took off for the Great Hall.

Hermione and Ron were at the end of the table, eating. Well, Ron was eating. The girl seemed to have only eaten half a bowl of oatmeal before plunging back into her books. He plopped down next to Ron, his legs falling out from under him before he could adjust himself.

"Oi, mate," Ron said when Harry came crashing into his side.

"Sorry, tired," Harry said weakly.

"I told you to go to bed earlier!"

"I know, I know." Harry sighed, "Couldn't sleep."

"Well, hurry up, both of you. 'I've planned our day out,' Ron groaned, 'Transfiguration, she said she'd give us another study guide and we'll study that; lunch, Herbology is cancelled, but we still need to go to the greenhouse to identify plants; we'll take a break to study charms; then dinner; we'll touch up on Potions; then we'll do the cursed objects -- Harry, do you have our book?'"

Harry blinked, having zoned out her entire speech: "Er, yeah, I have our book."

Hermione didn't seem to notice him zone out again and started talking about studying. His head travelled to other places. Mainly, to the diary.

How would Tom Riddle act while he was alone? Would the persona stay on, or would it fall away the moment everyone left the room? Was he truly presenting a facade every waking second of every day for decades? He shuddered at the thought. Sure, he acted differently in public, but not *that* differently!

He wondered if Voldemort remembered what his past self thought. How he felt. But he pushed the thought away; Voldemort was filled with malice and rage, as evidenced by the pain in his scar. But it doesn't always burn. What did he feel between the bouts of fury?

“Harry?” Hermione snapped her fingers in front of his face.

“Sorry, I spaced.” He scarfed down a croissant, even though he didn’t feel hungry.

The day stretched on. His tiredness only progressed; he fell asleep twice during Transfiguration (minus 10 points for each) and completely slept through one of their study sessions. By that time, his friends had grown more concerned.

He was flowing in and out of dreams. They felt more real than normal, the colours were more intense, and the smells were accurate to a T.

Standing in a room, he scribbled on parchment. But his hands were different, pale and thin with perfectly filed nails. Swirling writing covered the page. A transfiguration essay, and a damn brilliant one at that. He could hear a humming and a deep rumbling in his chest that soothed him on an instinctual level.

It changed into another dream.

The Slytherin Common Room was empty. A dim fire burned, barely lighting it enough to see. He lounged on a chair with gilded accents on the arms, plush by the way he sank into the fabric. Footsteps approached, and a person entered the room.

Platinum blond with long hair spilling over his shoulders, he looked almost exactly like Draco, but his features were softer, despite looking at least a year or two older, with deep blue eyes. He held a book in his hands, old and worn with red leather.

The blond kneeled, “My lord,”

“Rise, Abraxas,” That voice, so familiar but he couldn’t remember, “Do you have what I require?”

“Yes, but, my lord - “ His eyes were pleading

“I know your concerns. This is merely for knowledge.” He held out his hand expectantly.

Soul Magic was scrawled across the front cover with no author listed. He thumbed through the pages, and he felt a faint smile light on his face. In front of him, Abraxas leaned in, less to see the book and more to see his reaction.

“This will prove useful for my studies. I will have it returned to you in two weeks, and it will not leave the dorm.” He reassured Abraxas. The blond nodded. “Now,”

He stood, practically looming over the other boy. They were close, their chests almost touching, and the heat between them felt intoxicating. Abraxas raised his head to meet his eyes; a new fire burned within them.

“I have a request,” He gently brushed a lock of blond hair away from his face.

“A request?”

“Yes,” His hand cupped a red cheek, “You need not follow if you wish not to.”

“Who am I to deny a request?” By his tone, he knew exactly what it was. Almost teasing. Full of wanting.

“Is that a yes?” His arm snaked around his waist, pulling him closer.

“Of course it is,” A smirk lit his lips.

The world fluttered out. Each second he stirred, the dream was growing more distant. But the feeling of it stayed. A warm, almost drunken stupor that made his thoughts wander to obscene places.

“Mr Potter?”

Light flooded over him, burning his half-lidded eyes. He yelped at the sensation, and his arm flew to his face. There was a huff from next to him, along with the clanging of metal. His eye protection was taken from him, and he was met with Madam Pomphrey staring down at him in disappointment.

“Mr Potter, you gave your friends a scare back there. Are you feeling well?” She removed a damp towel from his head.

“Better.” The headache and most of the tiredness were gone, though he still felt sluggish.

“You need to get more sleep. I know it’s exam time, but do not forsake your health! Your magical reserves were drained just by keeping you up!” She chided him with a waggle of her finger.

“Sorry,” He yawned, “What time is it?”

“Dinner just ended, but I’ll get you a plate. After you’re done eating, you can go find your friends.” She snapped her fingers, and a house elf popped up with a tray of food.

“Thank you,” Harry said to the elf as Madam Pomphrey held out seven vials to him.

“Three Dreamless Sleep and four Pepper-ups. This should get you through your last two days of exams and the day before you leave. Remember, pepper-ups need to be at least four hours apart.” She placed them on the side table.

Harry ate his dinner of mashed potatoes, green beans, and a chicken breast. The house elf popped back in to give him a treacle tart and pumpkin juice on his request. He was surprised at himself when he finished everything.

He was marching to the library within the hour.

The Note

Chapter Summary

Harry does his O.W.L.S. and goes back to the Dursleys. Noises wake him every night, maybe leaving a note will make them stop>

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Harry!” Ron exclaimed when he saw him peeking out from behind a bookcase. Multiple “shhs” and “shut ups” were called out, while many students just glared.

“Sorry about that,” He whispered sheepishly, plopping down beside Hermione.

“*We*,” Hermione began, but it was obviously targeted at Harry, “are turning in early tonight. *We* are going to be in bed by ten at the latest.”

The potion study session lasted an hour. Honestly, Harry didn’t even know the Shrinking Potion and the Shrinking Solution were two different things. The brewing process was almost completely different, too. It would be a miracle if he passed.

They trekked to the Chamber of Secrets after the two boys had worn Hermione’s last ounce of potion teaching. Moaning Myrtle screamed at them when they entered and only went away after Harry started to hiss in parseltongue.

“Do we have to slide down?” Hermione peered down the pipe, which was covered in slime and rust.

“Er,” What would Tom Riddle do? “*Stairs?*”

The screeching grinding of pipes and stones made them cover their ears. The awful sound only lasted for a minute, but his head was still ringing. Hermione peered down the pipe, and just past the entrance was a set of stone stairs. She said something that Harry couldn’t hear.

Countless flights passed until they were finally at the bottom. He groaned at the thought of climbing up them; it had to be as far down as Hogwarts was tall. At the bottom, the pile of animal bones was much the same, besides being covered by a thick layer of dust.

With a joint Wingardium leviosa, they all worked together to clear the entrance of the heavy boulders. Past the door with the hydra on it, the Chamber of Secrets lay.

Besides more grime, the Chamber was just like it was when he was there in his second year. Snake statues dotted the walls of the arched ceiling, which had a large rectangular floor that

stretched to the statue of a screaming bearded man.

The basilisk's skeleton lay in the centre. All the flesh was gone, eaten away by the corrosive venom or the rodents that scurried around the maze of tunnels. It was much bigger than he remembered. He thought it was around 15 metres (~50 feet), but it surely was at least 20 metres (~66 feet).

"I thought you were exaggerating about how big the basilisk was!" Hermione exclaimed with wide eyes.

"I think I was underestimating it..." Harry stepped forward, only for ankle-deep, algae-laced water to pour into his socks.

"Well, we can test out our scourgify." Ron pointed out, already drawing his wand.

The cleaning went quickly. They admittedly only cleared out the water and a spot near the entrance to sit. Underneath all the growth, the black floor shone like obsidian under the dull light of the torches they lit.

Harry threw his bag on the floor next to Ron. They sat, parchment at the ready, as he withdrew the diary. Now, in the chamber, it felt more powerful than it had in Dumbledore's office. At least it wasn't as strong as it had been when Ginny almost died.

"It's hard to believe that *this* caused so much terror." Hermione nudged the diary with the tip of her wand like it was an animal she wasn't sure was dead.

"Yeah, it feels dangerous, but it's just a book." Ron agreed. He flipped open a page and frowned at the ink smears. "It had writing in it? Harry, did it have this before?"

Yes, it did. "No, it was just blank. Probably just the leftovers of when I stabbed it; it bled black ink."

"Shame, I would love to see whatever a sixth-year You-Know-Who wrote about." Ron closed the book with a disappointed sigh.

Hermione let out a snort. "Could you imagine? 'Dear Diary, a girl asked me out today. I told her to go away because I was cramming for exams.' It would be hilarious!"

"No, no, this is You-Know-Who we're talking about. It'd be more like, 'Today, a muggleborn stepped on the back of my shoe. This only confirms that they are a blight on the world and must be vanquished.'" He said in a haughty, raspy voice. Both of them broke out in laughter.

"You're right as if anyone would ask him out." Hermione shook her head

"Hermione, you didn't *see* him! Top of the class and Head Boy too; people would *throw* themselves at him." Harry scoffed. Tom Riddle, as evil as he was, was undeniably attractive.

"Wow, Harry, I didn't know your type was young Dark Lords." Ron teased. Harry rolled his eyes.

“I don’t have a young Dark Lord type; I just have eyes.”

Their laughter continued into the late hours. The diary was a good resource, as always. Harry transfigured two normal books into lookalikes for their testing. Dark magic radiated so intensely from it that it was difficult to tell which one was the cursed one when placed side by side.

After almost three hours of work, they were able to tell which one was the real diary by about a cat’s length apart. It needed more practice, but identification was worth most of the points in the exam. They could at least pass if they nailed that section.

“Guys, uh, how are we getting out?” Ron asked when their session drew to a close.

“We have the stairs,” Hermione pointed out. Both of them cringed.

“Hermione, I—we love you, but we don’t trek up to the library all the time. That’s at least ten flights of stairs, actually, maybe twenty.”

Firmus Nebula

The spell left his lips before he could process that his wand had been drawn. In the middle of their circle, a dark, almost black, cloud formed. He reached out, and beneath a wispy layer of smoke he felt a cold, solid surface. Curious, he stepped onto it.

“Mate, where’d you learn that?” Ron inquired, nudging the cloud with his foot.

“I think I read it in a prank book.” He lied.

He could roughly steer it by leaning and shifting his weight. Stepping back would cause him to fall, while stepping forward would cause him to rise. He summoned two more for his friends, who each hopped on with some minor scepticism.

“It’s a little hard to move,” Hermione almost fell, but Ron caught her arm.

“It’s this or a million flights of stairs.”

Besides a few blunders by the non-quidditch player, they made it back to the bathroom within a few minutes. Myrtle screamed at them again, but they were gone before she could accost them any more.

Harry knocked back a Dreamless Sleep potion as he lay in bed. He kept the diary-wrapped cloak under his pillow again, along with his wand. A strong buzz and chime would go off at seven to wake him up. Hopefully, it would work; soaking in cold water was not how he wanted to start the day of his Transfiguration exam.

The grogginess still carried on into his morning, but was quenched by a Pepper-Up potion. By eight, everyone in the Great Hall was kicked out while the O.W.L.S. writing portion was set up.

Nervous fifth-years gathered at the closed doors. Somehow, Harry didn't feel any of it. There was an odd calmness to him, detached in the way one would daydream.

His thoughts wandered throughout the exam. It wasn't like he wasn't paying attention; his work was just as good as it would be if he had been fully focused, but the stress evaded him. The two hours of questions and short essays breezed past him.

"How are you not breaking at the seams, Harry?" Ron asked in a hushed whisper as they left the Great Hall, sitting around the entrance while they waited to be called for the individual practical exam.

"I'm not sure." He admitted, "I did get a lot of sleep yesterday."

His nerves (or lack thereof) remained the same regardless of the explosions or other noises on the other side of the door. By the time it was his turn, most of the people around him were in shambles.

This year it was mostly on vanishing and inanimate objects to animate creatures. He flew through transfiguring a cauldron into a badger and completely vanished his iguana. Professor McGonagall looked at him proudly from behind the ministry officials as each one of his spells was perfect.

"Well done, Mr Potter. Your exam is finished, expect results within four-to-eight business days." One of the officials, whom he recognised as an Auror, said.

He wandered back to his dorm after wishing Ron good luck. It would be another four hours until his herbology exam, and he could use a long nap. This calmness that settled in his mind would not last forever, and any scrap of sleep he could get in these times was of the utmost importance.

Nobody was in the fifth-year dorm when he arrived. He kicked off his shoes before crawling into bed, still in his robes. Under his pillow, he adjusted his cloak-wrapped diary to a more comfortable position.

Harry fell asleep almost instantly, the lingering touches of exhaustion lulling him into a peaceful slumber.

He sat cross-legged in the middle of the room. The wallpaper was all but gone—little more than scraps of beige paper on a brick wall. Floorboards were splintered and discoloured, as if they were replaced only after being broken beyond repair and switched out for scrap pallet wood.

There was a sheetless metal-framed bed with a yellowed pillow and a thin blanket folded neatly at the end. A dresser that was marred with tick marks and rusted handles was adjacent to a chipped school desk.

Despite the run-down place, he felt joyful.

Pale, scuffed knuckles knocked lightly on the floor. A whisper of a hiss came from under the bed. A small garden snake darted out from it, crawling onto his threadbare trousers. He reached out a finger, and the snake touched the tip of its nose to it.

“Was that fast enough?” She hissed, letting him pet the scales on her head.

“Yes,” The voice from his throat was higher-pitched than the last time: “Remember, you must hide when I do this.”

“Yes, yes, I will do that.” She momentarily coiled up and hopped into his sleeve.

The snake slithered up until she poked around the collar of his shirt. She curled her head into the hollow of his throat. He could feel her heartbeat as faintly as she could hear his. He idly played with the end of her tail.

The pounding of footsteps shook the hall. He manoeuvred the snake so it was concealed under his neckline. In one movement, he hopped onto the bed and pulled out a book from the crevice between the mattress and the wall.

He barely managed to get it to open to a random page before the creaking door slammed open.

“Harry!”

A shield was out in front of him before the water could hit his bed. A yelp came from the other side of it, and a soaking Ron glared at him. Harry smiled sheepishly. Ron cocked a grin and shook his head, droplets of water spraying across Harry.

“Yes?”

Ron handed him a letter, “Headmaster Dumbledore asked me to give this to you.”

“Thanks, what time is it?” He yawned.

“About noon. They’re having dinner on the quidditch pitch, something about a picnic?” Ron shook his head, “Anyways, I’ll see you there.”

Another yawn escaped his lips. He wanted to curl up and stay in bed. It was so warm—warmer than usual. Still stuffed under the covers, he broke the seal of the letter.

‘Harry,

I have heard news that is of the utmost importance that requires your presence. Please visit me in my office today when you have at least one hour to spare.

Headmaster Albus Dumbledore,

P.S. I enjoy ice mice’

Noon; his herbology exam would be at two. But he hadn't eaten, and running down to the pitch, eating lunch, and going to his office would take at least an hour. Decisions, decisions.

"Dobby!" He called after a moment of thought.

A "pop" later, and the wrinkly house elf appeared beside him. Someone must have given him more clothes, as he now sported an additional five socks and a small, handknit Ravenclaw scarf.

"Is Master Harry Potter sick?" Concerned, Dobby visually started to panic.

"No!" He reassured quickly, "I'm just tired. Dobby, would you mind grabbing me a light lunch? They're serving it on the pitch today,, and I'm on a time crunch. I have a meeting with Dumbledore."

"A meeting with Headmaster? Dobby wishes Master Harry Potter good luck! And Dobby will bring him a lunch!" He popped away without another word.

He begrudgingly sat up from his heated cocoon. At least he was already dressed. He ate his lunch silently as his thoughts went back to the dream.

A snake, he hadn't considered it much before, but it would make a great pet. He was a parselmouth, as far as he knew he could at least communicate with it, if not outright control it.

Tom Riddle had full control over the basilisk. Even if it was because he was the heir of Slytherin, a snake must be interested in talking to the only other person in the United Kingdom that could understand them.

The corridors on his way to the office were desolate. From a passing glance at the pitch, everyone appeared to be there. Even the studious Ravenclaws had departed from their stacks of books to have a picnic. He sighed.

"Ice mice." The eagle statue rolled out of his way.

There was a murmur behind the door, obscured by privacy wards. He hesitantly knocked on the door, and the conversation stopped for a moment. Harry stepped back at the sound of pounding footsteps.

"Potter," Snape sneered as he opened the door, "Out of my way."

The professor clipped his shoulder as he marched past him. A snarky comment almost escaped him, but he held it back.

"Harry, my boy, come in," Dumbledore called.

As he entered, he saw Dumbledore repairing some broken knick-knacks on the floor. He smiled at him, a twinkle in his eyes. After stopping to stroke Fawks, Harry awkwardly stood by his desk while he worked. Dumbledore led him to a side room with a pensive in the middle of it.

“What teenage Voldemort are we looking at today?” It was a bit odd for him to say this was urgent.

“We are viewing a different memory today. The time has come that you are old enough to know this.” He patted him on the back, “If it is too much for you, I will excuse you from your exams for today.”

Harry gulped.

Dumbledore didn't reach for the locked cabinets containing the memory vials. Instead, he pressed the end of his wand against his temple and withdrew a silvery string. It was dropped into the pensive's bowl, and it swirled around the clear liquid until it held a shimmering surface.

He was in a private room in the Hog's Head. Nothing more than a grimy room with a wooden table and chairs. In front of him looked like Professor Trelawney. Her hair wasn't grey, and she fidgeted more.

“Thank you for your patience, Ms Trelawney. I'm afraid that my office has been compromised.” He passed her a pint of butterbeer.

“It - It is no problem, Headmaster Dumbledore! I know we're in troubling times, and I am very flexible with these things!” Drops of liquid split over the edge when she picked it up.

“Yes, yes, these are dark times. Have you been fairing well?” Dumbledore drank from a flask.

“It has been tough. My great-grandmother is Cassandra Trelawney, and I - “ Her eyes glazed over.

“Ms Trelawney?”

“The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches...”

Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies...

And the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not...

And either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives...”

She spoke in a voice that wasn't her own. It was deeper, not feminine but not masculine either, and its cadence was jerky and unnatural. As soon as she finished her speech, her eyes were unglazed. The woman blinked, a little confused.

The world faded.

A hand was placed on his back. “This is why Voldemort targeted your family. You, Harry, were one of two wizard children that fulfilled these requirements. But he chose you, marked you.” He tapped his lightning bolt scar.

“I have to kill him before he kills me.”

He clutched the rim of the pensive. His stomach twisted, and acidic bile ran up his throat. The world swayed around him; he couldn't tell top from bottom.

This. This is why everything happened. Because of a damn prophecy. Four lines were barely sentences. His parents, Cedric, and Sirius, had to die because of it. How many others had fallen prey to it? Hundreds? Thousands?

Five years of constant deadly situations. The reason he had to live with the Dursleys. Brought to the point of breaking and only scraping by the skin of his teeth. And Dumbledore had kept it from him for *years*.

“Harry, I know you may be distressed by this, but I have one more request.” He guided Harry's hands away from the pensive. He dropped something cold in it.

It momentarily snapped Harry out of his reverie. He glanced down at his hand. It was a gold-banded ring with an octahedron stone. It had odd carvings on it that, when looked at from the top point, made a symbol of a circle within a triangle divided by a straight line.

The residue on it was tenfold stronger than the diary. It was distinctly Voldemort and made his scar tingle.

“This is another cursed object. I would also like you to study this while you are home. You, more than anyone else, need to know how to recognise this. Do not worry about Voldemort, I have placed stronger wards around the property.” He prodded at the ring.

“Okay.” Harry numbly responded.

“I needed to see you before you left.” Dumbledore guided him into the main office. “Next term, you will learn more about these cursed objects.”

“Okay.”

“Now off to your exams,” He opened the door with a flick of his wand. “If you feel well enough?”

“I'm fine.”

His head was empty as he wrote down his short answer on the effects of gillyweed. Words left the tip of his quill, but it was like he wasn't the one writing them.

His destiny was to kill or be killed. Doomed for blood to be spilt. Not that it hadn't already happened. How many injuries had he - Merlin, his friends too - sustained over the years? Hospitalised, petrified, and nearly drained of life by a cursed diary.

And that would continue until he or Voldemort died.

Ink splattered over his parchment. He picked up another anti-cheating quill and asked a supervisor to remove the excess ink.

“Harry, is something bothering you?” Ron asked, pausing his stride to let Harry catch up to him.

“I—Dumbledore showed me another memory.” He turned away as he said it.

“Oh, sorry, mate. Going to need a Dreamless Sleep tonight?”

“Yeah.”

Ron didn’t inquire further.

The common room was a wretched place. Only he and Dean Thomas had packed the night before, it seemed. Ron was chucking clothes and school supplies into his trunk while Neville was sitting on his, trying to get it to shut enough to latch it.

Part of Harry wanted to apply an expansion charm to Neville’s trunk, but he stayed in his place instead.

It gave him some much-needed amusement. Last night he woke up with a searing pain in his scar that lasted for hours, and he couldn’t go back to sleep. A smell of burnt flesh permeated him for three showers until he got it off.

Harry didn’t even remember where the days went. His exams were hazy; he knew they were completed, but when he tried to remember anything, it was all just blank.

He stayed with Ron up until the last minute, when both of them had to run to the station. Hermione looked at them disappointedly when they finally arrived.

Her chastising and nit-picking on them kept his thoughts away from his end destination. The Dursleys. Had they known about the prophecy? He shook his head. No, they would have let it slip in some way. Looking back, they accidentally hinted at him being magical several times, even if they despised him for it.

They would have leveraged it against him. Or at least made sure he stayed safer. Countless times he had nearly died, and Petunia must have at least known about a dark wizard that wanted to purge muggles from his mother. Hagrid had mentioned that, although strained, their relationship lasted until their parents’ deaths.

A low stir sat in his stomach. Eating three chocolate frogs and a box of Bertie Bot’s Beans on a panicked stomach wasn’t the brightest decision. He dismissed himself to the bathroom.

After dry-heaving into the toilet for a few minutes, he was feeling a modicum better. Harry caught himself in one of the several floor-length mirrors. He looked green, tired, with a layer of sweat over him.

He was splashing water on his face when he heard the door swing open.

“Busy crying, Potter?” Just his fucking luck.

Harry flicked his hand, drying his face with a bit of magic, "Can't I piss in peace, Malfoy?"

"It's a public bathroom. Do you think you own this too? Strutting around like you own the whole castle." The blond walked behind him, they held eye contact through the mirror.

"I don't strut," Harry said sternly, "But if anyone does, it's you."

"Oh, I strut, of course. But I, unlike you, deserve it." He stopped in his tracks.

He tried to step away, but Draco's arm shot out and blocked him from moving.

"I must say," Draco leaned closer, his voice almost a whisper, "My condolences for your godfather's death. It must have been *so tragic*."

Shatter. He held the blond up by the throat against the mirror. His magic blasted out of him, paralyzing Draco in fear and cracking the mirror even further. It was thick in the air, almost too much to breathe, and looked like a fog.

"Don't," Harry growled. He wanted to snap more, but he was already struggling to regain his composure. It was something he always pressed down but now it seemed almost impossible to do.

They stared each other down for what felt like hours. The burn within him slowly dissipated enough for him to wrangle it back into place. With a final hiss, he dropped the pompous brat to the floor like a sack of potatoes. He left the room without a glance back.

Otherwise, the rest of the journey was uneventful. Ron spent half the time trying to teach him chess strategies, but he was lost after the first ten minutes. The train screeched to a stop far too soon for Harry's liking.

Mad-Eye Moody (the real one, he hoped) and a woman with striking blue hair were conversing with his relatives on the other side of platform 9 3/4. By the looks on their faces, it wasn't a pleasant one. He gulped.

The two Aurors left when he arrived, the other one wishing a nice summer, while Moody just tugged her along. Vernon was glaring down at him silently. The man stayed silent throughout the entire drive home and didn't even complain when Harry needed help putting his trunk in the back of the car. Silence from Vernon was never a good sign.

"Boy." His stomach dropped when the front door clicked.

"Yes, sir?" What had the Aurors told them?

"Your freakish people said your murderous godfather is dead." Petunia's shrill voice made his ears ring, "And that those, 'Death Eaters' will go after you. Unfortunately, some *freakishness* is over our house, and as long as you stay within our property, it protects us as well."

"You are not allowed to step a foot past the lawn, you hear me? And take your freak things upstairs; if anyone attacks, run far away from us. Don't need you mucking about grabbing

your things when you could be leaving.” Vernon bristled and practically pushed him to the stairs.

“I understand.”

“Good. Now out of my sight.” Harry didn’t need to be told twice. He got off easy this time.

He sighed as he flopped onto the cot in the second bedroom. Like in his second year, he was confined to his room. At least he had his magical things this time. And this time, he could get his summer homework done now, not the day he got back to Hogwarts. He thought that they would ease up after his O.W.L.S., but it only got worse.

At least Hermione had given him her spare parchment.

The silvery cloak revealed a golden corner. Harry laid down on his bed, running his fingers along the cover of the book. Hard to believe that this caused so much destruction. The magic that emanated from it, which was once threatening, now almost comforted him.

His muggle house had nothing magical besides the wards, and those could only be felt when you were about to touch them. And his other items, besides the invisibility cloak, didn’t flow with energy. It was his one scrap of magic in the otherwise desolate house.

Hours later, he awoke to a crack outside. Several cracks. Bleary-eyed, he left the diary on his bed as he walked to the window. There wasn’t much to see outside, but the moon illuminated enough of it to see dark shadows running around.

He sighed at the alarm clock. Midnight. Whatever was going on outside would wait until the morning. If they were magical, they shouldn’t be able to get in; if not, then why was it his problem that people were in his neighbour’s backyard?

Three days later, the gardens were finally done. Petunia barely kept up with the work for it over the school year. Somehow, a mint plant had gotten into the garden and was syphoning the nutrients and water from the flowers. The lines on his hands burned and were swollen from the small cuts.

Each hour stretched longer and longer, but after the first week, most of his catching up was done. Instead, he was banished to the room most of the time. Besides cleaning and making food, and the occasional mowing of the lawn, he wasn’t needed.

In short, he was restless. There was so much to do: Voldemort was making moves, the Order of the Phoenix was combating those plans, and then there was Harry.

How was he supposed to defeat the Dark Lord? Voldemort was over fifty years older than him, and even when they considered the decade of haunting as a spirit, he had been training for almost three times longer than Harry had been alive.

Harry knew he wasn’t the strongest student, either. His instincts were good, but his spell library was poor at best. Why wasn’t he being trained? Seeing the memories of Tom Riddle didn’t really give him much insight. He already knew the man was cold and calculated.

Why was he left defenceless?

Angry tears flowed down his cheeks. He wiped them away with a growl. The boy wanted to punch a wall or throw something. But Vernon would know. And he didn't want to upset him more than he already had. The throbbing ache in his back was a reminder enough.

More cracks came from outside. Every damn night, they snuck around and caused a small ruckus. Infuriated, he yanked out a scroll of parchment and ink. He dipped his fingers into the inkwell. In large letters, he wrote his plea.

'Please stop making noise at midnight. I need to sleep.'

It sounded reasonable enough. He wedged it in the corner of his window. In the morning, he'd remove it. They should see it by then; he'd even leave his lamp on to help illuminate the note. The boy stuffed his spare cloak against the crack in the door and manoeuvred the rest of them around it. Best that no one inside saw that his light was on.

The noises didn't stop that night. The next morning, he stared deeply at his neighbour's backyard. There was no trace of people except for a broken branch. He took his note down, bitterly, he'd try again tonight.

The lack of sleep followed him into his chores. He burnt a piece of bacon, spilt soapy water onto the floor, and hovered the ends of the curtains, causing small tears in them. Each time, he was barely able to cover up his mistakes before anyone saw them.

At noon, Petunia demanded he clear out the gardens. Stacks of leaves and sticks from the neighbour's trees had blown into the rose bushes. He pricked his fingers on the thorns more times than he could count. When he blindly reached into the bush to pull out another leaf, he felt something different.

He pulled out a scrap of parchment.

'No.'

He recognised the writing from the diary.

Chapter End Notes

Dumbledore: "Ah yes, I will tell a child he will either die or have to kill a powerful wizard right before exams. Nothing about this is possibly wrong at all."

Anyway, I'll be posting these pre-written chapters throughout this week. Then, whenever I finish a chapter. It's winter break, so maybe more often than in the school term.

An Unknown Presence

Chapter Summary

Harry, again, starts writing notes to Voldemort. And who is the mysterious presence that's a beacon of light to his days?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry tried to encourage Hedwig to go. He had the note; Dumbledore needed to know that Death Eaters and Voldemort himself were outside his house every night. Just staking out all around the house on the daily.

Hedwig bit his finger hard enough to draw blood. She flew to the edge of the property and let out a small shriek when she tried to pass the wardline. When she landed, he noticed some of her feathers were browned and hot to the touch.

“I’m sorry, girl,” He gently petted her head and fed her a few treats.

She hooted at him sadly. No letters. He assumed it worked in both directions, so there was nothing in and nothing out. Dammit! He was trapped, whether by Dumbledore or Voldemort. It wasn’t safe to leave either. Who knows how many Death Eaters were waiting for him to exit the protection of the wards?

So Harry did the one thing he’s never done. He observed. In his mostly unused spiral-bound history notebook (wixen should use these more, honestly), he wrote everything that he could. Whenever they’d wake him up, he would pay close attention to just about everything.

July 10th

Cracks (Apparation?) - 10

Figures Spotted - 4 in east neighbours backyard, 2 in the south backyard.

They looked at the corners the most. There isn’t much to see, all of them wore Death Eater uniforms. Two had ash wands was all I could tell.

He almost scrapped the paper. How was observational stuff supposed to go? He groaned. But then he had a thought. He shuffled through his trunk until he found the copied notes from the diary.

They were more analytical and detached than his. More complexity to go with that. He needed to take this seriously and put effort into it. Something that he could look at years later

and still know what they meant. *If he survived that long.*

July 10th, 1996

Apparitions: 8

Confirmed Individuals: 4 in the east yard, 2 in the south yard, 6 in total

Observations: Inspections occurred at the corner of the yard, with an assumed investigation on the other corner. Assumed to be the boundaries of the wards. Each one wore Death Eater uniforms—a black hooded robe with a silver mask—with off-coloured black trousers and shoes.

Two of the wands were made of ash wood, one medium and two dark in colour. The rest either did not carry wands or wands were not identified. Three of the six were tall, two were medium-height, and one was short. Four had heavier builds and two were of average builds. From murmurs, at least one was a woman and two were men.

Noises lasted from 11:59 to 01:30.

Yes, that was better.

Who was he kidding? He didn't have the commitment to do this nightly. Unless he only changed a word or two, there was no way he was going to write a report like this each sleep-deprived night.

While he was awake, he decided to write another note. He used his pinky to write, attempting to make it a little smaller with the limited room on the parchment. If anything, all they could say was no.

'Can you at least begin at 11 or earlier? This is affecting my chores and I'll have worse punishments if I make any more mistakes.'

Again, while tending the garden, he received his response.

'No.'

It was worth a shot.

The ring looked inconspicuous, just like the diary. It was surprisingly simplistic—just a symbol on an eight-sided black shiny stone and a golden band with small vines carved into it. But the radiation of dark magic that poured from it proved the contrary.

On closer inspection, the stone had a crack in it. It was barely noticeable, but it was there, across the symbol. He frowned; it took away from its beauty. A yawn escaped him. He'd study it more tomorrow.

Harry hid it under his pillow, swapping it out for the diary. He curled his fingers over the corners and pulled them close to his chest. It was crazy, and he knew it, but the dark magic comforted him. If he ignored the sinister undertones, it reminded him of his invisibility cloak. Safe, warm, and protected by magic.

Crack

Crack

Crack

Crack

Crack

He groaned. Haphazardly, he jotted down the time, 11:50, and tried to get some more sleep. They always made noise when they left.

Just as he slipped into the edge of dreamland, a loud thump resonated from outside. That was new. A sigh left him. Still wrapped in his thin blanket, he lumbered to the window. He peered out of it, only to freeze.

On his neighbour's roof, staring directly at him, was Voldemort.

It would be comical if it wasn't for the struggling muggle teen in his grasp. But his anger died down when he realised who it was. Billroy Hills, resident scumbag who somehow managed to bribe his way out of imprisonment.

Mockingly, Voldemort held up a scrap of parchment. *'Surrender yourself, or the muggle perishes.'*

Harry ducked away from the glass and got his writing supplies out. He held the parchment to the wall as he wrote, with a quill this time.

'I don't negotiate with terrorists. I'm going back to bed.'

He wiggled it into the corner and left the sight of the window. There was a strangled scream he tried to block out. In bed, he piled his blanket over his ears. Bottom of the line, he needed sleep.

And who was he to intervene? Every damned time he did, the person ended up dead or injured. Cedric, Sirius, and countless other friends had suffered under his supervision. The debacle with Dumbledore's Army was more than enough for him.

Harry was done playing saviour.

'Your reaction was unexpected. How would your mentor react?'

This time, the note was neatly folded and clearly visible. He thought it was a piece of trash that got caught in the irises at first. He pocketed the note and threw it in with the others. A hum escaped his lips.

Honestly, this back-and-forth was the most entertaining part of his summer. It would probably be his only connection to the outside world for the next two months. Might as well drag it out until the end of the break. Hopefully, he'd have some sort of escort out of there, like last year with the Order of the Phoenix members.

'I was told not to run into danger. It's not like this is the first person to be hurt because of me. If he wanted me to save people, he should have asked.'

He ignored the three cracks that night, making only a quick scribble to note the time (11:45). The used parchment was put to the side for use later. At the amount he had left over after all his homework was done, he would barely have enough to last the rest of the summer if he used both sides.

'At least you are learning self-preservation, sixteen years too late. Your headmaster does expect people to act on his whims without direction. Beware of the consequences if you stray too far from his will.'

"Beware of the consequences?" Harry muttered to himself, as he wiped the sweat from his face.

The words were at the forethought of his mind throughout the day. He shook his head, Voldemort was just trying to get in his head. Psyche him out or something. It was obvious. But it didn't stop it from leaving a bad taste in his mouth.

"*Shit*," He hissed under his breath. One of the plates broke in his hand, probably from a spike of accidental magic. He clenched his forehead in pain, Voldemort was angry again.

Harry pushed the shards to the back of the sink and filled it with more soapy bubbles. Hopefully, he could dispose of it before they noticed. Put the pieces in the bottom of the trash can or something.

He managed to do exactly that right before Petunia walked in. The evidence would be gone by the end of the week. Harry surprised himself when he almost snapped at the woman for chastising his work ethic. The gnawing headache continued throughout the day and into the night.

If the almost sleepless nights wouldn't get him, that would. A quip marked his lips; he knew what he was going to write tonight. There was a slight decrease in the burn.

'Can you get some anger management? Every time you throw a fit, it makes my scar hurt. It probably isn't good to be bursting a blood vessel almost daily.'

He felt a gentle breeze from the gap in the frame as he taped it to the window. Harry pushed the window open and leaned out of the window. He breathed in the air, crisp and cool with a dash of oncoming rain.

It was left ajar, and for once, Harry wasn't able to sleep. Even as he lingered at the edge of consciousness, with the warm arms and soft whispers of slumber coaxing him deeper into darkness, a spark of energy lingered within him. A large part of him yearned for any type of interaction, and he'd take it from anyone at this point. Even a dark lord.

Crack

Bingo.

He peered from the corner of the window. On the rooftop, Voldemort stood, his deep green robes blowing in the wind. As soon as he was oriented, his maroon eyes were drawn to the window.

Voldemort appeared surprised to see Harry. Or as surprised as the lipless, hairless, and noseless being could be. Harry nodded to the note, choosing to swing his leg over the sill of the window. He watched as Voldemort read his writing.

The man's head cocked to the side. Voldemort withdrew a short roll of parchment from an inner pocket of his robe along with a dark blue self-inking quill. He scribbled down a few words, the parchment floating in the air as if placed upon an invisible desk. Harry had to squint to read the words.

'Your scar hurts when I am angry?' It was a simple question.

Harry flipped the parchment on the window. *'Yeah, or at least I think so. It feels angry. Kinda burns, and it lasts for a long time, and no painkiller, muggle or magical, makes it better. Maybe a stress ball will do you good.'*

Voldemort's forehead creased, and his eyes narrowed. With a wave of his hand, the ink on his parchment disappeared.

'I have my own form of stress relief—the cruciatus curse on incompetent Death Eaters. Have you had any medical inspection on your scar? Specific scans or spells?' It took Harry a minute to read it because of the darkness.

He grabbed a long scroll from his trunk. *'No? I'm not sure. I always just assumed you put some evil magic in me. And what did they do to piss you off today? You're angrier than normal.'*

Voldemort glared. Harry's scar flared up, and he clutched his forehead. The snake-face paused and took a deep breath before writing again, the pain only mildly dissipating.

'Botching a raid, three captured and one killed. You should read the Daily Prophet, even if it is lowly drama, it occasionally reports on important events.'

Harry shook his head. *'I can't get the prophet here. No owls in, no owls out. Haven't heard anything from anyone since I got here. Can't leave this shit-pit either.'*

The man patted his pockets. Out of another pocket (did they make expandable pockets? It made sense—if they could do that to trunks, why not do it to pockets?) was a twine-bonded

roll of the prophet.

He stepped back, aimed, and threw it. Harry watched as it arched through the air and landed on the roof just above his window with a soft *thap*. It rolled, and Harry snatched it from the air.

Sure enough, plastered on the front page, was a person in Death Eater garb, shouting as Aurors hauled him into the Ministry courtroom. The article went on to describe that, after a failed raid in the Department of Mysteries *again*, five Aurors were injured and three death eaters were captured, one dead, and one death eater run free.

‘Damn. Did the free one seriously run back to you? Why?’ While Voldemort scribbled his answer, he flipped through the rest of the paper.

It was mostly articles about the captured death eaters and a recap of some of the events of the last war. There were a few that made him laugh, like "How to Defend Yourself Against a Death Eater"—half because the advice was nonsense and half because the author was a death eater he’d seen in the graveyard.

‘Their mark burns if I call them. The distance does not matter. It is either return to me, receive their punishment, and get another assignment, or defect and have their forearm on fire for the rest of their miserable existence after being persecuted for aligning themselves with me.’ He rolled his eyes. Harry was surprised by the human gesture, even more, when he heard a disappointed sigh.

Voldemort paused, *‘Why are you doing this?’*

He froze. Why was he doing this? The notes, the back and forth, would be insignificant if it were anyone other than Voldemort. Harry bit his lip. Tell the truth or a white lie?

‘I’m bored.’

Voldemort’s mouth gaped for a second. He shook his head. *‘Do you not room with your muggle relatives?’* It was an open-ended question that demanded an explanation.

It took a minute for him to respond. *‘They aren’t the nicest muggles. You could probably win this war thing politically if you just let them wander around Diagon for a few days. Everyone would want the extermination of muggles.’*

He scowled, *‘Perhaps I should borrow them, once we get past these wards.’*

Voldemort raised his wand and flicked it. The time, 1:05, glowed in the air. *‘I have a meeting now. I will be back tomorrow.’*

Something within Harry frowned. *‘Fine by me. Do think about getting a better stress relief, as much as it hurts me, it isn’t good for you either. Stress ages you, causing wrinkles and all that. And you’re already struggling with your looks. At least you don’t have to worry about grey hair.’*

Voldemort stepped back and stared up at him. A smirk lit his lips. *Lips*. His skin shifted from a bluish-bone white to a healthy pale porcelain. Sharp, claw-like fingers into thinly manicured hands. Lastly, a crop of wavy black hair grew from his head, brushed towards the back with the top longer than the sides, with not even a hint of a receding hairline.

He looked like diary Tom Riddle, only in his late thirties or early forties. That devilish smirk disappeared, apparating away into the night.

Bastard.

Gentle touches caressed his skin. Unnaturally soft, like the petals of a flower. One trailed up his side, lingering for a second before wrapping around his waist. Another traced the length of his jaw to the curve of his lips. Up it went to ghost over his eyelashes before settling on slowly running through his hair.

In all of his life, he hadn't felt more content. Happy. Safe. He wanted to stay like that, coddled in a cocoon of protection. Harry sank deeper into the warmth.

In an instant, it was gone.

Vanished.

He groaned. Dammit! All he wanted was to enjoy it a little longer. At this point, he didn't even care to question what had happened. It didn't *matter* if it was real or not. It felt real enough for him.

Although the warm fuzziness persisted throughout the day, the bitterness of losing it so quickly burdened his mind. Sour. He was angry enough to have some bursts of accidental magic.

A few roses wilted, some splotches of grass were dead, and burn marks appeared on the handle of his rake. With a quick mix of paint from Dudley's discarded school supplies, he was able to fix it quickly.

Again, the night could not come soon enough. He sneaked in a short nap right beforehand. Somehow, each day drained more of his energy. Sucking it from his soul—a side effect of just being around the Dursleys for so long.

It was taxing to stay up late last night, but it felt like it was worth it. Any positive interaction was a godsend to him, no matter who it came from. He paced back and forth from the window to his bed to make sure that he caught the sounds of Voldemort arriving. His body almost gave out—he was more tired than he had thought.

His desk and chair were moved in front of the window. He perched on top of his desk and leaned against the window sill, letting the soft breeze sweep over him. The chill danced against his skin with a gossamer touch.

A sharp prick struck his face. Harry flung himself back and toppled off of his desk. Startled, but now awake, he stumbled to his feet. He looked down, scouring the dark bushes below him for the source of his awakening.

Pinecones?

Another blur of brown hit his face. He stared up. Not-snake-faced Voldemort perched on his neighbour's roof with a small stack of pinecones at his side. Voldemort tossed one up and down in his hand threateningly. A surprised laugh left Harry's mouth.

'Your survival instincts need work.' Was written on Voldemort's parchment.

Harry stalked to his trunk and rummaged around. It slipped his mind that he needed them. Parchment (he was running much lower than he thought), ink (also low), a quill, and a textbook to write on.

His door slammed open.

"You!" Petunia's shrill voice echoed in his ear.

"Yes?" Harry slowly turned around. Petunia stood there in her floral nightgown and curlers, finger-pointing accusingly at him.

"You -- you're -- stop making such a racket!" Can't even use the bathroom in peace!" She narrowed her eyes at the book in his hand.

The woman marched over to him and yanked his wrist painfully. It popped with a resonating echo. Petunia scanned the new leather book, "A Guide to Rare Poison", and dropped him from her grasp. She stared down at her hand like she had touched something tainted.

"What is this? What do you think you're doing?" Petunia demanded. The whole neighbourhood could probably hear her at this point.

"A book. I need it for homework." Harry replied flatly, even if his mind was racing faster with each passing tick of the clock.

"They're teaching you how to poison people? Of course, of course, your kind would do that. Hope you test some on yourself first. Now, stop making so much ruckus! Else you'll be without lunch or dinner for a week!" A hard slap streaked across his face; her nails caught on his cheek and left small cuts on his skin.

Petunia swiftly walked out of his room, slamming the door behind her. It took him a few seconds to regain his composure. Sure, Petunia yelled at him a lot and berated him often, but she never really *hit* him. Something like a firm pat, yes, but not like that.

He slowly rose from the ground. There were clicks from his locked door. At least he'd have a warning if they intruded on him again. Harry climbed onto his desk after carefully placing his ink and quill.

Voldemort looked at him, bemused. As Harry positioned himself, he took a pause.

'Is she always like that?' Voldemort asked when Harry looked up at him.

'Kinda. Vernon is worse, but her screaming makes my ears ring.' He absentmindedly rubbed his cheek.

'I can see how they could influence the public's impression of muggles. I may borrow them one day.' There was a smirk on his face as he wrote it.

Harry grinned, a sting in his face, *'Be my guest. There's no love lost if they disappeared. But please try to do so after next summer. I don't know where I will be placed if they're gone before that.'*

'I will keep note of that.' Voldemort reached into his robes and withdrew another roll of the Daily Prophet.

He raised it above his head, was about to throw it, then stopped. The parchment rose in the air again.

'Can your owl catch items?'

Harry cocked his head, *'Like something that's thrown in the air?'*

Voldemort nodded.

'I'm not sure. Why are you asking?' It was peculiar.

'Your owl needs exercise, and this morning's prophet may interest you.' It was reasonable enough.

Harry hopped off his desk and opened the door to Hedwig's cage. She opened her beak to squawk at him, but he gently shut it with his fingers, giving her a knowing glance. The avian understood him and ruffled her feathers instead.

"Okay, girl," Harry spoke in a whisper and walked to the window, "He's going to throw the newspaper at you, and you're going to catch it. Do you think you can do that?"

Hedwig slowly blinked at him.

"Good, good, out you go."

He stuck his arm out of the window. Hedwig leapt from him and fluttered in the air. White-peppered feathers flew up and up until she reached the dome of the wards. She dropped from the sky, almost reaching the ground before she held out her wings.

The bird swung upward, right in front of Voldemort. She circled the air, claws extended and waiting to catch anything. Voldemort raised an eyebrow at her. Nonetheless, he tossed the newspaper past the wardline.

Nails sunk into the paper, poking small holes into the print. She fumbled in the air for a second, teetering worryingly, but then regained her balance. Hedwig was perched on his

shoulder within seconds.

Plastered across the front page, in bold black letters, was —

Harry Potter: Accomplice or Whistleblower?

As we now know, dear reader, He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named made an appearance in the Department of Mysteries in late June. It is hard to believe this momentous event happened just three weeks ago. But, as we reported last year, this isn't the first time we've heard of His return.

Last year, Harry Potter came out of the Tri-Wizard Tournament carrying the corpse of Cedric Diggory. He was adamant that He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named had returned and murdered Heir Diggory. Many of us had doubts about the accusation, as it is well known that He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named died on October 31st, 1981.

Now that He has made His reveal, we must now ask the question. This was a call to action, but to whom? The ministry is prepared for an attack at all times (as seen in the two successive defeats of the Death Eaters in the Department of Mysteries).

Who would the warning be for?

Death Eaters are the only ones who would need the warning. They would need that crucial time to organise and plot. Isn't it suspicious that Cedric Diggory, a boy three years Potter's senior, died in the 'attack', but Potter was able to return after witnessing He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named's revival, duelling him, and running from Death Eaters?

Cedric Diggory's only major injury was the killing curse. The point of impact was on the boy's right trapezius muscle. Would you, dear reader, turn your back on He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named? Or, would you instead, turn your back on a fourth year Hogwarts student?

Very suspicious.

We will be looking into this more, as this can be one of the most important pieces of news in these early times of war. Follow more at the Daily Prophet, for stories every day for the everyday person.

Rita Skeeter

Head of the Daily Prophet Press Department

July 15th

Harry didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Maybe both were the right answer. Despite Cedric's death being a year ago, it still weighed on his mind. Harry had actively pressured him to take the cup. If Harry had gone alone, then Cedric wouldn't have been killed by Pettigrew.

Cedric was honestly one of the best people he'd ever met. Hermione and Ron were great, but their growing pains in their relationship were far from perfect. The older Hufflepuff just

radiated positivity and kindness, from his tall frame to his charming smile. He was among the first to suspect that Harry had not placed his name in the Goblet of Fire..

And she was implying that *he* had killed Cedric? As an attempt to rally Death Eaters? He scoffed. The woman was just as crazy as she was influential. Perhaps a reminder of her blackmail will do. Either a complete backtrack or just stop writing about him disparagingly.

'I'm going to hear about this so much next semester.' Harry sighed.

'Even I was surprised she would stoop so low. You, a Death Eater?' Voldemort coughed.

Harry shook his head, *'Right? I honestly wish I could see how other people reacted to this.'* He could imagine his friends reading it, outraged. And Seamus nodding his head while believing every word.

'There was chatter in the Death Eater circles. Most of them were ridiculing it.'

They chatted into the night, far longer than any of the other conversations. At some point, Voldemort stopped writing with his hand and used a self-writing quill to write his words. He lounged on the roof with his legs crossed at the ankles, only reminding Harry just how tall he actually was.

In the morning, Harry found himself asleep at the desk, face pressed into the Daily Prophet. He brushed the blanket off of his shoulders and found a folded paper plane beside him.

'I will be gone for the next three nights. - LV'

He huffed. All good things must come to an end, or in this case, pause.

Humming. Deep, but soft, rocking back and forth in his brain like a ship on calm waters. A hand combed through his hair, playing with it like sand on the beach. Warm breath batted down on his face.

Harry lay relaxed in his bed—not that he had to pretend. Something about being preened was oddly calming to him. He pressed against someone's chest. It wasn't quite solid, like a cloud or the petals of a flower.

A woody scent flittered in the air, with undertones of spice. He was pulled tighter than normal—not enough to suffocate him, but enough to make him feel like he couldn't escape. Not that he wanted to.

Their magical cores intertwined, spiraling around each other. So familiar, yet so strange at the same time. The ever-present pounding in his head nor the exhaustion could reach him at the moment as if he was taken from his body and put into a new one.

"Soon," A voice breathed longingly.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: "Ah, yes, mysterious person cuddling me in my sleep that I have never seen. Totally normal. Nothing to be concerned about."

A Familiar Face

Chapter Summary

After a wretched incident with Vernon, Harry is able to see the face of his "Patronus". An unexpected birthday gift comes his way.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The small cuts on his cheek were now inflamed and leaking all colours of yellow. For the first time since he was a toddler, he had a proper infection. Most of the time, his magic just healed these scrapes easily on his own.

Petunia had banished him into his room until it healed. Harry didn't want to think about what would happen if it never did.

He flicked through the pages of his books, only to squint at the pages. Night already? How? Harry tried to mark down the day on his little self-made calendar.

Was it - no, he talked to Voldemort two days ago. It would be the 18th. Was it today or tomorrow that he would come back? Nights, did he count the night he left as one?

Damp cotton was stuffed in his brain. Was it his sickness getting to him? Or were the gripping claws of isolation maiming his brain?

Some days he swore that the shadows danced at the edge of his vision, always moving until he laid sights on them. Footsteps tapped lightly against the creaking wooden floors when he wasn't paying attention.

And then, of course, his calming visits in the morning.

People talked about, "Whatever helps you sleep at night." Was that it? The self-soothing words were muttered until unconsciousness manifested into a semi-corporal form.

He was having outbursts of strong accidental magic.

That must be it.

He needed it to be.

Mermaids swam above him, swishing at schools of fish that fled from them. The sun above was a pinprick that cast a blurry haze of light that didn't touch him. He lay down under the

protection of a bubble of air.

From the depths of the darkness, a small dark-scaled mermaid approached him. They spoke in a language he didn't understand, but he felt like they were making some type of deal.

A pale hand - himself - reached out and handed the creature a bag of something. The mermaid opened it and then gave him a seaweed-binded bag in return.

Inside was something shiny and some blue crystals. He felt his mouth move, but the memory was already becoming distant. The last thing he saw was the rays of light being blocked out by something large.

His fingers tapped on the ring. Admittedly, he hadn't gathered much information about it. The dark magic radiating from it was more than the power of the diary, if only barely. Otherwise?

Nothing

He slipped it on his index finger. The magic within him sung with it. It felt powerful, dark and mysterious like the bottom of the ocean. Most of him enjoyed it, but a microscopic part of him knew he needed to take it off.

"Ouch!" He hissed.

There was a small sliver of gold in the band that made a small cut on his finger. It was purposeful, with a small indentation to put the needle-like prick away. When he pressed it into it, the gold melted together and left no indication of its presence.

Odd.

A half-crumpled paper plane flew through his window and landed in front of him. Voldemort was staring down at him with a downright vicious look. It ran across to his forehead, a burn resounding in the scar.

'Where did you get those?' If Harry wasn't mentally wincing in pain, it would be funny to see Voldemort angrily writing on paper. He noticed that the ink glowed slightly, enough for him to easily read it in the dark.

'Dumbledore gave it to me to study.' Harry maintained a poker face as he thumbbed the ring in a circle. That only made the man more alarmed.

'He gave it to you? The diary too?' For the first time, he felt genuine panic stir through his scar.

'Actually, Lucius Malfoy dropped the diary into Ginny Weasley's cauldron in my second year, past-you possessed her and petrified a few students, people blamed me because I'm a parseltongue, and he tried to murder me with the basilisk. I shoved the sword of Gryffindor

through its skull and used a basilisk fang to stab the diary.' He held up the gaping hole in the book.

A snarl escaped Voldemort's mouth. *'I told Lucius to guard it with his life.'*

Then, a pause, *'How are you a parseltongue?'*

Harry shrugged, *'Dunno. I thought you'd focus more on the whole murdering the basilisk thing.'*

'You just stabbed a basilisk through the skull? No twelve-year-old has the strength to stab through a skull that thick.'

Voldemort was doubting him? How dare he!

'Actually,' Harry wrote too quickly and droplets of ink streaked across the page, *'The basilisk went to bite me and I used its own force to stab it through the roof of its mouth. It did manage to leave a tooth in my arm, I used that to stab the book, then Fawks cried in my arm and healed me.'*

There was a long wait after Harry held up his parchment. Voldemort's eyes scanned his note once, twice, thrice. A prickling was brewing in his scar. He could barely see him, but the man breathed deeply, and his shoulders sunk. Then he picked up his quill again.

'Phoenix tears do not heal basilisk venom. It only fights it off until there isn't any left. If you have not yet succumbed to the venom it is currently making you weaker. Have you been feeling unwell lately?'

Harry's hand trembled as he wrote, *'My cheek is infected and I've been tired lately. My accidental magic has been going haywire.'* What else? What else had he been experiencing?

Voldemort clapped his hands in front of his face, his entire upper body sunk in a sigh.

'And this is why yearly medical scans should have never been discontinued from Hogwarts.' The writing paused, *'I will be back.'*

Before Harry was able to 'say' anything, Voldemort popped out of existence.

Panic brewed deeply within him. Was he actually dying? No, it can't be. He was just tired. The 19 days of interrupted sleep was the answer. If he rose at 6 in the morning every day, then he was maybe getting 5 hours of sleep a night.

The isolation too. All he had to talk to was Voldemort. And for these past few days, no one. With all of that, it was only natural that he'd get sick. That he'd be weak. He just needed to rest and have company.

It was only 42 days until he was back at Hogwarts. He was 31% done with his summer. Not even halfway... Dammit! By the time he returned to his friends, he'd be as mad as Bellatrix.

Crack.

Blurry-eyed, Harry looked up. The man was holding a box wrapped in a dark green cloth. Parchment and a quill rose in the air, scribbling down some words.

‘Send the owl.’

Hedwig hooted at him angrily when he practically chucked her out the window. Voldemort said something to the owl and threw the package with a tense expression. She caught it, sinking down a little, but carried it back to him.

He looked up at Voldemort, who nodded at him and then started to scribble down a note. Harry untied the cloth and opened the flat black lid. Inside, a tin and three potion vials lay, all an off-red. He unscrewed the tin, and a floral-smelling blue paste was within.

‘The tin has a salve called Brigid’s Tears. Apply it to your infection once in the morning and once at night. The vials are a combination of a Pepper-Up potion and an immune booster; take it with food. I don’t keep any Phoenix tears on hand, but the extra immunity should slow the venom’s progression.’ Voldemort wrote.

Harry’s eyes flickered from the box to Voldemort. Then again. Then again. He picked up his quill and began to write.

‘Why are you helping me?’

Voldemort blinked, his face crossed with confusion. He bit his lip and looked away. It took him a while to write back.

‘You will die on my permission alone. Not because of an infection or your Headmaster’s incompetence.’

Ah, so that was the reason. Voldemort was a control freak, not a shocker. Though it should disturb him that it was said that directly after sending potions that he wasn’t completely sure weren’t poisoned.

However, hadn’t Voldemort given him the chance to duel him before? The man knew Harry couldn’t win, but he still offered. Perhaps attacking an infant had led him to have some honour. That he wished to murder Harry alone, without the intervention of others.

Harry had been stupid. Was stupid, still. But he was going to try to use this to his advantage as much as possible. Or, at the very least, make his time at the Dursleys more comfortable.

‘Can you send me food? If I can’t take the potion without it, then I can’t have the boosted immunity.’

It wasn’t a lie. Petunia would feed him once a day through the cat flap on his door at noon, but he never had any spare. He’d already eaten through his snacks; the foggiest in his head and the multiple bombshells thrown at him made him forget to food prep for longer than two weeks.

‘Are you asking me to play delivery boy? Do they not feed you here?’ Voldemort’s face was fixed in a disgusted snarl.

‘Please?’

Ten minutes later, Harry knocked back a potion and was happily munching on a sausage with a side of tomato soup and two croissants. Voldemort sent him glares, but Harry was in too good of a mood to be bothered.

Each day, Harry would awake to see a small package on his desk. Inside would be an occasional potion or salve along with three meals for the day. How Voldemort managed to call Hedwig in the night without him knowing was beyond him.

As much as it begrudged him, he had to admit Voldemort’s help greatly improved his health. He was less tired, more focused, and in a generally better mood.

The calming visits had only gotten more frequent, too.

No longer was it bound to the early dawns, he could feel the presence lingering at all times. After Vernon had hit him again, when he was cooling off a burn, weeding the gardens, even showering at one point.

To his glee, it was always there when he was falling asleep. Including on this night.

That same calm coaxed into him, covering his brain in a blanket of comfort. Ghostly touches of arms draped over his shoulders, He snuggled up to it. It had also become more physical, emitting a comforting heat that warmed his soul.

Circles rubbed into his back, working out the tight knots in his muscles. He hummed contently into its chest.

“Patronus,” He wasn’t even aware it had slipped from his mind to his lips.

A sharp chuckle filled the air. Harry wiggled closer, his face burrowed in the crick of its neck. If he strained hard enough, he could hear a faint pulse just under the skin.

“*Patronus,*” The voice repeated.

Delightfully, Voldemort appeared early on July 27th, at 10:00 at night. The Prophet had printed a run on the newest creature-restriction bill by Umbridge, to both of their ires. Her attack on non-wixen was bolstered by the scare with the centars.

Voldemort had also given him a second dinner of a lamb chop and fancy mashed potatoes with wine. Even if it was non-alcoholic, he still felt an odd stir in his stomach.

‘And then she imprisoned her in a jar for the rest of the semester. Unfortunately, Hermione released her after the three-star Aurors got involved.’ Harry smiled at the memory. Hermione was a force to be reckoned with - he wouldn’t be surprised if she was on Rita’s ass right now.

Voldemort concealed a laugh unsuccessfully, tossing his head back, the crests of his wavy hair shining like gold under the moonlight. *‘Your muggleborn is tactical.’*

‘Brightest witch in our age, as Professor McGonagall says. She used to worship authority figures, but after the ministry and Umbridge, she’s almost gone the other way. Like, “Authority should be respected but this authority is corrupt and I will not respect that,” if that makes any sense.’ Harry wiped his mouth.

‘I too had many troubles with authority. The matron was awful to anyone different. Your current officials range from spineless to corrupt. The spares remaining are powerless.’ Voldemort’s scoff managed to be louder than the whining crickets.

Harry slid his empty plate into the expanded box. He threw it in his trunk with the rest of the goodies, along with packing away the used parchment. *‘I’m aware. I would say there were good people in the ministry still, but **someone** just had to murder Amelia Bones.’*

Voldemort’s lips quipped, *‘She’s not dead. Bellatrix kidnapped her and Rodolphus removed one of her bones to turn it into ash then splattered her blood around the room. Then lit the house on fire, of course. Amelia hasn’t broken nor revealed any information. If she had told us what we need, I’d consider letting her go.’*

‘Oh, yes, because kidnapping and torture are so much better!’ Harry rolled his eyes. *‘Is anyone else alive that is supposed to be dead?’*

‘I will leave you to discover them,’ Voldemort wore a mischievous smirk.

And then, footsteps marched up the stairs. Harry whipped the spent parchment off of his desk, shuffling them into his trunk in one fell swoop. He scrambled to pull out a book with an essay slapped between the pages.

Just as he had sat down with his quill hovering above the paper and his book opened, his door slammed open. He tried, unsuccessfully, not to flinch.

“What. Is. This.” Vernon spat venomously. Harry slowly turned to see a fistful of curtains with small holes in the edges.

“The curtains in the living room,” Harry answered evasively.

“And what are these?” He waved the edges in his face, batting the glasses off of his face.

“Holes.” Harry cringed. There was no way out of this.

“Don’t play smart with me, freak. *You* did this! These holes are all in lines! You did this on purpose! And why is there a missing dish in the cabinets? And Dudley’s disks were all broken in half!” His face was practically purple now, bubbling with rage.

What? He didn’t do the last one!

“I - “

“Save it! We are done with you! We’ve given you a roof over your head and food for fifteen years! And you have done nothing in return! I don’t care what that crackpot old fool says, when you leave for your freakish school, never come back! We will call the police if you dare set foot in Privet Drive again!”

The man was spitting in his face.

“Okay,” Harry answered flatly. He didn’t know where he’d go - he wouldn’t even be an adult in the wizarding world by then - but he’d figure out something. Maybe Hermione or Ron would let him stay with them.

That one word sent Vernon over the edge. He lunged for Harry, faster than he had ever seen the man move. The boy scrambled to avoid him, but Vernon was too big to get around.

Vernon's fist collided with his face, crunching his cracked glasses against his face. Harry yelped, but a kick to the chest silenced him. He hit the floor, hard, and curled up as much as he could.

A strike of pain blossomed across his back. He bit his lip, but couldn’t stop the pathetic whimpers from escaping his mouth. Sharp stinging whips hit his back, arcing from his side to his spine over and over again.

The stings turned into blunt stomps. He could feel the blood pooling under his skin and the pain reached down into his bones. There was a crack in his arm, and two in his ribs.

Blinding white pain filled his every thought. He choked out a cry, but he couldn’t get even a breath without forcing air out of his lungs.

Vernon took a fistful of his hair and yanked him up. He could feel a chunk of hair being pulled out, along with some scalp. Harry struggled to get away, but his legs weren’t working. Vernon screamed something, but he couldn’t hear him.

His head was slammed down on the desk, and everything went black.

Humming. Soft and sweet, deep but light.

Harry would think he was dead if not for the aches that covered his entire body. Even the gentle touches that rubbed circles into his arm sent a dull throb to the area.

He finally found his orientation. He was curled up in the Patronus’s lap, head against the chest, at a slight angle. Not quite sitting up, but not laying down either. The figure was completely solid, an entire person with a heartbeat and all.

“Are you awake?”

Harry hummed, not finding the energy to vocalize anything.

“I have some potions to give you. Can you drink them on your own?” There was a shift to sit more straight.

“Hmmm,”

“The first one is an extreme energy booster. It is salty and runny.” He felt glass being pressed against his lips.

With an affirmative hum, the contents were poured into his mouth. The taste wasn’t terrible, but the hot trails from his mouth to his stomach made him twitch.

Bit by bit, he felt more in control of himself. But he didn’t move, too content to want to get away. But as the full force of the pains was finally able to worm their way into his perception, he couldn’t help but squirm in discomfort.

“Does it hurt?”

“Ye-es.” He muttered into the cotton collar.

“I will get you a pain reliever.”

Harry clung to the button-up as it tried to pull away. Every time Patronus was gone, things turned sour. It grew darker.

Long fingers wrapped around his wrists, removing them from the shirt. He whined as he was deposited onto his mattress, the comforting aura fleeting from him. Rustling from the corner of the room could be heard.

He heard Patronus stop before him, with the light wisps of breath blowing in his face.

With all the Gryffindor courage he could muster, he opened his eyes.

And found the face of a young Tom Riddle, creased peculiarly with worry.

The every-longing ache in his chest fluttered away like a swarm of butterflies. Knowing the identity of who calmed him was infinitely gratifying and was enough to overwhelm the startling revelation of *who* it was.

But a gnawing question weighed on his psyche.

“Why?” It was all he needed to know. Afterwards, nothing else mattered.

“Take your potion.” Tom got up from his knees and handed him the corked vial of green potion.

Harry drank it without question. A wave of chill pulsed through him, and with each wave, the pain within him dulled until it was non-existent. He wasn’t even aware of how much his ribs hurt until the shooting needles disappeared.

“Do you feel better?” His hand lingered on his when he grabbed the vial from them.

“Yeah,” Harry breathed without wincing.

“There is only so much potions could do without the aid of spells. We’ll have to think about a different solution than what we have - it will work for now but not for the rest of the summer.” Tom muttered, and with each passing word, he delved further into his mind.

“Okay,” Harry stretched his arms above his head and cracked his spine with a series of pops.

“Is there anything else you need right now?” Tom glanced back to Harry’s trunk.

Embolden by his newfound energy, he reached up and grasped the edges of his Slytherin robes. With one move, he pulled Tom onto the bed and vaulted him to the other side of the bed, effectively pinning him between the wall and him.

While Tom was still stunned, Harry wrapped his arms around him and embraced him tightly, burying his face in the button-up.

“Oh,” Tom sputtered out after a second, “You don’t... mind?”

“Mmmhhh, it could have been anyone. I feel good, and that is all I care about. What’s your excuse?” He spoke into the fabric.

Harry could feel him swallow, hard.

“When you stabbed me with the basilisk fang and released the venom, which wasn’t more than a drop after it had bitten you, it merely destroyed my corporeal form. Think of removing the shell from an egg. The yolk, the soul, is still there. I didn’t die, but I wasn’t alive either.”

“You cut your finger on the page and I absorbed some of your magic from it, and used it to further my new ‘shell’.”

“Of course, I cannot be physical form from just that alone. The easiest way to syphon magic for me is to elicit an emotional response. Fear, joy, anger, the openness of a person’s magical core is the greatest at that point.”

“But you didn’t write in the book, so I had to strike at night when you’d have dreams. One time, a spider landed on your face at night and I brushed it off... you just relaxed. Completely at ease. So I touched you again, and the same thing happened.”

Harry snorted, “And so you decided to start cuddling me.”

“I require magical sustenance to stay corporeal.” Tom defended himself.

“Whatever helps you ‘syphon’ at night.” Harry laughed.

“Brat.” Tom hissed, “I still need to feed you. Two potions without any food will not sit well with you.”

“Mhh, fine.”

Harry sat upon his desk, excitement bubbling under his skin. It hadn't processed to him just how long he had been in recovery until the date on his calendar reached July 30th.

And even better, the Dursleys had left him alone for the entire time. Once a day, Petunia would shove some bread and two water bottles through the cat-flap in his door, but that was all! No chores, no yelling, and no hits.

He was all prepared to talk to Voldemort again. Unfortunately, he had slept through the time he normally visited last night (though he left a note that said, 'Alive', in the window), so it would be the first time he'd seen him since the Vernon incident.

"Tom?" Harry called, tapping on the diary in his lap.

The cover pulsed, and when Harry lifted his hands, there was writing on the front page.

'Yes?'

Harry frowned, wanting the boy to come out of the diary, but picked up his quill instead.

'Does Voldemort know about you?' It had been three days, and Voldemort must be able to see the things in his room shifting around.

'No, I stayed hidden and made sure your lamp was off from ten PM to three AM just in case.' Tom explained.

'Why?' There wasn't really a reason not to. His existence was something that Voldemort already knew; he just thought that Tom was murdered.

'I wanted to.'

The cover tapped against his hand, and Harry sighed as it closed shut.

Harry inhaled the air. Thick, slightly foggy, with hints of yesterday's rain. High in the sky, the moon's light fluttered down in hazy streaks. Like a lamplight on a dark street.

It didn't take long before a crack broke through the light thumps of rain. Harry almost toppled over the window sill at the sound. He never would have thought he'd miss it.

Voldemort's eyes grew wide at the sight of Harry. Frantically, he scribbled some parchment, using his thigh to do so.

'Have you recovered?' Splatters of ink streaked across the page. Droplets smeared the ink down, but it was still readable.

An odd flutter pitted itself in Harry's stomach. *'I'm better. Thanks for the potions and everything else.'*

‘Are you having any rashes or frequent vomiting? Those are some of the only signs of an adverse reaction.’ After he floated the letter, he wrote down another long list of other possible symptoms ranging from ‘needing imminent action’ to ‘slight concern’.

Harry grinned as the list grew longer. Tom had already cleared him of any ailments related to the potions. But he still double-checked the list in case either of them missed anything.

‘No, none of those. I’ve been healthier than I have been in ages.’ It wasn’t a lie, either.

Everything that had happened over the years had built on him, but he felt like a weight had been lifted from him. Not all of it, but enough.

‘Make sure to check for these at least twice a day. The recommended dosage is once a day or less, and you are taking at least double the amount.’ He emphasised.

‘Okay, I will.’ A soft smile appeared on his face.

Voldemort fished out a medium-sized, emerald-green box that was tied together with a golden bow. He pursed his lips and whistled—so high-pitched it barely registered to Harry—into the air.

Hedwig ruffled her wings and flew over his shoulder. So that’s how he summoned her. Was it a Hedwig thing, or did all owls respond to that? Not that he could whistle, but Ron could help him with that.

The box landed on his desk with a soft thud. He looked up to see Voldemort at the end of the roof, looking intently at him.

Harry pulled at the ends of the ribbon and opened the lid.

A small, circular cake with a chocolate top that drizzled down the maroon side. Atop the chocolate were flakes of gold foil that glimmered in the moonlight. Beside it were a white porcelain plate, a fork, and a knife.

On the back of the lid, a simple note was pinned in swirling green ink.

Happy Birthday

Harry looked up to see Voldemort teetering on the edge of the roof, intently staring at him. His face lit up at the sight of him.

And then Voldemort lost the battle with gravity.

Pardon my editing it is 5:56 AM and I woke up at 1:00 AM and I can't sleep.

Tom Riddle: We are cuddle buddies, simply because I need you to survive

Harry: :)

Voldemort: Birthday cake for the birthday boy

Harry: :) oH NO

Escape

Chapter Summary

An escape and horrifying information.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Time moved slow as Voldemort fell from the roof. Harry watched, helpless, as his legs clipped the fence. Voldemort twisted, *falling past the wards*, and into the grass of the Dursley's backyard with a *squelch*.

He waited for something to happen. He wasn't sure exactly why, but he fully expected Voldemort to burst into flames like a demon to holy water.

But it never came.

Voldemort slowly rose from the ground, wiping away the mud from the side of his face. He looked from side to side, also expecting some sort of repercussion, and relaxed after a few painful seconds.

He made a 'wait' sign with his hand to Harry. Meandering to the fence gate, he disappeared to the front yard. What on earth was he doing?

There was some rustling, the fainting mutterings of spells, and then still silence. Not being able to see infuriated him just as much as it sent chills down his spine.

But Voldemort returned and walked up to the bottom of the window.

"I can get past the wards."

His voice was so unlike that of the snake-faced man that has crawled out of the cauldron. The rasp was still there, yes, but it just barely broke through the deep smoothness. The fluctuations were lesser than before too. It leaned on monotone rather than dramatics.

"I can see that," Harry replied, leaning out of the window.

"What are you waiting for? Come down." Voldemort beckoned him with a wave of his hands.

"What?"

"Do you *want* to stay here?" He raised an eyebrow.

"No, do you think I can throw my trunk down?" He had most of his things packed, didn't he?

“Yes. Move quickly, because the wards have detected that someone has passed through them. They don’t show who, but someone will be here soon.”

Excitement bubbled up under his skin as Harry threw the last remaining items into his trunk. He took special notice of the diary and the ring, carefully wrapping them in the invisibility cloak, but otherwise haphazardly packed everything else.

But what would the Order think when they arrived?

Harry turned over his mattress, scattered bits of parchment around, and left some drawers open. He wasn’t exactly sure how to stage a kidnapping, but it seemed good enough.

Hedwig hooted at him sadly.

"I'm sorry, girl," Harry said, pausing to pet Hedwig, "but please find me as soon as possible, okay? If anything, I'll be at Hogwarts, it's one month; can you do that for me?"

Another hoot of despair.

“Sorry,”

He quickly opened the top of the bird food bag and emptied his water bottles into one of the bowls from a previous meal. Harry dropped the trunk onto the rose bushes below. It crushed them with a satisfying crunch. To hell with Petunia; he was the one who cared for them, and she wouldn’t benefit from his hard work any longer.

“Ah, how will I get down?” Not that Harry hadn't fallen further, but at least he'd landed on the ground rather than in a tangle of thorny bushes.

Voldemort moved his trunk over and stepped over the broken branches. “Jump, I’ll catch you.”

“Are you sure? You just fell off of that roof - “

“Yes, hurry.” Voldemort peered back as he raised his arms.

Harry bit his lip. This wasn’t how he imagined his first trustfall to go. But there really wasn’t anything else he could do.

With bated breath, he rolled himself out of the window.

In the moment of free fall, he wondered if he should have used his broom to fly down instead.

Electricity rippled through his skin as he made contact with Voldemort’s arms. He clenched his teeth, waiting for the wave of pain that happened the last time Voldemort touched him.

But it didn’t happen.

Voldemort gently placed him on the ground but maintained a firm grip on his wrist. He scooped up the trunk with his other hand, and together they hurried to the end of the wards.

A shiver passed over him as he left. Voldemort's eyes widened.

"It alerted them that you are no longer here. Hold tight; I'm apparating us."

Harry could only clench his arm as the world spun around him. He still clung close as they landed, his stomach flexing and threatening to spew out his potions. An arm steadied him, gently guiding him into something plush.

"Inhale to the count of three. Hold your breath and count to five. Breathe out and count to three." Voldemort instructed.

Harry slowly breathed in and out. It made him a little lightheaded at first, but he settled into a calm rhythm in no time.

"That - " Harry gasped, " - was the worst side-along I've ever experienced."

"We need to get you to a healer. Narcissa should answer a fire call at any hour - " Voldemort had already stood up and was walking to the limestone fireplace.

"Wait!" Harry exclaimed.

Voldemort stopped and turned with a questioning look.

"Can - Can we wait? At least until morning? I'm a little - this is a little much." To be frank, so many bombshells had been dropped on him over the last few days that he was dizzy just thinking about it.

Voldemort's mouth formed a thin line. "When you go to bed, I will administer a sleeping potion. Then I will call her, and you will be properly treated. The phoenix tears should be in within the month." He spoke slowly.

"Fine," Harry said, finally looking around the room.

It looked like a standard living room, albeit much larger. He was sitting on a dark blue sofa across from the fireplace. One large window sat to his side, overlooking rolling hills thick with woods. Small lights of houses dotted the area.

The walls were a muted green, more on the side of grey than anything. An armchair sat next to a bookcase that was completely filled with books. But overall, the room was so bare.

It reminded him of that one time he helped Ms Figg clean out her cat room and only left the essential furniture inside. Barren.

He kneeled next to his trunk and dug around under the curious eye of Voldemort. Finally, he found the green package and tucked it under his arm, upright.

"The dining room is connected," Voldemort said, motioning to the back wall, where a door had appeared.

"How'd you do that?" Harry asked, getting up and stroking the wood.

"Fidelus charm, each room a different phrase, with me being the secret keeper. I occasionally have company in here and in my office, which is by the bookcase." As he spoke, a door materialised by the bookcase.

"I love magic," Harry muttered.

The corners of Voldemort's mouth twitched. "The manor's wings are less segmented in their restrictions. I only use two, one for hosting visitors and the other for only personal use."

The two went into the dining room. It was similarly bare. A dark wooden table with eight chairs sat upon a large green rug. The wallpaper matched the sitting room, but at least there were decorative candelabras that held white candles to make it look less blank. Harry thought it could use some more decoration. Maybe he could convince him to add a tapestry.

"Pipskey," Voldemort called.

This house-elf was larger than Dobby. But she was fitted with a grey dress and white apron with the Slytherin crest on it, not a pillowcase. Pipskey's large blue eyes looked up at him as if he were Merlin incarnate.

"Yes, sir?" Her speech held Dobby's nervous sway but was more structured.

"Prepare a dinner for both of us and work on the adjacent room in the Lord's wing." He said without looking down.

"We will work on it, sir. Dinner will be served before 11:30. The room will be ready by midnight. Is that all, sir?" She bowed.

"You are dismissed."

She popped out of existence without another word.

"How'd you teach the house elves to be like that? Dobby can't seem to form a proper sentence no matter how hard we try." They had given up a while ago, but at least his vocabulary had been better.

"Much like with dogs, those who were selectively bred have their problems. And I do not induce nearly as much brain damage as other families. Certain house-elves may be faster than mine, but I cannot stand the terrible stuttering nor the constant nervousness of a standard house-elf."

"So you get the half-bloods of the house-elves. Get the half-baking half-cleaning elf." Harry cracked a grin.

Voldemort twitched, “Yes. If they retain their mind, they can work independently. For instance, if they were the normal house-elf, I would have to instruct them on how to specifically arrange your room. But since they are not, they will arrange it based on the context of the rest of the manor.”

“Is there any fixing the selectively bred, brain-damaged house-elves?” Sure, Dobby was great, but he often hurt himself because he was scrambled. Kreacher too; he was worse for wear.

“I have not studied that. Phoenix tears fix almost everything if you wish to investigate.” He caught the look on Harry’s face, “But do not get your hopes up. Phoenix tears are also incredibly hard to acquire.”

They sat down at the table, an awkward silence passing. Harry wasn’t exactly sure what to talk about from there. He honestly never thought that this would get that far.

Voldemort pulled a slip of parchment from somewhere in his robes. How many pockets did one man need? “Tonight we will be having mushroom risotto.”

Harry wasn’t sure how to respond, but he managed a small, “Okay.”

Voldemort stared at him long and hard. He hummed, then snapped his fingers. A long scroll appeared in his hands.

“This has every meal for the rest of the summer written on it. Small, in-between meals will be at your discretion.” He slid the parchment over.

Harry gazed at it blankly. The meals were quite... fanciful. A lot of it was in other languages, and Harry wasn’t quite sure what they were.

“There’s a lot of Asian food,” Harry commented. There wasn’t much to comment on that wouldn’t make him sound like a complete idiot.

“Yes. Do you dislike it?”

“N-No, I’m just - I thought you’d be someone with more European taste.” Harry cringed at his words.

“I travelled the world. There is better food than just Europe.” Voldemort stated.

Harry sighed to himself. Why couldn’t they go back to just writing again? It was far less awkward.

Voldemort cleared his throat and gestured to the table, “Sit.”

Well, nothing better to do.

Harry patted the box in his lap awkwardly. He flinched. The expression on Voldemort’s face drew serious and still. It made the back of Harry’s neck stand on end. Voldemort tilted his head at him.

“What exactly do you know about horcruxes?” He slid into the chair across from him and folded his arms.

“Well, I don’t know much. I know it’s a home for a piece of someone's soul. You have to kill someone to do it.” Perhaps running away with Voldemort wasn’t the best decision.

“And how do you know that?” He furrowed his brows.

“Uh - “ He couldn’t reveal the diary, “I overheard Dumbledore talking about it. In reference to the diary.”

Voldemort’s face twitched at the mention of the soul piece. “What does he know about my horcruxes?”

Plural.

He had a feeling it didn’t stop at two. Harry tilted his head. “Well, he - “

The ring.

“—he seemed to know the diary was one, and I saw him with the ring, so I assume he’s tracking them down. "Make you moral and everything."

Voldemort sneered, “I will never be mortal. My horcruxes are under the utmost protection.”

“Hence why two of them were found, right?”

A downright murderous glance was thrown at Harry.

Perhaps, perhaps it was a bad idea to say that.

“It will be handled.”

A tense silence covered them. Harry examined the grain of the table. The silence only seemed to aggravate Voldemort. A long sigh left him.

Luckily for him, dinner arrived.

Silver platters of food covered the table. Not only was a fresh, steaming mushroom risotto in front of him, but more food of all kinds littered the table. From vegetable platters to stews, from bacon to chunks of cheese, a little bit of everything was laid out.

Harry practically salivated at the aroma. He looked at Voldemort.

“Should you have dietary preferences or restrictions, inform any house-elf.” Voldemort stabbed his fork into a nearby baked potato.

Harry let out a sigh of relief as he bit into a forkful of risotto. He practically jumped when he saw a jug of pumpkin juice next to him.

He ate to his heart's content. Though he was almost certain he couldn't be denied food, he had no idea how long he'd be dormant from the sleeping potion. The pangs of pain when he would wake up three days later were something he never wanted to repeat.

Even the dinner seemed to be coated with magic, like the manor. He would only have to tap his glass to refill it, and sometimes, if he thought hard enough, the platters would float towards him without so much as a command.

"Do you need anything before you sleep?" Voldemort broke the silence.

"No," Harry said, wiping his mouth. "Do you want cake?"

"Cake?" He furrowed his brows in confusion, glancing across the table.

"Cake,"

Harry placed his box on the table and opened the lid. His cake was perfectly intact, even if it shouldn't have been.

Voldemort raised an eyebrow. "You want to... share it with me?"

"Yep!"

Harry grabbed a sharp steak knife and plunged it into the cake, splitting it down the middle. It wasn't a large cake, and half would do each of them nicely.

He snatched a spare side plate and plopped the cake onto it. Arm outstretched, he offered it to Voldemort.

"... thanks." Voldemort muttered after a long pause.

Harry grinned. Well, he must have grinned a lot brighter than he should have.

"What are you smiling about?" Voldemort narrowed his eyes as he sat his plate down.

Oh. What had got him so sour? "Just thinking about how Rita Skeeter would write about this." Harry laughed lightly.

Voldemort actually snorted, "That woman would make it five pages long and describe everything down to your cake as 'bleak and oozing with dark magic'."

"Yes, yes, she would," Harry chuckled.

His own cake plated, Harry tapped his glass of pumpkin juice. But this time, it refilled with a white-yellowish bubbling liquid.

"Champagne," Voldemort replied, sipping his own glass, "non-alcoholic."

"Aw, couldn't you break one law for me?" Harry teased, testing the drink. Bubbly with a nutty flavour of white grape juice.

“I do not have the patience to drag you to your room drunk.” Voldemort rolled his eyes.

“Cheers, nonetheless.” Harry raised his glass.

Voldemort raised his glass in the air, but didn’t move to clink.

The cake was a nice, moist, tasty red velvet with chocolate. A strange combination, but it tasted like heaven on earth. He voraciously ate the slice, his sweet tooth finally satisfied.

Voldemort looked pleased as well and he ate his piece rather quickly.

It was odd, for a moment, he could forget he was sitting next to Voldemort.

For a moment, he was just another person.

But his reality came sooner rather than later.

“How fast do you fall asleep under sleeping potions?” Voldemort patted his mouth with a napkin.

“Almost instantly.” Harry admitted. They worked so well on him. “Lasts for a bit longer as well.”

Voldemort contemplated his response for a moment.

“We will take your items to a spare room, and you’ll take it while lying in bed. I have not the patience to catch you.” Harry was about to point out he already caught him today, but he chose not to point that out.

Harry simply nodded along. All things considered; it was a successful day. A part of him was worried he wouldn’t wake up from the sleeping potion, but a larger part was telling him to *trust* the situation.

“The Lord’s wing is this way,” Voldemort stated.

As he said it, an ornate, dark wooden door appeared on the opposite wall. Voldemort guided him through it, and the vast hall before him was nothing but extravagant.

Carvings of ivory stone adorned the dark green walls. Embroidered grey curtains cascaded over large waist-to-ceiling windows with wooden rails across them. A long black rug with cream borders ran atop mahogany floors.

“Wow,” Harry muttered under his breath.

The man appeared to hear it and bustled with pride. He should have just kept his mouth shut. Voldemort didn’t need his ego stroked more.

They walked almost completely down the hall, then stopped directly across from a window.

"Here," Voldemort said, motioning to a dark-brown door with a small fox engraved in the centre. "It should be prepared."

Wordlessly, Voldemort flicked his hand and opened the door. Such a show-off.

A large four-poster bed with dark-green bedding and cream pillows lay in the top centre of the wall. Beside it, a writing desk with a shelf above it and two long-necked candles lay.

Two doors were opposite to the bed, right by the maroon sofa with a small bookcase next to it. A plush black circular rug sat in the centre of the room.

Fancy curtains were draped across the tops of the walls all around the room, connecting to a sizable window with a dark-green cushioned area to sit on that overlooked a vast garden.

His trunk was at the foot of the bed. It stood out in the room, with its painted-on Gryffindor emblem (courtesy of Luna) and semi-busted gold edges that no longer glistened.

Perhaps he should get a new trunk. He had the funds to do so.

"Familiarise yourself with this room; I suspect you'll be spending your time here. I'll retrieve your potion." In an instant, Voldemort was gone, and the door was shut.

A cold feeling crept into his bones. How long would he be staying here? Weeks? Months? Would he even be allowed to go back to school?

Would he ever be allowed to leave?

The idea made him freeze. Horrifying, yes, but there was a small part of him, a little shadow in his light, that was relaxed.

No more deathly adventures, horrible education, or going back to being harassed all the time.

But he'd miss it. He knew it. His friends, those who are left, would miss him as much as he missed them. A sigh escaped him.

There you go again, doing before thinking.

It was too good to be true. Mostly because it was.

His fate uncertain, he sat on the end of the bed. The sheets were silken, and the mattress was just soft enough to sink into but firm enough to hold its shape.

Why was he doing this?

Harry shook his head. He could fret when he was healthy.

Restlessness burned under his skin. He paced around the room and took interest in the bookshelf.

The books were much like the ones he expected to read for school. The word “age appropriate” entered his mind. It annoyed him. Even if he wouldn’t have picked them up, he would have appreciated something that challenged him.

The Dark Arts: Defensive and Offensive interested him. He’d never learned about many offensive spells that didn’t involve maiming someone else. If any existed.

Thumbing through the pages, his interest only peaked. There was a page on how to use Protego as an offensive weapon (bashing it against your opponent or using it to deflect spells onto others). It made sense, even if he didn’t think about it.

Voldemort entered without knocking. He held an off-blue potion in his hands.

The potion was familiar to him—a dreamless sleep mixed with a long-rest potion. It was one he drank frequently.

“Sit down.” Voldemort commanded, nodding to the bed.

“Alright, alright.” Something about him was a little off, something sharper about the way he spoke.

Harry uncorked the vial and sniffed it. Like fresh spring air and peppermint. Voldemort raised an eyebrow but said nothing.

Harry was knocked out cold before he could even hand over the empty vial.

He was hungry and it was dark. That’s all he knew. That’s all he could sense. Wait, no, he was also cold. The air was musty, like mold and dirt. And he was only wearing a long t-shirt.

“You will stay in there, devil child, until you repent.” A muffled voice said. Harry couldn’t even tell where it was coming from.

“B-Burn alive, you n-nutcase.” He retorted back through chattering teeth.

“Guess you don’t want dinner either. You have two days to repent.” A loud bang sounded, and Harry flinched violently.

The hours of stillness were enough to make him go mad.

Voldemort was never a man to involve himself with the feelings of others. Sure, he was aware of how he affected people; one must always be, but he never did more than intellectualise them.

But recently, there was a change.

He didn't know when it started, but around a month ago he felt it. Losing his edge, growing to notice the happiness in others rather than their fear.

It infuriated him.

What made it worse was the back-and-forth with Potter. It was meant to insult him, remind him of his imprisonment by the manipulative bastard Dumbledore, but he seemed to flourish under the attention.

It only doubled after he dropped his glamour.

He didn't even know why he did it, but the insult against his looks bruised his pride when it came from Potter. He never planned on revealing himself to anyone. He was to be feared above all and needed a fitting exterior for that.

But the constant talks at night while he was exposed, with no one else watching, were enough to make Potter significant to him—more than just a prophecy.

And when he saw him get hit, there was a possiveness over the boy. When he was beaten half-to-death, there was something that burned.

It was just because a muggle would have killed him. That a muggle would do what he couldn't.

But if his suspicions were correct, the boy would have a much bigger part of his life than he would like.

Voldemort took a moment to breathe. His glamour encased him again, hiding his hair and flattening his face. His hands changed into claws, and his skin turned paper-white.

“Pipskey.” Voldemort called.

“Yes, Master Slytherin?” She asked, bowing lowly.

“Give this to Lady Narcissa Malfoy, the healer. Make sure you are as discreet as possible and do not reveal my identity. Am I clear?” Voldemort handed her a pre-written letter with the Slytherin crest as a seal.

“Yes, very clear. Discrete and no identity.” She repeated.

“Leave.”

Voldemort paced outside the room as he awaited Narcissa's arrival. The letter worked as a portkey—one of the few he'd ever made to the manor—and would send her directly to him.

The wait wasn't long. She was dressed as pristine as ever, even at this time of night, with the only thing amiss being dark undereyes.

“Narcissa,” He greeted. That was a new addition as well. The inner circle was referred to by their first names.

“My Lord,” She stepped away from his personal space and gave a modest bow. The fact that she did not grovel at his feet both enraged him and earned her respect.

“I have acquired Harry Potter,” Her eyes grew wide, “And I require a full health scan on him before I proceed with any action.”

“Of course, my Lord.” Her tone didn’t tremble, and she regained her composure.

Narcissa didn’t react to seeing Harry knocked out on the bed, nor did she when she cast the scan. The parchment stretched to the floor with previous injuries and current ailments. She didn’t hesitate to pass it to Voldemort.

Again, the burning feeling. Those muggles would die.

“I will need a visual soul spell as well.” It would confirm or deny -his fears.

Narcissa blinked but nodded.

It was no laughing matter to see someone's soul. The visualisation of souls revealed their very magic, the way they've been shaped by the world and the individual's hearts.

Narcissa began the chant. Voldemort had never performed the spell, and he knew the dangers of doing it wrong. One could damage the soul beyond repair, strip away the magic, and make the user bleed from the inside out.

Before long, a whisp appeared above Potter’s chest. It was greenish-grey, morphing into an amorphous blob as it increased in opacity. But when she was almost done, Voldemort’s stomach dropped.

Imbedded, buried deep in the middle of his soul, was a small scrap of dark maroon.

A piece of Voldemort’s soul was attached to Harry’s.

A horcrux.

Chapter End Notes

Voldemort: Come with me child

Harry: Nothing about this can go wrong

Harry: See, nothing went wrong. Have some cake

Voldemort: ... oh no something went wrong

You're a Horcrux, Harry

Chapter Summary

Voldemort reveals the horrifying fact. Harry receives training.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Narcissa stirred his thoughts.

“My Lord, is there anything else you require?” She paused, uncertainty in her voice.

“Yes,” He began to pace—an awful habit he would not have revealed if not for the stress of the situation. “I am summoning an inner circle meeting.”

“Shall I proceed with anything else?”

“Begin drafting a full healing regimen. Nothing is off limits.” Voldemort fought the urge to command her to start imminently, but he knew better than to rush a healer.

“Of course, my Lord.” Narcissa waved her wand and began to write on fresh parchment while consulting the other.

Within minutes, all the members of his inner circle stood in the meeting hall of his manor. He didn’t use it often; the Malfoy manor was preferred, but this cemented the seriousness of the situation.

Severus Snape, Bellatrix, Rodolphus, and Rabastan LeStrange, Barty Crouch Jr, Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy, Amycus and Alecto Carrow, Carban Yaxley, and Tiberius Nott all stood before him. The eleven members of his inner circle.

“Everyone is here, my Lord.” Barty, his apprentice, said.

Voldemort focused on his body language. Proud, menacing, and powerful.

“I have acquired Harry Potter.”

A few gasped, while others like Bellatrix laughed with glee.

"However," Voldemort paused, waiting for them to calm down. “I have discovered a fact that prevents me from killing him.”

“What is it, my Lord?” Bellatrix’s voice was begging. Any scrap of attention, good or bad, from him was all she desired.

“The night I attacked the Potters,” Voldemort didn’t like mentioning that, “The killing curse rebounded onto me. In that moment, a shard of my soul broke off. And that piece of soul attached itself to Harry Potter’s soul.”

"While he lives, I have another step in preserving my immortality," Voldemort laughed evilly. "Should he die, I will forever lose that piece of my soul."

“Is there a way to remove it, my Lord?” Corban asked. Voldemort threw a crucio at him for a few seconds.

“If there was a way,” Voldemort growled, “I would have done it already. This means that any harm done to him may damage my soul.”

Bellatrix screamed in anger, “What is it we can do, my Lord?”

“There is no solution. Harm will not befall him. I am keeping him until I form a better plan. Severus, have you been informed about this by Dumbledore?”

All eyes turned to the potion’s master.

Severus swallowed, “I was unaware of this situation.”

“We will operate under the idea that Dumbledore knows. Why else would he send the child of prophecy into deadly situations? He desired that I destroy my own soul." The pieces were slowly connecting for him.

Voldemort struggled to keep his composure. “You all will take another oath to not reveal this to anyone. You will tell the other Death Eaters under your control that Harry Potter is not to be harmed by my orders. No questions asked.”

They all agreed quickly.

A week later, Voldemort found himself in a bad position.

He wanted to tell Potter.

There wasn’t a *why* to the reason. There was just an overwhelming urge to say it.

A part of him clawed at his reasoning. It screamed at him to tell him, to keep no secrets from the boy. That it would be better to tell him now. That it was the only option.

Voldemort had to agree. Potter would find out. That would break what little trust Potter has in him. He’d shut him out and start making his own decisions. He may even run back to Dumbledore and spill all his secrets.

But now, he didn’t feel like he would do that if he told him. That would establish a clear relationship between them. Potter was his horcrux, and thus he had no reason to fear him because Voldemort would be protecting him.

He could just use it as an excuse to train him.

Potter, despite his lack of experience and lesser power, had brilliant duelling instincts. He held out for longer than Voldemort thought possible against him in the graveyard.

What would happen if he sharpened those raw skills?

He would need to be a great dueler if he was to protect the soul shard. Voldemort does not die as long as he lives. Protecting him was of the utmost priority, along with the other horcruxes.

Two were already destroyed.

Mathematically, there should be half as much Voldemort in Potter as there was Voldemort in Voldemort. There should be something in Potter that would make him want to be more like him.

He could have another apprentice.

Potter might agree. As long as he trusted him not to murder him, Potter would agree. As much as he didn't make the smartest of decisions, he always made the right ones. Potter's intentions had changed, and Voldemort knew that. He didn't want to be a saviour any longer. But was not being a saviour enough?

Changing him more, would that be so hard?

Voldemort had already earned some of his trust. The boy had jumped out of the window and run away with him without so much as a second glance. The lack of murderous intent from anyone affiliated with him would also serve him well.

Potter would never be a true apprentice.

No, his will was too strong for that. But as long as his soul was protected, Potter could hate him all he wanted.

Yes, it was decided.

He would train him.

Time was an enigma. It flowed without reason; seconds could feel like hours while years could pass in the blink of an eye.

He was standing over a cowering elderly woman. She pleaded with him, begging him to stop. He raised his bone-white wand and struck her in the chest with a red beam. She struggled, a strangled scream echoing from her throat.

Another spell hit her, and she lay still.

A snake, huge with yellow eyes, rose up before him. It tilted his head and flicked out its tongue. He offered a hand. The creature licked him.

“Blood of Slytherin.” It hissed.

“Creature of Greatness.” He replied in parseltongue.

“You seek my loyalty.” It slithered around him, cutting off any exit he could have had.

“I seek your compliance.” He said this while tracking its head with his eyes.

It hissed again and butted its nose against Tom. Tom fell to the floor, and the creature rested its head on his body. Its breath stank, and his air was knocked out of him. The creature licked him again, this time in the face.

“Whom shall I destroy?” It asked with some mischief in its voice.

His tiny hands flew over his face. But it didn’t stop the water from being dumped over his head. It was murky, and splatters of mud dirtied his clothes. The older kids jeered, laughing at him as he tried desperately to get it off his cream-white shirt.

He fought back tears as a mean-looking older woman screamed at him for getting dirty. She spanked him and sent him up to a decrepted room. Slowly and carefully, he scraped off the dried mud, then dabbed a little bit of water on it from a can he had stashed in his closet. The stains were still visible, but they were much lighter.

Harry didn’t know how long he had been asleep for, but he knew one thing for sure:

He felt amazing, but he was damn hungry.

Awaking in the bed he fell asleep in, surprise graced his features as he saw Narcissa Malfoy bandaging his midsection. They locked eyes, and she gently sat down the roll of gauze.

“Pipskey,” The house elf appeared, “please inform My Lord that Potter is awake.”

Why would he want to be there?

Unease ate at his mind.

“I will finish wrapping your midsection. I assume I will be outside of the room while the Dark Lord talks to you.”

Harry hummed. He allowed her to continue treating him with foul-smelling salves and concealing his wounds under thick bandages. It was almost nice to be cared for like that, but

it was a Malfoy who was treating him.

He noted the lack of a dark mark on her forearm.

Snake-faced Voldemort strode into the room not too long after. Even under glamour, Harry could feel the tension brewing under his skin. This furthered his unease.

“Narcissa, you are dismissed. Await my summons; it will not take long.” Voldemort nodded toward the door.

She gracefully left, placing the gauze and salves on a silver platter on a rolling cart. He notices a lot of bloody cotton balls and sponges as well.

“Did she cut me open?” Harry was dead serious.

“Yes. She extracted some blood that was most contaminated with basilisk venom for further research.” Voldemort’s glammers dropped as he sat at the end of the bed.

Uh oh.

Harry was well aware of that look. The look of an adult about to give devastating news. The tension in their shoulders, their unwillingness to meet their eyes, and their heavy brows. Always with the furrowed brow.

“When Narcissa performed the scan on you,” Starting with a story was never good. “I noticed a certain mark under your ailments. Dark Magic Mark.”

“I don’t have the dark mark.” Harry rolled his eyes.

“Listen. I know that. But it wasn’t just physical; no, it listed it as a soul ailment as well. There was a bit of blackness in your otherwise grey core when we did a visual soul spell on you.”

“Wait—you can see a soul—“

“Silence.” Voldemort pinched the bridge of his nose. “Harry,” Oh no, not the first name.

“You know what a horcrux is.”

Harry felt his blood turn to ice. He couldn’t—no— he wasn’t a Horcux. It wouldn’t be a Horcux. No, it had to be something else. Something else made him a parseltongue. Something else had to be the reason he could see through Voldemort’s eyes. Something—anything.

But it would all make sense, wouldn’t it?

“I’m - “ Harry’s throat closed up. He couldn’t say it.

“You are.” Voldemort sighed. “And as such, I must train you to protect my horcrux.”

“What!” Harry exclaimed. He tried to jump up, but he found his limbs were limp and useless.

Voldemort looked him in the eyes. Dead in the eyes, the deep maroon locking with emerald green. “You possess a piece of my soul. I have protections on my other Horcruxes, and as you are a living being, you need to be able to defend yourself.”

“No - I “

He couldn’t deny the fact. He was a horcrux. He possessed a piece of Voldemort’s soul within him.

While he lives, Voldemort can’t die.

“But —But the prophecy.” It was done for. His fate had been sealed.

“What about the prophecy?” Voldemort’s mood turned in an instant. Gone was the tension, and it was replaced with hunger.

“I - “ There was no use in hiding it.

“The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches.

Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies.

And the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not.

And either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives.”

Voldemort froze. He was caught in a state, panic bubbling to the surface of his eyes. He shook his head, not succeeding in regaining his mask.

Harry swallowed, hard. Was this a wise decision? Or would Voldemort kill him now, making the prophecy complete, and just lose the small fraction of his soul? Dammit, doing without thinking again.

“The prophecy is null as long as you contain my horcrux, which there is no way to remove. You cannot kill me. I will not kill you. It will be forever incomplete.” Voldemort enunciated slowly.

Tears bubbled up to the surface of Harry’s eyes. He tried to wipe them away, but his limbs were still useless.

He was a horcrux.

“This can’t be—“

“The more you deny it, the harder the realisation will be. You are, and you will always be, my horcrux. You can either accept it now and train with me, or you will never see the light of day again.”

“I do not need to be nice here. I would have no qualms with it, but I am giving you the chance to have some freedom.”

Voldemort was right.

He couldn't escape, even if he wanted to. For Godric's sake, he was bed-bound! How was he supposed to leave? He'd be weighed down with this for the rest of his life.

“Okay.” Harry breathed. “I'll do it.”

The words were bitter on his lips.

“Good.” Voldemort averted his gaze. “We will begin when you are cleared to. I will start to train you, but I expect you to duel at least one Death Eater before the summer's end.”

“Why the summer's end?” He asked. Would he be let go?

“I do not want to interfere with your education,” Harry snorted, “—anymore.” You will not do well in life if you are not educated. I will retrieve you once your year is over.”

“And once I'm out of Hogwarts?”

“We will talk. Depending on how the war is going, I would most likely conseal you.” He'd be imprisoned until the damned thing was over.

“If you win?”

“*When* I win, I will employ you in a stimulating and low-threat level of work.” Voldemort scoffed at the notion of losing.

“The Defence Against the Dark Arts position is mine.” Harry demanded.

“Deal, I cannot handle schoolchildren.” Voldemort waved him off.

“Didn't you apply to be the Defense professor?” Sure, he had alternative motives, but were they just bad? After all, he was offering to train him.

“That—was a long time ago. I will remove the curse once you acquire the position.”

Harry smiled.

“Now, I will let Narcissa continue your healing journey. Would you like to be conscious for that?” Voldemort held up another vial.

“Give me some food before, but no.”

The days passed with boredom. The only entertainment was the book Harry had found. Voldemort had been a bit short with him after he asked him to retrieve it, but the satisfaction of making him get it was enough to cover him.

There were so many ways to use “normal” spells in violent matters. A scroungify, for example, could remove an entire layer of skin. You could detach a limb if a windardium levosa was strong enough.

Voldemort seemed pleased with the development. He’d visit occasionally and talk. Just talking.

“Then BAM, Hermione punches him in the face.” Harry laughed.

“I would not take that disrespect either. She is ranked higher than him, no?” Voldemort signed the bottom of some documents.

“Yep. Brightest witch of our age. Dumbledore gave her a time-turner in our third year to take more classes.” That seemed to draw Voldemort’s attention.

“A time-turner? To a child?” He blinked, glancing up from his stack of papers.

“Yep.” Harry didn’t want to mention Sirius. “She’s nuts. I hope she’s doing well.”

He could distract himself all he wanted, but he still longed for his friends. But they’d never agree to be there. He wasn’t quite sure if he wanted to be there either, but he didn’t have much of a choice.

“If she is as close of a friend as you say, she will likely be fretting over you.” Voldemort rolled his eyes. The man was under the impression that Hermione was madly in love with him.

“Hush.” Harry waved a hand, “The Order is probably losing their minds right now. Serves them right, leaving me there.”

“There wasn’t much of a watch team either. They were easily avoidable.” Voldemort tilted his head to the side, then shook it. “How much do you know about occlumency?”

“Not much.” Harry admitted, “Bunch of purebloods talk about it.”

“Because it is often taught to children. I will teach you. If you are not successful with me, I will hand you over to Narcissa. I have been told you do not get along with Severus.” He got up from his chair and snapped his fingers, and the papers vanished.

“Yeah, I’d punch him if I could.” Harry didn’t hide his disdain for the man. “But he’s just too quick. Draco’s a lot slower, so I settle for him.”

Voldemort hummed. Another snap of his fingers, and a thick red book appeared in his hands.

“Read this, it should give you insight to occlumency. I have a meeting, so do read at least the introduction before I am back.” He lightly placed the book on his lap.

“Gotcha.” Not that Harry had anything better to do. Voldemort swept out of the room without another word.

Now alone, with no Narcissa and no Voldemort for the first time, Harry sprung into action.

He swung his wobbly legs over the bed and dove for his trunk. Shuffling through the messes of parchment, boxes, and clothes, he finally found it.

“Tom, please get out of there.” He called.

An inky blackness spilled over the pages. Harry staggered back as it spilled into his lap. It formed into a human-like shape, and Tom was finally visible.

“Wow, I didn’t know it looked like that.”

“Where are we?” Tom looked around the room sceptically.

“Ah, promise you won’t react badly?” Harry wasn’t sure what he’d think. It wasn’t as if they had many conversations; it was mostly just cuddling.

“Where. Are. We.” He spoke slowly.

“Erm, I kinda got willingly kidnapped—“

“What?”

“Shhhh,” Harry said, his hand clamped over his enraged face. “So Voldemort kinda took me away from the Dursleys and, uh... something was revealed, and now he doesn’t want me dead.”

“What.”

“Yeah, it’s kinda... weird but nice?”

Tom looked at him as if he were crazy (he was). He gently cupped his cheeks and drew him closer.

“What ‘something’ was revealed?” He inquired once more, slowly.

“Erm, I’m a horcrux?” Harry smiled.

“What!”

Tom’s eyes searched him quickly. He scoured him, until his eyes snapped up to his scar.

A strong tingle ran through his whole body as they made contact. Harry shivered. It wasn’t unpleasant, just different. But he leaned into the touch on instinct.

“So this is... good for you?” Tom hesitated as he asked.

“Maybe? I have been threatened with confinement without seeing the light of day if I don’t participate in training, and I’ll be walled up after I finish school until the war is over. Don’t worry, he promised me the Defence Against the Dark Arts position after it’s over.”

Harry didn't know if he was trying to reassure Tom or himself.

"And you're... okay with that?" Tom placed his hands on Harry's shoulders.

The floodgates opened.

Harry sobbed like he had never sobbed before. Lean arms enveloped his body, wrapping him into a warm hug. Hands gently rubbed circles into his back.

Waves upon waves of sorrow overcame him. Why was this happening to him? Was it something he did wrong, or was the universe punishing him for something he didn't realise he had done? Forced to be tied to the murder of his parents for the rest of his life?

Was Tom even a comfort to him? Or was it the horcrux in his head telling him to be? Was his one solace a lie?

Did it even matter if it was all true?

Tom guided him to the bed. He carefully set him down and crawled in next to him. Harry immediately clung on to Tom, digging his nails into his shirt.

He poured all his stress out as he banged his head against Tom's chest. All the frustration of the dawning months collapsed in on him. His chest burned, and his heart palpitated.

Circles rubbed into his back. He tried to focus on that, on anything besides the raw emotion flooding over him.

Slowly, very, very, slowly, he cried until his tears ran dry. The exhaustion settled deep into his bones, and he was out like a light.

"What is the first principle of occlumency?" Voldemort asked as he slid onto the other side of the table.

"Walls."

"Wrong."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Okay, it's guarding."

"It is making sure you are aware of yourself." Voldemort sighed, "Awareness of yourself will make yourself notice a difference faster."

"Okay, got it." Harry nodded. He didn't get it.

"First, you're going to feel what an attack is like. I will move more obviously than normal, and you should feel it. Act on instinct."

Voldemort stared him dead in the eye. It was a bit unnerving seeing his slitted pupils narrow into thin needles against a crimson-red background.

There was a niggling feeling just behind his eye. It further protruded into his brain, coasting until it hit the middle.

Harry was curled up in his cupboard as he listened to the sound of the early morning news. His hand was pressed against his mouth, a bubbling heat radiating from it.

He had burned his hand again.

Withdrawing it, he saw the skin was puffy and pink, with fluid running under the blister. He winced as the heat didn't die down.

Harry pushed the memory away. But as soon as he got away from it, another one replaced it.

In the library, Harry laboured over a book. There is nothing useful on the sea life. He already failed the bubble-head charm, and he wanted something more concrete.

"Harry!" Neville called quietly from another shelf.

"What?" Harry snapped. After seeing the blond's skittish reaction, he gave an apologetic smile.

"I think I know how you can win this!"

Though not unpleasant, Harry pushed it away. It wasn't anything important.

Adreline coursed through his veins as he dodged another attack from the basilisk. This time, she ran her head into the stone, and blood poured from her wounds.

Harry raised the sword as she came barreling down. Trapped between the stones, fire coursed through his veins.

The sword had gone directly through the basilisk's skull with her own force.

He withdrew the sword and found a large fang buried deep in his forearm.

Again, he pushed away the memory.

The world came back to him. He found himself staring back into crimson eyes again, Voldemort's pupils dilating until his eyes looked black.

It was terrifying.

Harry averted his gaze.

"You did not try to make me leave your mind, but instead redirected me." Voldemort sounded like he was saying it more to himself than Harry.

"Okay, what does that mean?"

“It means it will be easier to teach you. The most basic way of avoiding attacks is through redirection. It's to keep your attacker from knowing you're aware they're attacking. Subtly is key.” Voldemort jotted down some notes on parchment.

“Neat.” Maybe Harry’s wasn’t a lost cause after all.

“You know how it feels to the unprotected mind; now we must put up barriers to prevent surface-level attacks.”

The process was long and tedious, and it frequently led Harry into memories he'd rather not revisit. But Voldemort didn't say a word about them, something he was entirely grateful for.

He now had a "mindscape," as it was called. His visualisation skills were fairly good, and he was able to construct it easily.

He needed somewhere to store his memories. So, he chose a castle—Hogwarts, to be specific. There were traps around every corner, mostly prank-inspired, and a roaming Cerberus that tried to chase even Harry.

The issue was deciding where to lay the memories. He and Voldemort argued on and on (“Don’t store them in an obvious place.” “Then how will I find them?”) but they settled on a half-and-half approach.

His important memories were closely guarded not only in the Chamber of Secrets, but also in the kitchen behind the fruit painting. Down in the Chamber, the basilisk was there along with Fawkes, who got along in his mindscape.

Less important, mundane memories were wrapped around those, but they also littered the library and common rooms. Certain bricks would also activate memories, and more distant, blurry ones, were in the Forbidden Forest.

“That’s fine for the first lesson.” Voldemort tapped his stack of papers together and aligned them in a neat pile.

“My brain hurts.” Harry complained, warm sweat dripping from his brow. The mental work was more taxing than Quidditch practice.

“You are advancing slower than I would prefer. We will meet daily until you’re at an acceptable level.”

Harry banged his head against the table.

“Stop that. It does not aid you.” Voldemort hit him with the stack of papers like a misbehaving dog.

“It makes me feel better.”

“Find a better way to cope, or retreat to your mindscape.” Voldemort stood, casting a long shadow over him.

Harry was left to his own devices for the rest of the day. Being a Dark Lord was apparently a busy task.

Fortunately for Harry, he was able to explore the rest of the manor. Voldemort put a tracking spell on him, much to his annoyance, but it was better than being cooped up in his room all day.

He strolled through the garden on a weary, cloudy day. The overcast had fog rolling through the bushes and obscuring anything more than a few meters ahead of him.

But it was peaceful.

Past a row of flowers that looked like blue butterflies was a bench in front of a fountain. A cold mist covered him, but it was reassuring in a way.

Lean arms wrapped around his waist. Harry jumped, thrashing for a second, but relaxed as soon as he heard a light chuckle.

“How did you get here?” Harry asked, leaning back into Tom’s chest.

“I can walk, you know.” He nuzzled Harry’s hair. “And it’s easy to track your magical signature.”

“Okay,” He replied, basking in the attention.

They didn’t wait long to take the bench. Harry rested his head in Tom’s lap, eyes closed. They were in a peaceful silence as Tom traced Harry’s facial features.

No matter how hard the day was, Harry rested easily, knowing that he’d always have someone to return to.

Chapter End Notes

Voldemort: Yer a horcrux, Harry

Harry: what

Tom: what

Harry: I'm stressed

Tom: Cuddles for you, free of charge

Young Voldemort

Chapter Summary

Harry is harmed in another training session. A raid on the manor forces death eaters into Riddle manor. And Voldemort discovers horrifying information.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Severus's form shook.

Harry Potter was abducted by the Dark Lord.

He tried to push down the whirlwind of emotions. They only came back stronger. He groaned, throwing himself onto his sofa.

The Dark Lord has stopped his crusade against Harry Potter.

That was good, on the surface. Severus had sworn a vow on his magic and life that he would protect Potter at any cost. He no longer had to dance the edge between complying with the Dark Lord and saving Potter's life.

A piece of the Dark Lord's soul was within Potter's.

Albus had told him about the Dark Lord's horcruxes. Severus was the man that contained the ring's curse to Albus's hand. Besides the curse, a horcrux was a dangerous piece of dark magic to even touch. And it had been living in Potter for almost his entire life.

The Dark Lord cannot die without Potter dying first.

That was the flaw in his perfect world. He could not kill Potter nor be involved in his death. His tough teaching in class was toeing the line as it is. The war could not be won without Potter being dead.

What would Albus say?

He wouldn't - couldn't - reveal that piece of information. Albus would do everything in his power to kill the boy for the greater good of the wixen world. And Severus would have to fight against him.

The Dark Lord would win the war.

He didn't lose when he attacked the Potters. In fact, he had sealed the fate of the war at that point. Everything Severus had been working for - all the healing their world had done - was

futile. The Dark Lord would continue to come back even after death.

The Death Eaters wouldn't give up if the Dark Lord died.

The man proclaimed he wasn't mortal time and time again. When he came back, he proved it. Anyone would give their hand to prevent the agonising torture they endured their first meeting. Severus wasn't exempt from that either, he was only a little lighter on him because he still worked under Albus.

He was stuck.

Side with the Dark Lord, become a second-class citizen due to his blood status. Have his students taken away because they weren't fortunate enough to be born into an all-magical family. His world would crumble, dying until it's reduced to ashes.

Side with Albus, and Potter dies. If he knew - the sinking feeling in his gut told him Albus knew - then he would want Potter dead. Severus would have to either be left out or fight against the plans.

And Potter's death didn't guarantee that the Light would win.

Severus sighed, pulling himself from his sofa. He swept over to his room, to his nightstand. In a drawer, he pulled out an old, yellowed photo.

"Lily," He touched the red-headed girl, who smiled and laughed in the photo, "I have failed you. I can't succeed."

Harry took an awkward stance in front of Voldemort.

"Feet further apart," Voldemort commanded, prodding his hip with the tip of his wand.

"Ow!" Harry complained. But he moved his feet.

"No, more to the centre. You're too far inward."

They had been correcting his stance for close to an hour, and frankly, Harry was about to take "not seeing the light of day" over this. He thought they'd be duelling on day one, only to learn that was maybe in a week or two.

"Perfect," Voldemort said after another ten minutes. "Memorise that; engrain it in your memory."

Harry rolled his eyes.

A hard prod was sent to his ribs. Harry tumbled to the floor, groaning and trying to regain his breath. He glared at Voldemort, who looked quite smug. Bastard, messing up all his work.

But he couldn't ignore the racing electricity that filled him when they touched.

He bit his lip, "Did you feel that?" He asked, standing back up.

"Be more specific."

"The... electricity? Give me your hand." Harry raised his hand, palm facing Voldemort.

Voldemort looked skeptical, but pressed their palms together.

Again, there was a steady hum of electricity. But he couldn't help but notice how abnormally cold Voldemort was. It reminded him more of a corpse than a person.

"I... see." Voldemort's eyebrows furrowed. "I assume it's due to the horcrux. Does it pain you?"

"No, but it's growing stronger." The hum inched toward his brain.

The moment he felt it go over his eyes, an unholy pain overtook him. He dropped to his knees and rested his head against the cool floor. Sticky blood leaked from his scar, dripping into his eyes.

He was acutely aware that Voldemort was watching him. When the pain had dissipated enough, he staggered to his feet.

Then, Voldemort reached out and directly touched his scar.

The pain blinded his vision. He hit the ground and retched onto the floor. The acidic taste in his mouth made him want to vomit again. He spat, trying to regain his composure.

"Interesting." Voldemort vanished his puke.

"*Interesting*," Harry mocked back.

"Perhaps, hm, I will need to look closer at the horcrux embedded in your soul." Voldemort pressed a glass of water into Harry's hands. "I believe it's because the bond wasn't solidified. The pain, theoretically, should go away. Or at least your reaction won't be as violent."

"What - What do you have to do?" Did he have to murder someone again?

"Hm, I will not disclose the specifics, but it involves splashing the object with my blood. I assume it is the same, however, you may have to drink it." Voldemort looked like he was about to say more, but stopped.

Harry cringed.

He was no stranger to tasting blood. He'd swallowed his own blood several times before, but swallowing someone else's was a whole different ballgame. Particularly Voldemort's blood. He wasn't even sure the man *had* any.

"I will research more. We simply will not touch for extended periods of time. I will give you a few minutes to compose yourself while I look for books on the subject." Voldemort turned

on his heel and stalked off.

Harry limped to his bag. He needed some type of reassurance. His hands found the cold diary in an instant and flipped open the pages. The diary sensed his distress, and an inky blackness spilt out.

“What ires you?” Tom asked, gently wiping away the sweat on Harry’s forehead with his sleeve. The tingle returned, but it was warm, like stepping into a hot bath.

“I found out if I touch Voldemort for long enough - or he touches my scar - it basically crucio’s me for a few seconds.” He complained. Harry flopped on the floor and rested his head on Tom’s lap.

“That’s odd. It doesn’t hurt when I touch it, does it?” He hesitated to put his hand down.

“No, quite the opposite.” Harry placed Tom’s hand on his head, demanding to be pet. “He said that it’s because the horcrux isn’t solidified. I might have to drink his blood or something.”

Tom’s nose crinkled. “Hopefully not. Do you need any pain relief?”

“It’s fine; I can deal with it.” Harry tossed and turned in Tom’s lap. He curled up into a tighter ball and buried his face into Tom’s stomach. Tom let out a sigh but continued to stroke his hair.

“If you say so.”

They stayed that way for a while. Just content in each other’s presence, happy to simply exist.

But a thought brewed in Harry’s mind.

“Do you feel anything?”

“Hm? Well, it feels nice. I can feel your heat. I can’t feel temperature, and my sense of touch, hearing, and smell is much duller. But with you... there isn’t any of that.” He admitted, stroking his cheek.

What about taste?

Harry blushed at the thought.

“Hm?” Tom asked. “You got warm. Are you feverish?”

Harry wanted to curl up and die. “Um, no, just ah, nothing.”

“If you’re sure.”

Harry snuggled closer, trying to conceal his burning cheeks. He could forget everything when they were like this. It was nice to just bask in another’s presence.

But all good things must come to an end. The moment he heard footsteps, he quickly hid Tom. It saddened him to see him go, but he knew that he'd get a visit that night.

Voldemort came into the room with eight books in his arms. Five were thick, large tomes that looked ancient, while three were thin and almost more like pamphlets than actual books. He sat the stacks on a table that was pushed against the wall.

With a flick of his hand, he summoned a chair and began flipping through pages of the large ones. Harry hmphed; did Voldemort even remember he was there?

"Stop acting like I neglect you. Get into a duelling stance and put up a shield. I will send spells to you, and you will block them." Voldemort flicked his wand from his holster.

Harry perked up. Finally! Some sort of action!

He hopped to his feet and stood in position.

"Further to your left," Voldemort said, "and put your right foot back a bit."

Harry groaned. They spent five minutes perfecting his pose, and at that point, Harry felt stiff and unnatural. Voldemort rolled his eyes and propped up his book as soon as Harry was perfect.

"Stupefy." Voldemort flicked at him before Harry had a chance to summon his shield.

He barely managed a weak Protego in time before another spell shot at him, this time an off-orange colour. His shield broke, and Harry forced more magic into the next one. This one was stronger, larger, and it could cover most of his body.

"Focus on having a smaller shield." Voldemort sent a nasty hex to him.

"Why? Isn't it better to have a bigger one?" Harry asked as small white cracks formed in his shield.

"Only if you are being attacked from multiple angles. Small shields work best, as they use less magic, and are quicker to manoeuvre than a larger shield. You just need more accuracy." He lazily flicked off another spell.

Doubtful, but knowing he was probably correct, Harry cancelled the spell and started to cast another one when needles pricked his left leg. He staggered, hissing curses, as he saw the fabric had been ripped open and tiny abrasions were on his skin.

"We will work on changing the power in a spell without recasting it. Again." Voldemort paused for a second to give him time to recuperate.

Another twenty spells later, and Harry was tired. He could hardly move the shield on time before another one came at him. And Voldemort wasn't even trying! He was just haphazardly flicking spells at him while calmly reading his books.

An idea struck him. Harry forced more magic into his shield and made the shield push out against the next spell instead of absorbing it. The red spell bounced off his shield and ran directly to Voldemort.

The man, not paying attention, took the full brunt of the spell. A short slash cut across his face and the corner of the little pamphlet-book was knicked. Harry smirked.

Voldemort closed his book slowly and ran his finger over the cuts.

A yellow spell shot out of Voldemort's wand. It blasted through Harry's shield and struck his hip.

Harry crumpled. Little shards of his hip bone were shaving off and impaling his joint. He whimpered, biting down hard on his lip as he just hoped for the pain to stop. But it didn't.

The whimpers morphed into small sobs as he could feel the ball of his bone slowly dissolving, like a jawbreaker. He banged his head against the ground to try to distract himself.

"Is it still going?" Voldemort asked in surprise.

Harry couldn't say anything as he was trying to stop himself from screaming. The bone had run out and was now shredding his muscle. His hand was clamped against the area, and he could already feel a soft, squishy spot forming.

"No, no, it should have ended a long time ago..." Voldemort loomed over him.

Harry shied away as Voldemort kneeled down. He curled into a tighter ball, trying his best to make himself as small as possible.

"Here, let me see it." Voldemort raised his hand.

Harry shielded his face with his arms. The spell had progressed, ripping apart the thin layer of fat and moving on to the underside of his skin. Voldemort hesitated, but placed his hand on his hip.

"Shit." Voldemort cursed.

He mumbled a few words in parseltongue, and the spell stopped. Harry choked in a breath, then kept his mouth shut. It burned, like molten iron being poured into his socket.

Voldemort muttered more words in parseltongue, and his entire leg went numb. Harry sighed, his lungs cramping from holding his breath for so long. The tingles were starting up as well.

"I'm bringing you back to your room. I know a potion that will fix this within the hour." Voldemort scooped him up and Harry's bag was magically lifted into his lap.

"*Be quick.*" Harry hissed, wrapping a hand around the bag's strap. "The electricity is moving."

Voldemort nodded and speed-walked out of the room. He just barely made it to his room in time, depositing Harry on his bed as soon as possible.

The man was in and out of his room within minutes. Harry laid there, diary clutched against his chest. It calmed him.

"Here," Voldemort said as he handed him two vials. "The purple one will fix the damages, and the other is a pain reliever. Take both."

Harry downed the two foul potions. The aftertaste combination was even worse. Voldemort barked for Pipskey to get him some pumpkin juice to sip on. Even then, it didn't help too much.

"I am - "Voldemort hesitated, glancing at his wand, whose tip started to glow grey, and then he looked relieved. "I need to leave. A Death Eater is calling me. Rest and heal."

Harry let out a long sigh as the door slammed shut. He summoned Tom, needing some relaxation before he fell asleep.

Voldemort's glours went up the moment he exited the room. Another meeting was required of him. This time, it was Severus who asked for him. It was almost never good when Severus called; most of the time it was news of the Order planning a new, effective way to derail his plans.

The man in question stood in the entrance hall, pacing. Voldemort sighed. Not a good sign either. But delaying the inevitable never ended well.

"Severus, what is it?" The first name still felt foreign on his tongue. Had he ever called them by their names, even at the beginning? He couldn't remember.

"My Lord!" Severus's voice was practically quaking. "Dumbledore has figured out that Potter has been kidnapped instead of running away. He has managed to convince the Aurors to raid Malfoy Manor to try to find him. It's happening in two hours."

"What." Voldemort hissed. Most of the Azkaban prisoners lived there. Hell, most of their *everything* was there.

"What will we do, my Lord?" Severus appeared just as distressed as he was.

Voldemort didn't hesitate, he yanked Severus's arm and pressed his bone-white wand onto the dark mark. He called for everyone. They needed as much help as they could get, especially at this time of night.

"You will start moving everything here. Work for efficiency, not organisation. Scrub every piece of our existence from there. My followers will stay here." Voldemort grabbed Severus' arm and apparated them into Malfoy Manor.

Narcissa was, as always, already up. She was less dressed, in a nightgown, but she looked as alert as ever. Behind her, yawning and rubbing his eyes, was Lucius. His eyes widened as he looked at the Dark Lord.

“There will be a raid here in two hours. Gather everything and bring it to my manor. Only the inner circle is allowed to transport; however, I may extend the offer to the middle circle. Relay this to everyone.” Voldemort didn’t stop to make sure they understood and instead rushed to the guest wing.

Approximately 93 Death Eaters were staying at Malfoy Manor. Others had been welcomed to hide in their ancestral homes, but the rest were not so lucky. Voldemort summoned firecrackers from his wand and lit them ablaze.

Loud bangs rang out in the hall. Moments later, the convicts were peering out from their doors, second-hand wands raised. Voldemort cast a sonours on his voice.

“You need to evacuate. Do not leave a trace of your existence. When you are ready, report to the entrance of the hall. You have one hour.” There was much more than just the Death Eaters to worry about.

“My Lord, I will make sure the rooms are cleared, as will my family.” Bellatrix reported a deathly serious expression on her face.

“You all have heard of this possibility; use your emergency kits.” Voldemort rushed to Bellatrix’s room first.

“Come, Bellatrix. You need to be prepared first. I will have Narcissa check instead.”

Voldemort and Bellatrix rushed to pack everything. Part of their emergency kit contained a bottomless, feather-light bag that could fit everything. It was painfully hard to enchant them, but they were vital in situations like this.

He found a disturbing amount of Daily Prophet cutouts of him and mentions of him, but he was too stressed to care. Within minutes, Bellatrix was ready. Leaving her room, Rodolphus and Rabastan were packed as well.

He apparated them all to his manor and instructed them to guide the Death Eaters to the guest wing. He’d have to host at least a few in the family wing, but he’d reserve those for his inner circle.

“Don’t settle yourselves. Anyone in the inner circle or upper-middle circle is to wait. I may have to host the family wing.” At times like this, he was glad he had extended Riddle Manor to twice its original size.

Bellatrix’s eyes gleamed at the thought.

Time was drawing close. And everyone was exhausted. Anyone, including Voldemort, would be after more than 30 apparitions. Again, he thanked himself for opening his wards to his inner circle.

Ten minutes.

That was all the time they had to spare. They had barely gotten the last of the dark artefacts out of there. Voldemort sent off Narcissa with strict instructions to sip a dreamless sleep to make it look like she'd been sleeping the entire time. She thanked him profusely and went off.

In the end, all eight of the Azkaban escapees from his inner circle needed to be moved into the family wing. Bellatrix, Rodolphus, and Rabastan LeStrange, Lucius Malfoy, Barty Crouch Jr., Amycus and Alecto Carrow, and Tiberius Nott all needed to be hosted.

"Need I remind you that Harry Potter is not to be harmed. Antagonising him, though tempting, will result in a fight you will not win because you will not harm him. Understood?" He spoke more to Bellatrix than to the others..

There were some tentative agreements, but they were still agreements. He settled them in the rooms furthest from Harry's, which put them at the entrance of the wing.

"Do not pass the garden door unless specifically instructed." He pointed to the door in the middle of the hall.

"The lounge, kitchen, and library are on this side." He gestured opposite their rooms.

"Thank you so much, My Lord." Bellatrix giggled. She acted like he had offered her his bed!

"Sleep. Your bodies are still healing."

Voldemort watched as they each entered their rooms (Bellatrix has asked for one separate from her husband's) before casting a detection ward. It would alert him whenever someone entered or left the rooms. Another one was placed a few metres away from the garden door.

He hesitated at Harry's door. He'd be awake by now, but he wasn't sure how he'd take the news.

Since when did he care?

He shook his head.

Voldemort opened the door.

"What?" He muttered.

On the bed, wrapped up in sheets, was a younger version of himself. He was *cuddling* Potter. Running his hands through Potter's hair as the boy softly snored. And looking so happy while doing so.

His younger self looked up from Potter. A flicker of fear crossed his face, then amusement.

"Merlin, you're ugly."

Voldemort stepped back. How dare he—how dare his younger self insult him like that! He dropped his glamours with a glare on his face.

“Oh, that’s what he meant by that.” Young Voldemort laughed. *Laughed.*

“How are you here?” Voldemort asked.

How on earth had he returned? In physical form, he could interact with the environment. But there was something different about his magic. Like it had twisted slightly. Young Voldemort looked apprehensive, but answered.

“Horcrux, obviously.”

“Which one?” He tried to remember how old he could have been, but the memory evaded him.

“Diary.”

“Potter said he killed you.” At that, Young Voldemort laughed again.

“My death was greatly exaggerated. There wasn’t enough basilisk venom to completely destroy me, but it took up all my magical reserves to keep myself from dying. Then Potter got a hold of me and cut himself on the page. I absorbed his magic.” He said it as if it were the most obvious thing.

Voldemort raised an eyebrow. “And what about... this?” He nodded to them.

“I siphon magic through an emotional response. This,” He gestured to them, “elicits a very happy response.”

“Does he know?”

“Of course he does. He knew of me, but he only gained my identity after Vernon nearly beat him to death.” Voldemort scowled.

“And why didn’t he tell me?” Anger sparked within him—something he hadn’t felt towards Potter in a while.

Potter groaned in his sleep. He shifted, burying his face in Young Voldemort’s chest and gripping at his shirt. Young Voldemort glared at him.

“Calm down. Do you think I *want* to be trapped under dozens of enchantments again? Do you think I *want* to be forced back into the diary again? Do you think I *want* to be treated like he is?” He hissed venomously.

“I didn’t think you were fully sentient.” True, he knew it contained his thoughts at the time, but to be fully corporeal and able to think on his own accord? Never.

Young Voldemort tched. “Of course you didn’t.”

They stood there in silence.

Potter, as always, had impeccable timing.

He snuggles closer, bumping against Young Voldemort's chin. His leg swung over Young Voldemort's hips, and Potter shivered pleasantly.

"Patronus," He muttered sleepily.

Voldemort's jaw tightened.

"When he wakes up, call for Pipskey and use her to send for me. He is not to leave the room until we talk." He backed away and shut the door before hearing the answer.

He didn't know whether to be disgusted or glad. His horcrux wasn't destroyed - the one that had 50% of his soul - and he was able to be corporeal now. But he didn't know what to think about the other.

The idea of Potter cuddling up to his 16-year-old Horcux was never a possibility. Never a *thought*. Potter even called him a Patronus. A beacon of pure happiness and light. The polar opposite of him.

He wasn't even sure what to think - by all means, his horcrux's reactions should be the same as they would have been back then. And he wouldn't have done any of that, even to Abraxas. Nothing so intimate.

Perhaps 50 years trapped in a diary did harm to the psyche.

Isolation would be a motive for any type of physical contact. Even if he was repulsed by it, he still interacted with or bumped into people. Professors would literally pat him on the back all the time.

Yes, that's what it must be.

Voldemort didn't get much sleep that night.

He saw himself from another perspective. Harry was leaning over himself, his hand hovering over his chest. In his sleep, Dream-Harry rolled onto his side. A spider crawled onto him. Harry brushed away the spider, his hand pale.

Dream-Harry leaned into the touch, and a wave of power rushed through Harry. He pulled his hand back, and Dream-Harry let out a short sigh. Harry hesitantly reapplied his hand to him. He recognised another wave of power—magic, he recognised.

He gently patted himself for hours.

Harry awoke reluctantly. It felt amazing just to cuddle up to someone, and he knew they'd part when he woke.

However, he was the only one awake.

Tom was sleeping, his chest moving slowly up and down. He appeared to be at ease just lying there. His slight furrow to the brow and slightly downturned lips were gone, instead resting neutrally.

With a gossamer's touch, Harry coasted his thumb over his cheek. Tom twitched, *leaning* into his touch. Butterflies bubbled in Harry's stomach. He reached out again, this time cupping his face. Tom breathed out, almost a sigh, and shuffled closer to him.

A smile stretched itself across Harry's face. He shuffled himself until he reached eye level. There, he carded his hands through his hair as softly as he could. A part of him melted as Tom snuggled up to him.

Tom's hands, which were wrapped around his waist, gripped him closer, clawing at the fabric of his shirt. It brought his face nearer. Pale-pink lips were parted slightly. Soft, warm, breath blew in his face.

Taste.

The word repeated itself in his head. He banished the thought and chose to focus on other matters.

But Harry could not imagine anything better.

For a while, he continues to preen him.

Tom's eyes slowly cracked open. Brown, Harry noted. A warm, dark chocolate brown. He had thought they were red for the longest time. His pupils were wide and trained on him.

"Morning." He said.

"Morning. Sleep well?" Harry asked, still brushing through his hair. He hadn't even encountered a knot yet.

"Very," He yawned, "You?"

"Spectacular ." It was the best sleep of his life.

"Mhh," Tom hummed in agreement. His eyes scanned Harry's face. "Have you always looked this bright?"

"Um," Harry's face was flushed. "I think?"

Tom laughed, thumbing his cheek. "You are just such a bright light. How fortunate I am to have encountered you."

Tom drew their faces a little closer, their noses almost touching. He leaned up and placed a soft kiss against Harry's forehead. Electricity thrummed through his veins, warm and relaxing like a hot bath.

His thumb traced Harry's facial features. Around his under-eye, to his cheekbones, down across his jawline - Tom stopped at his lips. He paused, brushing against Harry's bottom lip with a contemplative look in his eyes. His hand withdrew.

A frown crossed his handsome face. "Pipskey?"

A pop later, and a house elf appeared.

"Tell Voldemort we're up." Tom sighed.

"Young Master will inform Master." Pipskey bowed and popped away.

"Hm?" Harry asked, perplexed.

Tom sighed. "Voldemort decided to intrude on us when you had just fallen asleep. He asked some questions, didn't like the answers, and told me to alert the house elf when you were awake. He needs to talk to you or something."

Harry couldn't help but blush.

"Maybe he'll stop intruding. He needs to learn how to knock." Harry huffed. He walked in on him changing twice.

"Mh, yes. That would be great, wouldn't it, love?" Harry's face turned to fire.

Tom reluctantly drew away. Harry already missed his touch. The warmth, the gentle caresses, even just the presence. But he'd have to suck it up if Voldemort was coming. But he knew he'd always have him at night.

A knock sounded from the door. Harry and Tom looked at each other, smirking. They separated further, sitting criss-crossed in front of each other.

"Come in! I'm decent!" Harry smiled as he yelled.

Voldemort reluctantly entered the chamber. His eyes flickered from Harry to Tom, then back again.

"Leave," He commanded Tom.

"No. Whatever you say will just get back to me anyway." Tom rolled his eyes.

"Leave." He said again.

Tom groaned, but complied. He turned into a floating liquid of black ink and hopped back into the diary on the nightstand. Harry looked at Voldemort questioningly.

“Yesterday, there was a raid on Malfoy Manor. The rest of the Death Eaters are housed in the Manor. Bellatrix, Rodolphus, and Rasbatin Lestrange, Lucius Malfoy, Barty Crouch Jr., Amycus and Alecko Carrow, and Tiberius Nott are in the family wing, where we are.”

“They are under strict instructions not to harm you; however, tread carefully. I do not want you in the main manor. You have access to the kitchen, lounge, library, garden, training room, and spare room. If you ever leave the confines of this manor, it will be when I accompany you. Understood?”

Harry nodded.

“Wait, Barty Crouch Jr. is alive?” Harry exclaimed. Great, someone who tried to murder him was alive.

“Yes.” Voldemort answered. “Lucius swapped him out for a muggle when he was getting the dementor’s kiss.”

There was fear within him. He’d encountered all of those Death Eaters. Vicious, foul people, who’d sooner kill him than anyone else. He swallowed hard. Hopefully, they’d heed the warning.

“Kitchen?” He asked. He didn’t know there was one.

“Yes, there is a separate kitchen for the family-specific house elves. If you are ever hungry and Pipskey is busy, walk down and ask for food.” Harry bounced at his words.

“Can I cook there?” Voldemort looked at him sceptically.

“I assume so? I have never tried.” Voldemort shrugged.

“Is anyone there right now?” Harry jumped out of bed.

“I do not know. Be careful.” Voldemort stared at him with a knowing look on his face. It wasn’t as if Harry looked for trouble; trouble seemed to find him.

“I’ll try.”

Chapter End Notes

Harry: Pain

Tom: lemme help you

Voldemort: bro wtf

Tom: yer an asshole, get away from my cuddle-buddy

Seeing Double

Chapter Summary

Harry and Tom finally have a moment. Another player enters the game.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The kitchen countertops were massive marble tiles. Fire-baked ovens and enchanted ice boxes were lining the back wall, with huge pantries on the other two. The countertop opened up into a small dining area, but the table was currently filled with meals for breakfast.

Soft music filtered through the room at Harry's request. Harry scooted past the house elves as he gathered ingredients. They prepared the window counter for him to cook whatever he was making.

And today, he was feeling brownies for breakfast.

Hips swished around as he hummed, mixing the bowl of chocolate batter. Tom hopped down from the counter and walked behind Harry.

"What are you thinking?" Harry asked. Tom wrapped his hands around his waist.

"I'm thinking about how good these brownies are going to taste." Tom rested his chin on Harry's head.

"You can taste in this form?" Harry asked, scooping a small spoonful of batter with an extra spoon.

"Yes, dull, but yes."

Harry offered the scoop of batter above his head. Tom lunged for it.

"Mhh, tastiest thing I've had so far, love."

A smile stretched across Harry's face. He continued to cook, adding some chocolate chips here and some flour there, until he was satisfied with the batter. Tom helped him until they had four large pans of batter.

"Perhaps I made too much." Harry stated. Tom laughed.

"Maybe present it as a peace offering? Death Eaters would really like some brownies." Tom said sarcastically, though Harry did seriously consider it.

“Maybe.”

Fresh from the oven, Harry and Tom munched on the soft brownies. They were still so soft, practically falling apart in their hands, but they were more than happy to continue eating them. Tom cast a glance at him.

“You got a little something there.” Tom reached out and wiped away a streak of chocolate from Harry’s mouth with his thumb.

Then he licked it.

Thoughts swirled in Harry’s brain.

“Tasty.” Tom moved closer to him. “Wonder what else tastes good?”

A fire blossomed across Harry’s face. He could feel Tom almost on top of him now. The warmth from him was intoxicating, ushering him in like a moth to a flame. Tom leaned in closer, his gaze fixed on Harry's.

Harry’s mind whirled. It was a bit sudden, no? Or, or did Tom feel the same way the entire time and only now was acting? Did he enjoy his presence just as much? Or was Harry just misinterpreting the situation? Tom placed a finger under Harry’s chin and tilted his face up.

“Mind if I try a taste, love?” He asked softly, a crooked smile on his face.

“I wouldn’t mind.” Harry tried to tease, but it came off as an odd stutter.

Tom leaned in, his hot breath on Harry's face. Harry’s eyes fluttered closed, unable to keep themselves open. He could just barely feel Tom’s lips brushing against his own. So soft.

The entrance door to the kitchen slammed open.

Harry yanked away in alarm. Tom looked up, hurt, but followed his gaze.

Standing in the doorway was, a very much alive, Barty Crouch Jr. It took him a few moments of surveying the room to find Harry and Tom, but his eyes narrowed as he looked at them.

“Harry Potter,” Barty Crouch spat.

“Barty Crouch Jr.,” Harry hissed. How dare he, of all people, interrupt them?

Tom nodded to Harry, then to the brownies.

Harry sighed.

“Want a brownie?” Harry offered one of the plates.

Barty stared at the plate sceptically. He glanced at Tom, who had taken another brownie from the plate.

"All right," Barty said, hesitantly walking forward.

He snatched a brownie and nibbled on it. A surprised expression lit his face, and a questioning expression crossed his face.

“Which house elf made these?” Barty asked, taking a full bite.

"This house elf," Harry said, motioning to himself.

“Really?” Barty asked, reaching for another brownie.

“Obviously.” Harry rolled his eyes. “I enjoy baking.”

Barty didn't reply and chose to eat more of Harry's brownies. Tom gently slid one of the other plates to a house elf, and they pressed a finger against their lips and popped away.

“Such a common thing to do.” The man commented.

“Do you enjoy being a foul person, or is it just a hobby?” Tom asked, throwing the last piece of brownie into his mouth. Harry snorted.

Barty drew his head back, a snarl on his face. “And who may you be?”

Harry stared at Barty. Was Voldemort always Snake-Face to the Death-Eaters, or was he handsome at some point while he commanded them? He'd have to ask at some point.

Tom cackled manically. “Who am I? I am a shard of Voldemort's soul. I split from him when he was sixteen. We are one in the same person; we share the same past, the same memories, and the same ambitions.” He monologued. Harry thought it could have a little more malicious glee.

Barty's eyes went wide. He threw himself to his knees and stared at the floor.

“Pardon me My Lord, I was unaware of your presence. How may I atone for my transgressions?” He pleaded, not daring to stare at them.

Tom raised an eyebrow at Harry. Harry shrugged.

“For now, I'll just give you a warning. Any other transgressions will be met with punishment.” Tom commanded with just a hint of uncertainty in his voice.

“Of course, My Lord. Is there anything else I may do?” Barty stayed on the floor.

“*He trains them well.*” Tom hissed, sending a glance at Harry.

“*As much as I hate to agree, I do.*” Harry hissed and nodded.

“When you pass them, warn the others that there will be consequences to your rudeness.” Tom crossed his legs, glaring down at Barty.

“Of course, My Lord. Is there anything else I may do?” Barty repeated.

“No,” Tom waved him off.

Barty stood, stared at them for a second, and walked off stiffly. Harry let out a breath he didn't know he was holding. Sure, he knew that living with Death-Eaters would have their problems, he just didn't know they'd be easily solved. Tom was an amazing deterrent.

Harry gave Tom an appreciative look. Tom smirked and shifted closer to him. He snaked his arm around his waist and pulled him in.

"Now, where were we?" Tom asked, tracing Harry's jawline with his index finger.

Harry opened his mouth to tease, but the door slammed open *again*. Harry hmped as Tom drew away with an angry expression across his face. A moment of fear passed through Harry as he remembered that same look on his face as it had been in the Chamber of Secrets.

Tom growled, snatching Harry's wand off the table.

"Stupefy!" He growled.

A bright red light streaked through the room. A short scream belted from Bellatrix's mouth as it made contact with her, blasting her to the floor. Harry smirked. It was always a good time to see Bellatrix hurt.

"Who are you, and why does no one here know how to knock on doors?" Tom spat at them. Harry leaned over and saw two other men he didn't recognise, though they looked similar. Behind them, he saw more shadows dart away.

"It is true," Bellatrix said through laboured breathing. "It feels like the Dark Lord's magic."

"Reveal your names!" Tom shouted. His irritation was only growing.

"Lady Bellatrix Lestrange, nee Black." Bellatrix rose to her feet and bowed.

"Lord Rodolphus Lestrange." The man with the middle part said

"Rabastan Lestrange." The man with the side-part said.

"Lestrange? By whom your parents?" Tom jabbed his wand at them.

"Corvus the sixth and Berleta Lestrange." Rabastan and Rodolphus answered at the same time.

"Cygnus Black the third, and Druella Black nee Rosier." Bellatrix answered, not taking her eyes away from Tom. Harry bristled.

Tom's nose crinkled at Rabastan and Rodolphus's answer. Harry sent him a questioning look. There was a moment of silence, then Tom relented.

"Berleta and Covus were first cousins." Tom explained. "They resented each other and nearly killed each other when they found out they were betrothed. I assume they were glad when the heir and the spare were born at once."

Harry felt a cold shiver take over his body at the heir and the spare comment.

“That’s super gross.” Harry commented, trying to sound lighthearted.

Tom picked up on his discomfort, but didn’t say anything. Tom twirled Harry’s wand, contemplating.

“Continue with your business.” Tom instructed them, keeping Harry’s wand on him.

The three of them snatched a few trays of breakfast and scampered away. Bellatrix lingered, but Rodolphus pulled her away.

Tom grabbed Harry by his wrist and guided him back to their room. He locked the door with a quick spell and hoisted Harry into bed.

He knitted a hand through Harry’s hair and used his other arm as a pillow for Harry’s head. Harry blushed into his shirt collar, not quite sure where things were going but excited nonetheless. Harry wrapped his arms around Tom’s waist and snuggled deeper. Tom’s muscles were tense, and irritation was deeply embedded in his bones.

Slowly, Tom relaxed. It took a while, but he finally stopped clenching his jaw and lost the stiffness in his biceps.

Tom cupped Harry’s face and pulled him close. Harry could see every inky-black eyelash on Tom’s face and every speck of gold in his chocolate-coloured eyes. He breathed, smelling like fresh brownies, and parted his mouth.

“Now, can we finally continue?” He asked, wetting his lips.

“Finally,” Harry inched closer.

Tom closed the gap. Their lips pressed together firmly. But their kiss still remained soft, enough to stir the butterflies in Harry’s stomach. Electricity filled his body, racing up and down his spine. His heart was beating out of his chest, and he could feel heat beating down on his face.

It was short. But sweet. Tom drew away, still cupping his face.

“Would you like more of this?” Tom asked, lingering close to his face.

“Why wouldn’t I?” Harry reached up and pecked his lips.

Tom took hold of his face and pulled him in for a deeper kiss. There was more force behind it—more emotion that sent tingles throughout Harry’s body. He tried to push through all of his enjoyment, all of the healing nights, and all of the wonderful touches, into it. Harry carded his hands through Tom’s hair, desperate to have any hold on him.

They drew away for a breath, a thin trail of spit breaking from their lips. Harry wiped his mouth; his face was surely on fire. Tom himself had a peachy streak across his cheeks.

“You know,” Tom pulled him into his chest and coasted his hands along his side until they reached Harry’s waist. “I thought this would make these... feelings stop.”

At that moment, a small piece of Harry broke.

“But,” Tom continued. “I think it only solidified them.”

“I mean,” Harry fidgeted, “I’m okay with it if you are.”

“You seem very forgiving of someone who tried to murder you.” He rubbed circles into Harry’s back.

Harry laughed. “I mean, it’s a regular occurrence for me.” Harry held Tom closer. “Join the club.”

Tom tensed. “It shouldn’t be.”

“Well, it should happen less now. Voldemort doesn’t want to kill me. Death Eaters shouldn’t try to kill me. You would have killed me by now. I don’t have much to worry about.” Harry stopped for a second to think. “Okay, Dolorus Umbridge may want to kill me. I have the Ministry to worry about.”

“Who’s Dolorus Umbridge, love?” Fingers dug into Harry’s waist.

“Oh, where do I *start*?” Harry said exasperatedly.

Harry stared into crimson eyes. Another occlumency lesson.

“So, what did you do during your fifth year?” Voldemort said, setting down his teacup.

There was a small itch in his eyes. The memory of a Dumbledore’s Army meeting appeared in his head. He changed the path, re-directing it to a memory of Snape berating him in Potions.

Voldemort nodded. He reached over and grabbed a biscuit. He dipped it in his tea and nibbled a bite.

“These are good. When did you learn how to cook?” He took a larger bite. Another itch, this time deeper and deeper into his brain.

The memory of Vernon pressing his small hand into a hot pan, still on the gas stove, bubbled up in his mind. Harry shoved it away, trying to think of something else. Him and Tom in the kitchen, Harry still making the batter while Tom held him close.

He shoved it away before it could play for longer. Harry brought forth a memory of him in Grimmauld Place helping Mrs. Weasley cook a pie.

Voldemort broke eye contact. He hummed to himself, jotting down a few notes on a piece of parchment. Harry sighed. He didn't know what he would have done if the baking memory went on for longer. Did it speak more to Tom's character that he came onto him, or to Harry's that he complied?

He would never attend another occlumency lesson if it did happen. Hell, he'd ask for life imprisonment at that point.

"You did okay today. You stumbled four out of ten times and only failed once. It is better than I would have thought for your elementary level of shields. Next time, I expect you to be perfect, then I will increase the difficulty." Voldemort crossed off a few lines on his list.

Harry sighed. "Got it."

It wasn't that he hated occlumency lessons; it was just that they made his brain hurt. And his body—he was constantly tense during the sessions, fearing that he might stumble across a more personal memory.

Voldemort would uncover those memories eventually; he knew that, but he wanted to prolong the unknown era until then. He focused back on the present, only to see Voldemort staring at him, but not meeting his eyes.

"I will say, I may have been a bit...harsh last duelling session. I will try not to be as reactive in the future." He breathed.

Was this an apology? It was the closest thing he'd heard from him so far. Frankly, Harry was taking it. He never expected an "I'm sorry" and was glad there was at least a little acknowledgement. Not that it made up for it, but it eased his paranoia for the next session.

Voldemort finished his tea and biscuits.

"What did you put in these?" Voldemort snatched another biscuit.

Harry thought for a moment. "The usual. I added more butter and cinnamon. I changed the ratios, and I cooked them for a shorter amount of time. I also used duck eggs; I'm not sure how that could have changed the chemistry of it." He rubbed his chin, thinking again.

"Why duck eggs?" Voldemort asked.

"Oh, I saw green eggs, and I thought they looked nice, so I added them." Harry admitted being a little embarrassed at his childish explanation.

Voldemort paused. "Would you mind giving the recipe to the house elves?"

Harry rolled his eyes. "If you want more, just ask. I cook far more than I can eat."

Voldemort furrowed his brow. "Are you certain? I would ask for these at least every other day."

Wow, he really liked them that much.

“Do I have anything better to do? I’ll ask the elves to keep the ingredients stocked.” Harry shrugged.

But a thought brewed in his mind. If Tom’s senses were dulled, were Voldemort’s? It would explain why he was so cold; if he couldn’t sense the temperature, he wouldn’t know to dress warmer.

Tom really liked his cooking as well. Did the fact that Harry baked it make it better for them? He’d have to investigate.

He ruminated on his thoughts as Voldemort escorted him to his room. Voldemort opened the door for him, but Harry froze in his place.

There was not one Tom in his room, but *two*.

The second was taller; his hair a bit longer, his skin quite a bit paler, and he wasn’t wearing a Slytherin cloak. He wore a dark green wool sweater vest with a grey button-up rolled up to his forearms instead. There was a little blood splatter at the end of his vest, just barely visible.

He leaned against Harry’s desk, his arms crossed. Tom sat on his bed, and they both seemed to be in the middle of chatting. Harry’s eyes narrowed. Tom looked duller than before.

“Why hello,” Other-Tom spoke, a smirk on his face. “You must be Harry Potter. He’s told me loads about you.”

His voice was deeper, smoother, and had a more confident undertone. Like he knew he was a handsome, intelligent bastard and was going to make the most of it.

Harry could already feel the light blush on his face.

Voldemort sighed hard. “How?” He pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Hm, same as him. Got some blood, took some magic. He gave me some of the siphoned magic once he knew I was sentient. Now, I’m physical. Mostly corporeal would be the better term.” Other-Tom explained.

Voldemort groaned. A spike of pain hit Harry’s scar.

“Just don’t cause any trouble.” Voldemort practically pushed Harry into the room and closed the door.

Harry was still in shock as Other-Tom approached him. He stalked up to him, lacing their hands together. He smirked down at him.

“I do know we’ll be getting along quite well. He—you call him Tom, right? Hm, you can call me Riddle, yes? I’ve heard you’re quite close.” He winked and brought Harry’s hand up to his mouth. He kissed the back of Harry’s hand. “We will get acquainted as well, I presume.”

“Uh, um, of course.” Harry stuttered. Riddle was very direct—much more than he would have thought.

Riddle tugged him over to the bed and pushed him on it. He laid down next to Harry and positioned him on his chest. A hand was placed on Harry's hip, gripping at his trousers.

"Tell me more about yourself now," Riddle stroked his cheek.

Harry's morning began better than ever before. He was at complete peace, but there was a hint of happiness peeking within him. Feeling well, but some tiredness persisted in his veins.

Tom had tucked Harry under his chin, his arms wrapped around his chest. Meanwhile, Riddle was curled against his shoulder, arms belted around his waist, his breath tickling his neck.

Harry couldn't imagine a better morning.

Well, his arms were trapped under both of them, but otherwise, perfect. He basked in their presence, loving every second of it just as much as the first. The brief thought of how the two managed to work this out ruminated in his mind.

He glanced down at Riddle. He, like Tom, looked more peaceful while he slept. Less bosterling with confidence, gone the manipulative smirk on his face, and the way he cocked his smirk.

Harry wasn't sure which one he preferred.

A knock sounded from his door. Harry tried to move his limbs but found himself stuck. He didn't want to wake either of them. They were both sandwiched too close for him to shimmy out of his tight situation.

"Uh," Harry called out, "I'm a bit stuck at the moment."

"What?" Voldemort saidspoke from outside the door.

"I'm - "

The door opened. Dammit, if he could only lock his door.

Voldemort stared at him in the doorway. His crimson eyes flickered from Harry, to Tom, to Riddle. He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose again as his forehead creased.

"Get up," Voldemort said in a commanding tone.

"I can't." Harry tried to wiggle free again, but he found himself unsuccessful.

In fact, it only made it worse. Both of them clung to him tighter, drawing him close enough to feel their heartbeats. If Harry could have stayed like that, he would have blown off their session. Voldemort's anger be damned.

"Aculeus." Voldemort spat, pointing his wand at the group of them.

The spell split in half as it reached closer. It struck Tom and Riddle simultaneously. They instantly awoke, yelping in pain. They rolled off of the bed, landing in a pose ready to strike. Even once they realised that Voldemort was the one to attack them, they stayed in position.

“Now you are not stuck.” Voldemort said, putting away his wand, “Duelling practice in five minutes.”

Harry groaned. He was too tired for duelling practice. But he got up anyway. The static tingles ran up and down his arms as he shook the sleep from his arms.

Digging around in his wardrobe, he plucked out a white button-up and dark brown trousers. He had just finished dressing when he felt a presence behind him. Riddle gently grabbed his wrists.

“Arms up,” Riddle said.

Harry complied, and he felt something slip over his head. Riddle’s dark green wool sweater vest was on him, reaching down to his mid-thigh. A smooth laugh came from Riddle’s mouth.

“I think it looks great. Maybe...” Riddle took Harry’s wand from the side table and waved it over him. “There.”

The vest shrank, fitting him as it should. The bloodstain still maintained its size, stretching to his midsection. But Harry found that he didn’t mind it. In fact, it complemented the ensemble. Though he still wondered whose blood it was.

“Who bled on this?” Harry asked, pulling at the stain.

“Ah, Morfin Gaunt’s. He was my uncle. Do not worry, he wasn’t a good man.” Riddle reassured him.

He killed a member of his family.

Would Harry have it in him to murder his uncle?

He searched inside himself for the answer, but he couldn’t find one.

“Okay,” Harry answered, a bit perturbed.

“Let’s go. I want to see what your duelling practice looks like. Perhaps we could duel in our free time, no? I’d need to acquire a wand, but I’m sure I could find one.” Riddle lightly placed his hands on Harry’s shoulders.

“Alright. Tom? Do you want to come with us?” Harry glanced over to Tom, who looked lost in thought.

“Hm? Yes, I will.” He shook his head and joined the two as they walked down the hall.

Voldemort's jaw clenched when they all walked in. He took interest—or disgust, he couldn't really tell—in Harry wearing Riddle's vest. He jabbed his wand at the nearby couch, which both of the horcruxes took.

"Today," Voldemort circled him, "we will put your shield charm to the test." "How fast you draw it, how strong it is, and how well you direct it."

A light stinging spell hit Harry in his stomach the moment Voldemort ended his sentence.

Harry groaned; he was already exhausted, and they hadn't even started.

Voldemort was tired.

He was tired of having to control his Death Eaters every moment of the day.

He was tired of having to reorganise every single day because of the incompetence of his followers.

But most of all, he was tired of Harry Potter.

The boy never seemed to be out of trouble. Correction: Everything seemed to circle back to Potter.

A raid on Malfoy Manor?

Well, it was because Potter was missing.

His inner circle pestering him with questions about his corporeal horcrux?

Well, it was because he was seen baking with Potter.

Two of his Horcruxes came to life?

Well, it was because Potter bled on them.

But Voldemort couldn't be mad at Potter. The boy mostly stumbled into these situations and would fight tooth and nail to get out of them. This new trouble must be some form of karma for him.

How many times had Voldemort interfered with Potter's life?

Too many to count, he concluded. He tried at least once a year, and countless other attempts failed throughout. How stressful it would be to fear for your life every day of your existence! Himself aside, Potter had many, many foes.

Voldemort was immortal; Potter was not.

He sighed.

Was this what Dumbledore dealt with? Was that why he tried to kill him all the time?

Voldemort had certainly done his fair share of harm to Harry. He's tried to murder him constantly and has maimed him frequently. Hell, he'd even ripped apart his hip recently. Occlumency and general training wore hard on Potter's body. The boy frequently collapsed in bed after the sessions.

And every time he thought back to that, a feeling overtook him. It wasn't the burning that happened when Potter's uncle attacked him, and it wasn't the sting when he discovered his young horcrux and Potter cuddling, but it was a sinking lowness whenever he looked at him after those incidents. Like he was pushed into water and weighed down by stones.

Voldemort rubbed his temples.

He needed to think of a better plan while he ignored those feelings.

Maybe he should work opposite of Dumbledore.

The man obviously concealed a lot from Harry, only revealing information when it was dire. Even then, sometimes not. Would exposing Potter to more information and more plans lessen this blowback?

Potter wasn't the most academic. But his instincts were in the right place. They were correct most of the time, and even when they were wrong, they had some basis in truth. His gut feelings were better than almost all of his Death Eaters', even if they'd been through war.

Yes, Voldemort concluded.

Potter would be knowledgeable of his actions. He could stay out of harm's way that way. Voldemort didn't want him on a stroll through Diagon Alley the day they'd attack. And, knowing him, he would fight back against the Death Eaters.

It would raise suspicion when the Death Eaters wouldn't attack him.

Potter would leverage that to his advantage. He still hated the Death Eaters with a passion, and with good reason.

A smirk lit Voldemort's face as he stared at the parchment in front of him. Another meeting with all of the Death Eaters would be due in two days time. There, Potter would make an appearance.

Bad idea.

Potter would be there, just not visible. Voldemort shook his head. He'd figure it out; he always did in the end.

Tom: Why is everyone interrupting our kisses?

Harry: idk, smooches

Voldemort: I was a bit harsh.

Harry, after having his hip shredded: You think?

Voldemort:...bake me biscuits.

Riddle: Let's get... acquainted.

Harry: :D

Meeting with the Death Eaters

Chapter Summary

Sappy Author's Note at the end. Harry finally gets some information and meets someone new. Death Eaters make their moves. And a dreaded dance.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Are you kidding me?” Harry threw himself onto his bed.

“No, you need to know what’s happening.” Voldemort said, pacing in front of him.

“Ah, yes, because it will be perfectly fine and perfectly safe for me to appear in front of a bunch of Death Eaters. You know most of them want me dead, right? Not just because of your orders.” Harry complained into the sheets. Tom patted his back.

“You won’t be visible - “

“How?”

Voldemort sighed. He withdrew a black cloak from his expandable pocket and a golden mask. It looked similar to a Death Eater mask, but with more swirls and dark lining around the eyes.

"I'll try it on," Harry said, extending his finger, "but if I don't like it, I'm not going."

Harry, unfortunately, did like it. The cloak's hood was enchanted to cast darker shadows, to the point where he couldn’t see his neck or hair. It bent down over his face more, almost cutting off his peripherals. The rest of it extended down to his ankles, and it was flowy too.

“Dammit.” Harry cursed.

“Wear something nondescript underneath it, just in case.” Voldemort advised, removing his mask.

“Fine. When is it anyway?” Harry removed his robe and laid it on his bed.

“Midnight. I’ll collect you at 11:30. Today, after duelling, I will teach you how Death Eater meetings work.” Voldemort contemplated for a moment, “Do... prepare yourself mentally for it.”

Right, he was still Voldemort. Crucio-slinging Voldemort.

“Will I talk at all during the meeting?” Harry plopped back down on his bed.

“Not directly to my followers. I will cast a spell on you that will allow me to hear you.”

Of course, Voldemort thought everything through. Harry huffed, but agreed.

With his golden mask and cloak on, Harry was ready for the meeting. Well, ready wasn't the right word, but he was going either way. He wasn't sure he'd be prepared to see so many crucios. The second-hand pain might be too much for him.

“Here, angel.” Riddle lifted his mask, a yellow vial in hand. “Calming draught, asked the elves for one.”

“Thank you,” Harry was about to take it, but Riddle pressed it against his lips instead. He lightly poured the potion into Harry's mouth and patted his lips dry with a handkerchief.

“Thanks,” Harry muttered, quickly shutting down his mask to conceal his red face. From the corner of his eye, he could see Tom, his cheeks bitten in.

A snake-faced Voldemort escorted him to a large ballroom. Instead of a vast open space, it was filled with tables and chairs across the entire room. Dread sat deep in Harry's stomach.

The Order of the Phoenix would not stand a chance if it had even half as many members.

But was his priority really the success of the Order?

They abandoned him in that hell pit and left him to rot. Cut off all his connections to his friends and the outside world. They didn't even check up on him for an entire month. On top of that, he was Voldemort's horcrux. He, Tom, and Riddle would have to die for Voldemort to be defeated.

But Hermione would be hurt by Voldemort's policies. At the very least, his followers hated muggleborns and muggles with a passion. There had been a few raids on muggle villages, and crimes against muggleborns had gone up.

A thought stirred in his mind.

Maybe he couldn't change the decades of ingrained hatred toward muggleborns. He didn't need to change them.

He needed to change *Voldemort*.

It might work to start from the top. He could send him some subtle (or not) signals. He already had a neutral or positive view of Hermione, so maybe he could prove that muggleborns shouldn't be hated. That they were magical, just like everyone else.

At the end of the day, if muggles were truly dangerous to their world, they were in the same pot pureblood to muggleborn.

He ruminated on his plans as Voldemort sat Harry to his left at the head table. There, they waited as Death Eaters trickled in. Harry recognised more people than he should, but he tried to keep his head straight forward and not glance around.

A wave of magic passed over him.

“If you speak now, only I will hear. Try to keep your comments short. I can choose whether to talk to you or to them, so I will be able to respond.” Voldemort said, though his mouth didn’t move.

“Cool spell.” It seemed useful for these types of situations.

“Thank you, I invented it myself.” Voldemort smirked.

Bastard.

Harry really needed to stop stroking his ego.

“I also have someone I would like you to meet afterwards. I have finally convinced her not to kill you.” A ghost of a smile appeared on his snake face.

“That’s reassuring.” Harry said sarcastically.

The Death Eaters looked at him warily as they entered the room. Correction, looked at *both* of them warily. Harry huffed, but he should have known better.

“Sit up straight.” Voldemort reminded him.

Harry adjusted his posture, popping a few bones in the process. It hurt a little, and these meetings could last hours. Maybe he could transfigure a back brace to keep him steady.

His nails dug into the fabric of his slacks as Bellatrix sat in front of him. He further tensed as Barty Crouch Jr. filled in beside him. He could practically feel the anger radiating off of him.

Harry had stolen his seat.

A smirk lit his face. He’d have revenge on the Death Eaters, even if it was just petty. But seeing the rest of the seating, it appeared that it mattered a lot more than he originally thought.

All of the inner circle was at the first table, with Voldemort. Then the rest stretched out, with the most apprehensive looking at the outermost tables.

There were *so many* Death Eaters.

Harry felt his blood roar in his ears. Nevermind the non-violence order by Voldemort - everyone here wanted to hurt him. He was sure that there wouldn’t be enough for him nor Voldemort to protect him if they found out.

He stayed deathly still.

“You are tense.” Voldemort commented, side-eyeing him.

“I have good reasons.” Harry said through gritted teeth.

“No, you do not. I am here, you will not be hurt.” Voldemort explained to him.

“That doesn’t ease my subconscious.” Harry would have been at better ease if he had his wand. Voldemort confiscated it for “the Death Eater’s sake”.

“Occlumency.” Voldemort looked away from him.

Harry sighed. He rose his shields and hid away his tenseness and fear deep within the castle walls. He felt his senses dull, but his feelings were locked away. He wasn’t at peace, but he wasn’t shaking either.

“Better?” Voldemort asked.

“Better.” Harry nodded curtly.

Barty looked at him oddly.

He watched as the last of the Death Eaters filed in. The last of the inner circle, an old man with short brown hair, sat at the farthest end of the table. At that, Voldemort raised his wand.

A red light flashed once over the room. All heads turned to them, and Harry had to push down his feelings yet again.

“Today, we gather to discuss the plans against the Order of the Phoenix and the Light’s recent moves. Is there any proclamations before we begin?” Voldemort twirled his wand.

Silence.

“Severus,” Voldemort addressed Snape. “Status on the Order.”

“They have not found a trace of Potter. They still believe him to be kidnapped by us. They found a scrap of parchment that said, “I don’t negotiate with terrorists. I am going to bed.” They believe that to be the last contact with us before he was kidnapped.” Snape paused.

Harry laughed. The corners of Voldemort’s mouth twitched.

“The Order has made moves in Wizengamot. To get their bills passed, they are introducing them through neutral to on-paper dark people. Snape bowed his head.

“Continue with your mission. The moment anything of substance comes up, report it to me immediately. Wizengamot members, those bills should not be passing. Do your duty more thoroughly or there will be consequences.” Voldemort thumbed his wand in thought.

“Yes, My Lord.” They rang out from around the hall. So many people.

“Amycus, Alecko, news on magical artefacts recovered in muggle raids?” Voldemort stared down at two black-haired twins near him.

“Yes, My Lord.” Amycus answered, “We recovered two time-turners, multiple potions and magical herbs, three wands, and a portait in the last three days. We have planned another one tomorrow in a larger town.”

“Good work.” They looked shocked. “Remember to either obliviate or kill those who see you using magic. Discard the offenders.”

“Yes, My Lord.” They both answered.

“Bellatrix, Barty, Rodolphus, and Rasbatin, you two will work on breaking the prisoners. We intend to apprehend at least two more ministry officials as well as other Dark defectors. You need to keep the mind intact.” Voldemort pointed to them, particularly at the two twins he saw in the kitchen and Bellatrix.

Harry felt shivers down his spine at the words. Sometimes he forgot they tortured people to that extent. How native he must be. The Dark was, well, dark.

Though he found himself wanting to know more about what they did. Were all of the muggle raids to recover the magical artefacts, or was that just an excuse to attack them? Muggleborns were everywhere. They would have had supplies for school or work and would have brought them back home.

But a time-turner?

That went a bit far. Hell, they were in the Department of Mysteries. Voldemort even had a reaction to Hermione having one in her third year. Was there a reason for these attacks?

Maybe. But that didn't mean that they had to torture them. Kill them. They could just be obliterated.

But they'd go mad if they obliterated them to much.

Was being left insane a worse fate than death?

Harry shook the thoughts out of his head. He could talk to Tom; he was smart (although not against murder), but he could help him. He was less sure of Riddle's morals, but maybe he'd give some insight.

The rest of the meeting, Harry found fairly basic. They went over a lot more politics than he would have thought possible. Gossip from all around them. He would not have considered planning for future generations the moment a marriage proposal was made.

But it made sense at the end of the day.

He liked being there. As the meeting went on, he found himself easing into it. Listening, taking an interest in the conversation rather than just passively hearing them. It sparked a small fire within him.

At the end, most of the free Death Eaters were escorted by the inner circle out of the manor. They apparated, used the floo, and disappeared in puffs of black smoke.

The inner circle reported back to the hall after everyone else left.

“You all will be tasked with abducting two ministry officials. You may acquire more, but you will come back with at least these two. You will be taking Kingsley Shacklebolt and John Dawlish.” Voldemort passed out scrolls from his robe pocket.

Harry shuffled in his seat.

“Do you know either of them?” Voldemort spoke softly to him.

“Kingsley Shacklebolt is a part of the Order of the Phoenix. I overheard him talking to the Order about Auror raids a few times. He’s nice, has a wife, no kids.” Harry answered honestly.

Voldemort tilted his head.

“Severus, would or would not Kingsley Shacklebolt be a part of the Order of the Phoenix?” Voldemort glared down at Snape.

Snape visibly swallowed.

“I cannot confirm nor deny.” Snape winced.

“Dumbledore made you swear an oath.” Voldemort caught on to him.

“I cannot confirm nor deny.”

Voldemort jabbed his wand at Snape. “Crucio.”

Snape fell to the floor. He contorted and twisted, a high-pitched scream emanating from his throat. He scratched at his skin, blood disappearing into his black clothes. After a few seconds, Voldemort lifted the curse.

Harry felt nothing.

It scared him. It scared him to feel nothing at all. He should - he should at least feel something about it. Feel for someone who was undergoing torture.

But nothing came.

Harry shivered, a slimy feeling covering his skin. He needed a shower.

“Shacklebolt will be dealt with like Amelia Bones.” Voldemort tapped his wand against the table.

“Yes, My Lord.” Chorused from them.

Voldemort led Harry through a door in the family wing which was always locked when he checked. Harry was more than nervous. Who was living with them that wanted to kill him? That it took so long to convince her not to kill him?

Inside was... not expected. It looked like a forest, with an expansion charm on the room making it look huge. Tall, thick trees surrounded him, with long grass as well. It was hot and humid, to the point where it was harder to breathe.

“Come, she should be here somewhere.” Voldemort walked down a thin path that was through more trees.

Harry winded his way through the path. They winded their way until they got to an area with large, flat stones.

Atop one stone was a huge dark green snake. It was wider around than Harry and about as long as half a schoolbus. It’s head raised, looking at them with black eyes.

“*Food?*” It hissed.

“*No, no, this is who I was talking about.*” Voldemort grabbed Harry by the wrist, tight.

It slithered over to them, faster than Harry would have thought possible. It went straight up to him, tongue flickering out.

“*Harry Potter. You killed my master.*” The snake hissed, rearing up to look him face-to-face.

“This is Nagini. She is also a horcrux.” Voldemort inched forward.

Nagini butted her nose against Harry’s scar. Her tongue flickered out, licking him.

“*Hm, you would not be very tasty. Too thin. Not enough fat. Not enough muscle. Though I haven’t had anyone tanned yet.*” She contemplated. Harry could smell her rancid breath.

“*He is not for eating.*” Voldemort sighed. It must have been a constant conversation.

“*Hm...*” Nagini lowered herself to the floor. “*Join me on the sunning rock. Good for soul.*”

Voldemort nodded to Harry. They all sat themselves on the big rocks, Harry trying his best to avoid Nagini, but she insisted on placing her head on his lap.

“*Scratch me, morsel.*” She commanded.

Voldemort gave him an encouraging look.

He lightly scratched her scales until she let him go.

Harry was sandwiched between Tom and Riddle. He enjoyed their little tangle of limbs and the warmth that came from it. Both the inner warmth and the physical.

But Harry's thoughts, for once, are not peaceful. They were stuck at the same question over and over again, circling back no matter what.

Was it wrong to not feel anything when someone was hurt?

He knew it was wrong to feel enjoyment. He was not going to fall into the likes of Bellatrix. But nothing, was no reaction bad? Inaction was an action in itself.

"Is it wrong to not feel anything when someone gets hurt?" Harry asked aloud.

Tom raised his head and stared down at him. He laid back down and breathed out hard.

"Depends." Tom answered.

"No." Riddle replied.

"Depends on what?" Harry bit his lip.

"Who, I'd say. An enemy, no. An ally, most likely." Tom wrapped his arms tighter around his chest, almost suffocating.

"He wasn't an ally." Snape was, and will always be, his enemy. "Far from it."

"You should rejoice over the downfall of your enemies." Riddle said, reaching up and stroking his cheek. Harry leaned into his touch.

"But he didn't have a downfall, he just was tortured." Even Harry cringed at his words. It sounded so unsympathetic.

Riddle chuckled lowly. "Then plan his downfall, angel."

Harry considered it for a moment, then cleared his thoughts.

"You're rubbing off on me." Harry complained.

Both of them laughed.

"I'm afraid you are as well." Riddle said, snuggled into his neck.

Voldemort paced in his study.

What was he to do with his corporeal horcruxes?

He couldn't force them back into their containers, it would make Potter angry and it would royally piss off his horcruxes.

They obviously had some type of affection towards Potter that Voldemort did not want to think more about. The mere act of physical affection disgusted him.

They did seem rather protective of him as well. Bellatrix got a rough stupify to the chest for entering the same room as him. They never left his side, even though he gave them permission to wander the halls with the same restrictions as Potter.

The library should have tempted them.

But they only went when Potter would borrow the occasional book on Defence Against the Dark Arts or Transfiguration. Voldemort needed to fix that, he needed Potter to have a balanced education.

No thanks to him.

Voldemort shook his head. Horcruxes. What to do with them?

Was there anything to do with them? They weren't particularly bothering anyone. They just existed in the same space as Potter.

Their inaction was Voldemort's problem.

They are the younger versions of himself. Ambitious, smart, and cunning. They had all the spare time in the world and they wasted it cuddled up to Potter. He needed to task them with something.

Smart...

He had always wanted to be a teacher. They could indulge in their need for physical affection as they tutored him. This would also help with his protection.

But they needed wands.

Voldemort knew more than his fair share of second-hand wand shops. He had owned several in the past; he'd just have to find them again and give them to his horcruxes. At least one of them will fit well enough.

Yes, he'd give them this task.

He was reading an ancient-looking book. The words weren't quite processing for him, but he knew he was searching for something. The rest of the world was duller to him, as if the book were the only thing that was important.

That's when he picked up on a re-occurring word. Horcrux. Every fibre of his being wanted to throw the book, but he continued to read.

Eventually, he found what he wanted.

'A horcrux has never been studied in more than one pairing. It is unknown if making more than one horcrux is possible; however, it is ill-advised to create more. A person could

transform into a shell of their former self. Even with re-absorption of the horcrux, the person is forever changed.'

He chuckled lowly and shut the book.

Alone.

Harry hadn't been alone since he came to the manor. But as he sat in the training room, he was left to his own devices. Voldemort had been pulling Tom or Riddle out every now and then, but today he pulled both of them away.

He missed their presence. When they weren't there, he felt like a gaping hole was left in his chest.

Was he really that dependent on them? It only got worse when Riddle joined them. He never wanted them to leave his side again.

Harry flipped a page in his book. Voldemort had practically thrown it at him and told him to learn it by heart. It was a handwritten book on the theory of spellcasting. Something he learned a bit of during his first year but had tapered off as the years progressed.

It was boring.

Why know why the spell works when he can just make it work?

He groaned. He lost his place and would have to re-read the page again. The long page had neat, small writing. It was hard to understand, like he was missing part of a train of thought. Like an inside joke, but with education.

He rearranged himself on the sofa, tilting upside down with his feet in the air. He felt much better, as if the blood to his head was making him smarter. It was probably false, but he'd like to believe it anyway.

An hour later, the door finally creaked open.

Harry bolted upright and then immediately fell down. His head was dizzy, and his face was flushed. He stood on jelly legs that threatened to buckle underneath him.

Arms hooked under him. He squeaked as he was steadied, his vision still blurred.

"Do you feel okay, love?" Tom asked, helping Riddle haul him to the sofa.

"Just a bit dizzy." Harry squeaked as Riddle pulled him into his lap. Hands wrapped securely around his waist.

Tom put the back of his hand on Harry's forehead and paused. "You aren't feverish."

Harry didn't want to admit he had done this to himself.

“So, what were you talking about with Voldemort?” He redirected the conversation.

Tom and Riddle glanced at each other.

Riddle spoke first. “He was complaining about your lack of academic prowess.”

“And your lack of drive to further your education.” Tom continued.

“So we all came to the conclusion that we would tutor you in your subjects that you aren’t an expert in.” Riddle rested his head on Harry’s shoulder.

“Oh.”

He let go of the weight he didn’t know he was holding. He wasn’t sure what he was thinking, but a part of him was worried for them. Harry was glad to spend more time with them, even if it was just tutoring.

“And we got second-hand wands for teaching you.” Tom waved a light-coloured wooden wand. Riddle flicked out his from his holster on his forearm, a darker-coloured one.

“What would you like to learn first, love?” Tom leaned over and kissed Harry on the cheek.

Harry blushed.

“Charms?”

Riddle hummed. “Perhaps we can throw in wandless magic as well.”

Five ministry officials sat in dingy cells. The cell-block was special, small, with copious amounts of enchantments on the doors. Only the inner circle was allowed to pass, though.

“Kingsley Shacklebolt.” Rodolphus leaned against the wrought-iron bars. “Miss me?”

“You will always be a lowlife.” Kingsley spat at him.

“Tch. Rude.” Rasbatin rolled his eyes and meandered to the centre of the room, where a table with muggle and magical surgical instruments stood, with a chair next to it.

Bellatrix, meanwhile, was on top of a man, yanking chunks out of his hair and screaming.

“Ittle John is a fickle man. John can’t do it right, can’t he? Can’t defend himself, can’t defend his wife, and can’t defend his children. Dying, dead, dead.” She cackled directly into his ear.

Rodolphus sighed.

“Barty?” Rodolphus asked, nodding to a man in another cell.

“I’ll handle him.” Barty said, picking up a long scalpel.

Barty meandered to the cell. He used his wand to put up a barricade behind him as he entered the man's personal space.

"Dorian Fungbury," Barty laughed his name, "How lucky we are to have got you. The Dark Lord will be very pleased with this. Though, you aren't a gift to him, no, that pleasure goes to your large pink friend over there,"

"I am undersecretary Dolorus Umbridge, and you will free me at once!" The pink woman yelled at him from the adjacent cell.

"Dolorus, shut your fucking mouth." Amelia Bones rasped out.

"It's a party in here, yes!" Bellatrix screamed.

"The Dark Lord wanted you, Dolorus. For a gift, yes. I should be jealous; he said that at least four people, including himself, will have a go at you. You must have done something to royally piss him off." Rabastan chuckled slowly.

"I have done nothing of the sort!" She shouted.

Bellatrix screeched, throwing John across the cell with strength she shouldn't have possessed. "I would have a go at you, you fickle lard, but we are under orders not to."

"Anyways, Dorian, tell me about what's going on in the Statue of Secrecy department, and I won't cut out your eye. Okay? Deal?" Barty smiled down at him maliciously, with no hint of mercy in his eyes.

Dorian spat in Barty's face. "Never."

"Dori, bad decision. You know what? I'm feeling nice. Today, I'll do something different. You only have two eyes, after all. I should take something else."

Screams of men echoed through the block in harmony with shrill cackles and maniacal laughter.

The Death Eaters never minded these days of work.

Music drifted softly from the lounge. Inside, Riddle was trying to coax Harry off the couch. Tom tried to help, but found that he couldn't pry Harry's hands off of him. Harry clung to him like a newborn kowala.

"I'm not." Harry objected again.

Riddle once again pulled on his shoulders.

"Come on, it's not that hard." He insisted.

"For you!" Harry buried his face into Tom's chest.

“Just try it once? You’ll be following; it’s different. Come on.” Riddle snaked his arms around his waist and pulled. Harry didn’t budge.

“Just once?” Harry asked, his hold on Tom slowly breaking away.

“Just once. One song.” Riddle pleaded with him.

Harry let go.

Riddle stumbled back, having still been pulling, but managed to steady both of them without falling. Recovering quickly, he dragged Harry into the clear space by the phonograph.

Hands gripped at Harry’s waist, another one catching his hand. Harry hesitantly placed a hand on Riddle’s shoulder, a bit unsure of where to go from there. Behind them, Tom flicked his wand, and the record switched out for another one.

“Okay, we’ll go simple. You move two steps forward, then one to the right. We’ll go in a circle, eventually. Remember, wait for me to start my step before following.” Riddle explained.

Harry fumbled on the first step, waiting a bit too long and having to almost be dragged to the second step. He knew it was pointless.

“Again,” Riddle said as they moved right, this time in sync.

“One,” Riddle pulled him along, a bit cleaner.

“Two,” He stepped on Riddle’s foot.

“Three.” He managed to only lag behind a little bit.

They repeated it four more times until Harry was only stumbling and not stepping or butting into Riddle. But Riddle never grew frustrated; he only repeated the steps to him and gave a few encouraging words.

Riddle paused after they finished a step. Harry took a moment too late to react and slammed into his chest.

“Sorry,” Harry muttered.

“Perhaps... try not to fight me. You’re following; it is up to me to set the pace. Let’s go slower this time.” Riddle once again started to pull him along.

Harry let him.

He let his feet fall in line, not thinking at all about the steps and just about following Riddle.

“Good,” Riddle said, already starting again.

He was a bit early on the transition step but fell back in line. They swept across the room, carefully turning to avoid furniture and walls. The music was teetering out, signalling the ending of the song.

Riddle stepped back again, then quickly released his hand. He stepped forward, and Harry stepped away, leaning backward. Riddle pushed him back, and when Harry was sure he was going to fall, he was caught.

"It's called a dip." Riddle said with a smirk.

"Could have told me." Harry snapped back, trying to stop his racing heart.

"What's life without a bit of surprise?" Riddle still kept him in the dip, but leaned closer. "Could I give you another surprise?"

"Yes." Harry wasn't sure where he was going, but he was excited nonetheless.

Riddle placed a chaste kiss on Harry's lips. It was soft and quick, but filled with longing. Electricity waved through him. Harry let out a small laugh and kept a dumb smile on his face as Riddle stood him back up.

The music came to a stop.

"Would you like to go again? I know I said just once, but..." Riddle trailed off, keeping his hand on Harry's waist.

Harry bit his lip. "I mean, I don't mind."

"Good. Let's add two more steps and a dip. Then you can switch us out." Riddle nodded to Tom, who nodded back.

Harry smiled.

Chapter End Notes

Nagini: Can I eat him?

Voldemort, after telling her for the hundredth time: "*No.*"

Harry: Honestly, they have a bit of a point

Tom: Torturing is okay if they're bad

Riddle: Torturing is always okay

Riddle: Dance with me, kisses

Harry: Again.

Sappy Author's Note:

First thing to say is, wow. I never expected to gain this much attention. This fic is almost at 20,000 hits and that's amazing to me. It's only been up for a little over a month (we don't talk about me posting it with a one-word description and not updating for a while) and that's wild to me. Especially since I didn't think this ship was that common. Even moreso that this started as a crackfic idea that became more fleshed out. Every one of your comments inspires me to write more, no matter what, and much love to those who interrogate me on aspects of the fic. It helps me think about the characters better, as I need to explain some points from their point of view.

So anyways, thank you.

ALSO, if you have a preference for an update time, please comment on it. I don't know what day works out best for everyone or is preferred but I try to update every week, so Mondays are for the scheduling unless something comes up.

Nightmare

Chapter Summary

A meeting with a werewolf and a Knight. A missing person's report. A nightmare.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry stared at a bloodied Bellatrix. Her hands were plated on the counter as she smiled at him. Harry glared and gripped his wand with white knuckles.

Between them was a platter of two brownies.

“Eat it,” Harry commanded through gritted teeth. He could feel Tom’s gaze burning holes into him from the corner of the kitchen.

“No.” Bellatrix said.

“Just do it,” Harry growled.

After three physical confrontations that were ramping up in seriousness, Tom forced them into the room. He spelt the door to not let them out until they could share a meal without trying to kill each other.

“Do it.”

“No.”

It had been three hours.

Harry’s brain was aching. He hoped that Voldemort would call a meeting, find Bellatrix not there, and then take her away, but Harry knew better. He was occupied for the entire day on a secret mission.

He didn’t know what game Bellatrix was playing. She hated his very presence. And it was just one brownie. Frankly, Harry was getting hungry enough just to eat his.

“Just please eat it.” Harry banged his head on the table.

Bellatrix paused. “You eat half of each first.”

Harry wanted to scream.

Three hours, and that was the solution.

“Tom, can I have a bread cutter?” He wouldn’t allow him to have a knife.

“Yes.”

After being handed the cutter, he divided the brownies in half. He picked up each half and quickly ate them. Of all the times Tom picked to shove them in a room, it was right before dinner.

Bellatrix stared at him for fifteen minutes.

She picked up the other halves and slowly ate them. Bellatrix stood up the instant she finished swallowing.

“Can I leave?” She asked Tom.

“Fine.”

Tom flicked his wand, and the double doors opened. Bellatrix practically sprinted out of the room. Harry glared at Tom and crossed his arms.

“Love,” Tom shook his head. “I don’t ask that you *like* her. I ask that you don’t *attack* her.”

“She starts it.” Almost every time, she mentions Sirius. Or the number of muggles she’s slaughtered.

“Then find another way. Master a sleeping spell or a silencing spell. Don’t hit her with a shovel next time. I’ve heard Narcissa’s angry mutters from Bellatrix’s room. And she’s the only healer you’ll get here. Don’t make her mad. For your own sake.” Tom sighed.

“Fine.”

‘Come to my office in the family wing at noon. -LV’

Harry brushed the note off his forehead. A small spark of joy filled him as he read the note. But he was more excited for whatever mysterious surprise was awaiting him.

Was it someone he knew, captured? Would he be adding a weapon to his arsenal? Or did Voldemort finally decide to keep him here forever?

The last idea didn’t scare him as much as it should have.

Harry waited for Tom and Riddle to wake up before beginning his day. His warm cocoon was tempting to stay in all morning, but he had more wandless magic training to do before Voldemort tested him tomorrow.

He was coming dangerously close to finding out about his romantic relationship with his horcruxes. They were never too overly affectionate to him when others were around so they obviously wanted to hide it as well.

He wasn't sure what he'd do if Voldemort found those memories.

Never look him in the eye again, most likely. He'd hide and avoid him as much as possible. Tom told him Voldemort's reaction to cuddling with him was less than receptive. Harry figured that, as much as Voldemort had changed towards him, he was still a Dark Lord at the end of the day.

It pained him to pry Riddle off of him. However, Harry was hungry, and he needed breakfast. The three travelled down to the kitchen with haste.

But they were not alone in the kitchen.

Inside was a grizzled older man in his seventies, sitting at the small dining table, tall with dark brown hair. His composure was guarded, but his face rested neutrally. He sipped from a mug of coffee, a half-empty jug next to him. Harry recognised him as a strategist from the Death Eater meetings. He turned to them, and confusion lit his face.

"Tom?" The man called hesitantly. Both of the horcruxes stiffened.

"Tiberius?" Both exclaimed at the same time.

"You've aged well," Tom commented, walking towards him.

"Eh, you could use some moisturiser." Riddle joked.

Harry was more than bemused.

"Harry, come on, you *have* to meet Tiberius." Riddle dragged him by his sleeve.

"What?" Harry managed to ask.

Tom sat next to Tiberius. He immediately started to grill him on his life and asked question after question. Harry sat across from him, still a bit sceptical of Tiberius. If they seemed familiar with him, he assumed they wouldn't be horrible to him.

"And after that?" Tom asked.

"We got married, finally. Took ages to convince her father to accept the contract. Had to get a blood test ten generations back to prove that I was pure enough." Tiberius answered with a nostalgic chuckle.

"Harry, this is Tiberius Nott. He's a friend from my school years." Tom gestured to him. Tiberius's mouth twitched at the word "friend."

"Nice to meet you." Harry offered his hand across the table. Tiberius shook it, his hands rough.

“He’s great, amazing at Potions, Defence Against the Dark Arts, and Wards.” Riddle went on to explain.

“You flatter me,” Tiebrius said flatly.

“Are any of the others alive?” Tom’s voice had some hope in it.

“Not of the originals. Malfoy from Dragon Pox, Greengrass from heart failure, and Crabbe offed himself. The rest died in raids or in Azkaban. Then again, he killed Black about twenty years ago.” Tiberius sipped his coffee.

“Oh.” Tom stated.

“Wait, we killed Black?” Riddle exclaimed, with a horrified expression on his face. “But he was a Knight!”

Tiberius scoffed, spoke harshly, and gravely. “You made so many horcruxes. Made you mad. Lost your touch. People bowed out of fear more than loyalty.”

Tom and Riddle shivered.

“He’s gotten a lot better over the last two months. Don’t know what he’s done, but it’s working.” Tiberius hummed.

Harry, Tom, and Riddle all looked at each other.

A house elf popped up and gave them their breakfast. Harry ate while listening to them go back and forth with stories and other tangents. Tiberius seemed to be more level-headed than the other Death Eaters, never getting angry as he broke the news of just how many people were tortured, had died, or went insane because of Voldemort.

Harry wondered if this was what Death Eaters were supposed to be. He referred to himself and others as Knights, so he assumed they were the original inner circle. That it was how the dark used to be before Voldemort turned so cruel.

“But yes. I had to miss the birth of my grandson.” Tiberius sighed sadly.

Tom and Riddle ranted, outraged.

“Theodore?” Harry muttered after he connected the dots.

“Yes,” Tiberius answered, “Do you know him?”

Harry thought back to everything he knew about Theodore Nott. All those times in potions class where he’d steal coveted glances. Then all the rest of the classes he’d share were flying, astronomy, divination, and a few others.

“He’s great at potions; he’s in the NEWT level course. He was pretty good at flying, was a chaser, and was a star student in astronomy. Terrible at divination though. Though, most of us

were terrible.” Harry tried to remember more. “Plenty of people find him attractive; he has lots of proposed marriage contracts.”

People often thought Harry wasn’t listening. He always was.

Tiberius let out a hearty laugh while Tom snickered. Riddle just smiled.

“Do you have any marriage contracts?” Tiberius asked, straight-faced.

Harry choked on his bacon.

“Uh,” He coughed, “I haven’t accepted any. Most of them came when I was eleven. I’ve lost a lot of popularity since then. Still get the odd few every year.”

“You should accept one soon. You’re an heir to a Most Ancient and Noble House. Most people of your calibre sign contracts at your age. Married by twenty-five, at most.” Tiberius almost seemed to chastise him.

“Well, I don’t know what it means to be an heir, so I don’t really care.” Harry shrugged.

Tiberius actually gasped, his hand over his heart. Tom had a similar reaction, with his eyes wide and his mouth agape. Riddle just smacked his forehead and muttered under his breath.

“What?” Harry asked.

“All right, let’s begin with a simple question. How many Wizengamont seats do you have?” Tiberius folded his hands on the table.

Harry was familiar with Wizengamont. It was their government, with the most pure-bloods on the voting seats. He knew you could earn a seat through a ministry job if you were the head of a department. But that question...

“Don’t know. Normally they have, what, three?” Harry furrowed his brow.

Tiberius dropped his head and sighed. “You have six seats, as all Most Ancient and Noble houses do.”

“Harry,” Tom admonished him.

“Tom,” Harry repeated in the same tone.

Tiberius rubbed his temples. “Would you like me to teach you about your duties as an heir? I know a little bit about the Potters specifically. Henry and I were civil.”

“I’d like that. Voldemort’s tutoring me, so are Tom and Riddle,” He gestured to each one, “so I may have to learn at odd times.”

Tiberius seemed to take a bit to process it, but nodded.

“Could you get me a list of times? I can work around almost anything; it's not like I have much to do outside of planning raids. We'll have to work differently than I would like to. I'd bring you to Gringotts myself to find your family grimore and heir-training books if I wasn't a wanted escapee.”

“I have a family grimore?” Harry knew grimoires—books of self-created spells. Draco bragged all the time about his. Was that one a family one?

“Yes, every family should have one. I know the Potters do.” Tiberius nodded.

“I'm meeting with Voldemort at noon; can you tell me some basic stuff until then?”

“Sure. Firstly, let's go over how Wizengamont runs. The seats, the voting...”

Harry's brain was hurting by the end of it. He should really invest in some migraine potions.

“Are you sure you don't want us to come with?” Tom paced as he asked.

Harry rolled his eyes. “I'm sure.”

Tom and Riddle looked reluctant to let him leave. But as the clock ran out at 12, Riddle let him leave the safety of his lap. Tom pulled him back by his shirt and kissed him on the cheek before he left.

Harry sauntered down the hall. Surprises were nice, but Tom and Riddle's caution made him think twice. The note was as vague as can be, but that didn't mean that it was something bad. It could be something good, or at least neutral.

But he found himself hesitant to knock on Voldemort's door.

An inner flame of Gryffindor courage lit within him. He knocked on the door, harder than necessary. It opened instantly, and he hadn't even lowered his hand.

Inside with a behemoth of a man. Just as tall as Voldemort, but wide with a mixture of fat and large muscles. He had a black bushy beard that matched his long, fluffy hair. And he was only wearing a leather jacket and cargo shorts, no shirt.

“Potter, sit.” Voldemort gestured to a chair in front of his mahogany desk.

Harry sat stiff in his seat. The man looked down at him, as if sizing up Harry's small frame. Finally, he nodded, then glanced at Voldemort.

“Potter, this is Fenrir Greyback. He'll be the person I will send you to if I am not available to watch you. You'll most likely have to go with him at least once before I finish the war.” He gestured to the man.

Harry felt ice in his veins.

“I smell fear, a bit of anger.” Fenrir stated.

“Remus Lupin.” Harry thought that was enough explanation.

“Ah, him,” Fenrir said as he stroked his beard. “How is he? I’ve been trying to catch him for a few years but he’s sneaky. He needs a pack.”

“He’s awful every full moon. He looks like a corpse.” Harry bristled.

Fenrir hummed in thought. “That’s why he needs a pack. Packs help each other during the moon, and the non-werewolves always make sure they are rested. Isolation isn’t good either.”

“Maybe he just shouldn’t have been bitten.” Harry hissed.

Fenrir growled.

“Both of you, be civil.” Voldemort chastised Harry as he looked at him.

Fenrir and Harry glared at each other. But Fenrir looked away and back to Voldemort.

“Potter, this is the time to add anything to the list of things you do not want to see or do under Fenrir’s care. We have already started one that I assumed, but I want you to add anything else.” Voldemort passed him a long scroll and a self-inking quill.

The list had basically everything that Harry could think of, from “Becoming a werewolf” to “Seeing a murder”. Harry jotted down a few more things, mostly small but possible events, and handed it back to Voldemort.

Both him and Fenrir looked over it.

“Ha!” Fenrir roared with laughter. “Marriage?”

“Tiberius said most people sign marriage contracts around my age, and I don’t want to sign one.” Harry defended himself.

Voldemort sighed.

“Okay,” Fenrir wheezed, “No marriage contracts, no marriage in general. Got it.”

Voldemort copied the scroll and rolled both of them up. He handed one to Fenrir and stashed the other one in his desk drawer.

“One more thing to clear up before I let you leave. You need a name for when you’re in the golden mask and cloak.” Voldemort slid a parchment in front of him.

“I will not anagram your name as you are a well-known figure. But here are Latin words and their meanings for you to choose from.” He pointed down the long list.

Harry skimmed through the list. Getting a name means that he’d be appearing in more than the weekly meeting.

Viridis: green

Deminutivum: diminutive

Celeritas: speed, swiftness

Harry raised his eyebrows as he scrolled down the list, most of it referring to his physical attributes. But then he got closer to the bottom and liked the words more. They were broader and spoke more to his personality.

Ignis: fire, light

He thought back to what Tom called him. Bright light. Harry wasn't sure he agreed with that assessment, but he did feel a connection to fire. It described him well.

"This. Ignis." He pointed to the name.

Voldemort's brow creased, and he muttered something about a bastard.

"Very well. You will be Ignis while you wear the mask. I will be charming your mask to give you an ambivalent voice. This week, there will be a party to celebrate our current success - don't look at me like that. I would like you to attend so you can recognise the outer circle easier." Voldemort took the parchment and circled Ignis.

"Deal. Will there be food?" Harry was practically bouncing with excitement. A party!

"Yes. I will alter your mask to be a half mask. You can eat and drink some alcohol. You should not get drunk because I will not tolerate you making a fool of yourself."

Harry grinned wide.

"Begone." Voldemort rubbed his temples. "Go take your energy somewhere else."

He slid a daily prophet paper over to him as he said it. Excitement flooded his veins; as much as he could read the prophet, Voldemort almost never gave him the paper directly. It must be an important one. He scooped up the paper.

Harry happily skipped out of the office.

"I'm alive!" Harry exclaimed as he entered their room.

Tom gave him a hug and ruffled his hair. Riddle snatched Harry as he passed by and pulled him into his lap.

"Unfortunately, I get Fenrir Greyback as my babysitter when Voldemort is too occupied." Harry hmphed, "But..."

He paused for dramatic effect.

“I get to go to a Death Eater party in disguise, and I get to drink a little bit! There’s food too.” Harry wiggled, too enthused to contain himself.

“That’s good. What will they call you?” Tom asked, leaning back on the sofa and crossing his legs.

“Ignis. It means fire and light.” Harry answered. Riddle wrapped his arms around Harry’s waist to try to control the wiggling.

Tom smiled like he knew something Harry didn’t. “Oh, that’s nice.”

MISSING: Harry James Potter

You read that right, dear readers. Harry James Potter was reported missing by Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore on August 19th at 3:15 AM. The censored report is as follows:

Harry J. Potter was last seen on July 29th at 10:15 AM. On August 6th, at 6:00 PM, Albus P.W.B. Dumbledore treated the disappearance as a runaway case. The evidence collected by the [REDACTED] wards, on the other hand, would indicate that another magical being entered the [REDACTED] wards.

Albus P.W.B. Dumbledore personally investigated the [REDACTED] disappearance case and the runaway kidnapping on August 12th. Upon finding no evidence as to where Harry J. Potter went, he was reported missing.

Why, dear readers, was someone reported missing 22 days after his last appearance? Must I remind and educate you that there is no time limitation for reporting someone as missing. The first 48 hours are crucial to finding the missing person.

This case is a question of why. Why didn't Albus Dumbledore report Harry Potter missing as soon as he found out? What types of wards are around Harry Potter’s residence?

Where is Harry Potter?

Follow more at the Daily Prophet, for stories every day for the everyday person.

Rita Skeeter

Head of the Daily Prophet Press Department

August 19th

Harry stared.

Voldemort stared back.

“What is your name?” He asked.

An itch—no, a stab—was in the back of his brain.

“Neville Longbottom.” Harry answered without missing a beat.

“And your occupation?” Another stab, sharper this time.

“Potions apprentice.” Harry’s nails dug into his trousers. He’d do his palms, but they were already slick with blood from his puncture marks.

“Your mother?” This one was excruciating. It was like a bunch of needles were poking around in his skull, puncturing his brain.

“A-Amelia Bones.” Harry bit his lip. Warm blood flooded his mouth.

“Stop.” Voldemort broke eye contact.

Harry panted as his head dropped to the table. Everything in his brain hurt, and frankly, he felt scrambled. Just a mush of ground beef in his skull.

“I have a potion for you.” Voldemort offered.

Harry stayed down on the table. The world was too overwhelming for him. The window light was too bright, the birds' chirping too loud, and the blood in his mouth was iron-y. He didn't care if Voldemort got angry. It was just another headache to add.

“Potter,” He heard footsteps creeping toward him.

The collar of his shirt was pulled up. Harry’s head dangled as Voldemort sat him upright. Harry’s eyes squeezed. Too bright.

A hand gently cupped under his chin and raised his head. There was a sigh, a curse, and then stillness.

“Open your mouth.” Voldemort commanded.

Harry was too tired to fight him. A cold vial pressed against his lips, and a potion that tasted like peppermint pooled in his mouth. Harry weakly swallowed.

“Hm, next session should be shorter. You’re getting better at lying. I’ll have Narcissa attack you to see how you hold up. You should fare okay.” His hand tried to leave Harry, but when Harry couldn’t lift his head, it returned.

“Shit!” Voldemort cursed again. “Back to your room. I’ll visit before lunch to see how you feel.”

Voldemort curled Harry up in his chair and lifted him up. He cradled Harry’s head against his chest and began to walk.

Harry's entire body was buzzing and aching. His lids were heavy, and he felt himself drifting.

He was standing in a shack. Everything was covered in grime, from the shattered windows to the rotten floorboards. He kicked aside a snake skin and continued into the house. His polished shoes were kicking up dust with every step.

A crash sounded from the back room. A skeletal man stumbled out, crooked wand in hand. It took him almost a full minute to realise Harry was there. He waved it at him, hollering nonsensical words. Harry's mouth twisted in disgust.

"Are you Morfin Gaunt?" He asked, shifting away from a pidgin that was perched on what used to be a kitchen counter.

"Out! Muggle! Out!" He slurred.

"I am not a muggle. I am Merope's son." He spoke evenly, though his jaw was quite clenched.

*"Merope?" His voice was almost clear, but there was an angered twinkle in his eyes.
"Merope... son..."*

He straightened, staring straight at Harry. Harry gestured to his bone-white wand. The man looked at him, the wand, and his wand.

"Filithly Half-Blood!" He screamed. "Muggle on the hill! Look like muggle on hill!"

Morfin started to tear at the walls, screaming as he ripped off the boards on the wall and threw broken pieces of vases to the floor. A table flipped, breaking with ease. Morfin threw his wand at Harry. Harry caught it in the air. He used it to cast a cutting curse Morfin's direction, his blood streaking across the room. The man simply got back up and threw a bigger tantrum.

Harry turned his heel and walked out, thumbing the wood of the wand. It was less grimy than the rest of the house; only a few dirt specs were on him. The wand was hesitant to accept him, but he forced it to comply with his magic.

Muggle on the hill...

He was at the bottom of a hill. Harry meandered to the top, where he found a huge white-brick manor with extensive gardens. He raised his eyebrows, impressed, but anger burned within him.

His heart was beating fast as he knocked on a double-wide door. He could hear footsteps approaching the door. Blood roared in his ears.

The man who answered the door looked almost exactly like an older Tom. Bar the eyes, which were blue. He froze.

The man's face turned into a snarl. Harry incarcerated him with Morfin's wand before he could say anything. Harry opened the door further to be met with an opulent interior that rivalled the Malfoys. He stepped over the man and shut the door.

"Would you be Tom Riddle?" He inquired, crouched beside him.

"Fuck you." The man spat at him. Harry wiped the spit off of his cheek.

"No, that won't do." Harry muttered a few words under his breath, and the man's eyes widened.

"Let's try again. Would you be Tom Riddle?" Harry twirled Morfin's wand.

"Yes." Tom squirmed, trying to undo the bindings of rope that covered him.

"Would you have known Merope Gaunt?"

At that, his face twisted again. Regret, anger, disgust—a flurry of emotions that he couldn't quite place.

"A she-devil. An ugly witch who could never amount to nothing." He spat.

Harry dug Morfin's wand into Tom's throat.

"Yet you got with her." He growled, brows furrowed.

"I didn't want to!" Tom glared at him. "Evil woman. Gave me her witchy drinks that forced me to think I cared about her. The moment she stopped, I ran. And it looks like I left a bastard in my wake."

Harry's hand froze. His wandhand trembled. Something inside of him broke. He looked down at Tom. Nothing but hatred blared in his eyes.

He stood. Just as he was about to turn around, he heard footsteps.

An old version of Tom and an older woman that shared his hair stepped out from the staircase. The old man held a shotgun pointed straight at him.

"You!" The woman screamed.

"Get away from my son, you hellspawn. Go back to whatever satanic pit you crawled out of. Your kind has already caused enough damage to my family." The gun was trained on him throughout his speech, not even trembling.

"Get rid of the spawn." The woman spoke. "He's a stain on our family. What will Anne say when she finds out? We'll be ruined! One of those things, an heir to our estate?"

Harry didn't give them a second longer. A beam of green light extended from the tip of Morfin's wand and made contact with the man a split second before he pulled the trigger. The man dropped to the floor, lifeless.

“What have you done?” Tom thrashed in his binds. “Just leave us! Don’t you ever come around here again! We don’t want you!”

Another part of Harry broke.

This time, he was calm as he raised Morfin's wand again. Another beam of green light. Lifeless.

Harry loomed over Tom. He tilted his head.

“What was Merope like?” He asked softly.

“Terrible. That filthy little - “

Green light. Lifeless.

Harry walked back to the shack at the bottom of the hill. He entered the house, and saw a passed-out Morfin on the floor, surrounded by even more broken pieces of junk.

He noticed a shiny ring on his finger. Harry transfigured a cloth and used it to pick up Morfin’s hand. It was an eight-sided black gem captured by a golden band, a triangle with a circle and a line running through it on one of the sides.

As many cleaning spells as he knew were cast on the ring. Once satisfied, he looked at Morfin. He muttered a few memory-alteration spells and placed his wand next to him. He began to recite a chant.

Magic swirled around him, and he used his wand to slash a cut in his arm, bleeding on the ring. More magic. A scream clawed its way out of his throat as pain coursed through his veins. Everything was on fire.

He collapsed to his knees after he finished chanting. Then everything went dark.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: eat it
Bellatrix: no u

Harry: idk what that means so not important.
Tiberius: wut

Harry: hehe new name
Voldemort: ...
Tom: (shit-eating grin)

A/N

I will respond to the previous chapter's comments soon lol, had a busy week. Anyways this is your mandatory water reminder. Stretch your back too.

Also??? Almost 500 bookmarks??? Couldn't thank you all enough!

Pain and Mani Pedis

Chapter Summary

A nightmare startles Harry. A ritual filled with pain. And a terrifying day out.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hot tears streamed down Harry's face. Riddle was shaking his shoulders, and Tom rubbed circles into his back.

"Shh, shh, what's wrong?" Tom asked him, lightly patting him.

"Did you have a nightmare, angel?" Riddle brushed away his tears.

Harry buried his face into Riddle's chest. He clung to him, digging his nails into his shirt until they ached. Riddle brushed his hands through his hair. Tom hugged him tight around the waist.

"I - I saw - " Harry tried to get out, but his chest was tight.

"What did you see, love?" Tom hummed in his ear.

"Sometimes," Harry managed to catch a breath, "I can see your memories as if they were my own."

Silence. They froze, daring not even to breathe.

"Which one was it? You don't have to say if you don't want to." Riddle spoke softly.

"The... " Harry wasn't sure what to say. "The Morfin memory."

Riddle's hands knitted into his hair. He gripped him hard, not letting Harry move at all. Harry could feel his breath hitch, his breathing abnormal. A flicker of fear sat deep within Harry. He never thought Riddle would hurt him, but would that memory fuel a hidden hatred? Harry felt wetness on the top of his head. Pressed against his chest, Harry strained to listen for anything. The faintest gasps for air could be heard, a little tremble of a whimper, but they were basically inaudible. He recognised it as practised breathing.

A melting feeling filled him. It burned at his chest like his organs had caught fire. He sobbed into Riddle's shirt, the new feeling overwhelming his every sense.

They stayed there, with Harry's crying the sombre song of the night.

“Potter,” Voldemort entered the room after his knocks weren’t answered

He took a step back as he noticed Potter still snuggled up with his horcruxes. Snuggled up may not be the best word—more like clinging.

Curled together, the older one pulled Potter into his chest. Potter's side was used as a pillow by the younger, his arms belted around his waist. All of their legs were tangled together. Voldemort could hardly see Potter at all.

He sighed.

If time was on his side, he'd leave and pretend he never saw anything. But time was not and he needed him within the hour.

He raised his wand.

Why was this so difficult this time around?

He decided to use a gentle awakening spell on them. It roused them from their slumber, their movements slow and clumsy. The older horcrux stayed wrapped around him even as his eyes blinked open. The younger one raised his head, yawned, and then lowered it.

Voldemort cleared his throat loudly.

Three sets of eyes turned to stare at him. All of them had redness in their eyes. Voldemort stiffened.

“What do you need?” Harry yawned, stretching as the horcruxes released him.

“I’ve finally set up the ritual to solidify the horcrux within you. The ritual is time-sensitive, and I need you there as soon as possible.” Voldemort tried not to look at his horcruxes.

“Okay, okay, do I need to do or wear anything?” Harry shimmied himself out of their grasps.

Voldemort nodded. “I will provide everything. Just come with me.”

Harry crawled out of bed while the two horcruxes hesitantly fled into their containers on the desk, disappearing. Harry was led past Voldemort’s personal office and bedroom to another room with a white door.

Entering the room, there was a bathtub in the centre of a circle with runes running around the inside and outside, with lines connecting some of them. The white walls were covered top-to-bottom with more runes. Voldemort reached over to a hook behind the door and pulled off a white silk robe.

“Undress and wear this. Preferredably, I’d have you naked, but I presume you would object.” He handed it over to Potter.

The boy's cheeks turned a brighter shade of red. Voldemort dismissed himself from the room to let him get dressed. When he finally opened the door, clothes folded in his arms, Voldemort couldn't help but think how small Harry was.

Too thin, even after the month of constant meals.

"I will have Narcissa check you over again so you can get to an average weight. We may need to induce more exercise as well." Voldemort stared at the visible sternum bone that crept through the V-shaped neckline.

"Anything else you find disgusting about my body?" Potter snapped at him. Voldemort was almost surprised at the hostility.

"I did not say it was disgusting. I am merely... concerned for your health." He replied, reaching out and taking his clothes, placing them outside the door.

Potter didn't say anything.

"Now that you are dressed, you will lay in that bathtub. Make sure to get the solution all over you, from toes to hair, and stay as low as possible in it. When there comes a blue flash, you need to go under the solution and hold your breath. It should only last ten seconds."

Voldemort needed him to do exactly that. Without his complete compliance, the ritual would fail. Voldemort didn't know what would happen if it did. He banished the thoughts that intruded.

"I don't have to drink any blood, right?" Harry expressed his optimism.

Voldemort handed him a vial. It was a light orange, slightly pearlescent.

"It only contains a few drops."

It wasn't a complete lie. There were much more than a few drops, but he wanted to ease Potter's mind. He didn't want him to be distressed.

"Great." Potter rolled his eyes, taking the vial.

"You can drink it now, it just makes sure the ritual has more success." Voldemort wasn't sure if he actually needed to, but it was better to be safe than sorry.

Potter downed it in one gulp. He bent down and gagged at the floor, but managed to keep the potion down. He looked up, a bit of spit spilling past his lips.

"That was the foulest thing I ever drank." He hissed.

"You can have whatever you want—no alcohol—after." You can choose a reward as well." Voldemort wiped away the spittle with his sleeve.

Voldemort had deliberated for some time on what he should do for Potter's cooperation. The ritual may cause him pain, even if Voldemort did everything in his power to redirect it onto

himself. Potter needed something as a treat.

“Get in the tub; I will start the ritual. If anything goes wrong, no matter what you hear, what you see, or what you feel, you must stay in there.” Voldemort imposed the gravity. “While you are in there, you are safe.”

Potter’s face paled. “I understand.”

"Good," Voldemort said, nodding. “You can get out once there is a yellow flash and the runes turn blue.”

Potter precariously stepped through the maze of runes until he made it to the bathtub. Voldemort sat himself at the main rune on the outer circle. He placed his hands on the red sand that formed the lines and breathed out.

Hope was a fickle thing. Voldemort never hoped for anything. He simply did it, or he failed. There was nothing to hope for because he knew exactly what he could achieve. But this was an act of hope. He didn’t know what would happen when he finished the ritual. He hoped it would be the right decision. He hoped.

“Why is the red stuff warm?” Potter asked, lowering himself into the bath tub.

“For your comfort, I assumed that you didn’t want it cold?” Voldemort kept control of his breathing. The first line was long, and he needed all the air he could get.

Potter didn’t respond, and Voldemort watched as he lowered himself into the bathtub. He disappeared and reappeared with red liquid running down his face.

“What even is this?” Potter asked, examining his hands.

“I will tell you afterwards. Stay quiet. Be still.”

Harry Potter was the source of many of his headaches.

Potter stayed silent as Voldemort breathed in a large breath. The words flowed out of him like a river. He practised for hours and hours until he attained perfection. His lungs burned by the time he ended the first line.

Aches covered his body at the second line.

Cold, stabbing pains pricked at his brain at the third line.

Fire courses through his veins as he stated the fourth line.

Blood leaked from slashes in his skin at the fifth line.

Acid burned down his throat at the sixth line.

Ripping, scratching pain plucked at his soul on the seventh.

A strangled scream came from his mouth as his soul reached out. Panic flew through his mind, but pain was all he could think of. He tried to hide it under occlumency shields, but he could feel them buckle under the power of the magic.

The pain slowly dissipated. He collapsed onto the ground as soon as his blurry eyes could see the runes turn blue—the ritual was complete. His breath came out shallow, and he could still feel the fire progressing through his body. No longer contained in his blood, it bubbled to the surface of his skin.

“Voldemort?” Called Potter. Voldemort’s ears rang.

“Voldemort?” Steps.

Potter turned him onto his back. He still dripped red, some of the droplets getting onto Voldemort’s face. Voldemort didn’t even flinch.

“Voldemort? What do I do?” Potter waved his hand in front of Voldemort’s face.

Voldemort found his mouth unable to form the words. He just groaned, flipping onto his side and curling up into a ball of misery. Potter shook his shoulder. Voldemort could hear the constant repetition of his name but couldn’t respond.

He laid there for a minute while Potter simply fretted over him. He heard his house-elf being called, but she similarly didn’t know what to do.

“I’m going to get you to your room. Can you try to walk? I can help. I can. With a bit of magic I can.” Potter’s voice grew in pitch and speed as he talked.

Voldemort muttered a short, “Yes.”

His ego took a massive blow as he had to be hauled up and swing an arm around Potter’s shoulders. Voldemort leaned on Potter, almost crushing him. Potter hissed a spell, and Voldemort could feel himself become lighter.

Wandless, Voldemort noted.

They slowly crept to Voldemort’s room. Potter tried to hurry them along, but at one point he paused and continued at a more reasonable pace. He tried to open Voldemort’s door, but it was locked.

“*Amaranth*.” Voldemort hissed.

The door clicked.

Potter struggled to open the door. He staggered into the room, his strength likely diminishing. Voldemort surveyed his room to make sure nothing was moved as Harry dragged him to his four-poster bed.

He was laid on silken green sheets. Voldemort fought the urge to curl up again but instead clenched his hands. Not that it did much; he could barely muster the energy to do anything.

Potter paced around, constantly glancing back at him. He called for Pipskey once again.

“Here, you’re a bit hot right now.” Potter placed a cold cloth over Voldemort’s forehead. It did soothe the fire inside him, just a bit. He could think a little clearer now.

“Pain reliver. Fever reducer. Energizer.” Voldemort managed to get out.

Pipskey retrieved the potions. Potter had to help him sit up in order to take them. The combination of all of them was vile, but the energy slowly started to seep back into his bones, and everything became clearer.

A fretting type of emotion that tore at his chest and made his heart race consumed him.

That’s what he felt. No, it wasn’t him feeling it. It was different. Like it was coming from the outside. Voldemort glanced at Potter’s contorted face, and it clicked.

Voldemort could sense Potter’s emotions.

The idea made him uncomfortable. He couldn’t manage his newfound emotions; how was he going to manage another person’s? Anytime Potter felt something, it would bounce back to him.

What if he was in pain?

Voldemort didn’t want to think about the random bouts of second-hand pain that could appear at any time. It would be disastrous to start writhing during a raid or a meeting. Potter needed to be guarded at all times.

But Potter would hate that.

And that hatred would return to him. Voldemort almost wanted to scoff. Now he had to manage someone’s emotional wellbeing. Potter’s happiness—whether he liked it or not—would be his top priority.

He was good at manipulating someone’s emotions. But Potter’s would have to be long-term, which he hadn’t done before. The longest had been his Hogwarts years, and a little after that, while he worked in retail.

Voldemort would have to genuinely try to make him happy.

“Do you feel better?” Potter’s voice cracked.

“Yes,” He responded. Harry sighed, and the tightness in their connection faded.

“Do you need anything else? Food? Water? Do you need to be moved? Ah, you have cuts. Would you like a potion? A salve? Bandages?” Potter rambled on, pacing again.

“There is a shelf in the bathroom. Grab a set of clothes. They are pyjamas, and I would like to change into clean clothes before I sleep.” Voldemort gestured to the door opposite the bed. “I can bandage my arms on my own.”

“Okay, okay. I’ll do that.” Potter assured him.

It was an awkward matter getting dressed.

Voldemort shook too much to button his shirt and needed Potter to do it for him. It was humiliating to need help with such a simple task. But Potter did not feel anything in that moment aside from a tightness in his chest that Voldemort couldn’t place.

He tried to bandage himself, but his arms were shaking and too weak to pull them tight. Potter took over without another word, carefully applying salve over the clean cuts, then wrapping them tightly.

Potter even had to help him with his shirt. Voldemort was unable to properly shove his arms through the shirt holes and needed Potter to tug them through. Though he felt nothing but tightness in his chest. He wouldn’t know what to do if Potter pitied him.

He had to muster all his strength to put on his bottoms by himself.

“Thank you,” Voldemort said through clenched teeth.

“No problem, did you need anything else?” Potter knelt down to his level, green eyes glistening.

“No,” Voldemort sighed. “I just want to sleep.”

“Okay, I’ll check up on you in a few hours and see if you’re still hot.” Potter rose from his position and walked out of the room, looking back once more before leaving.

Harry attended to Voldemort for the next few days. The man was feverish, practically burning from the inside out, and had a plethora of pain relievers shoved down his throat. But he gradually became better under Harry’s constant supervision.

It was odd to see the Dark Lord in such a weakened state. Riddle assured him that making a horocrux made him sick for a short period of time. The degree of his sickness was higher, but they theorized that it was the re-opening of the wound on the soul to establish the connection that did it in.

There was the bonus that it no longer hurt when they were in contact for a long period of time. Harry tested it out one day by holding Voldemort’s hand while he slept. The electricity travelled past his scar, but instead of the agonising pain, there was warmth that calmed him to his core.

Tom and Riddle provided great support during that time. They showered him with plenty of cuddles and kisses. In the meantime, Harry received training lessons from Tiberus. Though the lessons were often interrupted by Harry’s anxiety surrounding Voldemort,

He entertained him during the day and watched over him at night. The other horcruxes grew concerned for both of them, but Harry insisted he had it covered.

Harry needed to return the favour, after all.

“Amaranth the basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets, right?” Harry asked one day.

Voldemort glanced over at him, the cloth falling from his forehead. “Yes, she was.” Voldemort answered.

Harry replaced the wet cloth on Voldemort with a new one. Voldemort shivered, his relief flooding over their connection. Harry smiled at him, his touch lingering.

“I’m sorry about her. Kinda stabbed her in the face.” Harry apologised.

“It’s nothing. I understand she was trying to kill you.” Voldemort waved him off. He paused, then looked in him directly in the eye. “How did you and the diary... make up?”

Harry’s face grew red.

“Well, uh, he extended the olive branch first. I’m not sure what changed with him, but he was a lot nicer after I murdered him. Tom comforted me, even if I couldn’t see him, at night at the Dursleys. He was the one that administered the potions to me and helped me heal.” Harry tried to avoid directly talking about how Tom comforted him.

Voldemort’s eyes narrowed. “He allows you to call him Tom?”

“Yeah,” Harry looked away, “He didn’t mind, and the ring horcrux asks that I call him Riddle, so we don’t get confused.”

“How did... that happen?” Voldemort, too, seemed to be avoiding what he wanted to say.

“Well...” Harry tried to think of a way to say it: “Tom put in a good word for me, and Riddle thought that the siphoning method was effective and joined us.”

Harry was aware that his situation was unusual, but he chose to accept it as such.

“Do you view them as separate people?” Voldemort turned to his side, facing Harry.

Harry answered immediately, “Yeah. I mean, I know they share most of the same memories and all, but they’re different. Riddle’s a lot more forward and will directly ask me to do something, while Tom will ask me in a roundabout way or will be softer while asking.”

Voldemort held a pensive expression. “I see.”

Silence.

“Do you want to know what happened when I blew up Aunt Marge?” Harry asked, trying to break the stillness.

"Yes," Voldemort replied, pulling the covers up to his chin and listening intently.

The day Voldemort was strong enough to use magic again, he asked the question.

“What do you want as a reward?” Voldemort stabbed his eggs.

Harry bit his lip.

“I - it I can - I would like to go out.” Voldemort opened his mouth, his expression disappointed. “It doesn’t need to be anywhere magical.”

Voldemort closed his mouth, and had a pensive look about him.

“Would you be okay with muggle London?” He inquired, his gaze fixed on him.

“Yeah. I would be.” Harry let out a sigh of relief.

Sure, he was happy to have Tom and Riddle, and even Tiberius and Voldemort, but he wanted to walk around. To wander around in an area.

“I will accompany you. I know just the place, if you don’t have a certain place in mind.” Voldemort had an almost fond smile on his face.

“I’d love to go.” Harry was about to request that they go somewhere with a food court, but he couldn’t turn off Voldemort’s small light.

“Brilliant, let’s go tomorrow.”

Both under heavy glamours, they apparated to muggle London. Harry heaved at the floor but regained his composure quickly.

Tall, old buildings were all around them. The streets were narrow, and shops were peppered between people’s homes. Even with everything depressingly grey, he could feel the bustling energy in the area. Harry looked to Voldemort expectantly.

“I discovered this little hole-in-the-wall when I was a teenager. It’s still active and alive, even now. I still visit occasionally.” Voldemort gestured to the alley.

“It reminds me of Diagon.” Harry said as they began to walk. “I feel the same.”

Harry could feel the nostalgia that dripped from their connection. He could no longer just feel Voldemort’s anger but also his small scraps of joy. It wasn’t too often, but he could sense it.

“We can go shopping, eat, or just walk around. Whatever you want, we can do.” Voldemort flashed him a thick stack of paper notes. Harry’s eyes grew wide; he had never seen that much muggle money in one place before.

“Shopping first.” Harry was already pulling Voldemort into a store.

Amusement bled through their connection.

Harry bounded around the clothing shop. It was small but filled with hand-printed shirts, coats, jeans, purses, and so many other little items. Harry found a knitted red scarf with grey stripes running through it and tassels at the end and decided it would be his.

A stylish beige overcoat made its way into the cart. As well as a green shirt that had mountains on it and a red flannel. He excitedly made his way to the checkout.

The next shop was a charity shop. It had many odds and ends, but Harry scavenged for something to get. He found a mostly new black leather messenger bag with many pockets on the front and inside. With some enchantments, it should be perfect.

Voldemort had an extra spring in his step as he entered the next store. An ancient-looking stationary store with many different journaling supplies. The wallpaper was extremely outdated and faded, but the supplies looked new.

Harry was left to his own devices as Voldemort toured the shop as well. Harry went a bit overboard and filled his basket with sticky notes, binders, gel pens, and whatever else he couldn't get at Hogwarts. Honestly, they needed to have more organisation materials, even if he wouldn't have used them. But this time he would.

"P - Harry?" Voldemort glanced around the shop.

"Yeah?" Harry bounded to him.

In his hands was a familiar black journal with golden edges. The front was bare; there was no name. But a sign by the other piles of multi-coloured books said, "*Personalised Journals*". Voldemort looked down at the book, almost fondly.

"I got my diary from this shop. I am surprised to find that they still sell them." He touched the cover fondly.

"Do you think your, uh, other halves would want one? I kind of destroyed one." Harry cringed, not knowing how to refer to Tom and Riddle without saying "horcrux."

"Perhaps. What would they write in them?" Voldemort reluctantly sat down the journal.

"Their feelings?" Harry shrugged. Voldemort scoffed.

Harry ignored him and grabbed a green and grey journal. He paused, then grabbed a red one. He stepped away, but stopped.

"Y'know, you also lost a diary. I don't think he'd feel betrayed if you got another one." Harry walked away, letting Voldemort ruminate on his thoughts.

Harry tossed a rainbow of coloured and scented inks into his basket. Combing around the store, he finally rediscovered Voldemort, still staring at the journals. The man picked up a brown one and nodded to himself.

"Hey!" Harry almost said Voldemort's name, but stopped himself. "I'm done if you are."

Voldemort sighed. "I am finished."

The young woman behind the counter scanned their items. "Would you like to personalise these journals?"

Harry looked at Voldemort. Voldemort nodded.

"Er, yes." Harry's mind flew.

"One moment, let me gather my supplies." The salesperson disappeared behind a door.

Voldemort hissed lowly, "*You can put your name on them. There are no magicals around; I just checked.*"

"Thanks."

Harry J Potter was foiled with gold on the red journal, Tom on the grey one, Riddle on the green one, and Voldemort on the brown one. Harry's eyes bulged at the total for all of them, but Voldemort didn't flinch as he forked over the notes. Stationary was expensive.

"Let's get food." Harry tugged Voldemort along as he gathered shopping bags.

"Hm," Voldemort observed, "there's a diner there, ice cream down the road..."

They ate quickly as they were both hungry and stopped to get ice cream. They toured more stores but didn't get much else.

"Have you done what you wanted to do?" Voldemort asked, guiding him to the back of the alley.

"Yeah. Does that mean we're leaving?" Though he wanted to run back and give Tom and Riddle their gifts, he also liked the bustle of the city.

"No. I want to go to one more place before we go." Voldemort spoke softer this time.

They wound their way until they reached almost the end of the alley. They took an abrupt turn into what looked like a first-floor apartment. A bell rang as Voldemort opened the door for him.

Before him was a nail salon. There were seats for pedicures with a soaking basin and three desks with lights for manicures. Bottles of nail polish covered the walls on clear shelves. An ancient-looking old woman sat by the check-out.

"Hello, Tom. Back again?" She got up from her chair and hobbled over to them.

"Yes, I brought... another person." Voldemort gestured to Harry.

"Ah. A son? A son-in-law? A spouse? Someone else?" She interrogated them, waving them over to the manicure stations.

“Hm, an acquaintance.” Voldemort settled on.

Harry hummed, content with his answer.

“I see, I see. Do you want a colour? Something blue? Red?” She waved at the shelves.

Voldemort looked at Harry expectantly.

“Erm,” Harry really didn’t want any colours. “Something light? I’m not looking for anything bold.”

Voldemort cracked a smile. “I normally do a milky white, number 002, Adeline.”

“Ah, can’t convince you to make a statement?” Adeline laughed, pulling out a mostly unused bottle of a white polish.

“Um, I’ll do the same?” Harry honestly didn’t know what he was talking about.

Voldemort nodded and sat in one of the chairs. Harry hesitantly sat in the one next to him. She busted out many different sharp tools that looked more like torture devices than something to use on nails. Nail files, some with pointed ends, were also placed on the desk.

Adeline flipped on the light. “The usual? Nothing special?”

Voldemort thought about it for a second. “The usual.”

Adeline shook her head and grinned. She began to sort her tools and started by wiping a wet cotton ball over his fingers.

“When I was young,” Voldemort began, *“My nailbeds were half-crushed in an...incident. No potions were working, and it happened just as I got back from Hogwarts. They grew to crack, peel, and bleed.”*

“Adeline saw me and offered to fix them, free of charge. She carefully filed down and removed the dead pieces, then placed a layer of nail enamel over them to protect them while they healed. I’ve been seeing her ever since.” He finished, hissing.

Harry pondered his story for a second. The comfortable silence sat still in the air.

“Does she know you’re...” Harry hissed back.

“No. She believes me to be a demon. I will continue to let her think that.” He hissed lowly. *“She will most likely think you are as well.”*

“Why is she so nice then?” Harry watched, in horror, as she clipped away the stray skin around his cuticle.

“Would you be cruel to a demon?” Voldemort rolled his eyes. *“Maybe she believes in karma. I do not care enough to investigate.”*

Harry nodded; it made sense. He watched as Adeline clipped, filed, and then painted a layer of nail polish on Voldemort. It hardly looked like polish, only making the nail look a little cleaner, and it reflected a little bit of light.

“Now you.” She rolled her chair over to Harry.

Harry watched, helpless, as she brought her sharp instruments over to him.

Adeline quickly wiped his hand with a strange liquid and waited only a second before moving again. She brought a curved spatula closer to his nails, and he drew back ever so slightly. Adeline forcefully pulled his hand back and began to scrape at his nailbed. He couldn't escape.

Voldemort lightly nudged his shoulder with his shoulder. He gave an encouraging look. Harry stayed pressed against Voldemort, letting the warm electricity overcome him.

Adeline was over sooner than he realised. Another coat of paint was added to both of them. Just when Harry thought it was over, Voldemort spoke.

“Pedicure time!” Voldemort said it excitedly.

Harry sighed.

The pedicure went better than the manicure. They began by soaking their feet in warm water, which was relaxing, to say the least. She rubbed a rough scrub on their legs that left Harry feeling clean.

When she brought out the sharp tools again, Voldemort held his hand to further calm him. Again, she coated them with the milky-white polish.

They stayed after their pedicure. Voldemort let Adeline gossip with him, and Voldemort, in turn, gossiped back. He altered some of the details and names, as well as the lack of magic. But Harry could connect the dots nonetheless.

As soon as another customer entered the room, she shooed them out. Voldemort maintained a slight smile on his face as they left.

Voldemort offered his arm.

“Do you have a swimsuit?” Voldemort asked as Harry took his hand.

“Yeah. Why?” Harry asked.

A sly smile stretched across Voldemort's face.

“No reason.”

Soon after landing back at the manor, Harry returned to his room with Voldemort trailing behind him. Harry had to “wake up” both of them.

Harry handed both of them their wrapped presents. He wasn't sure if they would like them, but if they had gotten them once, surely they'd like them again? He hoped. Voldemort sat his bags on the floor and watched the group with interest.

Tom and Riddle unwrapped their gifts carefully. They smirked at the names on the front.

"I kind of damaged yours, so take it as a gift of redemption?" Harry said it awkwardly.

Tom merely patted him on the head. "No hard feelings."

"None at all." Riddle continued.

"Oh! And these as well!" Harry dug around until he found the other packages.

They were both slow with undoing the twine around the packages. They lit up at the sight, and they had a nostalgic expressions on their faces.

"I envied these when I was younger." Tom held up the scented, multi-coloured inks.

"By the time I could afford it, it was too childish to use." Riddle complained, miffed. He examined the calligraphy pens.

Harry smiled. "Well, now you have it. And it's not childish."

Tom drew closer to Harry and kissed him on the cheek. Riddle was more forceful, tilting Harry's face up and firmly pressing their lips together. Harry waited a moment, savouring it, before stepping away.

The door loudly shut behind them.

"Whoops."

Chapter End Notes

Harry: Omg are you okay????

Voldemort, slowly dying inside: Yep.

Harry: It's okay I take care of you <3

Voldemort: Mani Pedis

Harry: (is terrified)

Harry: gifts 4 u

Tom and Riddle: Kisses, my beloved

Voldemort: (slams door)

A/N

I decided to put out a chapter today. Monday is not really working out as a posting day, so I plan on changing it to Friday? Maybe? Don't trust my word.

Party

Chapter Summary

Harry attends a party. Voldemort becomes furious.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry fidgeted with his cloak. Voldemort caught his hand and placed it back at his side.

“You’ll be fine.” He reassured.

“You don’t know that.” Harry muttered.

“I’ve trained you. If anything happens, just find me.” Voldemort squeezed his hand, then released it.

“It’s still...scary.” Harry complained, the hair on his neck on end.

“Aren’t you a Gryffindor?”

Voldemort was right. He was a Gryffindor. A lion in a snake’s nest. He could do this. He has pretended before, and he can pretend again. He psyched himself up for it.

“Do you like your mask?” Voldemort detoured the conversation.

“Yeah.” It was a fanciful masquerade mask, with added glitter (courtesy of Tom).

“It’s rather distinctive. I do hope they realise you are not someone to toy with.” Voldemort straightened his dark green robes.

“Gold, opposite of silver; it stands out. And I will fight your Death Eaters. Until you come to save me, of course.” Harry smiled wide, staring up at Voldemort.

“Of course,” Voldemort replied with a similar smile. It was a bit unnerving with his snake-face appearance.

They walked into the ballroom together, slipping through without anyone noticing them.

The hall itself was impressive. Huge, with limestone walls and dark wooden floors. The ceiling was carved with designs and swirls, with a large crystal chandelier in the middle. Other crystals littered the air and walls, with light emanating from them.

The room was packed. The Death Eaters filled the hall, decked out in their finest robes. No masks graced their faces.

Harry's eyes grew larger as he was able to see more people. He'd wager that most of the members of Wizengamont were there, along with a lot of ministry officials and even more normal citizens. Many faces were similar to those he saw at Hogwarts.

The Order stood no chance.

There was more there than in the meetings. His numbers had only grown in the short time he was there, and Tiberius had said that in the last two months, they had gone up by 20%.

"Have you heard? The Dark Lord had stopped his hunting of Harry Potter." One Death Eater whispered to another.

"I thought that was just a rumor," Another replied. Three more Death Eaters joined their gossip circle, Harry listening in.

"Has he really?"

"Yes, he has! I'm glad to have more focus on the important matters." The other shook his wine glass.

Harry left the conversation. Right now, he wanted the vast buffet that lay on one side of the hall. It was decked out in every sweet or snack he could imagine. Even some more obscure wizard delicacies were there.

Harry took his plate and snacked on a layered chocolate cake. He grabbed some odd blue drink that tasted sweet and sipped on it next to the table.

People created a barrier around him, with traffic flowing directly around him. Harry would have been almost amused if it hadn't been for his urge to interact with them. What was the average Death Eater like? Ones who weren't in the meetings.

He observed a group in particular. One was an Auror, two were Wizengamont members, and the other three he couldn't place. The group seemed to notice his intense stare, with their gazes constantly returning to him.

Harry merely stared more intensely.

One of the braver ones approached him. She was an Auror, stout and confident in her stride. She had a crest displayed on her chest and a long yellow cloak trailing behind her.

"Hello, who may you be?" She asked boldly.

Harry smiled. "You may call me Ignis."

"And your position? I am in the middle circle, second degree." She extended a hand.

Harry blinked. He knew what the middle circle was, but the second degree? "It's... complicated. I'm not a Death Eater. "If it helps, I stay in the Lord's family wing with the inner circle members.

Her face paled. Tiberius had told him about pureblood manners. You never, ever, extended a greeting first if the person had a higher rank than you.

Harry cleared his throat and shook her hand. "Pleasure to meet you..."

"Rachel Savage. Most people just call me Savage." She withdrew quickly.

"Okay, Savage. Have you found the party okay?" He meandered toward the group, Savage following behind him.

"Oh, yes, very nice." She answered, not meeting his eyes.

The circle of people adjusted to the new addition. They regarded him with suspicion, analyzing his every move and appearance like vultures. To see if he was something to eat or something to fear.

"This is Ignis," Savage said as he introduced him to the group, "and this... person is much higher ranked than I."

Harry blinked. He forgot about the voice distortion spell. If her reactions were anything to go by, his voice was most likely androgenous. It made him giggle inside. How different would their reactions be?

They shifted uncomfortably.

"Nice to meet you," The chorused.

"The pleasure is mine."

They chatted on about the current state of the world. The others were great insights on Wizengamont. Tiberius informed him of some things about it, but he was otherwise blind when it came to the current workings and bills.

It infuriated him.

The bills they were submitting were less aggressive than the previous proposed ones he had heard of, but they were still regressive. Some were still outrageous. Taking muggleborns as soon as their names appeared on the Hogwarts roster?

Barbaric.

Some of the bills he did favour. Dark creatures, like werewolves, able to work in Diagon Alley? Good. People like Remus would be able to make a living.

Remus.

Had he been compliant with the Order's disregard for him? He didn't know him too well, but Sirius adored him, so he must be someone who would vouch for him. Then again, he did fold to Sirius multiple times, and he ran under enough pressure.

Would he defend him if he knew about his ties to Voldemort?

"Are you Ignis?" Called someone from behind him.

"Tiberius!" Harry bounded to him, the group abandoned.

"How are you faring?" Tiberius asked, offering his arm, a bit bemused.

"Brilliant." Harry swiped a cupcake from the table, "Food is good."

Tiberius chuckled, his voice gravelly. "Glad you enjoy it. The Dark Lord asked me to collect you; he wants you to interact with our allies."

"Sound good." Harry banished the wrapper with a flick of his hand. Joy filled him as it succeeded. He'd have to tell Riddle that his lessons paid off.

Tiberius smiled as he looked over at him. He whispered with an almost inaudible voice. "Have you finally managed a wordless, wandless spell, Harry?"

Harry grinned. Of course, Tiberius would figure it out first. "Yeah! Riddle said that I should try banishment first because I tend to throw away things that displease me." They were subject to his angry tearing of paper when his ink drawings didn't turn out how he wanted them to.

"It sounds accurate." Tiberius shook his head, a chuckle low in his voice.

They slowly swept through the large hall. The crowd parted before them. Again, those untrustworthy yet curious glances followed their steps. Harry was more than used to it—the debacle with the Triwizard Tournament was enough for him—but Tiberius felt tense.

On the other side of the hall, Voldemort was talking with three people. Well, they looked close enough to people.

The first man was bulky, with long black hair flowing down his back with sunset coloured eyes. Another man was lean and dark-skinned, with pointed ears and a pointed face. The tall woman was exceptionally hairy, with fluffy bark-brown hair and yellow eyes.

They approached, with Tiberius growing tenser. But his face showed nothing but neutrality. Harry tried to maintain a moderate smile—after all, he didn't know enough to fear these people.

Voldemort nodded as he saw the pair.

"Come, Ignis, Tiberius; I wish for you to meet our allies." Voldemort beckoned them closer. Harry was about to object to "our," but he figured it was smarter to hold his tongue.

“Dimitry, president of the Northern Vampire Coven,” The man with the sunset eyes extended his hand, sharp claws at the ends of his hands.

“Ignis. I don’t quite have a title yet.” Harry shook his hand, finding it colder than ice.

Dimitry looked him up and down, then smiled, sharp fangs poking at the corners of his mouth.

“Aquilian,” The dark-skinned man said, swirling a goblet of blue liquid, “Prince of the United Fae Alliance in Europe.”

Harry’s eyes widened. In all of Europe? All of the Fae? How many people did he command? Why was he agreeing to meet with Voldemort, someone who lost the last war? And for someone who looked so young, Fae did age differently...

“Nice to meet you,” Harry shook his hand, trying not to be intimidated.

“Wulstride.” The fluffy woman purred, curtly nodding. “Monarch of the non-wolf Were-pack of the British Isles.”

“Pleasure to have your acquaintance.”

Her hand was absurdly hot.

Harry’s heart was beating through his chest. These were all very important people, and Voldemort wanted him to meet them? Why?

“Tiberius, may you watch Amycus and Alecto? They appear to have drank too much wine.” Voldemort waved to the other pair of twins, who were trying to conceal their stumbling.

“Of course, my Lord. I will make sure they do not get into trouble.” Tiberius bowed and disappeared into the crowd.

The nearby Death Eaters who were overhearing the conversation quickly fled the area. Their once-mild barrier around them turned into a huge gap. Harry wished he could call on Tom or Riddle in times like this. Or both

Aquilian didn’t waste time interrogating him. “So, Ignis, what purpose do you serve for the Dark Lord’s cause?” He sipped his drink.

Harry looked at Voldemort, panic blaring in his eyes.

“Hm,” Voldemort mused. “Ignis provides highly sensitive information on the other side. He serves personal purposes as well.”

“Personal purposes?” Dimitry repeated lowly, glancing at Wulstride.

Voldemort either didn’t hear him or ignored him.

“He has given me insight that has redirected my plans. This new direction has increased my numbers and people’s trust in my cause.” Voldemort continued smoothly.

It had?

Harry tried to think back on everything he told Voldemort. Was it the prophecy? What information do you have about the Order of the Phoenix? His amusing school-related stories?

It was probably the prophecy.

The prophecy seemed to consume Voldemort. With that out of the way, it opened his attention to other matters. Like increasing his numbers or planning better raids. That, combined with the tidbits of information, would lead him to move leaps and bounds further than he would have, had he continued on the prophecy crusade.

“So I’ve heard,” Dimirty replied.

Wulstride cleared her throat. “Have you passed the bills, as promised?”

Voldemort withdrew a long scroll from his inner pocket. “Yes. Over 70% agreeance, with the only opposition some members of the dark and most of the New-Age party. New-Age would be most of the Light side.”

New-Age. Tiberius explained the three parties to him. The light is the New Age, the neutral is the Preservation, and the dark is the Regress. Though not concrete in their lines (there were about four Light members who were Regress), the divide was sufficient to call it what it is.

“I see. I would like to talk privately about the effects this bill could have and what it could mean for our future alliance.” Wulstride nodded toward one of the balconies.

“That is reasonable. Ignis, stay here. Please refrain from treating our guests like Bellatrix.” Voldemort and Wulstride slide out of the group.

The instant they were out of earshot, Aquillian and Dimirty turned to him, their eyes cold. Harry felt his palms grow sweaty and his heart jumped to his throat.

“So, Ignis.” Dimirty began, “What can you tell us about Voldemort?”

Harry’s mouth moved before he could say, “He’s quite the asshole, but he has his moments of compassion.”

Aquillian snorted, his drink spilling from his nose. He coughed hard and frantically moved his hands to cover his mouth.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Harry reached to his breast pocket and grabbed his green handkerchief. “Here, have this.”

Aquillian took his handkerchief and blotted at his face. He opened his mouth to talk, but Harry moved first.

“I can get you a new drink, if you wish?” Harry offered.

Aquillian nodded, still coughing into the handkerchief. Harry rushed to grab more of the drink apologising and a few napkins as well.

“Are you okay? I can summon a healer if necessary.” Harry gave Aquillian the new drink.

“No, no,” Aquillian reassured, “You just said something I did not expect.”

“Oh, yeah, sorry about that.” Harry didn’t know if he should be, but he was anyway.

“My apologies about your handkerchief, it’s rather soaked.” Aquillian held up the dripping fabric.

“No problem; I can vanish it.” Harry waved his hand, and it disappeared.

Aquillian looked at him oddly. “You are capable of wandless magic?”

“Yeah. I’ve been in training for the past two weeks, and I’ve been improving on my magic.” It was a place of pride for him. Tom and Riddle said he was progressing well, but he was just now believing it.

“You learned wandless magic in two weeks?” Dimitry asked and was impressed.

“Well... For the time being, I can only vanish things and perform a featherlight charm. He said it’s because I discard things that displease me and because I want to ease the weight of my burdens.” He felt a blush on his cheeks, thankful that his mask would mostly cover it.

“Is that why he told you not to treat us like Bellatrix?” Aquillian asked, hesitantly sipping his drink.

“What? No, it’s because I like to hit her with a shovel.”

Aquillian snorted again, spilling some of his drink on the floor and inhaling more of it.

“I - “ Aquillian coughed again, “should not drink around you.”

“Sorry!” Harry blushed hard.

“Here, Aquillian,” Dimitry offered his handkerchief.

“I’m an embarrassment to the Fae,” Aquillian muttered, glaring at the few people who looked at him.

The tension between the three had subsided. Aquillian kept his promise of not drinking around Harry, which was a brilliant choice as Harry kept on making him snort even if he didn’t intend to. Dimitry similarly chuckled at him.

“Voldemort,” Aquillian laughed his name, holding his sides. “Ignis has made quite the impression on us.”

“Indeed,” Dimitry agreed.

“You have got a good man here,” Aquillian slowly regained his composure.

“I do.” Voldemort nodded curtly, placing a hand on Harry’s shoulder.

Harry’s face went on fire again.

Voldemort didn’t give praise often, but Harry knew that when he did, it was when he did something extraordinary. He just hoped he gave them the correct impression. That it would help Voldemort.

Since when did he care if Voldemort succeeded?

Harry pushed those thoughts away.

Dimitry cleared his throat and said, “He gave us insight on you as a person. I will admit, I did not hold your morals in the highest of places. It is a main falter to your cause. But I’ve found those views challenged as I hear more about you.”

Aquillian nodded, “Yes, especially after the story about a “mandatory shopping trip” in the muggle world. Where no one was harmed.”

Voldemort arched his brow, well, where his brow would be. Harry smiled back. He may have embellished the story a bit.

“Yes, there has been one. I have been planning another one in the magical world. Under glamours, of course.” Voldemort answered earnestly.

Harry smirked. Another shopping trip!

Aquillian nodded. “If you need a place to shop, you are welcome in the Western-Willwood markets. I do not need to fear you attacking any civilians anymore.”

Voldemort blinked, but he was able to slip back into a neutral mask quickly. “Ah, we may fulfill that offer. I’m not sure when we’ll have time because Ignis will be busy gathering intelligence for the next few months.”

Smart.

Voldemort wasn’t willing to tell them that he was a Hogwarts student. Which Harry hadn’t mentioned, but it was something worth noting. It made sense. Voldemort’s secret, masked person, a student? Preposterous.

“Big mission, eh?” Wulstride growled, but it didn’t seem malicious.

“Yes, it will occupy me for at least until Yule, at most until June.” Harry knew how to slip away from Hogwarts. He could show his golden face to avoid suspicion.

“The school year?” Dimitry asked. His gaze turned suspicious.

Harry agreed with a hum. “Yes, Dumbledore has many tasks during the school year, and it is easier for him to slip up during that time. His actions are delayed as well, which gives us more time to take our own actions. It is the most opportune moment to make a move against the Light as a whole. Dumbledore may be safe in Hogwarts, but that is all he gains.”

Voldemort looked surprised at his words. Frankly, Harry was as well. They flowed out of him like water into a river.

“A tactician as well,” Aquillian stroked his chin, “A packaged deal, Voldemort.”

“I have stumbled upon someone great, Aquillian. I do not plan on letting him go anytime.” There wasn’t even a *soon* tacked on. Anytime.

Aquillian and Dimirty laughed. “Neither would I.”

At that moment, Harry saw a man meandering towards them, holding a tray of wine glasses. He approached them confidently, much moreso than he should have.

“Wine, my Lord?” The man’s voice was somewhat slurred, his face missing the usual pureblood mask.

“Red, Macnair.”

Macnair handed him a glass of red wine. He then swayed his way to Harry.

“And for my Lord’s consort?”

The room grew deathly silent.

Harry looked at the tray, trying not to let the silence disturb him. He wasn’t sure what a consort was, but he knew it was directed towards him.

“Hm, white.” Harry was handed a glass of white wine.

Voldemort sent him a murderous look out of the corner of his eye. A headache brewed in his head. Didn’t he say Harry was able to drink? If he backtracked on the promise, Harry wasn’t going to abide. A promise was a promise.

He sipped his glass, a smile stretching itself across his face. It was more tart than he would have thought. Overall, he enjoyed the taste.

The five chatted for a while. Voldemort remained tense but hid it well. People slowly trickled out, and Harry enjoyed another glass of wine—red this time. By the time the conversation died down, there were only a couple dozen people milling about, mostly at the snack table.

“I’m headed to bed.” Harry yawned. Today had been a long day.

He turned on his heel to move, but the bottom of his cloak caught on his heels, making him almost fall to the floor. Voldemort’s arm shot out and caught him. He narrowed his eyes.

“You’re drunk.” He accused.

“I’m not drunk, I’m clumsy.” Harry tried to remove Voldemort’s arm from him, but the arm only stayed fixed.

“I’ll escort you to your room.” Voldemort glanced at the three allies and said, “Pardon me.”

“Ah, we all must take care of our consort at one point or another.” Wulstride chuckled. “We’ll see ourselves out; do not worry.”

Again, the murderous look was directed Harry’s way.

“I’m not drunk.” Harry insisted as Voldemort took his arm.

They reached the set of doors, and Harry stumbled on the entranceway, his cloak catching on a wood splinter. This time, Voldemort caught him almost instantly.

“Sure, you aren’t drunk.” Voldemort turned to him.

“I’m nOT - “ Harry’s voice got louder as Voldemort scooped him up.

“It is not safe for you to walk back on your own.” Voldemort insisted, adjusting his grip.

A bigger headache gripped Harry’s head. “Let me down, asshole. I can walk.” Harry pounded on Voldemort’s chest.

“Sure you can. We will talk in the morning.”

There was tension in Harry’s shoulders. Voldemort was angry, and he could feel it in his scar. It didn’t burn like it normally did, but it gave him a splitting migraine instead. Like ice instead of fire. He didn’t know which was worse. He curled up on the sofa and buried his face in Tom’s stomach. Riddle rubbed circles into his back.

The door to the room slammed open. Harry abruptly turned back, but wished he hadn’t. The *furios* expression made him want to squirm. He drew back. Tom rested his hand on Harry’s shoulder, Riddle on his hip.

“*Sit up.*” Voldemort hissed.

Harry did as he was told. The light made his headache worse, but he figured that he shouldn’t complain. He hadn’t seen Voldemort this pissed off yet.

“Why,” Voldemort spat, “did you ever answer to the title of ‘*Dark Lord’s consort*’?”

“I don’t know what consort means.” Harry admitted.

Voldemort sighed, beginning to pace. Tom let out a cackle and clenched his chest.

“You—pfff—you answered to consort?” He laughed.

“This is a serious matter!” Voldemort hissed.

“Consort,” Riddle lightly patted Harry on the back. “Basically, means spouse. When they called you ‘Dark Lord’s consort’, they called you Voldemort’s spouse.”

Oh.

Harry laughed hysterically. His face was red, and tears pooled in his eyes. He wasn’t sure whether to cry or continue laughing. It was equal parts embarrassing and hilarious. He wasn’t sure which one to choose.

“You’re laughing? You’re laughing? I’ve been interrogated on my consort all day! My inner circle is asking many questions about my consort, as are my allies. Do you know what it’s like to have to lie about a fake love life?” Voldemort screeched.

Harry tried to breathe.

“This is not a joke!” Voldemort growled, stepping aggressively towards him.

Tom and Riddle both flicked out their wands. Voldemort eyed them but held his ground.

“We’ll have to add manner training and other trainings as well. *If you claim to be my consort, act like it.*” He hissed.

That only sent Harry into another fit of hysterics. The two horcruxes similarly giggled. Voldemort looked like he was going to blow a gasket. It sent another headache to Harry, who finally gave into the feeling.

He gasped, gripping his forehead. Harry curled in on himself and panted, trying to focus on anything other than the splitting in his head. But his thoughts were muddled by aching.

Hands encircled him and drew him into a chest. They rubbed circles into his shoulder and back, holding him tight. There was yelling, but his brain couldn’t process what was being said. He could feel his mouth moving, with nothing but pathetic whimpers leaving it.

The fall was just as abrupt as the rise. The pain filtered away, but the ache still stayed in his brain. A thumb stroked his scar. Hands patted his thigh. Wait - to many hands -

Harry’s eyes creaked open.

Red eyes stared back, full of regret.

Voldemort’s hand didn’t leave his face. He continued to lightly brush over his scar, even as Harry stared back. Voldemort dug in his pockets and offered Harry a potion vial. Harry hesitantly took it and drank it.

His headache disappeared the moment he finished swallowing. He stayed leaning into Tom’s chest and didn’t move as Riddle continued to stroke his thigh. It was comforting, and the blatant display of affection sparked joy within Harry.

Riddle glared at Voldemort.

Voldemort withdrew from Harry with a conflicted look on his face. Riddle and Voldemort locked eyes again. Their expressions spoke louder than words.

“I’m,” Voldemort glanced back at Riddle, then back at him, “sorry. I should not have gotten so angry.”

Harry blinked. An apology, from Voldemort?

Harry sighed, sinking further into Tom’s embrace. “It’s fine. You’re fine. I shouldn’t have taken a title without knowing what it meant.”

Voldemort curtly nodded.

“We will have—let’s call it ‘Consort training’—before occlumency. We’ll move occlumency back by half an hour to better account for my schedule.” Voldemort rose to his feet.

“Training me to be a consort? Count me in.” Harry joked.

A tremor of anger slipped through the connection, but only for a second.

Voldemort cracked a smile. “Be prepared. I don’t expect your personality to change, but I do expect you to know the rules before you stomp over them.”

Harry nodded, and Voldemort left the room, glancing back once before closing the door. Tom loosened his grip. His legs were yanked out of their scrunched position, and he sat down.

Riddle rested his head on Harry’s thighs, a tired smirk on his face.

“I’m sleepy; do you mind being my pillow?” He asked, summoning a blanket for himself.

“I don’t mind.” Riddle hadn’t let him finish before snuggling up in his fluffy blanket.

Harry carded his hands through Riddle's hair as he slept. He simply adored seeing the cockiness leave his features and turn to peaceful tranquility.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: (says anything)

Aquillian: (sputters, inhales drink, laughs)

Harry: The word consort won't stop me from taking a drink.

Voldemort: (internal screeching)

Voldemort: If you call yourself my consort, act like it

Harry, Tom, Riddle: (rib-aching laughter)

A/N

Seems like just three chapters ago I was thanking everyone for 20,000 hits, now it's at 32,000. So thank you all very much, it makes me more motivated to write!

Nagini's Hunger

Chapter Summary

A conversation with Barty. Consort training with Voldemort. Nagini is hungry. And Severus is tired.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There was another minor conflict in the manor one day with Barty. Maybe not a confrontation, but definitely a conversation.

“So, Mr. Potter, how are you walking around right now? I assume My Lord would want a piece of his soul to be highly guarded.” Barty said, taking a bite of the omelette Harry had made him.

“Mr. Potter?” Harry raised an eyebrow.

“Sorry, I still have professor instincts drilled into me.” Barty’s mouth twitched. “And...”

“... and I am closely guarded.” Harry waved to both Tom and Riddle, who glared at Barty. “I’m more guarded than you.”

“Ah, of course.” Barty quickly said, glancing at the two. “Are you allowed to finish your education, or will you be schooled here?”

“I’m going back to Hogwarts for my sixth and seventh years. Voldemort said that I’d be back here until the war is over. Then I’ll be the defence professor.” Harry cut into his eggs as he spoke.

Barty flinched. “You speak my Lord’s name so flippantly.”

Harry shrugged. “Not scared of him, I guess. “There are worse things to call him.”

“Could you refrain from using it?” Barty looked down. “His name evokes pain in my mark.”

Harry dropped his fork but picked it back up again. “Sorry about that, I didn’t know.”

Had that been the case for all Death Eaters? Was that why Snape was always so aggressive toward him every time he talked about Voldemort?

Did Dumbledore know, yet still, use his name around Snape?

Barty cleared his throat, trying to derail the conversation. "That gives us two years to win the war before you're here for the foreseeable future. We've already made bigger moves now that my Lord is not distracted by you. More political than physical as well."

Harry cringed. He knew Voldemort had changed, but he didn't know if that extended to all his politics. Someone could be a close friend but a secret tyrant. And, well, Voldemort was a tyrant. The question was whether or not he was still one.

"What, specifically, about his politics?" Harry asked him

Barty smirked. "You see yourself getting into politics?"

Harry rolled his eyes, "No. Yes? I want to know if my best friend will lose rights because she's a muggleborn."

Barty looked at him, then looked away. "Y'know, even as a pureblood, I was concerned too. The Dark started to head in that direction with half-bloods born from muggleborns as well, and that was my only moment of weakness. But now it's stronger than ever."

"That didn't answer my question."

Barty sighed. "Look, we haven't made any moves against muggleborns or half-bloods, if that's what you want to know. Part of our allyship with the creatures is supporting their bills and giving them more rights. I expect the rights of muggleborns to remain unchanged. They will have restrictions with their muggle families regarding the information they're allowed to reveal."

"Like what?" Harry sipped his pumpkin juice.

"Like not telling them where Hogwarts is, not divulging where the Diagon is located; designated people would bring the students. Not allowed to bring home certain magical items. Things like that." Barty ate the last of his beans and toast. "Really, the less they know, the better."

"But - "

Harry thought back to the Dursleys. How cruel they were because they knew about the magical world! But he also thought about all the threats he made because their knowledge was limited. But didn't that only sow fear in them? That other families would not react as well to the threat?

"I mean," Harry went on, "it makes a bit of sense. It feels a little wrong, but I can understand. Muggles would be able to do so much with that information, turning it against the magical world."

Barty's eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "What do you mean?"

Harry stared at Barty, completely convinced he had been joking or stupid. "Muggles weaponize things."

“Like what?”

“Like what?!” Harry repeated.

“What?”

Harry banged his head against the table. Barty stared, alarmed, as Tom and Riddle rushed to his side. Was Barty honestly that stupid? That ignorant of muggle technology? Or was this just the average pureblood? "Barty," Harry grumbled. "I could go on and on about muggle atrocities. Sure, magicals have committed their fair share of atrocities, but muggles are more... lethal and inventive."

"I still don't understand." Barty cocked his head.

"Dobby." Harry called.

A pop sounded next to him. A pang of guilt ran through him as he stared at Dobby. He hadn't been keeping in contact with him recently and he knew how lonely the house elf could get.

"Master Harry Potter! Master Harry Potter is safe! Dobby be looking for Master Harry Potter all month!" Dobby threw himself at Harry's feet.

"Dobby, Dobby, I'm fine. I'm okay." Harry lifted him from the ground and set him back on his feet.

"What be Master Harry Potter asking for Dobby?" Dobby asked, shaking with excitement.

"I'm not your master, Dobby. And, er, I'm not sure if you're able to, and it's fine if you can't, but I'm looking for a few books. Can you find me some on World Wars One and Two, wars in Asia, and muggle methods of torture? I need to teach someone about muggle history." Harry clarified at the end, trying not to make himself sound like a sociopath.

"Yes! Would there be anything else Harry Potter needs?" Dobby snapped his fingers, revealing a list in his hands.

"Just don't tell anyone where I am. And if you succeed, I'll give you a Gryffindor scarf to go with your Ravenclaw one." Harry lightly tapped on Dobby's blue and bronze scarf.

Dobby gasped. "Harry Potter is too kind for Dobby!"

He burst with joy until he popped away. Barty looked at him oddly.

"I wish I still had my Winky." Barty shook his head. "She was very kind to me."

"Really?"

Harry hadn't expected Barty to care about his house elf. Most purebloods look at them like dirt under their feet, only useful if they are following the orders of their masters. Even Wixen at large, bar Hermione, thought of them like insects.

“Of course. She practically raised me. Took care of me while my father had me under the imperious. Even took my fall after I cast the dark mark at the Quidditch World Cup.” Barty shook his head.

“She is employed at Hogwarts now.” Harry said after a pause.

“She is?” Barty had a small smile on his face. “I’m glad she’s looked after. Father always threatened to free her whenever she didn’t do something perfectly.”

Barty scowled after he finished. Harry couldn’t blame him. Winky seemed to be everything to him. He wondered if she followed him as he worked for Voldemort. Was she more loyal to Barty or his father? He wanted to ask, but it felt too personal.

A pop stirred him from his thoughts. Dobby sat there with a large stack of books in his hands. The house elf was beaming.

“Dobby has retrieved books for the Great Harry Potter.” Dobby held out his arms.

“Thank you, Dobby.” Harry raised his wand. “Accio, Gryffindor scarf.”

A red and gold scarf wedged itself under the door. Harry snatched it from the air and presented it to Dobby.

“Harry Potter is too kind to Dobby!” Dobby exclaimed. He wrapped the scarf on top of his Ravenclaw one, pulling at them until they both showed.

“You did an amazing job,” Harry praised as he flicked through the book. These versions of books were more advanced than he thought, at least at the university level.

“Dobby did an amazing job!” Dobby repeated, doing a little dance. “Does Harry Potter need Dobby?”

Harry smiled down at him. “No, not right now.”

“It has been a great honour to serve Harry Potter. Dobby will see him again!”

With a pop, Dobby disappeared.

Harry slid the books over to Barty. His eyes grew at the size of them. A challenge gleamed in his grin.

“This is a list of some of the muggle methods of inhumanity. This isn’t all, and this doesn’t represent every muggle, but it represents enough. Read them. Ask me questions. I’ll answer to the best of my abilities.” He tapped the books with his index finger.

“All right,” Barty said, flicking through the stack and settling on Inquisitional Torture Methods, Volume 1.

Barty would continue reading, occasionally asking Harry what a word meant or where something was located, until Harry had to do his lessons with Tiberius. When Harry glanced

over in their session, the man was pale with a green tinge to his face.

Harry's back was straight as Voldemort seated himself in front of him. Voldemort's gaze swept over him critically.

"You're too stiff. Relax your shoulders; it gives you confidence. Stop crossing your legs; your pants are too baggy, and the creases draw too much attention to them. Focus on your face. Traditionally, you'd wear a neutral expression; however, I scowl, so do as you wish."

Voldemort mimed his actions as he spoke. He placed his hands on Harry's shoulders, forcing them down, lightly touching his knee to uncoil his legs, and gesturing to his face.

"Got it." Harry tried to get himself into the more natural state that was described while still being somewhat proper.

Voldemort contemplated for a moment. "Let us start with what some subtle body languages and simple phrases mean. Knowing the subtext is just as important as what they are saying at face value."

"Got it." Harry needed a notepad or something.

"Firstly, do you have the biscuits?" Voldemort asked as he waved his hand.

Porcealin tea set on a silver platter levitated over to them. They sat down with a *tink*. Voldemort looked at him expectantly as he poured both of them a cup of tea.

"Yeah." Harry reached behind him and brought out the bag of freshly baked biscuits.

"Excellent. Now, we can start." Voldemort had a small smile on his face as he swiped a biscuit.

Voldemort paced as he waited for the youngest horcrux—Tom, as they call him—to arrive. He needed to talk to him before anything happened. Before anything bad happened,

The boy entered the room with a pitiful expression on his face. Voldemort tched. He always looked that way when he pulled the horcruxes away from Potter. They were so emotional when it came to him.

"What did you call me in for?" Tom snapped at him.

Voldemort wanted to rip his hair out. His own soul hated him, as did he. What had he done to him to encourage this amount of wrath?

He did imprison him for fifty years. But it wasn't like he knew that.

Or was it Potter?

Did he truly *care* for him that much that the feelings transferred? Potter didn't seem to hold it against him; why would his horcrux? It wasn't like he did the same things to him as he did to Potter.

He scowled as he could see a light blush quickly fading on Tom's cheeks.

"I wanted to check again." Voldemort averted his gaze.

He could hardly look at his horcruxes anymore. Their faces were almost always ignited with emotion, often with enchanted, gleeful expressions. Each of them acted like any air they breathed around Potter was a pleasure to have.

It sickened him.

"Yes." Tom shook his head. "I am almost sure."

"Almost?" Voldemort inquired.

"This is a test." Tom looked to the ceiling. "If he reacts positively, we can move on in our training. If he doesn't, then we take a step back."

Voldemort shook his head. "And the end goal?"

"To unlock his potential." Tom strode over to Voldemort's desk and inspected the grain of the wood. "He's been contained for far too long."

"And if this isn't his potential? If he reacts negatively?" Voldemort demanded to know the answer.

"Then we stop. He doesn't have to like his gift." Tom stated. "You almost act protective over him."

Voldemort drew back. "You are asking a child to engage in a group torture session."

"I am the same age as that 'child'." Tom pointed out. "Though I guess I didn't turn out fine after all."

"Why are you gifting her to him?" Voldemort evaded. Nothing the two did ever made any sense.

Tom laughed lowly. "He deserves to have a birthday gift, even if it is late. You gave him one, why shouldn't I?"

Voldemort ground his teeth. The gift was a moment of weakness.

"Why her, specifically? She was a nasty woman in his memories, but this seems more... personal." He didn't know a better word for it.

Tom's jaw clenched. "She hurt him. She hurt everyone. She turned Hogwarts into a place of fear and pain."

Voldemort hummed. “Very well. She is ready; you just need to work out the timing.”

“I will.”

Tom, Riddle, and Harry were sitting in a circle. In the middle, there was a wooden sphere and a flower. Harry focused on the flower first.

“So, we’re working on combustion first. The size and content of water both matter. Size more than water. Try to set fire to the flower, then the wood.” Tom gestured to the two.

His focus intensified on the flower. He raised his hand and held it over the flower. Fingers curled in and smoke rose from the petals. But it didn’t combust.

Next was the sphere. Try as he might, he couldn’t even make smoke. There was a small black smudge but no other evidence. He groaned in frustration.

“See how the size made it harder, even if there was less water? That’s why it is incredibly hard to make a wandless explosion. In the olde days, when mages focused on one area of magic, fire control was one of the hardest to master. You need control, focus, power, and the right conditions.” Riddle continued.

Harry nodded.

“Let’s try something intermediate - “

A loud THUMP followed the door creaking open. They whipped around to see Nagini falling from the door handle and slithering towards them. Harry’s instincts were on high alert. Voldemort was not present to prevent her from devouring him.

“*Whose that?*” Tom asked, offering the back of his hand for the snake to smell.

“*I am Nagini. I am like that one.*” Nagini rolled her eyes at Harry. “*You smell like Master.*”

“*Like that one?*” Riddle repeated. “*Oh, like a living horcrux? I’m a horcrux, and so is Tom.*”

“*Tom? But you’re Tom?*” Nagini slithered next to Riddle and crawled across his lap.

“*We call each other different names to avoid confusion. I am Tom, he is Riddle, and the other is Voldemort.*” Tom explained it to her.

Nagini came to crawl over Harry’s lap. Harry tensed as she reared up to face him. She butted her head against his glasses.

“*You still don’t look tasty yet.*” Nagini hissed. “*Make yourself tastier.*”

“*What does she mean?*” Tom inquired as Nagini completed the circle by slithering over his lap as well.

"She wants to eat me." There wasn't a simpler way to say it.

"You are not special. I want to eat everyone but Master. You killed Master. I want to eat you more." Nagini explained.

"Well, sometimes we can forgive a little murder. I did." Tom smiled down at her and scratched her scales.

"I do not forget." Nagini practically purred under his scratches. *"Make yourself useful and give me warmth."*

Tom quirked his lips. He looked at Harry. "Let's try to make a small fire out of straw."

They summoned a stack of straw for him. Harry hovered his hand above the straw and forced all of his magic into the spell. The straw smoked, and he could see the beginning forms of embers. Sweat beaded on his brow and flowed down his face.

A small fire started.

"That took you more than I would have thought, but you still did well." Tom patted his shoulder.

Riddle threw small sticks into the fire and did something to stop it from smoking. The floor seemed to be flame-retardant enough, so they continued to grow the fire.

"Why are you not using all of your magic?" Nagini asked him.

"I am?" Harry replied, confused.

"But you aren't using the last part of your core." She yawned, displaying her fangs. *"Unless you're already using it on something else."*

Harry was still confused but decided to think about other things. He averted his focus to try to keep the fire under control. The tips of his fingers were burned at one point, but nothing Harry couldn't fix.

"Feed me." Nagini turned to Harry. Harry began to sweat again.

"What do you want to eat?" Tom asked, *"Not Harry."*

Nagini released something similar to a whine. *"People, then."*

Harry was hesitant to enact her wishes.

"Where's Voldemort?" Riddle asked with a sigh.

"Mission."

Tom groaned. *"Does anyone else know who you're allowed to eat?"*

"Inner circle." Nagini answered, rolling on her back and displaying her belly. *"I am simply starved."*

Nagini didn't look starved.

"All right," Harry sighed, "the inner circle is usually in the kitchen or the lounge."

The four walked to the lounge. Inside, an older man was talking to Tiberius while Amycus and Alecto Carrow ate food at the table. The four men froze when they saw them enter. Harry, even if he was a little unnerved, broke the pause.

"Does anyone know which people Nagini is allowed to eat?" Harry asked the group. Their faces turned white.

Tiberius shook his head. "Nagini isn't allowed to eat people unless she is making an example for the rest of the Death Eaters."

They raised an eyebrow at Nagini.

"The man lies." She hissed.

"She says you're lying." Harry translated for Tiberius. He furrowed his eyebrows.

"Did you - Did you understand the snake?" One of the Carrow twins asked. Harry didn't know which one they were, but there weren't any distinguishing features between the two.

"Yeah? I'm a parseltongue? Has something to do with why Vol—your Lord is keeping me alive." Harry rolled his eyes.

"You - you can - what else do you relate to my Lord?" The other twin asked.

Harry shrugged. "I'm an asshole."

The man next to Tiberius sputtered and whipped around. "You - " He just looked flabbergasted.

"Look," Harry sighed, "if you're going to be shocked every time I disrespect your Lord, you're in for a rough summer and the foreseeable future."

The door opened again.

Harry scowled.

"Lucius. Whatever the fuck your middle name is. Malfoy." Harry stated, crossing his arms.

"Harry James Potter." Lucius growled. "How odd it is to see you here. Perfectly well. For now."

Tom stepped in between them while Riddle picked Harry up by the waist.

“Both of you, stop. I have no want to pry a shovel from Harry’s hands right now.” Tom rubbed his temples.

“*Nagini*,” Harry hissed, “*are you allowed to eat him?*”

Nagini nodded, “*Yes, yes. Of course. Of course. I will eat him.*”

The snake slithered treacherously toward Lucius. Lucius jumped back in alarm, tripping himself and crawling back to the door.

“*Nagini!*” Riddle hissed. “*Eat someone else. Voldemort*, “ All of the Death Eaters sucked in a breath and clenched their forearms in pain, “*will be angry at you.*”

Nagini hissed violently and rolled onto her back, spasming like she was throwing a tantrum.

“And you! Stop telling Nagini she can eat people!” Tom chastised.

Lucius crossed his legs, and the smell of ammonia permeated the room. Harry was confused for a moment, then he started to giggle. Then laugh. Then cackle.

"You—you pissed yourself?" Harry wheezed.

The other Death Eaters sighed and looked away from Lucius. The man grabbed his wand and pointed it to his crotch, spelling himself clear of piss. Harry, meanwhile, still cackled.

Lucius lurched forward and rolled as the door behind him opened. The blond’s face grew white as he stared up at Voldemort. He scrambled to his feet and bowed.

“Lucius.” Voldemort curtly nodded, scanning the room.

“Hey, Snake-Face.” Harry waved from the safety of Riddle’s arms.

The room went deadly silent.

Voldemort’s jaw tightened, but Harry could feel the amusement bleeding through their connection. He glared at Harry, his eyes betraying his lack of hatred.

“You.” He pointed at Harry with a clawed hand. “I have arrived early. Your duelling training starts in five minutes.”

“Cool, cool. Nagini is hungry, and she needs people she can eat.” Harry pointed to the snake, who was still eyeing Lucius with a hungry glance.

“*Nagini*,” Voldemort sighed, “*You’re only allowed one person a week.*”

Nagini tantrumed again, curling up like she was dying.

“*Fine. You can have one more.*” Voldemort gave in easily.

Nagini stopped rolling and happily slithered to Voldemort’s feet. She wore a satisfied smirk on her face and wiggled in joy. More amusement bled through.

“I will give her food. You - three - go to the training room. Occlumencey will follow. Today, you need improvement.” Voldemort waved them off and left the room, with Nagini at his heels.

Riddle threw Harry over his shoulder.

“I can walk, asshole.” Harry used the side of his fist to lightly pound Riddle’s back.

“I know.”

Severus hated Order meetings. It was insufferable to him in every way possible. The way they glared at him like he had committed an offence. The way he was demanded to reveal information that would later get him tortured.

“Today, we will be discussing Voldemort’s current moves on the political spectrum.”

Severus winced. Another reason to hate it. Albus insisted on saying the Dark Lord’s name, even if it caused him pain. Something about not fearing a name. Bullshit.

At least this time he could report on something big without it involving the plans of the Death Eaters.

“Severus, do you have anything to report?” Albus asked as Severus sat down in a wooden chair that was just a bit too small for a grown man.

It wasn’t like he didn’t want to tell them. He was just a bit hesitant about telling them about this obviously important person. Don’t tell them, be admonished for it, and possibly lose his immunity. Tell them, possibly be tortured for revealing the information.

It was a double-edged sword.

“I do.”

Severus took a breath. Everyone’s eyes were on him. Some in anger, most in indifference.

“There has been another person added to the inner circle. One I am not privy to the identity of.” Severus spoke with bated breath.

The seconds passed as he waited for the information to sink in.

“Do you know the name of this person?” Albus asked. Next to him, Alastor jotted down notes.

“The Dark Lord has pulled us aside for another meeting. Whoever this person is, his name is Ignis. We have not been disclosed an age.” Severus tried to be as even as possible. “He even sat in the Dark Lord’s right-hand seat, replacing Barty.”

This information stuck with them. Whispers broke out amongst the group. Severus was inclined to agree with some of them. It was worrying that another important person was added around the time that Potter went missing.

Did Ignis kidnap Potter?

Albus seemed to be thinking the same thing. "Look out for any information that Ignis was involved in the kidnapping of Harry Potter. Is there anything else you know about this person?"

Severus swallowed.

"It has been... rumoured that this person is the Dark Lord's consort." Severus swallowed hard.

He didn't want to admit it. The Dark Lord was not someone who was capable of love. If he needed someone to host his heir - he would have picked a woman. Or he would have found a ritual that would allow him to have an heir without copulation.

Even if he had physical urges, he wouldn't need to have someone consistent. He would just pay or pull whoever he needed to fulfil them. There was no reason for him to be permanently attached to him.

There was no logical reason for the Dark Lord to take on a consort.

"A consort?" Albus stroked his beard. "Are you sure he's not a concubine?"

Severus shook his head. "I've heard he answered to highly, consort. I cannot confirm. The Dark Lord has instructed us to treat Ignis highly, but not to take orders from him without checking first. He has a higher rank than any of us."

"A consort? Preposterous! You-Know-Who is a cruel creature who cannot love." Alastor muttered under his breath.

"Rumours." Severus clarified.

"Could this Ignis have asked for the position by virtue of kidnapping Harry Potter?" Albus hummed. "Voldemort does reward his most loyal."

They were all whispering to one another.

"Perhaps."

Severus completely disagreed. Bellatrix had repeatedly demonstrated her loyalty. She hadn't even been awarded the position of concubine. In fact, she often complained about the lack of sexual reciprocation on his part.

"What does Ignis look like?" Alastor asked after a pause.

Severus consulted his memories. “Small, short, in a white cloak and a golden mask. There’s an enchantment that conceals his hair, but he has a medium skin tone.”

“Watch out for any signs. And all of you, look for any signs of him anywhere.” Albus sighed. “We need every bit of information we can have.”

“Yes, Albus.” Echoed through the room.

Severus went on to hate the rest of the meeting. It was hard to see how useless their meetings had become. With the increase of the people to the dark -

They would never stand a chance.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: Muggles, amirite?

Barty: what

Voldemort: The most important part of Consort Training is biscuits.

Tom and Voldemort: (being shady)

Nagini: (Hungry)

Harry: Please don't eat me

Lucius: (pisses himself)

Voldemort: Fine you can have one person. As a treat.

Severus: So yeah he has a consort.

Everyone: (Gasping, throwing up, denial)

Shopping, in Russia

Chapter Summary

They go shopping in Russia and get a snakey snake.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sadness encased Harry as he looked at the calendar. He hadn't realised how much time had flown by, and the beginning of term was only three days away.

There was a spark of hope that Voldemort would abide by his word and let him go back to Hogwarts. But he also found himself unbothered by the idea of having to stay. He was pleased here.

He had two loving... what were they to him? The word 'consort' intruded into his mind. But he had two of those, a Bellatrix to shovel his anger into, a Voldemort to mentor him in his studies, and a Tiberius to heir-train and talk to. His sparse run-ins with the other Death Eaters hadn't gone terribly either.

But he missed having friends.

Everyone around him didn't have a social life. They could exchange past stories all they wanted, but their current lives were contained. Voldemort only talked about schemes and gossiped about the allies.

He needed someone who existed in the outside world.

"I have plans for today," Voldemort said as he entered the small dining room.

"We do?" Harry asked, passing a plate to Riddle.

The pair had recently joined them in their occasional dinners together. Safe to say that Harry enjoyed their presence, and it lifted the atmosphere of the room. Harry and Voldemort's conversations just tended to veer into story-telling, but with Tom and Riddle, they bounced back feedback and judgement. It was catty at best. Nonetheless, he enjoyed their presence.

"Yes, we do. You two may come along if you wish." Voldemort gestured to the horcruxes.

"Ooooo, where are we going?" Tom asked, practically jumping up and down.

"Russia. We're school shopping for Harry." Voldemort seated himself and began to pile breakfast on his plate.

“Can we get everything in Russia?” Harry asked.

Riddle poked him and offered him a cut of sausage. Harry let Riddle feed him.

“... yes. We’ll be going to an english alley for your supplies. I will cast a spell on you that will temporally let you understand other languages in case we run into anyone. I will not be in my Voldemort glamours either, for obvious reasons.” Voldemort said as he watched Harry and Riddle’s interaction.

“When are we leaving?” Tom inquired, refilling Harry’s glass with a jug of pumpkin juice.

Voldemort watched them. “A bit after breakfast. I need to look through two short documents before we leave. Perhaps, hm, twenty minutes?”

Harry emerged in his dressier clothes, dishevelled hair flying everywhere. Tom tried to brush through it to make it neat. It defied him, fluffing up the moment his hands left his hair.

Tom and Riddle both had Pipskey give them new clothes. Tom had a silk green dress shirt, brown trousers, and a black robe with a flowing cloak behind him. Meanwhile, Riddle merely replaced his blood-stained sweater vest with a not-blood-stained sweater vest.

“I’ll have you under some glamour. Just your scar, hair, and eyes.” Voldemort pointed a wand in his face.

He could feel his features change. Not as much as before, but well enough to know he was unrecognisable. Some of his hair blew in his face, revealing a dark red colour. Voldemort further glamoured Tom and Riddle, then himself. They all looked similar, their hair chestnut brown instead of black, eyes blue instead of brown and red, and their features softer.

Harry didn’t like it.

But he smiled at them nonetheless. Voldemort placed a long baton, decorated with silver and green, on the table.

“This is a portkey to the english Alley, rationally called, The English Alley.” Voldemort pointed to the stick.

“Naming isn’t that good in the wizarding world, is it?” Harry muttered, grasping the baton.

“No.”

When all four of them were handling the baton, Voldemort said something under his breath. The world spun around him, and Harry felt his stomach drop. There was air rushing past them, changing from warm to chilled.

As soon as they landed, Harry tried to fall to his knees. Tom and Riddle wouldn’t let him, each having grasped his arm sometime in the travelling. They hoisted him up to his unsteady feet.

“Are you okay, love?” Tom asked, brushing his hair to the side.

“I’m fine, just a bit unstable.” Harry stated as he leaned in on Tom.

Voldemort sent them a look but didn’t say anything else.

“We will get you new robes and books, then your stationery; visit the apothecary...”
Voldemort muttered.

“Let’s go!” Harry tugged along Tom and Riddle, not entirely sure where he was going.

Voldemort overtook the group and navigated them through the bustling crowd. The wixen were different than in Diagon, with more subdued colours of robes and shorter capes that only reached their elbows. There was also more than Wixen.

Humanoid creatures littered the alley. Some have delicate dragonfly wings, while others have long spiked tails. He even saw a mermaid with a bubble charm around their entire body, floating along.

It felt... more magical than Diagon. Less chaos, more flow.

“Why is it so different? Is it just cultural?” Harry asked as they passed someone with sunset eyes and fangs.

“Yes and no. There are no laws governing creature limitation in wixen spaces in this jurisdiction. More creatures, more creature influence, more creature magical shedding.”
Voldemort seemed inspired by his own words.

“Magical shedding?” Harry questioned.

“Magical shedding,” Riddle began, “is, well, magical shedding.”

“You shed your magical aura like hair. You can’t see it, but you can feel it and trace it. That’s a magical signature. You leave a light, almost nonexistent trail wherever you walk. When you cast a spell, you leave more of it behind. It’s like a magical fingerprint. It’s used in Auror investigations.” Voldemort glanced down at the list in his hands.

“So someone can trace me no matter what I do?” Harry whispered, slightly terrified.

“No. Your shed fades; the lighter the shed, the faster it fades. You can also remove it with a spell; think of it as a vacuum. Or, like I do, you have an enchanted, runic item that removes your shed wherever you go. It can work on less-intensive spells as well.” Voldemort explained evenly.

“You can also use a second-hand wand to distort your signature.” Tom pointed out.

Harry took a moment to process the information. “How do I get an enchanted, runic, item that removes my shed?”

Voldemort paused but continued to walk. "I can make one for you. Let's find an item for you. I have mine on a pendant on a necklace that I keep concealed under glamours."

"Oooo, more shopping!" Harry found that he enjoyed spending Voldemort's money.

Voldemort's mouth twitched.

They stopped by a store with a sleek, dark blue-bricked exterior. Inside followed the same cool-blue colour scheme, from the dark curtains to the light walls. The floors and various mirror frames that dotted around were a dark, reddish wood.

A beautiful woman with long, flowing blonde hair and light brown eyes stood at the wooden reception desk. She smiled, teeth white, and hummed.

"Hello, my name is Lada, how may I help you today?" Her voice was soft, like summer rain.

"Seven new robes for him," Voldemort answered curtly. "School, I have the style-cut list, two dress robes, and at least two weeks of casual clothes as well."

Harry was about to object, but figured that he might actually need it. Being in the manor gave him a finer taste than he would normally prefer. Not something fancy, but enough not to make him look like a trainwreck.

"Yes, all is well," She took the list Voldemort handed her: "These are Hogwarts' cut, correct? We don't get many here, but I am familiar with them."

Voldemort's jaw clenched. "Yes."

"Let's get you up on the podium," Lada gestured to Harry, then a circular platform in an adjacent room.

Harry hopped on the platform, and a floating measuring tape wrapped around him. A floating paper, notably not parchment, and pen wrote down the numbers. On the side, Lada flipped through a booklet of colour swatches.

"Would you mind removing your glamours? I can close off the windows and doors. Everything here is confidential." She looked up from her book, flicking her wand from a leather holster. The curtains drew closed, as did the sliding door to the room.

Voldemort huffed, then looked at Harry. Harry nodded.

He felt a wash go over him as Voldemort removed his glamours.

There was no recognition in her eyes as she stared at him. She positioned herself in front of him and began to pull out different swatch cards. There was an array of greens, some blues, lots of browns and blacks, and a few reds.

"Hm, how much personal input would you like on the colour selection?" She clapped the book closed.

“Erm, I know nothing about colours. I’m partial to reds, but if you think better, than that’s fine.” It really wasn’t that fine, but he didn’t want to discredit an expert.

“Hm, I can work with reds. I can throw in some greens and maybe a blue or two. Complimentary browns and blacks, maybe some creams? Yes, yes.” She was lost in thought.

He looked at Voldemort with a smirk on his face.

“*Can I get robes for Ignis?*” Harry's tone wasn't one of inquiry, but of informing Voldemort that he would be obtaining them.

“We want another set of semi-formal robes.” Voldemort said.

“I want them as white or light as fashionably possible.” Harry smiled.

“That is doable. It takes more time to coordinate, so we will do that first.”

She had Harry try a variety of robes, vests, button-ups, and other various outfits. When they settled on a nice combination, they worked on the colours. After a bit of back-and-forth, he ended up with a white robe and hood with a long, billowing cape. His undershirt was grey, and his vest was red. They also fit white pants and off-white, dragon-skinned boots.

His casual clothes were darker, with a bias toward reds and browns. She said something about “bringing out the green” in his eyes, and he had to agree. His dress robes went slowly, with her, Voldemort, Tom, and Riddle constantly readjusting the tiny details Harry didn’t think mattered; he got a black and red set and a green and cream set.

“2,561 d’aires,” She said.

Voldemort passed her a stack of different coloured bills with shiny, reflected leaves on them. She counted them carefully, smiled, and then handed him the bag.

“If any of the extra enchantments fail within two months, you can get a replacement set for free.” She hummed, waving them off.

The bookshop was impressive. While Florish and Blotts was one story, this one was three. Harry, Tom, and Riddle swept through the floors to find his schoolbooks while Voldemort shopped for his extracurricular books.

“Woo!” Harry whisper-yelled as Tom pushed him on a rolling ladder.

Voldemort bought two more bags full of books.

“Hm, let’s get your stationery.” Voldemort paused. “You already have some, but let’s buy extra.”

Surprisingly, there was an array of different stationery. Notebooks, pens, binders—so much muggle stationery! Some catered to creatures, such as writing tools with adjustable grips. water-proof paper, and oddly shaped twistable caps.

He got more black ink, parchment, paper (damned be his professors, he was writing his notes in a notebook this semester. With a pencil as well), and different colours quills. All were water-proof and fire-proof as well.

Harry wasn't going to have his assignments sabotaged this year.

"What if I run out?" Harry asked, handing his bag to Voldemort.

"Then you owl Narcissa with a snake in the bottom right corner of your letter. She knows to give those to me." He hissed.

"Then I just ask for more paper?"

"Yes. Do not hesitate to ask me for anything."

Tom spotted something and wandered off. Voldemort sighed and redirected them away from the apothecary and to the other shop.

Animals filled the huge, double-story limestone shop. Birds, dogs, cats, magical animals, and many more littered the floor. Tom disappeared behind a shelf of rodents. Voldemort growled in irritation.

"Divide and conquer. Find him." Riddle joked, taking to the left aisle.

"Can't they just behave for one day?" Voldemort huffed, taking the right aisle.

Harry hummed to himself as he walked down the middle aisle.

He meandered through the maze of animals, passing everything from mice to birds that looked like they were made from slime.

He thumbed through the cages, scratching the fur and feathers of any animal that would let him stick his fingers through it. There was a blue cat that enjoyed his petting, and he was tempted to take her out of the cage.

Unsurprisingly, Tom was with the snakes. The surprise was him and Riddle pressing their hands against the aquarium like children. Harry knelt next to them.

"Look at her!" Tom exclaimed, gripping Harry by the back of his head and shoving him towards the glass.

The snake inside was completely black. Its scales were glistening, and it looked like it was dripping oil; it shone a rainbow colour. There were little fins on its side, and the end of its tail was like a goldfish. Harry looked at the sign posted on the front.

Species: Oil Sea-Serpent

Sex: Female, able to change to Male

Size: Small

Temperament: Shy, prone to biting

Venomous: Yes

Ideal environment: Saltwater tank at least three times the full length of the serpent, plant with oceanic flora. Needs an above-water resting place.

Diet: insects, fish, and small amphibians

Harry peeked at the snake again. She yawned, her mouth entirely black with a mouthful of needle-sharp teeth. It was cute. She wiggled around, hopping to the moss patch on the surface.

“She’s adorable.” Riddle cooed.

“She is.” Harry agreed, placing his hand on the glass.

She was so pretty. Harry had never desired any animal more. Even if it was a snake.

“*Hello, little one,*” Harry called to the snake.

She stopped her movement and looked at him.

"You speak to me, but there is no snake in your bloodline." Her voice was sharp but low.

“*Parseltongue, from wixen,*” Riddle answered her.

"I haven't heard many wixen parseltongues in this part of the world." She curled up into a ball, her tail swirling circles in the water.

“*How pretty you are.*” Tom stroked the glass.

She shimmied. “*Why thank you. You’re so kind.*”

They all let out a giggle.

They felt someone looming over them. Turning around, they saw Voldemort standing there with his arms crossed. Harry had the urge to hang his head like a child caught stealing, but he maintained his dignity.

“What are you doing?” Voldemort sighed.

Harry smiled. “Look at the snake!”

Voldemort looked both ways before kneeling next to Harry.

“That is indeed a snake. Let’s go.”

“But you didn’t even look at her!” Tom complained, still pressed against the glass.

Voldemort sighed and leaned in closer. His head tilted, and he hummed to himself.

“It is a snake.” He stated.

“A pretty one,” Riddle said.

“Can we get it?” Tom asked.

“Good idea.”

“Hm.” Voldemort muttered.

All three puppy-dog faces turned to him. Harry tried his best to look as cute as possible. He wanted the snake; Tom did, Riddle did; so Voldemort was the only one who needed to be convinced.

Voldemort sighed.

“Fine.” He broke under the pressure.

“Yay!” The three cheered.

Tom leaned closer to the tank. “*We’re taking you home, serpent.*”

Voldemort twitched.

“*I would like to go home with speakers.*” She yawned, dipping back into the water.

“Stay here; I’ll get an employee.” Before any of them could say anything, Tom was dashing off into the aisles.

Harry smiled.

“*How long can you be out of water?*” Harry was concerned about hauling around a shrunken tank into the stores.

“*As long as I am damp, I can live on land. Some of my species live in mud, and others can survive in highly humid environments.*” Her voice was a little muffled underwater, though still clear.

Tom was wearing the serpent (they couldn’t agree on a name yet) around his neck and the bags of supplies on his arms. He happily hopped along, chatting aimlessly with her. Harry and Riddle grinned at Tom’s excitement.

The apothecary was a rather short visit. Voldemort was already irritated and held them on a tight leash as they gathered his needed supplies. They were in and out in less than five minutes, hardly enough time for Harry to get distracted by the ingredients.

“We need your item to enchant.” Voldemort guided them towards a shop.

“Is there anything specific for me to look for?” Harry swung his arms, with Riddle and Tom holding one hand each.

“Perhaps not something too small. That’s easier to lose and a little harder to put the runes on. Nothing I can’t work around, though.” A bell chimed as they entered the store.

All sorts of accessories were hung on the walls in wooden boxes with glass windows. Voldemort let them loose in the shop to find whatever they wanted. The three slowly toured everything, having Harry try on some of them.

They ruled out anything cloth or head accessories (though Harry thought he looked amazing in a laurel; Tom and Riddle agreed). Harry gravitated toward necklaces and bracelets but found most of them too flashy for him.

A charm bracelet was close, but Harry found he could not deal with it getting caught on everything.

Just as he was about to settle on an emerald necklace of a cat, Harry found it. It was a simple jade bangle bracelet. There wasn’t anything specific about it that stood out to him, but maybe that was why he wanted it.

“Do you think this would be good?” Voldemort, who was following them, was questioned by Harry.

“Hm, yes. I can place the runes on the inside so others will not see them.” Voldemort peered into the glass.

Harry considered it for a moment.

“Maybe not the best idea for it to be visible.” They’d question where he got it from. “*But Ignis could.*”

Voldemort nodded.

“Gifting jewelry is part of the courting process, so it would make the story sound believable.” Voldemort waved down an employee.

“You really want them to believe it?” Harry furrowed his brow.

“If we’re going to lie, make it believable.” Voldemort rolled his eyes.

Another bag was added to Voldemort’s collection on his arms, and they left the store.

“Is there anything else you need?” Voldemort glared at the list in his hands.

“I wouldn’t know; I never got my letter.” Harry shrugged.

“Anything non-school related?” Voldemort rephrased his question.

“No, don’t think so.”

Voldemort lost some of his tension. “Good. Grab the baton.”

After arriving at the manor, Tom and Riddle carried his things back to their room. Voldemort rejected the mere notion of following them back. They all found it comedic, if not a little embarrassing.

“You two do whatever. I’m playing with the snake.” Tom practically ran to the corner of the room and began to set up the serpent’s aquarium.

Riddle pulled him close. “Mhh, I finally get you all to myself, angel.”

He was thrown to the bed, and Riddle encircled him, pulling him into his chest and petting him. His other hand travelled down his side and grasped his hip, rubbing slow circles into him.

Harry hummed, sinking deeper into his embrace.

He could see himself again. He was laying down next to himself, glaring at Dream-Harry. But he wasn’t aware; he was sleeping with a furrowed brow. The sheets underneath him were irritating, the air was a touch too cold, and the burning lantern in the middle of the room shined a notch too bright.

His head reached out, touching Dream-Harry on the cheek. Dream-Harry sighed, leaning into his hand. There was a little thrum of power in his veins. He stroked him for a while before boredom began to creep in.

Harry’s hand moved down. It coasted along his shoulders, down his arms, and settled on his waist. More power. But it wasn’t enough for him.

Dream-Harry began to move. He drew back, ready to flee at any second. Dream-Harry wiggled closer to him and butted his head against Harry’s chest. He hesitantly placed his hand back on his waist.

He could feel the power just past his fingertips. He adjusted himself, carefully moving his other arm under the pillow. With reluctance, he pulled Dream-Harry closer.

Dream-Harry nuzzled his chest; one of his arms was thrown over Harry’s waist. A pleasurable wave of power overtook him, strong and intoxicating. He lowered his gaze to Dream-Harry. His face rested peacefully.

Harry curled up around Dream-Harry, finally giving in to the pleasant feeling.

The golden mask was placed over Harry’s face. Voldemort withdrew, inspecting his cloak. He slashed his wand at any stray dust or fibre that was out of place.

“Do you want me to do a little twirl too?” Harry joked, kicking his foot out.

“Yes.”

Harry spun slowly, taken aback.

“Perfect. Now give me your non-wand arm.” Voldemort held his hand expectantly.

Harry hesitantly placed his hand in Voldemort’s. Voldemort withdrew the jade bangle from his pocket and enlarged it. He slipped it on Harry’s wrist and shrank it to size. Harry raised his hand, still unused to its weight of it.

“Hm, would you like it feather-light?” Voldemort snatched his hand once more.

“Yes, please.”

They walked down to the ballroom, seeing rows of tables. Another full meeting. Or, mostly complete? Harry saw a lot more people at the celebration party than he normally saw in meetings. The memory stirred a question.

“*What does ‘Middle Circle, Second Degree’ mean?*” He asked as he sat down on the right-hand seat.

“*Hm. Each circle has three degrees, or three ranks, with the first being the highest. The members of the inner, middle, and outer circles are all assigned a degree. You see the first degree of each circle in these meetings. The first circle takes instruction from me, the second from the first, and the third from the second.*”

Harry sat on that information while the people trickled in. So that wasn’t all the Death Eaters; that was just *some* of them. No doubt the second and third degrees were larger than the first.

But it also explained why the Death Eaters fell after he sort-of-not-really killed Voldemort. All the instructions came from the top. They were all hanging from the thread that was Voldemort.

“*So that’s why everything went to shit when you left.*” Harry said after a few minutes. Barty flinched, his eyes wide with alarm.

“*Perhaps it’s not an ideal structure, but it works. Problems would arise if the Minister of Magic died.*” Voldemort hissed back.

Harry looked at Barty, who was trying his best to stare straight ahead. “*I assume they can hear me?*”

“*I thought you would have a looser tongue. Do try to speak in parseltongue.*” Voldemort replied.

Even more concerned faces stared at them. Harry didn’t blame them; if he associated parseltongue with evil and torture, he’d be scared too. However, speaking in parseltongue did initially frighten him because he didn’t realize he was hearing another language.

Voldemort tilted his head. Harry could feel the air turn tense. He wanted to roll his eyes, but he knew that they had good reason to be so tense. Voldemort might have been nice to him, but he knew the kindness didn’t extend to other people.

Voldemort watched as the last member sat down.

“Everyone is here, my Lord.” Barty bowed his head as he spoke.

“Severus,” Voldemort started, “report on the Order.”

“Yes, my Lord. The Order has exhausted most of its resources trying to find Potter. Albus is completely occupied trying to clear his name, and it is not working. The Aurors, both Death Eater and not, are getting close to following an Order member back to headquarters. As far as I’m aware, they are no closer to finding Potter. They have also not made any moves in Wizengamont.”

Harry felt a sense of satisfaction in his veins.

“Good,” Voldemort said, to many side-eyes. “Tiberius, what is the best way to use this opportunity?”

Tiberius' brow furrowed. “We can make a move against the Order in a raid on Nymphodora Tonks. Based upon reports, she has weekly dinners with Alastor Moody and Dedalus Diggle. We will attack. Alastor Moody is to go first; he has had a recent altercation with us and has been injured. I recommend having a team of at least twenty, with four proficient dullers.”

“If possible, an Auror should attack Alastor to catch him off guard. Another way would be to hold Nymphodora hostage and attack while he is distracted, as he has a close bond with her. She is easy to catch compared to most Aurors.” Tiberius ended after a long breath.

“My Lord!” Bellatrix interrupted. “May I be the one to kill Nymphodora? She is a stain on the family.”

Voldemort turned to him. “*What do you think of Nymphodora Tonks?*”

"She's nice," Harry thought for a moment. *She has the potential to do good, but she's so clumsy and hard-headed.*

Was Voldemort asking him to decide if she would die?

“I think she has potential in research. I mean, she is a metamorphmagus. Analyzing her genes and such.”

If he couldn’t appeal to her personality, he could appeal to her use.

“No, you may not. The metamorphmagus is to be studied.” Voldemort issued the final verdict.

The room grew stiller. He could feel most of their eyes on him.

From the other side of the table, Bellatrix glared at him. Harry brushed away a stray piece of hair, displaying his jade bangle. Her eyes grew wide, and her face went dark.

That's right, there's a shield between you and me. And his name is Voldemort.

"Lucius, what's the best way to use this in Wizengamont?"

Lucius cowered under Voldemort's gaze. "Well, uh, I would recommend, if possible, proposing the more controversial bills. They are less likely to read them or to show up if they are scrambling as much as Severus said. A creature or dark magic bill is what I would suggest."

Harry wanted to laugh. Lucius sounded like a quaking dog.

It filled him with joy.

"We will abide by both plans. Lucius, I expect you to have plans ready to distribute by this weekend. Tiberius, make the final adjustments to the plan by tomorrow. We will attack at mealtime." Voldemort glared at them.

Tiberius and Lucius nodded.

He tuned out most of the rest of the meeting. But each time he heard another person report on the Order or someone he knew, a whirlwind of emotions flashed through him.

Where did he lie?

He didn't want to side with the Order. They abandoned him, kept him away from everything, and dictated his every moment without his knowledge. He didn't want them to die, but he didn't want them to succeed either.

He'd have to die for them to win.

He didn't want to be associated with the Dark. They tortured people for Godric's sake! How many people had died because of them? They demeaned people of his blood status.

But they wanted him to live.

Harry bit his lip. Could he allow himself to be selfish at this moment? Why throw away the fate of his world so that he could survive? Die for the chance of overthrowing the Dark? The Dark, who had the upper hand.

Would his death even matter?

He couldn't say.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: (having them feed him)

Voldemort: -_-

Harry: Heck yeah new robes

Voldemort's wallet: (crying)

Tom: Plz

Riddle: Plz

Harry: Plz

Voldemort: Fine

Bellatrix: Can I murder

Voldemort:

Harry: no

Voldemort: no

Voldemort: courting bracelet

Harry: heck yeah

Harry: (is in a crisis)

The Death Eating meeting: Okay so we attack here

A/N: Thank you for 40k! Or should I say 41k? Anyways, thank you all for enjoying my story! I spend a lot of time on it and I love to hear that people actually like the work I put out

Dolores Umbridge

Chapter Summary

WARNING: THIS IS A TORTURE CHAPTER

Don't like, the scene will be marked with ~~~~~ instead of _____

Phoenix tears mishap, romance realisations, torture, and duelling.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Yawning from his morning awakening, Voldemort dragged Harry through the halls. Harry followed as fast as he could, but he found that Voldemort's long legs walked significantly faster than his. He stumbled when they got past a corner, past the window with the rising sun.

The man huffed, stopping. He easily scooped Harry up in his arms and continued on his fast pace. It was like Harry didn't weigh anything to him.

But he had to admit, he did like not having to jog to keep up with Voldemort. He curled up on himself to get through a doorway, hugging close to Voldemort's chest. Voldemort twitched.

Harry was finally deposited on a sofa in a small room with a fire. Voldemort watched the fire intently.

"What are we waiting for?" Harry curled up on the sofa, still sleepy.

"Your phoenix tears." Voldemort answered, staring into the fire.

"Oh." Harry had forgotten about that. "They're coming in now?"

"Yes. My original contact fell through, but I was able to find another. I was concerned that they wouldn't come in time. You still have that nasty venom running through your veins from your basilisk bite." Voldemort fidgeted with his wand.

"Oh, right." Harry grinned. Voldemort was worried. He didn't think the man was capable of something like that.

The fire blazed to life. Inside the flames lay a red box, wrapped securely in twine. Voldemort snatched it instantly. He lifted his knee, using it as a makeshift desk, and tore away the twine. After that, he lifted a box from the box.

The box-within-a-box continued until he was left with a small black box. From there, he lifted a large syringe with a clear liquid in it. He withdrew a blue strip of paper from his

pocket. Dabbing the the tiniest of drops onto it, the paper turned white.

“This is genuine phoenix tears.” Voldemort confirmed.

“Where am I getting stabbed?” He hoped it wasn’t like that one shot he had to get that went into his ass cheek.

“You are not getting *stabbed*.” Voldemort rolled his eyes. “Where were you bitten?”

Harry held out his forearm and pointed to the dark scar that was halfway down. Voldemort hummed. He patted the area around it until he found a good vein.

“On the count of three.” Voldemort took their spare hands and laced them together.

Harry’s lip quipped.

“One, two,” Voldemort furrowed his brow, “three.”

It was a little scary to see such a big needle go into him. It felt pinched, and the pressure from the needle in his veins made him a bit queasy. An iced chill like fresh frost entered his body, quickly warming. Voldemort withdrew the needle and pressed a cotton ball against the injection site. He secured the cotton with a wrapping of gauze.

“You should rest. The phoenix tears will work their way through your body in the next hour.” Voldemort patted his arm.

“Got it. I can walk back on my own.” Harry teased.

Voldemort looked away from him. Harry could feel embarrassment leaking through the connection, but Voldemort had a conflicted look on his face. He tilted his head, trying to figure out why the two weren’t matching.

A sudden wave of exhaustion and peace overtook him. He flopped onto the sofa and stared up at the ceiling. He felt incredibly light, like he’d float away if he wasn’t tied down. It was like flowers were growing in his brain, blossoming with their petals blocking out his thoughts.

He let out a little giggle.

“... an unintended side effect.” Voldemort cocked his head, trying to get parallel with Harry.

Voldemort tried to haul him to his feet, but his legs were like strawberry jelly and quaked under his weight. A smirk graced Voldemort’s face, and he lightly sat Harry back on the sofa. Harry leaned to the side and fell to the cushions.

Arms reached under him and raised him. His head lolled to the side, one of his arms reaching for the floor.

“Sure, you can walk back on your own.” Voldemort mocked. “Can you at least try to cooperate?”

Harry slowly raised his arm and crossed it over his midsection. He turned his head into Voldemort's chest, letting out a sigh of relief as the electricity travelled through him. It was truly calming.

They exited the room, walking down the hall. But Harry's mouth moved before he could stop himself.

"Were you always Snake-Face to the Death Eaters or were you hot before?" Harry slurred.

Voldemort stopped in his tracks. He looked down at Harry, confusion and another emotion Harry couldn't place flooded over him. He started to walk again.

"I've always worn glamours. At times, it was so ingrained that I could hardly take them off. It's why I looked that way at my resurrection; my glamours were stuck until I could do a ritual to take them off." He thought for a moment. "I did have a nose. That was the only difference."

"Mhh, I think they'd like the hot version better." Harry curled up to his chest.

Voldemort stopped again.

"I need to be feared." He explained.

"But you could be adored." Harry countered. His eyelids felt like they were weighed down by heavy rocks.

Voldemort sighed.

"You shouldn't talk about me like that." Voldemort huffed. More embarrassment bled through their connection, along with the other strange one.

"You not, hmm, like hot hot, you just kind of look like them." Harry slurred, giggling as he remembered his times with Tom and Riddle.

"I am - " Voldemort sighed. "Stop talking.

Harry stayed curled. It was nice to be carried, the swaying back and forth as Voldemort walked lulled him into a sense of peace. Like slowly drifting on a boat at sea. Harry listened deeply to Voldemort's heartbeat.

He watched as the door to his room opened. Inside, Tom and Riddle sat on the floor, books strewn about, while they pointed at a roll of parchment with diagrams on it. They both looked up, their faces lighting up. But they darkened quickly

"What did you do to him?" Tom exclaimed in an accusatory tone.

Voldemort tched. "Injected him with phoenix tears. It had unintended side effects, but I do not believe he is harmed. Just..." He lifted him up a bit.

“TTTTooommm.” Harry slurred, reaching out to him.

His movement was overpowered and he nearly rolled out of Voldemort’s arms. The man scrambled to keep him from falling.

“Get him before he hurts himself,” Voldemort commanded the two.

Tom stepped forward and shimmied his arms under him. He sank when the full weight was put upon him, but he still held him. He carried him over to their bed. Harry playfully flipped Tom’s black hair from his dark brown eyes, both like gold in the candlelight of his room.

“How many phoenix tears did you give him?” Riddle asked, approaching Voldemort.

“10 millimetres.”

“You gave him five times the recommended dose?” Riddle shouted.

“That’s for normal injuries. He has basilisk venom in him, he needs more. It will also heal any injuries that he hasn’t healed yet.”

Harry tuned out their bickering. He turned to Tom and pulled on his tie. Tom got lower and gave him a curious expression. With all his pitiful strength, he leaned up and locked their lips. Tom leaned in, planting his arm on the bed. Harry twirled the tie in his hands playfully, tugging it down to deepen their kiss.

“... you should leave.” Riddle said.

“I sorrily wish I never saw that.” Voldemort sighed. "Keep in mind that this is a partial medication side effect."

Riddle put his hands up. “Relax. We wouldn’t hurt him.”

Tom pulled away from Harry, lightly cupping his face. He was blushing an intense shade of red from the tips of his ears down to the apples of his cheeks. A smile plastered itself across Harry’s face, he tugged on his tie again.

But Tom withdrew instead of drawing closer.

“You need to sleep.” He said, running his hand through Harry’s hair; his greatest weakness.

The door slammed, and Riddle soon joined them, doing his best to take advantage of Harry’s hyper-affectionate cuddles.

Voldemort faced another conflict within him.

He could deny it no longer.

Potter’s relationship with his horcruxes was not platonic; it was romantic.

The mere idea of his younger selves becoming *friends* with Potter initially made him scoff. He was, is, and will forever be Voldemort. A creature that pulled the strings, did not have anything attached to him. Even those closest to him, he would not hesitate to discard if the moment needed it.

With isolation, he supposed friendship was a possibility. The horcruxes were feeding off of Potter's emotions, and Potter enjoyed having them wrapped around him. He didn't know if those emotions transferred or if the magic they siphoned was different depending on what feelings the person they were feeding on had.

Friends, he concluded, friends he could be okay with.

But boyfriends?

He'd only looked the possibility of romance in the face once. It had taken years for him to work his way past Voldemort's defences, and once Voldemort figured it out, he cast him aside like he was nothing. Voldemort did not desire him in any way but physical.

Abraxas became cold to him after that.

Voldemort was someone who could infer connections easily. This person liked that one, someone hated another, and those two were dating. He could see that romantic attraction in his horcruxes eyes every time they looked near Harry. Or every time he was mentioned.

He could see their love etched into their souls.

Voldemort could not love. It was something he accepted long ago. When he was friendless in the orphanage, when he rejected the notion of romance, and when he grew into an adult with no one close to him. Romantic or platonic, he was not capable.

So what made the horcruxes so sweet?

They doted on him day and night. Potter never seemed to be able to sit or lay down without one - or both - touching him. They were patient with him, never yelling, never angry, never annoyed. And they were willing to share him between the two of them.

Voldemort did not share.

Though he did show some minor favoritism to the youngest, Tom, as they called him, He was a little more outspoken than the other and showed a little more time. But it was sort of logical; everyone held their first love differently than others.

Voldemort shook his head. He should not be thinking of them like that. But he could not deny the facts. They were lovers. Partners. Boyfriends. And they cared for Potter just as much as he appeared to care for them.

He had heard the story and seen it in occlumency lessons. Tom tried to kill the sister of his best friend, then threw a basilisk at him. Tried to murder him. Yet they carried on as if nothing had happened.

Then again, Potter carried on with him with little caution.

How had murder been such a part of Potter's life that he was willing to forgive them?

Oh, right, Voldemort.

Voldemort stared himself down in the mirror.

Potter fought for his life on all occasions. But when it came to everything else, he didn't fight. He didn't fight Voldemort. Not when he arrived at the border of his house, not when he informed him he was going to train or be locked up forever, and not when the countless other spells he cast on Potter harmed him.

Voldemort reached out his hand and punched the mirror. The charms broke and the mirror shattered. Blood ran down Voldemort's hand and into the sink, with small reflected shards peaking out.

Why didn't he fight back?

He wanted Potter to fight. He'd seen it before in the graveyard; hell, he even saw it in his first year. So why was he not? Why wasn't he fighting with his horcruxes, fighting with him, fighting with even Tiberius?

He did fight against Bellatrix.

Sure, he was going to do it on his own, but now he figured that he'd introduce Potter to the gorier parts of the Dark Arts.

Perhaps Tom was right. Maybe he was ready

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"Why do we have a bunny here?" Harry asked, staring at the cute, fluffy white rabbit.

"We are going to use some spells on her." Voldemort stated with a sinister smile on his face.

"What? No!" Harry leapt back, staring at Voldemort incredulously.

"No?" Voldemort looked surprised.

"No, you psychopath. It's so cute! How could you harm an innocent little bunny?" He replied, outraged.

Voldemort hummed. "Is the problem that she is cute? I can make her ugly."

Harry shook his head furiously, "No! She hasn't done anything wrong!"

Tom and Riddle both looked on in a mixture of irritation and amusement. Harry desperately looked at them for agreement but was met with a look of hesitance from Tom and indifference from Riddle.

They're still Voldemort. Harry had to remind himself.

"So you would be okay testing spells on people who have done wrong?" Voldemort pondered his words.

"Well..." If it was bad people... "depends on what we're doing."

"Just the stinging spell. Perhaps a few hexes? Nothing serious." He reassured him, an odd look crossing his face.

"If it's just that, then maybe?"

Harry wasn't entirely sure he had it in him to practice on people. But if it was bad people or the bunny, he'd pick people. Surely if they were picking torture from Death Eaters or him practicing low-level curses, they would pick him too?

"Lovely," It was weird to hear Voldemort say something like that, "We will go to the dungeons. Don't worry, I'll take you to someone who's obviously wrong."

Harry nodded, a bit reluctant. Tom and Riddle were luckily invited to come along, which relieved him. It wasn't that he didn't trust Voldemort to a degree; it was just that when they were past the family wing, he acted like a different person.

That, and Harry had the tendency to get hurt under Voldemort's care.

Voldemort had him become Ignis in order to leave the family wing, with Tom and Riddle in cloaks that concealed their faces. They passed the Carrow twins on the way out, their expressions alarmed. Harry wanted to smirk. Any type of fear from the inner circle was good.

They caught the eyes of many Death Eaters who were milling about the manor. He had to agree that the Voldemort persona was kind of scary, but to the point of scattering? They had ended up in Azkaban for their loyalty; which had given them some grace. Or were these the ones that had rebuked him? Punished for their crimes?

He's still Voldemort.

They walked into the basement of the manor, whose interior had been gutted and replaced with dingy cells. People shied away into their corners as they passed, fear drifting through the air.

Harry stared straight ahead, unsure of what he would do if he saw anyone he recognised. He would rather not think about it. They finally reached the end, where a blank wall lay.

"There's nothing here." Harry said.

Voldemort shook his head. "*Reveal.*" He hissed.

Just like that, a wide metal door materialised in front of them. Harry was about to praise that piece of magic but kept his mouth shut. He wasn't going to stoke Voldemort's ego any more. They entered, the door creaking.

Inside were ten cells, with five of them filled. He recognised Kingsley, Amelia Bones, and -

“You unhand me at once!”

Dolores Umbridge.

“See? Someone is undeniably wrong.” Voldemort patted him on the back.

“Consider it a gift, I never got you anything for your birthday.” Tom purred in his ear. Harry blushed, but anger quickly filled him as he looked at Umbridge.

Harry balled up the fabric of his cape in his fists. She had wronged him so many times. Not just him, his friends, and the rest of Hogwarts. Evil. There was a sick pleasure she smiled with every time one of his peers got hurt.

At least Voldemort didn’t torture children. He only tried to kill them.

“Dolores Umbridge.” Harry said slowly,

“Who are you?” She exclaimed.

“Dolores, will you fucking stop your damn mouth?” From another cell, Amelia Bones groaned.

Harry’s mouth quipped. He always heard of Amelia Bones, the head of her department. She helped clean up the corruption in the field. And she was one of the people to vote for his innocence.

He focused his attention back on Umbridge.

“What are we doing?” Harry would set aside his normal morals for this.

“Hm, let’s start with something simple. Stinging, for now; then we’ll do a little darker things. Nothing to dark, I do not expect you to do that.” Voldemort offered a dark-coloured wand. “It’s second-hand; it fit me, so it should fit you.”

Fists unclenched. Harry grabbed the wand. It felt off in his hand—not exactly wrong, but not suited for him like his holly wand. He twirled it around, his magic slowly seeping into the wand.

“It feels fine,” He announced after a minute.

“Good, now, try the stinging charm. Try to cast it normally at first, then we’ll work on overpowering it.” Voldemort gestured to Umbridge. “Watch me.”

Voldemort withdrew his wand and slowly drew out the wand movements. “Acuelo.”

A beam of light fled from the tip of his wand and struck Umbridge. She let out a pained yelp, squirming on the floor. She otherwise did not look hurt.

Harry swallowed hard. “Acuelo.”

Umbridge nearly flinched.

“Put your anger into it. It is a dark spell. Dark spells,” Riddle began.

“ - are often fuelled by emotions.” Harry finished for him.

Voldemort smirked. “Correct. Funnel your emotions into it.”

Harry breathed out again. Funnel. He thought about all the detentions he had served. All the scarred hands with words inscribed on them. Harry looked down at his own. It was glamoured under his disguise, and he often concealed it with long sleeves. The familiar fire of anger ripped through him.

“Acuelo!” He screeched.

Umbridge screamed, rolling on the floor as she twitched. Her spasms made her almost appear to bounce on the ground. Harry saw that and cut off the spell. He shouldn’t put all of his energy into his first spell.

“Good,” Voldemort praised him. “That one was a bit overpowered. Perhaps the next one we’ll try to be normally powered?”

“Okay.” Maybe once more wouldn’t hurt.

“Acuelo.” He tried to express himself evenly, with the anger flowing out rather than exploding.

This time, she yelped only once while jumping.

“Good, good, you are catching on quickly. Let us do this again, and then we’ll move on to other spells.” Riddle laid a hand lightly on his back.

“Got it. Acuelo.”

She spasmed again.

“You are learning this very fast. Let’s move on to one you may not know: Operto.” As Tom said it, a purple light left his wand.

From her neck, where it made contact, a large, palm-sized bruise was starting to form. The air left her lungs, and she groaned as she hovered her hand over the bruised area.

“Bruise?” Harry observed.

“Trample if you want to be more literal. I underpowered it. It won’t kill anyone if you overpower it, but it can break bones.” Tom informed. He nudged him again.

“Operto.” Harry channelled his hatred into the spell.

There was a loud crack, and Umbridge let out a gurgle, holding her chest. She gasped for air, coughing. Blood speckled her lips.

“Oh!” Harry covered his mouth. He didn’t intend to do that.

“Hm, you have more anger than I thought. Do you wish to continue? I will not make you do anything you do not want. Within reason.” Voldemort said, placing his hand on Harry’s shoulder.

Did he? He didn’t necessarily feel wrong for doing this. Sure, he knew it should be wrong, but he just didn’t feel like it was. If anything, he felt justified in his actions. Umbridge tortured children, so it was only logical that she would also be punished for it.

“Do you want to try something else? I do pre-warn that we all will also attack her, so do what you wish, she may not be all there if you want to do more later.” Voldemort patted him on the back, pushing him a bit closer to the bars.

Harry bit his lip. “Do you have anything... more?” He didn’t quite know how to phrase it.”

“Something more...” Riddle muttered, looking off into the distance.

“How about you try channeling your anger on its own? Spells work as a nice path to guide your magic to do certain things, but if you just fuel it with emotion... you can do what you never thought you could.” Tom practically purred.

Harry readied his wand. “Just... push the emotion through?”

“Yes.” Riddle replied.

Riddle placed his warm hand over Harry’s and pointed it at Umbridge, who tried her best to crawl away. He psyched himself up for it. Remembering all of the pain she inflicted on him and other students.

The magic didn’t burst out of his wand, but instead was an erratic flow. He tried to gain control over it, but it was harder to handle.

“Relax.” Tom laced their fingers. “Don’t fight it.”

Harry closed his eyes. He still channelled his emotions into his wand, but he also focused on relaxing his muscles. On how the relaxing warmth from Tom and Riddle eased his soul.

Screams echoed from all around him. He continued to push his feelings out. Sinking into Riddle’s touch, he could feel himself become lighter.

When his energy drew dry, he opened his eyes.

Umbridge was more red than she was pink. Her skin appears flayed, with the layers flipped open like a can lid. Some of her skin had blackened circles that reminded him of cigarette burns.

One of her eyes was little more than jelly running down her face.

She sniffled, groaning in pain as her vocal cords became ripped. Her hands tried desperately to put her skin back onto her exposed muscle, only for it to slide off of it.

“Good.” Voldemort praised, casting a spell onto Umbridge. “You left her interior almost perfect. She did do her own vocal chord damage.”

“Are you satisfied?” Tom asked, thumbing the back of Harry’s hand.

“Yeah.” He nodded. “She looks like she got what she deserved.”

A dark laugh left Riddle’s mouth. “Well, I’m not. Crucio.”

Umbridge’s form contorted and spasmed. Her cracked screams filled Harry’s ears and made them ring. Riddle held the spell for ten seconds before releasing her. Riddle lightly kissed Harry on the cheek.

“And for you?” Riddle asked Tom.

“Hm.” Tom thought for a moment. “Can we do the stretching thing? You get the hand, I’ll get the elbow?”

“But of course,” Riddle smirked.

They raised their wands to Umbridge. A red circle enveloped her wrist and her elbow. Her arm raised to her side, almost pulling her to it. But then her arm began to stretch. She whimpered, and a disgusting ripping sound filled the air.

Blood leaked from her elbow, and she began to pull away from her arm. But she stayed put. Harry could see her skin start to rip open in long, vertical lines. Before long, those lines connected, and he could see the stringy muscle underneath snap little by little.

The hand popped off.

The forearm followed.

“I’ll cauterize it, wouldn’t want her bleeding out, do we?” Riddle smirked.

Fire erupted at her side. She tried to crawl away. But the inferno followed her and leaped onto her arm. Black and dark brown marks chased up to her shoulder before it finally stopped. The smell of burned flesh and fat filled the air. It reminded Harry of steak.

“Hm, I think that’s enough for me.” Riddle spoke after a moment of silence.

Harry knew he was lying. But his breath was a bit quicker, and he could see his colouration become duller. Was he losing his magic? Did Harry need to let him siphon more?

Tom was similar, but he only looked a bit dull.

Voldemort looked disappointed in them. But he covered it up.

“Crucio.” Voldemort cursed her.

Voldemort held her under it for a full thirty seconds. What little energy was left in her dissipated as she twisted and turned in place. Not even a scream left her mouth.

“What are you going to do?” Harry asked as Voldemort raised his wand again.

Voldemort tilted his head. “I was thinking Death by a Thousand Cuts.”

Harry thought for a moment. “Could you make it nine hundred and nine then?”

Voldemort looked at him oddly. But he nodded. “You want to keep her alive?”

“Yeah. Death is too merciful.” Harry said it coldly.

Tom, Riddle, and Voldemort looked at him with the same wide, approving smile.

“I do agree.” Voldemort jabbed his wand at Umbridge, a red spell leaving the tip.

Harry watched as a new cut appeared on Umbridge every second. She would twitch on occasion, but otherwise stayed as still as a corpse. A flood of blood leaked from her, much more than Harry would have thought possible.

Puddles of liquid pooled around her, glinting in the candlelight. Harry would occasionally see a thick layer of yellow fat before it was covered by red.

He knew it should disgust him.

But inside, he didn't feel anything.

That was a lie.

He felt great.

The rush of power when he forced all of his anger out, pouring out years of frustration and pent-up aggression into a few moments, was like nothing he had ever encountered. And after all of it, a calmness overtook him.

Like all the weight had been lifted from him.

Maybe Voldemort had been right when he said that the cruciatus curse on Death Eaters was a great form of stress relief.

Harry shook those thoughts from his head. He never wanted to be Voldemort - casting curses at everyone who displeased him. But maybe...

*“Is it wrong to not feel anything when someone gets hurt?” Harry asked aloud.*

*Tom raised his head and stared down at him. He laid back down and breathed out hard.*

*“Depends.” Tom answered.*

*“No.” Riddle replied.*

*“Depends on what?” Harry bit his lip.*

*“Who, I’d say. An enemy, no. An ally, most likely.” Tom wrapped his arms tighter around his chest, almost suffocating.*

The memory replayed for him.

Yes, if it was an enemy, it was fine.

“May the other Death Eaters have a go at her?” Voldemort twirled his wand. “And may I disclose what she did to the students?”

“Yeah. Just make sure she doesn’t die.” Harry nodded.

“Very well. Let us depart.”

Voldemort guided them through the manor. More people stared at them, quickly averting their gaze. Harry looked down and saw blood splattered on his robes, stark against the white fabric.

“Dammit.” He cursed.

“There are ways to remove blood. Change out and give me your clothes.” Voldemort stared at the other two. “You two as well.”

“Got it.”

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Harry was in a perfect duelling stance. His wand was raised at the correct angle, and his grip practised and precise.

At the other end of the room, Corbin Yaxley stood. He was already sweating, with anxiety rising in his eyes. A snake-faced Voldemort surveilled the two, standing off to the side.

“We will be following the standard rules of duelling.” Voldemort announced. “No unforgivables; no lethal spells. Additionally, I will add not long-term torture spells.”

They both nodded.

“We begin at the count of five.” Voldemort raised his wand in the air.

A blue number 5 rose in the air.

4

Harry’s heart was pounding in his chest.

3

Corbin stared down at him, his face hardening.

2

He took a final breath.

1

Corbin threw the first curse. It was orange in colour, Harry momentarily thought of a mild jinx.

“Combustio.” He spat.

The yellow curse streaked across the room. Harry dodged the spell, while Corbin merely used a shield to absorb it. He sent a high-level stinging spell his way.

Blood roared in his ears as he barely managed to move in time. He yelled out two more spells, trying to regain his balance. A sting filled his arm as a cutting curse made small but deep knicks across his left.

“Bombarda!” He pointed to the area to Corbin’s right.

The floor exploded, sending shrapnel all over the room. One piece cut across his cheek, and another bruised his leg. Corbin took the brunt of it, with his robes in tatters and blood running down his face.

Harry didn’t let up and cast water on the ground. Corbin either ignored it or didn’t see it, but he ran over the water. He slipped, casting a spell Harry didn’t recognise toward him.

In a moment of panic, he forced as much magic as he could into the shield, pushing it forward. The spell hit the shield, ricocheted off of it, and barreled toward Corbin.

Corbin screeched as it struck him. He writhed, back arcing, and spasmed on the ground. It was a terrifying few seconds.

Corbin stayed on the ground, groaning in pain.

“Do you surrender, Corbin?” Harry asked in a mocking tone.

“Yes.” He huffed, curling into a ball.

Voldemort strode over to Harry. He placed a hand on his head and awkwardly ruffled his hair. “You did well, and quickly as well. You used your environment to your advantage, creating your own field. Next summer, I expect you to be able to duel one of the Carrow twins. Then, either Tiberius or Bellatrix. You learn fast.”

Harry smiled as he felt warmth enter him. “I’m looking forward to it!”

Chapter End Notes

Harry: Like, you're a little hot. No homo, you just look like my lovers
Voldemort, who is just the older version of his lovers: Stap it.

Voldemort: So, we can torture bad people?

Harry: Yea

(Torture montage)

Harry: That was... fun.

Voldemort, Tom, Riddle: (proud enough to shed a tear)

Harry: (blows up the ground)

Corbin: what the fuck what the fuck this wasn't in the plan

A/N

Realised I didn't put any transitional words at the beginning. Whoospie, lol. The phrase "Yawning from his morning awakening," has been added "past the window with the rising sun" to help with the confusion, because it was easy to think it was a continuation of the last day (after the Death Eater meeting.) My mistake!

Also: "You still have that nasty venom running through your veins from your basilisk bite." and "Oh, right." was added as well. I forgot that the last time this was mentioned was in like, chapter 4, where they discuss that the tears only fights it off until none is left. Which was like, more than a month ago. Probably two months. So, future editing me, put this section in chapter like 6-8 or something. Chapter 15 was a miss and not the best place to put it since so much physical and fanfiction time has passed.

Swimming Misadventures

Chapter Summary

Swimming! Tom acquires a pet, Harry and Riddle play in the water, and it all goes wrong.

Chapter Notes

Author's note at end

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The last day came before Harry wanted it to. He awoke reluctantly like if he stayed asleep he'd have more time. The thought occurred to him that Voldemort would want to keep his horcruxes protected and would have them stay at the manor.

Harry didn't want to leave them.

Over the mere month that they had known each other, each had carved their separately shaped hole into Harry's heart. It ached not to have them around and he adored their presence.

He was more at peace and security than at any other point in his life.

Harry's thoughts continued as he took a moment to bask in the presence of the two. Tom liked tucking him under his chin while Riddle preferred to bury his face in Harry's neck. He enjoyed how he could hear Tom's heartbeat and feel Riddle's hair tickling him. It was a constant reminder that it wasn't just all a dream.

That they were as real as he was.

The only problem he ever had with their arrangement is they often trapped his arms, eliminating his ability to hold hands. Currently, Riddle was wrapping around his arm and his other was under Tom's waist.

If only he had more arms.

Riddle shifted, nuzzling him sleepily. A soft yawn came from him. He lifted his head, his hair fluffy and sticking out in all directions. He released Harry's arm and walked his hand from Harry's waist to his jawline. Riddle tilted his head.

Their lips locked firmly. It was more intense than their normal kisses, having more force from both of them. Riddle propped himself up on his elbow, not leaving him for a second. They drew away for a quick breath and kissed again.

Harry's head was light - whether from his fluttering love or lack of air was debatable. Riddle cupped Harry's face with his hand, lightly thumbing the cheek. Harry grasped at Riddle's button-up, clinging to him.

They finally drew away.

Harry breathed in. He blushed, still not used to that type of attention.

Beside him, Tom stirred.

Riddle rolled out of bed, careful not to disturb anything. He shuffled to the door and left without a sound. Confusion bubbled up in his brain, but he shook his head. Riddle worked in mysterious ways.

Tom finally awoke. He hugged Harry tight then let him go. Harry flopped to face him, wiggling up to be face-to-face. He needed affection from both of them today. He leaned forward, connecting their lips.

It appeared that Tom was just as antsy that day. The boy pulled him in, moving his lips aggressively against Harry's. Harry matched his pace, kissing his back just as hard.

Tom's tongue flickered out. Harry knew exactly what he wanted. He parted his lips with eager anticipation. There was a moment of hesitation before Tom took action.

A tongue invaded his mouth. He was gentle with him, less forceful than needed, and he lightly cupped Harry's cheek, drawing in him. There was the soft taste of mint.

Their tongues brushed against each other. There was a light chuckle from Tom. He drew back but kept his lips parted.

Harry took the chance and similarly tongued Tom's mouth, him not being one to completely submit to Tom. Tom toyed with him, pushing back against him then letting him move freely in short bursts. They would take a short breath, then go back to each other.

After another minute, they drew back for the final time. Tom lightly patted his wetted lips dry. Harry panted, now surely oxygen deprived. Tom leaned forward and softly kissed his forehead. A hand brushed through his hair.

"Tom?" Harry asked, finally brave enough to ask the question that was brewing in his mind.

"Yes, love?" Tom's hand went through his fringe and traced his jawline.

"Do you ever get jealous of Riddle?" Harry asked, biting his lip.

They really hadn't discussed it at all. Both of them just fell into line with cuddling, kissing, and overall loving him. It wasn't conventional at all, and he knew it. Even if they were

technically the same person, he viewed them separately.

“A little, more at the beginning,” Tom admitted after a breath. “But I figured that he makes you just as happy, and I really don’t mind almost all of the time.”

Tom laced their fingers. “Though I will admit, I was jealous he got to dance with you first.”

“Oh.” Harry breathed a sigh of relief.

He didn’t know what he would do if Tom said he was very jealous. He didn’t want to abandon either of them. If he had to choose, it would be Tom; he was his first, but he wouldn’t like that decision. It would hurt Riddle. And he didn’t like that either. But having both... was his ideal situation.

There was a knock at the door. Riddle entered after a “Come in!”, holding one tray and levitating two more beside him.

“I brought breakfast!” Riddle exclaimed.

Harry and Tom sat up, yawning. Riddle handed them each a tray, and they sat in a small circle on the bed. Harry had an array of pancakes, eggs, toast, and, of course, two treacle tarts with pumpkin juice on the side. Both Tom and Riddle had more reserved tastes for salads, eggs, and tea.

Riddle smirked at them, giving them a look that told them he knew what they did. Both looked away, with Riddle laughing lowly but not saying anything.

They chatted as they ate, avoiding the topic of Harry having to leave. They all knew of the real possibility of Voldemort forcing the horcruxes to stay in the manor. None of them liked the idea.

Another knock sounded at their door. Harry yelled for him to come in.

Voldemort entered, looking a bit disappointed. It quickly faded as his eyes found Harry.

“I could not find you anywhere,” Voldemort stated.

You didn’t come to breakfast.

“Will you join us?” Harry asked, moving a bit out of the way to accommodate another space.

Voldemort stared at him flatly. But he could see the idea weighing on his mind.

“Fine. I will be back.” Voldemort backed out of the room, closing the door gently.

Harry happily munched on his first treacle tart when Voldemort came back into the room. He carried a tray of salad, tea, eggs, and beans on toast. Harry hummed; his taste had hardly changed through the years.

Voldemort awkwardly crawled onto the bed. He sat cross-legged between Harry and Riddle. Harry hadn't seen it before, but Voldemort was much taller than Riddle. They were just on another level of tall, and he just assumed they were similar heights.

"Why are you so tall?" Harry blurted out the words before he could stop himself.

"Genetics," Voldemort answered without missing a beat.

"No, like you're a lot taller than either of them." Harry put his hands on top of each other and raised his top hand in the air.

Voldemort thought about it for a second. "I started puberty much later than my peers."

Harry could sniff the omissionable lie but didn't push further. If he wanted to keep secrets, he could. He could keep a whole chamber of them.

Voldemort broke the silence. "This is your last day."

"Yeah." Harry sighed. "Really wish it wasn't."

Voldemort looked at him in surprise. "You -" He shook his head. "I thought we all could do something on the last day."

"What?" The three asked at once.

Voldemort smiled. "We're going swimming. It serves another task for me as well."

"Where?" Tom asked, finishing the last of his tea.

"Dirus beach."

Tom and Riddle's faces went dark, with sinister smiles on their faces. But Harry found that he held no fear. He was, however, a bit suspicious about it.

Harry knew that they were not good people. That the change of heart was very, very recent. He wasn't sure what they'd do to other people, but they hadn't attacked any Death Eaters (besides that one time), and they hadn't wanted to go away and torture someone (besides Umbridge). Harry knew they wouldn't do anything to him.

But it unnerved him nonetheless.

Riddle cleared his throat, sensing Harry's confliction. "It's a white beach with rocky cliffs and caves. I assume you know how to swim?"

Harry thought. "I'm not a strong swimmer. Will I see a lot of fish?"

Tom nodded. "It's fairly lively. Has a bunch of sharks, but they're harmless. Seahorses, other small fish, and lots of vegetation. And we'll stay in the shallows."

“I will have Pipskey fit you two for swimwear. Potter, you said you already had some?” Voldemort inquired, cutting into his food.

“Yeah. They’re a little torn at the bottom, but it’s still good.” The merfolk were pretty accurate with their weapons.

“Hm.” Voldemort narrowed his eyes. “I will have all three of you fitted then.”

Harry was about to object but figured he needed new ones anyway.

He was a bit embarrassed being fitted, but in the end, he was left with dark red swim shorts that wrapped around him perfectly. He stood in the mirror, spinning around. He’d never had something that was snug without being uncomfortable.

“Though I’m sure we’d all like to admire your ass, we do need to get going.” Riddle called from the doorway, Tom beside him.

Harry jumped. “Don’t scare me like that!”

The fright was soon replaced by something else. Sure, he had seen quick glances of them when they got out of the shower, but no lingering gazes. Now, he had them on display.

Though not particularly muscular, he could see the beginning tones of muscles just under their skin. Tom was a bit thinner, just barely able to see the bottom of his ribs, but he looked lean. Riddle was much the same, but more filled out.

Harry didn't know which he preferred.

“Believe me, I can be more spooky.” Riddle laughed.

“Uh - “ Harry was at a loss for words.

“Close your mouth, you’ll catch flies,” Tom smirked, walking over and patting his jaw.

Harry shut his mouth. Redness crept up his face. They both laughed, ruffling his hair. He was glad they were able to see some humour in it. He was frankly too distracted to think of any comeback.

“You three,” Voldemort entered the room, dressed in a full-body wetsuit that cut off at the neck.

Harry was glad there weren't more shirtless men around him.

He stared at Harry and his apple-red cheeks. Voldemort quickly turned away.

“We will be taking a portkey.” Voldemort held out a large, sky-blue crystal.

They all placed their hands on the portkey without another word. Voldemort muttered something, and the world twisted before them. Harry felt his arms being hooked under him.

The first thing he felt was cold. Next was dampness. Then, it was the feeling of hard rock under his feet. He felt himself being pulled back and turned face-to-face with sharp, jagged rocks.

“AH!” Harry scrambled backwards, only to hit something solid. He whipped around, only to see he had run into Voldemort.

“Calm, calm, you’re fine. We’re just in a cave next to the beach.” Tom reassured him.

Harry sighed in relief. He looked around to see more sharp, jagged rocks with some stalagmites and stalactites all over the black. The end of the cave opened up to a short section of beach, then water.

“Come on.” Tom pulled him along. “Let’s go swim. I want to find seahorses.”

Harry was walking behind him when he saw the pocket of Tom’s shorts wiggle. Harry raised an eyebrow but waited until he was out of earshot of Voldemort (who watched them leave) to speak.

“What did you smuggle?” Harry asked, shielding his face from the bright sun.

Tom looked back with a mischievous smirk. He reached into his pocket and withdrew the serpent they acquired in Russia. Which had remained unnamed.

“She wanted to come with us,” Tom said, averting his eyes.

“Filthy liar. I was yanked from my lovely tank.” The serpent hissed.

“I still think we should just call her Oil.” Harry reached over and scratched her head.

“Midnight,” Riddle retorted.

“Raven.” Tom quipped his lips.

They seemed to never conclude.

“You two do whatever; I’m looking for seahorses.” Tom waved them off and hoisted himself into the water down below carefully.

He edged to an area of long sea grass and waded through it as gently as he could.

“Wait, I want to see seahorses!” Harry was about to hop into the water, but hands wrapped around his waist.

Harry leaned his head back, and Riddle smiled down at him. Cold water brushed against his feet as he was slowly lowered into the water. Riddle slid in next to him, holding his hand.

“Gentle, you don’t want to crush them.” He warned Harry.

“Oh, right.” Harry stared down, afraid he’d see the pieces of seahorses rising to the surface.

Luckily, there was none.

Riddle and Harry slowly made their way to Tom. He was kneeling in the water, slowly sliding along despite the occasional sharp rock. The serpent was swimming nearby, dodging in and out of the seagrass.

“Over here, human.” She hissed, sticking her head above water. *“The yellow thing.”*

They all arrived to see Tom parting the grass. There, a small canary-yellow seahorse with a large belly had its tail wrapped around a blade. Lower down, a smaller seahorse was there, hardly bigger than Harry’s pinky.

“They’re so small,” Harry said, slowly crouching down beside Tom. They brushed shoulders.

“Very,” Riddle agreed.

He knelt next to him and snaked a hand around Harry’s waist. He was once again reminded that all of them were shirtless. Riddle chuckled lowly at Harry’s inflamed cheeks. He winced at his inability to keep his mind clean.

“I want to keep them,” Tom said, very lightly petting the larger seahorse with the back of his curled index finger.

“No.” Riddle sighed. “The serpent wouldn’t want to share her tank, and there wouldn’t be as much enrichment in there either. Plus, that seahorse is pregnant, and you do not want to take care of hundreds or even thousands of baby seahorses.”

“I could do it,” Tom reassured.

“Yeah, I mean, you could, but should you?” Harry said, catching a glance at an orange seahorse swaying in the grass further down.

Tom hmphed.

The serpent slithered over. She caught sight of the smaller seahorse and prodded it with the tip of her tail. The smaller seahorse released the blade and hooked onto her tail. She tried to shake it off, but its grip was stronger.

“I have been adopted as a mother.” She swished her tail. The seahorse stayed on.

“See? The seahorse chose her.” Tom gestured to the two.

Harry and Riddle looked at each other.

“Well... It’s small.” Riddle said.

“And it won’t give birth to hundreds of babies...” Harry pointed out.

“And she won’t eat the seahorse,” Tom said.

The two of them sighed.

“You’re really going to kidnap a baby?” Harry spoke in a judgmental tone.

“Apparently older me tried to murder one, so I think this is a step down.” Tom smiled. He gently stroked the smaller seahorse.

“What are you going to name it?” Harry asked.

“Hmm. Topaz, like the stone.” Tom said after contemplating for a second.

“I was going to say Banana,” Harry said.

Tom and Riddle looked at him, furrowing their eyebrows.

“You... have an imagination.” They settled on.

Harry rolled his eyes. They never thought that his names were good. “Can we let her watch Topaz while we swim?”

“I will care for my child.” The serpent hissed.

The three carefully waded through the water until they reached waist-deep water, a safe distance from the seagrass. Harry could smell the intense salt in the water. How unlike it was compared to the freshwater of the lake.

It was also clearer water. Not murky until he kicked up sand with his feet. Riddle took his hand and guided him deeper into the sea until he could tread water. The two of them, of course, could still stand.

Harry was deeply offended that he was so small. It was nice to be able to curl up in their arms, feeling completely protected as they shielded him, but at times like this, he wished he was taller.

“Are you fine moving further?” Riddle asked, helping Harry keep his head above water by lightly lifting him by the waist.

“I’d rather not drown,” Harry admitted.

“We could just put a bubblehead charm on you.” Tom pointed out.

Tom raised his hand and muttered a short phrase. Harry didn’t feel any different, but he looked down to see the water around his face being pushed down. He hesitantly wiggled away from Riddle’s grip and let himself sink.

The water around his head distorted, and he was able to breathe. He felt something take hold of his leg and he yelped in alarm.

Looking down, he saw Tom’s mischievous smirk as he released his ankle. He swam deeper into the sea, waving him along. Harry copied his movements and followed him as the water

grew colder.

On the sandy floor, he could see an array of sea life. Small fish swam away from them in terror. Starfish littered the floor. Harry turned one over and was horrified to see the flailing little tubes of flesh that decorated the limbs.

He shuffled around in the sand and found a large spiral shell. Harry threw it as far as he could when he saw a little claw peek out. In the distance, he could see dark shapes moving against a blue background.

The ocean was both magnificent and horrifying.

Riddle stayed close to him while Tom explored further on. It was reassuring, especially as they slowly inched forward into the depths. Before long, his ears hurt, and they were so deep enough that the sunlight was starting to fade.

In the distance, he could see a small, dark shape quickly coming their way. Harry grabbed Riddle's arm and pointed to the shadow. Riddle tensed and pulled Harry behind him. It grew a little bigger and quickly approached.

A shark.

A small shark, but a shark nonetheless. Its tail was long, the tip stretching on. Harry clung to Riddle. Meanwhile, Riddle relaxed.

Riddle opened his mouth, but he shook his head and then raised his hand. White letters began to form as he wrote in the air.

'It's a thresher shark. Harmless.'

Harry shook his head. That thing didn't look harmless. His nails dug into Riddle's arm.

The shark moved slower and approached them. Harry tried to pull Riddle away, but the immovable object stayed put. He buried his face into Riddle's shoulder, his heart pounding in his chest. A shadow passed over him.

Riddle grabbed his hand and raised it. He could feel a rough, scaly surface under his fingertips. Harry took a peak.

Riddle was forcing Harry to *pet* the shark.

He thrashed, trying to pull away. The shark seemed to stare at him before slowly swimming away. The end of its tail travelled over Harry's hand. Riddle smiled at him, releasing his hand. Harry pulled it back, clinging it to Riddle's shoulders as he watched the shark disappear into the blue.

His stomach twisted as he stared at the other shadows in the depths. Riddle caught the fear in his face and grabbed Harry's legs, wrapping them around his waist. Together, they treaked to the surface.

As soon as their heads were above water and the bubblehead charm was cancelled, Harry began to yell.

“You absolute asshole!” Harry pounded against Riddle, but he could tell his action didn’t bother him.

“Did anything happen?” Riddle asked him, lightly grasping Harry’s wrists.

“I nearly pissed on you,” Harry replied.

Riddle laughed. “But did anything happen?”

“No,” Harry admitted. “But that doesn’t mean that anything wouldn’t happen.”

But Harry stayed clinging to Riddle, resting his head on his shoulders, as Riddle walked around half-submerged. He would occasionally offer Harry a shell or a crustation to inspect. Harry’s heart began to return to normal.

“Hey! Look what I found!” Tom’s voice rang out from further down the beach.

He was dangling a shark by the tail.

Harry’s heart rate instantly shot up.

“Put that thing down; you’re air-drowning it!” Riddle yelled back.

Tom nodded and threw the shark far into the water with a resounding SPLASH.

Harry was about to admonish him for throwing the animal, but he felt... off.

A sudden headache overtook him. From their connection, he could feel the cold claws of rage. He gasped, clutching his forehead. He had never experienced anger like that; it consumed him and set a biting freeze inside of him. He collapsed into the water. It soothed him for a second, but another wave of anger struck him.

Salty water filled his mouth as he inhaled sharply. A panic struck deep within him as the water flowed down his airway. His throat closed, desperate to keep the liquid out.

Riddle yanked him from the water. Harry tried to spit out the water, but it felt like he couldn’t get it all out. He kept on hacking, his mouth feeling flooded yet dry at the same time.

Riddle hauled him over his shoulders and rushed to shore. The pressure on his chest made some of the saltwater leave his throat.

He was thrown onto the sand. Riddle hovered his shaking hand over Harry’s throat and closed his eyes, his eyebrows furrowed. From the corner of his splotchy vision, he could see Tom get onto the beach and run towards them.

“Evacuo.” Riddle spoke with a clear voice.

Harry felt the rest of the water leave his system. The dryness stayed, and his throat was still closed, his migraine only increasing.

“Pipskey!” Tom called, dropping down next to him.

A pop sounded. “Yes, Youngest Master - “

“I need a pain reliever, a relaxer, and anything else that can help with a drowning,” Tom commanded.

Harry could feel the pressure building up in his lungs. It cramped him, and he felt oddly warm. Tom lightly patted his cheeks.

“Stay with us. Try to breathe. Try to stay awake.” Tom asked of him.

Harry found that request increasingly challenging to achieve. He could hold his breath for a long time, but this time it felt different. He could hardly move his limbs and would have fallen backward if Riddle hadn’t caught him in his arms.

Pipskey arrived with the potion bottles. They tried to pour the pain reliever down his throat, but Harry could hardly swallow it. It mostly pooled in his mouth as it slowly dripped down his throat.

“Pipskey, are you able to spell the potions into his stomach?” Riddle asked the house elf.

“Yes, Young Master. Pipskey is trained.”

She took the remaining vials and snapped her fingers. The liquid disappeared as Harry felt a cold sensation in his abdomen. The coldness spread through his body, and he felt himself lose more control of his body.

But his throat was finally opened.

Harry gasped for air, trying to breathe in and out. He sputtered a bit, the pain reliever still in his mouth. The potion was spat into the sand.

But he managed to breathe.

His mind was still like a slushie, a mixture of oxygen deprivation and second-hand rage making him confused. He could feel Riddle lightly shaking him, but his vision was already swimming without it.

“Can you hear me?” Tom asked, lacing their hands. “Can you squeeze my hand if you can hear me?”

Harry weakly squeezed his hand with all his strength. Tom sighed, running his hand through Harry’s hair. His headache subsided from the action.

It only cemented the fact that everything got better with them by his side.

He wondered why this time it was different. Usually, he experienced more of a brain freeze than anything else. It was a bit better than the crippling pain that filled him before, but he could normally deal with it.

Voldemort was just so angry that it overwhelmed him. He could not comprehend that amount of rage within someone. It was an inferno of ice—and so quick too.

The answer would soon find him.

Riddle deposited Harry into Tom's arms and stormed off to the cave entrance. Harry stared up at Tom, watching as the seawater rolled down his cheeks. He reached up with a shaking arm and wiped it away.

"You're a bit wet." He joked.

Before he could think, Tom's lips were on his own. Salty. It was different from their other kisses. More desperate, grasping at him as if he might slip away into the sea.

Tom withdrew, his eyes reddened with salt. Harry shifted in Tom's arms and curled up to his chest. He listened to Tom's erratic heartbeat. His brow furrowed. Nonetheless, the fast beat of his heart still calmed him.

He could hear screaming. Not in pain, but arguing. He could recognise Riddle's and Voldemort's voices. Their words were overlapping each other, stacking on top of each other to the point that Harry couldn't filter out either of them.

The rage that flooded from Voldemort's side only intensified. Harry groaned. He could not imagine being so angry. It was so intense that it hurt. But it was like ice that coursed through his brain. The most horrible brain freeze to exist.

Not even burrowing into Tom's chest nor the bright sun warmed the chill.

"Are you... cold?" Tom asked, using his spare hand to stroke the goosebumps on Harry's arms.

"Yeah." Harry groaned. "Brain hurts."

Tom's grip on him intensified. "The ritual was supposed to stop that."

"Mhh... Only the touch. Not the rage-aches. Doesn't hurt as much. It's cold, not fire." Harry muttered.

"This is *less* pain?" Tom exclaimed incredulously. "I know it hurt, but I thought I saw the worst before."

Harry nodded. "Has hurt more before. So angry."

Tom brushed the hair away from Harry's face. "Do you want anything for it?"

Harry shook his head. "No, it's normal."

Tom's fingers could have left bruises on his skin. Harry shied away from his grip.

"Sorry, sorry," Tom repeated, loosening his grip.

Harry heard the stomping of feet. He turned his head to the side and saw a furious Voldemort and an equally pissed-off Riddle walking towards them. A string of fear coursed through his veins. He cuddled up as close as possible to Tom.

"Why are you so angry?" Harry asked in a small voice.

Voldemort snarled his answer. "I was retrieving a horcrux and found that it was missing. Regulus Black betrayed me and stole it."

Oh.

Chapter End Notes

Everyone: (breakfast in bed!)

Harry: Wish I could just stay here):

Voldemort: you what?

Harry: gaygayhomosexualgayhomosexualgay

Riddle: nice ass

Tom: haha, you think we're sexy

Tom: I want one

Harry: No

Riddle: No

Tom: What if I want a small one

Harry: Fine

Riddle: Fine

Harry, after finished drowning: Your eyes are red. Bet it's the salt water.

Tom, sobbing: Yeah

Meanwhile:

Riddle: (is screaming at Voldemort)

Voldemort: (is screaming at Riddle)

A/N

So... a friend of mine found this. Recommended it to me. I'm afraid I girlbossed a little too close to the sun.

Also sorry for being a few hours late, I have midterms and I had to travel. And I'm still recovering from a medical incident that took me over a week to recover.

Next to say, Wow. Thank you for 50k (52K right now). I never thought I'd get this far and it seems like just a week ago I was at 20K. Time does fly. Thank you for reading,

and thank you for each comment. It inspires me to write more even if I don't feel the best (which is more days than not). Luv u all <3

Amelia's Escape

Chapter Summary

Harry ends his last day with a run-away.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry was able to perk up by lunchtime. Riddle and Tom were still worried for him, but Harry assured them he was fine. Voldemort was rather distant, and everyone was quite quiet as they ate.

“Harry,” Voldemort called.

“Yeah?” Harry muttered, munching on some steak.

“Before you go, I will enchant you with a charm that will prevent you from revealing any information about what happened here. Even under veritaserum.” Voldemort withdrew a piece of parchment and slid it over to him. “I’ve made these adjustments to the spell.”

The sheet depicted a drawing of a person’s throat with a thorned vine wrapped around it. There was writing to the side that told of a painful silencing charm, but the word “painful” was crossed out. The secrets could not be revealed to anyone, under any condition. The spell could only be taken off from the caster.

“What will that all entail?” He asked, a bit worried.

“Well, for first, the horcruxes,” Voldemort gestured to Tom and Riddle. “Then the more personal details. All you could possibly talk about is being kidnapped, seeing torture, and not being able to leave the manor.”

“We’re going with him to Hogwarts.” Riddle proclaimed.

Voldemort narrowed his eyes. He tilted his head in thought, and Harry could feel intrigue from his end of the connection. He sighed and hung his head in defeat.

“Fine. I would tell you to be on guard with him, but I do not think I need to proclaim that.” Voldemort looked at the three, a slightly disgusted look on his face.

“Of course,” The two answered at once.

“I cannot handle both of your whining if you were apart from him. And you - “ Voldemort looked to Harry. “I will hold you personally accountable if anything happens to the

horcruxes. Including the one in your scar.”

Harry felt a chill run up his spine because of the coldness coming from him.

“Got it.” He gulped.

“Good.”

“Ah, how am I leaving the manor?” He changed the subject. Harry honestly had no idea how they would do that.

“The plan is for Lucius to try to transport you to another location, but you’ll pull away while apparating and will land somewhere in muggle London. Then, you can find your way from there. Owl a friend, walk into Diagon, find someone’s house, whatever you wish.” Voldemort stirred his tea, eating the last of Harry’s biscuits. “It is a rather common way to lose a prisoner.”

The man sighed as well, “Amelia has also given us the needed information, so I need to discard her as well. I have yet to think of a reasonable excuse for that.”

Harry stood up, his chair scraping again the wooden floor. “Can I do it?” Harry asked.

“Can you... free her? And how do you want to do that? She doesn’t know you’re missing nor would there be a reason for you to be here alive.” Voldemort had a tone to him. As if he wanted Harry to challenge him.

“I have a plan.”

Fire burned through Amelia’s veins. She bit into her already raw and bloodied lip. Screaming will - and has - not free her from her binds nor cancel the spell. If anything, it only seemed to fuel her captors.

“Aw, even after all this time, resilient little Amelia has finally broken!” Bellatrix cackled.

Amelia remembered her. The two-year senior constantly talked or bribed her way out of trouble. But not her, not Amelia. The seventh year had stewed in fury after getting caught and sent to detention by Amelia in her fifth year. She had been Amelia's first person caught, the first of many.

“Y’know, most people,” Rodolphus leaned over and nodded at Dolores Umbridge, “Learn quickly that your struggle is futile and you’ll never be free. At least you could be useful before we dispose of you.”

“F - Fuck - k o - of - f.” Amelia snarled through clenched teeth.

“Ooh! Feisty!” From behind her, Barty Jr. shook her shoulders, “Do it again!”

Amelia threw her head back, colliding with Barty's face. A scream followed a satisfying crunch. Barty stumbled around her while the other two death-eaters howled in laughter.

"Ha!" Bellatrix doubled over, "Pulled a fast one on you, didn't she?"

A chime rang from Bellatrix's wand. She frowned and sighed.

"Looks like our catch-up time is over. Don't worry, Amelia, we'll have *loads* of fun tomorrow! I have the entire day off! It is so hard to have a little girl time here." She twirled her wand.

A strong force gripped her throat and hoisted her up, her bonds falling to the ground. She tried to find her footing, but Barty yanked her up by her hair before she could. Half-dragged and half-scrambled, they walked to the end of the room and threw her in her cell.

Dull pain throbbed in her body. The concrete scraped against her skin and opened small cuts on her skin. But she still held on to her dignity.

Amelia slowly, shakily, managed to get to her cot, and lay down on the straw-stuffed mattress. Her strength was failing each day, tomorrow she may not be able to walk.

"Bye, bye, Amelia! And Yaxley, make sure she's taken care of. I want her to be extra excited for girl's night." Bellatrix's voice rang through the cells.

Yaxley. She was so close to proving his involvement with Voldemort when she was captured. One of many, many others that would be in Azkaban right now. But instead, she was here. Along with four other high-ranking ministry officials.

The door to the cell block opened. A shorter, masked Death Eater entered, with gloved hands holding a slip of parchment.

"The Lord has requested you in the north quarters. Mask on." The voice was male, spoken in a light tone. He passed Yaxley the paper.

"And I presume you are taking over my guard duties?" Yaxley scanned the paper and then slipped on his mask.

The man nodded.

Yaxley handed over the ring of keys to the man. He briskly walked out the door with the other staring him down. As soon as Yaxley's footsteps could no longer be heard, the man sprung to his feet.

He jabbed keys into the lock on her cell, constantly glancing back and forth from shoving the wrong keys in the hole to the door of the block. Click. Amelia rolled her head to see him kneeling next to her with two potion vials in his hand.

"Drink these," He insisted, ushering an off-red and a lime-green one to her.

"Fuck off," She spat at him.

“Madam Bones, please.” He pleaded. That voice was familiar.

“No,”

He nudged the edge of his mask to the side, barely enough for her to see the lightning-shaped bolt on his forehead and emerald green eyes.

“Pott - “

“Shh, no time for questions. Drink these,” Harry Potter thrust the vials to her.

“Why?” She asked, then downed the sour potions.

A pounding beat took hold of her heart. Pepper-Up, but a different variety, and pain relief. She rolled her shoulders back, the muscles no longer tense and sore.

“Put this on.” Harry reached inside his robes and pulled out a long Death-Eater cloak and mask.

“What are you doing?” Amelia rolled the mask in her hands. It wasn’t an authentic one, the markings were a little shaky, and there was a single smear of silver paint on the temple.

“Breaking you out.” Harry answered. “Are you able to apparate us if I get you past the wards?”

“Yes. How are we - “

“Just follow my lead. When we get past the wards, you’ll apparate us. When we get out the other side, please, Madam Bones, for me, please, say this happened in reverse.” Harry paused, a pleading look in his eyes.

“Say that I freed you?” Amelia shook her head. “Why?”

“Who will believe me?” Harry sighed. “No one would. Me, get past the Death Eaters while Amelia Bones couldn’t? No, you will say you found me while escaping. You will tell them that I was being transported to the cell block when you broke out. You will tell them that you managed to pull me away. And you will not tell them I freed you in any way.”

“But you should - “

“No, Madam Bones. I won’t. I won’t tell you how I managed to escape, but no one would believe me if I told the truth. Let’s go, quickly. I don’t know when Yaxley will realise he was put on a wild goose chase.” He turned, looking at the door in apprehension.

Amelia nodded. “Okay. But I don’t know - “ Harry seemed to love to interrupt her.

“I know how to get out. I’ll lead.” He thrust the mask and robe to her. “Please be quick.”

Amelia didn’t waste any time. She threw on the garb, wincing at the idea of looking like a Death Eater. But she packed away her pride and stood tall. The two of them fled from the

room, trying to walk as inconspicuously as possible.

The unrobed Death Eaters didn't even look their way as they passed through the foyer and into the front yard. Amelia tried to memorise everyone that she could. Disgust sat in her stomach as she recognised so many people. From co-workers to the average citizen, she saw countless faces.

And those were only the people there right now.

She shivered. How were they supposed to win? How were they supposed to stop all these people? Even if they were untrained, which she doubted, they could easily swarm the Aurors.

Leaving was surprisingly easy. Once they were past the wards, Harry took off his mask.

"Take off yours as well. Don't need to be getting attacked. Where are we apparating to?" Harry threw the mask over his back. He also ripped off the robes, revealing a slightly ripped green T-shirt and jeans underneath.

"Straight to the Aurors office. Are you sure you don't want credit?" Amelia frowned.

"Yeah. No credit." Harry ended the conversation.

Amelia offered her hand and the world spun around them.

The next hour was hell for Harry. The Aurors were miffed that he couldn't tell them anything and overall hesitant towards him. Not thirty minutes after he and Madam Bones arrived, the Order of the Phoenix barged in.

Dumbledore tried to talk to him, but another Auror (a Death Eater) threatened to kick him out as he was "obviously not suitable to look after a child". Harry was dragged from room to room while they tried to find someone to look after him.

The Dursleys, apparently, had moved to Spain.

Harry doubted their story. He wasn't sure what had happened to them, but he couldn't care less. They made life a living hell for him and harmed him more times than he could count. Neglected his needs. Forced him to be a servant.

Madam Bones was taken to Saint Mungos to treat her injuries. Eventually, after the fourth time he had moved rooms to be babysat by someone else, Harry had enough. He snuck out of the Aurors office and went to visit her. He didn't have anything else to do.

"What's wrong with you?" Harry asked as he snuck through the curtains.

"A lot. Not anything they can't solve within a month. Mostly malnutrition. I'll be left with a good chunk of scars." She looked away from him. "And, you?"

Harry shook his head. "Can't say. I'm not hurting and they tended to heal me after inflicting any harm."

Amelia looked at him sadly. "What did they do to you?"

Harry bit his lip. It felt wrong to lie to someone like her. "Can't say. They put some odd charm on me and now I can't say what happened while I was there."

"Oh, my apologies." She stared blankly up at the ceiling. "You know, if you don't think you can handle Hogwarts, you can homeschool and just take your N.E.W.T.S at the ministry when you come of age."

Harry paused. Did he want to go back? "Um, no. At least not this year."

Amelia nodded. "Just owl me if that changes." She paused. "Do you know what happened to Susan after I... disappeared?"

Harry tried to think back to the gossip mills. "Well, I can't be certain, but - "

The sound of quick footsteps approached the room. In an instant, the curtain was flung open and a distraught Susan Bones came rushing into the room. She froze when she saw Amelia, then launched herself at her.

"Aunty!" She cried, clinging to Amelia's hospital gown.

"Susie," Amelia patted her back. "Glad to have you back."

Harry felt his heart ache at that moment. He wanted to have family that threw themselves at him the moment they found out he was safe. It wasn't fair.

He pushed down those feelings, hiding them deep within his occlumency walls. He rose and quietly exited the room. It's best not to disturb the moment between them.

He wanted to bring out Tom or Riddle at that moment. He needed someone. And they wouldn't let anyone else in, so he couldn't tell if Ron or Hermione would be on the other side.

Harry exhaled hard.

He was living in a fantasy for so long that he forgot what the real world was like. Swathed in his cocoon of his loving partners, protected from reality. But now, there was nothing to protect him.

An Auror entered Amelia's room. Harry wandered off, sightseeing the hospital. He was steady, at two newborn babies through a window when the same Auror found him, now holding a cage. Harry knelt, smiling happily at Hedwig in the cage. He missed her dearly.

"Potter?" She spoke as she filed in next to him, also looking at the babies.

"Yes?"

“Amelia Bones has volunteered to take over guardianship until you reach your majority. She has paid for a room in the Leaky Cauldron for you to stay in, as you leave in the morning.” She briefly glanced at him.

“Okay, I’ll head over there.”

His walk to the Leaky Cauldron was met with stares. He figured, he had been plastered on the missing pages for weeks.

Blood boiled in his veins as he saw Rita Skeeter approach him, notepad and quill at the ready, with her cameraman trailing behind her. There was a flash of light as he had his picture taken. He blinked, momentarily blinded. Hedwig hooted in displeasure.

“Harry Potter,” She drawled, “how unexpected to see you here. I’m sure we’ve all been dying to know where you’ve been.”

Harry stayed silent, trying to speed up his walking. Nails dug into his fists as she hurried along next to him. If she continued on her way, he might do something to make him end up in Azkaban.

“Hm? Can’t talk? A side effect of your kidnapping? Did they take away your vocal cords?” Her quill scribbled on the paper.

Harry growled. “Not now, Skeeter.”

“Oh, so you can talk.” Her quill scribbled faster. “But can’t? The experience was too traumatising?”

Harry stayed silent, stalking to the Leaky Cauldron. Skeeter had a sour look on her face as the manager at the bed and breakfast shooed her away. Apparently, she had landed a lifetime ban from the place unless otherwise cleared with the staff.

He sighed as he collapsed into his bed. It had been a long day. It started out so fun as well. But a smile spread across his face as he took his shrunken trunk from his pocket and filtered through it.

“Who upset you, love?” Tom wrapped his arms around Harry’s waist.

“Rita Skeeter, then about everyone?” Harry sighed, lacing his and Riddle’s hand.

“Ah, the news reporter?” Tom ruffled his hair.

“Yeah. Such a bitch.” Harry rolled his eyes.

Tom noticed Hedwig and cooed. “And who is this?”

“Hedwig. My little birdie.” Harry answered. Tom stuck his fingers in the cage and let her nibble his fingers.

“Very cute, little chicken strips.” Riddle joked, lightly pulling Tom away from her.

“Can we lay down now?” Harry yawned.

“Anything you want, angel.” Riddle gently kissed his lips.

They all curled up in bed in their usual position, with Tom tucking him under his chin and Riddle resting on his shoulder. Both of his arms were caught under them.

Tom hummed lowly as Riddle rubbed circles on Harry’s hips. It eased him more than normal, and he fell asleep not long afterwards.

Eyes bore into him as he walked onto the Hogwarts express. He glared back at them. It wasn’t their business where he was at. He was back and that was all their prying eyes and eavesdropping ears needed to know.

“Harry!” Yelled a voice. He almost crumbled as the weight was thrust onto his back.

He whipped around and drew his wand. Behind him was Hermione, a spooked look on her face. A ping of guilt ran through Harry, and he lowered his wand.

“Sorry.” He stated.

“Harry! Where have you been? We were - you just - “ Hermione rambled.

“I’m fine,” Harry answered, hugging her back.

Perhaps he didn’t need family to welcome him back.

She pulled him along and shoved people aside for them to get to their compartment. Inside, Ron was sitting, setting up a game of chess. He, too, had a worried expression on his face when he saw Harry.

“Mate, what’s with that look? You look like you crawled out of detention with Lockheart.” Ron tried to smile, but he didn’t quite reach his eyes.

“Just tired,” Harry answered, collapsing in the seat.

“Ron! Be sensitive.” Hermione chastised.

Ron shrugged. “Want to play chess, Harry? Hermione’s been complaining about playing with me.”

Harry thought for a moment.

“Yeah, sure.”

Five games of chess later, the door to the compartment slammed open. Harry’s back was to the door, but he already knew who it was. No one else had the audacity to barge into a compartment without knocking.

“So it is true. Harry Potter has come to Hogwarts.” Draco sneered.

Rage roared under Harry’s skin. Of all the days to test him, today was not the day. He hardly had time to stay with Tom and Riddle that morning, and on top of everyone staring at him,- he was in a more than sour mood.

“Potter, I’m surprised to see you alive. We all thought you had been smeared across a courtyard somewhere.” He nudged Harry’s back with his shoe.

Harry spun around. He lunged for Draco, one hand reaching for his thin throat and the other flicking out his wand. Grabbed by the throat, Draco was thrown into the compartment and pinned against the wall. His feet scraped at the seat, trying desperately to escape by pushing off of it.

Harry slashed his wand, casting the jelly-legs jinx.

“Listen here, Malfoy.” Harry breathed, “This year is going to be different. This year, I’m fighting against you no matter what. You give the call, and I will do everything in my power to send you to the hospital wing. It doesn’t matter who watches, who stares, or who punishes me.”

Draco’s eyes widened. He tried to claw at Harry’s arm, making small scratches in his skin. But Harry didn’t react. He had it worse before.

“You don’t have the guts - “

Harry pointed his wand at Draco’s throat. He lightly hissed a string of curses that Riddle had taught him. He wasn’t entirely sure what they did, but he knew they were phrase activated. If the caster or the victim said certain words, they’d experience a side effect. Harry took great pleasure in listing the speech Draco could no longer say without punishment.

“See what happens.” Harry spat.

He threw Draco to the ground. The boy scrambled to get out of the compartment. Harry slammed the door closed, his hands planted on either side of it. His breath came out hard.

Harry, too, didn’t think he had it in him.

“...Harry?” Hermione called from behind him.

Harry pushed down his anger and hid his adrenaline behind his occlumency walls. “Yeah?”

“You were a bit ... do you need to rest?” Hermione seemed to not know what she wanted to say.

“Yeah. I might ask Angela for the password and sleep after eating a bit. I’m just tense.” Harry sighed, taking to the empty seat and curling up.

He wanted to call for Tom. Riddle was good as well, but Tom connected better to him emotionally. Tom also advocated less for murder. Not completely, just enough.

Ron glanced at him oddly, then looked away the moment they locked eyes. Harry sighed. It was all him again. Harry had once again damaged their ties and now there was an awkward silence in the compartment.

Why did he have to attack Draco? He could have just taken it; he had many times before. But no, he had to lunge at him. Had to curse him in parseltongue.

“You’re rubbing off on me.”

Was that true? Tom and Riddle were friendly to him, but that didn’t mean they were to other people. Didn’t mean that they wouldn’t attack other people.

Harry rubbed his temples. He loved both of them so dearly, but had they influenced him? Not really certain *how*. Or was it Voldemort and his teachings?

The silence permeated through the compartment throughout the journey.

Everyone stared at Harry at mealtime and he couldn’t have escaped faster. He stormed up to his dorm, ignoring anyone who looked at him. He unshrunk his trunk and rifled through for his lovers.

Tom and Riddle both appeared in his bed, in a swirl of ink and a bit of smoke. They saw the concern on his face and drew him in.

“What’s wrong, angel?” Riddle asked, positioning Harry to lie on both of their laps.

“I - “ Harry knew that they wouldn’t judge him. “I attacked Draco Malfoy.”

“Good.” Riddle patted his thigh.

“Why?” Tom asked, brushing Harry’s bangs away from his scar.

“I - “ Harry thought for a good explanation, “He just - He - “

He existed.

Tom seemed to know what he was trying to say. “Sometimes we build up our emotions and they all come out at once. Did you hurt him?”

“You don’t need a reason.” Riddle reached over and brushed his hand through Harry’s hair.

Tom glared at Riddle.

“Not yet? I might have bruised him a bit? I did the phrase-curse-thing on him.” He honestly didn’t know what it was called.

Riddle had a smile on his face. “Good, good. What level did you do it at?”

“Medium, or at least I hope. He won’t end up in the hospital wing for saying something once. I tried to use multiple different words at different intensities. If he says my name, he will have some pain. Saying slurs... more punishments.” Harry explained.

Tom patted his cheek. “It is nice you are finally standing up for yourself.”

“I don’t usually strike before being struck, but I’ll make an exception.” Harry yawned.

“Why not?” Riddle said, “That’s what I started to do. And a lot more people respected me.”

“Feared you,” Harry corrected.

“Well, it still works, kind of.” Riddle waved him off.

Harry and Tom raised their eyebrows at each other but didn’t say anything.

Tom looked at the bed and frowned.

“Love, do you feel confident in casting a spacial expansion charm? Like we practised? We need a bigger bed.” Tom asked him.

“I think so? Would it be easier to tie it to the curtains? So it’s only bigger when all the curtains are drawn?” He didn’t want the others to think he got a bigger bed. They’d sight favouritism and then they’d get angry. Then, well then Harry would have to fight them.

Harry withdrew his wand and carefully wound the spell that he needed. He carved the small marks that contained the spell on the curtains, only connecting when they were fully closed.

“Good, good. Now, let’s ward them so that only you can open and close them.”

Together they all worked on warding the bed. Warding was more difficult and Harry only helped with it rather than casting it himself. It was something they would have to work on more.

“Would we like to lay down?” Riddle gestured to the bed.

“Of course,” Harry replied.

They quickly changed out into their silken green shirts (red, in Harry’s case) and crawled into bed. Harry had never needed their cuddles more than today. He knew tomorrow would be worse. All the staring. The professors looked at him.

He sighed, settling in as Tom lay above him and Riddle took his rightful place on his shoulder. Riddle rubbed soft circles on Harry’s thighs and Tom gently brushed through his hair. Little by little, his muscles lost their tension, and his jaw unclenched.

“Do you need anything else, love?” Tom asked after a long silence.

“Would you be able to summon Pipskey? I kind of want a dreamless sleep. I can’t deal with... anything tonight.” Harry bit his lip.

They both knew he was talking about their memories. He often woke up crying due to them, clinging to each of them for at least an hour. And Harry didn't wake up early enough to deal with that.

Pipskey was, surprisingly, able to be summoned. She was only gone for a few minutes but came back with a full green box with a little bow. Surprised, Harry undid the shiny yellow ribbon.

'Payback for last week. -LV'

Harry asked Pipskey to put the note in his trunk while he investigated the contents of the package.

Inside was an array of food, drinks, and potions. It expanded, larger on the inside than the outside. Each was clearly labelled as well. He could see wards carved into the side to keep the items cold and warm.

He withdrew a package that said "lambchop and mashed potatoes X3" and a bottle of non-alcoholic wine. Inside were three portioned plates of the meal, forks and knives included.

Each of them got a plate and began to munch their food. Harry wasn't that hungry until he started to eat. Warding and casting spells must have drained his energy more than he thought.

Once they had their fill, they settled back into place. Harry knocked back a dreamless sleep and was unconscious before he could recork the bottle.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: Sigh, I'm gone
Tom and Riddle: Gone with us
Voldemort, already sick of them: fine

Amelia: wtf Potter why -
Harry - shut it, roll out

Harry: omg Hedwig
Hedwig: hoot
Tom: Adorable, I want
Riddle: easy there
Harry: ... okay now cuddles

Harry: (angsting)
Draco: haha Pottah
Harry, frothing at the mouth: listen here you little shit
Ron:

Hermione: let's just take a nap, okay?

Harry: more cuddles plz

Tom: of course

Riddle: we'll indulge you

Voldemort: here is food, thx for taking care of me while I was almost dying

A/N

Sorry for the late update again lol. I'm traveling right now and I just found out that my flight got delayed so now I can't take my final flight and now I can't get back until tomorrow evening. I'm not sure what to do and I'm kind of freaking out because I'm not used to traveling alone let alone having problems with my travel (this is the one thing that if it went wrong it would screw up everything). I'm not sure what I'll do because I can't check in to the nearby hotels because I'm not old enough (21 is the age for a lot US hotels) and Plan B has fallen through and everything has gone to shit.

Blame

Chapter Summary

Harry has to finally leave for class. Rita has written another article. And Harry is blamed for another tragedy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Morning broke too soon. He never wanted to leave the cocoon of warmth and love and go into the cold and cruel world. Forever a caterpillar. But reality would yank him away sooner or later.

Tom was already awake, slowly petting Harry's hair. Calmness enveloped him. Riddle was still slumbering peacefully. Harry gently roused him by thumbing his cheek.

Riddle leaned into his touch and opened his eyes. Every time he stared at them, it was like he was looking at them for the first time. The darkest of browns, with flecks of gold. Soft when he woke, growing hardened as the day went on.

"You have to go to class, love." Tom lightly kissed Harry.

"Don't want to." Harry shook his head.

"You can't be a Defence Against the Dark Arts professor without graduating." Tom pointed out.

"I can take my N.E.W.T.s at the Ministry." Harry rolled over and turned toward Riddle.

"But you've already come this far." Riddle said, pressing his lips against Harry's jawline. He shivered pleasantly.

Harry pried himself away from them. The two gave him a sympathetic glance. A hollow drilled in his heart as he saw them disappear into their containers. But as always, he must continue as if nothing bothered him.

He reluctantly opened his curtains and dug in his trunk for his invisibility cloak. He carefully wrapped the diary and the ring up in it and shoved it under his pillow. His trunk would be too obvious a place.

He changed and walked down to the Great Hall. Down there, even more eyes bore into his soul. A frown crossed his face as he saw the shady looks passed to him by other Gryffindors. Did they seriously believe the garbage that the prophet spewed?

Then again, they'd look at him worse if they knew the truth.

He sat next to Ron, with Hermione right across from him. His eggs were prodded without much care. Appetite evaded him.

“Harry, you should at least eat something.” Hermione lightly kicked him under the table.

“Fine, fine.” Harry forked his food into his mouth.

Hedwig flew over him and dropped off a letter. He stared at it as he fed her bacon.

‘Dear Harry,

Please meet me in my office after lessons.

P.S. I enjoy raspberry swirls

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore’

Harry stared daggers into the letter. It combusted and fluttered to ashes in his eggs. He would simply not go.

His anger only grew during his lessons. The glances filled with pity his way from every professor, and the way they talked to him like he was a scared child. He didn't need their pity. They could waste their emotions on someone else.

Potions proved different from the other classes by a long shot.

“Hello, students, I am Professor Slughorn. Previously, I was employed at Hogwarts, but I have come out of retirement to teach all of you. If you ask your parents or grandparents, they may have been taught by me.” He smiled widely at them, snapping at his green suspenders.

The class's tension fizzled out the moment he ended his introduction. They had never associated potions class with a kind professor so they approached the unfamiliarity with hesitation.

“Does everyone have their books?” Professor Slughorn surveyed the class.

Harry raised his hand. “I don't have my book.”

It wasn't his fault. He didn't know the man would accept people that made his grades into a N.E.W.T. level class. He only found out it was on his schedule that morning.

“Ah, no problem, my boy. Many other students did not have their books. Luckily for you, I have one spare left.” Professor Slughorn shuffled around in his desk and withdrew an old-looking potion's book.

Harry flipped through the book in his hand. Notes were written in the margins; some of the words were crossed out and replaced with other words. Surprisingly, there were also yellow sticky notes in the book with writing and diagrams on them.

He hit the jackpot of books.

“Thank you, professor.” Harry bowed his head with a smug smile on his face.

“It’s nothing, my boy! Now, everyone get started! The person with the best Draught of Living Death will win a bottle of Liquid Luck!” Professor Slughorn held up a bottle filled with sparkling gold liquid.

Harry used his potion knowledge, which he gained from Tom and Riddle’s teachings along with the book’s teachings, to get through the potion. His potion shifted through colours that weren’t supposed to be there, but at each ending stage, it was the correct shade.

Next to him, Hermione looked at him as if he were insane. He merely shrugged. He really didn’t care if he passed potions; he was going to be the Defence Against the Dark Arts professor, not an Auror.

His potion turned out perfect, while Hermione’s was more similar to sludge than a liquid. She glared at him—whether out of jealousy or something else, he couldn’t tell.

“A drop would kill us all.” Professor Slughorn declared. “For you, Mr Potter, a bottle of Felix Felicis.”

Harry was honestly surprised that he did well. Though as he shoved the bottle into his bag, he saw more than just Hermione with angry looks on their faces.

Confidence filled him as he walked into Defence Against the Dark Arts with Snape. His mood was a bit down, but he hoped that Snape would leave him alone now that he got the position he always wanted.

How would the curse take Snape out of this rotation?

Harry hoped it hurt.

And leave him alone he did.

Apart from the role call, he didn't even acknowledge his presence. No snobby digs or arduous insults. Snape acted like he didn’t exist.

Maybe Voldemort had told him something. Harry had often complained about Snape to him, just as much as Malfoy. Malfoy either didn’t get warned or didn’t heed his warnings. He just hoped that the boy would take his threats seriously.

Because Harry was serious about them.

How else would he use all those spells he was taught by Tom, Riddle, and Voldemort?

“Mate,” Ron whispered, “You have a really creepy smile right now.”

Harry snapped into a neutral mask. “Just thinking about spells to use on Malfoy.”

Ron nodded in approval. "Yeah, me too."

"Will you both be quiet?" Hermione nudged Ron.

Snape whipped around and stared daggers into them. He strode over to them, arms crossed. Ron cowered, while Hermione just had an air of hesitation around her. Harry just wanted to punch him.

"What is so important that you are interrupting my class over?" Snape demanded to know.

Harry spoke for them. "We're just discussing the spells we learned over the summer."

Snape narrowed his eyes. "I must suppress my surprise, seeing as you have been missing for the better part of the summer. And you came back just in time for school, unscathed, while Amelia Bones was almost dead."

The class went silent.

Harry stared at him innocently. "Who said I came out unscathed? Someone can heal and hurt you at the same time. And the silver lining is learning different curses."

His gaze only intensified. The rest of the class had sincere to doubtful looks on their faces, with the doubt mostly coming from the Slytherin house.

"Hm." Snape turned his back to them. "Ten points from Gryffindor. Stay quiet."

Harry, Ron, and Hermione all glanced at each other. They never got off that easy. It was always a higher deduction of points or detention. Whatever Voldemort had done was appreciated by Harry.

The rest of the lesson went on without much trouble. His teaching style remained stale, and Harry almost nodded off. He'd have to have more tutoring with Defence Against the Dark Arts again this year.

A part of him wanted to restart Dumbledore's Army, but the idea made his mouth bitter.

Harry tried to retreat back to the dorms, but Ron yanked him back by his bag strap. Unease ate at Harry when his first instinct was to hex him. But his white-knuckle grip on his wand stayed in his pocket.

"Yeah?" Harry asked Ron, his heart still racing from adrenaline.

Ron frowned, as did an approaching Hermione. "Could you try to spend a little bit more time with us?"

He knew, deep down, he wanted to spend time with them, but he also just wanted to go back with Tom and Riddle.

"Sure," Harry said after taking a breath. "I can do that."

They all decided to go flying (with Hermione begrudgingly coming along). It was the one thing Harry sorely missed while at the manor. He forgot how good it felt to just let go and be free. Weightless in a way that he couldn't describe.

How he barreled down to the ground below, the blades growing larger and larger. Until, at the last second, he drew up, his toes scraping against the grass tips. The rush filled him with just as much joy as it had the first time.

While Ron and Hermione landed, already tired, Harry flew as high as he possibly could. The spray of cloud mist filled his lungs. It was truly one of the best things in life.

As he flew high, he glanced at the Gryffindor tower. Inside, he could see Tom and Riddle leaning on the window sill. Emboldened by the attention, he dove to the ground.

He flew closer and closer to the ground and twirled around at the last moment. His hair brushed against the grass, and he glanced up at the tower. Though he couldn't quite see them clearly, he knew a concerned yet relieved face when he saw one. He smirked at the window.

"What are you smiling at?" Hermione asked, cautiously hovering just above the ground with Ron holding her hand for stability.

"Oh, nothing." Harry replied, tearing his gaze from the Gryffindor tower.

They didn't seem to believe him, but they kept quiet. Together, they ate dinner and parted ways. Hermione to the library. Ron to his newly joined chess club, and Harry back to his dorm.

Warm arms wrapped around him as he flopped into bed and closed the curtains. Tom began to pepper kisses from his cheek down to the crook of his neck. He shivered pleasantly. Riddle similarly attacked him from the other side.

It made his thoughts grow dirty.

"You have a simply lovely look on your face, love." Tom purred, planting a final kiss on his collarbone.

"If only we could see that more." Riddle teased, casting a quick scourgify before snuggling into his neck.

Harry was on fire everywhere.

"We're such a tease." Tom stoked Harry's cheek.

"*Very.*" Harry hissed.

Tom wrapped him up in his arms, as did Riddle.

Riddle sighed. "What happened today, angel?"

Voldemort's eyes stared up at the ceiling. It wasn't night, but he was lying in bed. There was a feeling gripping his body that he remembered. A feeling he hadn't remembered in a long time.

It tied a knot in his abdomen and spread warmth throughout his entire body. It made him lurch on the inside. It turned his brain fuzzy, suppressing the rational side of himself.

He stumbled to the bathroom, desperate to eliminate those obscene feelings.

What on earth was Potter doing with his horcruxes?

The next few days were better than the previous ones. Almost everyone left him alone, too wary to ask him questions. Colin Creevy was persistent as always, but he was more receptive to Harry's request not to bother him than any of the other times he asked.

Guess that getting kidnapped (kind of) had its upsides.

But of course, his peace couldn't last forever.

"Potter!" Draco yelled as he left Herbology. The boy winced as he said it.

"Malfoy!" Harry yelled back in the same tone that Draco always used with him.

Draco drew back like he had punched him. Which was very tempting to do. The blond's face grew red with anger.

"Find me funny, do you? Think that it's funny to mock me? You really shouldn't talk back to your superiors." Draco snarled at him.

"Operto." He said coldly.

A smile stretched across his face as he saw Draco spasm, clutching his arm where Harry cast the curse. Harry strode over to him and raised his wand again, trying to get another spell in.

"Protego!" Draco shouted.

"Operto." Harry simply repeated again.

It blasted through his shield and struck Draco in the chest. Draco was sent to the floor. He coughed, wheezing as all the air was forced out of his lungs. He crawled back as Harry advanced on him.

"Operto - " The spell shot out of Harry's wand as a hand gripped his wrist and thrust it skyward.

"Harry, mate, we need to talk." Ron spoke slowly as he tugged him along.

Miffed, Harry crossed his arms when he was pulled into an alcove. Hermione joined them moments later, an exasperated expression on her face. Now he was more than confused. He thought they hated Draco. Had they made up over the summer?

“Harry,” Hermione raised her hands in defense, “do you know what spell you used?”

“Operto. Means trample or something like that.” Harry shrugged.

“Do you know what *type* of spell it is?” Ron asked him with a worried expression.

Harry waved them off. “It’s a jinx or something.”

“No, no, it isn’t. It’s a borderline illegal dark spell because it can kill someone if they cast it hard enough.” Hermione lightly touched his arm.

“Yeah, tone it down. You just made me defend Malfoy; that’s embarrassing.” Ron mumbled.

“Did - Did anyone use it on you?” Hermione asked.

Harry’s mind rushed to process all of the information. “No. I saw it used on someone else.”

He was surprised the silencing spell Voldemort cast on him didn’t kick in. Then again, he hadn’t revealed anything important or useful to know. But that did seem to have a blaring loophole.

Unless Voldemort wanted Harry to be able to speak about some of his experiences.

“How terrible!” Hermione exclaimed, “Do you want to talk about it?”

Harry shook his head. “Couldn’t even if I wanted to. They cast a weird spell on me that made it so that I can’t talk about what happened. I’m surprised I was able to tell you what I have.”

Hermione sighed, “I understand. Just try to take it easy?”

Guilt ate at Harry. Sure, he may have been pounded by countless spells in training, his hip shredded and nearly drowned on top of everything else... maybe he deserved some pity.

But not nearly as much as he was given.

“I’ll try.”

Dinner was another debacle. He still got stares, and he wasn’t sure why until Hermione subtly slid him the Daily Prophet.

Harry Potter: Found Without a Scratch?

Dear readers,

Harry Potter was found on August 31 at 11 p.m. Along with him, Amelia Bones was also found. Yes, dear readers, you heard that right! Amelia Bones is alive!

She was wounded within a hair of her life. The next month of her life will be spent in and out of Saint Mungo's. Amelia Bones is lucky to be alive.

Which begs the question: why wasn't Harry Potter injured? Though his medical documents have not been disclosed, when I saw him in Diagon Alley that same day, he did not appear injured in any way.

If Amelia Bones, head of the Justice Department, was almost killed, why wasn't Harry Potter? Harry Potter, who is the one who killed He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, perfectly healthy?

Very suspicious.

This isn't the first time Harry Potter has come out unscathed. Cedric Diggory came back with Harry Potter. He was dead, while Harry Potter only had non-life-threatening injuries. Sirius Black, who has been post-mortem cleared of all charges, also died when Harry Potter entered the Department of Mysteries.

Why does Harry Potter consistently come back from He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named and Death Eaters with dying people? And why is he coming out alive? Everyone else dies or is brutally injured.

Is Harry Potter a safe person to associate with?

Follow more at the Daily Prophet for stories every day for the everyday person.

Rita Skeeter

Head of the Daily Prophet Press Department

September 2nd

Rage bubbled up in his veins. How dare she. How dare she insinuate that he was the one to bring harm to them!

Harry didn't eat dinner.

He ignored Ron and threw himself onto his bed, shutting his curtains. In an instant, Tom and Riddle encircled him.

"You're so tense, love. What happened?" Tom laced Harry's hand with his own and kissed the back.

"You so desperately need to relax." Riddle rubbed circles into Harry's thighs.

Harry threw the Daily Prophet at them.

They both opened the prophet and pulled it apart to read between them. Harry could practically feel the anger rolling off of them. He sunk deeper into Tom's embrace.

“How on earth can you deal with her?” Riddle exclaimed.

“She love-hates me. So many articles—I'm sure I can ask Colin Creevy for all of them.” The kid was weirdly obsessed with him, to the point where Harry didn't know if he should be concerned or not.

“Who is Colin Creevy?” Riddle's fingers tensed. Tom gripped him tightly.

“Just someone that's a stage 2 out of 5 stalker. He's a little creepy, but he's younger than me, so I'll give him some time to grow out of it. He's mostly receptive to being asked not to bother me.” For a second, he was concerned that they'd attack him.

“Hm.” Riddle's mouth drew thin, but there was a light nod. Tom was similar.

There was a little butterfly bursting out of its cocoon in his stomach at the notion of their jealousy. Harry knew they weren't envious of each other, but for other people, the same rule didn't apply.

He loved to see that spark of protection in them.

“Tell us about your day, angel.” Riddle shuffled them into their normal cuddling position.

Harry sighed as he melted into their arms. It was truly amazing to be with them. He could not imagine anyone else smothering him with this much affection.

Or someone who would share him like they did.

Voldemort was livid.

But it wasn't *him* who was livid.

It was Potter. Potter was so angry, so enraged, that it consumed him. He wanted to scratch at his skin or pull out his hair. It made his blood boil to the point where an ice-bath wouldn't cool him down.

Was this what Potter felt whenever he was angry?

No, no. It was much worse.

He said it had pained him. It was evident enough when he saw him on the beach. So pained that he nearly downed, not even strong enough to sit up.

Voldemort gritted his teeth.

He could bear this.

If Potter bore this, plus the pain, Voldemort could as well.

He also screamed when those obscene feelings kicked in again.

Potter didn't have to deal with that on his end.

Harry was brewing in Professor Slughorn's class when he could feel four sets of eyes burning into him.

The first was Ron, who was constantly looking at what Harry was doing and trying his best to copy it.

The second was Hermione, trying to glance at his book with a frustrated face.

The third was Draco, who had a sinister look on him.

The fourth was Professor Slughorn, happily staring at him while he brewed with a nostalgic look on his face

Paranoia stormed in his mind as he continued to put ingredients into his cauldron. Something told him in his mind that something was going to go wrong. He breathed, trying to relax himself.

He squished the beetle too hard, ruining it. A sigh escaped him. He just needed to step back for a minute. He cast a quick protection spell on the cauldron before stowing his potion's book in his bag and slinging it over his shoulder.

"Professor, may I use the bathroom? I forgot to use it before class." Harry hoped his excuse was good enough to get him out of the room. He just needed to get some air.

Professor Slughorn nodded. "Of course, my boy! And to you, students, you never need to ask. If nature calls, answer her!"

A smile wedged itself on Harry's face. Professor Slughorn seemed like a good person, even if he wasn't the best professor. He'd have to ask Tom and Riddle more about him.

The nearest bathroom was only down the hall, but Harry found his feet winding up. And up. And up.

Soon enough, he was in the 3rd floor girl's bathroom. He set a timer on his wand for five minutes—enough time to act like he was just having an angry shit without being suspicious.

Moaning Mrytle screamed at him as he walked in. She floated over and touched his arms, giggling.

"You've gotten more muscular over the summer." She laughed. "Wonder what you're like further down?" Her hands traveled down his chest..

Harry felt slimy. He never liked Myrtle, but now she disgusted him. He was disgusted now that he knew what a man's soft touch could feel like.

"Mrytle, I'm just trying to wash up. Tough class." He tried to shoo her away, but she stayed.

“Oh, come on, you’re - “

Harry didn’t waste any time. *“Open.”*

Myrtle shrieked and hid in a toilet with a *splash*. Harry sighed. Might as well.

The slide down was more fun than he remembered. He landed and walked into the Chamber, crunching on bones with every step. The second door to the chamber opened without him saying anything.

It was just as he remembered, except it was a little dirtier. Harry twirled his wand and began casting cleaning spells. The walls that were covered in moss weren’t exactly sparkling, but they were free of vegetation. The floor was a little damp, but cleaner than before. He left most of the effigies alone. They looked like those hedge carvings that Harry adored. But with moss instead.

He thought back to Tom’s description in the diary.

“On the right side of the central statue, a bearded man with his mouth agape, a “handle” is on the underside of one of the bricks.”

Hands scoured the wall. There was a line of jutting stones, so he had to search along all of them. After a twice-over, he found it. It was barely enough to shove his fingertips in. He pulled the handle.

It opened surprisingly easily.

Within, there was a long red carpet that led into a long hallway. Tapestries that depicted historical events lined the dark-green walls. Flames flickered onto the candles on the walls the moment he stepped inside.

He was just about to explore when his wand buzzed.

Harry groaned and walked back to potions. He’d have to investigate later.

But when he came back, Madam Pomfrey was rushing from student to student to fix egregious injuries that covered their bodies. Professor McGonagall dashed out of the classroom, while Professor Snape was led through the smoke billowing from the door. Dumbledore watched the chaos next to Professor Slughorn, who looked far too hopeless for a man his age.

“What happened?” Harry asked as he strode to the scene.

Professor Slughorn sighed. "A pixie wing was thrown into your cauldron, but it bounced off your shield and landed in Mr Wenby's instead." It caused an explosion that sent his ingredients into every cauldron.”

Harry blinked.

Draco had an increasingly guilty look on his face as Madam Pomphrey bandaged the entirety of the right side of his face. Small white marks peppered parts of the left side, looking more similar to an acid burn than anything else.

“I’m afraid some of this will scar you, dear. You may need to owl your mother if you do not wish to go to Saint Mungo’s for further treatment.” Madam Pomphrey cut away the strings of fabric that barely held onto Draco’s bloody shoulder.

Multiple healers dressed in white robes descended from the stairs. They were quick in wrapping them and spelled them until the gushing blood stopped.

“Where are Ron and Hermione?” Harry asked.

Professor Slughorn didn’t meet his eyes. “They were transported to Saint Mungos minutes after the explosion. They encountered the brunt of it.”

Harry’s stomach dropped.

“Harry,“ Dumbledore motioned for him to come closer. “Do you happen to know anything about this?”

Harry shook. “Considering Malfoy’s ruined my potions since first year, I’d assume it was him.”

All heads shot to the blond. Draco hung his head in a silent admission of guilt.

“Mr Malfoy will be dealt with if it’s proven he did this. Would you happen to know anything else?” Dumbledore inquired again.

“Why would I?” Harry shrugged. His nails dug into his palms.

Dumbledore waved him off. “There was a protection spell on your cauldron. I was asking if you knew someone was going to try to sabotage your potion.”

Harry was about to shake his head, but thought for a moment. “Well, it happens a lot, and I just learned there was a spell for it. And, well, I left the room, so of course I thought someone would mess with my potion.”

Why was he having to defend himself over and over again? Was this something to do with the Daily Prophet? No, Dumbledore never believed in the paper. Then, it needed to be something else.

“Ah, a bright idea, my boy, but I almost wish you hadn’t! Your potion would have been ruined, but not exploded! I’m not sure how you do it, but your potion was unlike anyone else’s while also being nearly perfect!” Professor Slughorn smiled at him.

Harry felt all eyes on him again, glaring.

As if it were his fault that the incident had happened. Draco threw the wing into the cauldron; it wasn’t his fault that it landed in Ron’s cauldron. And all the suspicious glances at him

made him want to throw up.

“What should I do now, Professor?” They wouldn’t have class, that was for sure.

“Ah. Go about your day. No class for today, and I would say no class until the majority of the students are well enough. However, if you want more potion tutoring or just to brew, just stop by my office at the same time.” Professor Slughorn patted him on the back.

Harry nodded. “I may do that.”

He needed Tom and Riddle’s cuddles that day. Harry skipped dinner, choosing to eat the meals prepared by Voldemort instead. He laid down on Riddle’s lap, sipping his pumpkin juice through a silly straw that Tom transfigured.

“And they think I am the problem, not Draco!” Harry angrily complained.

“Shh,” Tom brushed his hands through Harry’s hair. “You did nothing wrong.”

Harry tched. “Tell that to everyone. There’s going to be a prophet article about it, I just know it.”

“Ignore them.” Riddle leaned down and kissed him on the forehead.

“If anything, they ignore me.” Harry stated. “Like, it’s not that I don’t like it, don’t get me wrong, but I also don’t want their judgment.”

He groaned and put his hands over his face. “It’s like I’m in second year again, only worse.”

Tom patted his cheek. “Is there anything else that would make you happy?”

Harry thought for a second. A grin stretched itself across his face.

“Do you want to go back to the Chamber of Secrets?”

Chapter End Notes

Harry: Don't wanna go

Tom and Riddle: But professor job?

Harry: ... fine.

Harry: Cool a book with everything I need to know

Professor Slughorn: What a smart and bright student

Hermione: ...

Ron: ...

Harry, after almost breaking his neck doing a stunt to impress Tom and Riddle: :D

Tom and Riddle: wtf but kind of cool tbh

Ron and Hermione: who are you looking at with the dumb little gay smile?

Harry, Tom, and Riddle: (Kissing, lightly making out)

Voldemort: (internally screeching)

Draco: Pottah

Harry: (uses a borderline illegal dark spell)

Ron: dude wtf

Harry: so yeah I kind of have a stalker, but he's fine really

Tom and Riddle: ??? (murder instincts intensify)

Draco: (almost kills his classmates)

Harry: (Gets blamed)

Anyway, update! So I got the flight and stuff figured out and arrived back 25 hours later than I was supposed to. Stood outside in freezing temps waiting for a shuttle that never arrived. Terrible, but I lived. Also a life update as well!

I injured both my forearms and my back, so it is painful to sit up to write at this moment. Typing feels like I'm hitting a sensitive bruise that covers my hands and arms. It's like that time a nurse blew out my vein. But I persist. I probably shouldn't because I think it's making it worse, but the fanfiction grind never stops. Also, my breathing is getting a lot worse and I'm wheezing just walking so I'm taking more mmmhhh steroids. I am truly cursed.

Trouble in Paradise

Chapter Summary

Harry makes a big mistake. Draco is forced to be friendly. And Tom isn't speaking.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The three stood before the statue of Salazar Slytherin. Tom and Riddle were spelling it cleaner while Harry worked on the floors and walls. Though he wasn't the best at the cleaning spells, he gradually got better by the time he reached the front of the chamber.

If this was what they had seen when they first entered the chamber, he could see why they fell in love with it. It only made their separation even more tragic.

Harry stared from ass to ass as they impatiently cleaned the statue free of any dirt. After he averted his attention, he noticed their colouration. Even after all the spells they used, they had barely lost any vibrancy.

"You both look well, even after all that spellwork," Harry commented, having changed his gaze back to Tom's ass.

It was often concealed by his cloak, something that had been thrown off, and his pants were so well-fitted -

"Love? Love? I know my ass is great. But I'm trying to talk to you." Tom snapped his fingers.

Fire erupted over Harry's face. "Er, yeah?"

"I have a theory." Tom smiled at him. "The less physical we are, the less magic we use. Thus, we can use more magic later if we just save time. I don't think it takes too much magic to keep form - obviously, it took more initially to form us physically - but I'll have to research more."

"We talked and decided to stay physical the least amount possible. We don't want to drain you any more than we already are." Riddle leaned forward and ruffled Harry's hair.

It had been stirring in Harry's thoughts for a while. How much did they take? Emotions are magic - love being the strongest. Was that why he seemed to be tired randomly? He banished those thoughts. He'd give anything to keep them around.

"Come on! Let's explore!" Harry tugged Tom and Riddle along.

They grinned wide as they let him guide them through the chamber.

Inside was a long, stretching ash-coloured hallway with silver accents beside the candelabras. Flames flickered on the moment he stepped foot in. The air was semi-musty as if the walls had been made from dirt instead of wallpaper and wood.

It felt right.

He burst through the first blackened door without any hesitation.

Inside was a vast room with an arched ceiling. Fabric dummies lined the walls, wooden wands were drawn at the ready. At the back were weapons of all sorts of shapes and sizes. Along the entirety of the training room were mirrors.

Tom squeezed his hand.

“I used to go here all the time.” He reminisced. “Almost every day. I fought until I was about to drop. I rested just enough to defend myself and went to bed. Class, training, bed, I followed that cycle from when I discovered this place to when I was barred from it due to Myrtle's death.”

Riddle hummed in agreement.

“Yeah! And then you found that one basilisk-dragon egg.” Harry happily commented.

Tom grew still.

“I never told you that.” He stated, his tone indiscernible.

Harry nodded. “Yeah, well, it was in the diary.”

Tom let go of his hand. “You *read* my diary?”

“Well... yeah. I saw there was writing in it and I - “

“You don't just *read* someone's diary!” He exclaimed. He stepped away from Harry. *Away.*

Harry scrambled to think of any sort of excuse. “Well - I - I wanted some insight - “

Tom turned away from him. He was standing straight ahead, if not veering away from him. Harry tried to reach out, but he evaded his touch. Something inside Harry broke.

“Tom...”

“No.”

Beside him, Riddle's muscles were tensed.

“Let's go to another room.” Riddle said, lightly pulling Harry along.

Tom trailed behind them as they entered the potion's room. There was everything pickled and juiced, bottles of rainbow-coloured liquids covering shelves. Cinnamon sticks to dried roses decorated the ceiling above the countless sparkling cauldrons.

Next room was the library. It smelled of old books and crusty ink. He toured the rows of books, pulling a few of the old ones out to inspect them. Some were from the very beginning of magic's birth. Others were as recent as the 1900s.

Herbology labs, empty rooms, offices, more training rooms, an Astronomy room, a kitchen, and other multi-purpose rooms. There was even a nursery with stuffed snakes in a toy chest.

But Tom always lingered behind them.

Harry shifted uncomfortably. Tom had never acted this distant before, and it hurt. It hurt that he felt like he needed to step away. Or was this a punishment for Harry doing something wrong?

He knew he shouldn't have read someone's diary. But he wasn't thinking. He didn't know the diary was still sentient, nor did he ever expect to face any consequence for it. All he wanted to do was have insight into who Voldemort was.

Who Tom was.

Harry leaned into Riddle as they walked. He needed someone to hold him. Arms wrapped around him, and he stood in the doorway of a massive bedroom.

The bed must have been larger than a king, able to hold a whole family in its circular frame. Its silken green sheets flowed to the floor, and a charcoal-grey duvet rolled up at the end. Plush pillows in colours ranging from light green to dark green and grey to black lined the back half of the circle.

Harry threw himself on the bed. He stared up at the arched canopy of black chiffon that hung from the ceiling. Riddle jumped in as well, straddling him.

Riddle ran his hands through Harry's hair. The back of his head was gripped, and Riddle pulled him into a kiss. Harry slid his arms over his shoulders, which drew them closer.

His tongue darted into Harry's mouth. Harry opened up further. All he wanted was to be touched everywhere. He groaned as Riddle's hands travelled down to his hips.

A fire lit in his chest. He had felt Riddle's love before, but this was different. It made his heart long for more and his body hot to the touch.

They drew apart.

"Hmm, yes. Perfect." Riddle hissed lowly in his ear.

"Care to indulge in me another time?" Harry whispered back.

Riddle chuckled. *"But of course, angel."*

Harry yawned and stretched. It had been a long day.

“I want to sleep here tonight.” Harry proclaimed, snuggling into the soft sheets.

Riddle hummed. They both kicked off their shoes. Riddle yanked off his sweater vest and Harry his robes. Both crawled into bed. Harry looked back to Tom, who was rummaging around in the closet and looking at the dress robes that were inside.

He needed them to be around them tonight. Both of them. But he'd respect it if Tom wanted to be away from him. Even if it hurt.

Hair brushed against Harry's neck as Riddle snuggled close to him. His hot breath blew on his collarbone, warming him from the outside in. Harry was about to turn into him as well but instead kept his normal position. He wanted Tom to have the option to join them.

Butterflies rose in his stomach as he saw Tom next to him when he woke up. Tom wasn't cuddling him, but he was still sleeping next to him. Still close to him. But Harry was nonetheless happy.

It was sad to depart from them for class. Harry wanted to hug Tom goodbye (or, if possible, kiss him), but he thought he may be pushing it. But he still gave him a wave.

How long would Tom be mad at him? Admittedly, he had never been in a relationship before. Ron always stayed mad at him for months on end, but Hermione forgave him in weeks, if not days.

He hoped Tom wouldn't stay mad for long. He needed him. Should Harry apologise? More importantly, how should he apologise? Did he need flowers? Food? Something else?

He never had to apologise to someone he was romantically involved with before. Was it different from apologising to a friend? He thought it would be; they were more involved with each other than friends.

They shared parts of a soul as well.

It's not like he could ask anyone.

Maybe there was a book about it? There was a romance section in the library. Someone must have written a book about it.

He skipped Herbology to look for books. He was too tired to even focus.

Romance... Romance... Romance...

“Potter!” He heard a voice whisper-yell at him.

He looked across to see Draco Malfoy staring at him with a sneer on his face. He was on the other side of the book wall, able to see him through the gaps in the book. The right side of his

face was still bandaged, but the burns around it looked leagues better. Harry looked away quickly.

“What are you doing here?” Draco whispered, glancing back at the librarian who was sorting through books.

“Looking for a book,” Harry answered. He slid some books to the side to block his view of Draco.

Harry's eyes scanned the rose-coloured cover, and his head snapped up.

“Romance: What is it? Potter, are you getting into a relationship?” Draco gasped at him.

Harry snatched the book back, frantically flipping through the pages. “Why do you need to know?”

Draco paused. “Look, when I went to my mother's, I was told by my Lor - Father to be nicer to you. So I'm trying. Tell me what you need.”

Harry blinked. Could he really trust Draco?

Fuck it. He could deal with the rumours.

“I accidentally read one of my... partner's diary and now he's mad at me. I need to know how to apologise.” His words spilt out of his mouth like flooding water.

“One of? One of? You have more than one? How on earth can more than one person like you?” Draco's jaw dropped.

Harry blushed. But anger still pricked him. He'd just make sure to hit him extra hard next time. “Shut up! Will you help me or not?”

Draco breathed out hard. “Fine. Fine. What is your partner like? How serious are you? What level of argument are you at?”

Harry breathed. “He's - He's rather cold to everyone, but he's sweet to me. He loves snakes, cuddles, and he is super smart. He has a rather basic but refined taste in everything. He likes walking around in gardens - “

“Shhh. Okay, stop swooning. How serious are you?” Draco waved him off.

Harry thought for a moment. “I - I don't know? Like we're close; we've only been... around each other for two months, but we were around each other all the time. We shared so many moments and tell each other all of our stories - “

“Potter, please, stop swooning - wait, two months? Before, during, and after your kidnapping? Were you even kidnapped - you know. I don't care. You're, like, moderately serious. You're not looking for something short-term, but you're still in the honeymoon phase. How did he respond to you reading his diary?”

Harry blushed again. “He let go of my hand and didn’t talk to me for an hour. He waited until we were asleep before joining us in bed. Nothing normally bothers him like that. He’s never treated me like that.”

“How can more than one person fit in a Hogwarts bed? Ugh, okay, I’m going to stop asking. So he seems pretty upset by it, but he still likes you. What’s his love language?” Draco rubbed his temple.

“Love language?” Harry inquired.

“You know, gifts, touch, personal time, poetic words, acts of love?” Draco looked back and forth past the isles.

Harry thought. “I’d guess touch, personal time, and gifts. He kissed me in front of... uh... family for the first time when I gave him a gift.”

“You were with his family while you were kidnapped? I’ll stop, I swear. Okay, so try to give him something after spending some time with him. Or give him a gift and then spend time with him. If he likes gardens, try flowers. If he’s smart, try books. What type of books does he like?” Draco pressed his forehead against the wood of the shelves.

Harry thought. “He’d probably like something about the Dark Arts.”

Draco stared at him. “Were you fucking kidnapped by your Slytherin boyfriends? Because that’s what it’s sounding like.”

“Look, kind of. Don’t get into the specifics.” Harry waved him off. “Help me!”

Draco groaned. “Okay, okay, I’ll stop judging. Does he have limits on legality?”

Harry shook his head. “No, not at all.”

His judgment was blatant in his eye. “Okay, I have an idea. I can get a Dark Arts book, an... illegal one, about poisons and venoms by dinner time. It’s super new, like last month new, and it’s called *Liquid Death*.”

Harry nodded. “Is there anywhere I can get flowers?”

Draco looked at him like he was stupid. “Are you a wizard or not?”

Harry sighed and banged his head against the shelves. “I am.”

“I can show you some books about summoning the different types of flowers.” Draco paused. “Wait here, and I’ll get them.”

Harry was about to say something when Draco darted away. He ground his teeth. Help from Draco? He never could have thought of it. Even more, so that he could get romance advice.

Then again, if the rumours were true, he had been around the block plenty of times.

Minutes later, Draco came panting, carrying three thick books. He moved the books to the side to pass them through one by one. They weighed heavily in his arms, almost as much as his transgression weighed on his heart.

“Look in there. I need to leave. Don’t ask me for anything publicly. I can assist in private.” Draco muttered lowly.

Again, before he could speak, Draco darted away.

Harry sighed as he looked through the stack of books. He’d skip Defence Against the Dark Arts, just to make sure he got everything right.

Harry sighed at his slip-up again, but still rushed off to the Chamber as fast as he could. Myrtle didn’t even have time to harass him before he was spitting in parseltongue. She fled, and he jumped down the creaking metal slide.

A smile lit his face as he felt a cushioning charm beneath his feet once he landed. That hadn’t been there before. He practically bounced with both anxiety and excitement as he entered the chamber.

To his surprise, Tom and Riddle were in the chamber, wands out, duelling each other. They spat spells back and forth, dodging and blocking as brightly coloured lights breezed past them.

Riddle shot a blinding white spell at Tom. Tom ducked and stepped to the side, a blue spell leaving his wand as he dodged. It breezed past Riddle, almost as if he hadn’t even aimed. A yellow light filled the air.

Tom summoned a shield, but it blasted through it. He hissed in pain as it ripped through his shirt and made a deep slash on his bicep. Riddle didn’t let up and flung a multitude of curses in his direction.

An explosion at his feet sent Tom flying against the wall. He yelped as he hit it, groaning as he slid down.

Like a bastard, Riddle wore a smirk on his face.

“You did better than normal.” Riddle spoke as he sauntered over to Tom.

“Fuck off.” He spat, holding his arm that was bent at an odd angle. Harry rushed over to them.

Riddle’s brow furrowed. “I put a little too much power into that. Whoops.”

Harry knelt next to Tom and cradled his arm. Tom hissed curses in parseltongue, but his voice was almost inaudible. Concern crossed Harry’s face as he stared at Riddle, searching for any hint of guidance.

“Well, this is a great opportunity to practice your healing spells. Now, let's start with some simple ones.” Riddle crouched next to him.

Riddle coaxed him through a few healing spells. He closed off the wounds, but they weren't the best. It was still a bit pinkish, looking like it might scar, but Tom didn't say anything. The broken arm, however, Riddle had to fix. It seemed like he had done it a hundred times based on how easily he cast the spell.

A fire ate at him every time he saw Tom wince in pain. It was almost as if Harry was also in pain. It killed him even more when Tom walked away from them. Riddle nodded to him, encouraging him to continue.

Harry chased after Tom. Tom sped up ever so slightly. Harry sped up as well.

He chased him down until he had to practically tackle Tom. Tom stumbled and gently pushed Harry off of him. Harry could feel tears welling up in his eyes.

“I brought you flowers.” He rummaged through his bag and brought out a bouquet of flowers that looked like blue butterflies.

Tom stared at him.

He took those flowers, their fingers brushing against each other. Tom's fingers were frigid, as if they had been put into ice water. Tom pressed the flowers against his nose, sniffing.

He didn't say anything.

“And I brought you a book.” Harry shoved the wrapped gift into Tom's other hand.

The wrapping slowly fell to the ground. With bated breath, he scoured Tom's face for any emotion or reaction at all. All he got was a long breath out.

He flicked through the pages without any particular need for speed. After a few minutes, Tom closed the book. He stared at Harry. Just staring.

Harry broke down.

“P - Please.” Harry collapsed to his knees. “Please just talk to me.”

It shattered him not to hear his voice.

Tom knelt next to him. “Don't grovel.”

Harry tried to lean into him. He just needed to feel his arms around him.

“I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.” Harry rambled on, lightly banging his head against Tom's chest.

“Don't do that.” Tom chastised him, pulling him back by his collar. “It's not healthy for you.”

“Please - “ Harry pleaded with him.

Tom wiped away his pouring tears. “Don’t do that.”

“Then what should I do?” Harry whispered. What was he supposed to do? Nothing he did was good enough.

“Just - “ Tom paused. He took a deep breath. “Just stop.”

“Stop?”

“Give me time. You can’t buy my trust.” He lightly brushed his hand through his hair. “I need time.”

“How much?” Harry leaned into his touch. It was so soft.

Tom bit his lip. “A bit? I’m not angry anymore. I’m just...shocked. I don’t know what to think about this. I don’t know how to react.”

“Okay, I’ll... give you space.” Harry’s heart broke a bit, but he knew deep down that he needed to accept it. Deep down, he could never force him to trust.

“Thank you.” Tom’s touch lingered for just a second before he withdrew.

Everyone around Harry was subjected to his sour mood. He snapped at everyone who looked his way. Colin Creevy, terrified, bolted from his path.

“I bet he’s scrambled from his kidnapping.”

“You really believe that? I think he just ran.”

“Yeah, ran away with some Death Eaters.”

Harry subtly flicked a wandless stinging hex at them. They whipped around, trying to find the perpetrator, but Harry had already melted into the crowd. He kept his head down, trying his best to look like an average Hogwarts student and not a sorrowful, pitiful boy.

He hid in the library the entire day. He was in a cramped area with a small circular table, sandwiched between two thick bookcases that were angling him into a triangle. He tried to hide his anger and sorrow. How he wishes he could have Hermione or Ron here to talk.

Hermione had actually been in a good relationship.

And Ron’s in a clingy one.

Harry thought his relationship with Tom was both.

They’d have, at least, some sort of advice. Even if it were just a copy and paste of Draco’s words.

Speaking of...

Draco practically ran into the little area. He glanced back and sighed in relief. His eyebrow raised as he saw Harry sitting there, but it didn't stop him from plopping his bag in one of the few available seats.

"Why are you here?" Harry asked, tearing his eyes away from his Transfiguration essay.

"I should be the one asking you that. This is my normal hiding space." Draco dug into his bag and flipped open a potion book.

"What are you hiding from?" Harry glanced behind him but could find nothing.

Draco sighed exasperatedly. "Pansy Parkinson." He whispered, as if saying her name too loudly would summon her.

"Oh. The pug-faced girl?" Harry asked innocently, trying to get a rise out of Draco. He wanted to fight someone.

Draco stared at him oddly. "Glad I wasn't the only one. She's so — she wants me to sign her marriage contract, and she's far too obsessed for me."

Disappointment flooded his veins as Draco didn't take the bait. "That sounds terrible. Do you have to sign one?"

Draco looked at him as if he was stupid. "Potter... you need to sign one to get married. It's part of your marriage certificate."

"Oh, I didn't know that. What even is a marriage contract?" Harry wanted to talk about anything else, but he was glad to be talking to someone. Even if it was Draco.

"A marriage contract is a document that outlines the obligations of your marriage. It can be as restrictive as the two agree to or as loose as they wish. You can give, take, or keep about anything in one. My pre-arranged one includes a fidelity clause, a standard amount I'll give to my partner if I continue to be the breadwinner, and a clause stating that I will act as proxy in their Wizengamot seats unless they are more active in the political scene than I am. Among other things."

Draco's tone changed, like he was an authority on the subject matter. Which, to be fair, he was.

"Do you need to have a bunch of stuff? Is it like a will or something?" It was sounded almost like a will.

"A marriage contract will come over a will. Say I said I will give my partner one of my properties. If there is no clause that they lose it after a divorce, then that is theirs forever. And, no, it doesn't need to be long. But I'd recommend seeing a good marriage contract lawyer before signing one." Draco shrugged.

"Okay, got it." He didn't get it.

They sat there in silence for a few minutes.

Draco pulled out one of their assignments, turning a wooden box into a decorated box, but he furrowed his brows as he brought out the plain box.

“Do you know what she meant when she gave the assignment? Does it need to be bigger or just fancy?” Draco asked him, turning the small box around in his hand.

“Not sure; I’m just making a fancy jewellery box.” Harry rummaged through his bag and pulled out his.

It was all black with green gems and silver accents. It was curvy, the bottom bigger than the top, with a latching lid, but still roughly the same size as the original.

“Wow.” Draco was awed by it. He quickly changed his facial expression as he heard his voice. “You really do think about your boyfriends a lot. It’s very Slytherin.”

“Shut it,” Harry growled.

“Oh, come on, just give me some hints. I know everything about Slytherin house, and none of them seems like the type to date you.” Draco nudged him with his foot. “I’ll find out eventually. You can’t hide forever.”

You can’t hide forever.

What would happen to them in the future? He wasn’t content to hide forever, but he didn’t know what they’d do once all the tensions fell. What would happen when the wrong person found out about them and spread it everywhere? Told everyone he was dating two young Voldemort's.

Harry banished those thoughts, horrified at what his brain had conjured up.

“You look like you saw a gorgon. Didn’t mean to scare you that much.” Draco hummed. “Anyways, show me how you did that curvy thing. I can’t, for the life of me, figure out how to do it.”

Harry’s brain was radio static as he helped Draco with his transfiguration assignment.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: (reads diary)

Tom: (is angry)

Harry: (sad pikachu face)

Harry: (still sad)

Riddle: Let's make out

Harry: Okay

Tom: (awkwardly stuffing through closet)

Voldemort: Be nice to Potter

Draco: ????? okay

Draco: I have advise for you.

Harry, internally: He's been around the block, he'd know.

Harry: I bring to you flowers and a book

Tom, sighing: That doesn't undo you READING MY DIARY

Harry: (sad)

Draco: You can't hide your boyfriends

Harry: Yeah, well I wish I could unhide them but they're literally the young version of Voldemort.

Return to Normal

Chapter Summary

Harry finally makes up with Tom. Draco is being an ass. Cuddles, and plotting revenge.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

One week. It had been one week. Seven days without Tom speaking to him. He slowly was around him more, still joining him for bedtime when he was down in the Chamber, but not when he was in his dorm bed. Always hanging around while he was doing homework or when Riddle was teaching him.

It hurt worse that he was there but not on speaking terms.

It was almost teasing. Teasing him of the potential to talk to him. For a moment, he could pretend they were on good terms, just like they had always been. But then the illusion would shatter.

“You’re being depressing, stop it.” Draco chastised him as he watched Harry press his face into the book on the desk.

“He hasn’t spoken to me for a week!” Harry exclaimed into the pages.

“That’s literally normal. Okay, well a bit longer than normal, but that’s normal. It’s fine. Stop being so dramatic.” Draco pulled him up by his collar.

“But it hurts!” Harry rolled his head to the side, staring at Draco.

Draco groaned. “Yes, it hurts. Yes, you’ll live.”

Harry hmphed and went back to breathing into his book.

Draco would never understand.

Classes were similarly low. Gone was the anger that made him snap at everyone and was replaced with sorrow. Professors noticed but didn’t say anything to him, besides avoiding him in class. Even Snape didn’t comment on him.

Thinking about it, the Slytherins didn’t either.

He shrugged off the odd behaviour. All his thoughts and feelings were filled with the lack of Tom. He was just glad that Riddle stayed with him. For the second day, he was a little distant, but he recovered quickly.

What would he do if both of them pushed him away?

Harry shivered at the thought.

“My boy!” Professor Slughorn lightly patted his back. “Why such the sad face?”

Harry shrugged. “It’s nothing.” It wasn’t nothing.

“Come on, my boy, I won’t tell a soul.” Professor Slughorn smiled and plucked at his suspenders.

Harry looked back and forth, finding no one else in the classroom but them two. He honestly thought more people would take advantage of the private tutoring.

“Well... I'm just having some issues with one of my partners and he hasn't been talking to me and I know I should give him space and he's asked for it but it's really hard because he hasn't given me the silent treatment before and it's been a week and I'm not sure how mad he is because we've never had a fight before.” Harry rambled on.

Professor Slughorn took a few moments to process what he had said.

“Well, my boy, I will say, relationships aren't all sunshine and daisies. There are ups and downs, and keeping a good balance between the good and the bad. And yes, sometimes they needed space. Space is good, it lets you grow and become independent from each other. Then, you can come back to each other stronger than before.” Professor Slughorn patted him on the back.

Harry supposed it was true. But it still hurt to acknowledge it. Still hurt for it to be true. It clawed at him like a perpetually open wound, burning at the sting of air. He hated being apart. Hated not being in his arms.

It made the world feel cold.

“I know.” Harry sighed. “I know.”

“Just keep on going through it, my boy. Be safe, and know your boundaries. Of course, it's important to know your boyfriends' boundaries as well. Find a space that occupies both of your boundaries. You can compromise on some but don't do it on all. Know what you like, know what you don't like.” Professor Slughorn patted him again before taking his hand off to point at his potion.

“My boy, this is excellent. You use old-fashioned techniques very well!”

Harry bustled with pride. He and Professor Slughorn bottled up his potions; the quality was good enough to send to the hospital wing. They brewed another potion, going past the class time to finish.

Voldemort clenched his jaw as he surveyed his paperwork.

Potter was feeling. It was a sinking feeling, but drifting at the same time. As if he was doing both, with a cold undertone. It lowered his mood, and he found it hard to get out of bed in the morning.

It was debilitating for him.

Even his practice duelling had been harder to do. And that was the highlight of his days. He sighed and rested his head on the desk. All he wanted to do was retreat back to his room and curl up in his blankets, doing nothing else.

But life would continue regardless of how he or Potter felt.

Voldemort groaned as a stronger wave of the feeling overtook him. He could take a break, at least for a while.

An hour later, he still felt like shit.

He tracked down Barty and ordered him to tell everyone that the meeting that day was cancelled. Afterwards, he curled up in his bed and just laid there, knocking down a dreamless sleep to avoid any odd dreams. The world could continue another day.

For now, Voldemort would just wallow in this feeling.

Harry slowly walked down to the Chamber of Secrets. He just wanted to curl up in bed and sleep. Or die. Either one sounded nice at that moment. But when he entered the bedroom, he saw Tom already sitting on the bed.

He was so dull. His hair wasn't in its perfect wavy form, seemingly more frizzy than anything. His eyes were wide, seeming to stare aimlessly into the floorboards beneath him. His hands were curved on the edge of the bed, his knuckles bone-white.

"Tom?" Harry asked.

"Sit down." Tom patted the area next to him.

Harry hesitantly sat next to him. Although it was great to hear his voice again, he couldn't decipher a tone. Neither angry nor happy, perfectly neutral.

"I'm still a bit weary of you," Tom spoke, facing straight ahead.

Harry wanted to say something. Anything. But no words came to him.

"But." Tom glanced at him. "I can't stand being disappointed in you forever."

Tom wrapped an arm around him. Harry didn't know whether he was supposed to lean into his touch or not, so he stayed still.

"I'm over it." Tom flapped his hand. "It's fine. Well, it wasn't fine, but I'm fine."

Harry inched his arm around Tom. When Tom didn't react, he followed through, keeping his arm around his waist.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked after a tense moment. He needed to make sure he was completely fine before moving on. It would do them no good to harbor hidden spite.

"Yes." Tom nodded.

Harry bit his lip. As much as he desired to move on, he needed to be honest. It would hurt Tom later if he kept it a secret.

"I haven't told you everything." Harry pulled himself away from his grasp and walked over to the trunk he commandeered, every step filled with anxiety.

"Hm?" Tom asked, confused.

Harry dug to the deepest depths of his trunk. He found the stack of papers, wrapped carefully with twine. He shakenly offered them to Tom.

"It was hard to read the letters, so I transcribed them and filled in the blanks. This is all of them." Harry waited for Tom to take them.

Tom's face was stone-cold as he stared at the papers. He grabbed them lightly and continued to stare down at them.

Flames licked at the edges of the papers. They ate away at the fibers, creeping towards the centre. Harry watched as the ashes fell onto Tom's trousers and onto his palms.

"Tom!" Harry exclaimed once the fire was done.

Blisters covered his hands. Redness as bright as a rose flooded over his palms and dripped to the sides of his fingers. Embers still burned where there was ash.

Harry blew the embers out and flicked his wand. He cleaned them as best he could before moving on to heal them. All of the minor healing spells he knew were thrown at his hands.

Cooling spells he learned while caring for Voldemort were cast. There was still some redness, still dry, with a little bit of scarring around the edges, but nothing that couldn't be fixed with a trained hand.

Tom's hands moved and placed themselves on Harry's cheeks. His hands, once smooth, were rough to the touch. They pulled him up until their faces were almost touching.

"It feels like ages since we've been like this." Tom's voice was soft.

"It has." Harry's face began to grow in temperature.

Tom closed the gap. Their kiss was light, little more than a few seconds of contact with some movement. He drew back, seeing dark brown eyes with blown pupils staring back at him.

“Can we sleep?” Harry asked with a yawn.

“Of course, love.”

Harry melted into Tom’s touch. It was just like when they had first started, with a gossamer’s touch running along his side and a faint heart beating in his ear. Harry buried himself into Tom’s chest, snuggling as close as he could.

Tom leaned down and kissed him on the top of the head. He slowly petted him, trying to tame the unruly black hair with little success. It was only minutes before Harry felt himself drifting.

“*Patronous*,” The words left his mouth.

Tom chuckled. “*Patronous*.”

“Someone’s happy.” Seamus snapped at him. “Your supposed ‘friends’ are in Saint Mungos, and you’re bouncing around.”

Harry glanced over at him, seeing a bandaged arm still in a sling. “They continued when I was in the wing; I will do the same.”

Seamus raised his lip. “Sure, you would carry on. Bet you knew it was going to explode.”

Now he was grinding on Harry’s nerves. “Says the boy who explodes every potion he’s ever made. Who’s to say you didn’t know, Mr Pyro.”

Seamus drew back as if he had punched him.

“You’re such an asshole,” Seamus muttered, flinging his bag over his shoulder, and stomping off.

Harry sighed. He couldn’t be happy without an explanation.

The Gryffindors had been colder to him - scratch that, everyone had been colder to him since the incident. Some actually blamed Draco; most of them were the victims of the explosion. But Draco was beloved by them; Harry, not so much.

Harry was just the perfect scapegoat. Someone who was slandered in the papers for years and who never seemed to be out of scandal or rumour.

He lost his appetite.

He needed to do something. No part of him wanted Tom or Riddle to see him this angry, so he tried to go somewhere else. His legs made him travel up and up.

Luckily for him, he stumbled into the room of requirements.

The door opened up for him. Inside was a whimsical place, with purple wisteria trees and falling baby-blue leaves, magenta grass, and a flowing river that was bubble-gum pink. He cautiously stepped inside. This was not the place he imagined.

“Hello, Harry.” He heard it from deeper in the forest. “The swings are quite lovely here.”

Harry cautiously stepped inside. He nearly face-planted; the ground was squishy like jello. An experimental hop later, he shot into the air. Yet when he landed, he felt nothing from the collision.

He bounded along, jumping high into the air and rolling. He could hear a girl giggling and followed the noise. His feet met a branch high up in a tree, and he glanced down.

“Hello.” Luna waved to him, swinging along with her feet dipping into the water.

A smile quirked his lips. In an instant, the tree branch he was standing on extended over the water, and a swing appeared a little bit below it. Harry unsteadily hoisted himself down the swing and yelped when it lowered him. He frantically kicked off his shoes and rolled up his trousers to his knees.

Just as he was about to reach the water, it stopped extending. The water was cool, running over his feet. Luna gave him a playful splash.

“What are you doing here?” Luna’s voice travelled around him as she swung back and forth, slowing down when her legs dragged in the water.

Harry breathed, and his swing began to move on its own. “I was going to blow up a few dummies, but this is fine.”

Luna giggled. “I’m glad you enjoy my little world. It gets lonely sometimes.”

Harry frowned. “Well... that’s not good.”

“How long will you be staying?” She inquired. Harry’s swing was now in time with hers.

“I don’t know, maybe an hour?” He still yearned for them.

“That’s nice. Do you want to see everything else? There’s a small castle here, a little downstream.” Their swings slowed down.

“Yeah! Let’s go!”

Luna dove into the water, and Harry followed after a shrug. He could dry his clothes later.

Harry’s arms were filled with pillows. He threw them on the floor next to the fireplace. Tom was behind him, arms filled with blankets. Further on, Riddle held a small stack of wooden chairs. They all deposited them on the floor.

“Okay, now we stack the chairs side-by-side in a tunnel formation,” Harry commanded, grabbing one of the chairs.

“We could just use magic.” Riddle pointed this out. He still picked up a chair regardless.

“But that ruins the fun.” Tom retorted.

“Come on!” Harry exclaimed, “Make it three chairs wide! Give them a little bit of space in between.”

Riddle smiled at him as he scooted the chairs around on both sides, leaving a large gap between them. Tom joined him, shifting the chairs until they were equal on both sides of the tunnel. Harry and Riddle threw a large blanket over the tops, weighing it down with pillows.

They rummaged around underneath the blanket in the space between the chairs. Pillows were smoothed out until they were mostly even. Sets of blankets were further distributed on top.

Each of them crawled in, with Harry in between Tom and Riddle. He could just smell a whiff of their lavender-scented body wash. They stared directly into the fire, feeling the warmth circulating in the tent-like structure.

“So this is a pillow fort?” Riddle said, looking around them. “I thought there would be more pillows.”

“Well, we could make it out of pillows, but this is the traditional way of doing it.” Harry hummed, “Or, at least, from what I’ve heard.”

“I think it’s amazing.” Tom snuggled up to Harry.

“I can see why children enjoy it so much,” Riddle remarked. He, too, cuddled up to Harry.

They sat there, listening to the crackle of the fireplace. Everything was so warm; he had his partners next to him, and the pillows beneath him were softer than any mattress. Tom stirred when he was about to fall asleep.

“I know I can’t really feel the temperature, but it’s too hot here.” He proclaimed.

He rose to his knees and pulled his pyjama top over his head. Harry couldn’t help but stare at his shirtless form.

“I thought I was the only one.” Riddle similarly kneeled and ripped off his shirt.

He wasn't feeling particularly hot, but he, too, took off his shirt.

Harry's face exploded in heat. They were snuggled up to him, shirtless. He could feel their bodies next to him, both the softness of their skin and the raised bits of scars. Feeling the thrum of their racing heartbeats.

“Mhh, I like this,” Tom muttered, pulling Harry further into his chest. So soft, but with little muscle or fat between skin and bone.

“I do have to agree.” Riddle nuzzled into Harry's neck, wrapping his arms around his waist. The stubble on his jawline scratched at Harry in a relieving way.

“Y-Yeah.” Harry squeaked. Tom’s touch had lingered over his chest when he went to pull him in tighter.

“Hmm.” Riddle hummed, a laugh leaving his mouth.

Harry basked in their presence. And for once, there was a little bit of irritation that there was fabric keeping their legs from skin-to-skin touching. But it may be too soon to ask them to take off their pants.

There was also a headache brewing from Voldemort’s rage in the background of his mind.

Despite that, it was heaven. The crackle of the fire, the warmth, the smokiness mixed with their lavender body wash, their shirtless bodies pressed together. Again, that overwhelming emotion overtook him made his body feel like fire and his thoughts grow dirty.

Tom was the first to fall asleep. Harry was still wide awake, as was Riddle. When he was sure that Tom was asleep, he cleared his throat.

“Riddle?” He whispered as quietly as he could.

“Yes, angel?” Riddle paused his rubbing circles into Harry’s thigh.

“Don’t be mad.” Harry prefaced.

“I will try not to be.” Riddle reached up and kissed his jawline.

“Why - Why weren’t you as upset as Tom when you found out I had read the diary?” Harry asked nervously. He hated to ruin a nice moment, but it had plagued his mind for too long. Additionally, he hardly ever was one-on-one with Riddle to ask this.

“I - “ Riddle sighed, “Because someone already read mine in the time between Tom and me.”

“Who, if I may ask?” Harry inquired.

Riddle sighed again. “Abraxas. He broke through all of my curses in my diary and read it. I backed him into a corner and forced Veritaserum on him. He said he wanted to see if I loved him.”

“Did you?”

“No. We were just sexual partners, but Abraxas caught feelings for me. We stopped seeing each other after that.” Riddle cuddled close to him.

“Are you - are you upset we haven’t been sexual yet?” Harry shifted.

“No,” Riddle quelled his fears. “We can go slow. Seeing as you nearly combusted over us just getting shirtless, I assume it will be a while.”

“Are you mad about that?” Harry blurted out.

“Who told you I would be? I’ve been content with just masturbating. Take as much time as you need. And please, go to sleep. You’re worrying over nothing.” Riddle peppered kisses on his neck.

“Okay, thank you.” Harry sighed.

Riddle hugged him tighter. Harry leaned into his embrace, trying his best to think about anything other than his fears. Harry chose to focus on the sounds of their breathing instead.

It wasn’t long before he sank into darkness.

Voldemort screamed into his pillow. He huffed, chucking it across the room.

“Stop it, stop it, stop it.” He groaned, pacing in his room.

“*Stop defiling my horcruxes.*” He hissed.

The overwhelming second-hand feeling was inconvenient at best, and... he didn’t know what his worst situation would be. He only knew that it would increase from there, not just with frequency but with intensity as well.

After all, there were two of them.

But it didn’t stop him from exploding every time that feeling returned.

What was he going to do?

The smell of potions and sterility filled Harry’s every sense. He sat in one of the waiting chairs, waiting. Any minute now.

The back doors to the hospital wing opened up to reveal four people. Two healers flanked Ron and Hermione. They were covered in bandages, and Hermione’s mane of hair was cut to just below her ears, with stray burned strands sticking out. Ron’s was shorn shorter as well, looking like an overgrown buzzcut.

Light marks flickered in splashed patterns across their exposed skin. Ron had the brunt of it, plastered over his face with the focal point just under his chin.

Regardless, they retained both eyes, both ears, and all their fingers. Scarred as they may be, they were still whole. He stood, unsure of how to welcome them.

“You’re back!” Harry exclaimed, hesitantly walking towards them.

“We are.” Hermione smiled at him, holding out her arms.

Harry side-hugged Hermione, being careful not to rub against her bandages too hard. He was going in for a hug from Ron as well, but he stepped back.

“Everything hurts to touch right now.” He quickly explained.

“Oh, alright.” Disappointment crept through his veins, but he shrugged it off.

“Are you going to stay in the hospital wing or...” They really didn’t seem well enough to be in class, but he wasn’t a healer.

“We’ll be in the hospital wing for another week. Then we’ll be fine.” Hermione answered for them.

“I’ll make sure to visit!” Harry patted one of the few areas of her arm that weren’t covered in bandages.

“Shoo.” One of the healers flapped their hands. “We need to make sure we have the correct setup.”

“Fine. I’ll see you later!” Harry waved as he scampered off.

Harry wore a bright smile on his face as he exited the wing. He couldn’t wait to come back. After all this time without them, he really needed them back.

Draco was up to something.

Harry watched as Draco whispered between a group of Slytherins, shaking and nodding heads. Harry gripped his wand tightly. He may be in a good mood, but he has been itching to pummel Draco since the beginning of the term.

Ron and Hermione weren’t there to stop him; they were still in the hospital wing.

But Harry acted like he didn’t notice the Slytherins. He chose to look like he was reading his book instead. Oh, how he couldn’t wait to tell Tom and Riddle how he fought Draco. Even if the other Slytherins jumped to his defense, Harry would get a good few blows in.

“Potter!” While normally aggravating, Draco’s voice was like music to his ears.

“Yes, Malfoy?” Harry drawled without any emotion.

Draco hesitated. “How are your friends doing? I see they got rather marked up. Those haircuts look horrible on them; haven’t they ever heard of a regrowth potion? Or can they not afford one?”

Harry thought his insults were weak, but he took the bait.

“Do you know what’s also not a good look? Acid burns. Looks like you’ve been splattered with light pink paint, but it is hard to tell, seeing that you’re so pale.” Although Draco’s

wounds had mostly healed, the faintest discolouration still lay there, more prominent around the edges.

Draco drew back. “Think you’re funny, don’t you? I bet Rita Skeeter is having a blast writing about you. How you escape such tragedy? I wonder how she’ll twist that.”

Harry’s blood boiled at her name.

“You act like Rita wouldn’t jump at the chance to attack you as well, Death Eater spawn.” If Draco cast the first spell, maybe he wouldn’t get into as much trouble.

Draco had a shit-eating grin on his face. “Oh, Potter, Rita would, I bet. But I come from a well-off family that can be very persuasive. You—well, Rita would need much more than that to be persuaded by you.”

Bastard. So they paid Rita off. It looks like Narcissa was on his list as well. Shame, she wasn’t as toxic as the rest of her family. Then again, her competition was not hard to beat.

“Wow, paying people to clean up your dirty work how original. What are you going to do next? Lobby the Regress against me? Gerrymander something? Send in your mommy to duel me?” Harry rolled his eyes.

Draco withdrew his wand.

“Inlido!” He spat at him.

Harry let the first hit get him, a dull pain hitting his cheek. But it was nothing he couldn’t handle.

“Disseco.” He made sure not to put too much power into the spell.

Draco screamed as the spell blasted through his shield. It collided with his shoulder; his robes instantly ripped, and blood gushed out of the cut. Whoops, it looked like it was still too overpowered.

Harry took advantage of his moment of weakness and pounced on him. He tackled Draco to the ground and raised his wand.

“Operto.” He aimed for his chest.

Draco wheezed as the breath was snuffed out of him. He struggled to get a breath as Harry repeatedly cast the spell in the same spot. Draco tried to force him off, but Harry stayed on top of him. A blueness tinged Draco’s lips, and a redness covered his face.

A crack resounded in the air, and Draco used what little breath he had left to yelp. Flecks of blood left his mouth, staining his teeth orange. Harry lifted his wand and used his spell to cut into his shirt. Draco’s chest resembled more spilled wine than skin, growing in purpleness as the seconds passed.

Draco struggled to gasp for air.

Harry pointed his wand at Draco's face, just below his eye.

"Scalpo."

Harry dragged his wand down his cheek and continued down his neck. Blood seeped from the wound. He was about to slice it horizontally when someone physically yanked him back.

"Mr Potter! What on earth do you think you're doing!" Professor McGonagall's voice rang in his ears.

Harry glared as Snape appeared behind Draco. The grease bat crouched down and began to cast healing spells on Draco.

"Detention, Mr Potter, for the rest of the year. I will see that you receive other punishments." Snape drawled, his jaw clenched.

"I'll just not attend. What are you going to do? Give me more detentions?" Harry spat at him.

"Mr Potter, my office. Now." Professor McGonagall didn't let up on him as she dragged him to her office.

Harry shrugged. If they did anything bad to him, he'd just leave.

Harry Potter Escapes Injury, Again

Dear Reader, we encounter yet another story about Harry Potter.

In an incident at Hogwarts, in the potion class. During the class, a student's cauldron, Ron Weasley, exploded. This caused a chain reaction of other cauldrons combusting due to the material falling into their potions as well.

Due to the incident, two students, Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger, were sent to Saint Mungo's. Every student in the classroom sustained enough injuries to need a day trip to the hospital wing. Each of them will likely be left with scars.

Only one student escaped unscathed: Harry Potter. And where was Harry Potter during this? He left the classroom mere minutes before the incident. One student describes his absence as "Abornally long for a bathroom visit. I mean, we're right next to them!"

There is evidence that Harry Potter's cauldron had a protection charm over it. Do note that this spell is not in the Hogwarts curriculum. The incident, where another ingredient was thrown in, would have affected Harry Potter's cauldron, but it appeared to have bounced off of the shield and into Ron Weasley's cauldron instead.

What more incidents will befall Hogwarts this year? Last year ended with multiple students forming a group against the High Inquisitor, Dolores Umbridge, led by Harry Potter. The year before had Cedric Diggory was dead and brought back by Harry Potter. And even more incidents year-round.

I ask again, what will this year entail?

Follow more at the Daily Prophet, for stories every day for the everyday person.

Rita Skeeter

Head of the Daily Prophet Press Department

September 20th

“It started again.” Harry groaned as he collapsed into bed.

“Skeeter, again?” Tom asked, combing his hands through his hair.

“Yes!” Harry yelled into his pillow.

“How does she ire you?” Tom leaned down and kissed his cheek.

“She - she just construes the stories so much! Like anything I do is suspicious, and she turns it into a huge deal! And anything I say right, well, I was actually wrong about the whole time!” He huffed.

“Is there anything you can do legally? I’m sorry we cannot be of more help; we are unaware of the recent laws.” Riddle asked from across the room.

“No? Yes? I’m not sure. I don’t know if it’s even possible. I don’t know where to start. Not that anyone would want to work with me. They think I’m evil and working for Voldemort.”

Harry shifted and curled up on Tom’s lap. He listened to his heart beating.

“Well,” Harry continued. “Not that I’m not working *with* Voldemort. But that’s not the point. She’s making the wrong connections. She’s making my unsuspecting actions look like intentional harm.”

“Perhaps... you could ask for something to be done to her?” Riddle offered, twirling the serpent in his hands as he worked on an aquarium. She had asked to be moved into the bedroom to better talk to them.

Harry thought for a moment. “No.”

“No?”

“I want to do it,” Harry growled, flipping onto his back.

The two horcruxes chuckled lowly.

Tom gently kissed his forehead. “You do that, love. You do that.”

A smile stretched itself across Harry's face. "Will you teach me more spells? Like the ones we used on Umbridge?"

Another laugh escaped the two of them.

"Of course, my love."

"We will, angel."

"That Skeeter woman is absurd!" Hermione complained when Harry handed her the prophet (he had stolen it from Dean, but who was watching?).

"Yeah," Ron commented from the other bed.

"I'll do something about it. I just need to find a way." Harry muttered under his breath.

"Ease up, mate. Don't act so rash." Ron laughed nervously.

"She's going too far." Harry defended himself.

"I mean, Hermione's already locked her in a jar for a while. There's not much more we can do, right?" Ron looked away from him.

Harry stayed silent.

Harry, there's not much we can do, right?" Hermione insisted.

Harry hummed. "Well, there is technically more we could do."

He saw the horrified looks on their faces.

Harry quickly sought to recover. "Whether or not we should is the real question."

Hermione shook her head. "Harry, no. We just need to ignore her. Don't let her get to you."

Harry nodded reluctantly. Rita Skeeter deserved to be punished for her actions. Even Voldemort was incensed by her articles. He wanted to tear her apart. She made his life even more of a living hell for years.

"Mr Potter, I must ask you to leave for dinner." Madam Pomphrey spoke behind the curtains.

Harry strode down the halls. There were more sneers his way, but most of the victims of the explosion were too busy glaring daggers at Draco to notice. He ground his teeth during dinner, with everyone avoiding him like the plague.

He dragged himself to the library.

Draco was in his corner again, and he largely ignored Harry as he was writing his essays. Harry was frankly grateful for it. He just needed to think for a while.

Had he really changed that much? Enough that Ron and Hermione would be scared of him? Their reactions were not what he expected. He thought they'd be thirsty for at least a bit of revenge.

It looks like he was alone.

Then again, it wasn't they who were slandered. Besides the Triwizard Tournament thing, Hermione largely stayed out of the papers, and Ron was almost unheard of. It seemed that, year-round, there'd be some Potter-centric story.

But shouldn't they want what's best for him? What would make him happy? They'd never seen this development in him; maybe they just needed time to acclimate to him. He had changed a lot over the summer.

"Draco," Harry called out after an hour.

"Yes, Potter?" Draco looked up from his parchment.

"Is it wrong to hurt people who have wronged you?" He needed a second opinion. One that wasn't a future dark lord.

Draco shifted uncomfortably. "I mean - uh - a little?"

"How much?" Was the average person just more moral than he was?

"Um, more than it should be." Draco's eyes darted around the room. "I gotta go."

Draco sprinted out of the room.

Harry hummed.

Maybe he was wrong.

And, maybe, that wasn't such a bad thing.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: My boyfriend is giving me the silent treatment.

Draco: Grow up.

Harry: My boyfriend is giving me the silent treatment.

Professor Slughorn: (Wise advise)

Voldemort, after experiencing second-hand depression: This is terrible, I'm going to bed.

Tom: Okie I forgive. Kissies?

Harry: Kissies, Patronus.

Harry: I need stress relief.

Luna: What about a fever dream?

Harry: That works.

Harry: PILLOW FORT

Tom: (takes off his shirt)

Riddle: (takes off his shirt)

Harry, not wanted to be the odd man out: (takes off his shirt)

Voldemort: (screeching)

Draco: haha pottah we paid Rita off

Harry: Want to see a magic trick? (almost tries to murder him)

Harry: Rita sucks, going to torture her one day.

Tom and Riddle: You go love/angel

Harry: Rita sucks, going torture her one day.

Hermione: How about no?

Ron: Dude wtf

Harry, after attacking Draco: Is it wrong to hurt people who have wronged you?

Draco, having wronged him multiple times: Yes, yes it is. Anyway, got to run!

A/N

Thank you all for 70K (72K, right now)! I hope you're enjoying these chapters, even if they can get a bit long sometimes. And sorry this was uploaded later in the day, I had a drag show yesterday and I am also very sick. See you next Friday!

Egg

Chapter Summary

Voldemort receives a letter. Harry finds an egg. Ron and Hermione are distant. A secret is revealed. Fae lore.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Voldemort paced as he held the letter in his hand. He was hesitant to send it. It seemed wrong to do so. Who was he to dictate Potter's life, even more? But, frankly, he couldn't deal with the constant flecks of teenage hormones that leaked into his connection.

He could hardly contain his rage during one of the meetings. He cast far too many crucios that day.

Using one of their nondescript barn owls, he sent the bird fluttering away into the vast sky.

Harry shovelled a piece of omelette into his mouth. He was just about to leave when the caws of birds came from overhead.

A letter from a small barn owl landed in front of him, not even staying for a treat before retreating. Harry thought for a moment, thinking it was another hate letter, but figured that he might as well read it.

‘Please stop defiling my other halves during the day. It disturbs me. - LV’

Harry stifled a laugh. But then a blush consumed him.

He knew every time Harry's thoughts grew dirty or when he was making out with Tom and Riddle. Each second he cuddled them, Voldemort got a secondhand feeling from it. He grew even redder with embarrassment.

“Who is that from?” Hermione leaned over to look, but Harry hid the note.

“Um, er, it's from Amelia Bones. She was wondering how I was holding up.” Harry quickly lied.

Hermione gave him a look that told him she didn't believe him, but she acquiesced. “If you say so.”

Harry took out his wand and burned the note before anyone else could glance at it. Hermione raised an eyebrow, meanwhile Ron appeared angry. He just shrugged. It wasn't their business.

In fact, it would be better if they didn't know. They'd be safer that way.

Or would they be safer away from him?

No one else seemed to suffer more than those around him.

Harry shook his head. His friends knew that it was hazardous to be his friend, and he'd never begrudge them if they left him. Their health and safety were always at risk.

And Voldemort's no-harm order did not extend to his friends.

Harry shook his head again.

A smirk lit his face as he penned his response and ran up to the owlery. He hoped that Voldemort would either remember or catch his smart-assness.

Near nightfall, an owl tapped on Voldemort's window. He rushed to the bird, quickly untying the small scroll on his leg. He flattened it against the windowsill. And read one word.

'No.'

His scream echoed through the halls.

Harry was dragged through the countless halls of the Chamber of Secrets. Down, they twisted through the tunnels as if it were a second home for Tom and Riddle. Which, to be fair, it probably was.

"I can't believe we hadn't thought about it before!" Tom commented as they almost slammed into a tight curve.

"I mean, it makes sense!" Riddle agreed.

"Can either of you tell me what you're talking about?" Just when he thought he understood them, they always did something to prove the opposite.

"You'll see." They said it in unison.

A smile crossed his face at their excitement. It was normal to see Tom excited - he had finally allowed himself to let loose - but Riddle was a bit more reserved. But they were both practically bouncing off the walls.

More bones crunched underfoot than before. Moss and lichen stuck to the walls. Humidity was hot in the air. Harry gasped as he saw large, jutting crystals from all over. They had to dodge all the crystals on the floor, weaving around.

Finally, they entered a large room with huge ceilings. In the middle, sitting upon a mossen-boned hill, was a huge, bronze-scaled egg. Tom and Riddle pulled him up off the mound and looked at him expectantly.

“Touch it,” They commanded.

“The egg?” Harry cocked his head.

“Yes.”

Harry hesitated. Sure, the sparkles of gold on the edges of the scales and the way it glimmered in the light were alluring, but it seemed to be perfect. Like it was a trap. Shining thing in the middle of the room.

“Are you sure - “

“Touch it, touch it, touch it.” Tom chanted.

Harry relented.

The egg was cold to the touch, like it was made from iced metal. But a certain power rushed into him. It was invigorating, sweet like chocolate but cold like mint.

A crack resounded in the room.

Harry abruptly jumped back. Tom giggled loudly, clapping his hands together. Riddle laughed and slapped him on the back.

“Knew it would be you.” Riddle pulled him in for a hug.

“What is this?” He didn’t want to bring up the fact that he already knew by virtue of reading the diary. It might make Tom upset again.

“Hungarian Horntail and Basilisk hybrid,” Tom answered. “Hatches by the touch of the right person. When you told us about fighting one, we went back here to make sure it wasn’t gone.”

“When does it become a dragon-basilisk?”

Harry inspected the crack. It didn’t run deep, and it only stretched the length of his hand, splitting into a Y shape at the end.

“Hm, looks like we’ll have to research. I know that dragon eggs can take upwards of a month to hatch,” Riddle hummed.

“I’ll check every hour.” Tom breathed, squatting to eye-level with the egg.

“Okay, got it.” Harry nodded along with them.

Riddle drew him in for a tight hug. He leaned down and spoke into his ear. “May we borrow you until then? We’re simply starving for you.”

Harry’s face went red.

“Uh, yeah.” He agreed.

They both smirked.

Voldemort swept through a meeting. It was an inner-circle-only meeting, only a debriefing on raids that would happen in a few weeks. He sat down at the table, watching as the room filled with tension. He wanted to smile.

The power he held over these people was simply delicious.

“Severus, report on the Order.” He announced after a minute of stillness.

“The Order has regained some of its strength. But with each Rita Skeeter article talking about Potter, they lose some support. They have pushed one creature bill. Otherwise, the Order has also been more focused on Potter. As they and I have noticed, Potter is missing the majority of the day with no one able to find him. They are growing concerned that he is talking to unsavoury sources.”

Voldemort’s jaw clenched. So he was spending most of his day with his horcruxes. It sickened him to know that. If they couldn’t find him, they were most likely in the Room of Requirements or in the Chamber of Secrets.

They were constantly *alone* and *uninterrupted* with each other.

“Have they been following him for information on his source?” His horcruxes were to go undiscovered.

“Not yet. They are monitoring the wards to try to catch whoever it is when they’re leaving the castle. If they can’t, they plan on following him within the next month.” Severus answered evenly.

Voldemort contemplated how to reply. He didn’t want to tell Severus to watch Potter; that would lead to Severus figuring out the relationship with Potter and his horcruxes. Don’t tell him, and Dumbledore might figure it out before him.

He shivered at the idea of what that man might do to all three of them.

“This matter, while important, does not require your full attention. However, inform me of any hint of information. Do not actively seek it on your own unless told otherwise.” It seemed like a medium solution. “In addition, you will bring me a month’s supply of dreamless sleep.”

He had tried to go a night without, but he ended up with a dream in which he was enveloped in darkness and sitting on a lumpy surface, feeling so small.

“Yes, my Lord.” Severus bowed his head.

The rest of the meeting went as was suspected. Retouching the different plans until they were at a needle-like precision. But Voldemort wove his own biases carefully.

Potter was often upset about the number of deaths left behind in their raids. Muggle or magical. Though Voldemort could hardly see the sense in that, as they were never related to him nor did he know those affected, he relented.

He carefully adjusted the plans for a lower death rate. It would never be zero, but it decreased from dozens to a single-digit figure. He explained it off as the Dark being quiet so that they could take the Ministry by surprise.

When he finally returned to his room, he sighed.

Keeping up with Potter’s happiness was difficult. Even more when he was not there to help control it. At least his horcruxes were helping him, no matter how disgusting Voldemort found it.

He was hardly ever subjected to his terrible moods anymore. There was an entire week where he was angry and sad, which soured Voldemort’s temper and plans during that time.

Frankly, he’d prefer the disgusting affection to the bad mood.

A sigh escaped Harry as he watched Ron and Hermione talk in the library. They had been released a week ago and they had been rather hesitant to be around him.

He would say it wasn’t his fault, but it was.

His thoughts, as he was told, had grown darker. When he accidentally tried to murder Draco, even Ron thought he had gone a little too far. And he loathed Draco to the core.

Hermione was similarly concerned, more so when he talked about Rita Skeeter. Like she had a high horse to stand on, she imprisoned her in a jar. She looked at him, bewildered, when he said he wanted to tear her limb from limb.

When he started to voice his inner thoughts, they grew distant.

He couldn’t really blame them. If they had started talking that way, even he would have been concerned.

But why did they blame him? They had wronged him in so many ways. He deserved some retribution for their transgressions.

Harry ground his teeth. They could think whatever they wanted. As long as they didn't act and didn't stop him, he was fine. The two had stuck by his side this long; surely they wouldn't leave because of a few dark comments?

Surely?

Harry turned around and stalked off. He needed someone else to talk to. Tom and Riddle were biased. Ron and Hermione were too. Someone else...

Luna!

Where would one find a small, blonde Ravenclaw at a time like this?

He checked the Room of Requirements; nothing. Only one last place.

Harry rushed to the Forbidden Forest. He watched carefully for anything else coming at him before he reached a familiar clearing. And, to his relief, he found Luna sitting down with a small threstral in her lap.

"Luna!" Harry exclaimed, causing every skull-head to turn his way. It was a little creepy.

"Hello, Harry." Luna smiled softly. She patted the ground next to her.

Harry slowly approached her. The threstral sniffed him, then laid its head back down.

"Luna, I have a question," Harry said.

He averted as another small threstral approached him. It sat next to him and blew cold air on him. Harry reached out a hesitant hand and petted it.

"I love questions," Luna answered airily.

She pulled an apple out of her satchel and split it in half with her bare hands. Harry, surprised, took the other half. He fed it to the threstral, careful not to get his fingers bitten.

"Is it wrong to hurt people who've wronged you?" He asked as the threstral finished the apple.

Luna thought for a moment. "Yes and no. It is not wrong to want to do it, but to actually do it is another question. Retribution is just a form of revenge, but so is justice. Punishment should be up to an unbiased source. Then again, all morality is relative, not objective."

Harry ruminated on those thoughts.

"Guess you're right."

He could live with what he's doing, is wrong. He wasn't a perfect person, and this could be another nail in his coffin. If he was fine everywhere else, he deserved a bit of moral decline in other places.

They hurt him. He hurts them.

They have every right to retaliate, and he does as well.

“If you say so,” Luna replied with a smile. “Do you want to feed the big ones too?”

Luna shook her bag out. The entire bag emptied dozens of apples onto the floor. Harry smiled at her. No matter what, Luna’s inconsistent, odd ways were always entertaining.

Hermione was following him.

He couldn’t deny it anymore. Every time he snuck out to go to the Chamber of Secrets, she trailed behind him. It was only his knowledge of the secret passageways that made him able to sneak away, but even so, there were some close calls.

And then there was the incident.

Harry stormed off the moment he was finished with dinner. Unfortunately, Hermione rushed after him.

“Harry! Harry!” Hermione pushed away a first-year Hufflepuff to gain on him.

“What?” Harry yelled back, trying to use his two brain cells to remember where the secret passages were.

“Stop! Stop!” Hermione was gaining on him, using her ‘the library is only a few more flights’ legs to speed up to a sprint.

“Hermione!” Harry rounded a corner.

Hermione grasped the strap of his bag and pulled him back. A yelp escaped his mouth, and he crashed to the floor. His bag spilled, sending the bouquets of flowers crashing to the floor.

“Harry? What are these?” Hermione asked.

“Flowers.” Harry answered, scrabbling to try to get them all in his bag before anyone else saw.

“Flowers, for whom? Harry, do you have a girlfriend?” Hermione looked around and helped him collect the delicate flowers.

Harry bit his cheek. “No.”

Hermione raised an eyebrow. “Do you have a boyfriend?”

Harry couldn’t help the blush that clawed at his face. He always went red when anyone mentioned them.

“Dear Merlin! You have a boyfriend! Who is he? What house is he in? How old is he? What does he look like?” Hermione pestered him, inadvertently breaking a few stems.

A sigh escaped his mouth. “I - well, he’s... sweet. He was . . . He looked back and forth through the hall. “He was a Slytherin - “

“A Slytherin? Was? Oh, you’re dating someone older, I see, I see. Why do you have so many flowers?” She latched his bag once they managed to push all of them in.

“Because he wants flowers.” Not entirely true, but the ones he had used to apologise to Tom were completely dead, and the bedroom needed some sprucing up.

“That’s where you’ve been running off to! Are you sneaking him in? Are you using protection?” Hermione kept up with him as he was trying to escape her.

“Hermione!” Harry’s face was on fire. “We’re not there yet!”

Sure, his thoughts had grown to be less pure, but he was happy to hold hands and kiss at the moment. He wasn’t sure when they would reach that phase - they had only just started to make out - but he would be patient.

“Oh, okay, okay. Just make sure to have protection when that comes. You might both be men, but you have to think about STDs and just general clean-up. Condoms - “

Harry cast a silencing spell on her.

She pouted at him but shut her mouth.

“Look, Hermione, I just want to get back to them.” Harry cast a sticking charm on her shoes and sped off.

“Them?” Hermione mouthed.

Harry’s face was on fire as he ran through the halls. He had let it slip. He knew it was risky to let Draco know, but at least Draco wouldn’t obsess over their relationship.

His legs carried him off to Chamber of Secrets. Myrtle had figured out that every time he came down, it was for the Chamber, so she stopped bothering him.

Harry slid down the pipes and landed, still running. When he entered the main chamber, he finally calmed down.

Tom and Riddle seemed to sense his distress.

“What is it, love?” Tom appeared by his side, lightly patting his back.

“Do we need to do anything, angel?” Asked Riddle, wrapping an arm around his waist.

“Uh - it’s nothing. Well, it’s . . . Harry shuffled around in his bag.

He poured dozens of bouquets of flowers onto the floor.

“I brought flowers.” He spoke, blushing. “And Hermione found out, and she asked me if I was dating anyone, and I blushed, and... she knows.”

“Aw, does she know about your two boyfriends?” Tom cooed, lightly stroking his cheek.

“How cute.” Riddle agreed.

Boyfriends.

Hearing them say that was like music to his ears. He had known for a long time, but hearing it out loud was different from saying it in his head. Different coming from his mouth.

“Y-yeah.” Harry muttered, blushing harder as they both laced their hands.

“Do you want to help us put them in vases? You can transfigure them; remember what we taught you about permanent transfiguration?” Riddle kissed his neck.

“Uh, yeah.”

The bedroom was laid out in decadent flowers. They decorated anything with a flat surface, from shelves to desks. Even the walls had some on display.

But the grand piece was the canopy. They made it out of the flowers, weaving them together into a hanging canopy over the bed. They crawled inside, placing more flowers on the inside.

All of them flopped on the bed, thoroughly exhausted. Harry huffed, a dumb smile on his face as the two curled into him.

“You’re so good to us, angel.” Riddle muttered into his neck.

“Such a bright light.” Tom agreed, snuggling close to him.

Their hands gripped at him, clinging as if he were their only anchor to the claws of gravity.

The smells of potion brewing filled his nose. He huffed, inhaling the disgusting concoction. Slughorn was across from him, making potions for the hospital wing. It was fairly quiet, with the soft sounds of bubbles popping in the room.

That, and Harry’s incessant questions.

“But how is fae blood acquired?” He asked once he added some to the cauldron.

“Well...” Professor Slughorn didn’t meet his eyes. “We try to get it humanely, but sometimes they acquire it through rather... dubious means.”

“Oh.”

Maybe the reason Aquillian was so hesitant was not because Voldemort was Voldemort. Maybe it was because he was a wizard. Or it could be both. It was probably both.

“Yes, it’s a sad state, the potion’s world. It used to be better when I was young. But as the ties between nations thinned and became strained, we started to take the ingredients forcibly. It’s now very hard to tell ‘willingly given’ from ‘forcibly given’.”

Was that another reason why the others seemed so surprised at him and Voldemort?

“That’s too bad. What happened when you were young?” Harry asked as he cut another mint leaf.

Is that another reason why Voldemort wanted to partner with them? Because he would have willing access to their resources?

“We used to pay five galleons for every lire of blood. About, hm, ten galleons for every lock of hair, they are very protective of their hair. The subsections of fae, those with wings, tails, or horns, cost significantly more. Wings are worth twice as much as dragon hide. Horns and teeth were only a little less.”

“And that’s just for the fae. Not to mention werewolves, vampires, merfolk, sirens, veela, centaurs, and other rarer creatures. My boy, there was once a blue-blood ice-nymph’s wings for sale. They fetched over a million galleons, and that’s for when they were legally acquired.”

Professor Slughorn sighed as he reminisced. “You know, I wish for those days back. Back when we weren’t at war with each other. Back when we could see them freely roaming Diagon. I wish you could have seen it, but that was far before your time.”

Harry took a few seconds to digest the information.

“Is there a way to get it back? Safely, I mean?” Harry needed to press him for more information.

Professor Slughorn thought for a moment. “Well, Wizengamont has been passing more laws lately that protect creatures. That has loosened some tensions. But, my boy, you must know that even with the laws passed, it’s the people that need to regain their trust. That trust that has been lost. I only wish it wasn’t the Regress that were passing these.”

Why did Aquillian seem so relaxed around him?

Harry felt the urge to defend the Regress. “Why not the Regress?”

“Well... the Regress has been known to contain a lot of suspected Death Eaters. Though I know it was a net good, I wish it was a party with a less unsavoury background. I fear what will happen when they take over. Will they continue to pass more rights? Or was it just a ruse?” Slughorn shook his head sadly.

“And what if they did continue?”

Professor Slughorn tilted his head. “I guess, I guess that means that change is possible, even for the most deplorable people.”

Change is possible.

Harry couldn't help but agree.

He then perked up, if not sadly. “You know, you remind me of a bright student I used to teach in the 40s.”

“Who?”

“Tom Riddle. He was such a bright student who constantly asked smart questions. But you're quite different. He was a Slytherin; you are a Gryffindor. And he... it wasn't his fault, but he was quite cold, no matter how much he tried not to be. You are warm, and I don't think you could hide it.” Slughorn reached across and patted his shoulder. “I only wish you don't fall down his dark path.”

Harry smiled. He couldn't wait to tell Tom and Riddle what Professor Slughorn had said. And for that matter, Voldemort as well.

“Thank you, Professor.” Harry concealed a laugh.

“Ah, while I'm at it, I plan on starting up an old club again. It was originally called Professional Potioneers, but my students renamed it to Slug Club. It's a potions club with some social activities. Do you wish to be the first member of this newly restarted club? I will add new students as they return to class.” Professor Slughorn extended his hand.

Harry grinned widely and shook his hand. “Of course, Professor.”

Penning a letter, Harry jumped in surprise as Tom sat on his desk.

“What are you doing?” Tom asked him.

“Asking Amelia to sign my Hogsmeade permission slip. We go on December 1st, but I want to get ahead on it. It's almost October, and we have until November to submit it.” Harry replied, scribbling down the last of his requests. “I just hope she hasn't heard about me attacking Draco.”

“Aw, and you didn't even think to ask us first?” Riddle replied, his breath hot on his neck. Harry jumped again, straight into Riddle's arms.

“I...asn't sure if you were interested. Plus, there are the technicalities involved in bringing you...”

Harry dreamed of them having a date at Hogsmeade. Something cute, with hot butterbeer and snow. Shopping around in the district without a care in the world. Collapsing into the snow and making angels.

“Love, we’ll figure it out.” Tom grasped his hand and kissed it. “We always do.”

“Sorry,” Harry ducked his head. “I wasn’t thinking.”

Riddle chuckled. “You don’t have to.”

Harry hummed. “I have something else to tell you.”

“What?” Tom and Riddle asked in unison.

“Professor Slughorn said I reminded him of a student. A bright student. A bright Slytherin student. A Slytherin student from the 1940s.” Harry smiled at them.

Tom laughed, holding his stomach. “So he said you remind him of us?” Riddle similarly snickered.

“Yeah. He hoped I didn’t go on such a ‘dark path’. Oh! And he also invited me to the Slug Club.” Harry reached up and pecked Riddle on his jawline. Riddle shivered.

“Slug Club? That was honestly really fun. I enjoyed it a lot.” Tom spoke, receiving his kiss as well.

“I hope it’s fun. I hope no one, like, I don’t know, poisons me or something.” Harry shrugged.

Riddle’s grip on him tightened. “We can’t have that. Let’s teach you how to tell the difference between a safe drink and an altered one.”

Tom nodded.

They whisked him away to one of the potion’s labs. There, using the *Liquid Death* book, they brewed a variety of potions and safe potions. Harry was fascinated with all the ways that poisons could be made. They hardly had any similar ingredients and mostly were innocuous until two ingredients were added.

In the end, he was able to identify three out of the five poisons in the drinks. They congratulated him for his first-try success with plenty of kisses and a later make-out session to top it off.

Chapter End Notes

Voldemort: plz no defiling

Harry: no

Tom: Touch it

Riddle: Touch it

Harry: I touch it?

CRACK

Tom and Riddle: Let's celebrate by making out

Voldemort: They are ALONE and UNINTERRUPTED with each other. VILE!

Voldemort: At least it is better than a bad mood.

Harry: (is growing darker, sadistic, and disappears every day)

Ron and Hermione: (is distant)

Harry: (shocked Pikachu face)

Luna: (wise advise)

Harry: okay but what if I'm okay with being wrong?

Hermione: OMG you have boyfriends???? Do you have condoms?

Harry, blushing: We literally just started to make out hold your horses!

Tom and Riddle: Boyfriends.

Harry: (feet kicking, giggling, blushing)

Professor Slughorn: So yeah, fae get murdered because they are potion ingredients.

Harry: oh wow

Professor Slughorn: You know who you remind me of? This kid you are nothing like.

Such a nice boy. Shame he became a Dark Lord.

Harry: (Dreaming about a perfect date-night)

Tom and Riddle: We'll do it. No matter what.

First Slug Club Meeting

Chapter Summary

The Order discusses Harry. A party. A truth revealed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Severus clenched his jaw as he sat down for another Order meeting. It ground on his nerves how often they were. The Dark Lord didn't even have them at this rate, and he commanded more people.

So many people.

Was it wrong to choose the winning side for the sake of winning? Pettigrew was a coward; he did the same. But his vow still sat on his mind. The Dark Lord wanted Potter alive. And, to his credit, he has been moving away from blood purity. It eased his mind to know that his rights might not be taken away.

If he doesn't go insane again.

"What are we going to do with him?" Albus sighed, rubbing his temples.

"I've grounded him from quidditch. He's still on the team, but he cannot fly." Minerva shook her head.

Severus wanted to scream at her. He nearly killed his beloved godson, and he gets grounded from a sport. He wasn't going to attend detentions either, and he couldn't force him to do anything. The Dark Lord had commanded him to leave Potter unbothered, and he didn't know what he'd do if the Dark Lord found out he did anything.

"Is there anything we can do besides expel him? He rejects everything we try to do." Severus grumbled.

"I would recommend a counsellor, but we do not have the right to assign one to him. Amelia is busy, and I do not want to involve her lest he end up in Azkaban. We are unable to force him either." Albus shook his head. "Amelia believes the prophet to be false, which is all we have on our side. I do not know what will happen when Susan Bones returns to tell her the truth."

"Like a counsellor could fix him." Severus spat.

"Mr Potter hasn't been sleeping in the dorms." Minerva switched the subject.

“He hasn’t?” Molly pondered.

Minerva nodded. “He hardly enters the dorm now. I had the house elves check his trunk, and it only has last year’s supplies.”

“This is worrying.” Albus stroked his beard.

There was a hum of agreement. Potter wasn’t sleeping in the dorms. Of course, he wasn’t; he was too good for that. He was probably wandering off somewhere in the castle with a full bedroom just for himself.

“Severus, what has Voldemort been planning?” Albus asked.

Severus stifled a gasp as his mark burned. “We were ordered not to harm Potter now that he is free. There is another raid on October 15th that will be in a small village in Wales. I will be brewing potions the entire week before.”

“He is rather insistent that Potter not be harmed suddenly,” Albus muttered.

There was a dawning horror in Albus’s eyes. But he hid it well. Did he realise that Potter held a piece of the Dark Lord’s soul?

Or had he already known?

Was he only releasing now that the Dark Lord knew?

“Watch Harry carefully. Everyone. It is possible that whoever he’s seeing is connected to the dark. Start to watch where he goes. Make note of it. And, Severus, do not let your mission get in the way.” Albus’s eyes had that damned twinkle in them.

Albus knew that he knew.

His vow was being compromised by the man he looked up to the most. By the man who made him swear the vow. He tried to stay as calm as possible and hid beneath occlumency shields.

Albus would want Potter slaughtered one of these days.

Tom and Riddle’s hands darted all over him. They lingered on his chest, his hips, and his waist. His body felt hot. The hesitance left him as he explored Riddle’s torso, his touches more wanting than the others. Tom, standing behind him, teasingly brushed just above his groin, but never went down. A groan escaped him, silenced by Riddle’s lips.

He fought back a yelp as a hand combed through his hair, catching on a small knot.

“Sorry, angel.” Riddle said in a hushed voice, peppering kisses against his jawline.

“I’m going to be late,” Harry complained. But he truly wanted to stay.

“Mmh, there are more exits to the chamber. You can stay a little longer.” Tom hummed.

“I have to clean up, thanks to you two.” Harry tried to sound angry but failed miserably.

“You have a point.” Riddle withdrew from him.

“Make sure you come back afterwards.” Tom lastly placed a playful bite on his neck before drawing away.

Harry hummed, longing for their touch again. But he needed to be somewhere.

They pulled out their wands and got him into a more reasonable state of dress. It was his first Slug Club meeting, and he wanted to look nice for it. It wasn't dress robes, but it was more than his school robes.

“You look absolutely ravishing,” Tom said as he turned him around to face the mirror.

He did look nicer. His hair, while still wild, was more tamed than usual. His cream button-up was one of the ones Voldemort bought him, with long black slacks to go with it. Harry jumped when his vision was concealed by dark green fabric.

“I just think you look amazing in this.” Riddle purred as he slipped his sweater over his head.

Harry blushed. “Erm, yeah.”

“Let's show you a shortcut.” He whispered in his ear.

“Okay,” Harry muttered a response, letting himself be taken by the hands.

They led him through the maze—he knew he would never figure it out—and into another series of wide pipes twice as big as them. They abruptly stopped and turned around to look at him.

“It's up here.” They pointed to the completely vertical pipe.

“Firmus Nebula,” Harry repeated that familiar phrase.

A cloud formed beneath their feet and lifted them.

His boyfriends smiled at him. “Familiar spell. Did you see it in your dreams?” Riddle hummed as he twirled Harry around.

“No? I just kind of knew.” Harry shrugged. “Maybe the horcrux connection is more than just that. You siphon; who's to say I don't siphon something else back?”

It had crossed his mind once or twice. But he never gave it much thought.

Tom's brow furrowed. “Well, that can make a little sense.”

“You did learn wandless magic, oh so fast,” Riddle commented.

“And you did learn darker spells quite easily, for someone who's never practiced them.” Tom hummed, taking his turn to spin Harry.

“Though, we could have just flown you.” Tom pointed it out.

“You can *fly*?” Harry said incredulously.

“Yes, it’s Slytherin family magic. Passed down through generations. Though it wasn’t used often.” Riddle ruffled his hair.

“Is it because you’re scared of heights?” Harry teased.

Tom and Riddle stayed silent.

They arrived far too soon for Harry’s liking. They stepped out into a curve in a pipe that was flat at the bottom. Each gave him a lingering hug before sending him off, the stone in front of them shifting to let him free.

Harry found himself just a hallway away from the potion’s classroom. He followed Theodore Nott, dressed in a sea-green button-up, through another hall and to the meeting room.

Inside was a gothic-looking room, with pillars lining the walls and ornate carving in the ceilings. An oval table was made of dark, glossy wood, with long-backed chairs circling it. Everyone but him and Theodore were there, sitting awkwardly as floating instruments lightly played classical music.

“Ah! Everyone is here!” Professor Slughorn clapped his hands. “Do sit.”

Harry counted off the students he recognised as he passed. Blaise Zabini, Cormac McLaggen, Flora Carrow, and Hestia Carrow. The last two seats were flanking Hermione, which Harry filed into, sitting between her and Ginny. Theodore took the last space without so much as a second glance.

“Welcome! I started this club many years ago while I was a professor here. While you’re here, you will get personalised lessons—I know of a far larger range of subjects besides potions—as well as access to the forbidden sections of the library without a slip.”

An array of glasses appeared in front of them with some fruity drinks inside.

“As well as that, I implore you to make connections with your fellow students. Connections at this age can be vital later in life.” He stared at every one of them.

Making connections... Harry looked at the people around him. Instantly, he ruled out McLaggen. From then... he supposed Blaise wasn’t too bad of a person. He lingered around Theodore. The Carrow twins were the perfect image of a pureblooded woman, so they might not relate well.

But...

He told Tiberus about Theodore, and he could tell he wanted to know more. So, perhaps he could befriend Theodore through Blaise. It wouldn't be too bad to be civil with the Carrows either. Their dad or mother (whoever they came from) were civil with him.

"Now, let's go around getting to know each other." Professor Slughorn shimmied a little. "I have been a professor for so many years, I taught your grandparents if they attended here."

And Voldemort. But that would be a weird fun fact.

The next person to speak was Blaise. "I'm Blaise, and I'm in the top levels of Divination. My mother is also on her seventh husband."

Theodore smiled.

"I'm Flora, this is my sister Hestia, and we're at the top of our class in History of Magic. We live with our grandparents." Harry tried his best to tell them apart and landed on their hair parts and eyeshadow being different.

"I'm Hestia. My twin is Flora. I'm second in my class for Herbology. I play the violin." She spoke short and to the point.

McLaggen practically stared Hermione down as he introduced himself. "I'm Cormac; I'm second in Arithmacy, and I enjoy spending my summers touring the world with my parents."

What a gloat.

"Ginny, I have an excellent Bat-Bogey hex, and I have the fastest scores of chasers in Gryffindor. I'm the youngest of all my siblings and cousins." Ginny waved.

It was Harry's turn.

"Hello, I'm Harry," This was so stupid. "I have the highest scores in Defense Against the Dark Arts and Transfiguration, and I don't do anything with my family because they are all dead." He tried to joke at the end.

Blaise snickered, though not maliciously. The Carrow twins fought back a smile. Theodore concealed his mouth with his hand. Meanwhile, Ginny and Hermione looked at him, horrified.

"Harry, your aunt, uncle, and cousin are just in Spain," Hermione whispered, but the silence made everyone hear it.

"Oh, the dude who stole me said he'd kill them, so I thought they were dead." Voldemort frequently told him how much he'd like to kill them.

"And you thought we were lying to you?" An exasperated Hermione sighed.

"Yeah."

Harry cleared his throat. "And apparently I have a living aunt, uncle, and cousin. Yippee." He said sarcastically.

Professor Slughorn gave him a worried expression.

Hermione followed. "I'm Hermione; I am first in Charms and overall in my year. My parents are dentists."

"What's a dentist?" Professor Slughorn asked with a confused face.

"They work on teeth. They get bitten a lot." She shied away from the conversation. It didn't feel good to be reminded of your muggle relatives in a room filled with purebloods. And Harry.

"Oh, I see." Professor Slughorn summoned a quill and parchment and jotted down a note.

"I am Theodore. I have top scores in Astronomy. I live with my father." He seemed a little off-put during the conversation.

Professor Slughorn nodded, surveying the room. "Excellent, all of you. Now, let us eat!"

He clapped his hands together. In front of each of them was silence, as a sundae in a wide, green-glass dish. Gold flakes graced the top, next to a large cherry.

"Blaise," Harry called out after a bit of silence, as people chowed down on their food. "How does one get good at Divination? I can't seem to grasp it properly."

And with that, Harry began the chatting.

They started reserved but loosened up as the night continued. They were able to share stories, share laughs, and even empathise with one another. He found that he enjoyed it greatly.

He even got a crack of a smile out of the Carrows and Theodore. Their masks didn't fall, but they did slip. There was a drive within Harry to continue to break them down until he could know the real them.

"Ah! I almost forgot to mention," Professor Slughorn spoke after a lull in the conversation. "I always have a Yule party before the annual Winter Dance. It's just a little gathering; you can bring a person," Professor Slughorn caught Harry out of the corner of his eye. "Or two."

Harry was glad he was already red from laughing so hard; otherwise, he'd be embarrassed.

"Is it formal, semi-formal, or casual?" Hermione asked, taking the last bite of her sundae.

"Hm, semi-formal. I don't expect you all to own dress robes, but try to come in something other than your school robes." Professor Slughorn advised.

Ginny ducked her head; she was the only one in her school robes.

There was a murmur of agreement.

“Now, does anyone have any questions?” Professor Slughorn dabbed a napkin at his mouth.

They all shook their heads.

“Alright, you can be free now. Study hard, but don’t forget to have fun!”

Professor Slughorn clapped his hands as he ushered them out. He breathed a sigh of relief. He could get back to his boyfriends now. But fate seemed to be against him, and Hermione yanked him back.

“What?” Harry snapped. They had left him wanting, and he just needed to get back.

“Don’t you look at me like that.” Hermione dragged him into an empty room.

“Sorry, sorry, okay.” Harry held up his hands. He wasn’t completely sorry.

Hermione put her hands on her hips. “Why are you not coming back to the dorms? You’re rarely around.”

A pang of guilt went through him. He didn’t mean to neglect his friends; he just thought they were a bit distant from him. He never thought he was contributing to the distance.

“I’m - I’m seeing them.” Harry finally admitted.

“Harry! You can’t just live your life in your boyfriends’ arms! You need to get out.” Hermione tugged on his arms. “Even your Quidditch team is suffering! Ginny has basically taken over your job.”

Another pang of guilt.

“Okay, okay, I’ll get out. Just not tonight. I’ll start tomorrow.” Harry promised her.

Hermione glared. “You better. If I find you running off again, so help me, I’ll put a leash on you.”

“Fine. I got it.” Harry fought back a roll of his eyes. Who was she to tell him what to do?

Hermione sighed. “Honestly, spending so much time with them, and I don’t even get to meet them!”

A lightbulb went off in her head.

“Wait, could you invite them to the party?” Hermione’s eyebrows raised.

“Well...” Ginny would be there, as would Professor Slughorn. “Maybe? They are quite... reclusive and don’t really like people.”

“Oh.” Hermione deflated a bit. “Okay. Well, maybe another time.”

Maybe.

Would they ever meet his boyfriends?

Tom and Riddle would find a way. They always did.

Another meeting. Voldemort tilted his head as he gazed upon his inner circle. They had grown less tense than before, more adapted to his presence. It both infuriated and made him feel... somehow. Like a weight was taken off of him.

He was impatient as Corbin, the last one, sat down. The man braced himself for the expected crucio, but Voldemort thought it wasn't worth his energy. Potter must have been around his horcruxes over the night because Voldemort woke up with that repulsive feeling again. He was simply tired.

"Severus, report on the Order." Voldemort spoke as he fought the urge to slouch in his chair.

Severus paused. "Of course, my Lord. The Order has made little to no progress on tracking down whoever Potter has been seeing. They have started to follow him. They see him take frequent trips to the Room of Requirement and the girl's bathroom on the third floor. When we asked the ghost in the bathroom, she was scared to talk about him and didn't divulge what ruckus he participated in while in there."

So they either didn't know where the Chamber of Secrets was or they kept the information from Severus.

"Keep careful watch on this. Any information you acquire is to go through me first." He needed to know if anyone knew about his horcruxes. Dumbledore would stop at nothing to destroy them.

And that would hurt Potter as well.

"Understood, my lord." Severus bowed his head. "I have more information."

"Speak."

"The Order plans on forcing Potter to stay at the Order headquarters during the summer. They will take him while he is still on school grounds." He ended.

"They plan on kidnapping him to avoid him being kidnapped." Voldemort thought out loud. "Hm, Lucius?"

"Yes, my Lord?" Lucius answered nervously.

"Your son is working on his mission, correct?" Voldemort tapped his claws against the table.

"He is partially done. It is only the first month." Lucius didn't meet his eyes.

Voldemort hummed. "Inform him it will be finished before the end of the year. Should he succeed, Potter will be able to get to Malfoy Manor before the school year ends."

“Understood, my Lord.” Lucius and Narcissa met each other’s eyes, emotions blaring.

Unease ate at Harry. He stared down at the note in his hand.

‘Dear Harry,

Please come to my office at 6 PM today.

P.S. I enjoy strawberry twists

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore’

Had he found out? Did he know about his boyfriends? Or was he going to try to break his silence spell and force him to spew out everything that happened? Would he do anything to him once he found out about the friendship between him and Voldemort? By proxy, his boyfriends?

It gnawed on his mind the entire day. Hermione and Ron noticed his unease and tried to ask him what was wrong, but he brushed it off. He could tell Hermione thought it was his boyfriends, and Ron either had general stress or exams.

“And he wants me to meet with him!” Harry exclaimed, shimmying around to be comfortable lying down in both of his boyfriends’ laps.

“Has he ever done anything before?” Riddle rubbed circles into his thigh.

“No, normally this is where he shows me a memory of you guys so I can see how evil you are.” Harry shrugged, leaning into Tom’s touch as he carded his hands through his hair.

“We are so evil.” Riddle hummed.

“The evilest!” Tom exclaimed.

Their hands crawled over his body, tickling him everywhere. He laughed, tumbling to the ground. They pounced on him and jabbed their fingers at his sides. Harry rolled around on the floor, trying desperately to get away from their prying hands. But they followed him no matter where he went.

“Evil!” He cried out.

“We are so evil,” Riddle repeated.

“Downright cruel.” Tom laughed, planting a quick kiss on Harry’s lips before attacking him again.

They chased him down the hall, through the pipes, and into the maze of tunnels, giggling into the evening.

He stood outside Dumbledore's office. There was a feeling of dread within him. He knew what to expect. But he was almost scared. Tom didn't like him knowing about his past feelings; how would he react to other memories being revealed?

They seemed fine with him knowing, but how far did that extend? The last thing he wanted to do was upset either of them.

Well... they shouldn't hold it against him. He wasn't willingly watching it.

"Strawberry twists." He called to the statue.

The statue slid aside and revealed a set of spiral stone stairs. He ascended the stairs, and with each passing step, a deeper pit in his stomach was dug. Swallowing his fears and doubts, he entered through the light wooden door.

The room was just as he remembered it. Knickknacks lined cream-coloured shelves along the walls, a one-step-tall platform that held Dumbledore's desk and chairs, and columns from the ceiling.

"Ah, my boy, you are here." Dumbledore waved him over, this time sitting at his desk.

"I am." Harry nodded, taking the seat in front of the desk.

Dumbledore cleared his voice. "Today we're going to do two things. First, we will view another memory of Tom Riddle. Then, we will talk about what happened this summer. Now, come, we have a memory to see."

Harry followed him into the off-shoot room, where a pensive lay. He watched as Dumbledore scrolled through the shelves of memories, sometimes taking one out and then placing it back. But then he nodded to himself when he found the correct one.

"Today," Dumbledore poured out the memory into the basin. "We will look at the memory of an older Tom Riddle. This was him when he arrived at a teaching interview. He would be twenty-five in his memory."

They were plunged into another memory.

Dumbledore's office hadn't changed in the time that passed. Different items lined the walls, but most were still the same. Harry let his eyes wander to the desk, where a short-bearded Dumbledore sat with a twenty-five-year-old Tom Riddle approaching him.

And, fuck, was Tom Riddle hot!

He was more filled out, leaner, and bulkier at his wide shoulders. He was in a long black cloak with a deep green button-up and a black and grey striped vest; a silver tie ran down his chest. His black pants fit perfectly, hugging his muscular thighs and probably his ass as well.

His hair was styled back and pushed away from his face. His glamourised eyes shone brightly in the candlelight looked even more alluring. Harry bet they were red underneath the magic. A ghost of a smirk sat on his face; he had an intelligent look to him.

“Dumbledore,” He regarded Dumbledore, sitting down and crossing one leg over the other confidently. His satchel thumped to the floor; something sparkling peeked through the top.

“Tom Riddle.” Dumbledore nodded, folding his hands. “You’re here for the Defense Against the Dark Arts position?”

“Yes, I am.” Tom leaned back in his chair.

Dumbledore sighed. “Why do you want this position, Tom?”

Tom had the slightest twitch. “To teach students, of course. As my scores show, I am quite knowledgeable on the subject.”

“You would like to influence future generations?” Dumbledore pressed.

Tom smiled brilliantly. “Yes, I would. I do have perfect records, and I performed well as Head-Boy.”

“You did, as I have heard.” Dumbledore sighed again. “What do you wish to teach the students?”

“To defend themselves. Many people would like to take advantage of them. They need to know how to prevent themselves from succumbing.” Tom tilted his head as he spoke.

“That sounds more offensive than defensive.” Pointed out Dumbledore.

Tom hummed. “Well, what is a defence if not offence? They are very similar.”

“I disagree.”

Tom twitched again.

“Tom, I will be honest. I am looking for an older person with more years of experience. You are quite young, and your only work experience is in retail in Knockturn Alley and personal research. While I know you have a vast knowledge of the Dark Arts, I would recommend starting smaller than here first. Maybe tutoring or working at a small institution?” Fawks cawed as Dumbledore spoke, landing on his desk.

Tom reached out a hand to the bird. “I believe Hogwarts has hired people with less experience. Professor Binns was only a little older than me when he took the position.”

Fawks lightly pecked his fingers. Dumbledore shook his head. “That was Headmaster Dippet. I will be running this school differently.”

Tom opened his mouth to speak again, but Dumbledore cut him off. “I believe we are done here, Tom.”

Tom twitched again. "I see. May I take a loop around the castle? This may be the last time I am here."

Dumbledore nodded. "Try to make it quick. I will only be here for another hour while I do interviews."

Tom stood up, shook his hand, and turned to leave. As he stalked off to the door, cloak flowing behind him, his smile fell from his face and his eyebrows lowered. A snarl sat on his handsome features as he shut the door behind him.

Harry was spat out of the memory.

Dumbledore cleared his throat. "I always knew Tom would turn dark. Ever since I met him in the orphanage. But this cemented my aversion to him. He wanted to influence children in his ways."

"He was shopping for future Death Eaters," Harry concluded.

He knew Tom Riddle wasn't a good person. Sometimes, he even saw peaks of it through Tom and Riddle. It wasn't a good idea to hire him, but he could tell it stung for him. And that hurt.

"Certainly. He cursed the position, and we haven't been able to hold down a teacher ever since." Dumbledore made a shaky motion with his head.

"Are there any other memories of this time in his life?" He was hot as hell, and Harry wanted to see even more of him.

"No, I'm afraid. That was the last time I saw him before he came back under the name Voldemort."

Harry frowned.

"I may be able to get other people's memories, however."

"And for the other thing?" Harry wanted to get it over with. He felt the need to be with his boyfriends when he was reminded of their hotness.

"Ah, yes, sit." Dumbledore led him back to his desk, where they sat down.

Dumbledore cleared his throat again. "Before the summer, I placed wards on your home that prevented wixen who wanted to hurt you from entering. But someone still took you. I know there is a spell on you, but can you confirm that? That you were taken by someone who did not want to hurt you?"

Voldemort didn't want to hurt him?

Sure, he was fairly sure of it now, but back then? He didn't want to hurt him. He knew that he was more indifferent when he arrived at the manor, but he also wanted to see him safe. The horcrux bit was just an additive.

“I don’t think he wanted to hurt me,” Harry admitted. There wasn’t much he could say, and he believed in the spell’s ability to keep him safe from revealing anything important.

“It seems like he did not.” Dumbledore rubbed his temples. “Can you say what he looked like?”

“No.” Harry’s mouth moved before he could process it. He put a hand up to his face in shock.

“Are you familiar with the name Ignis?” Dumbledore asked a new question.

Harry fought back against the quick response, failing. “I haven’t heard of that name.”

Dumbledore stared at him. “I will think of more questions to ask. By getting closer to what you can’t say, we get closer to the truth.”

Harry began to sweat. “Got it.”

Dumbledore seemed hesitant to speak the next words. “And Harry, is there anything happening? Your attack on Mr Malfoy was vicious, and I was considering suspending or expelling you.”

“He’s been at this since the first year. It just all built up.” Harry admitted. It was also because he wanted to try out his new spells.

“I would implore you not to attack Mr Malfoy. You are fortunate that Lady Malfoy did not want to press any charges, which is abnormal for her. You may be a minor, but the law still applies to you.” Dumbledore emphasized its importance to him.

“Fine, I’ll try not to.” Harry rolled his eyes.

“I believe you should be getting to bed.” Dumbledore shooed him off. “Have a good night.”

“Good night,” Harry called as he walked out.

As soon as the door shut, his face relaxed, and he sprinted back to the chamber.

“ - and you were so hot. Like really, really hot.” Harry smiled as they lay down next to his boyfriends.

“Aw, are you going to leave us for him?” Tom teased, but there was a tinge of worry in his voice.

“No, more like add him to my collection of Tom Riddles.” Harry smiled, kissing him on the cheek.

“You have grown your collection; what’s one more?” Riddle joked, snuggling into him.

“Exactly!” Harry laughed.

“What else happened?” Tom kissed him back on the cheek.

Harry shifted to better accommodate the two. “He talked about the wards, how they kept out wixen who wanted to hurt me. So Voldemort didn’t want to hurt me when he rescued me.”

Tom and Riddle glanced at each other.

“Say that again?” Tom asked.

“Voldemort didn’t want to - “

“No, no, the first part.” Riddle clarified for him.

“Oh,” Harry tried to shrug, but they weighed him down. “That the wards kept out all wixen who wanted to hurt me.”

Tom propped himself up by the elbows. “Harry, *wixen*.”

“What?” Harry raised a brow.

“Harry, angel, *wixen*. Not everyone, specifically wixen.” Riddle slowly wrapped him in a hug.

It took a few moments for the information to sink in.

“He knew,” Harry spoke softly. “He knew this entire time.”

Tom laid back down and stroked his hair.

“He knew,” Harry repeated, trying desperately to fight reality.

“Shh, shh, it’ll be okay.” Cooed Tom, kissing the top of his head.

Harry broke down crying. He pulled them closer to him, trying to disbelieve what he had said. But the dots connected perfectly. He knew, and he still sent him back to the Dursleys every year.

“It’s okay; we’ll make it okay.” Riddle hummed, snuggling into him.

Chapter End Notes

Dumbledore: oh no what every will we do with this mini, murderous, Potter-boy?

Snape: I don't know, expel him? Punish him? Do anything besides nothing?

McGonagall: Ground him from Quidditch.

Dumbledore: Excellent idea, Minvera.

Harry: You siphon, what if I do the same?

Tom and Riddle: So that's why you're so talented!

Professor Slughorn: Okay, make connections my pupils!

Harry, already hunting for people he could tell juicy stories to their relatives: Oh, I will.

Hermione: Harry, you disappear all the time!

Harry, annoyed: Hermione literally it's not your business - now I to make out with my boyfriends planned so *leave*.

Snape: The Order will kidnap Potter to stop him from being kidnapped by us, my Lord.
Voldemort, fuming: Not if I kidnap him first!

Dumbledore: Here is a memory of Tom Riddle as an adult. You can see how evil he is.

Harry, salivating: Yeah, yeah, so evil. So do you have any more memories? So I can see how evil he is, of course.

Harry: I will grow my collection of Tom Riddles!

Tom and Riddle: You do that, love/angel.

Harry: He knew he knew he knew.

Tom and Riddle: Anyone else feeling murder?

A/N

To start this off, thank you for 80K (83, right now)! It's so amazing to think that this fanfic has gotten this far on cuddles and murderous thoughts as the main driver! It is a big mood-boost to when I'm feeling down (more druggies I have acquired, hopefully will make me better)

We hit 100k words right now as well!

ALSO

I changed my pfp. I drew it myself and I'm still somewhat new to digital art so don't be too harsh lol. For those who don't know (literally everyone because I've never linked it here) - my tumblr is below. I don't really post there that often, but I will update here if I draw anything concerning Tomarry, or if I'm proud of something.

[Tomarry Kissing and Profile Pic](#)

Egg and Date Night

Chapter Summary

The egg finally hatches! And, well, Harry has a date to catch.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry shook with anticipation. It was time.

The egg shivered. Tom was at eye-level with the egg, watching intently as it moved. Harry used his wand to place a barrier around it. Tom glared at him.

“Dragon eggs are a bit explosive when they hatch. I don’t want you covered in its fluids.” Harry explained, holding the shield.

Tom huffed but stayed still. “Fine.”

Another shudder.

“Come on! We’ve been watching for an hour!” Tom cried impatiently.

"Patience, - it might - “

Splat. Tom yelped as afterbirth and mucus covered the shield. A yellow, white, and red mush of colours fell to the ground as Harry cancelled the spell. He was feeling rather ill, looking at it all, but he turned his eyes to the podium.

Covered in disgusting fluids, a small emerald-green snake with large wings and tiny legs lay curled up. Its snout was more pronounced, like that of a dragon, but its eyes sat like a snake’s. Its scales looked thicker, but in a snake-like pattern. Its wings extended from its front little arms and were big enough to cover most of its body. Small legs poked out as well, sharp talons at the ends.

It raised its head and looked Harry directly in the eyes. Harry shied away, burying his face into Riddle’s chest.

“Angel, it’s not going to kill you with its eyes. They can’t for parselmouths and you’ve bonded with it as well.” Riddle patted his head.

Harry raised his eyes. “But Tom said - “

“I was bluffing,” Tom spoke, embarrassed. “I was trying to get her to eat you more than anything.”

Harry glared. "Filthy liar."

"Guilty." Tom shrugged.

"*Hello?*" The hybrid hissed, staring directly at him.

"*Hello!*" Tom hissed back.

"*Hi.*" Harry kneeled down to the hybrid's level.

"*Master?*" The hybrid stared up at Harry.

Riddle nodded. "*He hatched you.*"

"*Rather small for a mighty beast as I. But perhaps the strength lies on the inside.*" It wiggled, yawning, with large, pointed teeth jutting out. Two longer ones were the most noticeable, poking out on the sides of its mouth.

"*I am not that small.*" Harry rolled his eyes. "*I'm just skinny.*"

"Sure."

"Right."

Harry glared at them.

"*Are you a girl basilisk-dragon or a boy basilisk-dragon?*" Tom asked, trying to peek under its tail.

"*I am a girl dragonisk.*" She puffed out her chest. "*And I can mate with either species or sub-species. Whenever we stumble upon either.*"

"*You're very knowledgeable.*" Harry tried to compliment her. She didn't seem to like him that much.

"*Of course I am. Basilisks pass down their knowledge through genetics. I know everything my mother before me knew up until I was laid.*" She yawned again, standing on her legs with her arms connected to her wings.

"*Oh.*" Harry didn't know what else to say.

"*Someone, clean me off. Or else I will shake and splatter this all over you.*" She readied herself to shake.

"*No, no, no.*" Harry waved his hand, vanishing the liquids off of her.

"*Good, good. Now take me and let me explore. It's been ages, and I want to stretch my wings.*" She tried to fly over to him, but her wings faltered.

Harry scrambled and caught her in his arms. She narrowed her eyes at him. Her wings and scales felt soft, unexpectedly.

“Carry me. It appears my wings have not hardened yet.” She flapped again.

“Okay,” He carried her in his arms, letting her curl up.

They all walked out to the centre of the chamber when an idea struck Harry. He smiled and passed her to Tom. He bustled with excitement as he held her.

“I’ll get my broom, that way she can fly without needing her wings.” Harry rushed out, sprinting to his trunk.

He came back quickly, panting. Tom reluctantly let her go and allowed Harry to take her. They cast a sticking spell on her feet to keep her on the broom, and Harry slowly took off.

Harry breezed around the chamber, not going too fast but letting her feel the air around her. She splayed out her wings and lifted her head, basking in the air.

“Perhaps you are redeemable.” She batted her wings as if she were flying.

Harry smiled. *“I have someone I want you to meet.”*

Harry landed and scooped her up in his arms. She squeaked at him in displeasure but calmed down once he just tenderly petted her scales. His boyfriends followed him as he went into the chamber’s living space.

She commented on paintings and wallpaper as they went, talking about the things that had changed and the things that had stayed the exact same. Finally, they entered the bedroom.

“You could fit more of those things in the bed.” She pointed at the bed, then at Tom and Riddle.

“Those ‘things’ are my boyfriends.” Harry hissed back.

“They don’t smell like people. They do smell a little like Salazar.” She clawed her way to his shoulder, leaving light cuts in his skin.

“We’re horcruxes, mostly physical.” Riddle explained, reaching out and petting her.

“Horcruxes? What did the Slytherin blood come to?” She shook her head. *“Evil.”*

“In my defense, I was born out of opportunity.” Tom raised his hands in defense.

“I wasn’t; I have no excuse.” Riddle laughed.

Harry removed her claws from him and presented her to the serpent. The other snake tilted her head and stared at the dragonisk.

“Hello.” The serpent called, slithering onto her patch of moss on the surface.

“Hello, serpent. You look like a black onyx.” She reached her wing out and lightly tapped her on the head.

“You look like an emerald. Is that your name?” She asked, curling up.

“I do not have a name. But I like Emerald.” She tilted her head.

“And I like Onyx.”

Harry, Tom, and Riddle locked eyes. It looks like their naming problem has been solved by the two.

“This is my child, Topaz. He does not look like me, but that is okay.” Onyx waved her tail to Topaz, who was looped around a tall blade of sea grass.

“Very cute.” Emerald hopped onto the shelf next to her, pushing over a few books to give her some space.

The three watched as they exchanged pleasantries that devolved into conversation. They chose, instead of listening, to make another pillow fort in the lounge, next to the fire.

Harry’s face was as red as the flames as they all took off their shirts and cuddled up close.

Time flew by on the wings of a bird. Before he could blink, it was the end of November. His days were often filled with classes, meetings with Hermione and Ron for studying, and spending his nights with his boyfriends.

It was then that he saw them.

There was always someone just out of the corner of his eye. Dumbledore, Professor McGonagall, and even Snape. Constantly. He was growing paranoid about them discovering his boyfriends. As such, his trips to them were more limited. The only bright side is that he spent longer down there when he was able to sneak down.

Hermione slid next to him in the library. She looked around, finding no one, and leaned in close to him.

“Are sure you can’t invite your boyfriends to the Slug Club party?” She whispered to him, shuffling her parchment to conceal the sound.

Harry bit his lip. *“They said that they have it covered. I’m a bit hesitant, but I think they’re going.”*

They had said they got it covered, and he needed to believe them.

“It’s next week. You better get ready. Do you have everything ready?” She whispered back, the scratching of a quill filling her head.

“I think.” Harry furrowed his brows. *“I think I’m a bit overdressed, but I like that.”*

“Ooo, they have you dressing nicer?” Hermione narrowed her eyes. “You do have a better wardrobe than you did last year.”

Harry breathed out, trying to stay steady. He had forgotten that detail. His eyes scanned the room. Ron was slowly walking over to them.

“Hey.” He said flatly.

He was now free of bandages, with only some light scarring. Hard to see unless you were up close, and the splatters blended in with his heavy freckles. At least his were pale; Hermione’s scars were dark and extremely visible.

Among that, his hair had grown back slightly. Not to the fullness it was, but long enough that he didn’t see the skin of his scalp anymore. For Hermione, it was a little above her shoulders and started to curl at the ends of it.

“Hey, how are you holding up?”

Harry asked, getting out another assignment to complete. He’d have Hermione look over this. Professors were starting to get suspicious of his recently well-done essays (looked over by his boyfriends), and he wanted them off of him.

“Just brilliant.” He replied sarcastically.

“Is something bothering you?” Harry blurred out.

He was rather cold of him as of late. He didn’t notice it until lately, thinking that Ron was just recovering, but now it was different. Like he brushed him off more.

“Where do you go?” Ron asked, glaring at him.

“What do you mean?” Harry tried to evade.

Ron narrowed his eyes further. “When you run away after meals and classes? When you don’t return to the dorm? When you appear out of thin air when there was only one entrance to the hall?”

Harry began to sweat. “Well . . . uh.”

Hermione looked at him and nodded encouragingly.

Harry wandlessly cast a silencing spell. No one else was supposed to know of his boyfriends, and he was hesitant to even tell Ron. But if he was going to get this mad over it, he was going to say something.

“Ron,” Harry whispered, even if he was under the spell. “I have two boyfriends that I’m seeing.”

Ron’s face twisted in disgust. “You shouldn’t be cheating, Harry.”

Harry waved his hands across his chest, “No, no, they know about each other and they’re fine. We’re fine.”

He cocked his head. “So... you’re seeing both of them? And that’s why you keep running off? So that you can see them? When did you meet them?”

Harry nodded. “Yeah. I met them somewhat recently, and we get along really well. I just - they don’t come here anymore, so I have to sneak off.”

“Where are you sneaking them in?” He inquired.

Harry had a feeling he wasn’t going to let up until he had all his answers.

“I - I’m sneaking them in in the Chamber of Secrets. They’re parseltongues as well, and that’s how I visit.” Harry hoped that that was enough information.

“Parseltongues?” Hermione whispered.

Her face turned white. “Harry, Harry, please tell me you are not dating Voldemort’s sons.”

Harry turned away from her. That was probably the easiest way to describe them.

“Harry!” Hermione slapped his arm with her book over and over again. “You can’t just do that!”

“Why not?” Harry yanked the book from her grasp.

“Harry! They’re dangerous! That’s - Voldemort’s sons! How could you be thinking about that? Why were you thinking about romance while you were kidnapped? That’s Stockholm Syndrome at best!”

Harry blushed. “Well - they’re really nice. They’re so kind and they love me very much - “

“Mate,” Ron shook his head. “You can’t.”

“Why can’t I?” Harry demanded. He knew why, but he felt the need to defend his boyfriends.

“Why can’t you just take a can’t?” Hermione sighed. “They are - “

“You don’t know a damned thing about them!” Harry spoke lowly.

“They’re Voldemort’s - “

“I know!” His voice raised ever so slightly. “I know! They’re kind to me! They love me! They caring to me!”

“How do they treat other people, Harry? How do they?” Hermione demanded.

Harry stayed silent.

“Harry, - “

“I’m going.”

Harry shoved his items back into his black leather bag and stalked off. Hermione and Ron tried to follow him, but he cast a sticking charm on their shoes. Once he was at the end of the library, he could hear a shoeless Hermione stomping off towards him.

“No running in the library!” Madam Pince warned them, but Harry was already out.

“*Open, open, open.*” Harry hissed, trying to find another entrance through one of the pipes. If they opened through the chamber, they must have opened from the outside, right?

Harry turned a corner and saw a wall opening up. He dodged into a sprint and hopped into it, almost toppling down the hole that dropped off with no visible bottom.

“*Close, close, close!*” Hermione’s footsteps were growing closer.

Just as he heard her rounding the corner, the last grey brick snapped back into place. He allowed himself a breath of relief. He could hear Hermione yelling for him, pacing around, and cursing.

“Firmus Nebula.” He whispered as soundlessly as he could.

The cloud appeared, darker than normal, and Harry placed a shaking step onto it. It held, and Harry slowly levitated himself down the pipe. He constantly forgot how far down it was, and it took him a few minutes to get all the way down.

“Tom?” Harry called out as he reached the bottom. “Riddle?”

Nothing.

“Emerald? Onyx?”

Nothing.

Harry groaned as he placed his hand on the rightmost wall. Looks like he would be finding his way back on his own.

A smug look was on Harry’s face as he passed Snape to join the group going to Hogsmeade. This would be the first year he went with a permission slip.

They waited as carriages, thestrals pulling them, to arrive. Waiting with him were Hermione and Ron, who were yet again a bit distant.

“Needing to buy anything, Harry?” Hermione asked with a wink.

“Um, a few things. You guys go on without me, and I’ll catch up eventually.” Harry waved them off, trying to contain his smile.

“Are you sure?” Ron asked.

His tone was odd. Like he was asking a more important question than it was.

“Yeah?” Harry answered, confused.

Ron turned his head and hmphed. Harry shrugged him off and reached his hand into his satchel. He patted the ring and the diary with a smile on his face, knowing they were safe.

They loaded into the carriages, and before long, they were landing in Hogsmeade.

Hermione and Ron waved him off as they walked to the Three Broomsticks. He smiled up to the sky, watching as the light flakes of snow slowly descended upon the town.

Harry ran as fast as he could. He needed to find something, a shady alleyway. Behind a shop, somewhere. Luck would find him, and he smushed himself into a little gap between two buildings.

“You can come out, be careful.” He hissed in a whisper.

Smoke and ink flooded out of his satchel, appearing in front of him. Harry was pressed against Riddle, barely enough room to breathe.

“Let us depart, yes?” Riddle laced their hands. “You’ve said that Hogsmeade has changed a lot since our time, let’s see it.”

“Y-Yeah. Harry blushed.

They’d never been out in public before. The fact made him tense, excited, and feeling like he was about to throw up.

Both of them threw on, with difficulty, cloaks that concealed their faces. The ones they used with Voldemort when they went to torture Umbridge.

Ah, good memories. He might get a patronus out of it.

They laced hands and sauntered out of there. The air felt crisp in his lungs and there was the faintest of winds. It felt right.

“Let’s stop by Honey Dukes first.” Harry took them both by the hand and dragged them over to the shop.

The bell chimed as they entered the shop. Harry showed them all the sweets he enjoyed, and they pointed out their own. He was surprised that they enjoyed strawberry-cream stuffed puffs, but not all of their tastes could be bland.

Harry was freely blowing through his money as he paid for countless sweets for them. He was just glad he was able to know more about them. Sure, he knew about their murders and emotional turmoil, but their favourite sweets? Nothing!

They each gathered their bags with wide smiles on their faces.

“Let’s shop around. There are a ton of stores that I want to hit!”

Harry bounced with happiness as they toured through the shops. He practically showered them with gifts.

“Look at this!” Riddle pressed his hands against the glass. “A chess set, but they are dragons instead of people.”

Harry bought it before Riddle could even protest.

“Harry! You don’t have to do this.” Tom insisted as they exited the another store with two bags in hand.

“No, no, I insist - is that a stationery shop?” Harry averted their attention.

“Stationery?” Tom and Riddle spoke in unison.

Harry smiled. Attention averted.

They scoured the store for anything their hearts desired. There was a rainbow of colours, along with more monotone sets of items. Excitement brewed in Harry’s veins as he watched them explore.

“Ooooo.” Tom picked up a set of transparent charmed-sticky notes. “Convenient.”

Harry added it to the basket.

“Have you two ever taken up journaling? Or scrap-journaling? Scrap-booking? I feel like you would like it.” Harry asked the two, picking up a pile of scrapbook paper.

Riddle scrunched his nose. “That’s for old ladies.”

“I mean, you are old, you meet 50% of the requirements.” Harry pointed out.

Riddle elbowed him in the ribs. “Maybe we can try it.”

That caused another sweep of the store. They piled in different prints of paper, sticky notes, and other little items. He was a bit disappointed that they didn’t sell stickers or colourful tape, but they’d take a trip to the muggle world for that.

It was cheaper than the muggle world, though still a bit pricy.

“I liked that.” Tom hummed as they left the store.

“Yeah, it was nice.” Riddle agreed, lacing his and Harry’s hands.

Harry shivered in the cold. “We need to get scarves. It’s cold.”

“We could just use a heating ch . . . ” Riddle began, but Tom shushed him.

They swung by a clothing shop to grab a few scarves. Harry needed another Gryffindor one, while Tom and Riddle opted for Slytherin scarves. They were much warmer after that, even more so after Harry tucked their laced hands in his robe pockets.

“What else to do?” Harry pondered.

“We could just walk around.” Riddle offered, staring off into the twist of stores.

They agreed and wandered around the town. They’d stop into a few shops, and Harry would buy a thing or two for them. Bags were weighing heavily on them, and Harry finally found a shop that sold featherlight, nearly bottomless bags.

“I like this one.” Tom held up a black one with gold trim.

“This one is better.” Riddle offered a dark green one, silver trim.

Harry bought both of them.

Excitement was pumping in his veins as they entered a jewellery shop. This was the place he secondly wanted to visit.

All the walls were grayish-white, with glass cases littering the room. Beachwood shelves lined two walls and displayed everything from laurels to ankle bracelets. Everything was so shiny it made his brain hurt to focus on anything.

His boyfriends found themselves gravitating toward the bracelets. Most of them were flashy, having diamonds and gemstones over the entirety of them, but there were a few that weren’t as in-your-face.

Tom and Riddle’s eyes lingered on three particular bracelets.

The first had obsidian beads with a leather cord tying them all together. Tiny runes were engraved on every other bead. He didn’t recognise all of them, but he recognised some for protection.

The second was a bangle like Harry’s, but it was made from a type of black marble. Again, small runes were inscribed on the outside of it. Harry knew most of them - one for protection and one for poison detection.

The third was a thick leather strap with emeralds on the edges. There was nothing written, but a note at the bottom said it could be engraved.

“What do you like?” Harry asked as they looked.

“Well, we are partial to all of them; no, don’t buy them all.” Riddle held out his hand.

“Choose, then.” Harry shrugged.

Tom and Riddle hummed as they glanced at them. From the corner of his eyes, Harry could see a shopkeeper coming towards them. He mentally prepared himself for whatever

conversation would happen.

“Hello, are you three looking for something specific?” She asked, parking herself on the other side of the case.

“We’re looking at these three.” Harry pointed to each of them, “Could you tell us more about them?”

“Of course. The beaded bracelet has protection spells, love potion detection, and poison detection; the beads will turn blue, red, and yellow accordingly if it catches one of them. The bangle has protection and poison detection. It will change to a white marble when a rune is activated. The strap has basic charms for the item, but is meant to be customised.” She pointed to each bracelet as she spoke.

Tom and Riddle looked at each other, contemplating.

“Do you have more than one of each?” Harry asked. He didn’t want them to fight or have to settle if they both liked the same one.

“We have seven of the first, five of the second, and eight of the third.” She smiled at them.

Tom spoke up first. “We’d like three of the beaded if that’s okay?” He looked back at Harry.

“Of course it is!” Harry exclaimed, a bit offended.

The woman nodded, “I will get those three ready for you.”

She disappeared past a door in the back. Tom and Riddle laced their hands with Harry’s and lightly swung them as they walked to the register. The three of them stood as she brought out the bracelets.

The beads were cold to the touch as they wrapped around their wrists. He smiled as he felt a wash of protective magic over him. It wasn’t near as much as when Voldemort gave him the jade bangle, but it still felt relieving.

They walked out, hand in hand, through the town. On and on they went, stopping through shops to warm up, until they eventually came to a more secluded spot that oversaw the Shrieking Shack.

“This is quite an enjoyable place.” Tom hummed as he leaned on the fence that oversaw the shack. “Sure, in our time, it was a more... refined place.”

Riddle snorted. “If you count refined as the resident make-out and shag central,”

Harry laughed. “Shame it’s so run-down, then?”

Tom and Riddle’s cheeks darkened.

Another giggle escaped Harry.

Riddle grabbed Harry and twirled him around. Just as Harry thought he was done spinning, Tom took over and twirled him as well. They stood there afterwards, just enjoying the cold and the sound of the wind blowing through the snowy landscape.

A streak of mischief ran through Harry as he laid eyes on Riddle. There was hardly time to react when Harry tackled him into the snow. Riddle let out a breath and stared at him questingly.

“Snow angels,” Harry explained.

“Fine.” Riddle smiled as he pushed him off. “Tom, get in here too, I’m not being alone in this.”

“It’s bold to assume I wasn’t going to join anyway,” Tom replied as he hopped in next to Harry.

Tom and Riddle awkwardly moved their arms and legs, lifting their heads constantly to check if they were doing it right.

“Have you guys made snow angels before?” Harry asked as he shifted around.

“No.”

“No.”

“Well, I’ve only done it once. I got yelled at for messing up the snow in the yard.” Harry said with a laugh. Tom and Riddle passed a look.

They lay there for a few minutes, watching the snow fall as the claws of winter ripped the warmth from them. Harry sighed, taking it all in.

“Hey,” Harry called, “Do you want to go to the Three Broomsticks?”

His boyfriends looked at each other. “Are you sure? You’re not in disguise.”

“Yet.” Harry pointed out. “Are either of you strong enough to apply glamours? I can do it myself, but you two are magical gods.”

They laughed and ruffled his hair. “We can guide you through it. Glamours are draining, and we’d hate to disappear mid-butterbeer.”

“Okay.”

They slowly coaxed him through changing his appearance. His hair was longer and more tame, his eyes were now dark brown, and his scar was covered. He ditched the glasses, using a temporary eye-enhancing spell. Honestly, he should have asked Voldemort to help him fix his eyesight, but that was for next summer.

Or, more importantly, start off the day with glamours on.

Thinking wasn't Harry's strong suit. And his boyfriends were probably too excited to think too. Or being around him just made them dumber.

A grin stretched across Harry's face as he walked into the Three Broomsticks. He was literally bouncing as he asked for a booth for three. The waitress seated them, with Tom and Riddle flanking either side rather than sitting apart from him. He hummed as their legs touched, warming him from the cold.

"Three butterbeers, anything else you two?" Harry proclaimed.

"No."

"No."

The waitress nodded to them, writing on a scrap of parchment. "Those will be out in a minute."

Tom and Riddle's hands found themselves resting on Harry's thighs. He blushed but countered by sliding his hands to their upper, inner thighs. They shivered a bit but relaxed after a few circle-rubs with his thumbs.

"Such a tease," Tom muttered under his breath.

"Teasing us like that, so crude." Riddle rested his elbow on the table and covered his mouth.

"Revenge." Harry simply stated, smirking.

The butterbeers arrived at the table. The liquid flowed down Harry's throat, giving him a small smile on his face. His boyfriends had similar smiles on their faces, and he could see the memories pass over their eyes.

There was a bit of lowness from Voldemort's side of the connection, but he ignored it. He was in too good of a mood to be irritated. At least there wasn't too much pain with it. Harry hummed, drinking more to quell his headache.

What could he do to help stop them?

A smirk appeared on his face.

They sipped on their butterbeers and even got another round of them. The rest of the visit was spent people-watching, with low comments in parseltongue about them. Gossip, mostly.

Harry was sad to leave, but the butterflies in his stomach satisfied him until he could run down to the chamber.

Harry: Oh cool a dragonisk!

Tom: Literally the love of my life.

Riddle: She's cute.

Emerald: Pff, Master is a bit pathetic. But maybe he can learn to not be so small and insignificant.

Harry: So I'm dating two parseltongues.

Hermione: Voldemort's sons????

Harry: Err, yeah?

Ron: Dude wtf.

Harry, a certified sugar daddy: Buy whatever you want my lovely boyfriends!

Tom and Riddle: No, stop it! (Proceeds to let him buy them everything)

Tom: so yeah this was basically shag central

Harry: What a shame it's so run down.

Tom and Riddle: (Blushing)

Harry: (Being a tease and flirting)

Tom and Riddle: (Kicking their feet, blushing, giggling)

A Picture in the Prophet

Chapter Summary

Severus finds worrisome information. Voldemort is lonely. Harry has an article in the prophet. And Professor Slughorn gives some wise advice.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Severus strolled down the hall in Riddle Manor. It wasn't quite a Death Eater meeting—not an official one—but all of the inner circle was gathering to go over a large, stealthy raid in London. It was difficult, and the deaths were to be under a dozen to keep suspicions low.

The Dark Lord allowed him into the family wing to go over plans. It was odd; he expected a more dreary place, but it was rather classy instead. The Dark Lord had great taste in decor, if a little barren.

“Sevy!” Barty swung an arm around his shoulders.

“Off, Barty.” Severus gently pushed him off.

“Sour man. Anyway, Tibby, let's go over everything. Bells, Dolphy, Ras, Ally, Amy, and Lucy, it's crunch time. Lucy, tell Cissy that she needs to attend the next meeting; we'll go over the other group during that.” Barty pulled Severus' arm and rushed to the large table where a map was.

They sighed, gathering around the parchment. Tiberius traced the markings on it with a quill as he explained the different waves of attack and how each group would maneuver through the apartments.

“ - and Lucius, this is important; you have to hold off the Aurors there. You will be backed into a corner, and you need to stand your ground until we arrive.” Tiberius stabbed a quill in Lucius' direction.

“Yes, little blondie, don't piss yourself if you get too scared.” Bellatrix cackled, holding her stomach.

“Who told you?” Lucius demanded, with redness on his face.

“The twins,” Bellatrix smiled at Amicus and Alecto Carrow.

“You pissed yourself? Why?” Severus inquired, the ghost of a smile on his face.

Tiberius laughed, his voice rough. “We were sitting in the lounge when Harry walked in with Nagini and the two spirits. He asked us if there was anyone Nagini was allowed to eat. They spoke in parseltongue, and Nagini lunged at Lucius. I assume Lucius was scared because he urinated on himself.”

Severus’s mind broke.

“Harry Potter... lived here?”

He just assumed the Dark Lord had him under some form of sedation or imprisonment. He never considered that he would allow Potter to roam around his family wing. With the inner circle as well.

“Yeah,” Barty shrugged. “Had a few encounters, he gave me some muggle books to read. Sevy, they are significantly worse than we thought. I would never stand in the same room as some of them.”

Tiberius nodded. “Harry told me as well. We had heir training as well with him and the spirits. He didn’t know a thing about heirships or courtships.”

“We didn’t really interact with him.” The sets of twins said in unison.

“The ittle brat hit me with a shovel.” Bellatrix seethed.

Rodolphus patted her on the back. “Multiple times.”

Severus’s brain was even more wracked.

“What do you mean, spirits?” An awful weight sat in his stomach.

Tiberius sighed. “They are a piece of the Dark Lord’s soul. One was chipped off when he was sixteen, another when he was seventeen. They are very close to Harry, and act as some sort of guard when they’re not teaching him to dance or training him.”

Soul pieces.

Potter was interacting with the Dark Lord’s horcruxes. And the horcruxes were influencing him.

He sighed. He’d just keep it under wraps until he could find a way to explain it to Dumbledore. If anything, he could play the fool and say that he was trying to figure out what they were.

“They’re close to him?” Severus needed to probe for more information.

Tiberius nodded. “Like he said. They are very physically affectionate with him and treat him very gently. I daresay they were his guardian angels, if I didn’t know. Our Lord was not like that when we were younger. They are completely different.”

It only barely reassured Severus.

“Yeah, “ Barty interjected. “I don’t think they have it in them to hurt him. Which isn’t very Dark Lord of them. Though I can’t say it extends to others. I’ve seen them hurt Bellatrix before when they managed to get away from Potter once.”

Bellatrix nodded, biting her lip in frustration. “I taunted Potter, and they wanted revenge.”

Again, his tension rose.

Was it a play? An act of manipulation to keep them close to Potter until they could strike? Or was it genuine affection? Both horrified him, the latter more so. He allowed himself a shiver, concealing it by shuffling in his chair.

Severus was completely numb as they refreshed the plans. He had to tell Dumbledore. But what all should he tell? A headache splintered through his mind. He just needed to pick a damned side.

The side that wanted to kill Potter or the side that didn’t.

This was bad.

This was very bad.

A sigh sat deep in Voldemort’s lungs as he ate at his dinner table. Without anyone. Once annoyed by their presence, it was replaced with a tingle of warmth. Now that they were gone, he felt the cold claws of feelings seeping into his bones. Something within him ached at the loss. Something he thought he left behind in the orphanage. Even the loss of his horcruxes ached, much less than Potter.

He hated the hole that hurt within him when he thought about him. He was so bright, a little sliver of warmth in his desolate tundra of a world. But he didn’t even have the strength within him to throw a fit about it. It was like he was drifting off into the sea without any land in sight.

Voldemort sighed, dropping his knife and fork. He had lost his appetite.

He replaced his glamours and strolled to his office. But on his way there, he saw a white owl trying to peck out the windows, keeping pace with his walking. His legs moved on their own accord, opening the garden door to let the owl inside.

Its white wings were covered in frost, and as he brushed away the ice and snow, it revealed black spots. It was then that he recognised it as Potter’s owl. He took the owl in his arms and continued to his office.

He let her perch on one of the spare perches he had for his eagles. Untying the small red package from her ankles, he sat it on his desk. There was a golden ribbon tied around it with a big bow in the centre.

The ribbon fell away, and he flipped over the top. Inside was a brown package with a note on top of it. He slit open the lion-stamped seal and read.

‘Dearest Nemesis,’

Voldemort smirked.

‘It has come to my attention that you have been irritated and low, lately. As the person who is most affected by your bad moods, I will do whatever I can (within reason) to circumvent them. Inside, you will find three dozen biscuits and other small treats. You will also find sheets that are called “Wheel of Emotions”. I think it will help you stop being so constipated and confused about your inner workings.

Feel free to owl me when you run out. I’m not sure how frequently we can do this, but every once in a while shouldn’t hurt.

Farewell,

Your Detested’

The smile grew on Voldemort’s face as he read the letter. He ripped open the package and saw biscuits, eclairs, scones, and a variety of other pastries. Warmth flooded over him as he took a bite out of a biscuit.

There, he promised himself he’d only take one item a day to ration his supply.

Starting tomorrow.

Warmth enveloped Harry as they laid down to cuddle. They had built another pillow fort and laid down next to each other. With a quick kiss each, they settled into their usual positions, gripping him less tightly and allowing them to melt together rather than fit like puzzle pieces.

The soft sounds of instrumental music flittered through the air. Calmness filled his every sense, and he began to relax from the stressful testing day. There was an older air to it; their newer cuddles seemed to be charged with an odd tension, but this reminded him of their beginning days.

Something soft, simple, and sweet.

Tender circles rubbed onto his shoulder and hip, calming him even further. He let out a breath of relief and felt himself slipping into sleep, despite not being that tired.

And in the corner of his mind, there was a tremor of pure happiness from Voldemort’s side of their connection.

Harry Potter: Mysterious Connections?

'Dear readers,

Yesterday evening, at Hogsmeade, Harry Potter was spotted with two mysterious figures. As the picture depicts, they were wearing long black cloaks with enchantments that concealed their faces. The two are tall, pale men who accompanied Harry Potter the entire time he was in Hogsmeade.

It is noted that Harry Potter has never been seen with these figures before. The recent development is suspicious as it is nearing Yule Break, where the likelihood of him leaving is high.

The shop attendants that chose to speak with the Daily Prophet told us that they bought "Normal, everyday things. [Harry] Potter bought everything for them, mostly in sets of two." It appears that the treatment of the two people are equal to Harry Potter.

Is this another dark connection? Are these two figures Death Eaters in disguise? Hence the hidden identity? Or are these two less nefarious? Someone that Harry Potter has trusted and is now revealing to the public? Is this a strategic ploy to force attention on him again?

There are many questions that need to be answered.

Follow more at the Daily Prophet, for stories every day for the everyday person.

Rita Skeeter

Head of the Daily Prophet Press Department

December 2nd

All eyes were intruding on him as he strolled down the packed hallways. They turned and chatted with malicious intent behind closeted glances. Harry glowered, his mood dampened already by their hostility.

Even more glares followed him when he entered the sweet aroma of the Great Hall. He ignored them, holding his head high as he seated himself at the Gryffindor table. Hermione glanced at him with pity on her face and slid him the Daily Prophet.

Rage built up inside of him as he read the article. How dare they slander his boyfriends. He gritted his teeth and tried to consume his breakfast. He barely got any food in before Hedwig dropped off a letter for him. She bit at his fingers as he tried to take off the letter, only being distracted when he threw her a piece of bacon.

'Dear Harry,

Please meet me in my office after classes today.

Headmaster Albus Dumbledore

P.S. I enjoy liquorice swirls'

He wanted to snarl at the letter. His day was just getting worse and worse. He banged his head on the table and stayed down. Hermione patted his back, but he still rested.

The side-eyes followed him throughout the day. Even professors were looking at him skeptically, which infuriated him even more. He didn't even do anything wrong. He dared to hang out with someone nobody knew. That was his crime.

The steps up to Dumbledore's office never felt so long. Harry knocked at the door aggressively. The door opened, and Dumbledore waved him in, still sitting at his desk. Harry walked in and sat down across from him, his nails digging into his palms.

"Harry, I have a few questions before we go into another memory of Tom Riddle."

Dumbledore sat with the Daily Prophet in front of him.

"Who are these people?" He asked, pointing at the picture.

Thin trails of blood flowed on his fingers where his nails dug in.

"That's none of your business." Harry growled.

"My boy, I only wish to keep you safe - "

"Oh, like in the Triwizard Tournament? Or with any of the Defense Against the Dark Arts teachers? Or with the wards around the Dursley's house that let in - "Harry's mouth was forced closed.

Dumbledore sighed. "Harry, we are trying to protect you. You have nearly been caught in many other plots that we have been stopped."

Harry teeth could have been shattered by how hard he was crunching down. "Then tell me."

"We're trying to protect you; the more you know - "

"The worse danger I'm in. Yeah. I get it. But has that stopped anyone from trying to murder or capture me? No." Harry shook his head. It didn't matter that Dumbledore was unaware that Voldemort wanted to keep him alive.

Dumbledore's mouth was in a thin line. "I believe we are done here, Harry. We will be moving on to the memory now."

Still stewing in his annoyance, Harry followed him to the pensieve room.

"This memory would be from a magical citizen from when they were young and witnessed this atrocity. This is Voldemort attacking a woman for information." Dumbledore scrolled through his memories and picked up a short, silvery vial.

Harry sank into the memory.

The sound of distant explosions met his ears. He covered them, only barely muffling the sound. The house around him was dilapidated; like it was a second from falling apart. Harry stepped over a chunk of wall to see around.

“Now, now, we don’t have to do this.” Tom Riddle’s voice was rough, like he was one breath away from coughing his lungs out.

“Fuck off, you sociopath!” A woman screamed.

“Oh, no, no, this will simply not do.” Tom stalked around her.

“I don’t - “

“Crucio.” Tom cast the spell flatly, sighing as her screams ripped through the air.

Harry stumbled over more wreckage to fully see him. A child hid in the corner, peeking out from the rubble. And by the door was a woman he was attacking. She was young, in her mid-twenties, while Tom was a little older, in his early thirties. And, fuck, was he still hot.

The fact that he was covered in blood added to the appeal.

“Will you yield?” Tom asked, boredom seeping into his tone. His breath heaved ever so slightly.

“I already told you, I don’t know anything . . .” She cowered as a spell hit her, crying out in pain.

“I do not believe you. You must know something.” Tom raised his wand, about to cast another spell.

“F-Fine!” She raised her hands into the air, “I’ll - I’ll yield! She’s in muggle London, hiding in a hotel by Diagon.”

Tom hummed, a smirk on his face. “Now, that wasn’t so hard, now was it?”

She scrambled to the collapsed hallway. But Tom cast another spell that blocked her, sending an electric shock through her body. She spasmed on the floor, looking up at Tom with tears streaming down her face.

“Let me go.” She cried pitifully.

Tom tilted his head.

“Avada Kedavra.” He simply stated.

A bright green light later, she was on the floor, tear-filled eyes staring at the ceiling without another thought. Tom waltzed over to her and checked over her body. He pulled out a

magical coin pouch and a wand, pocketing both. The child in the corner scrambled to not be seen as he passed.

Harry was spat out of the memory.

“Amber was a kind woman who was at the wrong place at the wrong time.” Dumbledore sighed. “The woman he was searching for was the leader of the Muggleborn Representation Department at the time, a section in Wizengamot that has since been dissolved as tensions have lessened.”

A coldness covered Harry.

You knew he was a bad person.

Harry bit back a retort. He wanted to defend Tom—no, he was concretely Voldemort at this time. He wanted to defend Voldemort, but there was nothing to defend. He was in the wrong, hunting down a person who had sinned by merely representing muggleborns.

“I see,” Was all he could muster.

“You see now why you need to kill Voldemort. If he did it once, he will do it again.” Dumbledore sighed as he looked over the rows upon rows of bottled memories.

Change is possible.

“Now, you can see why you need to be the one to kill him.” Dumbledore placed his hand on Harry’s shoulder. “I know it is a large task, but we will help you every step of the way.”

He wanted to protest again. Wanted to tell him that Voldemort could change, that he has moved his positions since he’s talked to him. But Dumbledore’s mind was cemented. He thought Voldemort was evil as a small child, and he’ll continue to think that he’s a force of pure evil for the rest of his life.

Especially after all of the acts of horror he has committed.

“I know.” And he did. Harry knew they’d stop at nothing to help him kill Voldemort.

And for that matter, his horcruxes as well.

Himself included.

“Think on that, Harry. We are here for you.” Dumbledore patted him again.

Harry left the office feeling numb. His thoughts were on repeat like a record. He needed... someone. Tom and Riddle would bring up the memories of Voldemort, while Hermione and Ron would make him think of his duties as the-boy-who-needs-to-murder-Voldemort.

A small smile was on his face.

Hopefully, Luna would be in the room of requirements again.

Severus hated Order meetings.

Today, they were arguing on the scene in the Daily Prophet. Though he knows he should be more concerned about it, he couldn't bring himself to care. If they were in dark robes and disguised, they were Death Eaters. And the Death Eaters would not harm him. But their friendliness was something odd.

Perhaps one of the sets of twins was sent to watch over Potter? They did look similar to each other. They must be twins, or maybe brothers?

Severus shook his head. He was thinking too much. Potter was safe with them, and that's all he wanted to know.

What was weighing on his mind were the two horcruxes. He tried not to pry, but he knew they were physical -

The two people flanking him were the horcruxes.

A swirl of unease ate at his stomach. Potter knew they were the Dark Lord's horcruxes. He knew what they were. Yet he still decided to be with them. He certainly looked like he was there willingly.

As the others had said, they were courteous and kind to him. Did he think he was an outlier, or did he think they were truly capable of change?

His brain hurt. Too many questions and not enough answers for him. He needed answer, now.

"Severus, anything else to report on with Voldemort?" Albus asked him.

Severus winced as fire engulfed his forearm.

"Yes." He would tell a little bit of the truth. "Apparently, Potter was in the family wing with the rest of the inner circle while he was captured by the Dark Lord. He had numerous occasions of contact with them while he was there."

"What?" Alastor snarled. "Bullshit. They would have ripped him to shreds."

"He wouldn't have dared!"

"You-Know-Who wouldn't have allowed that!"

Severus felt indignant at their disbelief. "Tiberius had the most contact, and he's the sanest of the inner circle. He said he gave him heir-training. The Dark Lord also apparently gave him lessons."

He'd just omit the details about the sentient horcruxes.

“This won’t do.” Dumbledore shook his head. “Those were Death Eaters he was with. I would not doubt if they were there to train or pass on information. We need to watch closely before they get their claws into him.”

“If they haven’t already,” Alastor muttered.

“Harry wouldn’t do such a thing!” Molly defended the boy.

Severus snarled. “He was there for an entire month. We don’t know how easily he’d crack under long-term pressure.”

But was that such a bad thing?

If Potter defected, then that would mean that he wouldn’t have to fight for both sides. Potter would just passively watch as their world was conquered by the Dark Lord. And he’d be safe, not breaking Severus’ vow to him.

Severus sighed.

So many questions.

Not enough answers.

A bubble popped on Harry’s potion as he turned the heat to a rolling boil. He hummed to himself in the empty classroom. Well, empty except for Professor Slughorn.

“ - and it is hard, sometimes, to hide those who you love the most.” Professor Slughorn sighed, scooping some beetles into his cauldron.

“It’s sucks. I can’t be open about them, and it would be worse if I was.” Harry groaned.

He had gotten to disclose more and more of his relationship with Professor Slughorn. The man was just so easy to trust and to pour his thoughts and feelings into. And he gave good advice, too.

“Are you sure about that?” Professor Slughorn pressed again.

Harry shook his head. “Yeah. They’re a bit... controversial.”

That was not to say it lightly. How would their world react to him dating the horcruxes of Voldemort? They’d label him a terrorist. Say he’s gone dark and that he should be lynched or something like that.

“That happens when you date someone in the dark. Just remember to be safe. From what you’ve said, I have no need to doubt them, but always be careful. Graveyards are filled with people who thought their partner would never do such a thing.” Professor Slughorn sighed, staring listlessly into his cauldron.

His tone made Harry think he spoke from experience.

“I know, I know. But they are very sweet. We’ve only had one big fight, and that was entirely on me.” He still got a bit shaken up when he thought about it. It was an awful week for the both of them.

“Forgive my memory, but was that One or Two?” Professor Slughorn looked up at Harry’s cauldron and gave him a thumbs-up on his potion.

That was their code. Tom was One, Riddle was Two. It was their way of communicating that had it, so Harry kept their names a secret. Professor Slughorn, of all people, would know who Tom and Riddle were.

“One,” Harry stirred his potion. “He’s more guarded about the diary I gave him. Can’t blame him. Two is as well, but he hides it better.”

Professor Slughorn nodded. “Yes, yes, it will take time to restore all trust. And maybe they will be guarded. It is something you’ll have to learn to live with.”

“I know.” Harry shook his head. “Doesn’t stop me from feeling like shit.”

“Language, Mr Potter.” Professor Slughorn chastised him, but his tone wasn’t serious. “Perhaps you can try to desensitize yourself to it or give yourself reminders that all is fine when you see them. Or overall, avoid the areas where their diaries are located.”

“That’s a good idea.” He’d try all three. “Say, if I added a mermaid scale, sliced, to this, couldn’t I make it 1.5 times as effective?”

Professor Slughorn looked at his notes. “Yes, but it needs to be sliced thin enough. It’s an upper-level potion, and you’d need to add more mint and lichen. I’ll watch your potion while you check the excess supply; I prefer not to dig into the class supply.”

Harry rummaged through the potion’s closet. A small smile tinged his face as he did so. He’d never been caught dead here last year, yet he’d been here over and over again this year. He bet that he’d be there more next year, especially to study.

“We have about, hm, two handfuls of lichen and three of mint.” Harry may have been making potions for a while, but he still didn’t know how to measure ingredients.

“Hm, you can make the potion if you promise to help me harvest more ingredients.” Professor Slughorn thought for a moment. “Take half a handful of both for safe measures.”

Harry came back with his hands filled with mint and lichen.

“Pardon my terrible memory, but will your boyfriends be attending the Slug Club party? And if I may, the annual Winter Dance?” He asked, passing him a clean knife.

Harry bit his cheeks. “They said they’d have it covered so they could attend at least the Slug Club. They were discussing how we’d do the Winter Dance, and if we can’t figure something out, I may just eat and leave early to spend more time with them.”

Professor Slughorn chuckled. "Do as you wish. The heart wants what the heart wants."

The heart wants.

And Harry wanted him and his boyfriends to be able to walk around in public without fear or judgment.

The heart will want.

But the heart will not receive.

Chapter End Notes

Severus: Harry Potter is affectionately interacting with the Dark Lord's horcruxes.
Severus: (internal screeching)

Voldemort: What are these terrible feelings that consume me when Potter and my horcruxes are gone? And why does Potter say I have emotional issues?
Voldemort: oooo baked goods!

Harry: That fucking Rita Skeeter took a picture of me and my boyfriends, calling them Death Eaters! (murder instincts intensify)

Dumbledore: Who are these men? We just want to protect you.
Harry: You're not my dad, old man. And you're pretty shit at protecting.

Tom Riddle: (Murdering innocents)
Harry: Is it me or is it kinda sexy to be drenched in blood?

Dumbledore: Harry, we are here for you and want to protect you.
Also Dumbledore: (Plans to make sure he dies one day)

Severus: So Potter might be defecting.
Everyone: Bullshit!
Harry: (laughing evilly with his boyfriends)

Professor Slughorn: Be careful, Mr Potter (Wise words of advice)

Harry: But I want to go on cute dates with my boyfriends NOW!

A/N

I also cross-posted this to Wattpad and Fanfiction.net so if you see it there under the name "Penrot" then it's me lol. Also, thank you for 90K (94K right now)! I can't have done it without you lovely readers! Lots of love from me <3

ALSO

Link to my Tumblr where I post Tomarry art:

[Penrot's Tumblr](#)

Slug Club Party

Chapter Summary

Voldemort is definitely not jealous. Harry, Tom, and Riddle have a party and move a step forward in their relationship. Dumbledore is connecting dots.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Voldemort was agitated. He stared down at the Daily Prophet, his blood boiling in his veins.

Why were they so public?

He saw them holding hands, Potter laughing, as they walked down the streets of Hogsmeade. Carefree. Loving.

He threw the Daily Prophet off the table.

Why couldn't he have that? Have someone to run around with in public, hand-in-hand? Someone to frolic in the snow with and go shopping with. To go about their day, holding each other and loving their presence.

He shook his head. He shouldn't be thinking about it like that. Voldemort should be someone who does not care about the presence of others. He is someone who should live alone and will always be alone.

Then why did his chest ache when he thought about it?

Begrudgingly, he dug around in his top drawer to find the idiotic parchment that Potter gave him. He looked at the shaded wheel. The inner circle said anger, sadness, happiness, disgust, fear, and *love*. The middle circle had double the adjectives, with the outermost circle having double the adjectives of the middle circle. So many words he recognised, but didn't know what they felt like.

He flipped the page, seeing a few other circles with more adjectives. He scoured for one, trying his best to search for what he felt. He found one and followed the lines.

Jealousy.

Voldemort scoffed.

He wasn't jealous. It must be something else. Something more imposing, a bigger battle to defeat.

A fire ignited in his fireplace. He chunked the prophet inside, watching with satisfaction as it combusted.

It wasn't fair.

Harry hummed as he readied himself for the Slug Club party. The hands of Tom and Riddle darted around him, adjusting everything from his maroon cloak to his cream button-up to his dark grey slacks.

"That tickles," Harry squirmed as they were trying to tuck in his shirt better.

"I would tickle-attack you right now if we didn't have anywhere to be." Tom giggled menacingly.

"You all look somewhat presentable," Emerald commented from her perch next to Onyx.

"A little." Onyx hissed as well.

They finally finished, and then moved on to grooming themselves. Not that they needed much; they were already one step away from perfect. Tom smoothed out his light grey vest and plucked at his leaf-green button-up, while Riddle dusted off imperfections of his as well; their wardrobes were the same with the colours reversed.

"We need to be a bit early. It shows good character." Riddle brushed a hand through his hair, making it a little more ruffled-looking than Tom's.

"You both look amazing; let's go!" Harry tugged them along.

"You can call us Thomas and Ridley for the night," Tom laughed, giving him a wink.

"That's brilliant," Harry laughed back. "Did you figure out a way to conceal yourself yet?"

"Yes, we did." Riddle looked at Tom.

"We thought we'd do a simple selective-glamours spell we found in the depths of the Chamber's library. If you may, we'll need to tie the magic to you, as we cannot support it because it takes more magic, but it applies glamours so that everyone else but the select people can see through it." Tom explained, reaching for Harry's wand.

"It won't take too much, but we don't want to accidentally disappear." Riddle leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. "We need to test our limits one of these days."

"Okay, got it. Cast away!" Harry stretched his arms out.

Tom muttered a series of words, sounding more like he was casting a curse than a glamour spell. But he felt something prick at his chest, connecting him to Tom and Riddle.

Their faces appeared a bit glittery, as if they had sprayed themselves with sparkles, and if he squinted, he could see their distorted facial features. But it was hard to see what had changed as they meshed together.

“Do you feel fine?” Tom asked him, brushing his hand through his hair.

“It’s a bit prickly, but it’s fine.” Harry winced.

Tom and Riddle glanced at each other.

“Okay, then. Plan B: we walk in, cast a spell on Slughorn and Ginny so that they are the only ones who see us glamourized, and continue as normal.” Riddle rubbed his hands together.

Tom chanted again, and the prick disappeared. He sighed in relief and waited for either of them to take further action.

“Let’s go. I’ll go for Ginny, you for Slughorn.” Tom instructed Riddle.

“Angel, would you try to lure Slughorn out of the hall? Tom will slip in and spell Ginny. I don’t expect anyone else there to recognise a silent spell being cast.” Riddle laced Harry’s hand with his own and guided him forward.

“I can try. Lag behind me a bit in the hall, alright?” Harry bounced to catch up with them.

Them and their damned long legs and their fast walking.

They reached the piping and floated up until they were in the hall near the potion’s room. Tom and Riddle were behind him, at the end of the hall, while he was at the beginning. Harry, determined, saw the potion-themed decorations in a doorway.

Inside, people milled about, talking at the punch table. The ceilings were draped with muted green chiffon fabric with white and black roses on the columns that were against the walls. The large oval table was expanded, with a black satin tablecloth covering the wood underneath.

“Professor Slughorn? May we talk in private for a moment?” Harry asked as soon as the man was within his sights.

“Of course, my boy!” Professor Slughorn tipped the top hat he was wearing.

Harry lured him into the hallway. He could see Riddle lurking in the shadows by the bend in the hall while a disillusioned Tom brushed past him. He walked him about halfway down the hall before turning around.

“I . . . now that a lot of people were curious about the people who were with me in the prophet—my boyfriends, so if you could, please don’t tell anything about them that you learn to the other professors? Some of the other professors seemed a little too involved in my love life for someone who knows nothing about them.”

When Harry rambled on, he could hear the faint hissing of parseltongue behind him. Professor Slughorn was about to answer when he shifted, a glossy look going over his eyes for just a second. The parseltongue stopped.

“But of course, my boy! I would never do such a thing! Everything my students tell me stays under lock and key!” Professor Slughorn patted his shoulder reassuringly.

“Got it. Sorry, I was just a bit worried.” Harry laughed nervously.

He could hear shuffling behind him. A hand wrapped around his waist, and a brush of a cloak was at his side.

“Sorry, Angel, it was hard to find the restroom. Is Thomas in there yet?” Riddle hummed, staring at Professor Slughorn with just a hint of tension.

But Professor Slughorn gave no sign of remembering. Riddle relaxed.

“I think he slipped past me. I hope he’s socialising, you two are such shut-ins.” Harry leaned into Riddle’s side.

Looking past Slughorn, he could see Tom peeking out of the doorway and flashing them a thumbs-up before disappearing inside.

“Ah, and is this One or Two?” Professor Slughorn asked in a humorous tone.

“Two. Ridley, Professor Slughorn.” Harry smiled, taking the initiative and guiding them back inside. Professor Slughorn and Riddle shook hands.

“Ah, the passionate one.” Professor Slughorn gestured for them to enter the doorway first.

Riddle chuckled. “Aw, am I the passionate one? What does that make Thomas?”

“The sweet one.” Professor Slughorn answered with a wink.

Riddle and Professor Slughorn shared a laugh. Harry’s face was steadily growing red. Was this how the entire night would go?

Inside, Tom was socializing with Hermione, talking on and on about something academic. Harry hadn’t seen Hermione that enlightened in years. It’s like she managed to brew the polyjuice potion again.

Beside her, what he assumed was her date glowered. A smirk lit Harry’s face as he saw the scene. But he decided to leave them to it and try to find someone else to talk to. He scoured the room for someone.

Blaise and Theodore. A perfect pair.

Harry approached them, a smile on his face. “Hello, hello, you two.”

“Hello, Harry.” Theodore nodded at him before he processed that Riddle was looming over them.

“Merlin be damned, Harry. Is this your boyfriend?” Blaise whistled lowly, eyes raking over Riddle.

“Yes,” Riddle answered for him, “Ridley, and you?”

“Blaise Zabini.” Blaise shook his hand eagerly.

“Theodore Nott.” Theodore took his hand as well.

Riddle hummed as he listened to their names. “Ah, the divination and astronomy proteges. I’ve heard about you”

“All good things, I hope.” Theodore glanced at Harry. Blaise just shrugged.

“Yes, yes, of course.” Riddle stared down at Harry. “Angel, would you like any punch? And any snacks? Those brownies look simply divine.”

Harry nodded. “Punch, please. And I want the treacle tart.”

Riddle ruffled Harry’s hair before departing.

Blaise and Theodore’s gaze followed Riddle until he was out of earshot. They immediately turned to him.

“Angel,” Blaise swooned dramatically, leaning on Theodore.

“Shut it.” Harry blushed hard.

“No, no, it’s sweet.” Blaise tried to contain himself. “I just didn’t expect it. He seems dark and mysterious, not someone that would give out pet names.”

“I’m not a pet.” Harry grumbled.

“Sure.” Theodore rolled his eyes. “How have you been? We’ve just been talking about Blaise’s mother’s newest boyfriend.”

“Fiancee.” Blaise corrected.

Theodore waved him off.

Harry felt a presence behind him.

“A treacle tart, love.” Tom offered him the treat.

“Ah, thank you.” Harry’s face lit up again. His treacle tart.

Blaise and Theodore looked confused.

Riddle approached them. “Aw, you got to him first. I thought I was feeding him.” He chuckled.

A lightbulb went off for Blaise and Theodore.

“There’s *two* of them?” Blaise whispered under his breath. Theodore elbowed him.

Harry stacked his treacle tarts and bit into them. “No, I want both.”

Tom and Riddle shared a look.

“Where’d you find them, Harry?” From beside him, Hermione popped up.

“Well, uh - “

“By a restaurant in the muggle world.” Tom lied easily. “I may have spilt some of my drink on him when I was leaving, and I wanted to atone for my actions by getting him new clothes. We met up, chatted, and ended on good terms, promising to talk again. It didn’t take long to realise we both were wizards, and some attraction built.”

“Then I showed up.” Riddle wrapped an arm around his waist. “I needed to gather Thomas, and that’s when I met Harry.”

Blaise placed a hand on his heart. “How touching.”

Theodore elbowed Blaise.

“How did you handle Harry being kidnapped?” Hermione asked them, her prying tone obvious.

“Bold to assume we weren’t taken as well.” Tom continued.

The three faces fell.

“Was it bad?” Theodore broke the silence.

Riddle shook his head. “Harry had it much worse than either of us. We were left mostly alone.” A smile lit his face. “We had more time to bond there. One day, I saw the two lovebirds cuddling and insisted that I be included.”

“It wasn’t that bad,” Harry mumbled. He hated it when any pity was thrown his way.

Tom’s brows furrowed. “Oh, then I’ll just have your hip carved out again if you think it’s fine.”

Harry glared at Tom.

The other three shivered. Hermione looked back and forth before clearing her voice.

“So you got together with him during his kidnapping?” Hermione exclaimed. She looked at Harry, a bit skeptical.

“Yes. Silver lining?” Riddle shrugged.

The six moved on to better topics. At one point, Daphne Greengrass, Blaise’s date, and Tracy Davis, Theodore’s date, joined them. They all chatted; no one seemed to be able to pry their eyes away from his boyfriends.

Which, if he had been in their shoes, he wouldn’t have either.

His boyfriends bustled with ego as they were oggled. Figures, they only had him to be utterly enchanted by him; now they had everyone with their eyes on him. They were basking in the attention.

He wondered if that was how others reacted to him when he was in school.

Probably.

Before long, everyone was gathered around them. There were a few streams of conversations in the different corners, some chatting about classes while others told stories of their past.

Tom and Riddle, of course, spun their fictitious tales. Harry butted in from time to time to tell his own little bits, but mostly left out the kidnapping chunk of time. The group seemed surprised that the two weren’t tortured, but they managed to lie enough to convince them.

“While I’m sure that we all would love to stand around and chat more, shall we take it to the table?” Professor Slughorn butted into their conversation and finished with the one he was having with Flora, Hestia, and their dates.

They all gravitated toward the table. Harry grinned as Tom escorted him, and Riddle pulled out his chair for him. They truly were such gentlemen at parties. But at the same time, he liked their crassness sometimes.

Tom and Riddle flanked him. Hermione sat next to Tom, enthralled in another academic conversation. Riddle, meanwhile, captured Theodore in a talk about astronomy.

A blush crossed his face as his boyfriends placed a hand on each leg, their fingertips brushing against the inner thigh. Harry tried to straighten up and ignore them. It was only semi-successful.

“Welcome all.” Professor Slughorn’s gaze swept across the members and guests. “Now, let’s cut the small talk; it’s time to eat!”

Piles of food on silver platters popped up everywhere, the amazing aroma wafting through the air. Platters of meat, finger sandwiches, pasta, soups, and all kinds of food were laid out for their eating.

“Rid-ley,” Harry almost said Riddle’s name, “would you pass a baguette? I only want like a third if you want any.”

Riddle glanced at Tom, “Thomas, you?”

“I’ll take a third if you do.” Tom made grabby hands at the baguette.

The three each got a third and started their first round with soup and pasta. Harry hummed as he ate; it truly was delicious. He indulged in little bits of steak fed to him by Tom. There was even this tasty thing called a crab ragoon that he definitely needed to get more of. Add it to the list of his favourite foods so Voldemort would know how to feed him when he went back.

“So are you two twins?” Hestia asked after a lull in the conversations.

Tom answered for them. “No, I’m a year younger.”

Blaise hitched an eyebrow. “Must have been a hassle for your parents. What do they do?”

His boyfriends paused. “Ah, they are dead.” Riddle settled on

The room went silent, only interrupted by Harry’s snicker.

“Yeah, us orphans got to flock together.” Harry joked, taking a bite of another crab ragoon.

Theodore gagged on his drink. Ginny coughed out her bread. And Professor Slughorn sharply inhaled his breath, hiding a smile behind his hand.

“Of course, we do, love.” Tom breathed, giving him a quick kiss on the cheek.

Daphne Greengrass seemed to glare at Theodore as she watched Harry and his boyfriends interact. Theodore raised his hands in defence while Blaise giggled.

“Well then.” Slughorn clapped his hands. “This has been a successful party, right?”

A chorus of “Yes!” filled the air.

“Well good, well good. We will have another meeting, say, the week of Valentine's day, and perhaps at the end of the school year?” Professor Slughorn surveyed the people to gauge their reactions.

“Yeah.”

“Of course!”

“Yes!”

Other agreements rang out.

Professor Slughorn clapped his hands together. “Well then, we are officially dismissed. Don’t mind me if you choose to stay around while I clean up. And do take some of the food; it won’t eat itself.”

Harry made a dash to the remaining treacle tarts.

Tom and Riddle laughed at him, with Riddle stepping over to grab a few brownies and Tom some crab ragoons. Hermione rolled her eyes, but it didn’t stop her from swiping some

biscuits. Before long, most of the food was stashed away in tiny bags Professor Slughorn passed out.

All of them stayed back (bar McLaggen) stayed behind to chat and help Professor Slughorn take down the decorations. It wasn't long before everything was neatly packed away or vanished, and the room looked desolate once again.

"Off you go! Don't stay up too late!" Professor Slughorn warned them as he waved them off.

Hermione gave Harry a wink and dragged Ginny back to Gryffindor Tower. Harry blushed. Together, the three sank into the darkness and disappeared into the Chamber.

"That was... so much fun." Harry hummed as they entered the bedroom.

"A bit draining." Riddle commented, "But yes, it's very fun."

"I want another one!" Tom exclaimed.

"I'll make sure you two can come." Harry moved his hands to unbutton his shirt, but Tom stopped him.

Slowly, glancing down at Harry, Tom reached for Harry's collar. He undid the first button and began to move onto the next one. Harry's face felt like fire as Tom unbuttoned his shirt. As he was done with the final button, he carefully removed Harry's cloak and shirt.

"Aw, you made him all red." Riddle cooed, sliding his legs out of his slacks.

Harry looked over, only to turn a brighter shade of red as he saw Riddle in just his tight-fitting black boxers. Tom similarly took the initiative and quickly stripped.

"Shower or bed?" Tom asked, with some hesitancy in his voice.

"M'tired. Bed." Harry answered with a yawn.

He kicked off the rest of his clothes and was down to his loose red boxers. He gently grasped both of their hands and led them to the bed. Of course, not before noticing that they also had a dusting of pink on their cheeks.

Hypocrites.

His stomach stirred as he watched them *crawl* on the bed towards him. Their desire leaked through their delicate touches that roamed over his body. The feeling made his heart yearn for them even more, even if they were right next to him.

A gossamer touch lingered on his waist, Tom's fingertips sending goosebumps through him. Ghosting on his hips by Riddle gave him a warm feeling just below his belly button. He basked in their attention, shivering as the heat grew between them.

Tom turned Harry's head with his index finger, slowly bringing their lips together. They moved against each other, Harry's yearning and Tom's wanting mixing into a beautiful

concoction.

A groan left Harry as Riddle's mouth wandered over his neck. Kissing, biting, from his jawline to his collarbone. He didn't know why, but he pulled Riddle lower. He went down, *down* to his chest.

Tom moved lower as well, delicately peppering the crook of his neck with kisses. He placed a playful bite, then started to suck on his neck. Bruises were left in their wake, going up and down any exposed skin.

Riddle bit at him, teasing the area around his nipples with sharp bites. He groaned, running a hand through his hair. Riddle laughed darkly as he finally closed his mouth around Harry's nipple. His tongue ran across it, and Harry's back arched.

Harry couldn't contain his hitched breaths. He could hardly stop himself from squirming as it was. His entire body felt warm, like everything else he'd ever experienced was cold.

"How do you like this?" Tom's voice was huskier than normal.

"A . . . lot." Managed to escape his mouth.

They continued to kiss and nip at him until hickies covered his skin. It all finally ended as they moved up his skin until they were back to curling around him.

"Hm, we did make a lot of marks." Riddle hummed, any wetness magically disappearing as he whipped a thumb across each spot.

"Y - Yeah." Harry was still shaken up by the whole experience. He was still tingling on the inside.

"Would you mind doing this more? I simply adore those lovely sounds you make." Tom purred, snuggling close to him.

"I should hope so." Harry hummed, tired, as he leaned into their touch.

"Hmm, but I want to hear them for longer. Could you handle that?" Riddle lightly stroked his cheek.

"Of course!" Harry was a bit indigent; they thought he was too weak to hold up to them. "Don't hold back." "Don't hold back? We'll have to keep that in mind for next time." Riddle went back to rubbing circles on his hip.

"*No mercy*," Tom hissed. Harry felt a jolt through him as he heard him speak.

"Ah, so you have a thing for parseltongue as well? Another thing to keep in mind." Riddle teased.

"Shut it." Embarrassed, Harry's face lit up with fire again.

Annoyance ate at Severus. It wasn't an Order meeting, but perhaps worse, it was a staff meeting. Everyone gathered around a long rectangular table at an ungodly late hour. He huffed, scooting up in his chair more.

"- And with that, I propose we change the classes so the Herbology and Charms hours are flipped." Filius offered, pointing at a parchment that proved that it would be a good change.

"That works better for our planning periods." Minerva nodded.

Severus tapped his fingers impatiently.

The door opened behind them.

"Ah, Horace, how nice of you to join us." Albus said as Horace sat down between Severus and Filius.

"Sorry, we stayed a bit longer than expected at the Slug Club party." Horace apologised, waving off Albus.

"How was the party?" Albus asked with a certain look in his eyes.

Horace smiled. "Just swimmingly! Everyone had a good time, and they stayed to clean up. We planned another meeting before Valentine's Day and at the end of the school year."

"Anything to say about Harry Potter? He has been disappearing very often." Albus inquired, his eyebrows furrowing.

Horace kept his lips tight. "Now you know, Albus, I cannot disclose any information I may have on a student."

Albus sighed. "Horace, I only want what is best for my students. I worry he is not being safe."

Horace looked taken aback. "I can only say that he is happy and doesn't have a scratch on him. Anything else, I would say, is out of your field."

Severus smirked. He always liked Horace - the name still felt weird to say in his head - because he never bent to Albus's will. He stayed strong, whereas Severus often found himself buckling under the pressure. Like when he made the vow to protect Potter.

"Horace - "

"That is enough, Albus. You know, I never say anything that a student has or has not revealed to me. Let the boy be." Horace insisted again.

Albus sighed heavily. He turned and continued, pointing to the board. They carried on until the clock chimed, with Albus dismissing them moments later. But Severus stayed behind because Albus always had some mission or something to say to him afterwards.

"Severus?" Albus called out to him once everyone had vacated the room.

“Yes, Albus?” Severus wasn’t in the mood for another conversation.

“Watch out for Harry. He’s been disappearing more, and Horace will not reveal anything about him. I think that means that Harry has confided in him, and Horace seems more hostile than normal.” Albus furrowed his brows and walked to the window that overlooked the castle grounds.

“I will try.” Severus would not, not for Albus. But his own curiosity was eating at him. Where did Potter go?

“I,” Albus sighed, “I fear the connections between him and Voldemort. When he was younger, there was some, but he aged out of it. Recently, he has only regressed. I can’t help but see the similarities.”

Severus blinked. Hearing about the Dark Lord was a rare occurrence. Albus mainly avoided talking about him, especially the younger him, and tried to talk about his other actions. The little scraps he did get were of him being evil: murdering Myrtle and framing Rubius, persuading students to do his bidding, or seeing the other Slytherins cower in fear of him. And that one memory of him in the orphanage that made Severus’s blood cold.

And Potter was similar to him?

“He has been acting differently. I will watch him during class and when I have the time.”

Potter was acting odd. Although he is never around and the librarian barely reported seeing him, his grades had increased exponentially. They had to come to the realisation that he wasn’t cheating after he got an O on an exam after being administered an anti-cheating quill.

“Report to me all of your findings. There are dots that are not connecting.” Albus instructed.

Severus nodded. He took his cue and swept out of the room.

Chapter End Notes

Voldemort: What is this longing within me? This need to have what he has? To hold someone's hand, to go on cute dates, and to have this hole in my chest filled?

Voldemort: It is not jealousy. (It is)

Professor Slughorn: You are the passionate one.

Riddle: (Smirk)

Harry: (Explodes like the heat-death of the universe)

Riddle: Angel.

Blaise: *Angel*

Harry: (Embarrassed but also flattered)

Blaise: Holy shit! Two? You got two of these hunks? Two? They both love you? And they are brothers?

Harry: Hell yes I do!

Riddle: He owns our hearts.

Tom: He owns our soul, actually.

Tom and Riddle: (Feeding him, loving him, being gentlemen)

Everyone: (Jealous)

Tom and Riddle: (Biting, kissing, licking him)

Harry: I am so into this. I want more. More!

Tom and Riddle: But of course, love/angel.

Dumbledore: I fear the parallels between Harry and Voldemort.

Harry: (Training with Voldemort, dating Voldemort's soul, living with Voldemort)

Snape: Is he really?

A/N

Soooooooo, I'm just going to say it now (again). I never thought I'd get this far for a fan room, let alone in 25 chapters. I'm about (checking stats) 250ish hits away from 100k. I'm thinking about doing something for myself to celebrate.

So, I'll thank you all now. Thank you for sticking around this long (it's our 5 month anniversary) and keeping up with your comments and everything. I recognise the names and I remember the profile pictures.

Hope you keep reading, and love you very much <3.

Winter Dance

Chapter Summary

Dumbledore and Harry have a tense conversation. Harry finally gets to take his boyfriends to the Winter Dance. And... ;)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

‘Potter,

Could you stop your defiling of my others on Sundays and Wednesdays from 10:00 PM to 2:00 AM? I have meetings and it’s rather distracting during that.’

The letter was short and to the point. Harry hummed as he tucked it in his pocket. It was a more reasonable request. Now that his and his boyfriend’s makeout session had gotten more heated - delightfully so - he assumed that the feelings that trickled through were stronger.

That would be distracting, to say the least.

It was a bit embarrassing to think about. Voldemort, the Dark Lord himself, knew exactly when and for how long he and his boyfriends were having relations. He shuddered to think of the reaction when they moved past making out.

Voldemort might implode.

But he shrugged it off. He could manage to keep his hands and lips to himself for four hours, two days a week. They could always just turn in early on those days. As revenge, however, he’d have to ask his boyfriends if they could be more intense for longer the next day. That would be Voldemort’s punishment for depriving him of his lovers.

“Harry? You’re smiling like an idiot again.” Hermione muttered to him, elbowing his side.

“Ah, right.” Harry’s face went neutral again.

“Another letter?” She winked.

“Yeah.”

He was going to ask Voldemort to send him letters through Pipskey, but he figured that Hedwig needed the exercise. They’d been chatting a little more lately. It was a simple little message, but it was nice to keep in contact with him.

‘Dearest Nemesis,

I suppose your request is agreeable. Expect the following days to be plagued by repercussions.'

Harry smiled as he rolled up the parchment paper and tied it to her leg. She nibbled on his fingers as he did, and he threw her some mysterious meat that was on the table.

His smile fell as another owl delivered him a letter. Dread sat in his stomach as he flipped open the flap.

'Dear Harry,

Please come to my office at 6 PM today.

P.S. I enjoy strawberry twists

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore'

He sighed.

Another meeting with Dumbledore. Was it to show him that his boyfriends were evil incarnate? Interrogate him about his love life? Ask him to kill Voldemort?

It was probably all of the above.

His day would be wrecked by his nerves. Hermione and Ron tried to calm him down, confused as to why he was so cagey, but he wasn't budging.

Dumbledore was getting more insistent that he reveal the identities of the 'mysterious figures' he was with, and a tiny part of him was worried that he would use legilimency to get his answers. He hadn't shown it before, but his boyfriends' and Voldemort's slanderous words about Dumbledore were echoing in his head.

He stepped up to Dumbledore's office with more dread in his stomach. A breath escaped him, and he raised his occlumency walls higher. He just needed to breathe.

"Harry, come in." Dumbledore's voice came from the other side of the door.

How the fuck did he know he was there?

Harry shook his head and encroached into the room. Snape was there by Dumbledore's desk, his face twisted in anger. His eyes narrowed at Harry, and he walked up to him. A flicker of uncertainty went through Snape's eyes.

"Potter." Snape sneered, brushing past him.

"Snape." Harry mocked back in the same nasally voice.

"Harry," Dumbledore warned. "Do not press Professor Snape. He has experienced a terrible day."

What did Voldemort do?

So many questions.

“Fine. What are we going over today?” Harry asked as he stood by Dumbledore’s desk.

Dumbledore looked at him seriously. “Harry, Professor Slughorn has a memory that I require. You and he are close, and I expect no one else to be capable of retrieving it.”

“What memory is it?” He’d seen a lot of memories with Tom, Riddle, and Slughorn.

“I have reasons to believe that Voldemort, when he was young, told Professor Slughorn about horcruxes. A piece of someone’s soul placed inside an item, chipped away by murder. I need you to retrieve that for me.” Dumbledore’s words were carefully pronounced.

“What will that memory mean? Like, long-term?” Harry asked, panic brewing in his veins.

“Long-term,” Dumbledore stroked his beard, “If we destroy all the horcruxes, we can make Voldemort mortal. There, you will be able to end his existence.”

Destroy all the horcruxes.

Harry’s heart ached at the idea. He fought back tears.

“You have already destroyed one, and I destroyed another one. How many horcruxes there are is the question. I believe Professor Slughorn has that information.” Dumbledore pressed the issue further.

“So how do I get it?” Would he need to make him admit it during veritaserum?

“You would have to ask him to give the memory willingly. Or, have him show you the memory through legilimency.” Dumbledore let out another sigh. “I have not been successful in asking him for it; perhaps you will have a better chance at it.”

“I can’t guarantee I’ll get it.” Harry would not even try. The horcruxes were to go undiscovered.

Dumbledore nodded. “And, Harry, we need to talk about you disappearing during the day.” Dumbledore reached into his drawer and pulled out some pages of parchment.

“What do you . . .” He really couldn’t deny it. “Why? I come back.”

Dumbledore shook his head. “You have been missing at least once a day since the beginning of the semester. Not to mention that you have only slept in your dorm twenty times as well. I have also heard rumors from the student body as well.”

Harry’s palms were sweaty.

“Harry, where do you go?”

Harry opened his mouth, then closed it. Tell the truth or lie? Who was he kidding? They were following him and keeping track of him. He probably knew that he was sneaking off to the Chamber.

“Well, uh.” Harry looked down at the floor. “The Chamber of Secrets.”

Dumbledore sighed. “And what do you do in the Chamber of Secrets?”

“I read or practice spells. And potions. It’s really quiet down there, and if I blow it up, it’s not like I’ve done it anywhere with people there. I dragged some things down there, and I’ve found it easier to sleep down there.” He slipped out. He hoped his lie was good enough.

Dumbledore paused.

“And is there anything at all you want to tell me, Harry? Anything at all?”

“No.” He didn’t need to know anything else.

Dumbledore had a pensive look on his face. “Very well. Try to be in your dorm at least twice a week, and we will not press any disciplinary actions.”

Harry bit the inside of his cheeks to prevent an outburst. “Fine.”

He stormed out of the room, his face growing furious as he exited the room. He saw a professor out of the corner of his eye and stalked off into the dungeons. He found an empty classroom, and he blasted the stone off the wall.

Rubble filled the classroom, and he blasted another wall. There were no spells, just anger. Harry breathed hard as he threw more magic into the room. Spare chairs and desks blew up, shattering into splinters.

A heavy breath left his mouth. He was surrounded by wreckage. Stinging peppered his body, leaving light streaks of blood on him from where the debris cut into him.

A knock sounded behind him.

Professor Slughorn stood where the door used to be and removed his hand from the doorframe.

“Mr Potter?” Professor Slughorn spoke with a calming voice. “Did you have a bad day?”

“Yeah.” Harry panted. “I had a conversation with Dumbledore.”

“Ah, it gets to the best of us.” Professor Slughorn laughed. “What was it about, if I may ask?”

Harry plopped himself down on the floor, brushing aside a chair leg. “In the Chamber of Secrets, there’s a personal quarters that’s hidden. I meet with my boyfriends there, and we sleep in one of the bedrooms at night. Dumbledore asked me to be in my dorm for two days a week.”

“I know he’s being more reasonable than most people would be, but I can’t help but be mad. I want to be around them. I want to be in the Chamber. I want to sleep in a nice bed with my boyfriends.” Harry rested his head on his hands with a pout on his face.

“You’ve been to the Chamber of Secrets?” Professor Slughorn’s tone was more curious than terrified, but it was a mix of both.

“Well,” Professor Slughorn glanced at the hallways, “sometimes there’s some good to being apart from them.”

“I know, but I don’t want to.” Harry complained.

Professor Slughorn entered the room. He withdrew his wand, fixed two chairs, and gestured for him to sit on one. He took the other and patted Harry on the back.

“Have you tried distracting yourself when you’re away? Hang out with friends, or make new ones?” He spoke the last bit with hesitancy.

Harry sighed. He knew he was growing distant from Ron and Hermione. But that was partially on them as well. They stepped back when he tried to speak his mind, and that hurt him. It hurt to know his inner thoughts disturbed them.

“I’ll try. I’ll try.” Harry shook his head.

“Well, how about you do something else to destress you?” Professor Slughorn asked him.

Harry thought for a moment. “Hm, I’ll go find Luna.”

He bid Professor Slughorn farewell and hopped along to the room of requirements. Hopefully, there, he’d find her.

Nerves ate at Harry as he looked at the calendar. There was a big snowflake on the day, written with blue ink with glitter around it.

The night of the Winter Dance.

Tonight.

He yelped as he felt arms wrapped around his waist. A chuckle sounded behind him, and Tom kissed his cheek.

“Why so jumpy?” Tom swayed them back and forth.

“I’m just - I’m nervous.”

Harry hadn’t attended the Winter Dance last year. Umbridge had cancelled it, and he wasn’t old enough beforehand. He heard it wasn’t as grand as it was when the Tri-Wizard Tournament happened, but it was still a dance. At least it wasn’t mandatory.

“If you’re that nervous, we can just stay outside.” Riddle commented from the doorway. “We don’t have to be inside. Just go, get some snacks, and we can stick near the courtyard.”

“Really?” Harry asked, surprised.

They enjoyed the Slug-Club party, so why wouldn’t they enjoy the Winter Dancel?

“Love, we just want to dress fancy and dance with you.” Tom said, catching onto his train of thought.

“Plus!” Riddle strode over to them. “That means we don’t have to apply glamours.”

“We might get caught,” Harry pointed out.

“Then let us get caught. We’ll just have to be careful. If we do, we can just have to think something up if we do.” Tom reassured him.

“You have everything prepared?” Harry bit his lip.

“Of course, angel. We modified two of the old dress robes that were down here. There was a lot of lace, but we managed. It’s not a crime to have a little bit of ruffle.” Riddle ran his hand through Harry’s hair.

“Okay, okay. When are we getting ready?” Harry took fifteen minutes to get ready last time, but he wanted to put more effort in.

Riddle tapped his chin. “Well, I always took about an hour and a half. But if we pre-press and get everything laid out beforehand, I bet we can get ready in an hour.”

An hour?

Tom saw the shock on his face. “You don’t have to get ready for that long. We just... preferred our hair to be very tamed, our eyebrows plucked, and the rest of our face groomed”

Harry lightly patted Tom’s jaw. “Aw, you’re going to get rid of the scratchiness?”

“Scratchiness?” Tom repeated. He touched his jawline, then flung his hand back as if he had touched something hot.

“What’s wrong?” Harry asked with a tilted head.

“It’s . . . Tom and Riddle looked at each other, then away. “How about we talk about it later, okay?”

Harry shrugged. They were probably just paranoid about something.

“Let’s do something in the meantime, shall we?” Riddle extended his hand, a smirk on his face.

“Something to pass the time.” Tom continued, whispering in Harry’s ear.

“How subtle. Come on, someone just stick their tongue down my throat.” Harry laughed, lightly kissing Tom.

“How romantic.”

Harry fretted with his robes. The maroon didn't quite seem the right colour, the sleeves were a little too short, and something about it just looked wrong. Was it his waistcoat? Or his tie -

“You look amazing, love.” He complimented him from the doorway.

“But I don't *feel* it.” Harry plucked at his tie.

“What's wrong?” Tom approached him from behind and stood, looking into the mirror.

“It's the wrong colour. I think it needs to be darker. And a little longer. Something about my tie is wrong, and I think my waistcoat is just... wrong.” Harry rambled on.

“It needs to be the colour of my scales!” Emerald hissed from her position, sitting on top of the mirror.

“I think my child's colour would be a nice accent.” Onyx swished her tail, Topaz swaying in the water.

“Hm.”

Tom's hand moved down Harry's side and snatched the wand from his waistband. He pointed it at Harry's robes, the colour changing a shade darker and longer. The wand moved to his tie, changing it into a black bowtie. On his waistcoat, the once solid grey changed to a flannel-esque pattern that was just barely visible.

“Better?”

“Better.” Harry nodded. It did greatly improve his look.

“Someone looks stunning!” Riddle yelled as he entered the room.

“It's you two.” Harry remarked.

They were quite stunning. Their black robes must have been made of velvet, shining in the candlelight, with little white ruffles at the sleeve by the wrist. Grey undershirts poked out beneath their dark green with silver swirls waistcoats. It hugged their sides, accentuating it. Their long legs looked even longer in their well-fitted black slacks.

The only difference was the lining of their robes. Tom's was silver with dark green snakes embroidered on it, and Riddle's was dark green with silver snakes.

“You're missing... something.” Harry commented after another look. “I think you need a tie.”

Tom and Riddle hummed. Tom retreated, coming back a minute later with two white ties. Now, their outfits were complete.

“Will you pin our boutonnieres?” Riddle held out two white roses with short stems and tiny white flowers tied around them.

“A what?” Harry asked, taking the flowers. They had a little pin stabbed through the back.

“It’s the flower things you wear on the side of your chest. A fancy thing.” Tom explained.

“Oh, okay.”

Harry’s hand shook as he pinned the boutonnieres. They were on the left, on the opposite side of their Slytherin crests.

“And now for you.” Tom held up one that was similar but with two roses.

Tom gently pinned him, making sure that nothing would stab him.

“Gorgeous. We’ll be in the courtyard; take your time inside.” Riddle tried to tame Harry’s hair but failed.

“I’ll be out soon.” He promised.

“Onyx, I know you want to come along, but please stay behind.” Tom plucked the serpent from his pocket and deposited her in the tank. She hissed in displeasure.

Tom held out a camera and demanded they take a picture. How he got the camera was beyond him, but it looked suspiciously like one he had seen in Voldemort’s office. Little theft. They took photos together, apart, and then holding him. Harry laughed, each time being caught by the flashing lights.

“I will scrapbook each of these.” Tom placed the photos on the side table.

Together, they set off. They led him to a pipe, floating to the top. With a short kiss goodbye, they parted ways.

Harry’s palms sweated as he walked into the Great Hall. Gone were the long tables; instead, they were replaced with circular ones with white tablecloths. It had been decorated with a winter theme, with snow floating from the ceiling and disappearing just above people’s heads. Tables of food and drinks lined a wall, with a large area in the centre blank for dancing.

He strolled over to the snack table, searching for treacle tarts. He found them, cut down into small little cupcake shapes. He snatched some punch and chowed down. But his stomach couldn’t handle it; it was too busy fluttering like mad.

“Harry?”

Harry turned around. Hermione stood there in a tiered, light yellow dress.

“What are you doing here?” She asked. “What are your dates?”

“I could ask the same.” Harry smiled and gave her a hug.

“Well...” Hermione glanced over.

Harry saw *Ron* sitting at one of the tables.

“No way!” He exclaimed.

“Yes, way!” Hermione was bursting with excitement. “Now, answer my questions.”

Harry tried to think of a lie. “They are still a bit shy around big crowds. I’m meeting them in the courtyard.”

Hermione grinned at him. “Good! Don’t let me keep you waiting. Have fun!” She winked at the end.

Harry blushed.

Harry didn’t wait another moment before speeding off to the courtyard.

The crisp December air met his lungs. He smiled as he walked further into the courtyard. He looked to the sky, seeing the grey clouds part from the bright moon.

“My wonderful consorts, where are you?” Harry called out, seeing no one.

He felt a presence behind him. Two presences.

“Consort’s? That’s a new one.” Tom hummed from behind him.

“Mhh, I like it, though.” Riddle nuzzled him, kissing his neck.

Harry reached up and ruffled Riddle’s perfect hair.

“Hey, hey! I spent time on that!” Riddle drew away and tried to fix his hair.

“But you look so cute!” Harry reached up and pecked his cheek.

The sounds of an upbeat track played loudly from the Great Hall. Tom reached over and pulled Harry away from Riddle, twirling him around. A smirk sat on his face.

“We never taught you how to dance to a more energetic song, did we?” Tom grabbed his hands.

“What are we starting with?” Harry asked.

“We’ll start with something causal, then maybe a swing? It depends on the music they play. Or we could just dance like teenagers, nothing structured.” Riddle offered, grasping at his waist.

“We have all night.”

Tom took his first dance. It was something with less structure, letting him move with the flow of the song. It was a little awkward, with Harry stumbling, but once he learned to relax, it got marginally better.

Riddle took his second dance. There was a more structured flow that leaned toward swing dancing, but not quite. It ended better than the first, but not without some mistakes.

“I’ll never get the hang of his.” Harry sighed.

“Maybe not; we can’t all be perfect.” Tom hummed as Harry moved his way.

“Speak for yourself.” Riddle snorted.

Another song played. Faster, with a Spanish sound to it.

“Ah, perfect tango music. Are you ready to sweat?” Tom placed them in position.

Tango was, as he saw, incredibly difficult. Tom was twisting him and launching him in every direction, twirling him and making him twist in those weird positions. But he found it fun and was laughing the entire way around.

“That was,” Harry panted, “such a workoutwith.”

Another song of the same tempo started to play.

“It looks like you’ll have another workout.” Riddle smirked as he grabbed Harry’s hand.

Spin, twirl, back, forth - his head spun. By the end of it, he was more than dizzy. Tom and Riddle flanked his sides and set him down on a bench. He huffed, trying to get his vision better.

“A bit dizzy?” Tom asked, caressing his cheek.

“Yeah.” Harry’s vision was starting to level.

“How about we sit out until there’s a slow song? Then a trade-off?” Riddle offered the two of them.

“Sounds amazing,”

“Good for me!” Harry nodded along.

Three more songs passed, and Harry just leaned on them. They chatted on, gossiping about the professors and his boyfriends, revealing more information about Professor McGonagall. Apparently, she had been quite the flirt during her time.

The soft tunes of music ran through the air. Harry smiled as Riddle took his hand. They went to the centre of the courtyard. They could just barely see the glow from the Great Hall, which

now cast more light onto them.

Riddle wrapped his hand around Harry's waist and slowly walked around the courtyard with him. He danced the waltz he first taught him, bringing back the happy memories of them back in Voldemort's manor.

But half-way through the waltz, Tom took his hand and twirled him away from Riddle. Their pace was a little slower, but closer as well.

The lights were flashing as Tom twirled him around, hugging him from chest to back. Harry looked up, giving him an upside-down kiss. Meanwhile, Riddle inched towards them and planted his lips on Harry's neck. Flashes of light flickered over their shut eyes.

They broke, wide smiles on their faces.

Harry sighed in relief. It was the perfect moment. Rivaling close to their nightly cuddling. He could feel just the tip of exhaustion setting in his bones, and he knew the afterward cuddle session would be amazing.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" Tom asked as he twirled him over to Riddle.

"Yeah!" Harry exclaimed, accidentally bumping into Riddle's chest.

"Good because I am too." Riddle kissed his cheek.

"As am I." Tom ruffled Harry's hair,

"Shall we have another dance?" Riddle asked him as another tango song started.

"Only if you promise to extra make-out with me tonight." Harry teased him.

Riddle blushed.

"But of course." Riddle took hold of his hands. "Let's go!"

They danced again, at a faster pace and with more shimmying around the courtyard. Harry laughed, loving every moment of it. He spun around and around until the stars streaked across his vision like shooting stars.

Riddle ended with a dip, locking him in a passionate kiss.

"Such a romantic." Harry hummed as he patted Riddle's cheek.

They both laughed.

"Hide." Tom whisper-yelled.

"What?" Harry asked.

"*Hide!*" Tom reiterated in parseltongue. He looked back and forth and hopped into the nearby bushes.

An awful weight sat in Harry's stomach, and Riddle threw him in next to Tom. Riddle crouched down and slid into the ones on the other side of the courtyard.

Snape strode into the courtyard. He didn't even have the decency to dress up for the Winter Dance, just dressed in his normal greasy black cloak. He glanced from side to side and glared.

"I know you are there. I heard you." He called out vaguely.

Harry stayed silent.

Snape snarled. "You can come out now, or I can make you come out. I am well-equipped with person-detection spells."

With his heart beating in his ears, Harry dared not take a breath.

Tom prodded him, gesturing for his wand. Harry handed it over, and he felt Tom cast a spell over the both of them. His eyebrows furrowed as he pointed the wand in Riddle's direction. A colourless spell left the tip and struck the bush.

"Reperio persona." Snape raised his wand.

A blue ring of light resounded from the tip of Snape's wand. Harry cringed as it passed over them, but they weren't detected. Snape snarled, flicking his wand back into the holster. He stormed off, glaring at everything in his path.

After a few minutes, Harry finally stood up. No one was there. He pulled Tom up and walked over to Riddle's hiding place.

"I think we're fine." He whispered.

They gathered in a small circle near a pillar.

"That was close - ah, Tom!" Harry cupped Tom's face.

Tom was very dull. His skin was more akin to grey than peach. His hair looked dead, like a dark grey instead of an intense black. Eyes, once a dark, golden brown, were desaturated and listless.

"I'm fine. I'm fine." Tom reassured him. "Just a bit tired."

"We need to get you back." Harry tried to pull him away.

"No, you should enjoy - "

"I'm not letting you go alone! You look like you're about to faint!" Harry fretted over him.

"Yes, you do look rather unwell." Riddle agreed. "Do you need help walking?"

"No - No, I'm . . ." Tom sighed. "Okay, I'm really exhausted. All the magic over the past few weeks has really worn on me. Today especially."

"Have you not been siphoning?" Harry asked as he laced their hands, looking back and forth as Riddle led them away.

"I get a bit every night. But I haven't consciously done so in a while." Tom admitted it after taking a breath. "Anti-detection spells are a bit draining as well."

"Tom," Harry admonished. "I told you, take what you can."

"You had exams, love. I didn't want to take away what you could have been spending on schoolwork. I shouldn't hold you down." Tom shook his head.

"Nonsense. I have more than enough. I just get a bit tired." Harry waved him off. "Siphon what you want tonight, okay? Tomorrow is when everyone leaves, so I'll be fine if I need to sleep in."

"*Open*," Riddle hissed into a wall.

They slowly walked through the opening, and Harry escorted Tom through. They descended and wove through the twists and turns in the tunnels. Harry was constantly checking on Tom, no matter how many times he said he was fine.

They stopped when they reached the bedroom.

"I'm taking a shower. You two - do whatever you need." Riddle ended with a wink.

"We will," Harry said. "Don't drown."

"Maybe I will." Riddle called back.

Harry laughed. He turned his attention back to Tom. He was looking a bit fainter now, as if he had been up all night. Harry gently kissed him and pushed him down onto the bed.

"Cuddles?" Harry asked, still looming over him.

"Yes." Tom responded, his hands reaching up and gripping Harry's thighs.

Redness crept across his face. He shuffled them around, curling up in Tom's arms and resting his head on his chest. There was a slight pulling sensation in him that drew away his energy. It was nostalgic to have that again, Tom drawing from him while they cuddled. It reminded him of when they first met.

Then his mind went over the rest of their relationship. When Tom comforted him after being told he was a horcrux, Riddle joining them, both of them taking care of him, when they were shirtless around him, then when they ditched their pants to reveal their tight-fitting boxers...

"Are you feeling better?" Harry inquired after a few minutes.

“Yes.” Tom snuggled into him more. “I feel much better. I’m sorry for worrying you.”

“It’s no bother.” Harry sighed.

“Do you... feel anything?” Tom wiggled around.

“What do you mean?” Harry quirked an eyebrow.

“It’s just - you’re ah,” Tom’s knee gently rubbed in between Harry’s legs.

Harry looked down, and fire consumed him.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. . . .”

“It’s nothing to be ashamed of.” Tom commented. “Do you want any help with it?”

Again, Harry got hotter. “Well - yeah, uh, are you sure?”

“I’m fine with this, Harry. Are you sure?” Tom persisted.

“Yes.” He replied with finality.

Tom’s hands roamed down his sides and to his stomach. Harry stared up, their eyes locking as his hand reached his waistband. There was a moment of hesitation before Tom reached further down.

“Tell me what you want.” Tom whispered to him.

“Ah - uh, just touch me. Please.”

Tom hummed, kissing him. “I will, love.”

Chapter End Notes

Voldemort: PLEASE stop defiling my horcruxes!):

Harry: Fine, okay, I guess. I'll extra defile them the next day!

Dumbledore: Okay, so I need a memory and you need to stay in your dorm.

Harry: Not doing that (blows up classroom with mind)

Harry: You two look smashing!

Harry: Now stick your tongue down my throat.

Hermione: (Gesturing to Ron)

Harry: You WHAT! With HIM?

Tom, Harry, Riddle: Kissing

The lights: Flashing

Snape: I know you're there!

Them: Don't be suspicious, don't be suspicious.

Harry: (has a boner)

Tom: Mind if I help with that ;)

Harry: PLEASE

HEY!

I have a mermaid fic, please check it out if you will <3

[The Little Boy-Who-Lived](#)

Revealed in the Prophet

Chapter Summary

A discovery is made. A kidnapping happens.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry felt every eye on him when he entered the hall. Even the professors were staring at him, Dumbledore in disappointment. There wasn't that much attention on him since he came back from getting kidnapped.

He sat down, people whispering.

Hermione looked at him solemnly. She didn't say a word and just slid over the Daily Prophet.

'Harry Potter: Lovers Revealed?'

Dear readers, there's been a turn in the story of Harry Potter. Weeks ago, he was found in Hogsmeade with two mysterious strangers. This week, during the Winter Dance, we discovered their identities.

These two identical men, who are pictured to the side, were found dancing with Harry Potter. As you can see in the photo, they are far more than just strangers. It is vital to note that the cuts of their robes are old, dating back to the mid-17th century, with a modern twist to them. The Slytherin Crest is also a notable feature, as no Slytherin students match their description going to Hogwarts.

So who are these men? And why has Harry Potter chosen to have two partners, not one? Is one not enough for him? Does he need more to feel complete in himself, unlike everyone else?

More importantly, when did he meet these men? They are a new addition to his life. Sometime over the summer is our best estimate. Were they the ones who kidnapped him? Or were they captured with him?

So many questions, with no answers in sight.

Follow more at the Daily Prophet, for stories every day for the everyday person.

Rita Skeeter

Head of the Daily Prophet Press Department

December 26th

Beside the article was a picture of Harry, Tom, and Riddle dancing. It was the moment where he was kissing Tom and Riddle was on his neck, taken by the side view. It displayed both of their faces as well.

Harry's face went white. A concoction of fear and rage coursed through him, creating a vortex of agony within him. How dare she.

She was a dead woman.

"Harry?" Hermione lightly patted his back but he could barely feel it.

Bile rose in his throat. Everyone - everyone now knew. What he had been fighting to hide all year was now out for everyone to see. The day they left as well. Where they'd go back and tell their families.

"Harry? It will be okay." Hermione's voice rang in his ears.

He was still able to hear the jeering behind him.

"So the rumours were true - Potter has some boyfriends!" Draco jeered.

Harry glared at him. There was a flicker of fear behind his steel-grey eyes, but he continued.

"Two - how could he get two boyfriends! They must have been so desperate!" Draco's laugh was shrill in his ears.

"You don't know a damned thing about them!" Harry yelled.

Before he could retort, Harry was moving. He yanked at Draco's collar and forced him onto the floor. Pouncing on him, Harry's fists rose in the air and went down on Draco's face. He wailed at him, funnelling all of his anger into his hits. Draco screeched and tried to cover his face with his hands. Harry was about to hit him again, but his entire body froze.

"Mr Potter! What is the meaning of this!" Professor McGonagall yelled at him.

"I won't take this fucking brat any longer!" Harry proclaimed, trying to fight against whatever spell he was put under.

Snape dragged Draco away from Harry, hauling him to his feet. Draco had blood running down his face from his nose and a busted lip. Bruises were already blossoming on the rest of his skin. Tears streamed from his eyes, and he shivered with fright.

"Language, Mr Potter." Professor Slughorn's disappointed voice rang out from behind him.

"Language? You're worried about language?" Snape demanded. "He just attacked one of my students! You were head of house before; you should know what that's like!"

"I - yes I do." Professor Slughorn sighed. "Headmaster?"

“Help me get him to my office. And, Professor Snape, please call Lady Malfoy to pick him up. Madam Pomphrey is already almost all packed up, and it may be better for her to treat him.” Dumbledore instructed.

Harry felt the spell lift. With one last yearning for retribution, he sprang to his feet.

“*Cut!*” He hissed as he extended his hand.

Draco cried out in pain, and a long gash spanning from his temple to his jaw sliced open his face. He could see just a little bit of pink meat before the blood freely flowed out.

“Mr Potter!” Professor Slughorn called out in alarm.

Yet again, a spell restrained him. Harry snarled, trying to break it again. His arms were moved behind him, and he felt another spell go over him. He levitated just a little above the ground and was pushed out of the Great Hall.

He shimmied, barely able to break the spell enough to wiggle, until he was sitting in Dumbledore’s office. He glared at Dumbledore, something he had never done before. But anger and rage coursed through him so much that he just couldn’t contain himself.

“Harry,” Dumbledore sighed, “why did you attack Mr Malfoy?”

The spell on him loosened.

“He insulted my boyfriends. Called them desperate.”

Dumbledore sighed. “And that justified attacking him?”

“Yes.” Harry nodded. “He’s been at this for years, and this was the final straw.”

Dumbledore sighed. “Perhaps, perhaps you need better influences around you. During this break, you will spend your time with the Order of the Phoenix. Hopefully, you will learn to calm down.”

“I’m not spending my time with the Order.” Harry fought in his chair.

“Yes, you will. Harry, you need to learn to control yourself.” Dumbledore sighed.

Harry wiggled in displeasure.

“Professor McGonagall, would you please escort Harry to the Order’s headquarters?”
Dumbledore asked.

“I will.”

Professor McGonagall gripped his arm and dragged him to the fireplace. She took a handful of powder, and they disappeared in a flock of flames. Before he could blink, he was being hauled upstairs to Grimauld Place. Walburga screamed at him. He’d break her later. Set her on fire or something.

They stopped in front of Sirius's room before Professor McGonagall guided him to another room. This one was darker, with Slytherin-esque decorations and more bejewelled decor. Harry huffed as he sat on the bed, which was large with black silken sheets.

"Mr Potter, you will stay here until Dumbledore decides what we will do with you." She sighed in disappointment.

She edged toward the door and quickly cancelled the spell as she shut the door. Harry sprang to his feet and darted there. But as he did, he felt numerous spells being placed on the door.

Harry banged at the door. "Stop acting like a mom!" He screamed.

He heard a gasp from the other side, but then footsteps walking away. Harry fumed and paced in the room. He wanted to break something but didn't know what he could break. So he toured the room to see anything that looked like it would be satisfying to shatter. Glass would be nice, but it would make too much of a mess. Maybe some china? Or a clay vase? Something like that.

He ruffled around in the closet, finding fine robes, and sighed as he found nothing. Onward to the bedside tables, and besides a few books and spare scraps of parchment, he was left empty-handed.

Harry moved onto the desk, just finding a bunch of jewellery. He opened the little doors of a tiny jewellery shelf that almost seemed to draw him in with its dark aura. A necklace on a silver chain was inside. It was beautiful, a circular silver pendant with an S-shaped snake made from emeralds on the front. He could see a little latch at the side, something to open up. He went to grab it.

Dark magic consumed him.

He quickly let go, gasping as his scar burned. He let himself rest on the floor until he felt entirely safe. Slowly, he bounced back onto his feet and peered cautiously at the necklace. Another horcrux, he concluded. Something stirred within him. Should he bleed on it? Create someone else to have with him? Or should he let it stay sealed? This horcrux was who-knows-how old and could be any amount of evil Voldemort. But at the same time, he yearned for it. Maybe to have another form of connection?

He sighed. Nothing ever had a good answer. But he decided he needed to try.

"Hello, horcrux," Harry called out, hovering his hand over the necklace.

There was a dark pulse of magic.

"I know you're Voldemort's; your magic feels the same," Harry called out.

Another pulse of dark magic.

"And, if you want, I can make you corporeal. Only if you want. There are a few rules if you want to be corporeal. And if you follow them, you can get out." Harry explained. He might as well give him a choice.

The horcrux let out another dark pulse.

“Okay, now, first, you have to not attack anyone. Well, without permission. I do hate a lot of people. No murder, yet. Just a warning, we are in the Order of the Phoenix headquarters. I don’t know if you know who they are, but they fought against your future self and murdered a lot of your followers.”

“Next, you will stay within my eyesight for now. This is for your safety, as we are in a place where people will want to kill you. Thirdly, no harm to me. I will not be easily persuaded by your devilish good looks and silver tongue, so try to keep that under wraps.”

“Finally, don’t try to latch onto anyone else for now. These are trained Aurors that know about you. They will kill you without any hesitation. Right now, I don’t have to do this. But I’ve been with the diary and ring horcrux, and they said that being in their container was like torture or imprisonment. And I empathise with that, and I’m only freeing you based upon empathy.”

“Oh, another thing. I know you aren’t the sunshine and roses kind of person, so you’ll have to think of a different way to siphon magic to stay corporeal. This will be important. The other horcruxes cuddle me, but I do not want to do that yet. I don’t know you. I wish to trust you, but I won’t until you’ve proven yourself trustworthy.” Harry breathed out.

He waited for a reaction from the horcrux. Nothing. He sighed again.

“I will check every day in the morning and at night. Do note that I do not want to keep you imprisoned, but I will if needed. If you completely reject my offer, then please tell me now. I may take you away from this place; I don’t want you to die, but nothing else.” Harry intently watched the necklace.

Nothing.

“Okay. Leaving now.” Harry sighed and retracted his hand.

He closed the doors and wandered back to the bed. His anger still brewed, but he found that he didn’t want to destroy anything. But that little interaction with the horcrux did drain him. Harry curled up under the soft covers and napped.

Voldemort was tense. The anger within Potter was tearing his head apart. He’d never been this angry before. Pouring himself a headache reliever, he drank it with a fire-whiskey chaser. He waited for them to kick in, barely dulling them, and wandered down the hall. Tiberius was needed for more battle plans, and he wanted his input on some treaties.

As he entered the lounge, he found all of the inner circle clustered around the table. They were leaning over some paper, whispering.

“Can you believe it?” Amycus said in exasperation.

“No, I can’t believe it!” Rabatin followed up.

“Do you think he . . .” Bellatrix started.

“Of course, he didn’t. I thought about it, but I didn’t think they were capable. They are very different from him, however. Maybe they had a change of heart.” Tiberius imputed his opinion.

Voldemort wanted to hear more gossip, but he didn’t have the time for it. “Tiberius, a word.”

Everyone whipped around to see them. They had looks of terror and intrigue on their faces. Voldemort walked closer. If they were that enthralled by it, he wanted to see what it was.

“What are you . . .” Voldemort stopped in his tracks.

There his horcruxes were, plastered on the front page of the Prophet, kissing Potter. Not just that, but they were intimately kissing him. His lip curled in disgust. Then there was a flicker of fear within him.

Dumbledore knew what he looked like.

Some still remembered Tom Riddle, but only Tiberius and Dumbledore (and whoever Dumbledore showed) would know that he and Voldemort were one and the same. What will he do to his horcruxes now that they are out in the open? He would destroy them.

Was that the rage he felt from Potter?

Blood roared in his ears. But he kept his composure.

“Tiberius.” He ground his teeth. “I need you to review treaties in my office.”

Tiberius' lips quirked. “Of course, my Lord.”

Voldemort stomped out of the room with Tiberius at his tail. They strode down to his office. Tiberius opened his mouth when they sat down.

“What did you think of the prophet?” He asked boldly.

Voldemort flung out his wand and dug it into Tiberius’ neck. “One more word, and you are dead.”

“I just want to know what will happen when the summer begins. I want to know if I will come into a murder scene.”

“I can’t kill them; they are my horcruxes,” Voldemort growled. “I do not know what to do with them.”

“Could you do anything with them? They do not seem to care what you think nor do.” Tiberius pointed out.

Voldemort lowered his wand. “I . . . am unable to do anything.” He realised.

“If it helps, you are very different people. You weren’t like that back then.” Tiberius offered some ease of mind.

“That - does help a bit.” He hardly found a shadow of himself in the two boys. Three, if counting Potter.

Voldemort’s mood was still sour as they went over plans. Tiberius would occasionally smile, much to Voldemort’s infuriation. He was constantly distracted by the thought of his horcruxes. Were they alive? It was questionable at best. He only hoped that Potter and they had gotten out fine. That they were hidden away somewhere safe. But knowing Dumbledore, he’d get them somehow.

The Death Eaters milling around the manor would be subjected to many crucios later in the day.

Snape was in a sour mood. He stomped his way to Albus’s office.

“Ah, Severus, we need to talk,” Albus said as he entered the room.

All of the Order members were there. Every last one of them. Severus internally sighed. What had he walked into?

“Severus, explain this!” Alastor demanded, throwing a copy of the Daily Prophet at him.

Severus wished he hadn’t seen the cover. Potter was snogging two young Dark Lord lookalikes. It was disturbing to look at. His brain raced to think of another explanation for it.

“These people look exactly like Voldemort,” Albus said. Severus’ forearm burned.

“They do,” Severus answered evasively. “Perhaps they are his sons?”

Alastor growled. “He does not have any sons! We investigated everyone close to him, and no one showed signs of a recent birth, nor did they have any children with them.”

Severus tried to think of an excuse. “Perhaps that’s what Ignis brought to the table.” He queried them.

“What do you mean?” Molly asked, white-faced.

“Use your brain. Someone who has two male heirs - something that none of the purebloods would give up - offered them to him in exchange for the consort status. He could have blood adopted them, making the Slytherin line have two male heirs.” Severus explained.

“Voldemort would have his line continue without them needing to do anything. And he wouldn’t care for the consort status to be taken because he doesn’t value it.” Minerva pondered.

“Exactly, Minerva. If anyone was offered two male heirs, already approaching or at their majority, he’d take it. Even more, considering they are at least half-bloods. The blood adoption would explain their appearance, but they may have the ability to care as they were raised without the Dark Lord’s presence.” Severus went on.

The group nodded, unhappy but agreeing to his answer.

“What is our next action?” Arthur asked Albus.

“Our next action is to have Harry reveal more information about the two sons. They are dating, obviously, and they would have information about Voldemort that we are not privy to.” Albus explained.

Severus just hoped that Potter would cooperate for once and agree with his lie.

“Do you want to come out?” Harry asked the horcrux.

Nothing.

“Okay, I’ll check before I go to bed.” Harry withdrew his hand and walked back into the bathroom attached to the room.

He was glad it was there because they still hadn’t let him out yet. It reminded him of when he was trapped at the Dursleys. Left alone, locked up, with a horcrux. But he had no Voldemort to spend his nights with, nor did he have a good chance at an escape. Nor a cuddle-buddy.

Harry slipped into the bathroom with a huff. He lathered himself with suds and scraped out the grease from his hair. Sadness encased him as the lavender scent he acquired from his boyfriends washed away down the drain.

He had to throw on his dirty clothes because no one thought that he deserved his trunk yet. Harry was just glad he kept his boyfriends in the Chamber. If not, they would have discovered them and destroyed them.

But they would miss him over break. He said he would spend time with them, only for Dumbledore to kidnap him.

He explored the room a bit more. There was a hidden bookcase along one wall that only appeared when he accidentally pulled on a candelabra. Who has a hidden bookcase? Inside were many different books, but there were a lot of dark-magic books.

Picking one up, *The Depth of the Dark*, he flicked through it. The bookcase automatically closed behind him, nearly encasing his fingers as the wall moved in front of the case. He flopped on his new bed, snuggling under the covers, and propped it up on his legs.

‘Dark magic has many levels. Most spells worth your time will follow a rating system. The darker the spell, the lower the number. Most will follow a 1–5 scale. In this book, you will

find all spells within the range. It is recommended master every level 5 spell before moving onto level four.'

He hummed as he passed through more pages. The spells... didn't see that dark. Some of them were alterations of spells he already knew, while others were things he didn't think were dark at all. How did you have a *dark* cleaning spell?

He shook his head.

There was a knock at his door. He threw the book under his pillows.

"Come in," He called out.

In walked Remus Lupin. Harry didn't know him the best, but he considered him a great person. The times they did interact were some of his highlights in the third year. The man entered and awkwardly stood near the bed. Harry inspected his gaze, searching for any clue.

There was this sadness within him, a mourning that had never disappeared since Sirius died.

"Dumbledore has asked me to gather you. It seems like an intervention of sorts. Snape, McGonagall, and Moody will be there. I wish you good luck." Remus deflated as he spoke.

Moody was still with the order? Oh, Voldemort must have been pissed.

"Ah, shit." Harry sighed.

Those people would know who his boyfriends were. Maybe he could lie and say they were Voldemort's sons again? Maybe, maybe... He'd never admit they were his horcruxes. Never.

Remus led him down to the dining room. Inside, all of them were sitting at one side of the table. Harry sighed as he sat on the other end.

"Remus, you can choose to stay or not," Dumbledore told him.

Remus didn't hesitate and plopped himself down right beside Harry. Harry didn't know if he was glad he was there or not. It depended on how much he judged him.

"Harry," Dumbledore began. He slid the prophet over to him.

Harry blushed with embarrassment. Why did everyone have to shove pictures of him kissing his boyfriends in front of him?

"You know who these boys look like." Dumbledore sighed. "Tell us why they look like Voldemort."

"They are... related." Harry wasn't going to give up the information so willingly.

Moody shook his head. "These boys are dangerous, Potter! They can turn on you in at a moment's notice and drag you back to Voldemort!"

“But they haven’t! They’re not like that! They are nothing like him!” Harry defended his lovers.

“You don’t know a thing about them.” Professor McGonagall spoke softly.

“More than you.” Harry snarled back.

“Have they been the ones you’ve been sneaking off to see?” Dumbledore asked, his tone far too controlled.

“Yeah, and what of it?” He crossed his arms.

“You’re missing all day, Mr Potter.” Professor McGonagall said. “You barely attend meals, you’re never in the library, and you aren’t sleeping in your dorm either. Where do you go?”

He fumed. “I still get all my work in, and I’m getting great scores. I go down to the Chamber of Secrets. I have some of my stuff down there.”

“Why would you go down to the Chamber of Secrets? Ms Weasley and you nearly died there!” Professor McGonagall placed a hand on her chest, aghast.

“Only we can access it,” Harry stated simply. He just wanted to get back to his room.

Dumbledore shook his head. “Harry, how are they getting past the wards?”

Harry shrugged. “They find a way. Not entirely sure how.”

How did Hogwarts wards allow dark, magical artefacts inside anyway? There should be a ward that at least alerts them to it.

“You need to stop seeing them,” Moody grumbled.

“No,” Harry simply stated.

“Harry,” It was Remus who spoke, “at least play it safe. They might not be him, but who knows what’s influencing them when you’re not around?”

Harry bit the inside of his cheek. At least Remus was soft about it.

“These boys are dangerous - “

“If they would have wanted to do anything, they would have already.” Harry pointed out.

“Harry - “

“I’m done with this conversation.” Harry gritted his teeth. “When do I get my trunk and wand back?”

He at least had some stuff in his trunk. Not everything, but enough.

“You will get your trunk back later. We are checking for any contraband, as we are within our rights to do. We’re keeping your wand until you calm down.” Dumbledore answered evenly.

Harry sucked in a breath. He was so, so glad he chose to relocate his boyfriends to the Chamber of Secrets. He didn’t know what he would have done if they had found them.

They’d kill his boyfriends.

“Harry, what do you know about your... partner’s heritage?” Remus asked him.

“Eh, not the best parentage.” Was all he could answer.

“We believe that they are the spawn of Ignis and blood-adopted by Voldemort,” Moody grumbled.

It took all the power within Harry to keep a straight face. He breathed in shakily and had to compose himself before he spoke.

“I do not know. They are close to Ignis. I know ye old Dark Lord goes from thinking they are fine to loathing their existence.” Harry tried to explain.

Voldemort never really liked his horcruxes. They were too emotional, too good, too... rebellious for him. He wanted them to get along, solely for his sake, but he had a feeling that if that happened, if at all, it would take a long, long time.

“That may confirm our theory.” Snape imputed.

“I believe it does,” Dumbledore sighed, “How are they, Harry?”

“They’re really kind, at least to me. They love animals and try to collect as many as they can. Courteous, but can be caught up in their own intelligence. They’re really proud of being related to the Slytherin line. They have their evil moments and some sinister looks, but they haven’t really acted on them. Well, once they attacked Bellatrix and some other person, but that’s Bellatrix we’re talking about.” Harry rambled on, trying to make them human but also giving them some ‘flaws’. Their attack on Bellatrix would be good for the Order’s side. Moody glared at him.

“What did they do, specifically?”

“Well, Thomas stunned Bellatrix with an overpowered stunning spell, and they both attacked some woman. They went away with Ignis and Voldemort, and they came back a bit bloody. But they didn’t act any different.” Harry tried to evade what really happened. Maybe they can think Ignis is also disturbed, like Voldemort. Blame their behaviour on both of them.

“Thomas? Is that one of their names?” Dumbledore pressed.

“Yeah, and Ridley, Ridley being a year older. I heard they are rather new names to them, so their birth names are different.” Harry hoped they wouldn’t see through the naming.

“That’s very close to Tom Riddle. Do you know if Ignis named them or Voldemort?”
Dumbledore inquired.

Shit.

“Ignis. It seemed like a joke between them, so maybe it was an allusion to Voldemort’s birth name? I don’t think he’s happy about it if he connected the dots.” Harry answered.

“And what of Ignis?” Snape looked genuinely interested.

Harry tried not to laugh. “He’s quite improper. He is silent a lot of the time but is crude when he speaks. He talks with Tiberius a lot. He wears mostly white clothes. He’s close to Thomas and Ridley, but at the same time, he doesn’t interact with us that much.”

“Harry,” Dumbledore sighed, “I know you think they are nice people, but they are still related to Voldemort, and how you speak of them, they are around him and his consort quite often. We are concerned about you.”

“Be concerned; I don’t care. It won’t change what I do.” Harry shrugged.

“Harry . . ./p>

“Can we be done here? I’m hungry.” Harry cut him off.

Dumbledore shook his head. “Very well. I’ll ask if Molly can make something for you.”

“I can.” Remus offered. “She was trying to wrangle Fred and George last time I checked.”

“Very well. Dumbledore rose. “We will talk again, Harry.”

Harry didn’t acknowledge him.

They left the room, Snape giving him an odd look as he left. Harry was frankly drained emotionally and couldn’t bring himself to care. Remus cooked him a breakfast of sausage, eggs, bacon, and grilled cheese. There was no pumpkin juice, but there was butterbeer. Harry promised Remus that he wouldn’t tell Mrs Weasley that he drank that for breakfast.

Their conversation veered off topic, and Harry rambled on about school, occasionally swooning over his boyfriends. Remus smiled at him as he slowly sipped his coffee.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: They put my boyfriends' faces in the Prophet.

Harry: (murderous thoughts intensify)

Draco: Haha they are so desperate (fearing for his life).

Harry: I'll disfigure your face.

Dumbledore: So we're kidnapping you.

Harry: What if I said no?

Dumbledore: (kidnaps him anyways)

Harry: Man, I want to break something. Violently

The horcrux: (Sweating profusely)

The Inner Circle: Omg they were dating?

Voldemort: (murder instincts intensify)

Severus: Uh, so, yeah, this is definitely Voldemort's sons. Nothing else. Ignis's too.

Everyone: Seems reasonable.

Harry: C'mon, come out (of the closet)

The horcrux: no

The Order: Break up with your boyfriends. They are literally the sons of Voldemort.

Harry: no

The Order: So your boyfriends are the spawns of Voldemort and Ignis.

Harry: (Fighting back laughter)

A/N

So I've joined a discord for a Tomarry group! I would love to chat if any of you are inclined. If you do, make sure to reach out to me (you may get chapter spoilers if you ask nicely).

Link: (16+)

[The Room of Requirement](#)

Also I have a MerMay Tomarry story!

[The Little Boy-Who-Lived](#)

Locket

Chapter Summary

Harry is still kidnapped. He reveals someone new - is he a friend or a foe?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Alone.

Harry woke up from a restless night of sleep alone.

How long has it been since he woke up to an empty bed? Months. And now there was no one. No warmth to greet him, the thrumming of a heart, nor the tickle of hair.

Just emptiness.

Harry tried not to let his tears fall as he shifted to lie on his side. It hurt not to be around them. Like a cut through the chest.

Maybe a shower would warm his soul.

It did not.

It only reminded him of what he lacked. The inner warmth that came with their presence. Heat that protected him from the cold of the world.

He wiped his eyes again.

Harry needed to find an escape here.

“What is this?”

Professor McGonagall had found him in the corner of the library. She sat down a box.

“This contains a lot of meals. And this note, ‘Payback for last week, - LV’ what does this mean?” She placed the note in front of him.

Harry began to sweat. They’d find all of his notes. All of them.

“I cared for them when they got sick, so they gave me this to get even.” He explained.

“And, ‘LV’?” She inquired.

“LV- Love. He just spells it out short because he gets lazy sometimes.” Harry breathed a sigh of relief that he hadn’t signed his full name.

“Mr Potter, we also found a bundle of notes. Could you explain those for me?”

Did they send Professor McGonagall because she was an authority he respected or because she was good at getting people to answer questions?

“They... They weren’t allowed in the house. We met in the muggle world first. During this, they stood on the roof of my neighbour's house, and we wrote notes to communicate. Voldemort would sometimes pop up as well, so I mocked his inability to get to me sometimes.” He thought of the lie quickly.

She gave him a look that she didn’t quite believe him.

“And you kept them?”

“They’re special to me.” He implored.

They really were. It was like a letter to friends. He kept each and every one, hoarding them in his trunk. Even if he and Voldemort weren’t quite friends yet, maybe there was a middle ground between acquaintances and friends. Sure, they hung out a lot, but Voldemort was still cold to him a lot of the time.

“Who took you, Harry?” Professor McGonagall asked.

“I can’t say,” Harry said.

“Harry,” Professor McGonagall admonished him, “you can tell me.”

“No, like, I literally can’t. I’m spelt not to. I’m surprised every time I can talk about it.” Or lie. The spell really didn’t shelter his lies.

Professor McGonagall sighed. “Are you working on homework?”

“No. I’ve been looking into warding.” Harry gestured to his book. “And runes. But runes seem harder, and I want my boyfriends to help teach me runes.”

Learning was a lot harder without them. They talked about things in a way he could understand. He just felt stupid when he couldn’t understand the words inside.

“What else are they proficient in?” She asked, taking a seat next to him.

“Oh, just about everything. I’m a bit above them in natural talent with transfiguration and defensive spells, but they’re better than me overall. They’ve been teaching me spells, and warding, and runes, and magic...” Harry rambled on.

He knew that she was sent to get more information about him. But at that moment, he just wanted to wax poetically about his boyfriends. Everyone should know how great they were, and it's a shame that most didn't. It was easy to see how they enraptured people.

"They seem very smart." She imputed, "Have they taken their O.W.L.S or N.E.W.T.S?"

Harry shrugged. "Not sure. But I think they got perfect O's, or the equivalent. They mentioned it at one point. Whether it's official or not is the question."

"Well, it's good that they're academic." She tried to see the bright side of their relationship. "How far apart in age are they?"

"I think a year. Or about. Ridley's at least seventeen; I should ask about their birthdays. I think it's coming up, but I'm not sure of the exact date. And Thomas is sixteen." Presumably forever. But they were cagey that one time about facial hair, so maybe they discovered something and didn't tell him?

The idea of them keeping secrets made him a bit ill.

He knew they were entitled to their mysterious ways—some things he would have rather not known—but he was still a bit upset at something that big being kept from him.

"That's a good question to ask. What will you do to celebrate?" She tried to peer over to see the contents of his book.

"I don't know. Sneak out to Hogsmeade? Diagon? Maybe we can get our nails done in the muggle world? I should invite Voldemort along." Harry ended with a scoff, but honestly considered it. It was all of their birthdays.

Professor McGonagall laughed, "That would be a sight to see. And a slaughter. But, Harry, still, be careful how much you taunt Voldemort. Your boyfriends may not act or be like him, but he still has access to them. He could imperio them and force them to do something to you."

That sent chills up Harry's spine. He never considered that before. Voldemort wouldn't do that, but at the same time, knowing that he *could* was just as worrying. He sighed. Always worry about Voldemort.

"I know, I know. It's still fun to do. Harry felt his mouth close by force. "Sorry, the spell."

Professor McGonagall left after a few mindless minutes.

"Do you want to come out now?" Harry asked the locket once he came into his room.

Nothing.

"Well, I have no one else to talk to, so you'll have to do. Okay, so the other two horcruxes are my boyfriends, and we ended up in the Daily Prophet, and we were kissing passionately. And they, you know, look like Tom Riddle, so Dumbledore is really angry at me. And now they

want to know about—oh wait, you don't know about the kidnapping. Okay, now we have to go back to when I cut my finger on the diary—“

There was a huge pulse of darkness from the locket.

“Is that a come-out signal? I'm not sure how long it will take, but both of them took a while. Maybe since it's intentional, you'll go faster?” Harry pestered the locket.

He had to face it—he was lonely. He had spent his summers alone or being harassed for years, and for the first time, he was constantly surrounded by people who loved him every day. Ron and Hermione were good to him as well, but they weren't as... physical as he and his boyfriends. And now he had the option of get another friend. Or at least someone to talk to.

Another pulse of darkness.

“Okay, I'll bleed on you if I can find something to cut myself with, and then you absorb magic or something. I'll splash more blood on you, so more magic? I'm not sure how it works. I know I have a knife in my trunk if all else fails.” Harry smiled as he talked.

A pulse of darkness.

“I really hope we're able to talk once you get out. I have a lot of stories to share about the other horcruxes and Voldemort. And I want to know how you went from a little cutie to a violent psychopath. Well, Tom is still a little unhinged, but he's getting better. He loves animals a lot, and he no longer wants to kill them because he's jealous.” Harry explained.

Darkness.

“Oh, I'll wait until you're out. I want to see you; if you can't be physical, then spirit form is fine too.” Harry thought about what else to say. “And I'm not sure if you can sense it, but I'm also a horcrux. A living one, so don't murder me. That just hurts everyone involved.”

A massive wave of darkness flew over Harry.

“Oh, that's a shocker? I can't really pick up on your emotions, so I guess you're just shocked. Don't worry, Voldemort was too.” Harry hummed. “Okay, I'll leave you alone to think now. Goodnight, if I don't talk to you again.”

Harry retracted his hand.

He threw himself onto the bed and pulled out the book from the nightstand. He was settling in well, and he enjoyed the books there. Reading, he found, filled the lonely hole in his heart. It made it so he could forget about the sadness and strife and just escape for a little bit.

“Lacero.” He spoke, waving his hand.

The sock didn't even tremble.

“Lacero.” He repeated it, forcing more energy into it.

This time, a small rip appeared. He smiled, it worked a bit. But already he was feeling a bit drained.

“Lacero.” Harry said once more.

This time, his sock twitched. It exploded into a mess of fibres that landed in a heap. The shredding spell was a cool one. He’d have to put it to use later. Maybe he could use it to shred chicken better. Or to get his butter or mix it into a finer paste. He found that many of the dark spells were useful in cooking.

It astonished him that so much of this was hidden from him. A whole branch of useful, dark magic that, although it could harm others, could also make it so that he could do simple things better. It was a pity it wasn’t taught to everyone.

He yawned, exhausted after just a few spells. Figures, wandless magic was tiring. It wasn’t even solved with a quick nap, and he slept until the sun was down. But now that he was rested, he could try to find a knife.

Jiggling the handle, the door opened. He sighed, one less obstacle, stepping into the hall. The kitchen would have knives. Lots of knives. Harry jumped over the banister and stumbled down the stairs. But his quest would end shortly.

Almost every Order of the Phoenix member was gathered around the table, with Snape sulking in the corner. They were eating; Mrs Weasley and Remus were at the stove stirring the last of the food when he entered.

“Oh, Harry, you’re here! We were just about to send Remus to fetch you.” Mrs Weasley smiled at him.

She reached over to the side of the stove and handed him a pre-prepared plate. He took it graciously, sniffing the delicious aroma. Steak, cheddar soup, potatoes, gravy, a bread roll, and a side of vegetables.

“Almost forgot!” Mrs Weasley handed him a glass of pumpkin juice.

“Thank you,” Harry did a mock curtsy.

Remus sat down and waved Harry over to him. He sat down next to him. Harry voraciously ate his food like he was a starving man. Remus smiled down at him and patted his back.

“Easy there, no one’s trying to steal your food. You’re like me before the full moon.” Remus laughed.

“Hungry,” Harry said through a mouthful of food.

He finished his plate quickly. Mrs Weasley served him another portion, which he barely finished. By the time he was done, he felt bloated like a pufferfish yet satisfied.

“Harry.” He almost groaned when Dumbledore spoke. “Have you considered what we said?”

“Yes, and I still think you’re wrong. Stay out of my love life.” Harry angrily sipped his pumpkin juice.

“We just want you to be safe.” Mrs Weasley spoke in a worried tone. “You are putting yourself in a dangerous situation.”

“Have you ever stopped to think that they are putting themselves between me and Voldemort?” Harry snapped at her. Mrs Weasley looked hurt.

“But that’s not a lot of protection . . .”/p>

“I’m done here.” Harry flicked his hand, levitating the dishes to the sink. “Night.” He stomped off, his blood boiling.

How dare they bring it up again? His teeth gritted against each other. Walburga yelled at him again, and he snarled at her. He needed to ask his boyfriends if there was any way to remove her.

Inside the room, he let out a breath of relief. From his waistband, he withdrew the steak knife he had snuck. It cut into him a little bit, but that wasn’t important. He flicked off the residue on his skin and on the knife, vanishing it.

“Hello!” Harry called out as he was close to the locket.

A pulse of darkness.

“I’ll take that as a greeting. Now, I’ll put some blood on you, and you will have to tell me if you absorbed enough magic. Or at least enough to be a spirit that can feast on my magic.” Harry needed to impress upon her the importance of it.

A pulse of darkness.

“Okay, blood incoming.”

Teeth dug into his lip as he hovered the knife over his hand. He shook his head and moved to cut his finger instead of his palm. If Tom can function off of a paper cut, then a few drops of blood would be more than enough. He slicked his finger with the knife. Blood trickled down his finger but wouldn’t drip.

He lightly tapped his finger against the locket. But the wave of pain did not follow him. Maybe it was because he wasn’t trying to attack him anymore. Or it was like Voldemort, where it only hurt when he was angry.

He hummed, watching as the blood dripped down the silver and onto the emerald snake. Harry thought it looked quite nice with the new addition.

“Is that enough? I’ll give you a day or two to see if you fully absorb it.” Harry didn’t want to give more blood, but he would if he needed to.

A stronger pulse of darkness came.

“Okay, well, I know I’m tired after they feed off of me, so I’m going to bed now. I’ll see you sometime. Bye.” He paused, but there was no acknowledgement.

He sighed. The horcrux would not like him. But that was fine. He wasn’t delusional enough to think that all of the horcruxes would like him.

Horcruxes.

Horcruxes.

“Dobby?” Harry called out.

A pop sounded next to him.

“The Great Harry Potter has called Dobby! Whats will Dobby do for Harry Potter?” Dobby almost seemed to do a little dance.

“Dobby, remember where I called you when I went missing? Where I told you to never tell anyone where I was?” Harry asked him.

“Whats does Harry Potter mean?” Dobby said with an exaggerated wink.

Harry smiled. “Can you try to transport me there? With your house elf magic?”

Dobby shrugged. “Dobby does not know. Dobby will try!”

They held hands, and Dobby closed his eyes tightly. There was a pulling sensation in his stomach, but just when it felt like it was reaching its peak, it abruptly snapped back.

Dobby looked up, teary-eyed. “Dobby can’t! Dobby can’t!”

“It’s okay, Dobby; I have another option.” Harry tried to quell the house elf’s nerves. “I will be writing a letter. From that room, there will be a hallway. Go down the hall and locate the office; it should be a few doors down. Either give the letter to the man who has black wavy hair and red eyes or slide it under the office door. Will you mind keeping me company while I write it?”

“Dobby would be honoured to do this for Harry Potter!” Dobby nodded with excitement.

“Okay, good. Now, another question. Would you be able to get into the Chamber of Secrets?” He needed to know. His boyfriends needed to know.

“If Harry Potter will give a memory of Chamber of Secrets, Dobby may get in.” Dobby nodded.

“Okay...” Harry scrunched his eyebrows. “If I used legilimency on you, would that work?”

Dobby nodded. “Dobby needs memory, no matter how.”

Harry looked Dobby in his large eyes. As he felt himself slip into Dobby's excited mind, he pushed out the memory of him opening the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets and walking into the Chamber.

"It's located under the school if that helps." Harry offered the information.

"Yes, Dobby will deliver Harry Potter letters," Dobby promised.

"Thank you, Dobby."

Harry strolled over to the desk in the corner. It was odd; it appeared like a slab of wood, but when tapped, it raised into a full, black-stained desk and chair. He scoured the desk and the bed's side table for parchment, quills, and ink.

Penning his letter, he found it difficult to write. He could feel the change in him—more of a draining effect. He shook his head. He needed to focus.

'Dearest Nemesis,

*Due to a scuffle with Draco Malfoy, I have been kidnapped by the Order of the Phoenix. I hate it here. It's worse than being trapped in a room with Bellatrix. Anyway, I discovered something. Remember that missing thing from the beach? Yeah, I found it. There may be a more **physical** aspect to it too. Sorry, not sorry.*

What do you want me to do? If I like it, I'm keeping it. But if I don't, I can let it go. It depends on whether it likes me in return, I guess. And another thing: you saw the prophet, right? I can only imagine the reactions. They returned fine if you were wondering. We smuggled them to the Chamber and we did stuff.

Farewell,

Your Detested'

Harry grinned as he finished the last stroke. He wanted to keep it vague enough in case it got intercepted. Tiredness was seeping into his bones, but he needed to finish his letter.

'My Loving Boyfriends,

Due to a scuffle with Draco Malfoy, I have been kidnapped by the Order of the Phoenix. It's mostly boring, mixed with harassment. They are way too involved in our love lives. Asking far too many questions about your lookalike.

Also, I found something. You know that thing that was lost on the beach? Found it. I bled on the container; I don't want another imprisonment case. I hope to have a meeting soon. What do you want to do? I'm not sure if we'll get along. There's more darkness in this one.

With love,

Your Bright Light'

Harry finished it with a drying spell. He regretted it as soon as he did it; the amount of magic took a massive toll on him.

“This one to where I went missing, and this one to the Chamber of Secrets.” Harry handed him the letters in their respective orders.

“Dobby will do so!” He carried the letters like they were prized jewels.

“Thank you, Dobby,” Harry yawned.

He heard a pop, and silence persisted.

Exhaustion set into his bones.

He staggered to the bed and collapsed into the mattress. He barely had the energy to pull up his sheets before he slipped into darkness.

The room was lit with candles, and incense was burned. The smokiness filled the room with an ambient glow. Harry was sitting on a leather chair that made him want to sink into it and sleep. But he resisted.

A larger, older lady sat on the couch next to him. She sipped from an ornate golden goblet with small badgers carved into the sides. In her outstretched hand was the snake locket.

“Oh, yes, this is a great find, Tom. How you managed to end up in that deplorable shop is beyond me. How had you fallen so low?” She asked.

Harry pried his gaze away from the locket and onto her, closing in on her light blue eyes.

“I wanted to explore after Hogwarts. I could have taken another job, but I would be leaving an important position. Borgins and Burkes offered me a good wage, and it lets me learn about dark magic as well.” He falsely smiled at her.

Hate burned under his skin.

“Tom, if you wanted a forgettable job that paid well, you could have worked in the Ministry pushing papers. And dark magic—shame they removed the Dark Arts class. Then you would have learned something instead of having to work for it.” She coughed as she finished.

He gritted his teeth. However, he forced himself to relax. “I would have loved a Dark Arts class. If they wanted students to stay away from the more dangerous forms of Dark Arts, I believe they should teach them a little bit. If one seeks out information, they are more likely to find it without the proper precautions.”

“Good on you. You’ve got such a bright mind. If you want, I can get you in—” She coughed again, “I can get you in contact with some tutors if you want. You’d have to pay me back in the future by working for me, but I’m sure we can settle on something,”

She put her other hand over her mouth and hacked into it. Blood splattered across it.

He smiled. "We could definitely work something out."

"Tom —Tom, call a healer. I—"

"You're fine; I bet it's just a bit of phlegm. Would drinking help you?" Tom offered assistance.

Her eyes went wide. She dropped the locket.

"Tom - "

Her sputtering continued. Harry stood with a sinister smile on his face.

"Do you know how much that was sold for?" He asked as he picked up the locket.

She tried to speak, but it came out as a sputtering sound.

"Five galleons. Just five. My mother, in her desperate attempt to provide for me while I was still in her womb, sold a priceless family heirloom for just five galleons." Tom spat, pacing around the woman.

She looked up at him, her face white.

"How pathetic." He snarled.

The woman gurgled one last time and then lay on the floor, unmoving.

Harry picked up the locket and the cup. He dumped the rest of the drink on the ground and stalked out of the room.

"Misses?" A voice called out from the kitchen.

"You! House elf! Look at what you have done!" Harry threw up his hands to the woman.

The house elf shook her head. "No! Mimsy would never hurt Misses!"

"Lies! You poisoned her wine, Mimsy. You know you did it." As he spoke, he slipped into her mind, demolishing her recent memories.

Mimsy swayed and clutched the doorframe. "Mimsy hurt, Misses! She did; she poisoned Misses!"

The house elf broke down crying, curling up into a small ball. Harry rolled his eyes.

"Hm, locket or cup first?" He contemplated. "I think the locket should have more of my soul."

He disappeared into the night, leaving nothing but dead silence.

Harry awoke with a start.

There was another horcrux.

Just how many had the man created? The diary, ring, locket, cup, him, Nagini... how many? Was there one more? Two? Three?

No wonder Voldemort was so unhinged. He was running off a sliver of soul. There was barely anything human about him besides his appearance. A shell of a person.

Harry yawned.

He could think about it more after breakfast.

Suddenly, he was slammed into the mattress. His hands were caught by the wrists, pinned next to his head.

Emerald-green eyes locked with blood-red.

“Who exactly are you, and why do you know me? Who do you work for?” He snarled.

Locket was a little older, maybe twenty. He possessed Riddle’s pale skin, but the additional red eyes made him look that much more unsettling. His hair was cropped a little shorter than Tom’s but retained the overall shape.

A dark green button-up framed a silver bow tie on his torso, with his long legs covered with black and grey striped slacks. Why were they always dressed so fancy? Maybe he should start dressing fancy if he had any death or horcrux-related incidents and wanted to look nice.

And, of course, he was drop-dead sexy. Harry tried to clear his mind. This version of him wasn’t his boyfriend. Still, a bright red blush covered his cheeks and made them feel like fire.

“Harry Potter, and I know you because your older self killed my parents, tried to kill me, failed, and he’s tried to kill me since. Then he appeared on my neighbour’s roof, and—it would take like 395 pages to explain.”

“Spill. How did you... become acquainted with the other horcruxes? I presume it was the younger ones.” Locket growled.

“Well, for Tom—that’s the diary horcrux—he found that he nourished best when he made me happy, and found that cuddling made me very happy. I think he hated it at first, but then he came around. Riddle, the ring horcrux—he just took to it instinctively. I think he trusted Tom—well, himself—enough to try me out and liked it.”

Harry tried to shuffle around to get more comfortable, but he found himself trapped by Locket’s knees straddling his hips. He wiggled with displeasure.

“No, I’d never do that.” Locket glared at him.

Harry's lip rose. How dare he.

"Is it so impossible to think that you are capable of love? Maybe you can't, but your past selves definitely can." He retored back.

Locket's grip on him loosened. Harry shimmied his hands-free. He lightly touched the light-red line on his wrist, feeling a slight burn.

"I will believe it when I see it." He glared at him.

"Okay," Harry rolled his eyes. He might just jerk off his boyfriends off in front of Locket if he wanted 'proof'. "What should I call you? Tom, Riddle, and Voldemort are taken, so choose."

Locket thought for a moment.

"I... Marvolo would be fine." He looked disgruntled as he said so.

"Great. Say, how many other horcruxes did you make? I need to think of names since we're out now." Harry asked.

Marvolo's gaze intensified. "I will not tell you."

"C'mon! I already know about the cup; gimme the answer."

Marvolo's hand shot out and wrapped around Harry's throat. "How do you know about the Hufflepuff Cup?"

"Breathe!" Harry clawed at Marvolo's hand.

His grip only loosened a little bit.

"When I 'awaken', or bleed, on a horcrux, I sometimes get their memories in my sleep. So last night I got the memory of you poisoning a lady with a cup and the locket. You said you'd do the locket first, so I assume the cup is also a horcrux?" Harry explained to him.

Marvolo froze.

"What all have you seen?" His voice was soft.

"A lot. Some murders, some just studying—a lot of childhood moments. I wake up crying a lot of the time." Harry admitted after a pause.

"I don't need your pity!" Marvolo's hand tightened around his throat.

"I don't . . ." It was hard to breathe. Hard to suck in air. It wasn't like drowning, but it made something stir inside him.

"Silence," He hissed.

He withdrew his hand and snarled at Harry. "I am not your friend."

Harry sighed.

“I know.”

Chapter End Notes

Harry: (wakes up alone)

Harry: This is literally the worst thing to ever happen to me.

Professor McGonagall: (trying to get him to reveal more information about his boyfriends and Voldemort)

Harry: Want to hear how powerful and smart and cute they are?

Harry: So, want to hear about my boyfriends?

Locket: Get me out. GET ME OUT!

Mrs Weasley: (Trying to lure him into a state of peace.)

Dumbledore: (About to ask him to break up with his boyfriends)

Harry: Wow I'm full, time to steal a knife.

Harry: Omg I found a way out!

Dumbledore: I already thought about that!

Harry: That won't stop me from sending love letters to my boyfriends and Voldemort!

Tom, after just killing a woman: Hmmm, which should have more of my soul? My family locket? A fancy cup? Who knows? Tehee.

Marvolo: (Choaking Harry out on the bed)

Harry: Am I into this?

Sorry for being a bit late - travelling again. Anyways, thank you for 115K! (116K right now). Also, I am LOVING the new discord server I linked last chapter! super fun and I

care for everyone I have met there. Was the best decision so far, I do not feel as lonely anymore. Would recommend, 10/10.

This is also me asking you to check out my Little Mermaid-inspired story:
[The Little Boy-Who-Lived](#)

Questions

Chapter Summary

Everyone asks questions. Marvolo attacks Harry.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Voldemort angrily scribbled doodles on parchment. It was something he hadn't done in decades, but he needed release. He was too pent-up.

Potter had felt something. His heart beat fast, and there was a shiver up his spine. His throat felt closed, like he couldn't speak. There was also a sinking feeling, but more like being plunged into the sea and slowly losing the energy to stay afloat.

He pinpointed the emotion on the chart.

Fear.

Why was he fearful? It plagued his mind for hours. He picked up the note Potter had somehow smuggled to the manor through an eccentric house elf.

There was some relief when he received it. He had found his horcrux, the missing one, good. But it was under the guard of the Order of the Phoenix. Not good. But they should be somewhat safe, both of them.

Or would they?

Would his horcrux attack Potter? The idea made him feel sick to his stomach

He vaguely knew what he was like at that time. It was a few years after he made the ring horcrux, but he wasn't exactly sure what age he was. The memory was lost to him.

But he did know he was colder. The years of dealing with shady patrons and people trying to assault him in Knockturn Alley were enough to grind down some of his last goodwill. It was also the time when he preemptively started to attack people.

It was a fickle thing, hope. But he hoped that they were both safe.

He sighed. He might as well reply.

'Dear Detested,' Voldemort smirked as he wrote it down.

'We will deal with Draco Malfoy once you return to me. Is there any way to escape? You are more than welcome to come here; if you would give us a location, we can pick you up. We would be able to sneak you into Hogwarts sometime. Should you not want to return, we are more than willing to homeschool you.'

Please do not engage in activities with the other one. I do not want to see that; two is enough. Keep it safe and hidden, and give it back to me next time we are together. Which will be this summer if everything goes to plan.

Yours truly,

Your Nemesis'

He pressed a Slytherin seal into the hot green wax to close the letter.

Voldemort passed the letter to his house elf for her to deliver. The moment she left, he continued writing treaties and sending letters to high-ranking and potential allies. Hours later, he was finally done.

He leaned back in his chair and sighed.

Life was so much simpler when he was just trying to murder Potter.

'Dearest Bright Light,

This is a joint note. We were so worried about you! You never returned, and we thought the worst. Stay safe. No endangering yourself.

We will deal with Draco Malfoy eventually.

It's too bad they're obsessed with our love lives. We understand where they're coming from, but that doesn't mean that we can't be mad about it. Can't we just exist without constant harassment? We would fight them if we possessed more magic to do so.

As for the other... Has he been nice to you? We are still discussing what to do with him, but keep your distance. We know that the older, the worse. Stay safe. We will deal with him when we're together again.

Keep your head down, even if it hurts a little. But still, retain a spine.

Keeping you in our thoughts,

Your Loving Boyfriends'

Harry smiled as he read it and placed it on his bed. Damn, he did wish he had his trunk back. They were apparently investigating all of his notes, which worried him. But his worry was replaced with discomfort.

It had been days and he still was wearing the same clothes he left Hogwarts in. It wasn't that they were unclean; he could clean them with a simple scourgify, but it still made him feel awful to not change.

At this point, he would just raid the closet for something else to wear.

Harry meandered to the closet. Flinging open the doors, he was yet again met with an array of fancy clothes. He shuffled through the closet, trying to find anything that might fit him. Most of them would theoretically fit him, but they were a bit too long.

He sighed but found a fluffy black bathrobe with worn-out warming charms on it. *Regulus Black* was scrawled across the chest in silver. His fingers danced across the words. Why did that name sound familiar?

He turned around to leave the room, but he saw Marvolo hunched over his desk. It was odd; he never cared nor noticed when Tom or Riddle disappeared and then reappeared, but with Marvolo... it creeped him out a bit.

He was a stranger, after all.

Marvolo seemed to know he was staring at him, as he turned around and looked directly at him.

"How can they love you?" His voice came off soft and crushed.

"What do you mean?" Harry couldn't tell whether it was an insult or a genuine question.

"How - It is not possible. I can't . . . can't." Marvolo rambled on, his eyes wide and staring off into the distance.

"Hey, hey." Harry slowly approached him like he was a scared animal.

"It's not - "

Harry lightly grasped Marvolo by the arm and led him over to the bed. They sat down, and Harry patted him.

"I'll be okay; tell me what's wrong." He spoke hesitantly. This was all foreign ground for him.

"It's . . . can't. I can't possibly *love* anyone." Marvolo shook.

"You can," Harry reassured.

"But - no. I never had a crush on anyone. Even when I had physical relations, I never cared. I never - I haven't -" Marvolo clutched the fabric at his knees.

Harry reached over and gave him a half-hug. He tried to think about how he liked to be comforted.

“Those were never requirements. You never needed those to love.” Harry rubbed circles on Marvolo

“How?” He asked, finally looking at him.

“I . . . don’t know,” Harry admitted. “Sometimes it’s gradual, sometimes instant. I know that Tom took a while to like me. Maybe you just haven’t met the right person?”

Marvolo sprung onto him. He pinned him to the mattress again, his fingers leaving bruises on his wrists.

“What makes you so special?” Marvolo demanded. “What makes you different from the rest?”

“I don’t know.” Harry squirmed.

“Tell me!” Marvolo pressed him further.

“I don’t know what they like about me!” Harry snarled at him. “I don’t know what they see in me!”

Marvolo relaxed his grip. “What do they see? Ask them. Send a letter and ask them.”

His tone was demanding in a way that sent shivers up his spine. Harry looked away from him, adrenaline coursing through his veins.

“Okay, okay, I’ll ask!” Harry tried to break free. “Just let me go! It hurts!”

Marvolo stared at him. Fingers unwrapped. Harry checked his wrists; purplish bruises were already appearing on the skin. A sigh escaped him. Maybe waking him up was a bad idea. He should have stayed inside the locket.

“Write it,” Marvolo demanded.

The man watched him as he walked over to the desk. He loomed over him as he penned his letter, scrutinizing every part of it. Harry’s hand shook as he wrote.

‘My Loving Boyfriends,

Marvolo had a question for you. What makes you love me? He doesn’t know what you see in me, as he doesn’t see it himself, and he needs to know why you love me. Please write back as soon as possible.

Love,

Your Bright Light’

“It’s adequate.” Marvolo spat. “I will go back into the locket. Wake me when you get another letter.”

Before he could respond, Marvolo transformed into a slushie-like paste and flew into the locket. Harry was left alone yet again. He asked for Dobby to send the letter and flopped down onto his bed. What else can I do?

Right, find out more about Regulus Black.

Strolling downstairs, he searched for the wall with all of the faces on it. It was in the lounge, where Remus was sitting with a book in hand. Harry ignored him in favour of checking the wall.

Regulus...

Regulus...

Regulus...

Harry finally found it. The line was connected to Orion and Walburge Black, with Sirius connected as well. Regulus was Sirius' brother.

"Remus?" Harry called out, touching the portrait of the boy that looked so much like Sirius, but not at the same time.

"Yes, Harry?" Remus inquired, setting down his book.

"What can you tell me about Regulus Black? I found his name on one of the robes in the closet." Harry ran his finger along the connecting line. Remus dropped his book.

"Ah." His eyes looked side-to-side. "Perhaps you should sit down."

Harry, confused, sat down beside him.

"Reggie, well, he was Sirius's younger brother. He was such a cute kid, smart, and dead loyal. We all thought he'd get into Hufflepuff, but he was in Slytherin. Harry, he was a Death Eater. At such a young age as well, we don't know exactly when he was marked, but we know that he was about your age. He disappeared a long time ago. We think You-Know-Who murdered him as he did to a lot of his Death Eaters."

Remus's eyes glistened as he spoke. Harry used a bit of legilimency to brush against his mind. All he was met with was distraughtness and sadness. Something that went down to his soul.

"Oh," Harry ducked his head. "I'm sorry for asking. I was just curious."

He wasn't sorry, but he figured he should apologise.

"Don't be," Remus assured him. "You didn't mean anything wrong."

"If I may ask, was he such a dark person? Like I know he was a Death Eater, but was he involved with dark magic like Bellatrix?"

Remus shook his head. "He wasn't that dark. Darker the most, yes, but he never went more than waist-deep."

"Okay," Harry said, stumped.

Why would he have a horcrux? Voldemort would never trust anyone with the secret to getting his horcrux, and Regulus was only sixteen. Was Voldemort really that incompetent with a piece of his soul? That a mere teenager could discover it?

Then again, Ginny was given one when she was only 11. Harry sighed. Another mystery. So maybe Voldemort was that incompetent. He shrugged.

"Anything else you want to know?" Remus inquired.

"Hm," Harry hummed, "do you know which enchantments hold Walburga's portrait in place? I'm wondering if my boyfriends don't know some secret spell to remove it from the wall."

Remus's brow creased. "I think they used dark or Black magic to do it. As in magic from the Black family. I'd say Tonks would help... but."

So they did end up getting to Tonks. What happened with Moody?

"What happened to her?" He lightly patted Remus's arm.

"She . . ." Remus bit his lip. "The Death Eaters attacked Tonks and Moody. They distracted us while they smuggled Tonks away. By the time we found out, she was already gone. Moody was injured badly, but he recovered."

Hopefully, Tonks wasn't hurt. She was a nice person, if a bit annoying. Maybe she could make it through the war unscathed. Moody, on the other hand, he didn't care for. The man was awful and paranoid (probably more so now that his apprentice was kidnapped). He was terrible, talking about his boyfriends like that.

He wouldn't care if anything happened to him.

"I'm sorry for that." She could have been killed. Or would she be better off? They could be experimenting on her right then.

"It's not your fault." But it was.

"Is there anyone else that could dismantle them?" Harry knew what he was about to say.

"Well, Narcissa and Draco Malfoy can. But we believe they are Death Eaters, so they will not set foot here." Remus shook his head.

Or Bellatrix. Which one of them could he sneak into? Or maybe his boyfriends could save the day and dismantle the charms. Hopefully, they could, and they would put themselves in the Order's good graces to throw suspicions off. At least until the last minute.

“I’ll ask my boyfriends if they know anything about getting rid of the charms.” Harry looked around the room. Where would the parchment be?

Remus’s brow furrowed. “Do they know much about dark magic?”

Harry realised his mistake. “Well, they know some. They learned it mostly by themselves. It was just in the environment that they grew up in.”

“What was their environment?”

“Well...” He needed to be vague. “They weren’t that specific. Just that it was bad. Living in bad conditions. Then the good conditions were drenched in dark magic practice, so they joined in.”

It sounded vague enough. Harry knew he couldn’t break their trust again.

“That’s too bad. Now, they’re somewhere with even more dark magic.” Remus sighed. “Do you think you could convince them to stay with the Order?”

Harry shook his head instantly. “No. Especially after they kidnapped me. They’re happy where they are, which is mostly away from everyone.”

Remus picked at the sewing on the chair. “I thought this would be a bad idea.”

“Any idea on how to break me out? I want to see them again.” Harry asked.

Remus sighed, “I don’t know. Even if I did, it’s safer for you to be - ”

Harry walked out. He didn’t need to hear anything else. He was done. With everything. Remus, he wanted Remus to turn out better than Dumbledore or any of the others. But no, he still insisted that he should be kidnapped and locked away.

Remus was burning an already bent bridge, and one more bad word about him or his boyfriends and Harry would be done with him. He *said* he wanted the best for him, but when Harry pointed out the facts, evidence, and anecdotes, he sided with the Order.

There was no sympathy for Remus in him. He chose the Order when he was just out of Hogwarts, which could have been excused. But now he chose them again, after knowing everything the Order stood for and everything they had done to him.

When he stomped off to his room, Marvolo materialised right in front of him. Harry fought back a yelp. The man glared at him, his red eyes burning holes in his skin.

“Where is your wand?” He demanded to know.

“With the Order. They took it until I calmed down. And I think ‘calm down’ means ‘spill on everything I know’.” Harry rolled his eyes.

“How are you performing magic? Your shed is everywhere over there.” Marvolo gestured to his bed.

“Does everyone else know about shed and I was just left out? You can sense it?” Harry asked incredulously.

“I have always had some sense of it, like how you can smell someone’s body wash, but now it’s stronger. I can feel it much more now.” Marvolo crossed his arms.

“Okay? I can do wandless magic. My boyfriends taught me?” He scooted around him and flopped on his bed.

“You can’t just learn wandless magic over a summer.” Marvolo criticized him.

Harry hummed. “Well, I really don’t care what you think. I learned some spells, and that’s all you need to know. My boyfriends were amazing tutors.”

Marvolo glared at him. “Have they not responded yet?”

“No,”

Which made his stomach twist. He knew they loved him, but did they know why they loved him? Harry could go on for ages about everything he loved about them. But did that differ from theirs? Could they not see those same things in him?

Harry snatched a pillow and curled up around it.

Marvolo sat on his bed. Harry glanced at him but didn’t give him any mind. A drawing sensation pulled from his chest to just above him. Staring up, he found Marvolo’s hand with dark, thread-like strings extending down to him.

There was a split second of confusion, then an exhausting feeling overtook him.

“Wha . . .” Harry yawned.

“Quiet. I’m siphoning.” Marvolo’s voice was odd, like he was speaking underwater.

“Sorry, you’re just taking a lot . . .” Harry’s eyelids felt heavy.

“I can take more now to save on taking it later. Sleep, and you will most likely be fine when you wake up. It’s not like you have any commitments to get to.”

Marvolo scooted around and lifted the covers over Harry. He shimmied a pillow under his head, his fingers lingering.

“Sleep,” Marvolo commanded.

Harry was about to fight him, but he was far too exhausted to do anything. He curled tighter around his pillow, falling deeper into slumber.

The cells in Riddle Manor were dingy at best. Voldemort thought it brought the correct atmosphere to the room. He paced through the cells, waiting for Nagini to finish her latest meal.

"It could be tastier." Nagini hissed, his tongue flickering out.

"You already had a magical this week." Voldemort snapped.

"Someone's angry." Nagini slowly slithered to his side, her form having a massive mass in the middle.

"He's at the Order of the Phoenix's headquarters with my horcrux," Voldemort explained.

They made their way closer to the hidden cells. Nagini trudged along the best she could.

"Ah, will he be adding another mate?" She hissed, laughing.

Voldemort opened the secret entrance, with him and Nagini sliding through. He stepped across the bloodied stones until he arrived at the cell that Amelia Bones once sat in.

"Hello, Nymphadora Tonks."

The metamorphia's hair was stark white, peppered with dried blood and grime. Her fingernails turned into sharp claws, and her yellow eyes went wide. Voldemort noted her changes.

"What - What do you want?" Her voice was high-pitched and shaking.

"Where is the headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix?"

He knew by now that they were under Fidelius charm. All he needed was the key.

"I told you - I'm not the secret keeper!" She screamed at him.

"Keep it down; you are disturbing the other guests." He gestured to the other cells. "And you must know the secret keeper? Dumbledore would have to cast it, so he isn't the secret keeper." Voldemort mused.

"I don't - "

"Crucio."

Voldemort hummed to himself as her screams ripped across the room. She spasmed on the floor, twisting and turning in ways a human shouldn't. He held it on her for a few moments and then retracted it.

"I can do this all day." Voldemort hummed. "I would have to drag you to my office. The amount of treaties I have to negotiate. Ignis has been a terrific addition to my arsenal. His existence encourages people to side with me."

And it was true. Not only had those three treaties been cemented, but other smaller groups started to reach out to him. Now, he had his pick of the litter when it came to choosing which treaties to sign. This time around, he was trying to work with everyone instead of just the most powerful.

“Ignis?” Nymphadora's voice was raised. “He’s your consort, right?”

Voldemort twirled his wand. “Oh, he is far more than a consort. Now, let’s have you talk, shall we?”

Severus sat down next to Barty at the inner circle’s table. He surveyed the room; everyone from the first degree was there. His posture straightened as he heard a door slam. The Dark Lord glided to the head of the table. Though he was not expressive, Severus could tell he was pleased.

“My loyal followers,” His gravelly voice called out, “I bring great news to our cause.”

That was also something new. Our cause. Not his cause. Now, Severus was slowly connecting the pieces. Ignis shows up; the Dark Lord changes. He was at the root of it. He just needed to try to meet Ignis and, by doing so could, somehow encourage him to change the Dark Lord more. He was no longer concerned about a lot of their policies.

If Ignis could be a constant, perhaps the Dark Lord can continue to change.

“I have signed five new treaties with other, smaller clans. We have sirens, mermaids, fairies, trolls, and centaurs across the North in our alliances. I remind you that the key to cutting off the Light from their goals is to work from big to small. Their small contribution is a small step forward in our end goal.” He waved his arms openly.

“Severus, report on the Order.” The Dark Lord stared at him.

His gaze wasn’t as intense as normal; it wasn't as cold.

“Yes, my Lord. So far, the Order has made small moves in Wizengamont. They’ve been talking about changing the bills we have offered, but Alastor is specifically working on it. There is also a shift in the curriculum at Hogwarts. They have dropped one of the standard books in Care of Magical Creatures and replaced it with an older book. Upon further inspection, the book portrays creatures in an iller light than they are in reality.”

Severus was surprised by that turn. It would work long-term, but as the war was steadily approaching, it would be almost useless. What could Hogwarts' schoolchildren do in the war?

There was more surprise for them; they had never been outwardly hostile to creatures before. Subtly was their gain, and they tried their hardest not to be so blatant. Even a cursory knowledge of creatures could tell someone that this was a deliberate choice.

“Severus, in what ways will you try to mitigate the effects of the newest book?” The Dark Lord’s sharp nails tapped against the table.

“In the Defense Against the Dark Arts room, my Lord,” Severus bowed his head. “In my class, we learn about other creatures. In that, I will counteract the teachings of the Care of Magical Creatures book. All students must take Defense Against the Dark Arts, but not all will take Care of Magical Creatures. It will be a net increase overall.”

“Good, Severus,” The Dark Lord nodded. Nagini slid onto the table from his chair. “I will also be tasking you with a month’s worth of dreamless sleep.”

Severus nodded. The Dark Lord had been using it more often in the last year.

“Corbin, report on Wizengamont.” The Dark Lord gestured to the man at the farthest end of the table.

“Ah, yes.” Corbin cleared his throat nervously. “The Order of the Phoenix has been pushing against the bills we have issued. They’ve been trying to take small steps, alternating the language to be vaguer to put future restrictions on creatures.”

“But I have conferred the bills with Lucius, and we have been able to block most of their attacks. The ones we have not been successful with will be easy to fix once we regain power. Of the last three bills, it would only constitute maybe half-to-one bill to counteract.” Corbin fidgeted in his seat.

“... I’m also in the last stage of my investigation for being a Death Eater. Amelia Bones has said, I am one, inner and I fear my imprisonment soon.” Corbin ended. “I tried everything, my Lord. I destroyed all the evidence, but Amelia’s testimony for my trial might be just enough to lock me away.”

“Very well. You may stay with the inner circle if you so choose. Make your decision before your trial. Lucius, what specific bills have they been attacking?” The Dark Lord turned his attention to Lucius.

Severus nearly felt bad for the man. He was his lifetime friend, after all. But he couldn’t help but think it was payback for treating people poorly for most of his life. Now he has to fight for the rights of the creatures he once slandered.

“They are attacking the darker creatures harder. Such as letting the mermaid bills go hardly touched while the vampire bills almost didn’t pass on their watch. But we managed to slip them through. I presume that our bill on werewolves will be met with more pushback. But our fairy bill will presumably go through without issue. I... I suggest that we try to push for both bills at once. They can’t turn their full focus on both at once.” Lucius’ voice trembled near the end.

“This is why I recruited you, Lucius. Corbin, go and enact what Lucius has said. I want at least one of them to pass. Remember the limits on how many restrictions the bill is allowed to have before we try again.” Voldemort’s eyes narrowed at Corbin.

“Understood, my Lord.” Corbin shook. “I will tell the informants before I leave.”

“Now, let us plan for another raid. Does anyone have any suggestions?” The Dark Lord surveyed the room.

“I do,” Barty spoke up. “This one will be harder to plan. We’re looking at an area of Muggle London.”

He brought out a map he was hiding under the table and placed it on top. He scanned the map for a second and circled the area with a piece of yellow chalk.

“We are almost certain that there are 13 different magical artefacts within one apartment building. However, it’s in a small shopping district that is decades old, so it will be more difficult to go unnoticed if that is the goal.” Barty tapped the building on the map with purple chalk.

The Dark Lord narrowed his eyes, a look of hesitance on his face, however subtle it was.

“No,” The Dark Lord spoke. “I will handle that with Ignis when the time comes. It would take more planning and time than we have to enact a full raid. Are you certain that is where they are located?”

“I am sure,” Barty said after a pause.

Severus furrowed his brow. The Dark Lord would never have turned down a raid like this. So many magical objects in one area? It would be easy to just desecrate the little hole in the-wall and move on. Why was he so hesitant to attack it? He noted it in his mind. If the Dark Lord and Ignis are involved, it must be personal.

While he thought about it, he felt his wand grow cold. At a time like this?

“Severus, what are you bothered by?” The Dark Lord’s, and everyone else’s for that matter, attention was on him.

“The Order has called a meeting.” He answered.

“Go. Barty will inform you of what you missed. I expect a personal report on this meeting.” Voldemort jabbed his wand into the door.

Severus sighed as he entered the room. By the looks of it, it wasn’t an important meeting. So why call him? Severus quickly apparated at the Order’s headquarters.

“What are we going to do with him?” Arthur shook his head.

“We should just keep him here.” Molly said, “He needs to be around the right sort.”

“And have him here, with access to any dark art book he could have?” Alastor retorted. “The books just keep on returning after we empty the shelves.”

“You act like he reads.” Severus drew just to get a rise out of someone.

“Actually, Severus, he does.” Minerva pointed it out. “His grades have improved significantly.”

“His grades or his essays?” Severus rolled his eyes. “His essays are polished hippogriff dung. It’s his practials that improve.”

“You’re implying that his... partners are training him?” Molly raised an eyebrow.

“They do, both of them.” Remus imputed. “He says they are the best there is.”

“Silence.” Albus waved his hand.

The room quieted down. They stared at Albus, waiting for instructions. The man sighed as he sat down. Severus felt no pity for him. He dug his grave, and he should lie in it.

“Another creature bill has passed. One that involves vampires. Already, the first vampire-owned shop has been sponsored and set up in Diagon Alley.” He passed out a sheet that held the shortened notes of what the bill entails.

Remus shifted uncomfortably.

Severus still hated him, but he couldn’t help but be disappointed in him. Sure, the dark hasn’t been the best for creatures, using them as cannon fodder, but the light was far worse. The light was segregation without an equal quality of life. The darkness was so loose with the restrictions that it was as if they didn’t exist.

The wolf should have sided with the darkness.

But here he stood, in the Order’s headquarters. Severus was too, but he was a spy.

“Why on earth would we allow vampires into our alley?” Molly rhetorically asked.

“It’s a magical blood exchange too - here, ‘wixen can donate half a litre of blood, a maximum of once every two weeks, for five galleons.’” Arthur read further down. “And anyone can buy the blood once the donor’s blood is cleansed of its personal properties.”

“Barbaric. Who would donate blood just for a vampire to drink it?” Molly passed the paper to Severus.

Severus skimmed through the page with interest. He covered his face with an impressed look - these prices were much lower than buying through other legal or dubious sources. He could get an entire litre of vampire blood for 30 galleons. Normally, it would be at least 40–50 galleons.

“Who would even buy their blood?” Arthur shrugged.

“I would, their blood is used in many potions I make. This place sells them for significantly cheaper prices as well.” Severus smirked as he read further down the list. “Look here, mutt, you can donate half a litre for ten galleons.”

Severus passed the paper to Remus.

“Ten galleons?” He whispered a bit too loudly.

“Remus,” Albus said in a disappointed tone, “these people are profiting off of you.”

“Vampires and other species find werewolf blood a delicacy. Werewolf-blood-transfusion as well.” Severus imputed.

Remus hesitantly passed it to Alastor.

Severus didn't care what the outcome of the meeting was. He was sourcing his blood through that exchange. Hopefully, there would be even more than just blood. He needed more ingredients, and if the blood was a success, they might move on to more. Vampire venom was highly acidic and perfect for balancing highly basic solutions.

“We need to be cautious moving forward.” Albus tapped the table. “This is seen by many as a great idea. We need to get people to realise the dangers this could open us up to.”

“I would be cautious as well,” Severus cut in. “The Dark Lord has been pushing more creature bills lately. The plan is to push two at once rather than one at a time.”

“Dammit,” Alastor grumbled.

“I warn as well about going against the new magical blood exchange. For potioners, this lowers the price of their ingredients, which will lower the price of the products. Healing and cosmetic potions, especially. Ritual practitioners will also benefit. People who require money will benefit. A lot of people will benefit.” He pointed it out.

There was no way they could go against the exchange without looking like backwards bigots. The fact was that the majority of the United Kingdom's wixen world was apathetic toward creatures. They didn't care enough to help them, but they weren't in favour of removing anything.

Especially after the good the exchange will do.

“What do we do?” Albus muttered.

“We can't,” Severus emphasised. “They put their foot in the door, so to speak. While our focus was on Potter and his love life, they passed all of those bills that will not be undone. All we can do is try to nip it, but that will prove more difficult now that they are pushing harder.”

Albus rubbed his temples.

“Potter's kidnapping may have even been a distraction.” Severus continued. “He had everything to gain by doing so. Keep him and kill him; he distracts us and presses forward. Keep him and don't kill him; they distract us for longer and can keep the panic down.”

“He wins either way.” Albus sighed. “We have grown lacking in our ways. In addition, we have lost other members. We need to sway the public's opinion or drown trying.”

And they will drown.

Severus found the idea sparked joy in him.

Chapter End Notes

Voldemort: (Angry and fearful) Do you know what I am going to do? Doodle.

Marvolo: (Having a meltdown about love)

Harry: Would you like a hug?

Marvolo: (Attacks Harry)

Harry: (Looting a dead guy's closet)

Harry: It was Sirius's dead, Death Eater, brother? He does have good style.

Marvolo: (Literally sucking the magic out of Harry)

Harry: Hey, could you sto - (Passes out)

Voldemort: (Torturing Tonks)

Voldemort: Want to hear about my consort <3?

The Order: (Racism, Bigotry, Crime)

Remus: (Is uncomfortable)

Severus: Wow, would you look at that?

Thank you for 120k (122k)! Also, we hit 2000 comments (A bit less than half are mine, though) So that means we're approaching 1000 comment threads! I hope to see you there <3.

Boring Days

Chapter Summary

Harry joins another Order meeting. Marvolo has another crisis. And Severus is punished.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry bounced the ball off of his wall. It came back, hitting his hand, and he threw it again.

“Stop that.” Marvolo snapped at him, peering up from his book.

“I’m bored.” Harry groaned, throwing the ball again.

Marvolo flicked his hand, and the ball flew to him. He caught it and squished it, the spell popping off of it and turning it back into a scrap of spent parchment. Harry glared at him. Marvolo glared back.

Dobby popped up beside Harry. He barely spared him a glance before he faced Marvolo.

“A letter for Mr Marvolo, from Mr Tom and Mr Riddle.” Dobby held out the roll of parchment to him.

Marvolo snatched it and broke the seal. The parchment tumbled down to his knees, curling at the bottom.

“Let me see!” Harry scrambled to look at the parchment.

He was only able to see the block of extending scrawl when Marvolo yanked him back.

“The letter is addressed to me; it is mine,” Marvolo stated simply.

“But I want to read it!” Harry evaded his grip, only to be snatched up by his hair. “Hey!”

“Go to sleep.” Marvolo stared at him.

“What - but I’m not . . . here was that pulling sensation again.

Darkness.

“You’re an asshole, you know that?” Harry groggily spoke.

“Yes, I know.” Marvolo rolled his eyes.

“What did they say?” He demanded.

He wasn’t that intimidating, having just woken up. Also, he was drained. Drained of so much, he hadn’t felt this magically weak in a long time. But he persisted, sitting up in bed and brushing the covers off of him.

“They gave their reasons.” Marvolo simply stated.

“Can you not take as much? I’m not feeling the best.” Harry swayed as he stretched.

“I’ll consider it.” He hummed.

“Someone came in awhile ago, a man with a scared face, but he left. I hid in the shadows.” Marvolo flipped his book closed and approached the bookcase.

“Ah, that would be Remus Lupin.” Harry swung his legs over the bed. “Wonder what he wanted?”

Marvolo didn’t reply, choosing to scan the books with his fingers instead. He hummed as he flipped through different tomes.

“What type of books do you like?” Harry asked, struggling to stand.

“Dark arts, defensive magic, divination, the works.” Marvolo pulled out another book, nodded to himself, and sat down at the end of the bed.

“Divination? That - that honestly tracks.” Harry shrugged.

Sure, Harry waved off divination as codswallop, but Voldemort wouldn’t. He would take “predicting the future” and “destiny” with complete seriousness. It was almost funny if he thought about it hard enough.

“Elaborate.” Marvolo glanced at him.

Right.

Marvolo wouldn’t know that he kinda-not-really murdered future-him. He was unaware of the prophecy as well.

“Well...”

It was wrong to lie about it, but at the same time, his safety was at risk. Not only would Marvolo possibly blow up at him or try to kill him, but the Order would hear the ruckus and see him. That or they’d find his dead body, find the horcrux, and then both of them would die.

“Well, what?” Marvolo’s eyes narrowed.

“Well... promise you won’t get mad or hurt me.” Harry cringed as he spoke.

“Why would I attack you?” Marvolo’s brows knitted together in confusion.

“Promise?”

“You have my word,” Marvolo promised.

Harry didn’t know how much his word was worth.

“Well... about, 16ish years ago, you - future you - was at the height of the war of dark versus light. There was a prophecy, it goes; “

“The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches. Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies. And the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not. And either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives.”

“So you went crazier trying to find anyone who would fit that. He tracked down two children and attacked one family. He killed the parents, but when he tried to kill the child, the curse rebounded and killed him instead.”

“He eventually resurrected himself, though.” Harry tried to end on a good note.

Marvolo stared off into the distance.

“I died?” His voice trembled.

“Not really. You just got removed from your body.” Harry needed to keep him calm.

“You were the child I chose to attack. Correct?” Marvolo’s tone was indiscernible.

“Yeah,” Harry answered, biting his cheek.

Marvolo slowly locked eyes with him. Red to green. Harry shuddered.

The man slowly stalked over to him like a leopard approaching a rabbit. Harry stepped back shakily. Marvolo continued forward, his face perfectly neutral. His shadow fell over Harry.

“Marvolo?” Harry squeaked.

Marvolo reached out a hand and touched the lightning scar. There was a tingle; it had the warmth that he associated with it, but it felt darker. Like it stuck to him rather than just flowing.

“How could they love you, knowing that? All of them.” Marvolo spoke in a whisper.

“I . . .arry didn’t know what to say.

Marvolo continued to lightly brush his fingers over the scar. He tilted his head in thought but shook it just as quickly. Harry didn’t dare to move.

“It’s hard to see,” Marvolo muttered.

He withdrew, a bitter look on his face. With a cursory glance back, he descended back into the locket.

Odd.

Was that a good sign or a bad one? Or neither, merely additional information that Marvolo would just add to; his arsenal? Knowing his selves, he would likely stew on it for a few days before concluding. Hopefully, he wouldn’t stay in his locket.

An asshole he may be, Harry still desired to have someone around him.

Almost an hour later, another knock sounded at the door. Remus peered in, his shoulders sinking when he saw Harry sitting on his bed reading a book.

“Ah, you’re up.” Remus shuffled awkwardly.

“Yeah.” Harry shrugged, sliding his book under his pillow.

“You’ve just been sleeping a lot; it’s hard to catch you awake.” Remus cleared his throat. “Dumbledore would like you to be downstairs.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Fine.”

Remus sent him a sympathetic smile and ushered him down the stairs. Walburga’s portrait screamed at him.

“You keep on doing this, and I’ll make it my personal mission for your line to marry into dirty blood.” Harry threatened the portrait.

“Filthy blood! My kin will not let our line grow into filth!” She screamed.

“Have we tried fiendfire on her?” Harry asked Remus.

Remus’s eyes went wide. “Harry, that’s a very dangerous spell. One wrong move, and everything here turns to ash.”

“Was worth a shot.”

They opened the door to the dining room. There, everyone in the Order was gathered around. Harry cautiously sat down between Remus and Mrs Weasley.

“Harry,” Dumbledore spoke from the head of the table. “We had a discussion, and we think it would be best for you to start sitting in on these meetings. We’ll continue as normal and ask questions if you have any.

“Okay.” Harry nodded. He could get all the juicy information now.

Moody unrolled a scroll across the table and threw down a few copies of the Prophet. Everyone snatched the papers, and Harry hesitantly took them.

Success of the Vampire-Owned Blood Exchange!

There has been an astounding development here in Diagon Alley! The vampire-owned Blood Exchange, which went into effect a mere six days ago, has already laid the foundation for success. In this time, they have acquired fifty liters of wixen blood, forty liters of vampire blood, and ten liters of werewolf blood.

Countless other creatures have exchanged blood as well. The profits have shot over the estimated opening day by 500%. This blood exchange will become a staple in the community. We interviewed people to ask what they thought.

"I was surprised when so many people showed up. We didn't expect that much." Says Owner Blancha.

"This blood exchange is a great profit-maker. Shares worth mere sickles are now worth galleons. I am glad I invested in this project, and I implore others to do so as well." Investor Perdwick said.

"I've already bought vampire blood. I use it so often in my personal healing practice, and this will cut the costs. My patients will be thankful for the reduced costs." Healer Halder remarked.

The Blood Exchange is here to stay. What will next month entail? We implore our average citizen to watch out for more of these creature-owned businesses to pop up. For our Wizengamont members, we ask, what will the Regress party pass next?

For more stories on the latest ground-breaking news, follow the Daily Prophet for more!

Edwin Mills

Reporter at the Daily Prophet

December 27th

Harry quirked an eyebrow at the reporter. Wasn't Rita Skeeter the normal reporter?

"I thought Rita Skeeter reported on these things?" Harry asked out loud, waiting a minute for everyone else to finish reading.

"She does." Remus said, "She was injured by someone a few days ago, still in Saint Mungos. Word around says she'll recover just fine."

Harry wanted to growl. He would bet it was Voldemort. Rita was his, and Voldemort would only touch her if he asked.

"Shame." Was all Harry could say.

“The focus is on the exchange. Its success will lead to more creature-owned shops.” Moody grumbled.

“Why is that bad?” Harry asked, scanning the document on the back that had the sales records and graphs.

“Creatures are practitioners of Dark Magic. At significantly higher rates than normal wixen. This brings more dark magic into the community. We’ve been fighting against it since Voldemort’s downfall.” Dumbledore solemnly told him.

“What even is Dark Magic? Is it just a sub-section of magic, or is there an actual definition?” Harry asked, staring at the red circles and x’s on the map.

Everyone stared at him.

“Dark magic,” Snape drawled from his corner. “Is defined as magic that is fueled by emotions. The cruciatus curse is one example; you have to have true hate in your soul to cast it.”

“Dark magic, in everyday use, is magic with the intent to harm someone.” Dumbledore elaborated.

“So the Patronus charm is both dark magic and not dark magic?” Harry tilted his head.

“...yes.” Snape sighed.

“Moving forward,” Dumbledore cleared his throat. “We will have to be more subtle in preventing future bills like this from passing. For instance, the use of ‘living’ person would prevent vampires, ghouls, mummies, and other undead from taking residence.”

“We should talk about the average violence statistics. They have gone down recently, but overall, it is still a worrying number.” Moody threw the news report onto the table.

Remus shuffled uncomfortably.

“That’s a good idea.” Mrs Weasley nodded along. “We have children in the alley!”

Harry wanted to scoff. If he knew this was what the Order thought of creatures and, frankly, innocent people, he would have defected to the dark years ago. Hell, he would have taken Voldemort’s hand in his first year.

The rest of the meeting was similarly racist.

Complaining about creatures, saying how they could block certain bills that were coming to pass, and implementing new bills against the dark and creatures. He wanted to roll his eyes, but the seriousness of the subject stopped him.

They name-dropped a few bills that Harry took note of.

Almost two hours later, the meeting ended. Harry filed back into his room and pulled out parchment and a self-inking quill. Voldemort was in for some juicy information.

‘Dearest Nemesis,

A new development has started. We discussed the current bills and what to do to block them or make them not work anymore. These are the specific bills:

Creature Reform

Creature Right to Work

Fae Inclusion

They mentioned more, but they didn’t go further into an explanation. Watch out for these. I’m not sure what you’ll hear, so I’ll keep you updated.

Furthermore, Marvolo has been very mean to me. Is there any secret on how to make him hate me less? He’s just been weird around me after he found out about our history. Farewell,

Your Detested

Harry summoned Dobby and kindly asked him to deliver the letter, with the promise to buy him socks later. With a pop, he was gone. Harry sighed as he surveyed the bookshelf. He had read the most interesting books in just a few days; now he was left with obscure, non-descript titles.

What even was *‘Darker it Storms’*?

A presence appeared behind him. The fabric of his shirt barely brushed against his back. A shiver ran through his body.

“What are you looking for?” Marvolo asked, withdrawing one of the books above him.

“Something. I read all the ones I’m interested in.” Harry nervously answered, trying his best to say still.

Marvolo scanned the bookshelf and plucked a book from it. It was thinner, with a ratted red cover.

“Try this one.”

The Decent was scrawled across the front of it. Harry flipped to the table of contents and found an array of topics that he was interested in, all in order of severity. Harry looked up, meeting Marvolo’s look as he gazed down at him.

“Thanks!” Harry smiled.

Marvolo paused.

“I have read a large amount of these books already. This one is good for beginners who have reading experience but not practical experience.” Marvolo moved to the side, allowing Harry breathing room.

“How do I get more practical experience without a wand? It’s a bit draining to use wandless magic, not to mention how difficult it is.” Harry turned to face Marvolo.

“Rituals and runes that only require magical blood or carvings. Do you have a ritual room here?” Marvolo answered, stepping back and sitting on the bed.

“I don’t know.” Harry shrugged.

“Find one. If not, you are in for a boring break.” Marvolo hummed as he flipped through the book on his nightstand.

Harry sighed. He was making progress with Marvolo, but it wasn’t nearly as much as he wanted. He figured Marvolo would be different after being imprisoned in a locket for decades. But he didn’t seem that bothered.

He strode over to his desk and took out a page of parchment.

‘My Loving Boyfriends,

I require advice. Marvolo does not like me. And I don’t mean like that; I just mean generally. Is there a way to ease the tension? I know you aren’t the same people, but I know you somewhat share interests. Do I go for books? Some obscure knowledge? Get him stationary?

I miss you dearly as well. I hadn’t known what it was like to wake up alone in a long time. Or to be somewhat alone in general. How are you two holding up? Are you fine?

With love,

Your Bright Light’

Harry sent the letter off with Dobby yet again. He breathed, choosing to flip through the book Marvolo recommended.

It was an interesting view on the subject. It covered mostly the history of the Dark Arts, choosing to focus on the emotional side rather than the intent to harm side. A more nuanced take on the subject, he guessed. It fascinated him with the little spells peppered throughout the pages. Certain healing charms were dark magic, with someone needing to want to heal someone for them to work.

After a while, Dobby popped back in with two letters and a package.

“Dobby hopes the Great Harry Potter will not be mad. Dobby waited for a letter from Mr Dark Lord and Mr Tom and Mr Riddle to deliver it.” Dobby shuffled nervously.

“It’s no problem, Dobby. I was reading anyway.” Harry waved him off. “Thank you for playing owl; I don’t know what I would do without any contact with my boyfriends or the

Dark Lord.” Harry smiled at him.

Dobby beamed.

“Dobby will always do favours for the Great Harry Potter!”

“Would you like me to get you random socks, or would you like to go sock shopping with me?” Harry asked, placing the letters on his desk.

“Dobby enjoys surprise gifts!” He nodded, ears flapping.

“Alright.”

Dobby disappeared.

Harry turned around and popped the snake seal on the letter on top of the package.

‘Our Bright Light,

We would recommend you give him stationery. Inside is a bottle of rose-scented red ink, a calligraphy set, and some rolls of parchment we found in your trunk. We assume he’d enjoy it, as we have desired it throughout our childhood.

And we do miss you dearly. We spend most of our time in our containers because there isn’t a lovely boyfriend to interact with. Though it does remind us of our imprisonment, it also helps us pass the time and not feel the loneliness. It also helps us save our magic.

Please write to us as frequently as possible. The house elf (is it Dobby or Dooby? It is hard to tell because of his excited voice.) seems to enjoy playing owl. We’ll write as often as we can, and we will send you information that we hope will let you escape.

Keeping you in our thoughts,

Your loving boyfriends’

Underneath their sign-off and around the margins were lots of scented doodles in an array of rainbow colours. Harry blushed at the detailed drawings of himself with hearts and glitter around them. So much glitter.

Harry smiled at the letter. He set the package to the side and popped open the other letter with the Slytherin seal.

‘Dearest Detested,

I would recommend baking. Have you found any hints of a way to escape? Inside this letter, at the bottom, if you tap the drawing of a bracelet, the physical item will appear. It is a portkey to my manor, and if you can escape, you are always welcomed back. The keyword is in parseltongue, “Serpent”. I implore you to remember this.

And I will keep what you have revealed in mind. Severus has made no mention of two of those bills, which irritates me greatly. I will investigate further, and if he angers me enough, you will not have a Defense Against the Dark Arts professor anymore. My apologies for the headaches that this will entail.

Yours truly,

Your Nemesis'

Voldemort was using his feeling wheel; he just knew it. At least now he could begin to understand what was going on in his head. It was hard to read him sometimes. Especially since Voldemort seems new to expressing emotions.

Tapping the image of a bracelet, it appeared in his hands. It looked like one of those braided friendship bracelets, with green and red strings. Harry tied it around his wrist opposite his bangle, right under the one that he got with Tom and Riddle.

He took the package and walked over to Marvolo.

It was deposited on his lap. Marvolo looked up at him, unamused.

“What is this?” He picked it up with his long fingers.

“A gift.” Harry crossed his arms. “It’s something you give to people.”

“I know what a gift is,” Marvolo growled.

Marvolo removed the twine holding the box together and flipped open the lid. Inside was a bottle of red ink, rose-scented ink, calligraphy quills, and parchment. His face was indiscernible, but he could pick up on the slightest hint of excitement.

“This is... adequate,” Marvolo said, holding the glass bottle up to the candlelight.

“I hope so. You know, you guys never really struck me as the art type of people, but I guess now you have time to indulge in it.” Harry was about to say something mildly insulting, but he bit his tongue. No need to fan the fire.

“Hm.” Marvolo shortly replied.

Harry turned away and began to pen his response to his boyfriends. Once in a while, he’d turn around to look at Marvolo. He would be bent over his parchment, resting on a book, with furrowed brows and a tiny bit of his tongue poking out of the corner of his mouth.

Voldemort rubbed his temples as he read the replies to his treaties.

‘We accept your offer; however, we would like to speak to Ignis first. We have heard great things about him.’

More or less, the same demand repeated throughout the letters. Somehow, Dimirty, Aquillian, and Wulstride had perked up Ignis enough for all the other allies to want to meet him. For a few, it was a requirement to sign the treaties. Even saying that he was on a mission wasn't enough for them.

He sighed.

No matter how much he tried to avoid it, everything seemed to circle back to Potter. Even in his secret identity. But there were more important matters.

Severus had not been completely honest with him. Potter had written about three bills, and while they could have been a new development, he doubted it.

“Wormtail.” He glared at the rat in the cage at the bottom of one of his desk drawers.

He had kept him contained ever since Potter had been there. Knowing their history, it would be dangerous for both of them to be around each other. And after all that time with his groveling self out of the way, he found himself more at peace.

“Be useful.” He emptied him out onto the floor. In an instant, the rat transformed into the now-skinny, hunched man.

“My lord, thank you . . . e began to grovel.

“Your arm, Wormtail.” Voldemort spat.

Wormtail displayed his arm, the snake coming out of the skull mark just as perfect as the day Voldemort marked him. He pondered to himself for a moment, remembering when he spent a month trying to design his perfect mark. He snapped out of his thoughts and pressed the tip of it onto the snake.

“Severus Snape,” He hissed.

Wormtail whined in agony as he spoke. It was one of the more inventive parts of the spell. No one could speak his name or use parselmagic on the mark without it causing them pain.

“Begone. You have one hour.” Voldemort pointed to the door. He was merciful enough to give him an hour of freedom before he’d be back in his cage.

Wormtail scrambled to leave his office. Voldemort sat back in his chair, thinking.

Potter’s letter had raised concerns within him. Not just with Severus but with his other spies as well. How much had they hidden from him? A little? A lot? He gritted his teeth. Perhaps he had put them on too loose of a leash.

Perhaps he should make them swear a second vow of loyalty.

Voldemort's mood soured more as Severus slid into his office. The man was already tense, though he hid it well.

"Severus." Voldemort gestured to the chair in front of him.

"My Lord," He offered a bow and seated himself.

"I have another's word from inside the Order." Voldemort got to the point instantly.

"I have not seen another person in the meetings," Severus replied evenly.

"They do not need to be seen to hear," Voldemort replied cryptically. "What I do want to know is why you have omitted details of the Order meeting?"

Severus swallowed hard. "Would it be possible to have clarification?"

Voldemort glared. "The creature bills that the Order has been fighting against. You have not made mention of the Creature Reform nor the Fae Inclusion bills. Only the Creature Right to Work."

Severus's eyes subtly landed on Voldemort's wand. "I assumed it would pass without any problems."

Voldemort shook his head, tching. "Severus, you do not assume anything when it comes to information. If it is important, like these bills, I expect you to inform me. Those bills are vital to our treaties' agreement."

"Understood." Was Severus's meager reply.

Voldemort sighed and picked up his wand. Severus flinched.

"I will ask you to swear another vow of loyalty. You are being let off easy for your transgressions." Voldemort sneered.

"Understood, my Lord." Severus presented his forearm.

The tip of Voldemort's wand dug into the skin above the Dark Mark. He hissed a little in parseltongue, beginning the process of the vow.

"Do you swear by your magic to be forever loyal to me?" Voldemort's voice was between a hiss and a gravelly voice, both parseltongue and not.

"Yes, I do." Severus nodded.

"Do you swear not to reveal any information on Ignis, should you acquire it?" Voldemort needed to check all his boxes with this vow.

Severus' eyes widened. "Yes, I do."

"Do you swear to go to me first, should anything of interest happen?" Voldemort spat.

“Yes, I do.” The final binds of magic ended.

The mark now had a silver outline around the edges, which was hard to see unless it hit the light. Voldemort almost cursed it looked better than the original one. He knew his wording was vague at best. But it was intended, and now Severus would need to be as thorough as possible to not lose his magic.

“Crucio.” Voldemort tacked on walls, and for good measure.

Severus contorted on his floor for a full minute. His screams ripped through the walls, Voldemort just wanted to roll his eyes. He hid all of this and was expecting to get off scot-free. Did Severus think he was a fool?

“What else may I do, my Lord?” Severus was sweating by then.

“I do think we need to go over the Order’s plan now that your new vow is in place.”

Severus looked like he wanted to die then and there. “Yes, my Lord.”

Chapter End Notes

Marvolo, after receiving a knee-length letter about all the ways that they love Harry:
Hm.

Harry: Let me see!

Marvolo: Sleep.

Marvolo: Why would it be weird to love divination?

Harry: ... promise you won't get mad.

Marvolo: Why would I get mad?

Harry: ...

Marvolo: WHY WOULD I GET MAD????

Harry: Rita Skeeter was attacked? That is my job, Voldemort. Not yours!

A vampire-owned blood-exchange: (Is a success)

The Order: What if I did a racism?

Remus:

Harry: Tehe, I'm telling Voldemort!

Harry: A gift, for you.

Marvolo: ... this is... adequate

Severus, after doing treacherous things: Why am I here?

Voldemort: Did you think I was dumb? Crucio, for being bad. Now take another vow, peasant.

Introductions

Chapter Summary

Harry finds a way into Marvolo's heart. He finally gets back to his boyfriends. And Marvolo challenges him. ;)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry furiously stirred the chocolate batter. If the way to a man's heart was through his stomach, Harry was sure to win him over.

“What are you doing, Harry?” Remus's voice rang out.

“I need to stress-eat, so I'm stress-baking,” Harry replied, cursing as a glob of batter splattered on his arm. He licked it off, satisfied with the taste.

“Oh, Harry, I could just make you something if you needed - “

“I'm fine.” Harry cut him off, shovelling the batter into a pan.

Remus shrank under his tone.

“I see.” He exited the kitchen.

Harry rolled his eyes. He shoved the pan into the fire-baked oven and sat in front of it. The heat radiating off of it was heavenly. Basking in the heat, he let out a contented breath. Baking always relieved him more than he expected.

Before long, the brownies were done. He got a side-eye from Remus as he took the entire pan up to his room. Harry barged into his room and rested the hot pan on his desk, taking off his oven mitts.

Marvolo seemed to sense his presence and exited his locket.

“What do you have here?” Marvolo inquired, peering at Harry.

“Brownies.” He replied, “You can have some if you want. They're double chocolate chip.”

Marvolo stared at the food. “Maybe I'll indulge.”

He took a smooth step forward.

“You better,” Harry smiled, “You haven't eaten anything!”

“I do not need to; all I need to subsist on is magic, it seems,” Marvolo said as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

“Oh, my boyfriends always ate, so I just assumed you were hunger-striking me.” He joked.

Marvolo stared at him oddly. “... sometimes I forget that you are... affiliated with two of the horcruxes.”

“Well,” Harry transfigured a piece of parchment into a knife. “They are very sweet when it comes down to it.”

Marvolo stared at him. “It is hard to believe.”

Harry scooped up a brownie as Marvolo transfigured two plates and forks for them. He plated them, Marvolo’s and his fingers grazing each other as he passed the plate. For a brief second, he could feel the rush of warmth.

“... did you feel that?” Marvolo drew back abruptly.

“Yeah. It happens when I touch a horcrux.” Harry extended his hand. “You didn’t feel it when you were choking me out?”

“No, I didn’t I thought it was just when I touched your scar...”

Marvolo hesitantly took his hand. The familiar warmth coated him like a soft blanket on a cold night. He breathed a contented sigh.

“That is quite... I don’t feel much, but I feel a lot when it’s with you.” Marvolo furrowed his brow. “Why?”

“Not sure,” Harry shrugged. “I don’t question the good in life. Now, eat your brownie before it gets cold.”

“I could just use a heating charm.”

“Yeah, shut it. Eat.”

Harry ate his brownie quickly. The warm, still a little melty, chocolate sat on his tongue, and it was heavenly in his mouth. Marvolo, meanwhile, was silent as he munched on it, quiet still as he stole another one.

“This is... adequate,” Marvolo muttered after a long silence.

“I should hope so. I’m an excellent cook!” Harry too, took another brownie. “Have as much as you want, I can always make more.”

“It is bad for the diet to eat so many sweets.” Marvolo looked longingly at the pan.

“Yeah, well, have a cheat day. I can make something healthier later.” Harry waved him off. “I’ll be sleeping.”

Harry curled up under his sheets, snuggling deeper into the softness of his mattress and pillows. But he did not sleep. He observed Marvolo through a blurry squint with his eyelashes blocking most of it.

The man ate to his heart's content, consuming half the pan before he leaned back and wiped his mouth. He withdrew his ink, quill, and parchment, and scribbled on it. Eventually, Harry started to nod off.

But he quickly became alert once he heard Marvolo stepping toward him. He shut his eyes, unsure if he would sense that he was still awake. Marvolo's touch was gentle on his scar. It sent another jolt of warmth through him, a pleasurable shiver running up his spine. Oh, how he missed the touch of his boyfriends. Marvolo may be similar, but he was not the same.

"How are you so lovable?" Marvolo whispered, still stroking his scar. "It is not fair."

His words broke his heart. It wasn't that he didn't think he could love, it was that he thought he was unlovable. That no one could see the good in him and love him for his heart. So he locked it away and sealed it with thorns, to never know the touch of another. To preemptively reject so as not to be rejected.

Marvolo's touch lingered for another moment. Then he withdrew, letting out a long breath, and Harry could no longer sense his presence.

Harry flipped over and hugged his pillow tightly.

Harry finally received his trunk and wand only three days before the break ended. He rushed back to his room with everything in his hands. He raked through his trunk, trying to find anything and everything that could have been taken.

All of his notes.

All of the notes he exchanged with Voldemort over the summer were missing.

Harry rested his head against the lip of the trunk. Hatred blared in his eyes as he bit down on his lip. All of the fun little moments and stories that stretched on into the night were gone. Something inside him *burned*.

"What are you distressed about?" Came from behind him. Harry sighed.

"They took all my notes I exchanged with Voldemort during the summer. It's stupid, but those were the only things that kept me running during that time. It's what set this all into motion." Harry kept his head down as his vision swam. "That's childish," Marvolo remarked.

"I . . . now." It was hard to keep his voice even.

Marvolo sighed. He knelt next to him and lightly patted his back.

"Easy there, your crying is making me uncomfortable." He said soothingly.

Harry let the tears roll down his face. It wasn't an angry, soul-shattering cry, but a silent one that just left him in despair.

He eventually stopped, gathering himself enough not to be embarrassed as he faced Marvolo.

"Are you done?" Marvolo asked, tilting his head.

"Yeah. Sorry about that." Harry sniffled.

"You are forgiven."

Marvolo patted his pockets and handed him a handkerchief. Harry wiped away his tears and blew his nose. The hand on his back left.

Marvolo stared at him. "Do you want to learn about rituals?"

"Yeah."

The final day arrived, and Harry could not have run away sooner. He sped through the halls of Hogwarts as soon as they landed in Dumbledore's office. Yelling was heard behind him, but he ignored it.

"*Open.*" He hissed loudly.

The entrance to the chamber slid open. Harry hopped in, the air rushing past him as he descended. He collided with the floor but scrambled to his feet nonetheless. He had boyfriends to see and a little twisted ankle was not going to stop him.

The snaked wall opened before him, revealing the chamber. He barely glanced at it, finding no boyfriends after his scan, and furiously clawed the door to the living quarters open.

Rushing to the bedroom, he instantly crashed and landed in a heap on the floor.

"Riddle!" He yelled, peppering kisses on his face.

"Why hello to you, angel." Riddle laughed, pushing himself up by the elbows. "I thought I heard someone down here."

"I've missed - /p>

"Love! You're back!" A weight landed heavily on his back. Harry's body slammed against Riddle.

"Ouch. Easy there, he'll still be here when he gets up." Riddle coughed.

"Sure, sure." Tom waved him off.

Tom planted a kiss at the corner of Harry's mouth and wrapped his arms tightly around him.

“I missed you two so much.” Harry breathed in a long breath of air, the longing in his heart quelled by their scent. Lavender was such a perfect smell for them.

“We did as well, we hardly came out of our containers.” Riddle gently pushed him up, taking his hands to stand.

“I... cried the first night,” Harry admitted sheepishly.

“Oh, love.” Tom squeezed him tighter.

“It’s okay, angel; it’s okay to be sad.” Riddle ran a hand through his hair.

“*Pitiful Master! You are back!*” Emeralds barreled toward him and collided with him, claws digging into his arm. Onyx looked up at them from her tank.

“Enough of that.” Harry regretfully removed himself from their grasp. “Want to meet Marvolo? He’s a bit cold, but I think he’s warming up to me.”

“Are you sure he’s... fine?” Tom reached out and held his hand.

“He didn’t try to murderise me, so I think he’s fine. He knows I’m a horcrux and the prophecy. Knows about us.” Harry teasingly tugged on Tom’s tie.

“That should be fine.” Riddle bit his lip.

“Okay, let me get him out. Should I keep him with your two or find somewhere else?”

“Somewhere else. I don’t want him in our bedroom. But let him decide where.” Tom gripped his hand tightly. Riddle nodded.

Harry unshrunk his trunk from his pocket and shuffled through the chest. It still saddened him that his notes were gone, but it was leagues easier to find anything in his trunk now. Wrapped within his invisibility cloak, the locket shone under the candlelight.

“I like the locket, it’s fitting for a horcrux.” Riddle commented.

“It looks like an heirloom, maybe Voldemort found it later in life?” Tom questioned.

Harry nodded. “Wakey, wakey, I have people for you to meet, Marvolo.”

In an instant, Marvolo materialised in front of them. He took a step back once he noticed how close he was to them.

Tom and Riddle looked at him up and down, appraising him like he was up for sale. Marvolo scowled at them as he stared at Harry’s and Tom’s clasped hands.

“So you’re the boyfriends.” Marvolo spat. He stared at Emerald, a bit bemused.

“Yes, we are,” Riddle answered for them, placing a hand on the small of Harry’s back.

Marvolo shifted, crossing his arms. “Where are we?”

“The living quarters of the chamber, this specifically is our bedroom.” Riddle gestured to the room.

Marvolo’s gaze wandered from the flower canopy to the aquarium that contained the snake and seahorse and to Onyx, who was laying next to the tank. Emerald took the moment to fly over and place herself next to Onyx protectively.

“Lovely... I do not wish to be in your bedroom any longer.” Marvolo eyed the door.

“Didn’t think so; let’s go and find you a room.” Harry advanced, leading them through the hall.

“There’s more down this hall,” Riddle waved into the darkness. “Unless you want a specific room instead of a bedroom.”

Marvolo tilted his head in thought. “I would prefer a bedroom.”

They escorted him down the hall, and Harry peeked into each bedroom they passed. He was surprised at all the rooms; he just glanced at them and assumed they were empty when he first ran through the rooms. Marvolo looked unimpressed at the majority of them, waving them off as “too blue” or “beds should not be octagonal,” among other complaints.

“This one is fine.” Marvolo circled back to the second room they visited.

It looked much like the other rooms but with a mostly silver, dark green, and cream palette. The bed was sparkling silver, with cream pillows and green trim around the mattress. The walls were a similar shade of cream, with silver accents dotting the walls. The dark oak desks and doors to the walk-in closet complemented the room well.

“Okay, do you want to settle in, eat, see the training rooms, or anything else?” Harry asked, wanting to reach out to him.

“Hm.” He pondered, staring at him through the floor-length mirror beside the walk-in. “I would agree to a meal.”

“Great! I’ll go work on it!” Harry nodded, “What do you want? I have a lot of ingredients or I can ask Dobby to buy me some.”

“... I would like a steak dinner.” He said in an almost challenging tone.

“That’s more than doable.” Harry bounded away, catching a confused look from Marvolo.

So Marvolo wanted to challenge his cooking skills? So be it. Harry was so much more than just brownies. Harry wandered down to the kitchen, a hop in his step as he did. A steak dinner was rather abstract, but it gave him room to work.

He took note that his boyfriends didn’t follow him, but he shrugged it off. Knowing them, they were interrogating or hazing Marvolo.

He hummed to himself as he pulled out all of the ingredients. Steak sirloin (of course), seasoning, some butter, potatoes, vegetables... hm, maybe make some finger sandwiches as well? He threw just about everything he knew Tom and Riddle liked onto the counter.

Hmm, maybe he could also make something else - Danish pastries! And treacle tart! Harry ran back to the pantry to pull out more ingredients.

Harry worked hard on the meal. He was constantly in a state of mixing, simmering, and stirring, keeping a steady pace as he went. Being low on time motivated him. He was just glad he always had some ingredients pre-prepared, like the steaks that had been marinating for some time. Everything else went quickly, and he made sure to taste everything before he even thought about plating it.

“Angel, you don’t have to work so hard. We’ll still be here.” Riddle pulled up next to him, trying to wrap his arms around Harry’s waist.

Harry batted them away. “Don’t break my rhythm. And I will work as fast and as hard as I want. He’s challenging me.”

“You’ve been working tirelessly for an hour,” Tom commented, leaning on the counter.

“And I’ll work for at least another.” Harry moved the simmering soup off of the fire.

“Whatever you say,” Riddle stepped back and let him work.

Harry complained to them about the Order while he cooked. Mostly about the barbaric ways they were fighting against the creature bills. If the creatures were even half as nice as Dimirty, Aquillian, or Wulstride, he would be fine with them interacting with Diagon.

The Russian English Alley was wonderful with the addition of creatures.

They helped him levitate everything to the dining room and plated them as well. Harry leaned back and admired the feast he was able to prepare in just two hours.

Steaks were stacked in a pile in the middle of the table, thick and oozing with juice and seasonings. Salads surrounded them, for balance, with soups outskirting it. Whole-baked potatoes were stacked high, gravy and other additives beside it. Pastries as well. And finally, platters of steamed or fried vegetables dotted the table.

It was perfect.

“Where is he?” Harry asked, wiping the sweat off his forehead.

“He said he’d be in the library, I’ll fetch him.” Riddle gave Tom a look, silently communicating something that Harry did not understand.

Harry hummed to himself as he and Tom made the finishing touches to the platters, rotating plates and cutlery until they were straight and even. Tom and Harry sat next to each other, although the ludicrous amount of space could let them move anywhere.

Riddle arrived with an uncertain-looking Marvolo. The man's eyes widened ever so slightly as he scanned the dinner table. Harry waved them over, smiling.

Riddle took the other seat next to him, while Marvolo sat across from him. There was a moment of hesitation as everyone waited for someone else to speak. Harry decided that he'd be the one to speak first, and he cleared his throat.

"Well, Marvolo, I hope you enjoy the food and I hope you enjoy your stay here, however long it may be. I will make sure to transport you to Voldemort's Manor once the year is over; however, I'll get there. Then you can decide where to go." Harry smiled at him, trying his best to be an amazing host.

"His manor?" Marvolo tilted his head.

"Um, it was formerly Riddle Manor, but it's been gutted, expanded, painted, enchanted... it really only looks like it from the outside, except that it's been spiffed up." Harry gently shared the information. At all costs, Marvolo was not to be angered; Harry really didn't know what the blow would do to him.

"Really..." Marvolo didn't meet Harry's eyes, choosing to stare at the food instead. Harry cringed; hopefully, he wouldn't be too uncomfortable with that information. His parenthood seemed like a sore subject to all of them.

"Moving on," Harry coughed, "Let's eat! I will not be doing this every day, so enjoy!"

Marvolo watched them as Harry and his boyfriends picked out their food. Besides the steaks, his boyfriends went lighter, with salad for Tom and soup for Riddle. Harry, meanwhile, scooped up steak, potatoes, soup, and a Danish pastry. And a treacle tart, of course.

Only after they picked out everything did Marvolo slowly and methodically choose his food. Steak, salad, and steamed vegetables were plopped on Marvolo's plate, along with a single potato. But he looked at them after he had plated himself.

Harry took a bite of his steak, unperturbed by the intense stare Marvolo was giving him. After he ate it, Marvolo similarly cut his and bit into it. He wanted to roll his eyes; Marvolo, like Bellatrix, thought he wanted to poison him.

His boyfriends caught on and switched their attention to their sides. Marvolo watched them carefully, then partook in his own food, hesitantly leaving his steamed vegetables for last.

"So, Marvolo, what have you been up to for the past... few years?" Harry only then realised that he didn't know exactly how old Marvolo was.

"For the last three years, I worked at Borgins and Burks, finding various dark objects and books. I planned to leave after I discovered something important. I found this woman who bought the Slytherin locket."

"After chatting her up, she invited me to her home. There, I found she had Hufflepuff's cup. I poisoned her and took the locket and cup, turning them into horcruxes afterwards." Marvolo

explained, sipping on some non-alcoholic wine.

“So you and the cup horcrux will be close in age?” Harry dug into his treckle tart.

“I assume so. It should be within the same year if everything goes according to plan.” Marvolo shrugged.

“Do you have any idea where it would be hidden? So far, Tom, Riddle, and you have been discovered, so I think they should be moved at the very least.” Harry pointed at them with his fork.

Marvolo hummed. “I don’t exactly know. I know I planned on placing one in Gringots, but not in my vault. So I am no help there.”

Harry digested the information. “Ten galleons it is in Bellatrix’s vault. Or the Malfoys, possibly anyone in the inner circle, actually.”

“Definitely Bellatrix.” Riddle agreed. “The woman is undyingly loyal to him.”

“More like an obsessive stalker. Have you seen the way she looks at him? I’d hide and never return if anyone looked at me like that.” Tom shivered. “I hated the looks she gave me as well. At least she never made an advance on me.”

“Yeah, I’m glad Colin Creevy hasn’t tried anything with me. I think it would crush him if he was attracted to me.” Harry cringed.

“Who is Colin Creevy? I assume a stalker.” Marvolo questioned.

“Well, he’s kind of my stalker? He likes to take pictures of me, and I know he saves articles about me in a scrapbook. I think he lets the false tales of Harry Potter, you know before I was hated, get to his head. I once saw a book about me, telling of me destroying dragons, which I have done, but not at that time, when I first learned about the wixen world.” Harry explained.

Marvolo looked at him oddly. “Have you tried torturing him?”

“No! Why would I do that?” Harry shook his head.

“It would keep him off your back.” Riddle commented.

“He backs off for like two weeks every time I tell him to stop.” Harry shrugged.

Tom huffed. “That’s not enough time.”

“I know...” Harry sighed. “It’s just hard for me to crush his little spirit. Plus, he’s one of the few people who actively doesn’t want to see me in pain. He still doesn’t talk to me, though.”

“People dislike you? How so?” Marvolo took a bite of his potato.

“I’m just hated. So, when a professor who was possessed by Voldemort came to school to steal the philosopher’s stone, I stopped him by dissolving him with my hands. But everyone

thought it was cool that I fought a professor and won. My second year, I was blamed for opening the Chamber of Secrets; wonder who actually did that?" Tom looked a little sheepish but smiled back when Harry grinned at him.

"Anyway," Harry continued, "Third year, I found out that my Godfather was actually innocent and didn't give my family up to Voldemort. Then everyone blamed me for him breaking into Hogwarts and didn't believe me when I said he was innocent."

"Fourth year, a death eater entered my name in the Goblet of Fire for the Triwizard Tournament. Everyone, even my friend, blamed me and said I put it in. Then at the last task, the cup was a portkey that took me to a graveyard. Voldemort was reborn there, and I escaped and brought back Cedric's dead body. Everyone thought either I killed him or the maze killed him, and I just dragged the body back. Everyone also didn't believe me when I said that Voldemort was back."

"Then we have my fifth year, where Dolores Umbridge fucking took over. She hated me for speaking out, and she used blood quills on students - mostly muggleborn or half-blood - and made me carve 'I must not tell lies' into my hand." Harry rubbed the area where the scar used to be - gone now after the phoenix tears.

"We got to torture her," Riddle explained.

"Yeah, I enjoyed it. Anyway, this summer Voldemort showed up on my neighbour's roof, threatened me, and then we started to exchange notes. Eventually, we got friendly, and I escaped with him to his manor after he fell off the roof." Harry laughed a bit.

"Then, when I came back, people hated me because I wasn't brutally tortured. Then Draco blew up my potion's classroom, and everyone except the people who were actually there blamed me! Tom and Riddle then made an appearance in the prophet twice as my 'Mysterious Partners.'"

"I beat up Draco because he called them desperate. So that's that. I think I'm missing some things, but people just hate me for so much that they forget." Harry sighed again.

Marvolo hummed, taking a minute to respond. "You have had an... eventful life."

"You'll say!" Harry exclaimed. "Most of my problems were Voldemort-related, so it's so weird to think back and be on good terms. At least I think we're on good terms."

"You're certainly not on bad terms, but on good terms? Maybe not." Riddle said.

"He still carved out your hip," Tom muttered. Marvolo's eyes went wide.

"That was a while ago. And he almost apologised for it! That's a big step for him!" Harry defended.

Sure, Voldemort still had his flaws and wasn't the best for Harry, but he was still leagues better than he was before. It was blatant to everyone; most of them probably put that on Ignis' appearance. Baby steps.

Marvolo raised an eyebrow. "You're standards are shallow, if that's a good term."

"Okay, he doesn't shun me, so that's basically my definition of good terms." Harry snapped.

Marvolo shook his head. "Still low. But to each their own."

Harry glared.

The rest of the meal was spent in silence.

At night, Harry and his boyfriends parted ways with Marvolo. They entered their bedroom and sighed with relief that it was all over.

"I'm headed to the shower," Harry announced, yawning.

A jolt of mischief ran through him at the sight of an opportunity. He glanced at the two, who were not paying attention to him.

"You two can join if you want." Harry purred.

Their heads instantly whipped back, their faces glowing red. They met his eyes, brimming with *desire*.

"I'd agree to that." Riddle spoke, kicking off his shoes.

"As would I." Tom loosened his tie.

Butterflies burst in his stomach as they entered the bathroom. His gaze followed the two as after he threw off his shirt. Harry's entire body felt on fire as they began to strip.

"Would you like to use our body wash? I think you'd be absolutely lovely if you smelled like us." Tom hugged him from behind and kissed his cheek.

"I think that's a wonderful idea." Harry turned to the side and kissed him as well.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: The way to the man's heart is through his stomach.

Marvolo: Hmm, these are... adequate. (Eats half the pan). Anyways, let me talk to your "sleeping" form.

Harry: (Crying because all his letters to his lifeline are gone)

Marvolo: Easy there, this crying thing makes me really uncomfortable.

Harry: (Is soothed)

Harry, the moment he is able to: (Sprints down to the chamber and loves on all of his boyfriends and pets.)

Marvolo, after coming out of the locket: Hello, I do not want to be in your love-chamber.

Marvolo: I bet you cannot make a steak, baker boy.

Harry: You want to see some real shit? (Bakes an entire steak dinner for them.)

Tom: Yes, Bellatrix is giving me those looks. She's creepy.

Harry: Yeah, my stalker is a bit creepy.

Marvolo: Torture him.

Riddle: Torture him.

Tom: Torture him.

Harry: ... no.

Harry: I'm going to take a shower... care to join?

Tom and Riddle: Real shit? (Strips almost instantly)

Thank you for 130K (134K)! I was just looking back at previous chapters and it is amazing to see how far we have come! It fills me with emotions! Because we all know, when numbers go up, the brain is happy.

Some Revealed Truths

Chapter Summary

Harry and Ginny have a fight. Voldemort has a meeting. And some awkwardness.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What are you smiling about?” Hermione asked when he sat next to her.

“Oh, nothing. Just good to be back.” Harry explained.

Tom and Riddle were much hotter without clothes.

“Did you have a nice break? The old bag wanted me for break; sorry I couldn’t stay back.” Ron explained, stabbing a sausage.

“Ron! Don’t refer to your mother like that!” Hermione chastised him. Harry couldn’t help but laugh.

“Well,” Harry said, “I spent my break being captured by the Order. They kidnapped me and kept me in the Headquarters. Do you know what it’s like to be completely alone with people harassing you about your love life? Remus was even on my case a bit. But he was at least tolerable.”

Ron raised an eyebrow. “Yeah, that’s weird. Could you talk to Ginny? She spent a long time looking at that paper when we got home, and she was really quiet during break. Let her down easy, will you?”

Shit.

SHIT!

Ginny would know what they looked like. Harry glanced down at the table for her, only to find her staring at him.

“Guess I’ll do it now.”

Harry waved at Ginny, then nodded towards the doors of the Great Hall. Ginny got up and headed out with Harry. Inside, Harry’s heart was racing. How would he explain this? He just hoped she hadn’t said much about them being an exact copy of Voldemort. He pulled her into an empty classroom and warded the doors to hell and back.

“Ginny.” Harry sighed. “I know you’ve seen the papers.”

“Why, Harry?” Ginny asked in a whisper. “Why with them?”

“Ginny, he’s not him.” At least not the one that attacked her in the Chamber. “And he’s not him either.”

“How do you know that?” She demanded.

“I know that because they’re so gentle with me. They are sweet and courteous and . . ./p>

“Do you not think he was as well? That I just followed a psychopath on a whim? He was all of that and more. He used me, Harry. Just as he’ll use you.” She spat at him.

“But Ginny, they’re different than him.” At this point, he wasn’t sure if she thought they were also horcruxes or sons, and it probably didn’t matter. “They’re so soft to me . . ./p>

“And he was to me as well. Telling me how smart I was, guiding me through my studies, making sure I was happy, and just as I thought he was the best person in the world, he made me do those things. He forced my hand.” Ginny growled.

“But . . ./p>

“Save it.” Ginny shook her head. “You’re old enough to make your own shitty decisions. Just take some advice - save yourself before you get in too deep.”

She stepped out to leave, but Harry caught her arm.

“Okay, okay, but... can we keep this under wraps?” Harry pleaded.

“You think I won’t tell them? I was suspicious before, but now? I’m certain he’s the same person.” She turned to leave.

“Obliviate.” Harry hissed.

Ginny stopped in place as the spell hit her. Harry bit his lip. He hoped he said the spell correctly.

“This conversation was only about you being mad that I was dating someone else. I turned you down gently. My boyfriends are the sons of Voldemort.” Harry forced more magic into the spell.

“Yes.” Was her crystal-clear response.

Harry cancelled the spell, hesitant. Ginny whipped around and slapped him.

“If you think they won’t turn you into You-Know-Who, then you’re delusional. They may be different from him, but they’re still related. You will fall into his clutches eventually. But you’re the boy-who-lived; maybe you can live past this as well.” She angrily spoke.

“But Ginny, they may be his sons but . . .e needed to make sure the spell worked.

“But nothing! They are the spawn of evil, Harry! I don’t even know what type of mother would have them, but I bet she’s also a farce.” Ginny’s hand touched the doorknob, and Harry cancelled the spells on the door.

“I’m leaving, Harry. And don’t come crawling back when they end up leaving you in the dust.” Ginny slammed the door as she left.

It worked. Hopefully, at least. He sighed and walked down to the potion’s classroom. Now he had to gossip about his break with Professor Slughorn. At least he was willing to give them a second chance.

Voldemort sighed and walked down the hall. A high-stakes meeting with the Big Three again. This time, they should solidify their treaties. Make their alliance completely official rather than promising aid. His mission would become their mission.

He opened the doors to his meeting room with a dramatic flourish. Inside, Dmitry was already standing there, ten minutes early, besides the meeting table.

“Dmitry, my apologies that I was not here to greet you.” Voldemort kept his voice even. How dare he make him have to apologize. But he needed to be nice to them today, of all days.

“The blame is on me, Voldemort. My servants set the clocks wrong after they fixed them.” Dmitry reached out and shook Voldemort’s hand.

“Ah, I see.” Voldemort nodded. “Will you want any refreshments while we wait for the others?”

“No, I will be fine. Is Ignis still on his mission?” Dmitry asked.

“Yes,” Voldemort answered with an internal groan. “He’s been rather… active.”

“Active? I see. Good news, I presume?”

“Yes, he has helped up with more than enough creature bills. My other spies have been lacking, and I asked them for another vow.”

“Very wise,” Dmitry nodded, “You need those tight bonds.”

“And for you?” Voldemort could hear the sweeping of the Floo network.

“We have an additional 30 vampires, 25 from other regions, and 5 newly turned. They were seeking refuge after their turners were killed.” Dmitry sighed. “We’ve been getting more of those lately.”

“Vigilantes or others?” Voldemort asked.

“Vigilantes,” Dmitry said, rubbing his temples. “Would you mind dealing with them?”

“Give me names and information as well. I’ll send my Death Eaters after them.” Voldemort spoke with honesty.

In walked Wulstride, making long strides into the room. She came with her arms full of parchment rolls and a singular sword.

“Greetings, Voldemort, Dmitry.” She nodded to them.

“Evening, Wulstride.” Dmitry greeted him warmly.

“Welcome, Wulstride.” Voldemort nodded to her.

Wulstride wiggled, trying to contain her parchment. “Would you be able to summon another table? I have a lot of parchment here.”

“That is doable.” Voldemort flicked out his wand and levitated a large round table that was against the wall over to them.

“Do you need more?”

“No, I’ll be fine.” Wulstride dumped all the parchment onto the table. “Just, I have a lot of clans that wanted me to represent them, and they wanted to draft their separate treaties.”

Voldemort wanted to bash his head. This was only supposed to be about the four of them, not about some tiny were-clans. But he took a deep breath. He needed everything he was able to get.

“I see. How many are you representing?” Voldemort watched as she arranged the parchment into neat lines.

“About... fifty? There are a few that threw them in at the last minute, so I am not certain of the exact number.” Wulstride whispered numbers to herself as she counted them, prodding each with her finger. “Fifty-five.”

He wanted to scream. The already-long meeting would drag on at least all night, if not into the early morning.

“It must be an honour to represent all of those people.” He tried to engage in idle chatter.

“It is, if a bit stressful. I want what’s best for my weres, of all species and clans.” Wulstride cracked her back and surveyed the parchments.

The sound of footsteps made Voldemort let out a sigh of relief. Aquillian walked in, dressed in layers of semi-transparent teal fabric that hung from his frame. He adjusted his laurel as he noticed the group.

“My apologies for being last.” Aquillian bowed his head. “I was rather caught up on last-minute duties.”

“It is no issue.” Voldemort quelled his worries. “Shall we begin, then?”

They all presented Voldemort with long rolls of parchment. Aquillian's was the longest, with Dmitry's being the shortest. He bit his lip at the sight of them. Although he figured that they would be long, he had forgotten how long they could be.

"Well then, shall we go over the recent bills passed?" Dmitry spoke up, taking a seat at the table.

"Yes." Voldemort cleared his throat. "So far, we have passed a total of twenty bills throughout Wizengamont. Ten of those bills broadly aided creatures as a whole, while the rest were for specific creature groups."

"Dmitry, three of them targeted vampires. Wulstride, three of them were for were-mammals, were-reptiles, and were-avians. Aquillian, four of them were for the subspecies of fae, with one for those under your rule specifically. Pardon the language of this bill; most of the Wizengamont members have no idea what the subspecies are, so we used broad generalisations to sort out the subspecies."

Aquillian's mouth drew into a thin line. "That is... fine."

Voldemort swallowed. He'd have to tread carefully in this meeting. He has already offended one of his colleagues.

"Five more bills are planned as well." Voldemort withdrew a sheet of parchment. "These would target clans instead of individuals. I would recommend, if not you, a representative of your clans to go to the meeting to voice your thoughts."

"How's the opposition handling it?" Aquillian asked, turning the sheet to face him.

"They are less than pleased. But the dark has the majority in Wizengamont and isn't all contained in the Regress party. These bills are more controversial among their more bigoted supporters, so they will pass with a small majority. I am thinking that testimony would convince some of the light and grey members. I will owl you for the days the bills are heard, as most of them have separate days for these big bills." Voldemort thought aloud.

The three nodded.

"I will send my second-in-command," Dmitry said first.

"And I will send my wife," Wulstride smiled to herself, less dangerous-looking than usual.

"Ah, I will attend myself. Do you know if guards are allowed to be there?" Aquillian inquired.

Voldemort furrowed his brows, "I am not entirely sure. We have not had high-ranking creatures testify since I was in Wizengamont. However, I would owl the Ministry to tell them you are attending and request guards attend as well. If not, I will assign some of my Death Eaters to be on high alert and to be around you before and after the meeting."

"That is doable. I assume they have a no-weapons policy." Aquillian smirked. "Then again, I doubt they know about the magic in the Noble bloodlines."

That sparked Voldemort's curiosity. "Pardon if it is personal, but is that contained solely in the Noble houses?"

Aquillian thought for a moment. "Well, no. The Noble houses are those who mingled with previously magical fae - magical in the way that you are, not like the rest of the fae. And some nobles marry into non-noble families, and some have bastard children. Most of the born nobles are magical, while there are a sparse few in the rest of the population that do contain magic. We try to have a registry to keep track of them."

Voldemort noted that in his head. Most fae only had nature-based magic, but magic like wixen? An entirely new field he could investigate. Was that what made noble blood from the fae so expensive and refined? That their magic made the potions their body parts were used in stronger?

"I can see what you are thinking." Aquillian raised an eyebrow. "Do remember, we are not your experiments."

"Yes, of course, you are not." Voldemort nodded. "Moving on, does anyone have any issues with the current bills as proposed?"

They moved through the different languages of the bills. Aquillian grew irritated as they went over his bill. He wanted to use exact names, but the broader language would make it seem like they were affecting fewer creatures than they actually were. Lesser bills like that went through easier than extensive ones.

"Voldemort," Wulstride addressed him when there was a lull in the conversation. "Do you know when Ignis will be back from his mission? These two were waxing poetically about him, and I'm disappointed I was only around him for a short amount of time."

Voldemort wanted to sigh. The world seemed to revolve around Harry Potter.

"I believe sometime in June. It depends on when I can wrangle him back; he is rather hard to catch." Voldemort admitted.

Wulstide let out a hearty laugh. "I remember when I was first trying to wrangle my wife. She was a free spirit and loved the chase. Teasing me by letting me get within arm's reach before bounding away. Were-cheetahs are hard to catch."

Dmitry nodded. "My second consort was like that as well. Not too fast, but she had a great mind and kept me on my toes."

Aquillian just shrugged. "Voldemort, have you had a wedding for your consort? Or will there be a wedding?"

Voldemort was glad he wore the glamour because his face heated up. "Uh, we are advancing slowly. We haven't had the wedding talk. If there will be one."

Aquillian nodded. "Do invite me if you do."

"As I."

“Me too.”

“I will make sure you are on the list if we choose to have one,” Voldemort promised.

“Another thing,” Aquillian continued. “Will you drop your glamours?”

“Pardon?” Voldemort’s voice betrayed the slightest tremble.

“Faes are particularly gifted at look-alterations. I do not know what you look like under the glamours, but I do know that you wear them. There is a heat mirage look to you.” Aquillian gestured to Voldemort’s entire body.

Anticipation blared in Wulstride and Dmitry’s eyes.

Voldemort’s heart began to race. He was called out, and all eyes were on him. He had already upset Aquillian, and it would only upset him more if he denied him. He gritted his teeth.

“Very well.” His hand moved in a circle around his chest as he meticulously picked off his glamours.

Each layer was shaved off, and he felt lighter afterwards. He kept his eyes closed to concentrate, then finally opened them once the last layer fell.

Dmitry whistled lowly.

“I can see why your consort is so pleased with you,” Wulstride said with a laugh. With the glamours gone, Voldemort could no longer conceal a blush.

“Awe.” Wulstride cooed. Voldemort sent her a deathly glare.

“Why do you hide your appearance out of curiosity?” Aquillian asked him. But even he was not immune to Voldemort’s appearance; his gaze travelled over him like he was being appraised.

“I need to be feared, and this exterior does not match it. Ignis is rather incensed that I choose to look like that.” Voldemort explained, trying to derail the conversation back to Potter.

“Well... I can see why you would do that.” Dmitry commented. “It is a scary exterior.”

“But it does make people not want to work with you.” Wulstride pointed it out. “If they are so scared, then they are hesitant to approach you with any alliances. That’s why I brought so many treaties - they were afraid to talk to you.”

“It may not have been the most... rational decision, but my sanity was in pieces when I decided. I had split my soul into multiple pieces. It is a little too late to go back on my choices.”

There were times when Voldemort wished he could just walk out and not have to feel the glamours weighing heavily on him. They felt sticky and put him in a sour mood. But it must be done; he will not backtrack from his decisions.

“Is it so hard for them to believe that their Lord is not capable of regaining a former appearance? Or do they even believe that you had one?” Aquillian imputed.

“I looked the same, with the addition of a nose, when I called upon my second set of Death Eaters, which you know. Tiberius is the only one alive, under my command, who knows what I truly looked like. I am Voldemort to them, past, present, and future.” Voldemort sighed.

“Rather silly for them to believe that it’s your natural appearance, but to each their own.” Wulstride picked at her nails. She then noticed his and took his hand in her own. “Are these manicured?”

“Shut it.” Voldemort ripped back his hand.

“Nothing to be ashamed of, just an observation.” Wulstride held out her hands in defence. Voldemort glared at her.

“Do consider regaining your appearance, even if the conclusion is not to do so.” Aquillian met his eyes. “Appearance is a first impression, and if they are drawn to you, they may be more agreeable to your terms. Having both a pleasing appearance and being able to inject fear is a great double edge.”

“I will consider. Will we move on to discussing the treaties now?” Voldemort almost pleaded with them.

They spent the rest of their meeting discussing the treaties and their effects on both populations. Aquillian became more agreeable with him after he shed his other appearance, Wulstride, as well. Dmitry was rather unaffected, but he did catch him stealing glances at him every once in a while.

“Well, it looks like our work here is done,” Dmitry commented. He glanced over at Wulstride’s table with all of the parchments. “Or, at least we are.”

“I do need to depart; sleep is highly important to the fae.” Aquillian yawned.

“Have a good night, both of you,” Voldemort called out to them as they exited to the floor.

“You as well,” Aquillian nodded.

“As to you,” Dmitry waved.

Voldemort waved back, feeling a wash of relief over him. But that quickly disappeared when he laid eyes on the numerous treaties on the table.

“We’re in for a long night, Voldemort.” Wulstride sighed, moving the parchment from one table to the next. “One at a time.”

“One at a time.” Voldemort sighed.

Tom and Riddle were true romantics; Harry was sure of it. When they approached him with a picnic basket, all packed with food and a blanket, and asked him to spend the day off with them, Harry couldn't deny them.

Tom and Riddle led him through a series of tunnels until they came to a bright area. There were glowing crystals that grew on the walls, illuminating the expansive, domed room. Tom and Riddle threw the maroon blanket over a patch of moss and then beckoned him forward.

The blanket was soft underneath Harry as they formed a triangle with a basket in the middle. Tom passed him a plate while Riddle piled it with finger sandwiches, grapes, and cheese slices. They chatted as they ate.

"I had the best dream last night." Riddle said, taking a bite of a grape.

"Hm?"

"We were dancing in a ball with everyone around us. You were the star of the show, and everyone was jealous of you. Angel, you wore the whitest of robes that billowed as you spun around and around." Riddle leaned over and kissed him.

Tom spoke next. "I had a dream where we were outside, having a date night out in Paris. We ate at the top of the Eiffel Tower, and we took a stroll around the city."

Harry just laughed nervously. "I had a dream where Emerald was chasing Rita Skeeter, and then she ate her."

The two barked out a laugh, and Harry let out a sigh of relief. After Harry thought they were done, Tom reached into the basket and withdrew a bowl of chocolate-covered strawberries. Harry smiled widely, even more so after Tom fed him a strawberry.

There started the cycle of Tom and Riddle feeding Harry strawberries and Harry feeding them in return. There was a delightful stir in his stomach as they did, and he felt nothing but their love at that moment.

Eventually, they left for the personal quarters again. They pulled him into a ballroom, and Tom took him by the hand.

Harry laughed as Tom and Riddle danced with him. They were teaching a type of swing dance where you moved in a circle and exchanged partners with other people in the second circle.

"And back!"

Tom twirled him around and passed him onto Riddle, who gripped him tightly at the waist. Harry smiled, pulling Riddle down by his shirt and kissing him. Riddle grinned back, his teeth sparkling.

"Spin again, left, right, spin." Riddle coaxed him through his steps.

Harry stepped in tune with Riddle, getting the hang of it, and then he passed him back to Tom.

“Spin, right, left, spin,” Tom repeated, spinning him and stepping in line without any hesitation.

Harry laughed again as Tom’s hands were on his waist, and he hoisted him into the air, Harry’s hands gripping Tom’s shoulders. It was a glorious way to end, and Tom showered him with kisses after the last note played.

“That was amazing.” Harry breathed out hard, seeming to be breathless.

“It is a more energetic way to dance.” Tom gave him a final kiss.

“Not as much as the tango.” Riddle stole Harry away from Tom, running his lips along Harry’s collarbone.

From the corner of his eye, he could see Marvolo glaring at them, his head tilted to the side. He flickered his gaze from Tom and Riddle to him, thoughts stirring. Harry felt a little exposed, but he pushed through it.

“Will we break for dinner?” Riddle asked, training his kisses on Harry’s jawline.

“I’m willing to make us some light food if you two can get the drinks. I think you’d be able to do that, will you?” Harry teased them.

“Of course, we can!” Tom almost looked offended.

“To the kitchen!” Riddle practically dragged Harry through the halls, all of them giggling like schoolgirls.

Harry swayed to soft music as he prepared them some chocolate-stuffed croissants. He paired them with some fruit bowls for another option. Tom and Riddle raided the enchanted ice box, arguing about what drink paired best with the croissants. Tom wanted milk, while Riddle insisted on the non-alcoholic wine.

“You know, boys,” Harry smirked, “you can have both.”

That seemed to end their arguments, and the two went to set the table. Harry hummed as he took out the croissants (Merlin, he loved magically enhanced cooking), sprinkling the tops of them with more chocolate shavings. They melted on impact, some dripping down the sides.

“Perfect.” Harry nodded to himself, satisfied with his work.

Harry held his platter high while walking into the dining room. He placed it on the table, and Tom and Riddle eagerly waited for his go signal.

“Your snacks are served, m’lords,” Harry spoke in a mock accent.

His boyfriends laughed, each snatching a croissant and a fruit bowl. Harry sat down and took his share as well. He decided on the wine, despite Tom's pouting, and leaned back as he ate.

From the doorway, Marvolo watched them. Harry jumped as he saw him, almost tumbling out of his chair.

"What are you . . .iddle began. He turned and narrowed his eyes at Marvolo. "What do you want?"

"Oh, I was just following the sounds of schoolgirls; would you happen to know how they got into the chamber?" Marovlo said with a calloused smile.

"*Fuck off*," Tom hissed, glaring at him.

"Language," Marvolo chastised.

"Why are you here?" Riddle reiterated.

"I live here?"

"Why here specifically?" Riddle's voice went flat.

"You were screaming . . ./p>

"Laughing." Riddle corrected.

" - whatever. And I came to investigate. Not much goes on here, after all." Marvolo rolled his eyes.

Tom glared. Riddle glared. Marvolo glared. Harry bit his lip.

Tension was never good, and he hated it. It was a reminder of the anger that the Dursleys had right before they took it out on him. His brain ached for any solution.

"Would you like a croissant and some fruit? I can make more; I have magic, so it would just be a few minutes." Harry spoke nervously.

They all stared at him in disbelief.

"Sure," Marvolo answered with a cocked brow.

"Okay, I'll be on it." Harry fought himself from scrambling out of the room.

He needed to just calm down, no matter how his heart raced when the tension grew. Harry breathed in relief as he entered his safe haven. To be safe, Harry created ten croissants and fruit bowls, half because he was stress-baking and half because he wanted to try to buy Marvolo's friendship with food. Hopefully, it would work. He at least wanted him to stop being such an asshole.

Maybe it was just the shock of everything. It was a lot of information to take in.

Harry plated his food and grabbed another bottle of wine. He at least thought Marvolo was the wine type of person. Nerves stirred in his stomach as he approached the room.

Marvolo was sitting in the chair across from Tom. There was a different air to the room, less tension but more amusement on Marvolo's side. Harry couldn't help but feel like he intruded on a conversation as he entered the room.

"Croissants!" He tried to be cheerful. "And fruit!"

Marvolo was staring down Riddle as the croissants and fruit bowls were sat down. But he eventually pried his eyes away in defeat and took a croissant and two fruit bowls. He bit into the croissant, and his eyebrows raised.

Meanwhile, Emerald snuck up behind Marvolo and quickly snatched a fruit bowl from her back claws. Marvolo jumped a bit but shook his head.

"These are... good." Marvolo complimented him, sounding almost as if the words had been yanked out of him.

"Thank you." Harry smiled at him.

Tom leaned back in his chair and slung an arm over Harry's shoulders. Riddle snaked an arm around his waist. Security filled him. He always felt safe in their arms, no matter the circumstances. Harry's entire body relaxed.

Marvolo stared at them. There was silence as the four ate away at the croissants and fruit. Marvolo ended up taking three croissants, while Tom and Riddle hardly finished theirs. Harry tried to compensate by eating more, but he could only stomach so much.

"You cook a lot," Marvolo commented.

"I do. I like cooking." Was this his attempt at genuine conversation? Probably, seeing as Marvolo was the type to either manipulate someone or treat someone like dirt. Not enough experience in other fields.

"Love, you've got a little chocolate on your face," Tom said after a pause.

"Where?" Harry tried to wipe the corners of his mouth but found nothing.

"Here - "

Tom kissed just above his upper lip, then moved further down and locked their lips firmly. Harry kissed back, lightly titling Tom's face to get a better angle. They parted, and Tom withdrew with a lingering touch.

Marvolo got up and left the room.

"You did that on purpose." Harry pouted.

"Two birds, one stone." Riddle reached over and kissed his cheek.

“We don’t like him,” Tom said with a snarl.

“Okay, no one’s perfect. *You* weren’t perfect, Tom, Riddle. Give him some room. He’s just gotten out of there.” Harry tried to get them to empathise.

“I’ll give him two weeks.” Riddle narrowed his eyes at Marvolo’s empty seat. Harry elbowed him.

“I’ll give him three.” Tom sighed.

“Good, now, can we sit by the fire before we go dancing again?” Harry asked them, already excited.

“Of course, angel.”

“Yes, love.”

Chapter End Notes

Harry: My boyfriends were revealed in the paper, how infuriating!

Ginny: What the fuck what the fuck what the fuck.

Harry: You won't say anything, won't you?

Ginny: Like hell!

Harry: How about we alter your mind? Just a bit?

Voldemort: (Discussing important politics)

Aquillian: Take off your glammers.

Voldemort: Fine.

Dmitry: Hot.

Aquillian: Hot.

Wulstride: Ooo, maniquered nails!

Voldemort: (Blushing like a schoolgirl)

Tom and Riddle: I dream of us.

Harry: I have fever dreams.

Marvolo: Ugh, giggling schoolgirls.

Harry: Eat your food.

Tom:

Riddle:

Marvolo:

Tom: (Kisses Harry)

Marvolo: Alight, I am leaving.

Firstly, thank you for 140K! This fanfiction was only published a little over six months ago! That's a lot in a little area of time. And... as of yesterday... we have more hits than words! (Of course, this will not be true once this chapter is uploaded.) Big milestone! It was especially since I have been having a terrible time as of late. Medication malfunctions so I cannot take them and dealing with my symptoms and withdrawals while waiting for them to be renewed properly... another class starting up... time slipping through my fingers... unable to sleep for more than three hours a day... my printer not working... needing to give my cat medical care... dangerous storms in the area... just a lot of things wrong. So it was great to see a milestone be hit.

AND 200K hits overall for my whole account!

Another big milestone!

Also, I know it is late on Friday, but I still managed to get it up today!

<3

Eventful Raid

Chapter Summary

Another Order meeting. A revelation that Harry doesn't want to come to life. A raid, and a question.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Severus almost growled as he was called in for another Order meeting. They had been having multiples a week for the entire break that Severus was looking forward to. But no, once again, the organisations he vowed to support have interrupted his peace.

At this point, he was ready to leave the Order.

“Severus, I hope you are prepared for the next semester of your class. You need to help counteract the creature-positive views of our more Regressive students.” Albus spoke almost the moment he walked in.

“I plan on educating them on creatures and assigning them research projects.” Severus replied honestly.

Sure, it wouldn't sway the most fervent of students, but it would sway the more middle-ground ones. The research assignment would appease both the Dark Lord and Albus.

“Good, they should know more about those things.” Alastor grumbled.

Remus shifted uncomfortably.

“The students should know more about that.” Molly commented.

Severus raised an eyebrow - they had brought Arthur along. He rarely showed up to meetings; he preferred to stay at home and deal with his children's latest antics or visit his sons while Molly was in the Order meetings. Severus couldn't fault him; if he were married to Molly, he would want all the free time he could get.

“Severus, do you know where Corbin Yaxley is? The Auror force has been looking for him after they proved his involvement with Death Eaters.” Albus asked him.

“Yes, I believe he is staying in the Lord's family wing currently.”

Which was another surprise to him - Corbin was the least liked of the inner circle, and he really only was there because the Dark Lord needed information on Wizengamont after

Lucius was found out. With that information gone, he assumed Corbin would have been kicked out of the inner circle, as he was rather useless.

“That is where the other Death Eaters stay, right?” Alastor mumbled.

“Yes.”

“Has Voldemort been acting differently as of late? His attacks are less bold than they used to be.” Albus seemed intent on interrogating him. Severus concealed a groan as his mark exploded in pain.

“He has been less violent. He has his stints of casting numerous crucios on his bad days; otherwise, he has calmed down. Whenever Ignis is around, he doesn’t punish us nearly as much; around three crucios have been cast during his entire sit-ins on meetings, which is the average for a day normally.”

Another surprise. Ignis actually calmed him. After he stopped showing up, the Dark Lord only grew more aggravated and became spell-happy with anyone. Not as much as before, but still significant.

“This Ignis has been a positive addition to Voldemort’s arsenal.” Albus shook his head. Again, his mark burned.

“It has. He is well-liked amongst the allies as well; many are begging to meet him.” Severus rolled his eyes. Sure, Ignis seemed great, but to this extreme?

“Ignis has sided with the Dark, but I wonder if it is possible to meet him or send him a letter. He does appear more level-headed.” Arthur imputed.

Severus snorted. “And what? Ask him to defect?”

“Ask him to try to avoid bloodshed. I don’t know about you, but I would rather this war be fought politically rather than by force.” Arthur sighed.

Severus found it hard to fault him. He had a family to protect.

“We would not win politically.” Albus sighed.

“I am telling you now that if you plan to fight this physically, there is no chance. There is support from the Fae, the Vampires, and the Weres.” Severus crossed his arms.

The room went silent.

“Are they concrete alliances?” Arthur asked in a whisper.

“I assume so. They loved Ignis.” Severus shook his head.

There was no hope for the Order, was there?

Why hadn't the Dark Lord taken over already? Or did he just want to slowly squish them, picking them off one by one until there was only one left? The sadistic man he was, Severus didn't doubt that was the reason.

Marvolo pressed Harry's hand into the rune. Harry whined as he felt the pricks and warm blood flowing out of his palm.

"It only hurts for a bit." Marvolo held his hand firm.

From the sidelines, Tom and Riddle watched on, wands flicking out of the holster. Harry leaned on Marvolo, trying for any scrap of support as the cuts went deeper. Marvolo stayed still.

"It hurts." Harry buried his face into Marvolo's shoulder. Marvolo stiffened.

"Just another few seconds." Marvolo hushed him. "5, 4, 3, 2, 1."

Marvolo withdrew his hand, and Harry yanked his back. He cradled it, and Tom and Riddle rushed to his side instantly. Tom lifted his hand up while Riddle cast healing spells over his palm. Emerald flew in and curled up in his lap, hissing at Marvolo.

"Are you okay?" Tom asked in a soothing tone.

"Yeah." Harry breathed, the pain subsiding. "Marvolo, did it work?"

Marvolo lifted the sheet with the rune on it from the ground. It still was wet with blood. But when Marvolo tapped it, it turned white and glowed. Marvolo gave him a discrete smile.

"Good, now, if you keep it in your bag, it should protect you from minor hexes." He placed the paper back on the ground. "Let it dry first, though."

"Got it." Harry nodded his head.

"Pitiful Master has completed something!" Emerald exclaimed in disbelief.

Marvolo rolled his eyes. "May I see your hand?"

Harry extended his hand, anxious of what he could be doing. Marvolo hovered his hand above Harry's and black tendrils trickled down from his to Harry's. Harry yawned as he felt a sucking sensation within him.

"Marvolo . . ." Harry was barely able to get his words out when he almost collapsed.

"Angel!" Riddle caught him in his arms and ripped Harry's hand away from Marvolo's.

"I'm fine, I'm fine. It just caught me off guard." Harry shook his head, too weak to do anything else.

“What have you done?” Tom growled at Marvolo, thumbing his wand.

Marvolo sighed. “I just took some magic. Honestly, a wizard at his age should have a bigger core.”

“If you haven’t noticed, he’s supporting three of us, so his core is more limited.” Riddle hissed at him.

“Hm.” Marvolo hummed. “Maybe we take more than I originally thought.”

Tom and Riddle froze.

Harry buried his face in Riddle’s chest. If they caught on to how much they took from him, they might stop being physical. It would break Harry to not be in their arms anymore.

“Love, how often do you feel drained?” Tom asked, cupping Harry’s hands within his own, lightly, as if he were holding a delicate flower.

“Maybe a day or two. It doesn’t really last long; I usually nap, and it’s over.” His power naps felt like they completely replenished him.

Tom and Riddle shared a look.

“Perhaps we should be physical even less.” Riddle said after a breath.

“No!” Harry protested. “I’m fine, it’s just a little bit each week!”

They shared another look.

“Are you absolutely certain? Are you sure? It is very important for you to be honest right now.” Tom pulled their hands up and kissed Harry’s.

“I . . .” If it was that important, he needed to be honest. “It’s a bit more often than I may have led on, but like I said, it’s fine. I just need to get more sleep.” He insisted.

They didn’t look convinced.

“Let’s try sleeping more, and if it’s not fixed, we can continue from there.” Riddle offered his solution.

“Okay,” Harry leaned onto him.

Marvolo rose from his position and walked off, his footsteps clicking as he strode down the hall.

“You seem in need of sleep, yes?” Riddle asked him.

“Yeah,” Harry yawned, to exaggerate his tiredness. “Cuddle times!”

Tom ruffled his hair. “Cuddles, indeed.”

Riddle picked him up and carried him down to their bedroom. They descended into the bed, wrapping their arms around him and snuggling close. Harry leaned into their touch, sighing in relief as all the stress from the day melted off of him. He huffed as Emerald placed herself on his chest, but still smiled.

He needed to thank whatever higher power bestowed them on him.

Voldemort stood in the empty room. Once bustling with the residue of offensive and defensive spells, it had grown dull and lifeless. He slid his fingers across the desk, feeling the slightest hint of grey dust on his fingertips. Leaning back, he stared at the emptiness.

The tiny flecks of blood were still on the floor when he and Potter trained. Of both of them. He exhaled hard and flicked his hand, the blood dissipating. It was hard to believe he was screaming curses at Potter while the boy cast shield after shield until he fell.

Voldemort bit his lip. Was he too hard on him? He did well, but was Voldemort pushing him too much? He couldn't count the times he had to carry him back to his bed. Or have his horcruxes do it. Voldemort left the room, glancing back one last time. It was far too frigid in there anyway.

He glided back to his bedroom, preparing himself for the onset of Potter's emotions. They always flared around this time, and they only grew in strength. He sighed as a wave overtook him.

It was soft, much like the fur of a cat, and warm too. It made his stomach stir. His muscles relaxed, causing his shoulders to fall. Voldemort crawled into bed. These feelings always made him sleepy.

The book on the nightstand snapped into his hands as he burrowed himself into his sheets. He allowed himself to curl up, bundling himself in his comforter. It was something new, something that had a great weight to it. At first, he was concerned about being able to get out of bed and defend himself, but he found that his improved sleep was worth the trade.

He hummed to himself as that feeling slightly dissipated—it was still there, but less intense. Potter must have gone to sleep already. Which, to Voldemort, sounded like a good plan at the moment.

But he persisted, set on finishing his daily reading. Knowledge is power, and one never gets powerful by abandoning learning something new. Particularly, he was looking into the theories of love. What makes someone love, how can one show it, and what makes someone stop loving another? It would be useful in his future.

Should he choose to shed his glamours, he would need those skills to keep those harlots off of him. He was far too out of practise to do so. Besides, not everyone was as fanatical as Bellatrix.

Voldemort threw more of the weighted covers over himself. It calmed him to his core. Once the last page was turned, Voldemort flicked it back onto his nightstand. He snuggled deep into his covers, snuffing out the candles around him with the wave of his hand.

Perhaps he could get used to this.

The next morning was a difficult one. He needed to conduct a raid. This one was large, going over an entire town rather than just a few streets. Barty had pinpointed numerous different holds of magical items, and they were planning on raking through every house to ensure nothing was left behind. Of course, burning the town down afterwards.

It was originally much bloodier, but he managed to subdue it significantly. There would be some fatalities - it always had some - but much fewer than there could have been.

"My lord," Barty bowed briefly. "The plans are all in place. We await your command."

"We all move in five minutes. Double-check that everything is in order." Voldemort rolled his shoulders back, standing proud.

"Whatever you wish, my lord." He bowed again before scampering off.

Voldemort surveyed everyone that was gathered. The inner circle was all gathered, leading groups of middle-circle and outer-circle members. It was more about manpower than anything else. Voldemort and his chosen people would be going after the items while everyone else caused distractions or tore apart homes.

He sighed as he stood before them. It felt like he was missing something, but everything was in order.

"Rise, my followers." He raised his hands.

Everyone who had not been standing rose from their positions and stood at attention.

"At your guard's call, we depart. Remember your position: everything must go according to plan. We arrive and depart within half an hour; be as quick yet thoughtful as possible." He retained a cold, calculating voice.

"Yes, my Lord." Rang out through the hall.

Voldemort fought back a smirk. "Barty, stay here and make sure everyone departs on time. Group Alpha, you may depart now."

He watched as Tiberius said the keyword to activate the portkey, transporting the group of masked Death Eaters to the village. Voldemort let himself take a quick breath and apparated away.

His feet hit the ground with a crunch. Snow still littered the ground in thin layers, with slick ice underneath. Tiberius and his group were already moving to the outskirts of the northern half of the village. He breathed out and shot straight for his goal.

The telephone wire made sizzling sounds as he cut through each cable. Next to it, he destroyed the village's power grid by overloading it with a lightning spell. It exploded, blasting colourful flames into the sky.

He smirked. He should teach Potter this; it reminded Voldemort of him.

With the muggle's connection broken down and the lights in the few houses blinking out, he stalked to his next mission.

The house's door exploded as Voldemort entered. A woman was asleep on the couch and was now scrambling to gather her senses. Ropes shot out of Voldemort's wand and wrapped themselves around the woman, catching her just as she was about to reach the wand on the coffee table. He strode over to her with no particular speed.

"Hello, Auror. The pleasure is mine." He bared his teeth at her.

"Please, no, no, no. This can't - This can't be happening!" She squirmed in her binds.

"No, it is happening. Now, be grateful that I will be sparing your life. I am feeling kind today." Voldemort averted his wand and struck down her fireplace, breaking the connection to the floo network.

Tiny footsteps pattered down the stairs. Voldemort turned his head, finding a small boy standing in the doorway of the kitchen.

"Mamma?" He asked as he stared at his bound mother.

The boy tilted his head as he stared at Voldemort. He curled his hands into his blue blanket, shuffling nervously.

"Come here, boy." Voldemort used his index finger to beckon him forward.

"Don't - Don't! He can't use his magic yet!" The Auror twisted in her binds.

The boy, without a sliver of self-preservation, patted over towards Voldemort. He stood a distance away, looking up with fear in his eyes.

"Sit on the couch. Stay there." Voldemort pointed to the couch.

He shuffled around Voldemort, never letting his gaze stray from him, and hopped onto the couch. Voldemort picked up the Auror's wand and pointed it at him.

"No! Don't! Please don't! Not with my own wand!" The woman cried out.

"Concelo." Voldemort cast the spell.

The boy shimmered slightly before he was no longer visible.

"Mamma?" The child asked again.

The Auror looked at him skeptically. Voldemort paid her no mind and stalked out of the house. By the time he left, fire had already consumed the streets. Muggles screamed as their houses exploded. Voldemort took a moment to bask in the destruction.

He tore through the nearby houses, slicing walls and doors in half while he constantly cast magical detection charms. As he hopped from house to house, he found a disturbing amount of magical artefacts and potions.

Time turners and a single bottle of phoenix tears were the most worrying. What was that woman thinking? Giving these valuable artefacts to common muggles. They could have done anything with them; they could have used them against the wixen kind.

Voldemort moved on, stashing each magical object into a bottomless pouch. There were some things too big or unnecessary to take back, and those he simply destroyed while making a mental note to count them in the overall tally of artefacts found.

“My Lord!” From beside him, Barty pointed to a group fleeing a house. “There was another Auror! We have about five minutes!”

Voldemort hissed.

Voldemort put the tip of his wand against the apple of his throat. “Sonours.”

“My followers, be quick. We have five minutes to leave. Group Delta, gather what has been discovered so far and return to the manor.”

Voldemort cut the spell and watched as people ran into groups and passed around a bag. He tore his attention away and breathed deeply.

Slowly, he ascended into the air. He tried his best to stay calm as he hovered high enough to kill him if he lost his hold on his magic. Voldemort surveyed the town.

From the outskirts of the village, Aurors began to apparate in. Before they could even get a step in, Voldemort shot an incapacitation charm at them. They scrambled to see where it was coming from, but Voldemort constantly moved his position in the sky. It was harder to see him thanks to his black cloak against the dark night sky.

He barely had to dodge the spells that were pointed his way. An overpowered bombarda was sent to the ground, where more Aurors were arriving. The ground exploded, sending some Aurors crashing into the sides of the houses. Voldemort smirked. How he loved to destroy those who challenged him.

“Over there!” One of the Aurors shouted as Group Delta gathered.

Voldemort guarded them from the sky, sending curse after curse to the Aurors on the ground. One of them stared into the sky and finally spotted him. A powerful binding spell was sent his way, and Voldemort barely had enough time to cut his magic to his levitation.

He fell to the ground quickly, the earth barreling towards him. He managed to gather his senses and float carefully down. His heart was racing, and blood roared in his ears. Next

time, he would be more careful.

Voldemort stalked off to guard the rest of his followers. Tiberius should be fine; Bellatrix too, but Lucius... Voldemort strode to where Group Gamma should be. They were quickly losing ground to the onslaught of Aurors.

A spell left Voldemort's wand that put a barrier between the majority of the Aurors and the Death Eaters.

"Group Gamma, hold shields, and be defensive. We are almost done." Voldemort commanded them.

They nodded, and silvery white shields appeared in the air. Voldemort's magic lingered for a few more seconds before the barrier broke down. But he was already gone.

"Tiberius! Do you have everything?" Voldemort took cover against the wall of a house.

"Yes, my Lord. Do you require us for defence?" Tiberius, looking over his shoulder, asked.

"Follow Group Beta; if they are not done, join them. If they are, leave. I will defend your group; be fast." Voldemort wiped the sweat from his brow and readied his wand.

Small shields sheltered the group as they ran to the other side of the village. Voldemort whipped his wand, commanding the countless shields as the onslaught of spells were cast their way.

He let out a burst of magic, holding an entire wall, as they finally met with the other group.

"My Lord! We have one more house!" Bellatrix screeched.

"Go!" Voldemort snarled.

He held a large shield over the house and kept it strong as two entire groups gathered in the house to tear it apart. Muggles, who appeared to have that as a safe haven, stumbled out, screaming as they were hit with spells to keep them down. Voldemort commanded one of his followers to levitate the muggles away from the building.

They were treated more like ragdolls than people as they were strewn away from the building. Three collided with the neighbouring houses' fence, breaking it.

"My Lord, we are finished," Bellatrix began.

"Leave!"

As a group, they passed around a rope portkey and disappeared into the night. Voldemort checked around one last time before he apparated.

From the corner of his vision, he could see the Auror woman holding her small boy in her arms. They locked eyes, and Voldemort popped away.

Severus rushed from person to person to administer potions. Plenty had been injured in the raid, and many more were faced with magical exhaustion.

“Healing salve can’t interact with this version of bone growth; we have to change one of them...” He counted in his head.

“Severus, may you spare another for magical exhaustion? The blue one, please.” Narcissa, always calm, called from a betheside table of a man who looked more red than he did peach.

“Of course,” Severus finished sorting through his potions and handed it to the woman’s husband to administer.

He snatched the blue potion, glancing at the label, and handed it to Narcissa. He didn’t wait a moment before moving on to another patient. Though he may not be a healer, less complex issues were easily fixed with his base knowledge of healing.

“Severus, our Lord wishes to talk with you.” Tiberius pulled him from his work.

“Will you take my place, Tiberius?” Severus asked, extending his hand with the bag of potions.

“Of course, I am more than willing.” Tiberius took the bag and moved on to another Death Eater.

A heavy weight sat in his stomach as he walked to the Dark Lord’s office. He was either facing a crucio - of which had become less common, or he was going to be interrogated. Or both.

He knocked on the door, holding his breath.

“Come in.” The Dark Lord called out.

Severus entered, finding the Dark Lord shoving parchment into his desk drawer. He sat across from him, folding his hands in his lap.

“You called, my Lord?” Severus toed the line of what he was allowed to say.

“Yes, I did. Have you any knowledge of the other potions that phoenix tears could be used for? In total, we acquired 50 millilitres of phoenix tears, and I would like to see them turned into something else, if possible.” The Dark Lord held out a vial, maybe 10 millilitres.

Severus felt his breath catch. It was extraordinarily rare to work with phoenix tears, and only the highest of potion masters were able to handle them. So many magnificent potions were out of his reach based on that lack of ingredients alone.

“There are many potions that specifically require phoenix tears. Otherwise, phoenix tears are used to boost any potion.” Severus answered honestly.

“If, perchance, someone wanted to use it to boost themselves magically, could they?” The Dark Lord’s eyes bore into his soul.

“I would have to look into the specifics, but I assume so.”

Inside, he was screaming. The Dark Lord, with any sliver of extra power, could easily level the entire Auror department. His heart raced at the possibly high levels of adrenaline running through his veins.

“Good.” The Dark Lord nodded. “You may research this topic. Have these to experiment on. This is not to leave the manor’s potion lab. Do not disappoint me.”

Severus graciously took the vial as delicately as he could. How on earth that amount of phoenix tears was in one muggle village, he could not fathom.

“You are dismissed.” The Dark Lord flicked his hand, and the door flew open.

“Thank you, my Lord.” Severus bowed and exited the room.

Phoenix tears. What higher honour could he have been given? He carefully walked to the potion’s lab and placed it in the cabinet with the rarest ingredients, only able to be accessed by him or the Dark Lord. He rested his head against the door of the cabinet.

The dark held so much for him. He could hardly count the benefits. If he just knew that they wouldn’t make moves against muggleborns or half-bloods,

An idea lit up his brain. Ignis was more approachable than the Dark Lord and friendlier, too. He may be aware of the dark's plans for them. With his plan in mind, he acceded to the library, knowing he wouldn’t leave until he had a number of potions to try out.

Chapter End Notes

Dumbledore: We are gathered here to talk more about creatures and Voldemort.

Severus, with his tattoo burning: Can you not say his name?

Dumbledore: Voldemort Voldemort Voldemort.

Tom, Riddle, and Marvolo: Maybe we take a lot more magic than we once thought...

Harry: Haha, no, really, no, you don't - I just need some more sleep, I swear. Did I remember to say that I love you?

Voldemort: (Reminiscing on the old times with Harry)

Voldemort: Something is missing in my life, I cannot tell what. There is no way to tell.

Anyways, I should teach Potter this, it reminds me of him. Potter Potter Potter.

Voldemort: Oh look, a child.

Child:

Voldemort: Look, now the child is concealed.

Auror: ... what?

Voldemort: Hypothetically, could someone boost their magic with phoenix tears?

Severus: ... yes

Voldemort: Work on it, peasant. Or else.

Severus: What an honour!

A/N -

Just a quick note, my apologies for not responding to comments for a while, I have been really busy and everything that could go wrong is currently going wrong. I also have classes and other problems arising in quick succession. So, the comments will be answered, maybe just not right away. <3

The Fae Inclusion Act

Chapter Summary

Harry finally gets to attend a big-boy Wizengamont meeting.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry cast away the fifth letter from Dumbledore to allow him to attend the meetings. Dumbledore had tried to catch him again and again, but Harry was too evasive.

But today's was different.

'Please come to my office at 8 AM tomorrow for a group meeting.'

P.S. I enjoy apple swirls

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore'

Harry stared at the letter. Was this an Order meeting or a group intervention? Either way, it would be entertaining to see.

Harry's day was spent thinking about everything that could happen during the meeting. Would they be racist again? Talk trash about Death Eaters? Say Voldemort a hundred times and make Snape feel in pain? It could be all of the above.

At the beginning of the next day, and after a trip to the Chamber to spend time with his boyfriends (he didn't even see Marvolo), he acceded to Dumbledore's office.

"Apple swirls." Harry spoke to the statue.

It rolled away, and Harry stepped up. When he got to the top, he knocked firmly. He was there for business.

"Come in," Called out Dumbledore.

Harry swung open the door. Inside were just Dumbledore, Snape, and Mrs Weasley. Moody was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Moody?" Harry asked as he strode in.

Dumbledore grimaced. "He... was injured in a Death Eater's raid. He will recover."

"A raid?" Harry almost pouted. Voldemort said nothing about a raid in his letters to him.

“It was in a small muggle village, if you cared to read the papers. Eight muggles died, five Aurors as well, and the entire town was destroyed. Obiviations are still clearing the memories.” Snape sneered.

“Well, I don’t keep up with the prophet unless I find everyone staring at me. Then I ask myself, ‘What did Rita Skeeter write about me this time?’” He said with too much enthusiasm.

“Harry, we have decided that you need to know more about the bills that we are proposing. As such, we are bringing you to a Wizengamont meeting. You will be in an observation room with the other speakers or family members of Wizengamont members.” Dumbledore gestured to the fireplace.

“I will be flooing with you.” Mrs Weasley smiled at him. “You don’t have the best track record with the floo network. I think you can mind yourself after I pass you on.”

So she was there as his co-transportation. Great.

“Gotcha.” Harry gave them a thumbs-up. “What’s Snape doing?”

Snape glared at him. “I have an ancestral seat in Wizengamont. I am participating in the meeting.”

“Neat.”

Mrs Weasley took his hand and waited by the floo. Dumbledore went in first, and they followed him to the ministry.

He couldn’t help but notice the structure of the place. The arched ceilings were incredibly high, with polished black bricks everywhere. Every once in a while, there was an opening to another hallway or a door to an office. As they continued on, there were more twists and turns.

Finally, they arrived at a large hall, with the centre being a statue of a wizard holding his wand out. The Wizengamont meeting room was a straight shot from there. Inside was a huge half-circle room with raised grey seats all along the curved edge. Just as it was when he had his trial.

“You will be in here,” Dumbledore said, pointing to the door between the hallway and the room.

Mrs Weasley guided him through the door. Inside was a rather plain room, with lines of grey plush pews facing the stands of the Wizengamont seats. A tinted window took up the entirety of the front wall. There was another door in the back, marked with a bathroom sign, and a water keg in the back.

“The window is one-sided; you can see them, but they can’t see you. Sit anywhere you like; the meeting doesn’t begin for another hour. We wanted to get here early.” Dumbledore waved out his arm.

“Gotcha.”

Harry almost groaned. An hour, and he brought nothing to do. Harry swung his legs back and forth, finding himself staring off into space. After half an hour of looking into oblivion, Harry heard the door open. His head swivelled to look back.

Aquillian stood there with one shiny armoured guard at his side. He surveyed the room with an unimpressed look. His ocean-blue eyes landed on Harry. A smirk lit his sharp face. He stalked towards Harry while his guard was stationed at the door.

“Hello, Ignis.” Aquillian greeted him.

Panic shot through Harry.

“What do you . . . “

“Your eyes. They are so distinct.” Aquillian slid in right beside him.

“Oh.” Harry was too stunned to speak.

“Now tell me, what’s Voldemort doing consorting with a 16-year-old boy-who-lived?” Aquillian spoke in a serious tone, but his face betrayed playfulness.

“Well...” Harry cringed. “I kind of didn’t know what consort meant, and I just wanted wine, so I agreed to the title. Voldemort was furious at me; he made my scar all painful, and he doubled down on the lie.”

“Ah, so it was pride.” Aquillian laughed lightly. “Though I could see if you wanted to court him, I asked him to drop his glammers in our last meeting.”

Harry blushed. “Well, do you know about his soul-pieces?”

Aquillian hummed, “He mentioned them in one of his meetings. Are they physical beings?”

“Yeah,” A blush crept up Harry’s face, “I’m dating two of them, about 75% of Voldemort’s soul.”

Aquillian whistled low, “You are essentially his consort then. Most of his soul belongs to you.”

Harry blushed harder. “I guess, then.”

Aquillian patted him on the head. “You are very cute. It is hard to believe Voldemort admires that trait in you.”

Harry batted away his hand. “Hey! I’m very endearing, even if everyone else doesn’t think so.”

Aquillian raised an eyebrow. “I have seen a few of the prophet’s articles on you.”

“They’re bullshit, by the way.” Harry crossed his arms.

“I thought so. Have you considered suing? Or asking Voldemort about her?” Aquillian briefly looked out the window. Many of the Wizengamot members began to be seated.

“Ah, no. I want to settle this more personally. Voldemort can do whatever he wants after I’m done. I think he should help me string her up like Yule tinsel in the ministry.” Harry hmphed.

“I see. What are your classmates like?” Aquillian asked, stretching his arms behind the pew.

“Terrible. They’ve hated me since my second year, when I was accused of opening the Chamber of Secrets. After that, it was a downward hill.” Harry shook his head.

“How awful.”

Aquillian patted his shoulder. Harry sighed. One of the only people to hear him out, and this was probably one of the few chances to talk to him.

“Aquillian?” Harry asked. “Who are you? Like, I know you, but I don’t really know you, if you know what I mean.”

Aquillian took a deep breath. Eyes scanned every aspect of his face, and when no deception was found, he bit his lip. Aquillian stopped looking at him and stared into the Wizengamot room instead, where the meeting had already started.

“Truth be told, I am unaware. I am a prince first, a fae second, and lastly, Aquillian. I have so many duties and trainings that I have not had the space to discover who I am. I am my mother, as she trained me to be exactly like her, bar my gender.” Aquillian spoke in a hushed, broken whisper.

Harry was crushed. He knew that royal life must not have been the most freeing, but to never know yourself? Harry felt confined by the Order and by Dumbledore’s plan for most of his life, but he was still able to develop interests. He gently patted Aquillian on the shoulder.

“Is there anything I can do to help?” Harry asked, still very quiet.

“Just... talk. You do not speak to me as if I were a prince. You speak to me as a person. Please, continue. I do not require conversation, but do talk to me. You can say anything.” Aquillian barely glanced at him.

“Okay... Do you want to hear about the time the Order kidnapped me and I found another of Voldemort’s soul-pieces? Or when I was attacked by a basilisk? Or the time I found out my godfather was not a mass murderer after all? Or the Tri-Wizard Tournament, which is also Voldemort’s resurrection? Or when Umbridge took over the school and made it hell? Or my boyfriends? Or - “Harry rambled, but Aquillian made a ‘hush’ gesture.

“Whatever comes first to your mind. We will be here for a while.” Aquillian glanced around the room before splaying out his legs and slouching in his seat.

“Okay, well, let’s start chronologically. So, I’ll start with when I found out about magic.”

Harry weaved his tales as time passed. Aquillian occasionally commented or asked him to clarify, but he mostly just listened or snorted. He would smile at him, and a look of shame would flash across his face, but he'd perk back up by the time Harry landed the next phrase that sent him into a fit of laughter.

Someone else entered the room.

"Prince Aquillian, it is time for your testimony." A man with a red suit said, gesturing to the Wizengamont room.

It was odd to see Aquillian snap back into his royal, perfectly poised position. His back straightened, his shoulders rolled back, and his chin lifted high. Aquillian glided as if he were floating on water as he walked out of the room.

"I see. I will be back, Harry." Aquillian sighed.

Moments later, Aquillian appeared on the other side of the glass. His guard was next to him, but so was a team of Aurors.

Aquillian cleared his voice. "Members of Wizengamont, I ask of you today to take my words into your decisions. My people, throughout the centuries, have faced a number of attacks and vilification from people of the community."

"I understand how some fae have gone out of their way to attack other people's, but I implore you to look at the statistics. Only one out of every thousand fae has ever attacked one of your people, and they are hardly ever fatal. The fae have many benefits for your population."

"Our healing has been rated the best in the magical world since the dawn of magic. Our blood is used in countless other potions and commodities that amplify the effects. Our people are hard workers and have always been the best to team-build."

"The fact is that you have nothing to gain and everything to lose if this bill comes into effect. We as a people have only attacked when attacked and face harsh consequences and vilification from our community for when we do act out of line."

"We are not your enemies, far from it, and it is only you as a government which is keeping us from forming bonds with each other . . ."

"Your time is up, Prince Aquillian." Dumbledore's voice cut him off.

Aquillian twitched but didn't show any other signs of irritation.

"The floor is now open to questions, if you oblige, Prince Aquillian." Minister Fudge spoke from the highest seat in the room.

Aquillian's hands clenched. "Of course, I would be open to questions."

Snape's hand, among others, raised almost instantly.

“Severus Snape, you have the floor.” Dumbledore gestured to him. Some people rolled their eyes.

“Is it true that the fae are currently collaborating with the Dark Lord?” Snape drawled.

Aquillian swallowed hard. “We are open to discussions with any people who want us in their communities.”

“That is not a direct answer.” Snape pointed it out.

“We have previously conferred with the Dark Lord, yes,” Aquillian answered with a grimace.

Whispers broke out throughout the hall.

“Amy Spinf, you now have the floor,” Dumbledore said as a blond woman from the side put her hand down.

“If you are conferring with You-Know-Who, what are the conditions of your alliance?” She asked. Harry bit his lip. Was Aquillian bound to the truth, or was he just answering truthfully?

“The conditions of a potential alliance are rights that are included in this bill, amongst equal rights to wixen kind. In return, there would be a military exchange and an exchange of goods as well.” Aquillian spoke his response with no hesitation.

More whispers broke out throughout the hall. Some looked at Aquillian fearfully, while others nodded in agreement.

“Garen Finch, you now have the floor,” Dumbledore said reluctantly.

“Should we pass the bills, would an alliance with the Dark Lord fall through?”

Aquillian paused. “Any potential alliance would be less beneficial to us than before if this bill passed.” Smart, not denying it but also not confirming it.

“Rachel Savage, you now have the floor.” A woman on the other side of the room lowered her hand.

“You have talked about the statics of fae-on-wixen violence; would you be able to disclose the statics of fae-on-fae or fae-on-creature violence?” Smart as well.

Aquillian paused again. “For fae-on-fae violence, we have one to two hundred static. For fae-on-creature violence, we have a one-in-six hundred violence rating. This is not to include the wars that have taken place.”

Harry didn’t know how many fae wars had happened, but by the sound of his voice, he was hiding something. Did the fae have frequent wars?

“Thank you, Prince Aquillian, for your testimony. You are dismissed.” Minister Fudge waved him off.

“Thank you, Wizengamont, for letting me speak.” Aquillian smiled as he exited the hall.

He returned to the room Harry was in. Immediately, his smile fell, and he looked like he was about to bite someone’s throat out instead. It only lasted for a few moments before turning neutral. Harry almost fled at the sight of him.

Aquillian sat back down beside him, still stiff. He let out a long breath and put his elbows on his knees. He rested his head on his hands.

“Hey, hey.” Harry still didn’t know how to soothe someone. “It’ll be okay.”

“I made a farce out of the fae. I spoke too much. Mother would be disappointed.” Aquillian snarled.

“But at least you spoke.” Harry offered a scrap of support.

“I did.” Aquillian looked up. “But was it enough?”

Harry swallowed. He didn’t know what to say.

“I mean, you would sway the Regress with your Voldemort support, and your vague answers could fool some of the less smart of the New-Age, and the Preservation might be swayed with you implying that you could leave Voldemort’s potential alliance if this bill passed.” Harry tried to quell his fears.

“Maybe.” Aquillian stared hard into the window.

Harry did what made him feel good. He hesitantly rested his hand on Aquillian’s back and rubbed circles on his back. Aquillian’s muscles lost some tension.

They stayed silent as they heard the Wizengamont members talk back and forth on whether or not the bill would pass. The Regress was fully on board with it, with only one opposition that quickly joined after pressure was applied. The Preservation was split down the middle, while only a couple of people from the New-Age agreed.

“Just say yes or no,” Aquillian growled.

They chattered on for another hour. People went from civilly talking to downright screaming at each other. He wasn’t sure what a ‘Compost Fly’ or a ‘Sea Slag’ was, but by Aquillian’s huffs at the words made him think it was a slur.

“All in favour of the passing of this bill, raise your wands,” Dumbledore spoke loudly.

Many wands were raised into the air. But was it enough?

“All those who abstain from voting, raise your wands.” Less people, but more than he would have thought.

“All those in opposition, raise your wands.” About half, again.

“The tally is as follows: 192 for the passing, 20 abstaining, and 188 against. The Fae Inclusion Act passes.” Dumbledore slowly banged his gavel.

“Yes!” Aquillian sprung up from his seat.

Harry lightly clapped for him. Aquillian calmed down quickly, though he still buzzed in his seat.

“You did it!” Harry exclaimed.

“I did,” Aquillian said, sighing.

It was like he didn’t even believe he could do it. Harry patted Aquillian on the back and talked on and on about how great this was. Aquillian rambled on about how the other nobles found it stupid that he would consider going.

“They said it was a threat to my life, which it was.” Aquillian glanced at the water jug in the corner. “I’m still suspicious of that, but nothing went wrong this time.”

“That’s amazing!” Harry smiled at him.

It was so unlike him to see Aquillian this excited. Sure, he laughed and snorted at him during the party, but otherwise, he was rather reserved. But this was like a kid seeing candy for the first time. Or a moth looking at its first flame.

“I never asked, Harry, why are you here? If there is a specific reason.” Aquillian asked once he calmed down again.

“Well, Dumbledore said he wanted me to be included in the Order stuff, so he forced me to come here. I’m kind of glad I did, but it was rather abrupt.” Harry rolled his eyes.

“Dumbledore.” Aquillian looked like he had just bit into a lemon. “I see.”

“Just for your information, he’s not your friend. They really, really don’t like creatures. The New-Age in general doesn’t, but I think you already knew that.” Harry grimaced.

“I see.” Aquillian’s face went cold. “And they brought you here, thinking you would be against the bill.”

Harry scoffed. “If they did, they’re either stupid or ignorant. I was also asking them why they don’t like creatures, but all they could say was stuff about dark magic.”

It was Aquillian who scoffed at that time. “Fae are grey creatures; everyone knows that. We do dark and light magic equally when looked at as a whole group. . . . they are so against us, they do not even want to hear us out.”

“I know. Well, I don’t know know, but I see what you mean.” Harry empathised with Aquillian.

“I just - ugh. It is so hard for us creatures to be seen as functional beings. Almost no wixen see anything in us but a collection of potion ingredients or bags of delicate meats.” He sneered.

“Delicate meats - do people actually *eat* the fae?” Harry asked, exasperated.

“In hushed areas. Normally, only nobles can afford it. I know I heard of the Malfoys and the Crouch family. Though Barty did apologise to me after one of the meetings. He said he was a kid and did not know any better.” Aquillian sighed. “I am not sure what he wanted me to do, but I just walked off.”

“Oh, I can see why you are hesitant then. Going to the party must have been really brave of you. I would never.” Harry shook his head.

Aquillian perked up. “Everyone said I would die there. That they would rip me up and serve me to everyone. But I wanted a connection with the wixen, in hope for the betterment of my community.”

Aquillian ruffled Harry’s head. “And you are fairly brave yourself. You walked into a room of Death Eaters and came out unscathed. You said that Voldemort took your wand as well. At least I can use some of my magic without a conductor.”

“A what?”

“A conductor. As in, you have your wands, and I have my staff. Or my laurel, which can also help me conduct. Most fae, however, use the elements as conductors. Like the ground underneath your feet or the water in the seas.” Aquillian rolled his hand as he talked.

“Cool! Can I see any of it, if it’s not too much to ask?” Harry pulled back at the end, unsure of how rude the question was.

Aquillian held out his hand. “Give me your hand. And do not ask the other fae, but for you, I’ll make an expectation.” He winked.

Harry felt Aquillian’s warm hand. Aquillian closed his eyes, and his laurel grew. Its vine-like appendages stretched down his collarbone and his arm until they were in Harry’s hand. From there, a flower sprouted. It was ocean blue, and Harry watched as it bloomed.

“Cool!” Harry wiggled in his seat.

But it wasn’t over. The flower continued to grow. It reached his eye level, where the pistil of the flower glowed. White pollen grew on the stamens, glittering like silver in the light. One of the leaves reached up into his hair, twisting around his head. The flower shifted and joined the vine on his head, with the rest of the stem wrapping around it as well.

“Cool!” Harry gently reached up and felt more flowers blooming from his vine-crown.

“Every magical fae has their own flower. The white pollen is specific to the royal bloodline. I like mine; it matches my eyes.” Aquillian retracted his hand and laurel.

“It looks very pretty.” Harry complimented, staring up to see the petals in the corner of his vision.

“You can plant it if you want. It will stay like that as long as it has magical shed to feed on.” Aquillian averted his gaze. “Non-fae do have a harder time keeping it alive.”

“I’ll try. Will it do the flower-crown-thing if I want it to?” Harry covered a sneeze as some of the pollen went into his nose.

“Hm, for these, have at least three flowers, close together, and ask. They are semi-sentient and will only transform into a crown if they want to. Keep them happy while they’re planted, and they will grow more flowers.” He explained, excitement bubbling in his voice.

“Thank you!” Harry reached in and hugged him.

Aquillian froze. Harry froze as well. Was this offensive or inappropriate to the fae? Some type of taboo?

Aquillian’s arms slowly wrapped around him, patting him lightly before drawing Harry back. Harry smiled at him nervously.

“Sorry, I was not expecting that.” Aquillian was still tense.

“Sorry, I should have asked.” Harry apologized to him.

“It is no issue.” Aquillian sighed. “Just a bit spooked. Say, would I be able to owl you?”

“Of course! Anytime - “

The door to the room opened.

In walked Dumbledore, Snape, and Mrs Weasley. Their eyes scanned the room before landing on Harry. Then they flicked cautiously towards Aquillian.

“Harry, it is time to go.” Mrs Weasley spoke calmly.

“Okay. Bye, Aquillian.” Harry waved back as he left. Aquillian waved back.

They hurried him out of the room. Harry rolled his eyes as they led him back to the floo and into Dumbledore’s office again. Looking at the sun, it was already midday. He stretched after he landed. His muscles were cramped from sitting for so long.

“Harry, why were you talking to Prince Aquillian?” Dumbledore asked, pulling him to sit down on the chair in front of his desk.

“I was bored.” Harry lied.

“And why do you think he was talking to you?” Snape drawled.

“He was bored? I’m not sure.” *Because Harry was supposedly Voldemort’s consort.*

“Harry, Prince Aquillian is a dangerous person to be around. He has forged many wars, and he sides with the Dark. He has had meetings where treaties were signed with Voldemort.” Dumbledore instilled a sense of seriousness in him.

Hm, Aquillian didn’t seem like the war-type, but then again, Harry didn’t seem like the dating-two-young-Voldemorts type.

“He is dangerous, Harry. Stay away.” Dumbledore folded his hands on the desk.

“Okay, sure, whatever.” Harry waved him off.

Dumbledore’s lips drew thin as he ushered him out. Meanwhile, Harry hopped down the hall. He had boyfriends to gossip with.

When he got to the Chamber, he found all of them searching for something in the library. Tom and Riddle had their top buttons undone and their robe and vest strewn to the side. Countless books were at their sides that they were flipping through. Marvolo was further down the table, having even more texts he was looking through.

“How is everyone today? I have a story to tell.” Harry threw his hands in the air dramatically.

“Just searching for more knowledge, love.” Tom beckoned him over. “The flower crown looks adorable on you.”

Harry hopped onto his lap. “Thank you. Did you find anything?”

Riddle pouted as he looked at the two. “A little. It’s harder to find as some of the tomes are categorised by author, not by content.”

“Sounds tricky.” Harry yawned, wiggling himself into a better position.

“It is.” Riddle sighed. “So, what did you do today?”

“I chatted with Aquillian! He’s really nice, even if he is a supposed warlord. He gave me this flower crown and told me I could grow the flowers if I kept them happy.” Harry gestured to his flowers.

“That’s nice; was there anything else?” Tom lightly kissed his cheek.

“Oh! Wizengamont passed a bill called the Fae Inclusion Act. I’m not sure what it is, but I think the name is self-explanatory.” Harry kissed Tom back on the lips, sneaking in a little bit of tongue.

“It’s a good step for the Dark.” Riddle nodded.

They chatted on into the night, with Harry switching laps halfway through. He jokingly offered Marvolo if he wanted ‘some of this’ and he turned him down with a sigh. Harry ended the night by dragging his boyfriends to bed, their hands still holding books as they nodded off.

Chapter End Notes

Dumbledore: Okay, just wait here for an entire hour while you watch people sit down.

Harry: Okay, fine, I guess.

Aquillian: Hey Ignis

Harry: OMG Hey!

Harry: So yeah, I'm not his consort but I am dating 75% of him.

Aquillian, eyebrows furrowed: So you are his consort?

Aquillian: You know, you really treat me like an individual and not like a prince, thank you.

Harry, about to cry: Yeah man, no problem.

Aquillian: (Trying to convince the Wizengamont to side with him)

Wizengamont: So I heard you were hanging out with this "Voldemort" fellow.

Aquillian: (Shit) Mayhaps I am. I will do it more if you don't stamp that little piece of paper. I promise. And there will be hellfire.

Wizengamont: Okay, fine, the fae can have *some* rights.

Harry: Yay!

Aquillian: Yay!

Aquillian: As a token of my appreciation and friendship, here is a flower crown.

Harry: (Blushing, giggling, looking absolutely adorable)

Harry: (Sitting on his boyfriend's laps) Marvolo (wink wink), you want some of this?

Marvolo, currently dying on the inside: no

A/N

So... things have not been going well at all. Frequent comments will pick up on that because I have not responded to comments in . . . three weeks. And my inbox has 171 messages inside of it currently, waiting to be opened. I said last time that I will be

getting around to answering them, but this really went from bad to worse. So, I cannot promise when I can respond, but I will eventually. Even if it is a month late <3.

ALSO

Thank you for 150K hits! It is a major boost in a time like this, especially coming after the 2023 AO3 blackout. So, thank you all very much. I feel like I should have something special planned, but I am not sure what to do or if I should do anything at all. But the thought is there!

Sons of Voldemort

Chapter Summary

Tom and Riddle appear in the Daily Prophet again. Tom and Harry have a moment. Voldemort gets a dream. Harry and Marvolo bake together.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

‘Dearest Detested,

I may say that plans have been going swimmingly. Do try to be in a good mood. I have a mission next week, and I cannot spend all day moping in bed. How are things there? It seems as if they are getting better, or at least not as terrible as before. How have the other halves been? Especially the new one.

Yours truly,

Your Nemesis’

Harry hummed as he snatched the letter. He and Voldemort had been rather quiet over the last month, and the pricks of absence stabbed at him. A small smile lit his face as he withdrew more parchment to write on.

‘Dearest Nemesis,

Things have been going. Certainly. But all in all, it has become rather stagnant as of late. I met with Aquillian a few weeks ago, and we had a nice time chatting there. We’ve been owling back and forth for a bit; nothing that personal, though. People have been getting suspicious of the giant, elegant white bird he uses, but fuck them.

The newest addition has still been distant from me. I don’t know what I’m doing wrong. I’ve fed him, I’ve owled in gifts for him, and I’ve tried to spend time with him. I don’t know if he’ll ever like me, but I am nothing but persistent. He hasn’t denied me, but he really hasn’t accepted me either. But one day, I swear.

Otherwise, everything has been going well. School has been wearing on me, and I’ve beaten up Draco again (I think I tried to kill him, on accident), so I’ve been getting my anger out. My boyfriends are teaching me more about the Dark Arts, as is the new addition. It’s fascinating; he is really knowledgeable about rituals and stuff like that. And SUPER into divination. But I figured that he would be into that sort of thing.

How have you been? I've been hearing about the lesser death toll on your raids (thank you for that) and how successful they've been. I bet your followers are happy, at least when they aren't being tortured. Are there any other developments?

We discussed possibly moving more of the halves if possible. You know, because they are always being found. If possible, I would like to join you on that journey.

Farwell,

Your Detested'

Harry handed the letter to Tom and Riddle and let them doodle in the margins of the paper. Riddle was happy to bust out the glitter, and Tom went crazy with the hearts. They signed their names next to their artwork, of course.

Although he could have used Dobby, he used the same owl to send the letter out. He hummed as he continued on in the day. Something that was oddly silent about that day, but he couldn't pinpoint what.

"Potter! Where would I find the were-falcons in the English Isles?" Snape snapped at him from the front of the classroom.

Harry smirked.

"You would find them in the north or west, but they tend to flock with other predatory avians, so it's less likely that you'd find a pure clan of were-falcons." Harry answered smartly.

Snape froze. He glared at him.

"What a specific answer. For once, you have chosen to research more than the bare minimum." Snape flicked back around and continued to lecture about other drabbles.

Harry took great notes on the fae. Although Aquillian had let some customs slip into his notes, he didn't say anything about fae biology. That wasn't to say how many different sub-species of fae there were. Some with wings, tails, horns, or sharp fangs, and some that looked completely human, like Aquillian. Bar the pointed ears that all fae seemed to possess.

The class dragged on, but eventually he was let free. He scampered out of the door and fell into place beside Hermione.

"Good job, Harry! Where did you find that out? I can't seem to find it in any of my readings." Her voice contained a little contempt but was overall praiseworthy.

"I think I saw it on a map or something. My boyfriends were helping to tutor me on this subject." Harry replied.

That was another perk. Anything he learned at all that he shouldn't know was his boyfriends. They were the easy scapegoats, and he enjoyed blaming them for him being smart about something. Which, to be fair, they were responsible for.

“I swear, Harry, I have to talk to them again!” Hermione actually seemed a bit angry.

“I’ll talk to them. Maybe on the Valentine’s Hogsmeade trip?” Harry offered.

“Yes! Please convince them.” Hermione bustled. “Thomas seemed really interested in what I had to say about the current state of muggleborn rights.”

Harry blinked.

He hadn’t considered what their views were on muggleborns. Obviously, he was not completely negative, as he was believed to be a muggleborn for the majority of his Hogwarts schooling. But when did Voldemort decline into hating them? Or *did* he really hate them? Was it all a ruse to get the purebloods on his side? Harry didn’t put it past him.

“That’s great! They never really talked about muggleborns, so I was a bit afraid of what they thought, but that’s a relief to hear.” Harry lightly shoved her with his shoulder.

“Well, if they don’t talk about muggleborns, that’s normally a great sign. The people who hate the most are always the loudest.” Hermione explained, lightly shoving him back.

The next day, Harry and Hermione trotted down to the Great Hall to eat, where they already found Ron chowing down on some food. Ginny, further down the table, was still glaring daggers at him. But her gaze seemed more malicious than normal.

Harry shrugged and focused on his meal.

Owls flew down and delivered mail and the Daily Prophet. Harry stabbed at his eggs. They were quite wet today, like they had been sprayed with water before being served. Harry wouldn’t mind, but he couldn’t see how much salt he was putting on because it got absorbed by the water so fast -

“Mate?” Ron’s voice was crystal clear. The entire Great Hall was silent.

“What?” Harry glanced around, seeing every eye on him.

Ron slid over the Daily Prophet.

‘Harry Potter’s Boyfriends: Sons of He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named

Dear readers! We have an interesting development in the life of Harry Potter today. An anonymous source has reported the true identities of Harry Potter’s boyfriends. They are both sons of He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named!

I know everyone reading this is shocked. But the private source revealed more information about them. Our private source described them as “Charismatic, like a serial killer would be, smart as a whip, and able to charm anyone to lower their defences. Surprisingly handsome, but with a coldness that was easy to miss.”

The younger one’s name is Thomas. His older brother is Ridley. They have both been at Hogwarts at least twice, once at an academic club and again at the annual Winter Dance.

This is an endangerment to students in the entire school.

How could Harry Potter even think about dating the spawn of He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named? Need I remind the younger readers that he killed thousands of wixen and non-wixen alike. He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named created many orphans, one of which was Harry Potter.

I ask our readers a question: if you were kidnapped, would you fall in love with your captor's spawn? This brings into question Harry Potter's already shambling mental state, based upon multiple violent outbursts. Along with that, his true motives. How do we know he has not already sided with the Death Eaters?

Follow more at the Daily Prophet, for stories every day for the everyday person.

Rita Skeeter

Head of the Daily Prophet Press Department

February 7th

Beside the picture was a memory-picture of him, Tom, and Riddle standing around and chatting with the people at the Slug-Club meeting.

Harry's head slowly turned to face Ginny. She had a shit-eating grin on her face, smug. Rage coursed through Harry.

"Cut!" He hurled his magic towards Ginny.

She screamed and recoiled, clutching her face.

"My eye!" She cried.

Harry rose from his seat, his fist curled around the paper. But as he did, the other Gryffindors did as well. Harry glared as dozens of wands were flicked out and pointed at him. Lavender fled from her seat to comfort Ginny, who sobbed as blood ran down her face.

With a snarl, Harry stalked off. He flicked the doors open and slammed them behind him. Fury bubbled under his skin. How dare she. *How dare she*. He thought she was talking about Ron and Hermione when she said she wouldn't keep quiet. It looks like she meant exposing him to the whole world.

"Open, open, open." He called out.

The wall beside him opened up, and he didn't hesitate to topple down. His feet crunched as he hit the bottom. Within view was the entrance to the chamber. He stormed through and barreled to the training room.

He threw his magic at the dummies. It didn't matter what level they were set to duel at; he threw more and more magic at them until they were ash or piles of stuffing. He screeched in fury, desecrating three dummies at once.

After what felt like hours, he collapsed to the floor.

“Love?” Tom’s sweet voice called out.

“Angel!” Riddle exclaimed, rushing to his side.

“M’fine.” Harry slurred as Riddle shook him.

Oh, thank Merlin!” Riddle patted his cheeks.

“Why are you so angry?” Tom sat down next to them.

Harry unclenched his hand for the first time since breakfast. Riddle retrieved the paper and read it out loud for them. After that, they let out a light laugh.

“Voldemort’s sons.” Riddle chuckled.

“Ginny betrayed me and told the prophet.” Harry spat.

“How dare she.” Riddle leaned down and kissed his cheek.

“Indeed.” Tom nodded. “But there’s not much we can do now.”

Harry growled. “I know.”

“What if we just embrace it?” Riddle offered.

“What?”

“Like, we just own up to it. We all just confirm that we are and don’t act ashamed about it. That gives us room to talk shit about him as well.” Riddle spoke with a cocky smile.

“But we need to be causal about it.” Tom flipped his hand. “Act like he’s just your average narcissist dad.”

Riddle smiled. “Yes. Just talk about it like it’s unimportant information.”

“That would piss him off more than everyone thinking we’re his sons.” Tom smirked.

“Of course!”

Tom and Riddle laughed. It lightened Harry’s mood, and he was able to let go of his anger. Just being around them relaxed him to his core.

“Oh! You must be so tired. Let’s take you to bed, yes?” Tom raked a hand through his hair.

“I would like that.” Harry reached up and wrapped his arms around Riddle’s neck.

Riddle slipped his arms beneath Harry and lifted him from the cool floor. His feet dangled, kicking up slightly with each of Riddle’s steps. He was laid on the bed with a delicate touch. Harry stretched in bed, groaning as his muscles finally relaxed.

A loud BANG echoed from a few rooms down.

Riddle sighed. “Marvolo’s been getting really into some research. I’ll check it out; you two do whatever.”

Riddle disappeared into the hall.

“Marvolo, I swear, if you are failing to summon the ghost of Salazar Slytherin again, I’ll have your neck!” Riddle yelled.

“I am stronger than you!” Marvolo yelled back.

“I could at least get a few hits in!”

“No, you could not.”

“Yes, I can!”

“No.”

“Yes!”

Harry laughed as he heard the back-and-forth. It was even funnier as they sounded roughly the same, with Marvolo’s voice just a bit deeper.

Tom shrugged and crawled in next to him. He was tense as Harry turned into him. Harry hummed as he shuffled around, pausing as he felt something stiff between his legs.

“Tom?” Harry asked, tightening his grip.

“You can feel my boner, can’t you?” Tom said with a sigh. “I’m sorry, but seeing you stretched out on the bed awakened something within me - “

“No, no, it’s fine.” Harry bit his lip, staring up at Tom, cheeks blushing. “Can - uh - Can I try a blowjob? You don’t have to say yes.”

Tom went beet red. “Please do. I’ve been a bit... pent up recently.”

“Do you jerk off often?” Harry’s hands travelled down Tom’s sides and lingered around his hips. Tom shivered.

“Yes.” He mumbled. “Do you?”

Harry hummed. “Not to much. I always have to run off after we’re done cuddling by the fire or after our showers.”

Tom’s laugh was cut off by Harry plunging his hands down the front of his trousers. “I should have known. We can do this more if you’d liKE - “

His voice hitched as Harry groped him. Harry shimmied down Tom’s trousers and underwear after turning him on his back. He crawled to his hips.

“I would like that.” Harry hummed, going down on Tom.

“*Fuck*,” Tom hissed.

Voldemort’s nails tapped on the table as he watched his Death Eaters file in. Immediately, he was staring down Severus. All of his other inner circle members, at least in the first degree, were not able to give him updates on Wizengamont. Severus now had the duty of reporting on the Order and Wizengamont, a task he was insufficiently completing.

Everyone sat down. He gritted his teeth. This was only the first round of gatherings. Today he will be meeting with everyone.

Voldemort shot a bolt of red light into the air to gather everyone’s attention. People froze; some shook with fear, but they all paid attention.

“A raise of hands: who here are Wizengamont members?” He called out to the silent hall.

Dozens of hesitant hands rose.

“All of you, stay behind after the meeting’s end. I am assigning you new groups.”

Truth be told, he should have assigned them a long time ago. They were sorted into groups based upon skill, and there were none that were dedicated solely to Wizengamont members. It was also entertaining to see Lucius and Corbin dart around the room, trying to meet with all the members after the meetings were over.

But efficiency over entertainment.

“Lucius, Corbin, you will also stay behind. Tiberius, you have the option.” Voldemort lowered his gaze at his inner circle members.

“Yes, my Lord.” They all spoke.

Voldemort rolled his shoulders back. This would be a long, long day.

And it was! He wasn’t released from his problems until late at night. By then, Potter was busy defiling his horcruxes, and Voldemort just wanted to curl up in bed and dispel those feelings.

It was stronger than the other times, and Voldemort shivered when he thought about what they could possibly be doing. He could, at the minimum, tell they were moving slowly, but that didn’t change the fact that they were still *moving*. And he had two of them to satisfy.

He banished those thoughts.

Shuffling around in his drawer, he cursed. His dreamless sleep potion was not corked all the way, and it had all spilled out. His notes he exchanged with Potter were all soaked, and his spare parchment and quills were also ruined.

He dried the papers the best he could. Potter, it seemed, used water-resistant ink, and the words weren't distorted. The warped paper was set on top of the drawers, and he spelled away the rest of the liquid.

A groan exited him. He'd have to just go without, and he'd need to brew in the morning. It had been months since he forgot a day, and he hardly missed more than two days a year. Dreams - nightmares - plagued him afterwards.

His mood soured after he crawled into bed. It had been so long since his dreamless sleep that he was unsure of what his dreams could be. Would he dream of a potential death again? Would he be trapped in a small space, surrounded by darkness?

Perhaps.

His sleep came reluctantly, and he tossed and turned as he dreamed.

Voldemort stayed, curled up in a dark place. His feet hit something wooden, making his legs scrunch up. His calves were cramping, and his throat was so dry. His scalp felt like a bucket of grease and dirt had been poured on top. He froze as there were footsteps above him.

A loud bang sounded from his right. "Potter! Up! Now! Breakfast needs to be ready in twenty minutes!" A woman screeched.

Whiteness blinded his vision. He squinted his eyes, just barely able to make out a woman's dress and legs leaving his sight. A sigh escaped him, and he reached up above his feet, slapping around until he found a small shelf. There, he placed round glasses on his face; the world was still distorted, with a fish-eye look to it.

But no matter how much his bones ached and his muscles cramped, he scrambled out of the small space. He groggily entered a kitchen that was far to plain-looking, and his body moved on muscle memory alone. Pans, spatula, eggs, milk, sausage, another pan, bacon, salt... His brain repeated the words until he acquired everything.

He flicked on the gas stove and began to fry some eggs and bacon at once. A loud, brattish scream echoed from upstairs, causing him to flinch. With that, his wrist slipped straight into the fire that licked up the sides of the pan.

By the time he could process what was happening, it was too late. He yanked his hand back and stared at the boils rapidly appearing on his rail-thin wrists.

"You burned yourself again, didn't you?" The woman angrily yelled. "You know how to take care of yourself; do it after breakfast."

He nodded and bit his lip. Even the air around him felt hot, like he was still in the fire. Later, when he was plating all of the food, two more people entered the room. Both fat as beach balls, one just about half the size of the other, waddled into the room.

"Bring me my coffee, boy!" The bigger one barked.

“Yes, Uncle Vernon.” He bowed his head and travelled to the coffee machine, which had been previously flicked on.

As he was plating their food, his burned wrist was unceremoniously yanked away by the bigger boy.

“What’s this? You burned yourself again? How can someone be so stupid as to do it twice this week? Mommy, is he staying home from school again?” The big boy asked the woman.

The woman inspected his burns just as roughly as the boy had. Blood squirted into his mouth as his teeth dug into his lip.

“Yes. It will heal by the morning. You’re staying in your cupboard all day, and I will not hear a peep out of you. Run upstairs and use the bathroom; then you will stay in your cupboard. Only good boys get breakfast.”

“Understood, Aunt Petunia.” He hung his head.

“Mommy, why can’t I stay home from school? He always gets to stay home!” The boy whined.

“Wouldn’t you miss your friends and play with them, Duddykins?” She cooed, pinching his cheeks.

“I would, but I don’t like class!” He stomped his feet.

“How about we miss Friday and take you out for the day?” She patted the boy. She then looked at him and glared. “I thought I told you to run upstairs.”

“Yes, Aunt Petunia.”

Harry stretched as he awoke. He wiggled out of Tom and Riddle’s grasp, being careful not to wake them up. Changing quickly, he focused on the task at hand. He was on a mission today, and that mission was Marvolo.

Harry weaved his way through the halls until he heard movement. There, he silently tracked Marvolo down to the kitchen. Marvolo stood there, eating more of Harry’s croissants, with an empty platter of cupcakes he had just made the night before on the counter. Emerald was munching on some raw meat as well.

“Do I see a mouse?” Harry teased as he leaned on the doorway.

Marvolo jumped and coughed. He turned to Harry and glared.

“I am allowed to eat.” He simply stated.

Emerald fled from the room, clipping Harry as she flew out.

“Alright, just tell me when you’re about to run out, and I’ll cook more.” Harry slid by the counter and summoned a chair.

“I will.” Marvolo continued to munch on the croissant.

“What are the plans for today?” Harry asked, nabbing a crossiant for himself.

“I am finishing some rituals. Tom needs to start pulling his weight and finally help with the ritual if he actually wants to learn anything.” Marvolo said with a huff.

“Oh, Tom was a bit... busy last night.” Harry trailed off, cheeks red.

Marvolo stared at him, then looked away. “I did not need to know that. Just get him in to finish up and let him steal more of your magic.”

“I will do that.” Harry smiled.

A lull filled the conversation.

“So,” Harry began, not certain how to talk to Marvolo. “What are your favourite treats?”

Marvolo looked him up and down before settling on his face. “I like the croissant and the brownies the best.”

“Do you know which flavours specifically?” Harry meandered to the cupboards, beginning to pull out ingredients.

“I do not know. I know I like chocolate.” Marvolo glared at the last bite of croissant. “I have not had any others before. I thought myself above sweets.”

Harry bumped him with his hip as he passed by. “Well, if you like them so much, let me teach you how to make them.”

“Why should I? You will just make them.”

“Because maybe one day I will be busy and you will run out,” Harry explained, dumping everything on the counter. He travelled to the sink next. “Plus, if you help me, it will get done sooner.”

“Fine.” Marvolo walked over to the sink and waited for Harry to get done washing his hands.

“Roll up your sleeves and put on an apron; I’d hate for you to get messy.”

Harry pointed to one of the aprons on the hook next to the door. Marvolo followed Harry and inspected each apron with a frown on his face.

“Why are they pink?” Marvolo asked.

“Because Tom was feeling silly. Now hush, let’s bake!” Harry rolled up his sleeves and marched Marvolo over to the counter. He flicked his wrist and the gramophone in the corner

turned on, playing soft music.

Together, they measured each ingredient and divided them into wet and dry. Harry began to mix them, but quickly handed off the task to Marvolo once he realised how big his forearms were.

Marvolo was surprisingly gifted in the kitchen, able to pour out the correct amount of brownie batter into the pan without spilling it at all. He was also able to properly stop stirring the mixture and not overstir it. Harry hummed as he waited for the brownies to start cooking. He looked at Marvolo with a smile on his face.

“Do you want to dance?” Harry offered his hand.

“Do not push your luck. I hardly like you as a person.” Marvolo pushed away his hand.

“Hardly, not don’t.” Harry pointed this out.

“You would be useless to me if you did not cook, and there was someone else I could nourish off.” Marvolo crossed his arms.

“Well, I do both of those. So you’re stuck with me.” Harry reached up to pat him on the cheek, but Marvolo caught him by the wrist.

“Do not.” Marvolo warned.

“Fine, fine, you’re not the touchy type. Can I watch you finish up the rituals?” Harry withdrew his hand.

Marvolo stared at him. “I suppose. You should be able to see how magic is supposed to be performed.”

They sat together and watched as the treats rose. The sweet aroma floated through the air and encased them in its scent. Harry tried to talk to Marvolo more, but he received short, one- or two-word responses.

Harry figured as such. He felt like he had made a short stride in his relationship with Marvolo, and he was determined to have a good one with him. He would presumably be in his life for, well, forever, and he wanted a life without him hating him.

Footsteps clicked down the hall. Harry turned back to see a sleepy, still shirtless, and pantsless Tom and Riddle stumble into the room. Harry blushed.

“Whatcha doin’?” Tom yawned.

“Baking. Marvolo helped me make brownies and croissants.” Harry beckoned them over.

“Sweet.” Riddle hummed as he sat next to him.

“Yummy.” Tom leaned on Harry, sighing as the heat of the oven wafted over him.

Marvolo sighed and shifted away from them. “Would you mind putting on some clothes?”

“Yes.”

“Yes.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “They are technically a younger you; why are you so uncomfortable?”

“*Because* they are a younger version of myself. I don’t want to see that again.” Marvolo gestured to his boyfriends.

“Resonable.” Riddle shrugged. “Still not changing.”

“Tom, do you want to work on the rituals after breakfast is done?” Harry leaned on him.

“Of course. May I siphon more magic?” Tom asked.

“Yeah.” Harry lightly kissed him.

“May I as well? We talked, and I am helping out.” Riddle slid his hand to the small of Harry’s back.

“Of course,” Harry replied as he drew apart. Tom pulled him back in.

Tom deepened the kiss. Harry felt himself being pulled into Riddle’s embrace, with Tom never leaving his mouth. He felt his collar shift, and Riddle began to bite down on his neck. A groan escaped Harry as Riddle’s hands slowly traveled from his sides to his inner thighs.

Out of the corner of his eyes, he could see Marvolo get up and leave.

Harry broke the kiss, “You did that on purpose.”

“He should get used to it.” Riddle commented.

“Yes, it should be normalised. We aren’t going to hold back around people like him.” Tom pulled him in for a soft kiss.

Harry turned away, “Can you at least not feel me up while he - mmhh!”

Riddle’s hand had brushed against his groin.

“*Care to let me indulge in you, angel?*” Riddle hissed in his ear.

“P-Please.” Harry muttered, “Touch me more.”

“Your wish is my command.” Riddle practically purred.

Chapter End Notes

Snape: Potter, recite to me information I never taught you!

Harry: (Recites information)

Snape: How dare you read outside of class time!

Hermione: Thomas was talking to me about muggleborn rights!

Harry: Phew, I forgot my boyfriend grows up to be racist, maybe. Good thing they aren't right now, that would be awkward!

Harry: (Just trying to eat his soggy eggs)

Ginny: I am about to *ruin* this man.

Harry: Oh, yeah! Well, I'll ruin your eyeball!

Ginny: (screaming)

Gryffindor House: Dude wtf, you Voldemort-Spawn fucker. You are not welcomed.

Harry: (Storming off)

Harry: (Throwing a magical tantrum, destroying everything he can)

Tom and Riddle: I am glad you are okay, love/angel.

Tom: What if we gave into the lies?

Riddle: Great idea! Let him be our narcissist dad!

Voldemort, somewhere: (Screaming)

Harry: So, uh, that's a boner.

Tom: Yes, it is. Sorry.

Harry: Want - uh - want me to take care of it?

Tom: Yes.

Harry: I have nailed this sexy flirting thing. I am so seductive.

Voldemort: Ah, damn, not going to take my dreamless sleep tonight. I bet none of this will have no negative consequences.

Voldemort's Dream: Ah, ha, you thought. Here, let the trauma you've induced be thrown into your face!

Harry: Wow, you ate all of that food.

Marvolo: I can eat. I am allowed to.

Harry: No judgement, let's bake.

Marvolo: Fine.

Harry: Hm, while we wait for that to bake, shall we dance?

Marvolo: Don't try your luck.

Tom and Riddle: (Enter the kitchen mostly naked)

Marvolo: Can you... not?

Tom and Riddle: no

Tom: (Making out with Harry's mouth)

Riddle: (Making out with Harry's neck, touching Harry's thighs)

Marvolo: I'm just - I'm just going to go...

Little story note for future updates:

To be clear, because I know I have answered this in a comment or two, there will be no explicit underage. There will be smut, eventually. Also, smut tags will be posted at the beginning of the chapter so they will not clog up the main tags. As a note, I do plan on non-sexual romance between adult horcrux and teenage Harry, but there will be a few sexual-esque comments, for a warning. Again, no smut. I have consulted with a friend and we agreed that it would be good to spring these notes up sooner rather than later. I have some reasons for this that I may explain more if asked. There may be more notes to come, but for now, this is here.

Not story-related, but I just got jaw + wisdom tooth removal surgery. It really hurts and I cannot eat my good food, just soft food. Luckily for me, cheesecake is soft enough for me to eat so I will be slurping that down. Advise for those who are going to go through this: meal-prep some soft foods because you won't feel like cooking, make sure to have lots of water bottles (I like the ones with the little spouts at the end, DO NOT SUCK IT, but squeeze the bottle to pour some of the liquid in your mouth), and make sure to buy extra painkillers.

Stepping Out

Chapter Summary

Harry finally steps out and Dumbledore's gossip will be the end of him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Voldemort awoke with a start. He - he saw a memory. A memory of Potter. Had this been what Potter experienced throughout his life? Just treated as a servant to mere *muggles*? And poorly at that - even Pipskey was treated less harshly.

Something ate at him inside. It was like acid burning through him, and that weighed heavily on his heart. He turned away from the idea of looking at his emotion chart. But he lay there in bed, staring at his empty drawer.

Had this always been happening, and he just took enough dreamless sleep to avoid the dreams? He raked his hand through his hair. This was not good, this was not good at all.

Should he tell Potter?

Yes, he should be honest with him. What if he said something that Potter had not told him but that his memories had? That would be bad, and Potter might feel betrayed.

Voldemort paced as he waited. Aquillian had called a private meeting with him, and he was anything but relaxed. The man was dangerous to displease. Had any of his Death Eaters said something that upset him? Done anything wrong.

If they ate another fae and Aquillian found out, he swore he'd kill them.

The floo blared to life. Voldemort allowed himself a breath before letting his face grow still. Ocean-blue eyes stared at him, and Voldemort wanted to cover himself. It felt so exposed to be around people without his glamours, almost as if he were naked.

"Aquillian," He greeted him. "What of our meeting?"

"I know Harry Potter is Ignis." Aquillian blurted out.

"How?" Voldemort demanded to know.

"His eyes - I saw him sitting in the guestroom of a Wizengamont meeting, and I saw those eyes staring back at me." Aquillian smirked. "So do tell me, how did this happen? You do not appear to be the type to court someone like him."

Voldemort bit his lip. “Well... it was an accident. He answered to the title of consort, and by the time the night was over, word had spread. You three thought it too, and it was too late to turn back.” “Good, your stories line up.” Aquillian nodded. “I want to meet with him again.”

“Wait until the summer - if I can capture him again.” Voldemort shook his head. “If the Order can manage it, so can I.”

“Do try to. He was very kind to me, and I would hate to lose that from my life.” Aquillian cracked a grin.

“I will, I will.” Voldemort

“You two should come to my palace for tea sometime. As yourselves. We have a great arrangement.” Aquillian sipped his wine.

“We can; it is rather difficult for us to find the time, but we will try.” Voldemort nodded.

“Fae are rather strict with their schedules. I will give you dates to meet. Say, sometime in July or early August? I hope to meet your acquaintance before then.” Aquillian sighed.

“Perhaps I can plan another ball?” Voldemort offered. “Combine forces for a raid; have a celebration?”

“I would agree to that. First, your Death Eaters must train with my fae to better understand how they work.” Aquillian spoke with pride in his voice.

“I can send you my times when we train.”

They discussed the specifics over dinner and came to some common dates that worked for them. Voldemort left feeling lighter and less exposed than before.

He sighed as he sat on his bed. Part of him wanted to learn more about Potter, while the other part felt it was an invasion of privacy. Then again, Potter was still getting his memories as well, and that was irritating to him. It was a fair trade to have, a dream for a dream. Additionally, the excess dreamless sleep he was taking left him irritable most of the day.

Voldemort raised his eagle quill and dipped it into the black ink.

‘Dearest Detested,

It has come to my attention that I am now receiving memories from you. I do not know when these started, but I have lessened my use of dreamless sleep due to health concerns. These memories will remain confidential, and I will not reveal them to anyone.

Yours truly,

Your Nemesis’

Voldemort sealed the letter and sent it off by Potter’s owl, who had stayed with him the entire time. Perhaps she liked the little treats he gave her. He paced in his room for a while, thinking

about the dream. There was a lowness in him when he thought back to it. Like he was sinking into the ocean without any chance of escape.

He begrudgingly walked off to his office, where his feelings chart was. He sifted through them, trying to find the correct one.

Guilt.

Voldemort rested his head on his desk. He was guilty - he was the sole cause of that. If he had never attacked the Potters, then Potter would have grown up normally. No wonder he was so nonchalant about being attacked; it had been happening since he was small.

He had thoroughly underestimated how awful the Dursleys were. Yes, he knew they were terrible - they had nearly killed him - but they treated him like that his entire life. Before they knew he was magical.

Or was it *because* they knew he was magical?

His teeth grinded against each other. He picked up his wand, intent on causing pain to whoever stumbled across his path.

Harry let a tear fall on the letter.

He knows.

Panic ran through him. No one was supposed to know - that incident with Vernon and Petunia was supposed to seem like a one-off, that they were just mean to him but weren't physical with him. He'd see everything. From himself burning on the stove at a young age to Dudley constantly throwing him down the stairs. To Vernon's belt-beatings.

Harry shivered. They went easier on him once he went to Hogwarts. For the first eleven years of his life, it was hell. And he'd see it.

Would he also see him making out and sexually exploring his boyfriends?

The idea made him ill. Harry had already seen memories of Tom and Abraxas having sex (horrifying, as Abraxas and Draco looked almost identical). So, Voldemort would eventually see them.

He left Tom and Riddle at the table and sprinted off. He couldn't look at anyone at the moment. They followed him, but they were too late. Harry was already past the turn in the hall, and he continued to run.

He led them in circles before finally darting into the library, lightly closing the door behind him. Quietly, he walked through the library and went into the farthest corner he could.

There, he curled up into a small ball. How had Tom and Riddle not completely collapsed at the idea of him knowing? Their life were extremely violent, and they just silently cried. He

just wanted to run and hide and never be seen by anyone ever again.

Footsteps approached him. Harry hid his face between his knees. He wasn't ready to confront either of them.

"Why are you crying in my library?" Marvolo asked, stepping towards him.

"I - " Harry coughed. "Voldemort's now getting my memories in dreams."

"And?" Marvolo was right in front of him.

"And they're... not good memories." Harry admitted.

Marvolo huffed. Harry felt him slide down next to him.

"Tell me," Marvolo demanded.

"It's - " Harry sniffled. "My relatives really weren't good to me. They hated magic and did everything they could to stamp out my accidental magic."

Marvolo wrapped an arm around his shoulders and pulled him in.

"I know," Marvolo said, speaking from experience.

They sat there in somewhat quiet silence for a while. Marvolo awkwardly patted him on the back and just let Harry pour out his emotions into his shirt. The weight of the situation fell heavily on Harry, and he was just glad he had someone to cry to. Someone who, frankly, didn't care enough about him to try to force him to find a solution.

Tom and Riddle were good, but he just wanted to sob. Vomit all his emotions out without any interference. He cried until his tears ran dry. Apathy replaced his distress, and he just sat there, his face smashed into Marvolo's chest.

Two sets of rushing footsteps sprinted into the library. Harry clutched Marvolo. Would they be disappointed in him for running off? Have some sort of guilt, thinking that Harry didn't trust them enough?

"Found him!" Tom's voice called out. "In the leftmost corner!"

Tom rushed to his side. He rested a hand on Harry's thigh and bombarded him with questions about his wellness. Harry stayed silent, hardly able to look at Tom.

"Give him space." Marvolo flicked Tom.

"Don't tell me what to do!" Tom snarled back.

"For once, I agree with the asshole." Riddle panted, finally rounding the corner.

Tom growled but didn't say anything. Riddle joined them and sat in front of Harry. He reached out and cupped his cheek.

“Angel, tell us how you feel. We saw the letter.” Riddle gently turned Harry’s face.

“He’ll know.” Harry whispered, his voice hoarse.

“Hey, hey, what are you scared of? He won’t use it against you; we’ll make sure of it.” Tom rubbed his leg soothingly.

“Just - just that he’ll know.” Harry retreated back to Marvolo’s chest. Marvolo let out a hmph.

“Is there anything we can do to make it better?” Riddle asked as he tried to turn Harry to face him.

“No.”

Tom sighed. “Can you at least come with us to do something you enjoy?”

Harry sniffled again. “Yeah.”

Harry painstakingly removed his hands from Marvolo’s shirt. He cringed at the wet stain he had left, but Marvolo quickly vanished it. The man rose, looked at him briefly, and walked off.

Riddle shimmed his arms underneath Harry and lifted him. Harry curled up, inhaling his scent. They walked him down to the training room and had him blast apart some dummies. It lightened him a bit when Riddle was teaching him a new spell, *suffocare*, which meant “to suffocate”.

Should Draco get out of line again, he’ll have to use it. Honestly, he could understand keeping his reputation, but to the point where he’d provoke Harry to attack him? Maybe he was just stupid. A stupid brat who wasn’t ever told what to do, so he struggles with basic instructions.

“Again!” Riddle yelled as he hugged him from behind.

“Suffocare.” Harry repeated.

The dummy struggled, clawing at it’s throat, as Harry held it under his spell. He held it for thirty seconds before releasing, watching as it collapsed to the floor. Harry giggled.

“Use it on Draco.” Riddle encouraged him.

“If he attacks you again,” Tom clarified.

“I will,” Harry promised them.

From behind, he could feel something. He blushed as he realised that Riddle was getting hard. Harry smirked and shimmed back, creating more friction between him and Riddle. Harry cast a few more spells on the dummies, and he continued to wiggle around. Riddle gripped him tight after he cast one that tore a dummy in half.

“You’re doing this on purpose.” Riddle whispered as Harry wiggled again.

“Perhaps.” Harry laughed.

“Such a tease.” Riddle spoke under his breath.

“You know, if you want something, you just have to ask.” Harry turned his head and kissed Riddle on the jawline.

“Fine then. I want you on your knees.” Riddle smirked, saying it as if it were a joke.

Harry was not one for jokes that day.

He knelt down in front of Riddle and began to undo his belt. Riddle looked at him, wide-eyed, but didn’t pull back. Harry smirked as he pulled down his underwear.

Riddle made him very happy that day. As such, Harry should make him happy as well.

“You have to go out eventually.” Tom reminded him as he leaned over him.

Harry stared down at his book. “I know; I’m just scared of what will happen.”

“You’ll be fine. You know the spells, you don’t care what they think, and you can always escape if needed.” Riddle reached over the table and grabbed his hand.

“I know.” Harry sighed. “It’s just - I don’t know. I don’t want to.”

“I know it can be hard, but be strong, okay?” Tom kissed his cheek.

“I can try. I’ll go out tomorrow.” Harry kissed him back.

“You better. Or I’m hauling you up myself.” Riddle threatened him. “I’ll cause a big ruckus.”

“The biggest! I wonder if they’d try to attack you or run in fear?” Harry tilted his head in question.

“Oh, I’d make them run in fear.” Riddle said in a sinister tone. “They deserve it.”

Harry was delighted to agree.

“We’d defend your honour any day.” Tom hugged him tightly.

“I’ve defended your honour; it’s only fair.”

“When? Who has been talking about us?” Riddle stood up in his chair.

“Draco Malfoy. Don’t worry, I beat him up. Not as bad as that time I accidentally kind of tried to kill him, but in my defence, I was magically stopped. Called you two desperate for dating me.” Harry raised his hands in defence.

Riddle had a look in his eyes.

“Angel!” Riddle smiled. “You’re going to the Valentine’s Day Hogsmeade trip, right?”

“Yeah, you two are coming along, right?”

“Good, good.” Riddle sat down, still smiling.

“Are you planning something evil?” Harry grinned as well.

“Maybe.” Riddle leaned over and ruffled his hair. “Don’t you worry about your pretty little head. You just need to sit there and look gorgeous, and don’t try to find us when we disappear.”

“Okay.”

The day had finally come.

Harry dug his heels in as Riddle dragged him through the tunnels. Harry sighed as they stared at the wall that was just outside of the Transfiguration classroom. Harry bit his lip.

“You’ll be fine. Kick asses, fight people, and spit in their faces.” Riddle said sweetly as he cupped Harry’s face.

“I will.”

“Now - GO! *Open!*” Riddle pushed him to the wall.

The wall opened, and Harry tumbled through. He barely managed to keep his footing, and as he turned back to yell at Riddle, the wall was already closed. *Bastard*. Harry brushed off the non-existent dust and marched into the Transfiguration classroom.

No one else was in there, despite being fifteen minutes early. Harry sat in his usual place in the front and got out his notes. He’d have to ask Hermione for the previous week’s notes.

His quill aggressively tapped against the table, the nib scratching into the wood. What would people think of him? It plagued his mind with no escape. His teeth dug into his lip, forming dark marks in the pink flesh.

The door creaked open.

“Harry!” Hermione yelled as she barreled towards him.

The breath left him when Hermione’s arms constricted him like a boa. He wheezed and tried to shove her off. Struggling was useless, as she only hugged him tighter.

“I thought the worst had been happening! You were gone for so long - no note, no anything - you just ran off. Everyone was on a manhunt for you for the first three days but after that,

everyone was sure you were dead or had run off with Voldemort and - “Hermione sucked in a big breath.

“I’m fine, Hermione; I just needed to go away. I was hurt, and I needed to be away from school for a bit.” Harry wheezed.

“Are you fine? I would say you could just ask Dumbledore but he may not be on the best of terms with you right now.” Hermione finally released Harry from her grasp.

“Any tips on how to survive the rest of the semester?”

“The Gryffindors seem out for blood, while the Slytherins are rather unbothered by the situation but still hate you for attacking Malfoy. The Ravenclaws are split between hating you for attacking Ginny and the other half hate you for attacking Malfoy, and the Hufflepuffs are taking Ginny’s side.” Hermione was talking faster than Harry could comprehend.

“Everyone hates me; watch my back.” Harry concluded.

“Basically.” Hermione tucked a lock of hair behind her ear.

“Yippee.” Harry rolled his eyes.

People slowly trickled into the room. They formed a wide band around him, with some Gryffindors even choosing to sit with the Slytherins. Harry remained strong and kept his head raised high despite the constant glares and sneers delivered to him.

At the end of class, Professor McGonagall, who had largely ignored him all of class, called him to stay back. He was half-convinced that he would make a run for it, but the professor magically pulled him back from leaving.

“Mr Potter, what you did to Ginny Weasley was unacceptable. Attacking her in the Great Hall - what were you thinking?” She shook her head.

“She told the prophet about my boyfriends.” Harry growled.

“And that was justification for blinding her? They will find out eventually.” Professor McGonagall stated this firmly.

“I wanted to do it on my own terms!” He screamed back. All the emotions that were building up inside him were threatening to be released.

“Silence, Mr Potter! For your transgressions, you have had your Hogsmeade trip removed and will be kicked off the Quidditch team.” Professor McGonagall raised her voice.

“Or what? I’ll just go on the Hogsmeade trip anyway! You can’t stop me!” Harry blasted his anger out, and it broke whatever enchantment was on him.

“Mr Potter!” Professor McGonagall yelled as he ran out of the room.

Honestly, why was she lecturing him? And why now? He had already nearly murdered Draco and cut his face open, but was one eyeball all it took to get him kicked off the quidditch team and revoke his Hogsmeade trip?

Harry kept his calm throughout the day. He expertly avoided the countless hexes and jinxes sent his way. Harry only got a cursory wave from Professor Slughorn, who stared at him with a hint of betrayal.

There was also a lack of Ron throughout the day. He was distant from him and didn't acknowledge his existence at all. Was it all because he attacked Ginny? She deserved it for how she hurt him. Harry rolled his eyes. If he wanted to choose her over him, he was more than welcome.

It wasn't as if he hadn't left Harry behind before.

The staff meeting went on for what felt like ages. Severus occasionally inputted on their trivial plans for the next school year and newest lesson plans but otherwise stayed silent. He was already prepared for the next year.

Life without needing to work for the Dark Lord or the Order of the Phoenix was very efficient, and he was prepared for the next decade.

They rambled on with senseless chatter, and Severus just sulked. At least he could talk to the other Death Eaters; they had similar ideas and stories, but with the other staff, he couldn't relate. Horace, however, was the outlier.

"And they exploded the cauldron!" Horace spoke with a light laugh. "It only turned their hair green, though."

Severus nodded. "That group has always had problems."

He didn't have the heart to tell him Horace was a hazardous instructor. He had his students best interests at heart but often neglected to tell them when certain ingredients were dangerous for skin contact. Or what would happen if they added too much or too little? His relaxed atmosphere didn't help either.

"Has everything been settled?" Dumbledore asked after the conversation died down.

A chorus of agreements rang through the air.

"I am afraid we need to talk about our students." Dumbledore sighed.

"Potter." Severus snapped.

For once, the staff agreed with him.

"He's been missing for a week! We couldn't find him no matter what we did!" Minerva exclaimed.

“You talked to him, yes?” Dumbledore inquired.

“He snapped at me and didn’t listen! There wasn’t even a hint of regret! It’s like he doesn’t think he did anything wrong!” She shook her head.

“He’s been distant in Charms; no one but Miss Granger sits next to him. The Gryffindors were even sitting next to the Slytherins instead.” Filius said.

“He has a great darkness around him.” Sybil muttered from her corner of the room.

“What does it look like, Sybil?” Pomona turned to her. She always believed that woman.

“A dark cloud that speaks of death.” She spoke in a haunting voice. “Like the light and life are being sucked out of him.”

Severus rolled his eyes. She always spoke about death.

“Do you see those two boys with him?” Horace actually sounded scared.

“In my crystal ball, I see him walking into the dark cloud. The boys are faint, but they walk with him hand-in-hand.” Her bug eyes were wide and unblinking.

Dumbledore’s brow creased. “We must find a way to separate them. He has only gotten more violent the longer he spends with them.”

“But how?” Septima inquired. “It’s not like we know where they live, how they get into the castle, or where they sneak off to.”

Dumbledore stared down at the table. “They are in the Chamber of Secrets. You can only access them with parseltongue.”

“Someone follow him, then.”

“And do what? Fight with him and You-Know-Who’s two sons? Do you want one versus three? Who knows what they could do to you?”

“I think we just need to let him fall. Not everyone should be saved.”

Severus didn’t know who said the last part, but it made Dumbledore’s head snap.

“We cannot...” Dumbledore sighed. “There is a prophecy that exists between him and Voldemort. One of them has to vanquish the other. He has to kill Voldemort or have Voldemort kill him.”

The room went silent. Was Dumbledore seriously revealing the prophecy to a room of professors just to save face?

Sybil rose from her corner. She stood tall, and the weird expression on her face fell, turning deadly serious.

“Does the prophecy say vanquish or kill?” She spoke clearly.

“Vanquish.”

“That does not mean kill.” She raised her voice. “That could mean anything from incapacitating him to disallowing him to continue his work to changing his beliefs. Defeat does not mean kill. Did you kill Grindelwald, Headmaster? Or did you defeat him?”

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow. “Voldemort must be dealt with permanently.”

“You’re mad!” Horace was aghast. “You’ve been telling him he needs to *kill* someone? You’ve been telling him his opponent in this death match is *Voldemort*?”

Severus ground his teeth. Even he could agree that it wasn’t wise to put all of that pressure on that brat. The Dark Lord has been training for decades, never going a day without learning a new way to attack someone. Powerful, too.

“No wonder he’s been lashing out.” Septima threw her hands up.

“Does he even want to kill You-Know-Who?” Sybil spoke in a shaky voice.

“Of course he does; he killed his parents and countless others.” Dumbledore explained.

“His boyfriends are his sons, and the You-Know-Who hasn’t been making any moves against him, as far as I am aware. You-Know-Who has had fewer deaths in recent raids as well. If Mr Potter is going dark, why should he kill Voldemort?” Sybil tilted her head.

“Because neither can live while the other survives.” Dumbledore let loose a line of the prophecy.

“By what definition of live? Live as in alive, or live as in being free? Surviving can mean just scraping by. That very well may mean that neither can be free if the other is barely living, as much as it means they must kill each other. Headmaster, this prophecy could mean that they need to join forces to truly enjoy life. Or vanquish each other to do so as well.

Sybil’s speech sent chills up everyone’s spine.

“I will not disclose all of the prophecy. All you need to know is that, in order to end Voldemort forever, Harry needs to kill him.” Albus spoke with a sense of finality.

Severus could feel the confidence in Albus crumbling as the seconds passed. Honestly, forcing that upon a child, even if he was a brat, was far too much for anyone to suspend their disbelief.

He watched, doing nothing, as Albus lost even more supporters.

Voldemort: Oh no. I saw a memory. Is this - Is this the consequences of my own actions?

Voldemort: Hello, Aquillian -

Aquillian: I know your secret teehee

Voldemort: How????

Aquillian: His eyes, dummy.

Voldemort: I am... I am guilty. How dare I?

Harry: (In a panic, crying, sobbing, about to lose it.)

Marvolo: In my library? Why are you bringing this into my library? Fine, hush, hush, stop crying in my library.

Tom:

Riddle:

Riddle: Do you want to learn how to suffocate someone? Will that make you happy?

Harry: (Sniffling) Yeah

Riddle: Haha, get on your knees, boyfriend.

Harry: ;)

Harry: Yeah, Draco called you desperate for dating me.

Tom and Riddle: (Starts scheming)

Harry: So, everyone hates me?

Hermione: Basically, yeah.

Professor McGonagall: Your behaviour is unacceptable! No quidditch or Hogsmeade visit for you!

Harry: I don't give a flying FUCK!

Albus: So there's a little prophecy and he kind of has to kill Voldemort. No more details, though.

Everyone: What the fuck? For shame.

A Disastrous Date in Hogsmeade

Chapter Summary

Surprise! A chapter for Harry-day.

Harry, Tom, and Riddle's date does not end how they want it to.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He sat with Hermione while she caught him up on all his missing assignments. Lucky for him, most of them were due at the end of the week, so he had a moment to catch up. She helped him work on most of them but paused when the call for the Hogsmeade trip came.

“Are you going?” Hermione turned to him.

“When have I not? I’ve been banned, so I’ll use the secret tunnels again.” Harry rose from his seat.

“Be safe! Meet me at the Three Broomsticks when you’re done. I’ll be doing some light shopping, then I’ll be there.” Hermione informed him before walking off.

On her way out, someone threw an entire pot of ink at her. Hermione glared at the group, which was a mix of Gryffindors, Ravenclaws, and Hufflepuffs. She vanished the ink, turned her nose up, and stalked off. Harry’s brow furrowed. Was the association with him that bad?

Harry detoured to the Chamber of Secrets to collect his boyfriends. Yet again, they were in the library, hunched over books while Marvolo searched for more. Harry crept up behind them and pounced on Tom.

“AHH!” Tom screeched as Harry tackled him.

“Boo!” Harry, delayed, yelled.

Tom wrapped his arms around him and began to wrestle him. “You little minx!”

“I will never get that face out of my memory! Never!” Harry exclaimed as he managed to roll Tom over.

Harry’s hands darted around Tom. Tom giggled as he was tickled, weakly fighting Harry as he did. As Harry was busy listening to Tom, the boy managed to wiggle out of his grasp and lunged at him.

He was tackled to the floor, and Tom managed to get between his legs, making it useless to kick at him. Tom's elongated fingers cuffed Harry's wrists and pinned his hands to the floor.

"Aw, come on!" Harry wiggled in displeasure.

"I win!" Tom spoke with a smirk.

Tom leaned down and gave Harry a deep kiss.

"Can you two refrain from having sex in the library? You may get the books sticky." Marvolo said, throwing more books onto the table.

"Oh, we weren't . . ." Harry blushed.

"Yes, we - we were just wrestling." Tom defended them.

Marvolo rolled his eyes. "Like that has not been used time and time again. But you would seriously have sex in front of Riddle?"

"Well, yeah? Why wouldn't we?" Harry asked, perplexed.

Marvolo stared at them, then shook his head. "Nevermind. You three have places to be, yes?"

"Oh, yeah." Harry tried to wiggle free but failed. "Hogsmeade. I got my privileges revoked for slashing Ginny's eyeball, but we can use the secret tunnels."

"We could also use the Chamber's tunnels. It goes to the forest just outside of Hogsmeade." Riddle slammed his book shut.

"Yes! Let's do that." Harry wiggled again. "Tom, free me."

"No." Tom leaned down and gave him another kiss.

He was finally released from Tom's grasp. Hopping to his feet, Riddle appeared right next to him. Marvolo watched them longingly as they exited the room.

They momentarily dropped by their bedroom to change and grab the diary and ring. Harry wore his green shirt that had mountains on it and a red flannel that he got when he and Voldemort went on the shopping trip. Tom put on a dark green button-up and a charcoal-grey cloak he had found in the closet. Riddle, well, Riddle just wore his normal clothes.

"If it's not broken, don't fix it." He laughed.

Harry insisted he at least put on a cloak. He accepted and swished on one that was green but so dark it almost looked black.

Riddle led the way through the tunnels of the chamber. Left, right, straight, right - Harry lost count of the twists and turns. They formed a chain, with Harry grasping both Tom and Riddle's hands to get through the tight twists and turns.

The cold air met him abruptly. They stepped out of the tunnel and slammed the tree-door behind them. Harry breathed in the fresh air. It was still cold out, but it was leagues better than December.

“Come on! Let’s go shopping!” Harry dragged Tom and Riddle into the town.

Excitement bubbled in his stomach. They weren’t wearing glamours nor cloaks that hid their faces. All of them were going out as themselves today.

The Hogwarts students hadn’t yet arrived, so they had a head start. Harry rushed to the first store, Honeydukes, which had a Valentine’s Day arrangement. They toured through the different arrangements. Some were heart-shaped (as in a literal human heart), while others looked sweeter.

Tom grabbed a basket and started to fill it, along with Riddle. Tom was biased towards anything that had hearts on it, while Riddle preferred pastries. Though there were some outliers. There was a sweetbread that was shaped like a bunny that Tom insisted he must have, and Riddle wanted a cake pop that was as big as his fist.

“It’s perfect.” Riddle breathed as he held up a pack of rainbow edible glitter.

“In the basket!” Harry nodded.

“I’m putting it on everything.” Riddle chuckled it in the basket.

Harry smiled to himself as he saw a chocolate, realistic human heart. He stuffed it in the basket while the other two were debating if they wanted cream puffs with a vanilla or chocolate filling (they got both, just in case).

He sat the basket on the counter.

The shopkeeper smiled at him but averted her eyes to Tom and Riddle, who were staring at the aquarium of chocolate frogs. He went white and quickly counted all of his purchases.

“Five galleons,” He said after ten seconds.

Surely that wasn’t enough time to count it all?

“But - “

“Five galleons.” He interrupted him.

Harry shelled out five galleons. It should have been at least ten, if not more than that -

“Please leave.” He spoke quickly as he bagged the last item.

Oh, Harry, now saw it.

The world still saw them as nothing more than Voldemort’s “sons”.

“Thank you!” Harry still called out as he hauled Tom and Riddle out of the store.

It left a bitter taste in his mouth as he had to rush them out. They looked like they were having so much fun watching the chocolate frogs hop around.

“What’s with the rush?” Tom longingly looked back at the store.

“You’re Voldemort’s sons to them.” Harry growled.

“Oh.” Tom deflated slightly.

“Don’t let them get to you.” Harry turned Tom’s face with his index finger and kissed him firmly. “To hell with them.”

“To hell with them.” Tom repeated.

“Let’s go shopping until we’re shunned. I think I saw a place further down that sells glitter.” Harry pointed down the street.

“Where?” Riddle started to drag him in the direction he pointed.

Harry smiled as he directed Riddle to the local craft shop. He had thought it was skippable last time, but when he saw the sparkles, he just knew they needed to go there. Riddle practically blasted through the doors and marched to the arrangements of glitter and sparkles at his disposal.

The pair wandered the store to look for something Tom would enjoy. He found himself in the scrapbook section again, setting them up, and Tom lingered. He raised the different papers and compared them, setting them aside. Harry really needed to show him the muggle world; the colourful tapes and stickers may make him explode.

Tom carried his paper and bottle of glue around while they tried to find Riddle. Unsurprisingly, he was at the glitter. His arms were bursting with bottles of glitter.

“Tom, I need your opinion.” Riddle beckoned him forward.

“Yes?”

“Should I get the sparkles with hearts or the ones that look like stars?” Riddle spoke as if it was the most serious question he could ask.

“Hearts.” Tom nodded, replying just as seriously.

“Why not both?” Harry asked.

Riddle gestured to a mini glass shelf with multiple rows of shelving being sold. “I can’t fit both in the glitter storage.”

Harry smiled.

They checked out fast. The shopkeeper appeared to recognise them as the “spawn of evil” and rushed them out. Both were still happy with their purchases.

By then, Hogwarts students were rushing around, trying to get through all the different shops. The chaos let them slip through with little trouble. They travelled around shops, but they didn't buy too much.

Harry was insistent on getting them roses. Silver, of course. He focused his magic on them and turned the bouquet into little flower crowns for the both of them. They graciously accepted, laughing as Harry meticulously picked out any thorns.

“Do you want to go to the Three Broomsticks? Hermione's there.” Harry asked as they strolled out of the store.

“I would love to.”

“Yes, I'm thirsty.”

Trotting off to the Three Broomsticks, that was when they started to receive stares. The crowd parted in front of them like they were split in half. Harry clenched their hands as a sign of reassurance.

A blast of warm air greeted them as they entered. A sigh of relief hit them, quickly replaced with tension. Within moments of them entering, everyone's eyes were on them. Dead silence filled the room. Harry led the two by the hands and tried to hunt for Hermione.

Dirty looks were cast their way, and Harry was filled with paranoia. They stared at them as if they were either going to stand up and start firing curses at them or cower in fear. Harry swallowed hard.

Hermione was in the corner, sitting at a booth with no one else, despite the place being pretty crowded. Harry strode over to her and seated himself. Riddle sat with him on the outside, while Tom scooped Hermione over to sit next to her. Harry silently cast a muffling charm and turned to Hermione.

“Have you had a nice day?” Harry tried to ease their tension.

“I bought a few new books on astronomy and runes. There was more on horoscopes that I found interesting, and I picked up one of them.” She pointed to the book she was reading. “I stopped by Honeydukes and picked up a few of these.”

She dug in her bag and withdrew a bundle of those bread bunnies that Tom had picked out. Tom leaned over the table, snatched the Honeydukes bag from Riddle, and searched in it. He pulled out his bread bunny and presented it to Hermione.

“You got the chocolate one? I got raspberry.” Hermione commented.

“I didn't see those; they must have brought them out after I left.” Tom used his bunny to ‘hop’ along and compared it to hers.

There was no outward difference besides the eye colour. Hermione caught on and wiggled her bunny. Riddle and Harry looked at each other as Tom and Hermione played with the bunnies as if they were action figures. They gave them voices and laughed as they made a mock bunny witch trial (Tom's bunny was the witch, of course).

It was wonderful to see them getting along.

A waitress hesitantly approached them, seemingly psyching herself up for talking to them. Harry cancelled the spell, finding that there was at least a little chatter in the restaurant.

"Do - Do you four want anything?" She asked in a small voice.

"Four butterbeers and an order of treckle tart, please. Do you three want anything else?" Harry turned to them.

"Do you have anything sweet?" Tom asked.

"Any pastries?" Riddle inquired.

"Do you have anything with raspberries?" Hermione followed.

The waitress let in a big breath. "We have a Valentine's Day special of a chocolate platter and Danish pastries that come in raspberry."

"How many are in an order of Danish pastries?" Hermione shuffled in her seat.

"Six. It is meant to be shared." The waitress began to write on her notepad.

"I'll share if you want to." Riddle told Hermione.

"And an order of raspberry Danish pastries and the Valentine's Day special, please." Harry ordered for the table.

The waitress disappeared, and Harry recast the muffling charm. Tom and Hermione resumed their play. One of the bunnies (Matthew) was currently testifying in Tom's bunny's (Edith's) defence.

Harry leaned on Riddle, and Riddle threw an arm around his waist. He smiled as he took everything in.

Having them not walk in secrecy filled him with a sense of happiness that he didn't know he had. It travelled through him and warmed him like sunshine. It was as light and airy as a spring day.

His boyfriends were more carefree as well, able to stretch out and enjoy the world for their short time there. They bought to their heart's content and were finally able to do so without feeling guilt. They shone so bright.

It was as if he could *feel* their happiness.

A large man approached them. Harry was the first to notice and pulled on Riddle's shirt, kicking Tom under the table as well. He loomed over them and flexed his huge muscles. Harry ended the spell. If he was approaching them aggressively, they might as well know what spell he was going to cast.

"You. Why are you here?" His voice was gruff.

"Because it's the Hogsmeade visit." Harry answered, trying to look to see where the man's wand was.

"Aren't you two supposed to be with the Death Eaters?" He spat at them.

"No, we've been away from that since summer. It's very tense there, you see." Riddle squeezed Harry.

"So you have been in contact with You-Know-Who. They should arrest you on the spot." He crosses his arms.

"It wasn't really willingly; he really doesn't like us." Riddle shrugged.

"Yes, and I'm starting to think he doesn't like our boyfriend either!" Tom exclaimed in mock surprise.

The man's face enlightened in rage. His fists slammed into the table. "You should have been slaughtered at birth, you evil spawns!"

Tom and Riddle didn't react. Harry thought back to his dreams of them, and he could say that they'd heard worse at a younger age.

"Unfortunately, we did not." Tom rolled his eyes.

Harry carefully wrapped his arms around Riddle's waist. He kept his wand-arm on top and half-flicked out his wand.

"And you!" The man turned his attention to Harry. "You're a traitor to your family! They were murdered, and almost you too! And you reward them by dating your killer's spawn!"

Harry frowned. Even if it was a lie, Tom and Riddle would be Voldemort's *children*. He hated the word spawn. It made them sound so inhuman.

"I don't see them with a wand to anyone's throat." Harry pointed out.

Riddle did kill his family, but this man didn't know that.

"Not yet!"

Harry shifted slightly to see the man's wand pointed out of his sleeve. He burrowed closer to Riddle, trying to guard as much of him as possible.

“How dare you two even stand here, strutting about as if you don’t have a care in the world. People are dying, and you’re standing here like you think you aren’t in danger.” The man stayed low.

“Technically, we are sitting.” Tom snarked.

Harry blinked.

In that moment, the man pulled out his wand and pointed it at Tom, with a sickly yellow glow at the end of it. Harry moved to disarm him when the man’s wand shot out of his hand and towards the door. He followed the wand as it landed in his hand.

Marvolo stood just inside the restaurant, someone’s wand in his hand and the man’s in his hand. The locket was proudly displayed on his chest.

“My, my, that was rather rude of you.” Marvolo tched.

“Give me my wand back, bastard!” The man yelled.

“How did you know I was one?” Marvolo rolled his eyes. “Anyway, leave them alone. One would hate to have their wand snapped for their misdeeds, right? It happened to a few of my ancestors, did you know?”

The man’s face went white.

“G - Give it back.” He said it quietly.

Marvolo flicked his hand, flinging open the door. Cold air blew in, and Marvolo chuckled the wand out of the door.

“Fetch.” Marvolo pointed to the door.

The man ran out of the Three Broomsticks like a dog with its tail tucked between its legs.

Tom waved Marvolo over and had him and Hermione scoot over. Marvolo rolled his eyes but stepped forward towards them. The entire place was silent as Marvolo sat down next to Tom.

“*Why are you here?*” Riddle hissed.

“*I wanted to leave for the day.*” Marvolo replied, folding his arms on the table.

“*But did you have to come the day of the Hogsmeade trip?*” Tom complained to him.

“*That is a strange way to say, ‘thank you for saving me’. Odd, I’ll have to keep that in mind.*” Marvolo flicked Tom on the nose. Tom rubbed his nose, his cheeks growing red with anger.

“*No fighting.*” Harry made an X with his hands. “*This is supposed to be a nice day for all of us. Marvolo, we’ve already ordered, but feel free to get more.*”

“*Okay.*” Marvolo nodded.

"We also need to think of a fake name for you. Tom is Thomas, Riddle is Ridley, so you would be - " Harry tried to think of a name.

"Matthus." Marvolo spoke, offering a hand to Hermione.

Hermione hesitantly shook his hand. "Hermione Granger."

Harry bit his lip. Would they go by the Riddle last name or another? Gaunt would also be a good pick, though Slytherin would be the obvious choice...

"Are you another boyfriend?" Hermione asked with a laugh.

"... no, I am not." Marvolo responded after staring at her.

"Oh, okay. Tell me if that changes." She retracted her hand.

The restaurant was still silent as they engaged in mindless chatter. At one point, Harry threw up the muffling charm so they could have their conversations in private.

The waitress came by soon after, approaching the table with a slight tremble in her body. She set down the butterbeers first, then retreated back for the Valentine's Day platter and Danish pastries.

Chocolates of all sorts of varieties were piled on the large, heart-shaped plate. Harry plucked one that was circular with drizzled caramel on top and popped it into his mouth.

"Mhhh," He moaned at the taste. Tom and Riddle shared a look.

"Enjoying it?" Tom teased and grabbed one that had white sprinkles on top.

"Yeash," Harry replied, mouth still full.

Hermione bit into one of the pastries. "These are really tasty!"

Riddle stole one as well. "Yes, these are good. Would it be too much to ask, angel, for you to make these on a regular basis?"

"No problem! I can make these!" Harry lightly punched Riddle for doubting his desire to provide for them.

They all chatted while they indulged, with Marvolo staying almost completely silent as he glared at the food. Harry sighed and managed to catch Marvolo's gaze.

"You know, you can have some too if you don't want to order." Harry spoke.

Marvolo raised an eyebrow, "I would... accept that."

Harry smiled at him as he picked out a chocolate piece with fudge drizzle on it. He bit into it and nodded. The man engaged in more conversation, inputting his calloused thoughts every other sentence.

At least Marvolo seemed like he was enjoying himself, even if it was putting mental strain on others.

They finished with their food rather quickly and resorted to digging into their sweets. Tom dug into his bunny (Hermione's bunnies had a funeral for it before being eaten themselves), and Riddle dug into his cake pop. Harry was about to grab his own when his hand brushed against one of the packages.

"Happy Valentine's Day, Matthus." Harry spoke as he presented the human-shaped chocolate heart to Marvolo.

Marvolo stared at the heart. And stared. With a slight shake of his hands, he took the box. His long fingers tediously removed the paper packaging until the heart was fully revealed. His gaze lingered on it before he took a nibble at the aorta.

The faintest, softest smile caressed his face.

Harry wanted to beam but averted his attention. He had a feeling if he let Marvolo know how much that meant to him, Marvolo would cease his enjoyment.

He ate about half of it, finding the middle filled with caramel, and wrapped the rest of it up in paper. It was stowed away in one of his robe's pockets to be eaten at a later date.

"So..." Hermione said that once everyone was stuffed full, "What now?"

After she spoke, the bells in Hogsmeade rang out.

"Damnit," Harry muttered.

"That's my key to leave. May I?" Hermione looked down at Marvolo and Tom.

"Of course."

"Make me." Marvolo replied with a smirk.

"Matthus, just let her go." Riddle rolled his eyes.

"Make. Me." Marvolo repeated.

Tom, Riddle, and Harry all busted out their wands.

"Incursus!" They yelled at him. Marvolo dodged by rolling out of the seat.

He aimed his stolen wand at them in a challenge.

"Matthus!" Harry chastised.

"Fight me!" Marvolo smirked again.

"Outside! Three versus one!" Tom challenged.

Marvolo had a mad look in his eyes. “But of course. A fair fight.”

A flash blinded them all. Blinded temporarily, Harry followed the light to see someone standing right in front of them. Speeding off to the door was Rita Skeeter.

“No!” Harry yelled. He couldn’t have another Potter-centric article!

“Get her!” Riddle exclaimed, clamouring out of his seat.

“That’s Skeeter, isn’t it?” Tom followed Riddle as he rushed out of his seat.

“Who are we killing?” Marvolo meandered after them.

“Hopefully, no one, but they’re running after Rita Skeeter, a journalist.” Hermione informed, also getting out of her seat.

Harry didn’t say anything and sprinted after them. Rita was his and his alone; they didn’t have permission to slaughter her. Harry followed the trail of a screeching woman and his screaming boyfriends. They and their damned long legs, even running at full sprint, he was to slow.

There was a strangled scream through the crisp air. Harry launched himself at them. He was just able to see himself in public with them; he couldn’t if they just massacred Rita in the streets!

He rounded the corner to see Tom and Riddle with their wands pointed at Rita’s chest and back. Her camera was nowhere to be seen, and there was a man running in the other direction.

“Thomas! Ridley!” Harry almost called out their real names.

“What do we want to do to her?” Riddle asked, digging his wand into her sternum.

“We can’t! Everyone saw us chase after her!” Harry grabbed his arm and tried to pull it down.

“She deserves it.” Tom breathed lowly.

“I didn’t say she didn’t. I’m saying I don’t want to just have one chance to walk with you in public! I want more! I want to go out to shops, go on dates, and tour the libraries with you without needing to dodge aurors!” Harry sounded as sincere as he could.

Tom growled and lowered his wand.

“We could always obliviate them.” Riddle growled.

“My camera’s already with my co-journalists. We have evidence.” Rita had a shit-eating grin on her face.

“Ridley, let it go. We can try another time.” Harry tugged on his arm again.

“Fine.” Riddle lowered his wand. “But one bad word, Rita, and I’m telling my father.”

Rita’s eyes went wide, then she shook her head. “You said it yourself; he doesn’t like you, so why should I believe you?”

Riddle had a green light at the tip of his wand.

“Ridley! No!” Harry physically snatched the wand from his grasp.

“Do you think he only kills people he doesn’t like?” Riddle spat.

Harry wrapped his arms around Riddle’s midsection and pressed his cheek into his chest. His heart was racing far too fast, beating as if it were trying to burst from his chest.

“I am protected.” Rita turned up her nose. “And if you think I’m going to write you as anything else than two lowly, murderous boys and his pathetic boyfriend, you are wrong.”

Riddle tensed.

“Two? I think it’s three.” From behind Rita, Marvolo appeared.

Rita jumped and whirled around.

“Matthus, let it go for now.” Harry pleaded with him.

Marvolo sneered at Rita. “Do you think they could catch any of us and send us to Azkaban? We can disappear without any method of tracking us down.”

She actually *cowered*. It sent sparks through Harry.

“Well, of course people would go looking for me!” She nervously shuffled.

“They would have as much success as trying to look for Dolores Umbridge.” Riddle picked at his nails.

Rita scoffed. “High Inquisitor Dolores Umbridge is out on vacation.”

So that’s how they covered it up.

“Just leave, Rita. Don’t you have a slanderous article to write?” Harry hugged Riddle tighter.

“You’re right; I do. I already have an article for tomorrow, but check out the next few days.” She sneered at them.

The woman busted out her green quill, and it began to scribble on her notes. She turned on her heel, dodging Marvolo, and walked off. Harry’s blood boiled as he watched her leave.

“You should have let us have her.” Riddle huffed, wrapping his arm around Harry.

“I know, but I want to be able to have cute little dates with you two without worrying about aurors.” Harry hummed, already starting to daydream about what their future dates could be

like. Maybe they could go to the muggle world, and he could take them to a fair.

“Fine.” Tom sighed. “But this summer - “

“ - this summer.” Harry confirmed.

All three of them had sinister smiles on their faces.

“Let me in on this: she took my photo without my permission.” Marvolo hummed. He eyed the nearby Honeydukes store.

“Sure, after us. No offence, but she’s ragged on us a lot more.” Harry adjusted his grip on Riddle, loosening it as his heart rate flew down.

“None taken.”

“Well...” Harry trailed off. “Are we leaving?”

Marvolo smirked. “We still haven’t duelled yet.”

The four of them readied their wands.

Before any of them could cast a spell, they were on the ground, tied up, and blinded.

“That was really easy.” Marvolo strutted towards them. “But you did your best.”

“How - ” Harry, as a professional wiggler, managed to wiggle free of his binds. “That was really fast.”

“Wandless magic, you forget.” Marvolo offered a hand; Tom and Riddle were still struggling. “While you were focused on my wand, I used my other hand to throw a blinding spell at you. Diversion. Then I kicked a binding spell at you.”

“Kicked? You can use wandless magic through your feet?” He asked, incredulous.

“If you do not have any enchantments on your shoes or socks, yes, you can use it through any part of your body as long as there is not a magical barrier,” Marvolo pointed to his shoes. “Which means they have to be *muggle*-made.” He spat the last words.

“Hey, muggles make some good things.” Harry put his hands on his hips.

Marvolo snarled. “And bad things as well.”

Harry paused.

He grew up during the war; of course he’d think that of them.

“Yes, they make some bad things.” Harry agreed. “They do some bad things with them.”

There was a silence that fell over them. Marvolo’s fists clenched. They averted their gazes from each other. Harry kicked over a stone.

“Could one of you help us?” Tom tried to wiggle free, but as an unprofessional wiggler, he was unsuccessful.

“Fine.” Marvolo took advantage of the much-needed distraction.

They summoned knives and cut Tom and Riddle free. They stood, rubbing their wrists. Harry gently kissed them each, casting a wandless healing charm as he did. They giggled and whirled him around.

“Where’d you get the wand, Mattus?” Harry inquired.

“I found it while I was searching in the library before you left. It is not the best, but it works.” Marvolo twirled the wand, a ghost of a grin on his face. “It is an ancestral wand. I am honoured to wield it.”

Harry smiled.

“Love, remember what we told you about looking gorgeous and staying put?” Tom patted his cheeks.

“Yes?”

“Do that, please. Our window of opportunity is running low, and we need to act now.” Riddle kissed him on the cheek.

“I’ll be pretty in Honeydukes if you need me.” Harry smiled dumbly and kissed him back.

Harry waltzed back to Honeydukes, intent on looking as pretty as possible in front of as many witnesses as he could. As well as buying many, many sweets.

Chapter End Notes

Harry and Tom: We were just, uh, wrestling?
Marvolo: Sounds fake but okay

Harry: Okay, by Marvolo, we're going on a date!
Marvolo: (Secretly sad)

Harry: Sugar Daddy mode activate
Tom and Riddle: Don't mind if we do

Shopkeeper: Leave, please

Harry: How dare

Tom: How dare

Riddle: Eh

Harry, Tom, and Riddle: (Enter the Three Broomsticks)
(Old western music starts to play)

Some guy: (Trying to threaten them)

Marvolo: Want to see a magic trick? Fetch.

Tom and Hermione: (Playing with their bunny-shaped food)
Harry and Riddle: How cute!

Harry: Here, Marvolo, here's a chocolate heart!

Marvolo: (Literally the most touched he has ever been)

Rita Skeeter: (Takes a picture of Harry, Tom, Riddle, and Marvolo)

Harry, Tom, Riddle, and Marvolo: So, you have chosen death?

Rita Skeeter: I am going to write an article about you!

Tom, Riddle, Marvolo: (All being held back by Harry)

Marvolo: Three versus one, fair duel

Harry, Tom, Riddle: Ready!

Marvolo: (Defeats them in a second)

Surprise update for Harry-day! Thank you for 170k as well!

Things have not been good this week and the next three will be hell for me. I was doing so well in this class, but this simple unit is crushing me. There's also a lot of unease within me? Like I know something bad is going to happen, but I do not know what. I have doctor's appointments coming up so this cannot be good. But I am still going on despite everything.

The Vanishing Cabinet

Chapter Summary

Voldemort is depressed. Draco apparently has brains. Harry has an escape plan.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Voldemort stared blankly at the empty room. It had been Potter's and his horcruxes' room, once bustling with life, now desolate and lacking warmth. He sighed again as that gripping feeling overtook him. Like a tightness in his chest that longed for release.

He straightened up. Action - action was needed. Walking with long strides to his study, he brewed his thoughts. He had planned on writing it later, but should the young Malfoy be lacking in the progress of his mission, he would need *assistance*.

Then punishment, of course.

Voldemort readied his raven quill and steadied it on the paper, fighting his shaking hand.

'Dearest Detested,

I have planned for you to come back to me. You must ask the young Malfoy about his mission and assist him if his progress is unsatisfactory. This will enable you to be back at the manor. I have plans for the summer for us to engage in. Should you be unable to be with us, I will find a way to get you back to me.

Farewell,

Your Nemesis'

Hot wax was stamped with the Slytherin seal.

"Pipskey!" Voldemort demanded.

A pop sounded to his left.

"Yes, my - "

"Take this to Tom or Riddle. Tell them to give it to Potter." Voldemort handed the letter to Pipskey.

"Yes, Master!" Pipskey nodded with enthusiasm and popped away.

Voldemort rubbed his temples. Potter was feeling...

Voldemort withdrew his feelings chart and examined the colours.

... affectionate. Again.

He was sure he was with his horcruxes, defiling them again. Changing them into someone they are not. Just as they were changing Potter. He supposed it was fate, but he did not like it.

He leaned back in his chair, slouching. Life was harder without them. Without their splash of headaches and chaos, he found life dragging by without any hint of release. Hopefully, hopefully, they will be back soon.

Harry smiled as he saw Draco limp into the classroom. He was badly bandaged, his neck consealed and there was a hint of others running up his arms, peeking out of his sleeve and collar. A bruise made his eye black, and parts of his precious hair were chopped. He didn't dare look Harry's way.

But another frown appeared on his face as he saw Hermione. She had a bruise on her face, and parts of her hair were hexed green. On the back of her cloak, 'Traitor' was scrawled in red. Her head wasn't raised high anymore, but a reserved acceptance was on her face.

Guilt ate at Harry. He knew she would face backlash from it, but to this point? He would do anything to let Hermione get out of this. She didn't deserve this; this wasn't the reward for being loyal.

He changed his attention back to Draco. Harry doodled on his paper, intent on thinking about how he would tell his boyfriends how happy he was that they did that to him. He was as joyful as can be as he hopped down to potions.

"Today, class, we will be brewing a dangerous potion. Could anyone tell me what this is?" Professor Slughorn gestured to the cauldron with a mother-of-pearl potion inside.

Harry and Hermione's hands shot up.

"Yes, Miss Granger?" Professor Slughorn pointed to her.

"That is Amortentia. It's the strongest love potion known to exist."

"Good, good. Can anyone tell me the antidote to Amortentia?" Professor Slughorn surveyed the class again.

Harry and Hermione's hands shot up.

"Yes, Mr Potter?"

"A bezoar. It's found in the stomach of a goat and can cure any poisons. It is one of the only readily available antidotes to Amortentia."

“Very good, Mr Potter! Twenty points to Gryffindor for both of your answers!” Professor Slughorn did a little happy dance. “Now, we will be brewing Amortentia today. I will be monitoring your potions, and you will return all of them to me.”

“I do not want any of this to leave my class today, you hear? Anyone trying to sneak this out will face severe punishment. If you dose anyone, you will not be protected due to your age. Dosing anyone with Amortentia could land you five years in Azkaban and a possible charge of line-theft.”

Professor Slughorn’s face was deadly serious.

“Understood, Professor!” Rang out from the classroom.

“Now, everything you need is already laid out on your desks. Brew away! I will be closely monitoring each of you.” Professor Slughorn waved his arms out into the classroom.

Harry smiled as he walked over to his desk. A neatly packaged box of ingredients was sitting there, along with a different cauldron.

It was like he was on autopilot as he was working. Cut, throw, mix, add a drop, crush, turn the heat up, mix... Harry swayed his hips as he worked.

It did sicken him to the core as he worked.

Amortentia was not love. It was sickness - a dreaded punishment for anyone who dared to catch someone’s eye. Someone like his boyfriends’ and Voldemort’s mom. It was the potion she used to drug Tom Riddle Senior to force him to obsess over her.

It was black as midnight just before he added in the last drop of fae blood. The darkness turned to a mother-of-pearl sheen within moments of his mixing.

He notices his bracelet he got at the winter Hogsmeade visit was working, turning bright red as he was brewing. It reassured him that he was protected from it, as well as extra protection from Voldemort’s jade bangle.

“Excellent, Mr Potter!” Professor Slughorn lightly clapped for him once everyone was finished. “I would say that it would cause all of us to obsess.”

The rest of the class rolled their eyes.

“Thank you, Professor.” Harry grinned wide.

“I can tell that everyone here has tried their best! Five points to everyone for their best efforts! Now, off! I have an open lab after this class today; if you wish, you may continue to work on other potions!” Professor Slughorn went around the room, measuring the amount of potion in each cauldron before vanishing it.

No one but Harry stayed behind. Hermione was about to, but when she saw him staying back, she left with a reassuring glance. Truth be told, he needed to talk to Professor Slughorn. Apologise.

“Sir?” Harry called out to him, his mouth cotton-dry.

“Yes, Mr Potter?” Professor Slughorn waved his wand, and all the cauldrons shot over to a back table.

“I’m sorry.”

“What for?” Professor Slughorn asked, genuinely confused.

“I - “ Harry shifted from side to side. “During the Slug Club Party, my boyfriends and I plotted to spell you so that you wouldn’t see them as them.”

“Oh, I know.” Professor Slughorn glanced his way.

“I’m sorry that - wait, what?” Harry’s brows knitted together.

“I know. I know what it feels like to be charmed like that. I thought if you had something to hide, you were within your right to hide it.” He waved his wand again, and the desks were cleared.

“But, okay. Okay. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you that they were Voldemort’s sons either.” Harry stared at his shoes.

“That was the surprise. But, looking back, it should have been obvious. I do not begrudge you for that; anyone would want that to be hidden. But I only wish that you would be honest with me. You do not need to, as it is only my wish.” Professor Slughorn said sincerely.

“Okay. I will.” Harry bit the inside of his mouth. “They - They also have at least one other brother.”

“Ah. Another boyfriend?”

“N - No.” Harry shuffled. “He’s a bit colder than them, but he’s still... He’s trying to be better.”

“Mr Potter? Would you like to brew more burn salves for the hospital wing?” Professor Slughorn asked.

“I would, thank you.”

Harry’s shoulders felt leagues lighter after their conversation.

Harry thumbed Voldemort’s letter in his hand. Ask for help? From Draco? He supposed he'd done it before.

“What did you do to him?” Harry asked as he snuggled into Riddle’s lap.

“A few spells. We mostly just beat him up physically.” Tom handed Harry a glass of pumpkin juice.

“Well, you made me very happy. Unfortunately, I have to ask him for help, and we may need to help him. It will get me back to Voldemort’s manor, though.”

“I think he’ll be very... compliant.” Riddle's smile was shark-like.

“I’ll talk to him. If we need your help, I’ll come back.” Harry reluctantly departed from his lap.

Harry trekked through the halls to find Draco. Using the Marauder’s Map, he found that Draco was in the library again. Alone.

The blond jumped as Harry appeared by his side. He didn’t dare look at him.

“Draco, what would your mission from Voldemort be?” Harry slid into the seat next to him, casting a muffling spell.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Draco answered almost automatically.

“Really? Because it’s something to do with Malfoy Manor, and I need it to get back this summer.”

Draco’s neck cracked as he whipped around to look at him.

“How - you know. Nevermind. I don’t want your answers. It’s in the Room of Requirements. Follow me.” Draco beckoned him.

They wandered through the halls until they came to the corridor that held the Room. Harry let Draco pace back and forth, his footsteps echoing in the emptiness. The stone swirled into a double-door shape with iron handles.

Harry and Draco opened the doors to see piles upon piles of junk. Stacked high to the ceiling and precariously placed, items of all sorts and sizes were there. Huge pieces of furniture, broken quills, a shiny diadem, and rusted knives littered the floor.

“What a dump.”

“Follow me.” Draco began to weave through the thin, empty rows between the junk.

“Okay, okay.”

They wound their way through the maze of objects until they reached a semi-clearing. In the centre was an old cabinet, with chips in the wood and the door half hanging off.

“This is your project?”

“This is a Vanishing Cabinet.” He spoke as if Harry was supposed to know what that meant.

Draco grabbed a nearby white quill and threw it in. He closed the door with a squeak, and when it opened again, the quill was gone.

“It goes in one side and comes out the other.”

“So I just jump into this, and the other one is in Malfoy Manor?” Harry asked, inspecting the grain on the wood.

“Well, not now. I’m still fixing it... nothing living has successfully gone through yet.” Draco caught the look on Harry’s face. “But! If you get caught in between, as far as I know, you can apparate out.”

“That’s not entirely reassuring.” Harry lifted his finger from the cabinet. “How do I help?”

Draco shook his head. “I’m - I’m not sure. I tried fixing it like a normal cabinet, but it didn’t work. I try to fix it magically, and I’m making some progress... The Dark Lord commanded me to figure out a way to get Death Eaters into the castle, and this was my solution.”

Harry lunged at Draco and pulled up his sleeve on his forearm. Bare.

“Huh. I thought he’d mark you by now.” Harry released Draco.

Draco rubbed his forearm. “He said next year, when I’m at my majority.”

“Well... at least you just need to do this?” Harry tried to look on the bright side of it.

“The Dark Lord said he’d task me with a bigger mission next year. I don’t even want to think about what that could be.” Draco shivered.

“Hm.” Harry tried to change the conversation. “My boyfriends might know how to fix it. Their brother as well.”

“That - That won’t be necessary!” Draco vomited his words out.

Harry smiled. “What did they even do to you?”

“Can’t say.” Draco answered automatically.

Harry’s eyes widened. “They used the spell Voldemort used on me on you.”

Draco shook his head, “No!”

Harry sighed. “Smart play on their end. Unfortunately, as you seem to have not made much progress, I will be calling them in to help.”

Draco went white. “You - You don’t have to - “

“If you haven’t figured it out yet, I want to be at Voldemort’s manor this summer. All four of us. So I want this done *before* break.” Harry spoke sternly.

“... fine. Get them here this weekend at nine in the morning. Meet me at the alcove before this hall.” Draco’s shoulders slumped.

“Okay. But when you meet them, I’ll need them to cast another one of those spells on you. They have an... unconventional way of travelling that I want to keep secret. And I don’t trust you not to keep your mouth shut.” He stabbed an accusatory finger into Draco’s chest.

“Understood. I just - nevermind.”

They tried to work on the cabinet but failed to make any progress. Harry’s confidence in Draco’s abilities failed once the parchment they tried to send came back covered in burns.

He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named’s Sons: True Colours Revealed

Dear readers,

Another shocking development has occurred! On Valentine’s Day, I encouraged He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named sons and Harry Potter. But wait, dear readers, there was another brother! He is taller than the others, has He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named’s red eyes, and is by far nastier.

I can say firsthand that these boys are the worst I have ever encountered. How they are not in Azkaban yet amazes me. It appears that the older they are, the crueller they become.

The first encounter occurred in The Three Broomsticks. A man, Lucas Fludwin, was talking with Thomas, Ridley (He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named sons), and Harry Potter. Suddenly, Fludwin’s wand was expelled, and the oldest son, Matthus, stole his wand!

Matthus then threatened to break his wand, an offence that would land anyone in Azkaban for ten years. He then threw the wand out of the door and instructed him to “Fetch.” How awful!

The boys were moments away from fighting when I took the picture attached. They chased me through Hogsmeade until they had me at wand-point. It was there that they threatened to have He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named attack me! Dear readers, be assured that I am under the utmost protection.

They also said that they would obliviate everyone so they could attack me without anyone noticing. Harry Potter intervened only because he did not want them to end up in Azkaban and not for any protection of human life. I then walked away, as they had murderous glares in their eyes.

Dear readers, why are these boys not in Azkaban? They obviously pose a great danger to the public. Not only are they related to He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named, but they also share his violent nature and murderous intentions.

Stay safe, dear reader, for as long as they roam the streets, no one is truly safe.

Follow more at the Daily Prophet, for stories every day for the everyday person.

Rita Skeeter

Head of the Daily Prophet Press Department

February 16th

Voldemort flicked through the papers he had collected. The Daily Prophet, while mindless drivel, had the smallest sparks of truth in it. He could piece together a rough story and a timeline - for what they were doing.

Of course, he'd get the real story later. But for now, it satisfied the scraps of knowledge.

He delicately placed the articles into a folder and placed it in the top drawer. It had plenty of room for more.

Thoughts bubbled in his brain. How long would they go on for? He wasn't exactly sure of the biology of his horcruxes, but he knew that they could bleed. He saw them visit the restroom, which means they either sweat or use the facilities, or both. Could they do more? Were they, for all intents and purposes, fully human? Bar their ability to disappear into their containers and feed on magic.

They could feel, he knew that.

There was also a complication with the other horcrux. He was alive, and Potter wasn't dead, so he was at least civil with them. Where did he lie in the equation? Was he an acquaintance or something more? A begrudging ally or a secret foe?

Voldemort rubbed his temples.

He should have never made any horcruxes. Maybe if he hadn't, he wouldn't be dealing with all of this. He would have his sanity, his memories, and his pride intact. He wouldn't have killed the Potter's either; furthermore, the prophecy may not have existed.

Voldemort rested his head on his desk.

Life was difficult.

Harry kept his hand in his bag as he sat in the alcove. He wasn't sure how far they could go without their containers, but he'd bring them just to be safe.

Draco briefly looked into the alcove and, seeing that only Harry was there, lifted an eyebrow. But he acquiesced and guided him back to the Room of Requirements. Inside, they wound their way back to the cabinet.

"Now, Draco, just know that things will turn very, very bad if you try to run." Harry gripped him by the shoulders.

“I won’t.” Draco nodded with fervour.

Harry opened his bag and placed the three containers on the ground. A confused look marred Draco’s face.

“*Come out*,” Harry hissed.

Black ink, smoke, and slushie-like material flooded out until they formed Tom, Riddle, and Marvolo. Draco backed up, his face white with a tinge of green. His eyes flickered towards the exits.

“Ah, Ah, Ah, no running.” Harry wagged his finger.

“What - how?” Draco bumped into a pile of junk.

“We are... spirits of sorts.” Marvolo explained.

“Spirits? You’re dating the dead, Potter?” A bewildered Draco asked.

Tom snarled. “We are not dead!”

“Then how?”

Marvolo meandered over to Draco.

“We are fragments of a whole. Our host, who retains a whole physical body, is very much alive.” Marvolo poked Draco in the chest as he spoke.

Draco went even whiter. He sank to the ground, and his breathing came out sharp and fast.

“You’re not You-Know-Who’s sons, are you? You’re pieces of his soul.”

Harry raised an eyebrow. “Wow, I didn’t think you had the ability to think that fast.”

“You’re pieces of his soul.” Draco repeated, clenching his head and putting it between his elbows.

“Yes, we are. Now - spell time.”

Riddle raised his wand and pointed it at Draco’s neck. He hissed a long string of parseltongue in a speedy, violent manner. Draco whined in pain as a black vine with thorns wrapped around his neck.

“Done. Now, you can’t say anything to anyone except for us and our beloved boyfriend.” Riddle lowered his wand.

“Potter - how did these two end up as your boyfriends? They are You-Know-Who!” Draco waved his hands at Harry’s boyfriends.

“They are sweeter than the real thing.” Harry reached up and wrapped his arms around Tom’s neck. “And kinder too.”

“But - how?”

“Well, it wasn’t love at first sight.” Tom said sheepishly. “I was slowly draining his magic in small bursts, and I resented him; after he bled on my diary, I couldn’t draw magic from anyone else.”

“But, as I found, a positive reaction made the magic more powerful. I started with soft touches and moved on to cuddling. And, well, after that, I couldn’t help but fall in love. He truly melted my frozen heart.”

Tom ended by kissing Harry with his soft lips.

“And I,” Riddle began, “heard from Tom about how lovely this boy was. How he was so sweet, didn’t hold the past against us, and loved to cuddle and kiss. I will admit, I was sceptical, but as soon as we first cuddled, I fell easily.”

Riddle gently tore Harry from Tom and firmly kissed him.

Draco’s eyes shot to Marvolo.

Marvolo tsked. “He bled on my horcrux. I suppose he’s somewhat of a *friend*. He is a passable cook and does have an aptitude for wanting to learn.”

“Now that pleasantries are done, let us work on the cabinet, shall we?” Harry hugged Riddle tight around the waist.

Draco constantly looked Harry’s way as they worked on the cabinet. His looks were full of questions, full of worry, and full of *jealousy*. Harry was very smug as he was cradled in his boyfriend’s laps and occasionally kissed or had a hand run through his hair.

They made decent work on the cabinet, much faster than Harry would have thought. The parchment they sent through had a small rip through it, but was otherwise unharmed. Harry now felt more optimistic about the prospects of going through and making it out alive.

Down in the chambers, they chatted.

“Draco, was it?” Marvolo clarified.

“Yes, Malfoy. He would be Abraxas’s grandson.” Tom informed him, swinging an arm around Harry’s neck.

“He does look a lot like him. He’s a bit sharper, and his eyes are different, but they are otherwise the same.”

“He is not like Abraxas, though.” Riddle tched. “What a wimp.”

“He’s all bark and no bite.” Harry opened the door to the kitchen.

“He does have decent spellwork.” Marvolo shrugged. “But yes, he is rather uncouth for the heir to the Malfoy estate.”

“Yep. Okay, what do we want? I can make bagels, cupcakes, croissants, treacle tarts, pastries... anything really.” Harry wandered to the pantry and opened the doors wide.

“Do you know how to make anything healthy?”

“You love my croissants! And I can make them without chocolate. I’m not the best at healthy food; my aunt always made me make the greasiest, fattiest, tooth-rotting food. I can cook meat, though.” Harry swayed his hips as he gathered the needed ingredients to make some soup.

“Soup!” Tom recognised instantly. “What type?”

“Potato. Unless you want something else?”

“Anything but cabbage soup.” Riddle sivered. All three of them stiffened.

Tom caught his look of confusion. “It’s basically what they served all the time at the orphanage.” He explained.

“Oh. I can’t have toast and water. Won’t eat it on my free will.”

They relaxed, even if they weren’t aware of it.

Harry had Tom cut vegetables and Riddle start a bone broth, while Marvolo was tasked with baking croissants for them as a treat. Harry smiled as he jumped from person to person to help or correct their techniques.

“Very good!” Harry praised Marvolo, as his dough looked nearly perfect. “Just another pinch of flour.”

Marvolo rolled his eyes but did as he was told. Harry hopped over to Riddle, asking him to stir and add more bones. Lastly, Tom nearly cut off his finger when Harry appeared beside him. Harry smiled sheepishly and helped him cut vegetables.

They all sat around the table and inhaled the smell of croissants and soup. They ate in comfortable silence, occasionally hearing the sounds of slurping. Harry was sipping on the broth when he heard a light thudding on the floor.

“*Pitiful Master!*” Emerald screamed as she entered the room.

“*Hello to you, Emerald. What do you need?*” Harry sighed. She’d always call him pitiful, wouldn’t she?

“*Bones! I smell bones!*” She did a happy hop.

“*I’ll get some for her.*” Tom rose from his seat, and Emerald followed him to the kitchen.

“Make sure you don’t give her ones that are too small! She might choke!”

“I won’t!”

Severus glared from the shadows as he watched his godson and Potter leave the Room of Requirements. So Potter was in contact with the Dark Lord. That, or Draco had a death wish by telling Potter about his mission.

He watched as they bid each other a tense goodbye. A tunnel opened up as Potter spoke in parseltongue, and he jumped in with very little hesitation.

So that's how he gets around.

He turned on his heel and strode to his personal quarters. The Dark Lord requested a meeting with him, and he was not to be late.

Flooding over, he marched straight to the Dark Lord's office. Before he could even knock on the dark door, it swung open. Severus gulped. Not a good sign.

"Severus, come in." The Dark Lord drawled.

Without another word, he entered. The door slammed behind him with a resounding *thud*. He sat on a chair in front of him. He hadn't done anything wrong, had he? He had told him everything he knew regarding Potter and the Order of the Phoenix.

"Severus," The Dark Lord tapped his nails on the table. "How is your research with the phoenix tears?"

"Well," Severus cleared his throat. "I have made progress on your idea of a magic-boosting potion. It can boost a person's magical core by 10%, though I theorise that it can increase up to 30% with three millimetres of phoenix tears as opposed to one. I cannot be certain how long these effects last, nor can I tell how long it would take to 'fill' that extra part of the core."

Severus hoped he explained it right. Truth be told, he wasn't completely certain, but his theory was concrete.

The Dark Lord stopped tapping. "There are prisoners in the high-security cells. Would you recommend using them or a regular prisoner?"

His breath caught. It was seldom that he asked for this type of advice. "I would recommend someone for whom we already have a documented core size or someone who has an average core size."

The Dark Lord tilted his head. "We have done some experiments on Nymphodora Tonks. She has a slightly above-average core, though she is in poor health. Would she be a preferable subject or test subject, despite being a metamorphagia?"

"I assume she would. We would need good documentation, and I suggest she be in acceptable health while performing the experiments." Severus answered expertly.

“Very well. We will proceed with her as a primary test subject. I will have Narcissa work on her as she is still recovering from the last experiment.” Voldemort waved his hand, and the door opened. “Leave. Be prepared in a week’s time.”

“Yes, my lord.” Severus bowed and quickly fled the room.

Severus collapsed in bed. He was handing the Dark Lord the key to his success. Not that he couldn’t before, but now he could easily finish the entire Auror’s department if he so wanted to.

He just handed him the war.

And, somehow, Severus felt no guilt.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: (living, being happy with his boyfriends and Marvolo)
Voldemort, away at the manor: Something is amiss. Like a gaping hole in my heart.

Draco: (Is badly injured)
Harry: Teehee my boyfriends are so lovely!

Harry: Professor Slughorn, I actually spelt you to see my boyfriends as other people.
Professor Slughorn: Okay, I knew, but thank you for telling me.
Harry: Oh, and they're also Voldemort's sons.
Professor Slughorn: ... a surprise, but okay. I will accept it.

Draco: Here is my project from Voldemort.
Harry: Looks terrible, but I guess me and my boyfriends and Marvolo can help.
Draco, who was beat up by them: No, no problem. We can do it.
Harry, who now thinks this is the funniest thing ever: Oh no, they are coming.
Draco: (Internal screeching)

Rita: He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named sons are terrible! I am going to write an article about them!
Voldemort: I sense a disturbance in my world.

Marvolo: We are fragments of a whole.

Draco: Voldemort!

Tom:

Riddle:

Marvolo:

Harry: Wow, really? You have the ability to connect the dots?

Tom: (Reveals tragic backstory)

Harry: (Also reveals tragic backstory)

A Break and Professor Slughorn's Advice

Chapter Summary

Severus preforms experiments. Harry and Hermione have a tough chat. Slughorn gives advice. Harry asks an important question.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Severus' hand trembled as he hauled Nymphadora Tonks to her feet. She looked awful, with her white hair matted and grime smeared across her face. A tremor of guilt ran through him as she was led to the open room.

"Severus, please!" Nymphadora pleaded with him.

"This is not my choice." But it was.

"Please - I - I can't take these experiments any more!" She cried out.

"Silence. You might disrupt the Dark Lord." Severus replied coldly.

He forced her into a chair and tied her arms and legs to it. He bit his lip and loosened the straps a bit.

"I will be giving you a potion that will boost your core size. After that, you will cast a spell, and I will record the needed results. Attack me or anyone else, and you will find yourself at the end of a crucitas." He spoke robotically.

"Severus," Nymphadora only seemed to be able to plead.

"Spit out this potion, and you will receive the same treatment. This will not be painful, and you will be left unharmed during this experiment." Severus presented the maroon vial in front of her face.

He uncorked the vial and lifted the glass to her lips. She whimpered, staring him in the eyes as she reluctantly drank the potion. There was a cough at the end. Otherwise, there were no outward signs.

"We will be casting spells to monitor you. Try to stay calm." Stay calm - stay calm after something like this? Severus didn't think she was able to do that.

She nodded.

"Barty! Bellatrix! You can come out now." Severus yelled at the only other door in the room.

The two had a skip in their steps as they bounded into the room. Wands drawn, they pointed them at her threateningly.

“You stain the family tree! I just hope the Dark Lord allows me to finally kill you after all of this is done!” Bellatrix screamed.

“Not if Ignis has anything to say about it.” Barty scoffed. Bellatrix went red with anger.

“I do not doubt the Dark Lord! But how does he hold this much power?” She stomped her feet like a toddler.

“The Dark Lord cares for him in ways we do not know. Our allies are also enthralled by him.” Severus drawled.

“How?” She demanded.

“Tiberus says he doesn’t act like they’re important. Or himself, really. Surprisingly, sometimes they don’t want to be treated all powerful-like. But I think when he approaches them as equals, it helps. I don’t know; maybe I’m reading too much into this.” Barty shrugged.

“Enough about Ignis.” Severus spoke sternly. “We need to perform tests.”

“Severus - please.” Nymphadora pleaded one last time.

“Silence.” Barty strode over, holding a spare wand. “You see this? This is a wand. You will use this wand on some dummies, and we will measure what you can do. Try to use it on us, and you’ll have a lovely thirty minutes of the cruciatus.”

Nymphadora nodded. Barty unstrapped one of her arms and placed the wand in her hand. One dummy was summoned to them. Nymphadora readied her wand for the dummy. She threw a stunner at its chest and knocked it to the floor.

“We have a 5% increase in offensive abilities.” Severus passed the quill and parchment to Bellatrix.

“Try a healing spell.” Barty suggested.

She threw a healing spell at the dummy. Barty encouraged her to throw more, from minor cuts to full-body spells. By the end, she didn’t even look winded. Severus cast a few spells on her, with numbers appearing in the air.

“We have depleted her core to 90%. Her spells show an increase in affect of 8%. As in, the average spells are 8% more effective than normal.” Severus watched as Bellatrix wrote everything down.

They cycled through a few more spells and more offensive spells. Barty’s excitement rose with every spell, while Severus and Bellatrix watched in fascination as this normal witch performed as well as wixen decades older than her.

“Cast the cruciatus.” Barty encouraged.

“No!” Nymphadora struggled in her binds.

“Oh, come one! It’s not like it’s that big of a deal. You act like you can never leave and face punishment!” Bellatrix complained.

“Cast it.” Severus commanded. “Last spell: put everything in it.”

Nymphadora cried as she cast the spell. It wasn’t that strong, but compared to other wixen her age and core size, it was more effective. Severus hummed. It was good, yes, but not as good as he had hoped.

“I will ask the Dark Lord for permission to try three millilitres of Phoenix tears. But before we do that, we will measure her every day to see how long this potion lasts. Bellatrix, Barty, may you take her back?” Severus turned his back on them.

“Gladly!” Bellatrix clapped her hands.

“Need I remind you that she is to remain unharmed during this experiment?” Severus yelled from over his shoulder.

Bellatrix stomped her feet.

Harry marked off another day on the calendar. May. Hadn’t time flown by so fast? It was a blink, and it was gone, like a feather in the wind. He had managed to stay out of Rita’s sights for a while, and everything was perfect.

Not too perfect.

He watched as Ron and Hermione chatted as they walked to class. Ron never spoke to him, and Hermione was in a tie yet again, choosing not to choose either of them. Ron split off from her, waving as he went off to another corridor.

A group of mixed houses almost instantly approached Hermione. Harry froze as he saw them summon green paint above her. His reflexes were too slow, and he watched as the paint fell onto Hermione, covering her from head to toe and splattering on her books in his arms as well. She gasped, wiping her eyes and whipping around. They cast a few hexes when Harry finally snapped out of it. His wand was out, and nasty curses that were borderline illegal fired out of it. They screamed as cuts appeared on their skin, burns crossed their faces, and their hair lit on fire.

Harry continued his assault on them, firing without any care for what might happen to any of them.

“Stop! Harry! Stop!” Hermione yelled at him, getting out her own wand.

Harry paused and watched as the group scampered away. He whipped his head to look at Hermione. A flash of *fear* crossed over her eyes.

Guilt that bubbled up in his throat like stomach acid.

Hermione was in a predicament. She could support him and be needlessly harassed, or she could get rid of all that weight. She shouldn't have to choose. It stung to think about, but the stress was enough for her. He saw how she reacted during her fourth year, and now her predicament was worse.

Everyone was shunning her for being around him. The harassment had gone on for too long. It was a hazard to be his friend at the moment.

Maybe they can be friends in private? Owl each other over the summers?

Harry shook his head. There wasn't a clear solution. He'd ask her in the library after they got her all cleaned up.

And he did.

"Hermione." Harry slid across from her. She glanced up, sensing the seriousness in his voice.

"What is it, Harry?" Hermione closed her book.

"I think we need to have a hard conversation. Hermione, we are both going on our separate paths. And I am not sure that they are going in the same direction. And I don't want you caught in the middle. I am giving you an out." Harry spoke in one breath.

Hermione's eyebrows quirked. "Do you mean to leave you? Break-up, for lack of a better term."

"Yes. I'm giving you the out. You don't have to deal with all of this. I won't be mad." He assured her.

"Leave you? I'm not trying to be rude, but, Harry, you don't have anyone else! Even Luna doesn't speak to you anymore after what you did to Ginny!" Hermione whisper-yelled.

"I know. And I know they treat you poorly because of your affiliation with me. You don't have to live this life. I have my boyfriends; I am fine." Harry reassured her.

Hermione bit her lip. "Well... maybe? I - I don't like how they treat me, but leaving you alone doesn't feel right."

"I don't want to hold you back." Harry reached over and patted her hand. "I know I've done wrong. I know I am slowly slipping. One day, I think you will have to leave, whether you like it or not. And I don't want to do that on bad terms."

Harry looked into her dark brown eyes to impose his seriousness. He waited for any reaction. There was confusion, hurt, and then a shake of her head.

"Are you going dark, Harry?" Hermione asked.

"I've been... experimenting with dark magic. And I enjoy it." Harry admitted to her.

“Oh, Harry!” Hermione had tears in her eyes. “Please - Please don’t let yourself fall in.”

“I’m being careful.”

“Harry, I don’t want to leave you.” Hermione insisted.

“Hermione, look at what happened to yourself. Today isn’t even the worst of what I know has happened. Don’t act like I haven’t heard you cast healing spells on yourself before.” Harry’s tone bordered on cold.

Hermione flinched. “Harry, I don’t - “

“Do you like dark magic, Hermione?” Harry cut her off.

“Well, no. I know not all dark magic is evil, but a lot of it is.” Hermione refused to meet his eyes.

“Hermione.” Harry dropped his voice to the point where he could hardly hear himself. ”I am going dark. That type of dark. And I am not looking back. It feels so right to me.”

She shifted uncomfortably. “Harry, you know I can’t do that type of dark magic. You know I can’t do that. I can’t be *around* that.”

“What I am trying to say is two things. Your friendship with me is causing you trouble. And I am becoming a dark wizard.” Harry whispered. “*He* gave me lessons.”

Hermione went white, although her expression didn’t change. “Harry? You aren’t; you can’t.”

“I don’t think we can continue forward. Our futures hold two very different paths, and I don’t want our friendship to end on bad terms. I don’t want a blow-out. I want to be able to remember the good times without them being covered in bitterness.” Harry breathed, trying to catch Hermione’s eyes.

Hermione reached out and patted his hand, finally turning to face him. “There is no convincing you to go back, is there?”

“No.” Harry shook his head.

“We can’t continue like this.” Hermione looked like she was about to cry.

“And I feel the same.” Harry sighed. “Have a good life, Hermione. Maybe we can reconnect in another life. Maybe we can see where we are in a few years.”

“Be safe, Harry. I am sure you are under a lot of stress right now and need some time to yourself to think without having to worry about me. I refuse to call this a goodbye. I get you - you need space. I will see you next semester, and we can talk again when you’ve had the summer to think. We can work things out. I will play your ‘I-don’t-like-you’ game in the meantime. But if you ever need anything, just ask, okay?” She still insisted.

Harry gave her a sad smile. He was not changing. Neither would she. He just hoped she wouldn't get caught in the crossfire. Would she join the Order of the Phoenix and oppose him? Or would she be caught in a raid and die? What would the future hold for them?

Hermione gave him one last squeeze and retraced her hand. Harry gave her a nod and stalked out of the room. On his way out, he could see Pansy Parkinson's eyes flicking from him and Hermione, before she rushed to a nearby group of Slytherins.

He kept his head high as he walked back to the Chamber of Secrets.

Harry entered and saw the duelling room door ajar. He stuck his head in and watched as Marvolo destroyed dummy after dummy. His stomach fluttered.

"Marvolo?" Harry called out.

Marvolo whipped around, wand raised. "Yes, Harry?" He lowered his wand.

"Can you teach me how to duel?"

"Your boyfriends already do that." Marvolo tilted his head.

Harry nodded. "But I want to see what your style is."

Marvolo hummed. "Fine. But I get most of what is left of your magic at the end."

Harry shrugged and entered the room. "As long as you carry me back."

"Fine."

Harry Potter: Turning Dark?

Dear readers, a recent rumour has taken place. According to an anonymous source, problems have been arising in Harry Potter's life yet again. This time, the news may or may not surprise you.

The anonymous source says that Harry Potter himself said, "I've been experimenting with dark magic. And I enjoy it." This, dear readers, is just the next step in Harry Potter's corruption.

We all should have seen this coming. Ever since he has made an appearance in the wixen world, he has caused problems.

Need I remind you about the professor, Quirinus Quirrell, who died by his hands in "self-defense". Or the petrifications and the Chamber of Secrets, which only he could have opened? The time when Sirius Black plagued Hogwarts and the near-werewolf attack?

Would it be too much to remind you of the entire Tri-Wizard tournament, where he brought back Cedric Diggory's corpse? High Inquisitor Umbridge's Centaur attack, where she was

lured into their territory by him?

No other person can claim this much havoc in their Hogwarts school career. Harry Potter still has another year left. What will happen now that he is only getting worse with time?

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Rita Skeeter

Head of the Daily Prophet Press Department

May 2nd'

Albus paced in front of the table. Severus watches as more and more staff trickled into the room. He rolled his eyes as Sybil stopped Minerva from leaving the table when thirteen people were seated. Minerva did as well, but stayed seated.

“What are we going to do with him?” Albus rubbed his temples.

“Are you talking about Harry Potter?” Septima asked, reading her copy of the Daily Prophet.

“Who else?” Minerva put her hands on her face, breathing hard.

“Not even Miss Granger sits with him now.” Filius sadly shook his head.

“No one wants to work with him. He constantly asks to work alone when no one will partner with him.” Pomona commented.

Sybil’s hands shook. “The darkness around him gets thicker by the day. I fear what we will see when he leaves Hogwarts.”

“Should we intervene?”

“Intervene? And have You-Know-Who’s sons follow you? They have at least one brother; who’s to say he doesn’t have more?”

“Well, we can’t stand back!”

“Horace,” Albus regarded the man. “What would you do?”

Horace sighed, looking like decades had passed in seconds. “I don’t know. I tried with him, and it was all looking up, but he’s just so isolated. He doesn’t seem malicious, but then he lashes out. If it weren’t for the attack on Mr Malfoy and Miss Weasley, I would say everything was exaggerated. I just hope I am not seeing another Voldemort rise.”

“Another?” Septima raised an eyebrow.

“I taught Lord Voldemort back when he was a boy. He was so bright and courteous, everything his sons were. But he couldn’t love. Harry is so full of love; he bleeds emotions.”

Horace sighed again.

The room was silent.

“Love is the reason for corruption.” Sybil’s voice was haunting. “It is why he fell so fast. It is powerful. Those whom he loves and who give him love in return are pulling him into darkness.”

Severus actually found her observation correct, for once. The horcruxes obviously had love for him, and the feeling was mutual. They were slowly dragging him down, whether they knew it or not.

And maybe that wasn’t a bad thing.

Harry tucked the Daily Prophet that was thrown at him into his satchel and marched to his next class.

Potions, what a relief!

He had a hop in his step as he entered the potion’s room. He waved to Professor Slughorn as he entered the room. The professor’s smile didn’t reach his eyes. Harry sat down at his station, now the only one at the front, and stared at the board.

Draught of Living Death. Again?

“Welcome, class. Today, we will be brewing the Draught of Living Death. However, today we will adjust it to be a short-term coma for one month. We will be testing it on rats, and the one who wakes up last while remaining completely healthy will be the one to win an O on the final exam. Because of the nature of the testing, we will only administer a few drops. Off you go; you have the theory; now proceed.”

Professor Slughorn waved them off to start their potions.

Short-term coma? He could manage that. He’d just need to add less pixy wings, adjust the lichen, and maybe add another drop of fae blood.

His moves were quick and to the point. He cut, spliced, flattened, and dripped all the ingredients in his cauldron. He stirred, the potion changing from bright pink to a muted green.

He threw in a dash of citrus to change the acidity, and another of moss. He stirred the now-blue liquid and kept it on a high heat to distilhypothsised some of the liquid out. It turned sludgeish, but it was a brilliant dark purple that he hypothisied it would change to.

“Bottle your potions when ready!” Professor Slughorn passed around vials with tongs. “They’ll only open to your magical signature, so make sure you are the first to touch it!”

Harry bottled some up and stuck behind as the rest of the class left.

“What can I do for you, Mr Potter?” Professor Slughorn asked as he started to clear the tables.

Harry jumped in to help. “Well, I found this recipe to make a cologne that smells like lavender, and I was wondering if I could stick around and brew it? I want to spray it on everything because that's what my boyfriends smell like.”

After a few seconds, Professor Slughorn answered. “Of course you can. Though I would like to ask you a few questions, out of my own curiosity,”

“Ask away.” Harry shrugged.

“I will be upfront. Was the prophet correct?” Professor Slughorn flicked his wand, and the contents of the cauldrons disappeared.

Harry paused. “Yes, it is. I have been experimenting with the dark arts.”

Professor Slughorn wouldn't tell Dumbledore, would he? He at least hoped not. He seemed so trustworthy that Harry couldn't help but think he could keep secrets.

“Which type?” Professor Slughorn looked him in the eyes; there was something distant about them. “The kind that is fueled by emotions, or the type that harms?”

Harry bit his lip and looked away. “Both, I suppose. I'm supposed to defeat Voldemort, after all. Though most of my interests are in duelling and runes, at the moment,”

Professor Slughorn seemed to age by years. “Would you mind if I showed you a memory of a past student of mine?”

“Not at all. Do you have a pensive?” Harry placed the last cauldron on the back of the table.

“Yes, in my personal quarters, if you do not mind.” Professor Sluhorn gestured to the hall.

“Lead the way.”

They trekked through two halls before Professor Slughorn stopped. He pressed his index finger against his lip and pressed on a chipped stone. As he pushed in, a door with a dragon on it appeared. Professor Slughorn pushed open the door and ushered Harry inside.

The room was quaint. The decor reminded him of something he'd find in a cabin, with lots of soft green flannel patterns and wooden decor. A plush armchair sat in front of a floor fireplace, with pictures of past students on the mantel.

Professor Slughorn ushered him through the door and into a room. Shelves upon shelves were filled with small vials of wispy, silver memories. He browsed the selection and picked out an inconspicuous vial.

“I want you to watch this, and then I will tell you a story over a cup of tea.” Professor Slughorn poured the memory into the pensive.

Harry watched as the memory swirled around in the bowl. He took a deep breath and touched the whisps, which were cold to the touch.

It was the same potion's classroom that he always knew. But there were more tables, more candelabras, and a bigger professor's desk in the centre of the room. Professor Slughorn was working on writing instructions on the board when a boy entered.

A younger Tom, fifteen at the absolute most. He strode into the room with his trained neutral mask in place. He approached Professor Slughorn, the man jumping when he saw Tom.

"Ah! Mr Riddle, what do you need?"

"Professor, I was wondering if you would humour one of my questions." He asked with a tilt of the head.

"Ask away, my boy!" Professor Slughorn patted Tom on the shoulder. Tom twitched.

"I was reading a book from the restricted section, and I came across a word I did not know. It seemed like an obscure sort of magic that only someone knowledgeable could understand. Horcrux." Tom stood straight as a board as he asked.

Professor Slughorn's face went dark.

"Mr Riddle, are you sure the word was horcrux?" He had a deathly serious look on his face.

"Yes, sir. Is there something wrong with the word?" Tom asked in fake surprise.

"Well, Mr Riddle, a horcrux is a dangerous dark object. It's a piece of someone's soul made by killing someone. It splits the soul in half." Professor Slughorn lowered himself to Tom's level.

"It splits the soul?" Tom furrowed his eyebrows.

"Yes, it halves it, tearing them from each other. It is an anchor to the mortal realm; you cannot die. Your body can, but the soul persists." Professor Slughorn's face was tinged green.

"Could someone split it into several parts? Say, seven?" Tom put his hands behind his back and stood straighter.

"Seven? I suppose so, but splitting a soul seven times... hardly a person at that point. Seven murders as well..." Professor Slughorn shook his head.

"Well, thank you, professor. I was just curious." Tom stepped back from the professor.

"As always, ask questions. They stay hidden with me for as long as I can, Mr Riddle." Professor Slughorn offered him a smile.

"Thank you, professor. I will keep that in mind." Tom had a soft smile on his face, surprisingly bright compared to the other memories Dumbledore showed him.

“I will always keep your best interests in mind, Tom. Now, if you don’t have any more questions, then off you go.” Professor Slughorn squeezed him on the shoulder and withdrew his hand.

“Thank you, sir.” Tom regarded him.

He stalked out of the room, his small smile widening to an excited degree.

Harry was spat of the memory. Seven. Seven horcruxes.

Professor Slughorn was haggard as he exited. He stared into the vials, breathing deeply. Harry slowly approached him and tapped his shoulder. The man turned around slowly.

“That, Mr Potter, was Tom Marvolo Riddle.” Professor Slughorn stared aimlessly into the pensive.

“Before he was Lord Voldemort,” Harry finished for him.

“Yes,” Professor Slughorn replied sadly. “He was such a bright boy, never in trouble, always perfect in everything he did; he had so much - so much - “

“Potential.” Harry sighed.

Professor Slughorn turned back to him, his eyes brimming with tears. “I do not want another Dark Lord to slip by, Mr Potter. And I do not know how to stop that. I always thought, ‘What would I do, if I had known?’ But the fictitious conversations that we practise often do not come to fruition.”

Harry took in his words carefully. “You think I am on his same track.”

“Yes. You are so much like him, but, I must admit, Mr Potter, I am afraid of what you could become. Mr Riddle would burn the world down just to prove he could do it - you? You would do so out of love. For what, or for whom, is the question? Professor Slughorn couldn’t meet his eyes.

“Ashes as opposed to fire.” Harry concluded.

“Yes.”

Professor Slughorn placed a shaking hand on his shoulder. He squeezed him firmly. A sigh escaped his mouth, and he met his eyes again.

“I do not know what I could have done to dissuade you, but I hope this memory serves as a warning. Not of what you could become, but of where you could start. Blazes do not start without a spark. A Dark Lord does not become one without being a boy curious about the Dark Arts.” Professor Slughorn’s voice was weak as straw.

Harry solemnly nodded. “I will not become him. I don’t have it in me to rule.”

Professor Slughorn's breath hitched. "Do you? I have heard you were very successful in creating Dumbledore's Army last year."

"That was last year." Harry snapped. "I am different."

"I am aware. That is why I fear for you. Falling so fast must put so much strain on you. It would break most people. But you had your supports, even if they weren't there for everyone to see."

Professor Slughorn guided him out of the pensive room and into the small kitchen with a small table. They stayed in silence until the kettle whistled and the teabags were in the fine china cups.

"You know, my boyfriends are my greatest supporters." Harry spoke after a long pause.

"They do seem like great supporters. Are they supporting you in the right way? Acknowledging your rights and wrongs?" Professor Slughorn added sugar to his tea.

"They don't push back against me that much. They support my everything." Harry admitted after a sip.

Professor Slughorn grimaced. "Will you try to keep them on the right path as well?"

"What is the right path?" Harry leaned back in his chair.

"I do not ask you to be a good person, Mr Potter. Not many can correctly claim that title. I can only ask that you do not become a bad one." Professor Slughorn shook his head.

"I will not kill innocents." Harry proudly proclaimed.

However, the words just made Professor Slughorn's shoulders sink. He looked away from the pictures on his mantle. Glassiness covered his eyes. His hands left the teacup and moved to spoon another scoop of sugar into his tea.

"That is all I can ask for, isn't it?" He faced Harry again.

"They are not their father, and neither am I." Harry met his eyes.

"Hope." Professor Slughorn sipped his tea. "I can only hope you stay true to your words."

"I suppose." Harry blew on his tea, even if it was cold.

The silence was deafening as they slowly drank their tea. They gave each other glances or opened their mouths to speak, but no words could properly describe what they were trying to get across.

"Have a good day, Mr Potter." Professor Slughorn ushered him out.

"And you too, professor." Harry strode out of the room.

A breath he didn't know he was holding escaped him as the door shut with a light *click*. Harry's mind was rushing with thoughts and emotions as he slowly walked to the Chamber of Secrets. He took the long way just to help clear his mind.

Professor Slughorn thought he was a rising Dark Lord. With the likes of Voldemort and Grindlewald. He supposed Professor Slughorn was right to assume that he was turning dark, and his boyfriends plus Marvolo would occasionally comment on his power.

He didn't have the heart to tell them how much stronger he was before, but some things were better left unsaid.

Professor Slughorn was the man who would know best if he was changing into a Dark Lord. He had seen one grow up and return as a monster. Harry chewed on his cheek. It wasn't as if Tom or Riddle would talk to him about it; they saw nothing wrong with it. And he was certain Marvolo would only encourage him.

The entrance to the chamber opened into a creek. Harry slid down the slide, the air whistling past his ears. He landed with a thump and opened the second entrance.

Further in, he called upon Tom and Riddle, who were in their containers, brewing their thoughts.

"Whatever is the problem, angel?" Riddle sat him on the bed.

Tom rested a hand on his thigh. "Did something happen, love?"

Harry bit his lip. He clenched the fabric on his knees as he scrambled to find the right words to express what he wanted to ask.

"Am I evil? Or, specifically, becoming evil?" Harry's voice wavered.

"Oh, no, no, no, love. You're a great person!" Tom wrapped an arm around him.

"No, I'm not asking if I'm evil. Objectively." Harry leaned into Tom's embrace.

"A bit." Riddle threw an arm over his shoulders. "But is that such a bad thing? We're all a little evil sometimes."

Harry didn't say another word and clambered into bed. Tom and Riddle wrapped around him protectively, their bodies shielding him against a crueler world. Their hot breaths upon him relaxed his muscles. Their scent of lavender forced him into a calmer state of mind.

Perhaps he was a bit evil. But that wasn't a bad thing. Was he obligated to be a good person? No, no, he wasn't.

The world owed him nothing, and in return, he owed it nothing.

Severus: Okay, Nymphadora, do these tests
Nymphadora, who has been tortured and experimented on for what feels like forever:
Severus, please!
Severus: Omg Nymphadora stop being dramatic! Just do it!

Barty: (Mentions Ignis)
Bellatrix: (Actually triggered, frothing at the mouth)

Harry: Hermione, I don't know if we can do like this anymore
Hermione: Okay we can go on a friendship-break, you silly little overdramatic fellow.
You need space, I get it!
Harry, who is turning darker by the day: k

Marvolo: (Destroying everything)
Harry, with butterflies in his stomach: Teach me?

Rita Skeeter: Red Alert! Harry Potter is turning dark!
Everyone: Have you seen him? Obviously.
Dumbledore: (Shocked)

Horace: I do not know what to do! I am seeing the rise of another Dark Lord!
Sybil: The reason is LOVE!
Severus, begrudgingly: Yeah

Professor Slughorn: (Gives Harry a memory of Tom, trying to show him how not to be)
Harry: Cool, he has seven horcruxes!

Harry: Am I evil?
Tom: No!
Riddle: A bit.

Forgive the chapter length, I have written some scenes three times and this is what I could come up with. Anyways, non-fic related news: things have been going horribly wrong!

Eager for Summer

Chapter Summary

The cabinet is finally repaired. Voldemort is uncomfortable. Another Slug-Club party. And Harry and Riddle have some alone time.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The Room of Requirements was filled with the noise of bickering.

“No, it would need to be an alchemy-based spell,” Tom argued.

“But if it is alchemy-based, it would need to be perfect. A normal spell should do just fine to fix this.” Marvolo argued.

“Alchemy would be better long-term if this needed to be used again.” Riddle argued.

“Assuming we will need to use it again,” Harry argued.

“Why don’t we just make it permanent if we’re putting this much effort into it?” Draco argued.

It seemed as if no one could come to the correct conclusion. In the end, it was decided that they would use alchemy to fix the cabinet. Harry pointed out that with the rising tensions, they might need to have an escape plan. Draco baulked at the idea that they would have to flee.

“How long do you think the war will last?” Draco asked quietly, after a long silence.

Marvolo tilted his head. “Hard to say. From what I’ve heard, the stragglers will fight to the death, so that extends it longer. The hard part will not be overtaking the ministry; that is almost already done, but catching everyone who fled.”

Marvolo seemed to look at Harry with a small, microscopic smile on his face. “It only takes one person to change the course of history.”

Draco nodded solemnly.

Harry stayed curled up in his boyfriend’s arms, slowly siphoning his magic as he watched them work on the cabinet. He tried to help when he could, but they had the expertise.

He stared at Draco. Something overtook him. He lunged for him, tackling him to the ground. Draco froze but shoved the heel of his hand into Harry’s sternum. It took the breath out of

him - an ache there - but Harry persisted.

His wand tip dug into Draco's neck.

"Please stop! Don't - Don't! Not again!" Draco struggled underneath him.

Just as soon as it started, it stopped. Harry withdrew his wand and sat up on his heels. Draco was still struggling profusely, unable to get free.

"Wonder where that came from?" Harry scratched his head with his wand.

"Love, will you please get off of Draco?" Tom asked, jealousy brimming in his eyes. Riddle looked much the same.

"Sure." Harry rolled off of Draco and popped back up onto his feet. "Sorry about that; I don't know what came over me."

"Maybe Voldemort is feeling murderous." Riddle postulated.

"Why - Why would that be a factor?" Draco shakily crawled over towards the cabinet, using it as some sort of shield.

"You see, Draco," Harry laced his hands with Tom and Riddle. "I also host a soul-piece of Voldemort's, though mine has never become physical like my boyfriends' or Marvolo's. Through that, we have a connection. I have second-hand feelings about Voldemort's feelings, and he has the same."

Riddle smirked. "So, if Voldemort feels angry or murderous, Harry does as well. When we have relations with Harry, well, I have heard it causes some unfortunate side effects during meetings."

Riddle reached over and cupped Harry's face. An open-mouthed, wet kiss that made Harry feel absolutely filthy was placed on his lips. It stirred a blazing fire in his stomach, its flames heating his entire body.

Harry withdrew, leaving a thin trail of spit connecting their lips. "Oh, I am so going to exploit this when he angers me."

"More for us." Tom laughed, giving Harry a chaste kiss on the cheek.

"Can we - Can we just focus on the cabinet?" Draco slowly left the protection of the cabinet.

Harry jumped forward aggressively. Draco scrambled behind the cabinet again, breathing fast. They all laughed at him, emasculating Draco's large ego. Harry hummed and settled into Tom's arms.

He egged Tom on with short kisses to his jawline and gentle caresses. When a lustful look overtook Tom, Harry merely played innocent. He hoped it was enough to get something out of them once they were back in the Chamber.

Voldemort rested his head against his desk. Potter and his horcruxes were busy defiling each other, and it was causing unwanted feelings to bubble up inside of him. He wasn't even this active when he was a teen; how on earth can Potter be this eager all of the time?

He sighed and raised his head as the floo activated. Green flames licked Fenrir's form as he stalked out of the floo. He sniffed the air and turned to Voldemort.

"Have I come at a bad time? I can sense you are... not in the correct state to meet." Fenrir couldn't meet his eyes and stared at his bookshelves instead.

"You can sense that?" Voldemort growled, clenching the fabric on his knees.

"Yes. If you need me to come another time, I can." Fenrir inched closer to the floo powder.

"No, no. I just get second-hand feelings from Potter due to our connection. I do not know when it will go away, and, from experience, I can tell that it will not go away soon." Voldemort spat.

"Do tell me if I need to leave." Fenrir uncomfortably sat across from Voldemort.

"I called you here because I and the rest of the inner circle will be participating in a week-long string of raids over the summer with the Faes. I need you to take Potter when the time comes, and my horcruxes will most likely join him. I know he has three of them." Voldemort rubbed his temples.

"My schedule will be cleared. I will warn you, Wulstride has been interested in visiting with our weres and possibly forming a separate territory treaty with us." Fenrir informed him.

Voldemort sucked in a breath. "Wulstride would be able to identify Potter by scent."

"Making her realise that Ignis is Potter." Fenrir inferred. "My lord, would that be such a terrible act? Prince Aquillian already knows, and he is your closest ally. Perhaps it will build a stronger bridge to disclose this information?"

Voldemort rubbed his temples. "I do not want people to know. If Wulstride does visit when Potter is visiting, attempt to keep them apart. If she asks, answer correctly."

"I will." Fenrir bowed his head.

"Good. Off, that is all I needed to discuss." Voldemort flicked his hand at the floo.

"It was a pleasure meeting with you." Fenrir bowed again and made haste to leave the room.

Voldemort sighed. If Fenrir could sense it, then Wulstride would be able to as well. He'd have to talk to Potter about staying away from his horcruxes while he was visiting with her. Least he embarrasses himself in front of her. What if they start having relations when he's meeting her *wife* or another close family member? He'd break the treaty at that point.

He rose and retired to his bedroom. He wasn't particularly tired, but he just wanted to avoid Potter's feelings. They would go on for at least another hour, and if he partook in a brief nap, he would hopefully avoid all of their feelings and only be left with the afterthought of them.

Voldemort snuggled into his covers, sighing as the weight of them relieved him. He dimmed the lights and closed his eyes, retreating into his brain.

The aches in his body were exemplified every time he shambled from one foot to another. His head was tilted down as he followed the Dursleys throughout the zoo. Every time one of the two boys with them got bored, he was pinched or pushed. He narrowly avoided being sprayed with urine when they shoved him into a splash zone.

He walked with them until the air turned cool and the sun no longer beat down on them. In the building, reptiles of all sorts covered each wall. He was staring at one, large and green, that was lounging on a branch.

"Must be boring, stuck in there." He commented. Voldemort could feel the parseltongue on his lips.

The snake stared directly at him. It nodded.

"Can you understand me?" He asked the serpent. Another nod.

Just as something bright bubbled within him, he was shoved to the floor. The cold ground awakened more bruises and almost made him cry out in pain. He stared up at his cousin, whose face was pressed against the glass of the terrarium.

He glared.

Suddenly, the glass disappeared. His cousin fell through, screaming as he collapsed into the water of the tank. A smile lit his face as the snake crawled over him and out of its containment.

"Thanks." The snake hissed at him before slithering away. It hissed at the crowd as it left, and the people screeched at the animal.

He looked back at his cousin. The glass that once disappeared was there again, trapping him behind it. The boy banged on the glass. His aunt and uncle pounded on the glass, trying to get him out of there.

His smile was whipped off his face when his uncle caught sight of him. The man yanked him up by the biceps and looked him dead in the eyes. He was red, quickly changing to a purple colour.

"When we get back, you will have it." He spat at him.

At the Dursleys' residence, he found himself with another bruise on his cheek and the privilege of being locked in his cupboard with no food for the next day.

Harry laughed as the dummy shattered into pieces. Marvolo smirked and adjusted his wand grip.

“If you tilt it like that, you can flick spells easier. You will have to be more precise in your movements, though. Less room for error.” Marvolo explained, slowly casting spells so that Harry could see the difference.

“So practise my wand movement then. Got it.” Harry shook his head, readying his wand again.

The dummy was sliced into pieces within seconds. Harry jumped with joy. He was ecstatic to know that he was getting better. Marvolo glanced at him again and frowned, an awful look on a face like his.

“You look a little tired. Perhaps we should take a break? I have been warned not to exert you.” Marvolo placed the back of his hand against Harry’s forehead. “You’re a little hot; perhaps we should take a water break?”

“I want ice cream.” Harry proclaimed.

“We can have ice cream.” Marvolo ruffled his hair.

It seemed like Harry only blinked when it was time for the end-of-year Slug Club party. Harry was hesitant to bring his boyfriends, but after reassurance from Professor Slughorn, he was certain he would bring them.

They decided on matching outfits this time (“To confuse the onlookers”). Their silver waistcoats hugged their bodies, as did their grey and black striped slacks. Forest-green button-ups adorned their torsos, sleeves rolled up to their forearms.

It only made him realise how much Tom had filled out in his time with him. He wasn’t as skinny, and he had added more muscle. The slightest hint of a five o’clock shadow graced his face, and he had gotten a decent amount taller. Riddle had changed as well; his jawline was sharper, he was a touch taller, and his eyebrows rested just a little lower.

“As much as I love your gaze, I do not think it is the time to be visually undressing us when we do not have the time to follow through.” Tom’s face was graced with a smirk.

“Er, yeah, sorry.” Harry looked away.

They both laughed. Harry threw on his maroon button-up, black slacks, and brown cloak with haste. His boyfriends helped him adjust himself to be more presentable, albeit with a significant amount of touching.

“Come on!” Harry beckoned them on.

“You act like *we’re* the last ones ready!” Riddle rolled his eyes. He let himself be dragged through the tunnels, with Tom leading.

They came across a familiar tunnel, and they shot up. In no time, they were back in the halls, the party’s room in sight, and Professor Slughorn at the door.

“Ah! Boys, I’m so glad to see you!” Professor Slughorn greeted them warmly.

Harry felt relief as Professor Slughorn did not show any sign of hesitation or untrustworthiness in his gaze.

“The pleasure is ours, professor.” Tom did a mock bow.

“I agree with Ridley.” Riddle nodded in his direction.

“Same.” Harry smiled.

“Well, come in! I’ve catered it the same, so make a beeline for the sweets you want before they disappear!” Professor Slughorn plucked at his suspenders.

They all smiled as they entered the room, finding it decorated the same but with many flowers dotting every corner. The room went quiet as they entered with their heads held high. Harry acted like he didn’t notice and walked to the snack table to grab some treacle tarts. Ginny glared at him. He noticed faint scarring on her eyelid.

Harry didn’t pay her any mind either.

A brave Blaise approached them, uncertainty in his steps.

“Hello, Potter, fancy seeing you here.” He joked with a crooked smile on his face.

“Fancy seeing you here as well. Aren’t most Slytherins off being evil?” Harry joked back, winking.

“Ah, I have only been sorted into Slytherin. I am not one myself, you see, unlike some people here.” Blaise’s eyes flickered

Tom and Riddle laughed. “Yes, for we are the ones doing the vilest of deeds.” Riddle spoke in a haunting voice.

“Terrorising the masses, you see.” Tom hunched his back and made claw hands.

Harry snorted. The tension in the room seemed to end, and everyone let out a breath. Blaise laughed at them, grabbing a brownie from the table.

“So what have you two been up to, besides snogging Harry and being evil?” Blaise took a bite out of his brownie.

Tom and Riddle looked at each other. “Well,” Riddle spoke first, “While we do spend an exorbitant amount of time doing both of those, we were working on runes and building a pool

with our brother.”

“Brother?” Blaise narrowed his eyes, then snapped his fingers. “Oh, right, your brother! Is Harry dating him as well? Has he captured the whole family?”

Harry snorted. “Nope. He’s too much of an ass right now.”

Blaise shook his head. “Aren’t we all?” He looked at them and lowered his voice. “But is it true that you’re You-Know-Who’s sons?”

Tom smirked, his face twisting into a bone-chilling expression. “Yes. I’m 50% Voldemort.”

Harry had to stop himself from cracking up.

“Oh, wow.” Blaise bit his lip. “What’s it like?”

“*Well*,” Riddle drew out the word. “He’s such an ass, like Matthus. Really rude to us and couldn’t care less if we got hurt.”

“And I’m beginning to think he doesn’t like our boyfriend either!” Tom gasped, placing a hand over his mouth.

From across the room, advancing towards them was Theodore. “Really? I wouldn’t have noticed.”

Tom and Riddle smiled. “Yes, he took out his hip! How rude to do this to our boyfriend! And he kept on fighting him until he collapsed onto the floor! He made him vomit once from all the pain!” Tom’s anger was blatant in his voice.

“Are you going to do anything about it?” Theodore asked, grabbing a crab ragoon off of the table.

Riddle sighed. “It may be two against one, but we can’t win. Matthus only has a fraction of his experience, and he can flatten us in seconds.”

The energy was depleted in the room. There was a sense of hopelessness - like everyone had just given up at the sound of his words. They shuffled, an abrupt silence overtaking them.

“That’s too bad.” Blaise averted his gaze. “Are you going to stay with him next summer? Assuming you aren’t homeschooled.”

“We homeschool ourselves,” Tom explained. “We really, really don’t want to, but what Voldemort wants, Voldemort gets. We’ll somehow end up back there, but we’re sure we can find a way to escape. Certain.”

Blaise smiled with pity. “I hope you can.”

“Enough about us.” Riddle waved his hand. “What have you been doing? Harry here hardly updates us on how school is here.”

“False. I complain all the time.” Harry cracked a grin.

Theodore shook his head. “It’s been pretty quiet as of late. Not many people are talking shit, no real incidents, no inflammatory Rita articles, nothing. Besides the occasional attack by your father, there’s been a whole lot of nothing.”

His boyfriends, Blaise, Theodore, and he talked for a while longer. No one else went near them; Hermione and Ginny huddled near a corner, and the closest person who dared to be within earshot was Daphne Greengrass. Theodore whispered that she was probably just there for the gossip and nothing else.

Tom and Riddle seemed like the wind had been taken out of their sails. They were a bit disheartened by the treatment, but they took it in stride and focused their charm and wit on Blaise and Theodore.

For their efforts, the two Slytherins were red with laughter.

Professor Slughorn called them to sit at the table. Blaise sat next to Tom, while Theodore was next to Riddle, with Harry sitting in between his boyfriends. It was a quieter affair than the last time, with low chatter with the people next to them rather than talking across the table.

Tom and Blaise discussed more divination, while Riddle and Theodore discussed politics. Theodore would inherit the Wizengamont seats and the rest of the Nott estate when he reached his majority. His father was disinherited a little after Theodore was born, but Theodore was not.

Harry paused as he was raising a treacle tart to his mouth. He’d be of age soon - just in a little over a month. The idea made him shiver. He’d be a fully-formed adult. Which reminded him...

“*My dearest boyfriends,*” Harry hissed. The room went silent.

“*Yes?*”

“*Yes?*”

“*When are your birthdays? You never told me.*” Harry inquired, munching on his tart.

“*December 31st.*” They answered in unison.

“*What?*” Harry coughed, inhaling his food. “*You let me miss your birthdays?*”

“*You were kidnapped, and we didn’t want to disturb you,*” Tom explained.

“*We don’t celebrate anyway.*” Riddle stabbed at his potatoes.

“*We’ll celebrate next year’s birthday.*”

Tom and Riddle smiled fondly at him.

Professor Slughorn pulled them aside when everything was cleaned up. He shuffled on his feet, a silence in the air. Then he puffed up his chest and began to speak.

“Look, boys, I’ve spoken to Mr Potter, but I would also like to personally talk to you two as well. Let us cut to the chase, so to speak. Most people would assume you to be dangerous and evil. They expect you to be out slaughtering the masses and torturing every muggle you come across.”

“But I am here to tell you that it doesn’t have to be like that. You can be good; I can sense it in you. And no matter what the prophet says or whatever whispers speak of, you can be someone other than evil. You are capable of doing good.

“Like I told Mr Potter, you do not have to be a good person. But, if I may ask, do not be a bad one either. Find even ground between the two.”

Professor Slughorn ended with a reassuring grin. He took each hand and patted Tom and Riddle on their shoulders, pausing for a squeeze, and then released them.

“We understand, professor.” Tom held his head high, “We will make sure to pass the sentiment onto our brother.”

“Ah, yes, please do.” Professor Slughorn nodded, “Have a good rest of the summer.”

“We’ll try if our father doesn’t steal us away.” Riddle chuckled.

Professor Slughorn laughed tightly. “Now that doesn’t seem enjoyable at all.”

“We can terrorise Bellatrix again.” Harry offered them.

“I’ll help you shovel her.” Tom rubbed his hands together.

Professor Slughorn shooed them off. They hopped back to the chambers. Marvolo was chasing Emerald, his wand in her mouth, and they decided that this was Marvolo’s problem, not their own.

“Care for a naked shower, my dear boyfriends?” Harry did a mock bow and extended his hands to them.

“I would be concerned if you offered a clothed shower.” Tom joked, snickering.

Harry blushed.

‘Dear Heir Potter,

The date has been set. On July 28th, we will have tea. We will tour my castle and sight-see the Fae Lands. I have delivered a ‘portkey’ to our mutual contact.

Awaiting your arrival,

Prince Aquillian of the Fae Nation'

Harry smiled down at the letter. His and Aquillian's writings had been sparse, and he was looking forward to tea.

'Dear Aquillian,

I do hope we have a very enjoyable time there! I can't wait to arrive! Hope you have a great time until our meeting. Good luck with the negotiations! I am finishing exams, so I am really busy right now. But my boyfriends and their brother are helping me out, so I hope to do well.

With care,

Harry J Potter'

Harry rolled his letter and sent it off, the magnificent white bird fluttering off. He couldn't wait until he got out. They'd do the final test on the Vanishing Cabinet that day by pushing Draco through, and then the next day, he'd be gone.

Sure, it was bad that Amelia Bones would have to deal with his disappearance, but he needed to be places.

He breezed through his transfiguration practical exam of turningpixiexey into a tool (Harry chose an exquisite dagger), parchment into a metal goblet, and a burning candle into an ice cube.

Potions were much easier, and the Ammortia, Draught of Living Death, and Blood Replenisher potions passed without any difficulty, even if he could only use the sparse instructions on the board.

He smirked at Snape, knowing he had passed his Defence Against the Dark Arts exam. His other classes came with ease. He'd never had anything this simple before, and as the day went by, he became more and more grateful for his boyfriends and Marvolo.

Harry waited in the Room of Requirements for Draco. He, his boyfriends, and Marvolo sifted through the books to see if anything was useful.

A few ancient-looking books secretly found their way into Harry's satchel. He needed to find presents, and it would be hard to do that in the manor. Maybe he could buy some when they went to visit Aquillian - if he could get away. He was sure he could distract them for long enough. Or ask Aquillian to help him.

Draco came in minutes later.

"Ready, blondie?" Riddle smirked at Draco.

"Not really, but I don't have a choice."

"Yeah, we would throw you through regardless." Harry laughed. Draco grimaced.

Draco shakily approached the cabinet. He placed his hands on the door and swallowed hard. With a large breath, Draco plunged into the cabinet.

They waited for three seconds. It felt like minutes.

Draco popped out again. He patted himself, cast a few spells, and let out a long breath.

“Phew, nothing’s wrong. It’s safe.”

“Yes!” Tom jumped.

“It will work!” Riddle clapped his hands.

“We succeeded.” Marvolo crossed his arms over his chest.

They congratulated themselves on a job well done and parted ways. Tomorrow would be the day he finally returned to the place he rightfully deserved. He was giddy at the thought of it.

If he had told his last-year self he’d been yearning to return to Voldemort, he’d kill himself.

He was scooped off his feet as he entered the chamber. Riddle had a certain gleam in his eyes that made Harry squirm. He was thrown onto the bed, and Riddle stalked towards him, Tom having disappeared somewhere.

“I feel like we don’t get enough one-on-one time, Angel.” Riddle placed a knee on the bed.

“We really don’t.” Harry agreed, beckoning Riddle forward.

Riddle advanced on him. He crawled further, parting Harry’s legs and positioning himself between them. Harry shivered as his leg brushed against his groin. Riddle leaned down and drew him into a heated kiss.

A tongue darted past Harry’s teeth. Harry’s hands wandered around Riddle’s torso. He tugged at his vest. They parted for just a second for Riddle to rip off his vest. They connected again.

Riddle shuffled around and planted a forearm next to Harry’s head. His other hand shoved up Harry’s shirt and groped at his chest. Harry wiggled around and fumbled with the Riddle’s buttons. He opened his shirt, and Riddle made quick work of Harry’s as well.

They drew away for a breath.

“You’re angsty today,” Riddle stated with a smirk on his face.

“Said the one who made the first advance,” Harry remarked. “Now, less talking, less clothes.”

“So romantic.” Riddle teased. “How far do you want to go?”

Harry bit his lip. Riddle was undeniably hot, and Harry wanted him naked, but something stopped him from thinking past that. But if Riddle wanted to do more, he couldn’t say no.

“Just - I want to see you naked. I want to touch you and have you touch me and just say, “
Harry couldn’t form words; his head was all foggy.

Riddle rested his brows on Harry’s. “Whatever you want, I can do.”

His words sent relief through Harry. He let go of the tension in his body and just relaxed.
Riddle briefly kissed him before trailing it down to his neck. Then his chest. Then his hips.
Riddle locked eyes with him as he pulled down Harry’s trousers and then his underwear.

They were rather occupied for the next hour.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: (Murder instincts intensify)

Draco: Not again! Why is it always me?

Harry: idk you're just kind of an easy target. Anyways, going to hop off of you before
my boyfriends eviscerate you.

Voldemort, experiencing secondhand horny: Just let it pass, just let it pass.

Fenrir, who can smell the secondhand horny: Uh, Bossman? Do I need to leave? *Can* I
please leave.

Voldemort: No, you must stay. I must not suffer alone.

Marvolo: You're hot.

Harry: That means ice cream?

Marvolo: That means ice cream.

Blaise: So, you're evil and snogging Harry?

Boyfriends: Yes

Theodore: And there's nothing we can do to stop your brother/Voldemort?

Boyfriends: Also yes

Professor Slughorn: So you can be goodish, okay? Not completely bad?

Boyfriends: Yes!

Draco: (Makes it out of the Vanishing Cabinet unharmed)

Harry and his boyfriends: Sad to see you safe, but yay for success!

Riddle: Let's have... alone time

Harry: Less clothes, now.

I swear, comments will be all answered within 1-2 weeks. So, if you see a 40-day-old comment being answered, that is why. I had about 400 comments to get through and I add more with every post (Thank you!!!). Going through them has been a huge mood-booster and I am glad that they exist, no matter how long they will take me to hack through.

And I am finally about to be back at college and my job, so that will be nice. It means I cannot work on fanfiction as much as I want, but I have some chapters saved up in case I lag behind. So weekly postings are still going! I cannot wait until October to celebrate my account's birthday and December to celebrate one year of Through the Window. You all have stuck by every week, and I thank you for that.

<3

Kidnapped, Again

Chapter Summary

Harry is kidnapped again. Voldemort and Aquillian train their soldiers. Harry finds a possible way out.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The day finally arrived. Harry would be at Voldemort's within the hour. He could hardly contain his excitement as he bounded down the hall. People glared at him suspiciously for his cheerful mood, but Harry paid them no mind.

His hand slipped into his satchel, and he patted the diary, ring, and locket. He then felt nibbling at his fingertips; Emerald and Onyx stayed inside as well. Topaz, the seahorse, was somewhere in there in a sealed tank. They were all safe and sound. He smiled widely, walking to the Room of Requirements.

“Harry Potter!” Professor McGonagall yelled from down the hall as he entered his last pace.

Harry wanted to roll his eyes, but he saw that Dumbledore was behind her.

Shit.

They started to walk towards him.

Shit!

Harry rushed into the room. He heard the two's footsteps chase after him. He breathed heavily, worming his way through the maze of pathways. His heart was beating in his ears as he felt a spell whiz past his head.

It hit the pile of junk right in front of him. It swayed unevenly, tipping over. Then trash began to rain down on Harry.

He sprinted into an alcove, barely able to stand. He summoned a shield to keep everything from collapsing on him.

The trash started to lift and he could see the two of them advancing on him.

“Dobby!” Harry exclaimed, forcing more magic into the shield.

A pop sounded next to him.

“What may Dobby do - “

Harry pulled off his satchel and threw it at Dobby. Dobby scrambled to hold it all and looked up, confused.

“Give this to the Dark Lord. Tell him that the Order of the Phoenix kidnapped me. Okay?” He could now see Dumbledore’s robes in clear detail.

“Dobby will do as The Great Harry Potter commands!” Dobby saluted him and popped off.

It wasn’t a moment later that the garbage over Harry lifted.

Dumbledore’s face was creased with disappointment, while Professor McGonagall looked rather annoyed. Harry could only sigh in relief - his boyfriends and Marvolo would be safe, and that was all that mattered. Now he’d just have to find his own way out.

“Mr Potter,” Professor McGonagall addressed him. “You are to accompany us to the Order of the Phoenix’s headquarters to spend your summer holiday. And where is your bag?”

“Fuck off.” Harry spat. “I don’t want to go.”

Professor McGonagall drew her head back like she had just been slapped.

“Harry, this is for your own protection.” Dumbledore slowly approached him.

“As if.” Harry scoffed. “Hasn’t really protected me before. Voldemort still, you know, got to me.”

“Harry, we know you will be with your boyfriends otherwise. We want what’s best for you, and they are poor influences on you. Look at what you’ve become.” Dumbledore shook his head.

“They *protect* me from Voldemort. And they have a much better track record than *certain people*.” Harry backed into the corner.

“Harry, I do not want to take you by force, but you will be coming with us.” Dumbledore flicked out his wand.

A snarl escaped Harry. “Fine.”

Harry was flanked by Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall in the office. The floo over was quick, and he was standing in front of the Black Family Wreath within minutes.

He reached out his finger and touched where Sirius’s mark was, blackened from being blasted off of the wall. He traced that line back until it reached Regulus, his portrait, without a scratch on it. The family wreath was all interconnected, and he saw many of his classmates' surnames on the tail ends of the drawings. Shame; there would be no one else to update it.

Regulus’s bed was soft underneath him. He turned around, staring at his wrist, where Voldemort’s portkey/friendship bracelet was. If only Hogwarts didn’t have anti-apparition

wards.

“Dobby,” Harry called out.

Dobby appeared by his side. “Dobby is here for The Great Harry Potter!”

“Did you give the bag to the Dark Lord?” Harry inquired, voice stressed.

“Dobby did! Dark Lord looked confused. He asked Dobby to tell you they are safe.” Dobby’s ears flapped as he nodded his head.

“Oh thank Merlin.” Harry placed a hand on his chest and exhaled. “Thank you very much, Dobby. You gave him something very important that I would have been very sad to see destroyed.”

“Dobby is honoured to do important task!”

“Could you wait here while I write a letter to my boyfriends?” Harry leapt off of his bed.

“Dobby will wait unless he is called!”

Harry quickly removed parchment, ink, and a quill from the desk drawer. He placed the nib on the paper, the words flowing out of him.

‘My Loving Boyfriends,

I’m sorry for leaving you so abruptly. Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall were chasing me, and they destroyed the way to the Vanishing Cabinet. I was also scared that they would follow me.

They searched through my things last time, and I was concerned about them finding you two and Marvolo. You two may have survived, but Marvolo would not have. I do not know if bleeding on the container would reform you all again, so I took the safe course of action and sent you off via Dobby.

I am not sure what else to say. Try to stay alive, even if that means being in your containers most of the time. I hope not to be here for much of the summer. There are very few Order members left, so maybe I can escape.

I’ll miss you.

With love,

Your Bright Light’

Harry rolled up the letter and passed it to Dobby. Dobby popped away, leaving Harry alone in the room. He didn’t even have his trunk again, and all he had was his wand, which might be confiscated again.

He could sleep to pass the time - or maybe write more letters? Read more or practise wandless magic? Something like that? He sighed.

Might as well do some reading.

The bookcase now revealed, he picked up a book, *Darkness Revealed*, and sat on the bed. He flicked through the history section, promising himself to go back later to the spells. He was unsure of the legality of some of the spells and was hesitant to use them. They would leave a trace on his wand, after all.

Wandless it was, then.

Each page was full of different spells and explanations of them. Most went into a short blurb of the history of the spell, the inventor, any interference with other spells, and a countercurse. Overall, the book looked promising.

Divido - I divide.

He ransacked the room until he found something suitable. Most of the items in there looked so expensive that he shivered at the idea of breaking them. Finally, he landed on a bunch of hidden sugar quills that had gone bad probably a decade ago.

“Divido.” Harry pointed his hand at the quill.

It tore in the middle.

“Divido,” Harry repeated.

It tore a little more.

“Divido!” He said again.

It completely bisected.

Harry smiled at his quick achievement. But an idea struck him. Like Marvolo had done, what if he could do it through his feet and not his hands?

Shoes and socks now kicked off, Harry pointed his toes at another quill.

“Divido.” He tried to imagine channelling his magic through his feet instead of his hands.

Nothing.

“Divido.” He pushed his magic out stronger.

Nothing.

Frustrated, Harry spat the next spell. “Divido!”

The smallest tear appeared on the quill.

Harry groaned and collapsed onto the bed. This wandless magic through the feet would take a long, long time to get the hang of.

Luckily for him, he had all the time in the world.

Voldemort was sitting in his study when a small house-elf popped up beside him. The house-elf held the black satchel he had gotten Potter when they went shopping in the muggle world. Curious, Voldemort tilted his head. The house-elf cowered.

“T - The Great Harry Potter asked Dobby to deliver this to Mr Dark Lord. Harry Potter said to says he is kidnapped by Order of the Phoenix.” The house-elf presented him with the bag.

“Why is he giving me a bag?” Voldemort asked, taking the bag from Dobby’s hands.

“Dobby does not know!” Dobby shuffled nervously.

Voldemort flipped open the flap of the bag. He rolled his eyes at the lack of enchantments; he’d need to fix that. Inside was a shrunken trunk, some school supplies, an odd long dragon, their snake -

- *his horcruxes.*

Voldemort swallowed hard.

“Tell Potter that they are safe,” Voldemort spoke in an even voice.

“Dobby will inform!” Dobby saluted him as Voldemort had just sent him on a great mission and popped away.

Voldemort gently placed each of his horcruxes at arm’s length and stared at them. The long dragon and snake hopped out onto the desk as well.

“*Come out.*”

Black smoke, ink, and sludge exited from the horcruxes in an instant. They stumbled, having formed close to each other, and spaced out. Then they looked at him, confused.

“Why are we here?” Tom asked, flicking out his wand.

Voldemort rolled his eyes, “Your - Potter has been kidnapped by the Order of the Phoenix and sent his things with the house-elf to protect you. I assume they would search his things and destroy you if they found out.”

Their faces fell.

Voldemort took the time to analyse the older horcrux, Marvolo. He was a little taller than Riddle, more filled out, and his eyes were red. He was dressed better than the other two, with

a dark green button-up framed by a silver bow tie and his legs covered with black and grey striped slacks.

He tried to think about how old he would have been, but the exact memory evaded him. Maybe in his early 20's? Everything around that time was blurry for him, and it had taken him to go to the cave and find the fake horcrux for him to remember that it was a locket.

Wait a second.

Voldemort stood up and walked forward towards Tom. Tom raised a questioning eyebrow as Voldemort drew close.

A dawning horror overtook him.

"You are taller," Voldemort stressed.

Tom laughed nervously. "I have to shave as well."

If his horcruxes could age, did that mean they could die as well? Old age, specifically? Did Potter's blood on the horcrux form a version of a resurrection ritual?

"So, you're me?" Marvolo stated, snapping Voldemort out of his mind. The long dragon advanced towards him and headbutted Marvolo.

"Yes. How old are you, again?" Voldemort replied in a monotone voice. He needed the fact that he forgot to keep it a secret from them. Potter, he could possibly know.

"Twenty." Marvolo crossed his arms. "Where are we?"

"We are at a remodelled Riddle Manor. We are in the family wing, in the Lord's office." Voldemort answered. He gestured to his paperwork. "I am working on mailing the leaders of my allies to set up meetings."

"Couldn't you have built your *own* manor?"

Voldemort ground his teeth. "Riddle Manor was optimal because of its abandonment and proximity to the muggle town. It is a place no one would expect to look."

Marvolo still looked unsatisfied with the information but stayed silent. Merlin, if this was what every interaction with him would be, Potter could have him.

After a minute of awkward conversation with Marvolo later, Dobby popped back into the office.

"Dobby has a letter for Mr Tom and Mr Riddle." Dobby presented the letter to the two youngest boys.

They tore it from his hands and quickly read the note. The snake slithered down and placed herself around Tom's neck. They huffed, sour looks on their faces, turned to sadness. Tom

and Riddle shuffled in Potter's bag and withdrew parchment, a quill, and ink. They sat criss-crossed on the floor and began to write.

Marvolo picked up the note, sneering at first, and read it.

"What does it say?" Voldemort asked Marvolo.

"It says that Dumbledore and McGonagall chased him and he sent us off." Marvolo passed the letter back to Tom.

A little miffed he couldn't read it himself, but also a bit hesitant to read it, Voldemort stayed silent.

"I'll tell him that we're safe and ask if there's any chance to escape," Tom explained as they rolled up the parchment. "I hope he gets out soon; I don't want to be in my container for the entire summer."

They all shivered.

Voldemort tilted his head. He never considered what it was like inside the containers. Tom had said he did not want to go back previously. It seemed negative, but maybe he underestimated how terrible it was.

"What is it like inside the horcruxes?" Voldemort inquired, leaning back in his chair.

They all hesitated.

Tom began, "It was like falling slowly into the void. Everything was dark; I couldn't breathe, and there wasn't any air rushing past." The snake lightly patted Tom with her tail.

Riddle spoke next. "When someone touched my container, I could feel it on my body. When he bled on me, it was like seeing light for the first time."

"It was blinding," Marvolo continued, the long dragon clawing at his shirt and demanding to be held. "But it was at least something. I could feel myself stop floating, and eventually, I rose into the light. Then, I was on the outside."

Tom cleared his throat. "There was an ache in my soul I never knew existed until I was able to siphon on his magic."

Riddle and Marvolo nodded.

A twinge of... *guilt* struck Voldemort. If he knew, he probably would have made the horcruxes anyway. But seeing them and interacting with them... it was different.

Potter was supporting three horcruxes already; two more shouldn't be too straining on him.

Decisions, decisions...

“Can you not nourish off of others besides Potter?” Voldemort already knew the answer but needed confirmation.

“I tried with others, and it didn’t work,” Tom admitted.

“I tried as well when I was interacting with Barty.” Riddle told him.

“I tried with the muggleborn, and it did not work.” Marvolo sighed.

Voldemort didn’t want to say his next words. “Have you tried... the same means as siphoning on Potter?”

They all shook their heads.

“I - “ Tom and Riddle shared a look and a nod. “We aren’t comfortable with that.”

Marvolo shrugged. “I can take it just fine by extending my hand. I doubt it would be different with the other two.”

Voldemort sighed. “I cannot offer any help, then.”

“It seems you cannot. I will be in my container; I do not wish to cease to exist.” Marvolo stated this with an air of finality.

He changed into a black sludge mixture that lept into the locket. Tom and Riddle stared at each other, sighed, and changed to ink and smoke, respectively.

They were all gone within seconds. The long dragon and the snake looked at him expectantly. He sighed, summoning a rabbit for the dragon and a small fish for the snake. He would have to find a room to set them up in unless Nagini could share.

Voldemort rubbed his temples. Why could life not be simple?

Harry threw a ball at the wall. It bounced back, and he caught it in his hand. He threw it again. And again. And again...

He was astoundingly bored.

His magic was too low to do more wandless magic, and his brain might explode if he looked at another paragraph. He pondered what else to do and found nothing.

Perhaps it was a bad idea to send his trunk with them.

Or he could ask for it back.

But they might ask where his trunk came from. They had already questioned him on how he abandoned his bag, and he had managed to keep his silence. There was nothing to do.

... but there was somewhere to go.

He rose from the ground and strode out of the room. It wasn't a far walk; it was only one door down.

He stood in front of the door to Sirius's room. It had blackened marks on the door, and the handle was covered with dust. A sickly feeling overtook him as he waited. He swallowed hard and turned the knob.

Inside was just as he remembered. An explosion of red and gold, scantily clad muggle women plastered on the walls, and piles of clothes in front of the closet.

It made him smile for just a second. Harry entered the room and closed the door with an almost inaudible *click*. He searched for something - anything - that could help him with his predicament.

He filtered through knickknacks, from fancy mirrors and hair creams to prank materials. Most of what he looked for was expired or broken. Harry, after finding little to entertain himself, started in on the closet. Maybe he'd find some dress robes he could liberate or something to give to his boyfriends. They liked fancy things, and they were about as tall as Sirius as well.

Harry shuffled through the closet to find anything of interest. There were a lot of leather jackets, printed T-shirts, and dark clothing. Just when he thought he was halfway through, he ran into something solid.

He fumbled through the clothes to give him space and cast a wandless Lumos. His jaw dropped when he connected the dots.

It was a Vanishing Cabinet.

Potter Family Manor was carved into one of the doors that was crooked. It was chipped and was barely hanging on by its hinges. Harry breathed in and smiled.

He found his ticket out.

Harry stifled a screech as he awoke abruptly. His heart raced in his chest. Cold sweats dripped from his body. A pant escaped his mouth.

He leaned over to grasp Tom or Riddle -

- but they weren't there.

Tears brimmed in his tired eyes. He hugged a pillow tight and curled into a small ball. Merlin, if that's even a fraction of what Marvolo experienced over his lifetime, it's no wonder why he turned out the way he did. So bitter about life, hating its existence.

He wanted to comfort Marvolo sometimes, but the man wouldn't let him. Besides the incident when they first met, Marvolo was closed off to him. And Marvolo *needed* some type

of comfort or reassurance. Tom and Riddle stopped loathing him, and it was now just a mild dislike, so they wouldn't. Harry was the one who needed to step up. Try a bit harder.

His fingers snapped, and the kerosine lamp he liberated from Sirius's room lit up. The scent of burning oil met his nose, and it relaxed him. Beside the lamp was a letter.

Harry jumped at the opportunity to open the letter.

'Dearest Bright Light,

We are safe and sound. We cannot say much, as we will be in our containers unless you write or we are needed. Stay safe, even if it means swallowing your pride. As long as you're alive, we all stay alive.

Keeping you in our thoughts,

Your Loving Boyfriends'

Harry didn't know whether to be pleased or cry when he picked up the letter. They were safe, and he hoped they weren't as miserable as he was.

He knew he clung to the two - three - of them, but he couldn't help it. No one wanted to talk to him, and the only ones who dared speak to him anymore were Blaise and Theodore during the Slug Club party. Even Luna was silent towards him, though she tolerated his presence in the Room of Requirements.

Harry didn't have anyone else.

The Order wanted to use and control him while everyone else shunned him. It weighed heavily on his mind that the only ones who hung around him and didn't want anything out of him were those on the dark side.

Had he already defected?

If not, he was sure there would be no return to the light.

Harry was not playing saviour.

Voldemort walked across the field between a line of wixen and a mixture of different subspecies of the fae. Aquillian moved gracefully in step with him, staring at his fae.

"Today," Voldemort began, "We will be training with our allies. Each of you will be in a group of two of Prince Aquillian's soldiers and two Death Eaters. Each of you will demonstrate your abilities and figure out a way to combine your forces. You have until next week's raid to become a fluid group."

"Soldiers, I expect you to demonstrate all of your abilities. These are our allies, and you will swear them to secrecy when you join your group. Voldemort," Many Death Eaters violently

flinched, “and I have selected the groups you are in.”

Voldemort and Aquillian withdrew two lists. They took turns yelling out names and sorting them into groups. Both sides were reluctant to be next to each other. An exchange of glares took place.

“Play nice.” Aquillian snapped at his soldiers.

“Yes, my Prince.” They bowed.

Once the groups were finished, they sent them to an assigned group of dummies.

“Each of you, one at a time, demonstrate how you would attack a person. As we are facing muggles and wixen, display both of your abilities. You start now.” Voldemort and Aquillian stood at the front of the groups as he spoke.

They watched, with some arguments, as each went up and displayed their powers. Some, they knew, were putting on a flashy show or exuding too much power, but they would learn eventually.

Fae of all types and wixen slashed at the dummies. Some exploded, others had their stuffing spill out, and most were slashed to pieces. The milder ones had broken bones and were in an incapacitated state.

“All groups are to prepare a plan of attack. We expect you to take down five Auror-level dummies at the minimum.” Aquillian spoke loudly and from the chest.

Voldemort lowered his voice to a whisper. “You have a respectable resonance and authority in your voice.”

Aquillian rolled back his shoulders. “I need to be. I rule with respect rather than fear.”

“I see, a wise decision.”

Although it was convenient and easy, ruling with fear had its drawbacks. People occasionally hid their mistakes or tried to cover them up, making a bigger mess to clean up. It was too late to back out now; he needed to continue to rule through fear.

They toured through the groups and checked on their progress. There was very little progress made on the tensions in the group. Wayward glances were sent from the fae to the wixen and vice versa.

No one dares attack each other in the presence of Voldemort and Aquillian.

By the end of the day, most were discussing the different ways they could mesh their attack strategies. The consensus for the elemental-based fae was that they would set out the field of attack while the wixen would attack outright. The opposite was true for the fae with wixen-esque magic, as most had wings or tails that helped with defence.

Both leaders were pleased with the progress, and it cemented their faith in their allegiance.

“Dammit!”

Harry muttered as the parchment returned with fire around the edges. He sighed and added it to the pile. At least it had fewer burn marks than when he began. The cabinet still acted like the one in the Room of Requirements, so he assumed the other one was fine.

Another few spells tweaked the cabinet. The next paper was markless but had a tear in the sides instead. A groan escaped his lips. He’d at least prefer the cuts to the burns.

There were two knocks at the door.

“Harry?” Remus’s voice met his ears.

Shit.

Harry scrambled to his feet and tried to exit the closet. His feet caught on the piles of clothes, and he smashed his face against the floor.

“Harry?” The door was ajar, and Remus was standing there.

“Hello, Remus.” Harry groaned, his vision splotchy and his glasses smushed into his eyeballs.

Remus stared at him. He stepped into the room and closed the door, casting a silencing spell. Harry staggered to his feet.

“You found the Vanishing Cabinet, didn’t you?” Remus sighed.

“What are you - “

“I heard you casting repairing spells. Are you using your wand?” Remus walked in and sat on the bed.

Harry sighed. He was caught. “Yes. I thought the trace wouldn’t work because the place has so much magic. Like it would muffle it.”

“It does; if enough magic is in one place, it does muffle the magical signature. But that’s off-topic. I just noticed that you seemed really proficient in wandless magic, and I was curious. You’re going off to see your boyfriends, aren’t you?” Remus stared at him.

“Yeah, I am. If I can fix the cabinet.” Harry muttered at the end, bitter that he couldn’t fix it that fast.

“I do believe you can. That one leads to Potter Family Manor. S - Sirius used it to sneak off to see James. He escaped this house through it. He said he set off a prank bomb to break it so no one could follow him through.”

Remus’s eyes were glossed over with memories. He shook his head and averted his gaze.

“We can’t stop you from seeing them, can’t we?” He rhetorically asked.

“No. I will be seeing them. Next time, I won’t be going quietly. I am getting proficient at wandless magic, as you said. “ Harry’s voice has a venomous tone at the end.

Remus hummed. “Just - Just promise me you’ll stay safe. I won’t stop you, but I still want you to be alive at the end of the day.”

“I will. They want to protect me and will do anything to do so. They love me.” Harry placed a hand on his chest. It still ached at the lack of them.

“Harry, I know you love them, but you seem... really attached to them. More than you should be.” Remus put it lightly.

“They are my everything. They are my friends - my lovers - the ones closest to me. I have no one without them.” Besides, maybe Voldemort.

“Just - be safe.” Remus shook his head.

“I will,” Harry repeated.

Remus left the room, gently shutting the door behind him.

Harry huffed. Who was he to tell him what to do? Sure, his friends might not have died, but Remus was also alone. He had no one. Maybe Dumbledore or Professor McGonagall, but they both were more like mentors to him.

He stomped back to the Vanishing Cabinet. He had work to do.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: Hell yeah, going to be at Voldemort's soon. Nothing could go wrong!
Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall: bitch you though

Harry: Sigh, here again. Going to write little letters to my boyfriends. XOXO, with love.
Harry: Guess I'll practise some wandless magic as well, life is terrible.

Voldemort: A bag? What's inside? my horcruxes????
Tom and Riddle: Where boyfriend???
Marvolo: Your manor is our disgusting, muggle father's manor. You couldn't have built your own manor?
Voldemort: ... he can have you.

Voldemort, after realising that his horcruxes are aging: (Extreme internal panic)
Marvolo: Now is the perfect time to insult him!
Voldemort: I already do not like you.

Voldemort: Have you tried to feed off others by ... other means?
Tom and Riddle: (Aghast)
Marvolo: ew, no

Harry: I am going to look in the one room I haven't before.
Harry: (Discovers a way out) How convenient!

Harry: (Crying, sobbing, wailing) If only my boyfriends were here!
Tom and Riddle: Okay, we are safe, you also be safe.
Harry: (A little happy they are safe, but sad they are not with him)

Aquillian: I rule with respect rather than fear.
Voldemort: I just make them shit themselves with terror

Remus: You are too dependent on your boyfriends
Harry, doing literally anything to get back to them, destroying his social credibility,
sobbing after one night away from them: No, I'm not!

Okay, first off, hello!
So far, two people on TikTok have recommended me this week, strangeblueberry_7 and beetlepimsidepieceee. One of them had 20K views on that video. Amazing. And, Nimonotes, do not think I forgot about you from a few months ago <3. So a special thanks to them, because I have about 2K more hits this week than normal. And big numbers make my brain happy. If you were recommended my fic, please tell me!

Also... I finally got through all my comments! 400 (500, if you count all of them) piled up, but over the course of five and a half hours over a few days, I have answered all of them! Thank you to all of you who waited for your comments to be answered!

I also just moved into my dorm to start the school year! I am still unpacking, so it is quite a mess, but I am getting there! Overall, things look difficult, but is looking up for me. I hope for this trend to continue!

Also, I made a playlist for some of the music I listen to while writing. Some of the songs may not fit as well, but they make me write better. I have four right now, for the beginning, middle, ending, and post-ending. Tonal spoilers for the ending and post-ending. And I have another one on my account, but that is for a work-in-progress.

[Through the Window Spotify](#)

A Cup - Goblet - Chalice - Whatever

Chapter Summary

Harry finally makes his escape and is reunited with his boyfriends. Voldemort, Tiberius, Bellatrix, and Harry go on a small adventure.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Severus's teeth clenched as he flooded into the Order's headquarters. The place made his blood boil, and it had barely lessened after Black died. He stomped his way into the dining room.

Potter was sitting in a chair, pouting like a brat. Severus sneered at him. Potter sneered back.

"Back from another meeting?" Potter mocked him.

"How would you know?" Severus glared, suspicious now.

Potter's eyes widened. "Lucky guess. I bet Voldemort is always calling on you. 'Severus, make me his potion,' 'Severus, give me reports on the Order,' 'Severus, go raid a muggle village.'

Potter put on a great impression of the Dark Lord's haunting voice. Severus winched as he said the Dark Lord's name. The look in his eyes made Severus think that the brat knew what he was doing.

"I attend more Order meetings." Severus snapped.

"Sure." Harry rolled his eyes. "Can we get started? I'm tired."

"It's six PM?" Molly pondered.

"And I have nothing better to do than sleep," Potter growled.

Albus sighed. "You could have had things to do if you had kept your bag."

"My bag had my boyfriends' gifts inside. I was not risking them being confiscated." Potter's voice dripped with venom.

Albus sighed. He beckoned Severus to come near him. Severus merely sulked in the corner. The Order was in a pitiful state, and he would not participate more than he needed to. There were only seven of them left.

They stood no chance. Fighting was useless. It again made him wonder why the Dark Lord hadn't conquered their world yet. He could be just cruel enough to slowly crush them.

Or just to swarm everyone and demand their allegiance. Or was his lasting goal more than just their little corner of the world? Would he take over Ireland as well? Europe? The world? Would everything crumble at his command?

Severus wanted to snarl. The Dark Lord had plans that he was not privy to, and he just needed some clarification. Even the other Death Eaters had more information than him. Yaxley knew more than him.

"What were you doing with the Death Eaters, Potter?" Severus drew the conversation away from himself.

Potter blinked. "What do you mean?"

"The inner circle said that you were let free to roam around them in the family wing at the Dark Lord's manor. You interacted with them. Why? About what?" Exposing him in front of everyone might shut his mouth.

"I cooked some sweets and hit Bellatrix with a shovel a few times." Potter rolled his eyes.

"And Tiberius?" The brat was not telling him everything.

Potter blinked and looked away from him. "He taught me about my heir duties that I'll have once I become of age."

"Harry," Albus spoke softly. "I can handle that for you. You have other duties to do."

Potter's face twisted into a snarl. "Like hell! That's my inheritance, and I should know how to manage it!"

"*If* you survive the Dark Lord," Severus provoked him.

Potter turned his attention back to him, eyes ablaze. "My boyfriends are standing in between Voldemort and me. They will protect me. He'd have to kill them before me. They're strong."

"Harry... "

"Silence! I will not have my boyfriends slandered even more!" Potter rose from his seat.

"Calm down, boy," Alastor mumbled.

"They haven't done anything wrong!" He protested.

"Yet." Albus shook his head.

There Potter was again defending them. He knew they were the young version of the Dark Lord. So why was he saying they hadn't done anything wrong? The youngest would have killed Myrtle, and Albus spoke of the murders that he committed afterward.

Unless Potter didn't see those murders as something wrong.

Had they really changed him that much? Last year, the idea of murder would have turned his stomach. But this year, he was so different. Lashing out violently, the isolation, and the boyfriends to top it off.

Potter wasn't Potter anymore. He was someone else.

Harry was certain he hated everyone in the Order. Remus was on thin ice with a comment or two about his boyfriends being dangerous, but he was frankly the only adult besides Professor Slughorn who was tolerable.

Even Mrs Weasley was grinding on his nerves. "You really shouldn't be with those boys," or "Apologise to Ginny and Ron right now!". He dared not trust the food she gave him anymore, and he preferred to have Dobby bring him something.

Sure, he conversed with Dobby, but all that time without anyone else pleasant to talk to was driving him mad.

He gently pushed the transfigured dove through the cabinet. Animals took a while to pass through, and the pile of torn pieces of quills and parchment told of his misfortunes over his time there.

The dove came back, perfectly fine.

Harry knew it was dangerous. He knew he was being stupid and that he'd be risking his life. But he *needed* them.

A deep breath filled his lungs.

Now or never.

Harry plunged into the cabinet.

It was odd being in there. It was like he was floating in space, with no beginning or end in sight. He stayed there in nothingness for a few seconds. Or minutes. Or hours.

He floated into something solid and cold. He pushed at it, light peeking through the crack down the middle. The floating sensation stopped, and he found himself crashing down.

A yelp escaped him as he collided with the floor. Shortly after, he sneezed. Dust clouded his vision and made his eyes itch. He coughed as he rose to his feet.

The room was huge, easily twice the size of his entire dorm. It was decked out in red and gold, with posters of quidditch players and other paraphernalia.

On the wall, framed, was a set of quidditch robes with *Potter 01* embroidered on the back.

Harry turned around to the cabinet and gently broke the door. It would be a simple fix if he needed it. He walked around the room, scared to disturb more dust or touch anything delicate.

He twisted the friendship bracelet Voldemort gave him over winter break. Well, it was a portkey, but it looked like a friendship bracelet.

“Serpent,” Harry spoke at the portkey.

A sickening pull to his navel made him almost throw up. It was like he was squeezing through a straw that gradually got smaller and smaller.

He landed on the cold floor, heaving. Harry curled into a small ball and tried to control his breathing. Potkeys were awful, and if he had any other chance, he would have used one.

A creak of a door sounded behind him a few minutes later.

“Potter?” Voldemort’s voice met his ears.

“Just, ugh, give me a minute.” Harry blanched.

Voldemort dropped to his side. He gently rubbed his shoulder, trying his best to coax Harry out of it. Harry sighed; the feeling of physical contact was so pleasant to him. He hummed, the stress in his mind lifting ever so slightly.

“Are you okay? Do you need a healer?” Voldemort inquired.

Voldemort pressed the back of his hand against Harry’s forehead. Harry shivered; he was so cold. It was nice on his slightly heated body. He frowned when Voldemort withdrew.

“No, no, I just need a bit. I haven’t eaten in a while, and wixen travel methods never really worked for me.” Harry shook his head.

“Take your time; I will retrieve your... boyfriends.” The door creaked again, shutting.

In retrospect, he should have eaten something light before portkeying.

Footsteps stomped towards him.

“Love!”

“Angel!”

“... Harry.”

Tom and Riddle pounced on him, wrapping him in their arms and cuddling him tightly. Harry instantly relaxed, which was a boost to his mood that instant. He gently kissed Tom on the cheek.

He smiled brightly as he took in the feeling of resting in their arms. The warmth. The snugness. The soft touches. He melted in their grasp.

“How long has it been? We’ve been in our containers our entire time, and we can’t really tell time in there.” Marvolo shivered.

“About a week?” Harry shrugged.

“How did you escape?” Tom shifted to better accommodate the three of them. Riddle snuggled into him, placing a cheek over Harry’s chest.

Harry wiggled around. “Sirius’s room had a Vanishing Cabinet that led to James’s room in Potter Manor, and then I used my friendship bracelet portkey to get here. I didn’t even know I had a manor; I really need to go to Gringotts and get my inheritance test done.”

“I can have that arranged,” Voldemort spoke up. “We are on friendly terms with the goblins, which is about as good as any wixen group can make.”

Harry nodded. “Thank you. I know I *have* a bunch of stuff, but when it comes to the specifics, I’m so lost.”

“I will work this out with Tiberius. You... can catch up.” Voldemort turned on his heel and stalked out of the room.

Riddle’s hands inched their way under Harry’s shirt. Harry leaned his head back and let out a sigh. He melted into Riddle’s hands, his wanting fingers leaving blushing trails as Harry’s body ignited with every touch.

Meanwhile, Tom gently unbuttoned Harry’s shirt. Harry turned his head and pressed firm kisses against Tom’s jawline. Tom shivered, his hands moving with fervour to get Harry’s shirt off.

“I’m - I’m just going to go.” Marvolo muttered, seeing himself out and slamming the door behind him.

Riddle chuckled, manouvering over him. He attacked Harry’s neck with soft bites, licking and nipping at him. Harry let out a low groan, fumbling with his belt as he tried to slide off his trousers.

Tom helped him as he struggled. His trousers were around his ankles, and he quickly kicked them off. Harry was pulling on Riddle’s vest, desperate to get it off.

They all broke away to strip themselves of their unneeded clothes. Harry pulled them to the bed, insistent on getting somewhere more comfortable.

Harry yawned as he awoke. His boyfriends wrapped tightly around him; he could hardly move. But he finally managed to wiggle out of their arms. He shivered as his bare skin made contact with the chilled air.

He jumped into the shower and scrubbed off the stickiness on his torso from last night’s activities. It was a relief to shower back at Riddle Manor, the comfort of a safe and familiar

place seeping into his bones.

“Sleep-heads.” Harry smiled as he stared at the sleeping forms of his boyfriends, flattening out Tom’s shirt that hung loosely from his shoulders.

An idea struck him.

The doors to the kitchen opened as Harry entered the room. No time was wasted as Harry filed into pace, pulling out ingredients from the pantry and enchanted ice box. A soft humming left his mouth as he scrambled the eggs.

“Hello, Harry.” Tiberius called out as he crept into the room.

“Hello, Tiberius. Want me to make you some coffee?” Harry was already reaching for the coffee grounds as he spoke.

“Hm. If you may.” Tiberius positioned himself on the other side of the kitchen counter.
“You’re up early.”

Harry shrugged. “I haven’t been sleeping much. Guess I’m just used to it. And, plus, that means I can cook breakfast for Tom and Riddle.”

“Ah.” Tiberius chuckled. “The boyfriends.”

Harry’s face went red. “So you’ve seen the prophet.”

He should have known, but the thought hadn’t crossed his mind before. If Tiberius knew, then *all* of the Death Eaters must have known. At least the Inner Circle was privy to the exact details of their origin; hopefully, no one else knew.

“Well, yes, and the hickies on your neck were a giveaway.” Tiberius cracked a smile.

Harry’s hand immediately went to cover his neck.

Tiberius let out a hearty laugh. “We know you have boyfriends; there's no use in hiding it. Although the Dark Lord may not like them.”

“Yeah... he’s not really fond of our relationship.” Harry rubbed his neck, then withdrew his hand.

“I do not doubt it. It is a rather touchy subject for him. He casts many crucios whenever you three show up in the paper.” He winced. “Lucius gets the brunt of it these days due to his fumbles and lack of use.”

Harry merely shrugged. “I don’t like him, so I don’t feel that bad.”

Tiberius’s brow creased, though he didn’t say anything else. Harry passed him his coffee before he plated his and his boyfriend’s breakfasts onto a large silver platter with handles at the side.

“Pipskey,” Harry called out.

Pipskey appeared by his side. “What may Sir Potter need?”

Sir Potter, that he could get used to.

“May you give this to Marvolo when he wakes? And this to Voldemort?” Harry passed her two plates that were under warming charms.

“Pipskey will give breakfast to Master and Master Marvolo.” Pipskey shook her head up and down.

“Great, thank you very much.”

There was a skip in his step as he walked down the hall to their room. He used his hip to bump the door, creaking as it flew open.

Tom was already awake, still in bed, and reading a book. Riddle’s soft snores were now loud; he had tossed and turned until he was taking up more than half the bed with his face buried in a pillow.

Harry smiled.

“Good morning,” Tom whispered.

“Morning,” Harry whispered back.

He sat the platter on one of the side tables. Harry pounced on Riddle to wake him up. Riddle jumped, almost throwing Harry off the bed, before realising he was safe. Arms quickly enveloped him as Riddle snuggled Harry.

“Morning.” Harry giggled into Riddle’s shoulder.

“Good morning, you little minx.” Riddle squeezed him tight.

Harry pushed against Riddle’s chest and straddled him. “I made breakfast for us. Eggs, french toast, a few croissants...” He listed them off.

“You’re so good to us.” Tom reached over and ruffled his hair.

“Hey, you’re good to me as well.” Harry took Tom’s hand and rested it on his heart.

Tom groped his chest.

“*Pervert*,” Harry said dramatically.

Tom just smiled cheekily.

“Anyway, let’s eat!” Harry clapped his hands.

Breakfast was a short affair. They ate quickly, readying themselves for whatever adventure they would get up to that day. A particular moment where he dripped some syrup out of the corner of his mouth and Tom *licked* it off almost made the day start with a naked make-out, jerk-off session.

But, alas, there was a knock at their door.

“Come in,” Harry called out before he could stop himself.

Tom and Riddle scrambled to cover their laps with the blankets as the door swung open.

“... thank you for the breakfast.” Voldemort only looked at Tom and Riddle for a second before averting his gaze. His red eyes widened as he saw the hickies on Harry’s neck.

“No problem,” Harry waved him off.

Voldemort paused, seemingly contemplating his next words. “Would you - only you - come to Gringotts today with us? Tiberius was talking to me over the school year, and we have come to the decision that you should get your inheritance tests done with our protection.”

“What’s the catch?” Harry narrowed his eyes. Voldemort seldom hesitated like that.

“Well, I would like to collect a horcrux located there as well, and you would be assisting with that. Bellatrix would also be coming, as it is in her vault.” Voldemort bit his lip.

“Ugh.” Harry flopped onto the bed. “Fine. But what are the logistics? You all are still, you know, wanted.”

Voldemort’s lips quipped. “We have an alliance with the Goblin Nation. We can use a secret floo that lets us into the bank in a private area.”

“Okay.” Harry stretched. “When?”

“Noon. Eat something light and be dressed before then.” Voldemort instructed.

Voldemort stayed only a second longer before leaving.

Harry bounced down the hall, almost butting into Tiberius. Tom and Riddle trudged after them. In the floo room, Bellatrix and a snake-faced Voldemort waited.

His boyfriends embraced him tightly and stood back as the rest of them grabbed the floo powder. Jealously brimmed in Bellatrix’s eyes as Harry interacted with his boyfriends. He smirked, his ego brimming.

Yeah, Bellatrix, they love me, not you.

“Speak clearly, Gringotts Room One,” Voldemort instructed them, though he mostly looked at Harry.

Voldemort went first, followed by Bellatrix. Tom and Riddle waved him goodbye as Harry moved next. Maybe he should have eaten a lighter lunch. His stomach twisted, and bile rose in his throat.

He stumbled out of the floo, trying his best to contain his vomit. Voldemort wordlessly handed him a potion vial, and Harry slurped down the sweet liquid. His nausea almost instantly disappeared.

“Thank you.” Harry breathed, passing it back. “Sometimes I feel like a pregnant lady with wixen travel methods.”

“Without a ritual, that would be impossible.” Voldemort clarified, but a smirk lit his face.

“I’m never doing that ritual.” Harry shivered.

Tiberius arrived shortly after. He walked with confidence, not even taking a moment to prepare himself. Harry found envy growing in him. Maybe he could with practice...

A goblin entered the room through a set of wooden doors. He beckoned them forward with a grunting noise. They followed him out of the room and through a series of hallways.

On and on they went until they were stationed in front of an office door. Inscribed on it in fancy letters was “Griphook”.

They didn’t have to wait long before the door opened. Griphook ushered them all in, staring at them scrupulously. They sat around a large wooden desk, with Harry in the middle of them and Voldemort and Tiberius flanking his sides.

“You are here for a full inheritance test?” Griphook muttered.

“Yeah, I think?” Harry furrowed his eyebrows.

“We are,” Tiberius clarified.

“Seven drops of blood.” Griphook slapped a piece of parchment on the table with a fancy, all-silver knife.

Harry nervously picked up the blade. It didn’t disturb him, per se; it just reminded him of when Peter Pettigrew cut him open when he was resurrecting Voldemort. Of course, that Voldemort didn’t really exist anymore, and a new Voldemort was in his place.

At least the Voldemort that wanted to hurt Harry was gone.

Seven drops of blood were carefully flicked onto the parchment. The blood swirled on the paper, forming letters and words.

Harry James Potter

Harry’s mouth dropped as he looked at the long, rolling paper. How? He had so many vaults, properties, and money, and all this time, Dumbledore let him live at the Dursleys.

Sirius also left him *everything*. Harry rightfully owned Grimmauld Place, and he was just imprisoned there. Well, that was going to change as soon as he could. Or... maybe he could plot a *raid* on the Order. Have them in a false state of security, with Grimmauld as their only solace, then crush them.

“Why the sour face?” Tiberius asked, laying a hand on his back.

“I have all of this - and the Dursleys - they - argh.” Harry set the paper down to prevent himself from ripping holes in it.

“They extremely mistreated him,” Voldemort spoke with an air of finality.

Tiberius patted him and then withdrew his hand.

“Is there any other business for today?” Griphook looked at the rest of the group.

“Yes!” Bellatrix spoke up for the first time that evening. “We need to visit my vault.”

“Very well.” Griphook jumped out of his chair and beckoned them to follow him.

Harry trotted along with the rest of the group as they wound through the halls again. Harry was getting dizzy going through the tight, winding places, and he began to bump into the others. Voldemort didn’t hesitate, and he offered his hand. Voldemort and Harry were joined by the hands as they continued.

They arrived rather abruptly at a set of rails and a cart. Griphook whistled, and another cart rolled right behind the first and hooked onto the back of it.

“Two to a cart,” Griphook gruffly said.

Voldemort practically dragged Harry to the first cart. Bellatrix glared daggers at Harry as he squeezed in next to Voldemort. Griphook hopped into the seat in front of them all and placed his hands on the large wheel.

“All limbs inside the cart,” Griphook called out, pulling a lever.

Harry’s stomach lurched as the cart rolled downward at an almost straight angle. The air rushed past him, slapping him in the face and making his hair whip everywhere. Beside him, Voldemort’s claw-like hands were gripping the side of the cart. Harry’s hand, which Voldemort was still holding, was clenched, though not enough to be painful.

He leaned against Voldemort for some support, the cart whipping around a corner. Voldemort relaxed ever so slightly. A smile crept up Harry’s face, which was wiped away once they dropped again.

Down and down, they twisted and dropped, they abruptly halted. Harry lurched forward, almost slamming his head against the cart’s lip. But Voldemort let go of his hand and slammed his arm across Harry’s chest, securely stopping him.

“Thank you!” Harry breathed as they exited the cart.

“I cannot have you bashing your brains in at every opportunity.” Voldemort rolled his eyes.

“Damn, it’s my favourite thing to do.” Harry joked.

They followed Griphook to the vault door. It was practically ancient, with large doors that reached the ceiling that glimmered with the ingrained gold accents. Bellatrix walked in front of the group and presented a huge key to Griphook.

The doors opened, and Harry was blinded by how much gold was in there. Candles enhanced their sparkle in the piles upon piles of them.

“My Lord,” Bellatrix bowed and gestured into the vault.

“Potter.” Voldemort regarded him. “Follow me.”

Harry wandered into the vault with Voldemort. Inside was even more opulent; diamonds and precious gems were everywhere, and statues and cases of weaponry lined the walls. The room itself reminded him of the Room of Requirements, just with expensive things.

“Potter,” Voldemort called his attention. “I am tasking you with finding the horcrux.”

“Why?” Harry asked, squinting at a statue that appeared just a little too lifelike.

“I - “ Voldemort sighed. “The horcruxes have altered my memories. Created gaps, if you will. I remember I hid it here, but what it is and where it is... it is a mystery to me.”

“I saw a dream memory, and it is the goblet - cup - chalice, whatever, of Hufflepuff. Let me see if I can’t sense it.” Harry averted his gaze and closed his eyes.

He tried to focus on the pull that he associated with Tom and Riddle. The pure attraction, the aura of darkness, the richness of it - there!

Harry tried to keep the faint feeling in mind as he wove through the vault. It was hardly a whisper of a feeling, but it was there nonetheless. They arrived at a clearing. At the top of a glass case that held an array of wands was the cup of Hufflepuff.

“There!” Harry pointed at it.

“Let me go first. I know I put some curses on it.” Voldemort marched forward.

Harry watched in fascination as Voldemort lifted his wand and took off curse after curse. There were so many, and the more he took off, the brighter and shiner it became. He grew excited to touch it.

Maybe he could make another friend out of it.

Sure, Marvolo was still a bit cold to him, but he made leagues of progress compared to the man who screamed at him and pinned him to a mattress while choking him out. They cooked together! That was progress.

And if not, Harry would simply starve him.

“Wait until we are home to awaken him,” Voldemort spoke once he caught Harry’s calculated glance.

Home.

Harry supposed he did have a home.

Harry watched as Tom and Riddle paced in front of him. He had never seen them in this intense, pondering state.

“I think it’s a bad idea.” Riddle paced, parallel but at a different pace, with Tom.

“I do too, but to be stuck in a place like that...” Tom shook his head.

“He’s trapped in there!” Harry stood up from the bed.

“Should we ask Marvolo?” Riddle pondered, then looked like he instantly regretted it.

“No, he’d agree with Harry.” Tom dismissed him.

“Which is why we should do it!” Harry argued.

“He doesn’t have your best interest in mind.” Riddle spat.

Harry rolled his eyes. “You don’t mind that. He’s liking me more.”

Tom and Riddle stopped for a second.

“That’s... We - Harry, I just - we don’t want you to lose more magic.” Tom gently gripped his hand and brought it to his mouth, planting a soft kiss on his knuckles.

“I’ll be fine.” Harry insisted. “It wasn’t too much of a decrease when I added Marvolo.”

“But you’re adding even more!” Riddle exclaimed.

There was a knock at the door. Harry yelled, and Voldemort entered. He held a red vial in his hands. He raised it between the index and thumb. A smirk rested on his face.

“We have Severus to thank for our solution.” Voldemort’s teeth were white as he smiled wide.

“What is it?” Harry asked, taking a step in his direction.

“A potion that will expand your core and make you more powerful.” Voldemort passed it on to Harry. “It has been tested.”

“How much does it increase?” Harry swirled the liquid in the vial.

“30%. We can do more testing if you want - “

Harry downed the potion.

“You would be remarkably easy to poison,” Tom commented.

“Woooo.” Harry smiled, stretching.

Tom, Riddle, and Voldemort glanced at each other.

Riddle cleared his thoughts. “Is it possible to get high off of phoenix tears?” He pondered.

Harry giggled.

All eyes were on Harry as he held the blade in his hand. He carefully cut into the finger and pointed it down towards the goblet. Seven drops of blood landed in the centre of the cup. Harry felt the signature pull, but then nothing.

“I’d give it a night. I think the more blood, the quicker. Marvolo had more, and he was about overnight. Tom had almost nothing, and he took a long time. Riddle, same situation... It would be interesting to see how long.” Harry scratched at his neck.

Harry smiled widely. “And I have the perfect idea of what to do once he comes out!”

“What?” The four asked in unison.

“Mani Pedis!” Harry exclaimed.

Chapter End Notes

Severus: Wow, Potter has really changed.

Harry: (Murderous instincts intensify)

Harry: Okay, a dove made it through the cabinet. Must be safe for a much bigger human being to pass through. Whatever, boyfriends are my only priority. Safety be damned.

Tom and Riddle: Boyfriend! (Aggressively makes out with him, starts to strip)

Marvolo: Alright, that's enough for me. Later.

Harry: You know about my boyfriends?

Tiberius: Well, you had a picture in the prophet and hickeys on your neck, so I assume they were your boyfriends

Tom and Riddle: (Are naked)

Harry: Come in!

Voldemort:

Voldemort: Bye.

Harry: I literally own so much stuff and Dumbledore kept it away from me

Harry: Time to plot my revenge, hehe

Voldemort: I have used my Harry-Horcrux-Detector to find my horcrux

Harry: I was useful! Let's make a friend out of him! If he is unfriendly, I will just starve him!

Tom and Riddle: We are concerned for your health!

Harry: But another friend!

Voldemort: Here is the solution to your problems (Holds up a mysterious potion)

Harry: (Drinks it without question)

Harry: (Gets high off of Phoenix Tears)

Harry: I know just the way to befriend the cup horcrux!

Harry: Mani Pedis!

So, we hit 200K (204K right now) and 300 user subscriptions! That is crazy to me! So... huge (wink wink). I want to plan something, but I am not sure what to do.

Also, would anyone be interested in a dimension-travel Tomarrymort? Think a rising Voldemort and Auror Harry? I may or may not post it, I am still considering it a WIP at the moment.

Chapter 43

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The first thing that happened when Harry entered the room was a hand shooting out and wrapping around his throat.

“Air! Air!” Harry clawed at the hand.

Cup was as similar to Marvolo as Tom was to Riddle. His hair was longer, brushing against his collar, which flowed away from his face. The skin on his face was paler, making his beauty marks stand out against the white surface. It reminded him of a Greek statue with rubies for eyes.

And his red eyes had slit pupils.

He wore a dark brown cloak that brushed against his ankle-cut dragonskin boots. Underneath his cloak was a cream button-up with a black vest, reaching down to long black slacks that were a bit scratched up. Flecks of blood peppered his clothes. It even splattered up to his face. But it looked so... hot on him.

“Who are you?” He demanded.

“Stupefy!”

“Stupefy!”

Harry was never happier to hear his boyfriends’ voices. Cup was thrown off of him and hit the floor with a groan. From the door, Voldemort, Marvolo, Tom, and Riddle rushed in, wands pointed at Cup.

Cup looked around, bewildered.

“Rule number one: no one attacks Harry.” Riddle spoke out as Tom hauled Harry to his feet.

“What is this?” Cup spat, keeping his eyes on Riddle.

“Right, okay, where to start?” Tom muttered.

“Maybe the beginning?” Marvolo offered. “Over some tea, perhaps?”

Everyone glanced at Cup. Cup raised an eyebrow and bit the inside of his cheeks. He shuffled to his feet, keeping his stance guarded.

“I would... agree to that.” Cup trailed off.

“Follow us; my Death Eaters are in the kitchen at the moment.” Voldemort waved his arm towards the door.

Cup trailed behind them sceptically, eyeing them as they walked through the halls and entered the office. Voldemort summoned more chairs for them and called Pipskey to bring them tea.

“So... it all began with a prophecy.”

They wove their story poetically and filled it with their tales. They tried to stay as chronological as possible, but it was hard at times. Tom and Riddle spoke about their love and adoration for him. Marvolo and Voldemort spoke of his proficiency in certain subjects and his personality.

By the end of it, Cup was looking baffled.

“I - I know it is true, but it is hard to believe you all,” Cup admitted.

“Marvolo had a hard time too. I know it's a lot to think about, but we really need to do one thing first: name you.” Harry said excitedly.

“Name me?” Cup furrowed his brows.

“I mean, unless you want us to call you ‘Cup’ or something like that. Tom, Marvolo, and Riddle are taken, as is Voldemort, so maybe we can look back in your family tree?”

“I am not choosing a muggle name.” Cup scrunched his nose like he just smelled something awful.

“Okay, let's look magical. Voldemort?” Tom looked at the man.

“I have a scroll in my desk; let me just - “ Voldemort shuffled around on his desk, pulling out drawers far longer than they should be that were stuffed with documents and other folders.

Harry had a bit of concern when he saw the Daily Prophet articles about him and his boyfriends, but he chose to ignore them.

“Ah, here.” Voldemort pulled out a long, stretching scroll.

Cup took it with grace and began to sift through the names. He would open his mouth, then close it and read more. Harry chose to lean on Riddle this time and lace his hands with Tom's. Cup looked at them warily.

“I think Ominis feels like a good name.” He finally decided.

“Excellent. Now, whenever you feel most comfortable, I was thinking we can get mani-pedis with Adeline?” Harry smiled at Ominis.

Ominis almost seemed to perk up. “That would be a good decision. One question: how does one... siphon?”

“I hover or touch his hand. I reach out with my magic and sort of pull at his. You’ll get it naturally; I am sure of it.” Marvolo gave Harry a look.

Harry took out his free hand and offered it to Ominis. Ominis hovered it over his own and closed his eyes, furrowing his brows. Harry felt the familiar draw, a little gentler than Marvolo’s but firmer than Riddle’s. Ominis looked at Harry after a bit of draining.

“How much can I take?” Ominis asked.

“I don’t really know, but do you feel fine?” Harry thought he did look more saturated.

“I do. I believe it is enough.” Ominis withdrew his hand.

“Should we go now or later?” Marvolo asked, seeming to beam with excitement.

“Now,” Voldemort decided.

And, to be fair, Harry would have said the same thing.

A few minutes later, they were ready to leave. Ominis still stood at the edge of the group, but Harry couldn’t fault him. At least he was less angry and aggressive than Marvolo. He wondered if the distance from retail had mellowed him out.

“Say, Ominis, how old are you?” Harry asked in a moment of silence.

Ominis took a second to respond. “I am twenty-one and a half.”

“What took so long to make the horcrux?” Marvolo asked.

“Mhh, I just kept putting it off. I was slowly becoming unhinged, and I wanted to retain my sanity for a bit longer. But I eventually thought I had found a ritual that would help me with my sanity, so and I made one. It seems although the ritual was not completely effective.” Ominis looked at Voldemort.

Voldemort rolled his eyes.

“Are we all ready to go?” Harry checked again.

Everyone nodded.

Voldemort held out a green and gold rope. They all took hold of it and looked at Voldemort expectantly.

“Mani-pedis,” Voldemort spoke clearly.

Harry’s stomach swirled as they landed. He leaned on the person closest to him, which ended up being Ominis by accident. The man froze and gently pushed him towards Tom. Harry thanked him for a second and hummed as Tom wrapped his arms around him.

“To Adelines!” Voldemort barely gave them more than a few extra seconds before marching into the street.

They scrambled to follow him down the road. They all caught up with Voldemort, and by that time, he was at the counter, talking with Adeline.

“These are my... sons.” Voldemort waved to them.

“Thomas,”

“Ridley.”

“Matthus.”

“... Osiris,” Ominis answered a little hesitantly.

The old woman nodded to him as she spoke, and whistled. From one of the back doors, two women and one man came out. They were young - hardly adults, if he had to guess. Adeline looked up at the five of them.

“These are some of my great-grandchildren. They will be working with us. Please sit down.”

Tom and Riddle practically dragged Harry to the seats in between them. Harry smiled, watching with interest as the nail technicians grabbed all of their supplies.

“The usual?” She looked at all of them.

“Yes.” They all agreed.

Harry relaxed in his chair as one of the women, Gentry, ran him some warm water and submerged his feet in it. She hopped up to his nails, cutting and pushing around his cuticle and filing down his nails into an oval shape. He heard Ominis ask for an almond shape, and he couldn't help but note it down.

Ominis already seemed different from the others, and he was sure the trend would continue. He hummed as he waited for his nails to dry. Gentry started to work on his toes. She filed down the callouses that had grown on his feet and slathered a scrub all over his legs, which made him feel so silky soft. She did the same to his toes as she did to; his nails, filing and cutting.

Tom and Riddle were the last to be done. All of them stayed for a while afterwards to make sure everything had dried. Harry was not alone in feeling refreshed, as all of them had soft, small smiles on their faces.

“Brilliant, as usual, Adeline.” Voldemort complimented her.

Her face grew grim. “I will say goodbye, Tom. My health is not what it used to be. I may not be around when you next visit.”

Voldemort froze. An overwhelming feeling of sadness filled Harry. Voldemort tilted his head. "If I were to give you something to alleviate your issues, would you take it?"

Adeline's eyes went wide. "Would it poison my soul?" She asked in a hushed voice.

"No, not at all. I would never do that."

"Then... I would agree to it. I want more time with my grandchildren, my Harley will be having my great-great-grandson son soon and I want to see that." Adeline shook her head.

"You will live to see that day. I will be back shortly with the needed tonic." Voldemort promised her.

Harry, still saddened, tried to change the conversation. "What's the name of the scrub you use?"

Adeline answered almost instantly. "It's a house-made brand. You may purchase it if you want."

Harry made pleading eyes at Voldemort. Voldemort rolled his eyes. "Six of them, if you have that many." He asked.

Adeline pulled out six large plastic jars of the pink scrub with green labels on the sides. Voldemort passed them out to everyone, leaving one for himself, and paid for everything. He left a hefty tip, and they left with Voldemort promising yet again that he would be back.

Harry's lips quirked at the interaction. So Voldemort could care about someone as simple as a nail technician who helped him when he was young. Perhaps there was more good in him than he had first thought.

He noticed how the others did not react as if it were anything out of the ordinary.

He smiled as he took Tom and Riddle's hands, swinging them as they walked through the district.

"Everyone ready?" Voldemort checked as they entered the alleyway.

A chorus of agreement rang out.

"Good."

They all portkeyed back to the manor, with Voldemort running off as soon as they landed. For a moment, they all just stood there silently. Harry hummed, trying to find out what to do.

"Ominis, how about you tell us what happened over the time between horcruxes while I make some food for us?" Harry asked politely.

Ominis looked at him hesitantly. "I... would agree to that. What type of food?"

“Hm, anything really. I normally bake chocolate croissants, or we can have an actual meal if you want to. Guys?” Harry surveyed the group.

“I want something with meat,” Tom said, winking.

“Hm, maybe some pastries?” Riddle pondered.

“Steak,” Marvolo said shortly.

“... do you know how to cook any type of Asian noodles?” Ominis asked.

Harry waved a hand, pffing. “I’ve cooked a few different types for Voldemort. He thinks they are good. Now, to the kitchen! I hope you four can entertain yourselves while I cook. With magic, it will be maybe an hour.”

They all trekked to the kitchen. Inside, Tiberius was sitting with the Carrow twins and Barty, sipping coffee. They looked up with confusion on their faces.

“Look what I brought back. Everyone, may I introduce you to Marvolo and Ominis!” Harry rolled his hands as he waved to the two as if showing off two gold statues.

“Hello, you two.” Tiberius nodded to them. The Carrows just stared.

“More? There are more? Are you dating them as well? Going to take the entire soul, are you?” Barty laughed as he spoke.

“I’m afraid not, Barty. I am a happy man with two wonderful boyfriends.” Harry placed a hand on his chest.

“Yet.” Barty merely raised his goblet of coffee.

Harry laughed, as did Tom and Riddle. The other two didn’t find it nearly as amusing as they did and sat with poker faces.

“Mind expanding the table? You all can get to know each other while I cook. Do we have any requests from you all?” Harry could predict Tiberius and Barty, but he really couldn’t predict the Carrow twins.

“Whatever is fine with me, as long as it is hearty,” Tiberius muttered into his drink.

“Ooh! I want your croissants!” Barty almost fell out of his chair.

“Mhh, we’ll just take salads, if you will.” The Carrows said in unison.

“Done, done, and done.” Harry mentally noted their orders. “So we have steak, croissants, noodles, and salad if that is okay with everyone?”

Everyone either nodded or said yes.

“Perfect, let me cook, and I’ll be done within the hour.” Harry clapped his hands together.

He worked as quickly as he could without compromising the cooking process. The salad he made while waiting for the steaks to heat up, the pastries as well, and the noodles were the difficult parts. The wok was just a little too big for him, and he may just ask to downsize. As he was cooking them, he started on some crab rangoons. If nothing else, Harry would happily eat them all.

“Boys!” Harry exclaimed as he untied his apron. “Food is ready! Hand and cups off the table; I’m trying to set it with wandless magic.”

“You know wandless magic?” One of the Carrow twins inquired.

“Yeah, Tom and Riddle mainly taught me, but Marvolo has helped as well.” Harry concentrated hard as he levitated the platters over to them.

All of the platters landed in the centre of the table. He placed the plates and silverware in front of each person with a flourish. He seated himself between Tom and Riddle, sighing in relief as they placed a hand on his thighs.

They were just about to eat when the door to the kitchen opened. Snake-faced Voldemort stood in the doorway. His glare landed on Harry, slightly softening.

“You still have training at the normal times, Potter.” Voldemort hissed.

Harry nodded. *“I forgot. Would you like to eat?”* He gestured to the set table.

Voldemort tilted his head. *“... I do not eat with my Death Eaters.”*

“Pity. I’ll make you some extra noodles and send them your way after everyone eats.” Harry offered.

“I will accept that. We can skip your occlumency, but your duelling is important. I need to know if you digressed over the school year. Be in the training room in an hour.” He ducked out of the room before Harry could respond.

Harry shrugged.

Dinner was a long affair, with Ominis talking mostly about his travels all over the world. Apparently, he had been created in the mountains of Maylasia after killing someone “insignificant”. The amount of dark magic that Ominis could learn in such a short time was astonishing.

Tiberius collected all the dishes and cast a spell to clean them before putting them away for Harry. Harry said his thanks and dismissed himself to the training room. To his mild surprise, the rest of the horcruxes joined him. Ominis took a special interest, standing in front of the group as they watched Voldemort set up some training dummies.

“Act as if one of these dummies were an opponent. In a few moments, it will spring to life and be able to cast any spell I have taught you thus far. Fight it like you would any duel with me. I expect you to at least be at standard, if not better.” Voldemort put his hands on Harry’s shoulders and positioned him ten paces away from the dummy.

“On the count of three.” Voldemort stepped back and erected a shield around the dummy and Harry.

“One,”

“Two,”

“Three.”

The dummy sprang to life and fired off a red curse. Harry barely jumped away in time, but the spark of adrenaline sent his instincts to the maximum. He waved his wand and sent three stunning spells in its direction. It dodged them all and spelled a full body-bind spell Harry’s way. Harry’s shield held firm, and he sent another stunner along with a hex.

His brain was working overtime to try to output his damndest fight ever. He needed to impress Voldemort with his progress and Ominis with his ability. The two exchanged spell after spell for minutes on end.

The dummy was fast and able to do wandless spells, as Harry found out after a powerful stinging hex hit him. But Harry was faster and sent spell after spell at the dummy. However, it just wouldn’t fall.

An idea brewed in Harry’s head. He sent a cutting spell to the side as a distraction and kicked a *divido* wandlessly. The dummy was hit by both and finally grew still. Still a little paranoid, Harry sent another cutting curse that severed its head completely.

“Well done.” Voldemort clapped his hands together three times.

“Thanks,” Harry panted.

Tom approached him and offered him some water, which Harry gladly took. The coolness calmed him, destroying the heat he had inside of him. Riddle passed him a towel as well.

“I copied one of my better middle-circle Death Eaters as a base. According to your results, you would have defeated them five times. Well done.” Voldemort smiled at him.

“Five, you mean to tell me this could have been over sooner?” Harry exclaimed, outraged.

“Well, yes. I wanted to see how long you would last. I did not expect you to last five times. I should have set it to stop at ten times. My expectations were more than met, and I will set this as the new standard.” Voldemort jotted down some notes on a piece of parchment.

“New standard.” Harry breathed.

Perhaps he shouldn’t have gone all out for the two of them.

“I... thought you would have done worse. You do not look all that impressive.” Ominis commented from the sidelines.

“Hey! I can be impressive!” Harry remarked.

“Mh, I have seen better.” Ominis dismissed him. “I have not tasted their cooking, so perhaps you have beaten them.”

There was still some hurt in Harry's heart, but it was mostly alleviated by the slight compliment. He puffed his chest out and took it in stride. If Ominis wasn't impressed, well, Harry would just have to do something impressive.

“Did you ‘kick’ a spell out?” Voldemort asked for clarification.

“Yeah, Marvolo said that you could use any part of your body for wandless magic. So I practised when I was locked up in the Order's headquarters. It has like a 50% chance of completely working for me for the dividing spell, so I was risking it.” Harry shrugged.

“I wonder if you could use your dick, then?” Tom pondered in a to-loud whisper.

All heads snapped towards Tom. He slapped a hand over his mouth and cringed.

“I'd cum out an expelliarmus, to be honest.” Harry made a jerking motion with his hand.

In an instant, laughter broke out in the room. Tom had fallen to his knees. Riddle had a hand on Tom's shoulder to stop him from toppling over. Marvolo covered his mouth. Ominis held his stomach. And Voldemort raked a hand through his hair.

Everyone was red.

Harry felt a spark within him. It was a special moment to see more than one of them laughing, but for all of them? Truly a moment to keep and relive in a pensive. He smiled wide and took in the feelings in the room.

The laughter died out a few minutes later. They were wheezing at the end of it. Eventually, they regained their composure with a ghost of a smile on their faces.

“Now,” Voldemort began, brandishing his wand. “You moved far too much to avoid spells. Move as little as possible. We start now!”

A stunner hit Harry and made him topple to the floor.

This would be a long, long training session.

Severus sighed as he entered the room for another Order meeting. He had a Death Eater meeting directly after it, and he was looking forward to neither.

He sulked in the corner as Albus, Alastor, Arthur, Minerva, Molly, and Remus entered. The Order had been reduced to its bare bones, and he wouldn't be surprised if they were all taken out in the same battle.

“Where did he go?” Molly asked sadly.

“Most likely to his boyfriends,” Remus answered her, sitting across from Arthur.

“That means he’s vulnerable to Voldemort,” Alastor commented. Severus flinched.

Remus sighed, rubbing his temples. “He said that they would protect him. They are You-Know-Who’s heirs, after all. I have no doubt he would kill Harry, but from the sound of it, he’d have to get through his heirs first.”

“The Imperius curse is fast and easy.” Arthur pointed out, folding his hands on the table.

“Assuming they can’t fight it.” Remus retorted.

Albus stood at the head of the table. He unfurled a long parchment that covered the entire table, some of it hanging off the edges. It was a map of Great Britain with multiple red Xs and a few green circles.

“There is one clan we have yet to ask, and from my sources, we have not contacted Voldemort either. The Were-Feline group in the mid-east has remained neutral. Remus, would you be able to contact them and ask for aid?” Dumbledore pointed to an area on the map near a forest.

Severus wanted to snort. Were-felines and werewolves were enemies due to multiple wars, but they were also completely different species. Albus would have had more luck trying to send Molly than Remus. On top of that, Albus was openly anti-creature. Although he would say he was “Anti-dark magic”, one could not separate the creature from the magic.

It was his grave to dig.

Remus hesitantly answered. “I would be able to do that if you could give me a rough area.”

There was a certain gleam in his eyes. A flash of yellow that told of a great idea. Severus just shrugged it off. Whatever was happening in that wolfy brain was none of his business and was probably another hair-brained scheme.

The rest of the meeting went as usual. Discussing Potter, the sparse allies they had managed to accrue, and the Dark’s takeover of Wizengamont.

Severus’s mark burned.

“I will be dismissing myself,” Severus announced at once.

No one looked his way as he apparated out of the room and to the outskirts of the Dark Lord’s manor.

The meeting room was slowly filling up; it was a first-class meeting of all the circles. An important meeting, Severus noted. He filed into his normal seat. Iginis was sitting not too far from him, making light conversation with Barty.

Draco was present at this meeting. Severus’s stomach twisted in fear. Would this be the day Draco was marked? Or was it merely an introduction to his future life? Whatever it was, it

was like a great weight was placed on him. He only hoped Draco was spared from a crucio this meeting.

Ignis was there, which was a good sign. The Dark Lord kept his wand sheathed when Ignis was there, unless it was a great offence. Though he would admit, it did pique his curiosity that Ignis was only now showing up; he had been gone two or three months shy of a year.

just at the correct time of the school year.

Perhaps he was a professor? Durmstang was still under the Dark Lord's control, with the newest Headmistress being a Death Eater. Or maybe Beauxbaton for some control there? There was the possibility that he was a private tutor as well.

So many options...

The Dark Lord started the meeting by casting a red light from his wand. He then turned his attention to Draco. His godson shivered under the Dark Lord's gaze.

"We have a new addition today." The Dark Lord's gravelly voice announced. "Draco Malfoy."

Draco didn't dare move.

"Moving on, today we will discuss our plans for the Quarterly Wizengamont meeting. This is the best time to implement the most radical bills. All Wizengamont members will be meeting with the inner circle together to go in-depth about every aspect of the bills. I expect all of you to be able to debate them, whether you support them or not."

His glare swept over the hall.

Throughout the discussion, Ignis started down Draco. Draco appeared aware of it but did not even look in his direction. It unnerved him to have Ignis look at him like that. He may be a good influence on the Dark Lord's temper, but that doesn't mean that he wasn't bad as well. Maybe he just hid it better.

No one was tortured during that meeting, a rarity. Severus was just glad to get back to his quarters and collapse in bed.

There was no winning with him, was there?

Chapter End Notes

Harry: Ooh, going to see if the horcrux woke up!

Ominis: (Violently choking him out)

Harry: He's kind of hot

Voldemort: (Hoarding articles about Harry and his boyfriends)

Harry: I'm going to pretend I didn't see that

Harry: I know you literally had your world flipped upside down, but do you want go get mani-pedis?

Ominis: Mani-pedis? My day is unruined!

Adeline: I may be dead next time you visit

Voldemort: (Distraught) What if I could prevent you from dying right now? I need my nail technician who helped me as a child and watched me grow into the man I am today

Barty: Haha, what are you going to do, Harry? Love the whole soul?

Harry: No, no, what I have now is fine

Everyone else: (Doubt)

Harry, after defeating a hard opponent-dummy five times: You mean what? I defeated them that many times?

Ominis: I am surprised you even lasted once

Harry: (Offended)

Tom: (Dirty thought)

Harry: (Dirty joke)

Everyone: (Dying from laughter)

Severus: Remus looks like he has an idea, I am going to ignore this piece of information

Ignis: (Staring at Draco)

Severus: Be brave, Draco

Draco: (Frozen in terror)

I did it! I published the Auror Harry/Rising Voldemort work! Please, I do not like to ask, but could you check it out? I feel happy about this and I want it to be appreciated. It is

linked below! <3

[Two Leaps Back](#)

Dark Magic

Chapter Summary

Shopping trip! Harry tries out more dark magic. Marvolo tries out making a cake.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry was making croissants with Marvolo when Ominis walked into the kitchen. Ominis approached them warily, like either one of them would jump out and attack him at a moment's notice.

“Do you know where I can get a wand?” Ominis asked them.

“Oh!” It had slipped Harry's mind. “Voldemort has some, Marvolo I think stole it from the Chamber of Secrets. What did you want to do?”

Ominis shuffled, “I would like to expand the Family Wing to accommodate a room.”

“Oh!” Harry slapped his forehead. “Rooms! Marvolo, I blame you for not reminding me. Let's find Ye Olde Dark Lord and see if he can't do some powerful magic and get you guys some rooms!”

Harry paused. “I wonder if Tom and Riddle would like their own rooms? Marvolo, could you grab them while me and Ominis find Voldemort?”

Marvolo nodded. “I needed to have a word with them anyway.”

Harry raised an eyebrow but said nothing.

Together, Harry and Ominis trekked through the halls to find Voldemort. They ended up finding him in the library, reading a book and taking notes.

“Voldemort,” Harry called his attention. “You know, you're such a *powerful* wizard.”

“What do you want?” Voldemort rolled his eyes.

“We want you to magically expand the family wing to make some rooms for all your horcruxes. They don't want to stay in their containers forever.” Harry made an expanding movement with his hands. “Oh, and Ominis needs a wand.”

Voldemort hummed. “I could expand today; I only have a few contracts to review. For the wand, I have a few options.”

He gathered his materials and beckoned them to follow him. Voldemort led them through the hall and into his bedroom. There, he shuffled through a black wooden drawer until he pulled out a handful of wands.

“These wands are some I have taken over the years. Some fit better than others. Potter, here is yours; I had you train with me previously. If you practise the dark arts, I want you to use this. It doesn’t have the trace on it.”

Voldemort handed him a dark wand, the wood rough under his hand. Like it had been used hardly at all.

“You, pick one.” He offered them to Ominis, “You should know enough wandlore to know which one you prefer.”

“Of course I do,” Ominis replied, indignant

He scanned through the wands and picked out one that was dark with a reddish hue. He gave it a flick, and weak sparks left the end. A frown crossed his face, and he flicked it again. Stronger sparks were outputted.

“This is... acceptable.” Ominis swished the wand around.

“Now, let’s expand!” Harry exclaimed.

“Potter,” Voldemort regarded him, “I would like you to help fuel it. This is powerful magic, and I do not want to be left depleted.”

“Sure!” Harry was secretly excited to try more magic.

Tom, Riddle, and Marvolo were fine, but they often avoided stress-testing him. Voldemort almost exclusively stress-tested him. It was a good mix that Harry found himself looking forward to.

“First,” Voldemort began. “I will cast the spell. When you start to see it expand, I want you to say, ‘Auxilio’ - it means ‘to help’. You will feel a drain on your magic, and I want you to keep it in a steady flow. We should have done more practise channelling your magic; however, I believe you can achieve it.”

Harry was giddy on the inside. Voldemort believed in him. They exited his room and appeared just outside of Harry’s room.

Voldemort spoke a long string of words, and a yellow light hit the wall. Harry tried to follow along, but failed. When he saw the wall expanding, he raised his wand.

“Auxilio,” Harry said clearly.

There was a thin white string that extended from his wand to the yellow light of Voldemort’s spell. There was a jolt from his core, a draining sensation that felt like Marvolo was taking from him.

“We heard we were making rooms!” Tom exclaimed as he discovered them. His face was a bit off, though.

“We are!” Harry replied, trying to focus on his magic. He forced a little more magic into the spell.

“I want the wallpaper to be sparkly.” Excitement dripped from Riddle’s voice. Riddle also seemed a bit off-put. Maybe Marvolo’s conversation sat oddly with them.

“You can alter it once the rooms are constructed.” Voldemort flicked his wand, and another door appeared.

“How many are you making?” Marvolo asked, inspecting the new addition. Harry nearly laughed as he saw him sliding away as the hallway expanded.

“Five,” Voldemort answered. “Unless you want more than one room each?”

“Five?” Ominis questioned.

“I have another horcrux, and I am almost sure *this one* will bleed on it once he discovers it,” Voldemort commented with a scoff.

“I want a ritual room,” Marvolo demanded.

“What about a potion’s lab? Just for us.” Tom hummed, tapping his chin.

Voldemort nodded. Harry forced more magic into the spell. He redirected his wand near the end to the other side of Harry’s room, and two more doors appeared. The spell broke.

Harry sagged. It took more out of him than he thought. But he was still able to stand, which was more than what happened after some of Voldemort’s training sessions.

“All of the rooms are the same size as the previous one.” Voldemort pointed to Harry’s room. “Decide your order.”

“Youngest to oldest, with the extra at the end next to Voldemort’s room?” Ominis offered.

“That sounds good to me.” Riddle shrugged.

The rest of them nodded.

“We can shop for furniture tomorrow. I will be resting or in my office for today.” Voldemort lowered his wand. “Decorate the walls as you wish.”

Tom and Riddle dashed to their respective rooms, wands brandished. Marvolo and Ominis took a more reserved approach with a mild walk. Still, Harry could feel their excitement.

Harry’s was much the same when he got his own room for the first time.

He left them to their own devices and walked into their - his room. Harry still hoped that they wanted to sleep with him. Maybe they could rotate rooms?

With those thoughts in his mind, he curled up in bed for another nap. It was cold without his boyfriends there, but he reminded himself it was just for a little bit. That they'd still be there, near him, when he woke up.

Furniture shopping was an ordeal.

It was chaos trying to gather everyone up. Tom was trying to coax Emerald out from under Harry's bed. Riddle was trying to hex his wall into keeping his glitter on it and not flaking off. Marvolo was working on a ritual. And Ominis was interrogating the Death Eaters about the current state of the world.

All in all, it took some time to get everyone in one room.

With crossed arms all around, a human-looking Voldemort passed around bags with their respective initials on them. Harry was a little surprised that he received a bag as well. More small, shrunken-down trunks were passed out as well.

"Inside these bags are the equivalent of 5,000 galleons. I expect you to be resourceful enough to buy whatever you need. If not, learn to alchemically transfigure it." Voldemort instructed.

They all made a noise of agreement.

Voldemort pulled out a beige rope and passed it around. "Everyone touching the rope? Okay, *ambition*."

The awful pull on his navel sent him spiralling.

They landed in an offshoot area next to a swarm of people. Voldemort surveyed them and made sure that everyone was safe and sound.

"You'll find a lot of specialty shops. Go and wander; I will be shopping around. Meet here in three hours." Voldemort stared at each of them.

Everyone nodded.

"Off, your time starts now."

Tom and Riddle took his hands and dragged him to the store with a bed on the sign. They entered and were met with rows upon rows of beds.

"What shape are we thinking?" Tom asked. "Because we're obviously going to share at one point or another."

"Circular!" Riddle answered.

“I’m feeling the usual rectangle.” Harry shrugged.

“I’m feeling square.” Tom made the shape with his hands. “Let’s test mattresses first!”

There they went to an array of mattresses on different bed frames. Harry didn’t have time to inspect one before Riddle threw him onto it. He squeaked as Tom jumped onto him, and Riddle joined their pile not a second later.

Together, they tested out the different mattresses and noted which bedframes they liked. They critiqued each other’s choices along the way.

“No, I don’t like this at all. It’s too fluffy.” Riddle complained as he lay down in a bed that Harry and Tom liked.

“Fine.” Tom rolled his eyes. “I’ll get one a bit firmer.”

“What if we got one of those split ones?” Harry offered. “Like one side that’s soft and one side that’s firm?”

“Then you’re stuck with both.” Tom pointed out, frowning.

“How bad could it be?”

It was bad.

Tom settled on a mattress with the same material as the soft one, only denser. Riddle’s was firmer, but with a nice bit of squish. Harry went with the fluffiest, squishiest mattress that they all approved of.

“I like the four posters!” Tom inspected the grain on the frame.

“Platform is obviously the correct choice.” Riddle called out from a few beds down.

“Canopy!” Harry hummed.

Tom and Riddle chose matching dark cherry wood, while Harry went with walnut wood. Their purchases were shrunk down and placed into bags, which they placed into their trunks.

“Sheets!” Riddle dragged them to the next store over.

They tore through the store to look for the perfect sheets. Colours were easy; it was the prints that were hard to find.

“Ridley, I think you’d like this!” Tom mocked him as he held up a hot pink duvet with hearts all over it.

“Who blushes like a schoolgirl more?” Riddle snarked back.

“Right, right, Harry?”

Harry shoved Tom into a pile of animal-printed blankets.

In the end, they were all happy with their choices. Tom had a leaf-green duvet with white snakes slithering over the fabric, while Riddle had dark grey sheets with embroidered sea-green snakes along the edges. Harry's was maroon with a giant gold basilisk on the front.

Dresser shopping went fast, with each choosing a three-drawer dresser with different mirrors on the top. Desks were a slower choice, with so many different drawer options and shapes. Tom and Harry chose matching rectangle desks with drawers on either side. Riddle's was the same, but underneath the top was a second, smaller desktop that could be pulled out. They matched the wood with their bed frames.

"What else?" Tom asked in excitement.

"Chairs, pillows, anything else we want for our walls, any extra furniture... shit," Harry laughed. "We never really bought you clothes to put in your dresser, did we?"

They froze, a bit embarrassed that they hadn't thought of that before.

"But that only means we have another shopping trip!" Riddle exclaimed brightly.

"Yay!" They shouted.

Harry and Riddle went for swivel chairs that could lean back, while Tom went with a rolling chair (all dark leather). Pillows would have ended with them almost getting kicked out of the store if Marvolo hadn't found them and stopped them from causing a pillow fight. After the run-in, Marvolo kept an eye on them as they chose pillows.

They all decided that they could just bring their own pillows when they slept over. Tom's was soft, with light grey cases. Riddle's was firm, with black cases. Harry's were fluffy, golden cases.

Decoration shopping went just as chaotic. Tom swept up anything green with animals on it. Riddle went for anything that shone or sparkled. Harry was rather lost, not sure what he wanted, but he went for some tapestries depicting different battles in history and quidditch posters.

They were the last to make it to the checkpoint.

"Almost late," Voldemort remarked.

"Ah, almost." Harry pointed out.

"Just put your hands on the rope."

Everyone made a mad dash to their room to redecorate once they arrived back.

Once everything was done, everything was hanged and positioned, and the fabric on his canopy was tied down, Harry finally found himself relaxing. He jumped into his bed and closed his eyes.

When Harry awoke, he would find his boyfriends curled up around him.

Voldemort was conflicted.

Potter was doing well - far better than he would have thought. His horcruxes were training him well; even Marvolo was helping him advance.

Which led him to his predicament; what else should he try?

He could tell Potter didn't know just how far he had advanced into dark magic. It astonished him how he was still staying relatively safe and bright despite everything he'd practised. The next step would be magic, which Potter knew to be specifically dark.

Opportunity always strikes at the right moment.

"My child!" Their snake, Onyx, screamed as she and Emerald flew into the private dining room.

"What?" They all inquired.

"He's not moving!" She wailed.

Everyone dropped their forks and knives and rushed to follow the two. They ended up in Tom's room, where the tank was in the corner on a stand.

Floating at the top of the tank was a yellow sea horse.

"Fix him!" Onyx cried out, spasming.

"Onyx..." Tom trailed off, scooping her up and holding her in his arms.

"Fix him!" She demanded.

The three boys sighed. They slowly patted Onyx while trying to help her get over her shock. Voldemort's brow creased. Perhaps this could be a way to introduce the dark arts to Potter.

"We could turn it into an inferi." Voldemort offered a solution.

"We could?" Harry pondered.

"We could. Specifically, you could." Voldemort pointed to Potter.

"I don't - "

Harry looked back at Onyx, who was still spasming and twisting in ways that should have been painful. He looked back at Voldemort, head held high.

"I'll do it." He announced.

"Good, good. Get a bowl of water and put the seahorse in it. Then follow me to the ritual room." Voldemort instructed.

Riddle was the one to grab a bowl from one of the drawers in the stand and scooped up some water with the seahorse inside. Everyone followed Voldemort to the ritual room and sat crisscrossed around the edges of the room.

Voldemort helped Harry draw out each rune and circle for the ritual. There were times when he had to slow down because of his pace. Voldemort had done the ritual so many times that it was second nature to him.

“Now, I want you to chant these words.” Voldemort passed him a sheet.

“And Topaz will be... alive enough again?” Harry glanced back at Onyx, who was mostly limp in Tom’s arms. Emerald crawled into Marvolo’s lap, watching as well.

“He will be alive again. You are resurrecting an animal, so the soul will come back mostly intact. Humans and creatures never come back the same. There is something different about them, a light you cannot bring back.” Voldemort explained as he finished the last rune.

“Okay, okay. I say the words.” Potter hyped himself up.

“Place your hands on the circle first.” Voldemort moved Potter’s soft hands into the circle.

The words flew easily out of Potter’s mouth. He closed his eyes, and Voldemort could feel the magic being outputted. It was strong and vibrant, but it seemed to stop before Voldemort thought it should. When he looked around the room, he could see the others following the same train of thought.

He knew that Potter supported the horcruxes with his magic, but did they take that much? The magic streghthener should have helped more.

The seahorse twitched. Then it fluttered. It began to sink in the bowl, and its small fins pushed it around.

“It worked!” Harry exclaimed.

“... and on your first try. Well done.” Ominis complimented.

“We can try going bigger; those are harder to do.” Voldemort gently ruffled Potter’s hair.

“Yeah! Harry smiled brightly.

“My child!” The snake finally wiggled out of Tom’s grasp and darted for the bowl. Water splashed on the floor when she slithered inside.

A small smile lit everyone’s face.

“My child smells odd, but he is still here.” Onyx snuggled into the seahorse.

“I’m glad that’s over. It was a lot easier than I thought.” Potter shrugged.

Voldemort smirked. “You really do not know how much dark magic you have indulged in, do you?”

Harry shook his head.

“By the middle of this summer, I would not be surprised if you could cast an Unforgivable without any negative effects.” Voldemort patted his shoulder.

Potter froze.

“Of course, you do not have to cast any Unforgivables. It is just a point of reference.” Voldemort reassured him.

“I - “ Potter swallowed hard. “Would not be against it.”

A smile stretched across Voldemort’s face. “Excellent. We can test which one you are more attuned to tomorrow. You have used a lot of magic today; you need to rest.”

Although Voldemort knew that was practically an invitation for Potter to start defiling his horcruxes, he also knew that Potter needed rest. Raising inferi for the first time was a powerful experience, and he could barely remember his first time raising his. But he could remember the power he felt.

“I will. Tom, Riddle?” Potter turned to the two.

The two nodded.

Potter was shaky getting to his legs. Tom scooped up the bowl with the serpent and seahorse. They escorted him out, with Riddle holding him tight by the waist.

Voldemort rose and began to clean the ritual area. The other two stared at him.

“So what is it like to have a big following?” Ominis inquired, crossing his arms.

Voldemort hummed. “It is some stress; many idiots cause trouble. But it is rewarding to see your efforts having real-world effects.”

“How is the planning?” Marvolo asked next.

“About the same. I delegate some of my tasks. I will always have the final say. Much of my day is spent working with or talking to different leaders.” He shook his head. “Of course everyone wants to meet with Ignis; as such, I will schedule another ball.”

“Ignis?” Ominis questioned.

“That is Potter’s persona. Prince Aquillian of the United Fae Alliance, Dimitry, monarch of the Northern Vampire coven, and Wulstride, the president of the non-wolf Were-packs of the the British Isles adore him. Unfortunately, Potter did not know what the word ‘consort’ meant and answered to the title, so he is considered my consort.”

The two snickered.

“He is technically dating the majority of your soul.” Ominis pointed out.

“Do not remind me.” Voldemort rolled his eyes. He decided to switch subjects. “Would you two want to shadow me in my duties? If anyone sees you that is not those three allies or my inner circle, you will tell them you are my sons.”

“I would... accept that,” Ominis answered.

“That sounds doable.” Marvolo nodded.

“Good, good. We can start now; I need to sort through and answer my owls for today and send out letters asking for a meeting time for the ball.” Voldemort said as he cleaned up the last of the ritual.

The two nodded.

Harry readied his wand. Voldemort stood next to him, adjusting his grip. There were three dummies in front of them, each with a floating 0 above their heads.

“These spells are in the same class as Unforgivable, which you are using.” Voldemort, finally content with Harry’s grip, lowered his hands.

“Got it.”

“Now, for the first one, this one mirrors the Imperius curse. Rectio.” Voldemort instructed him.

Harry stared down at the dummy.

“Rectio.” He repeated.

The yellow spell hit the dummy in the chest. It wiggled a bit, and the number 60 appeared above its head.

“Good, good. Now, Morsus, this mirrors the Crucitas curse.”

Harry again stared down the dummy. It wasn’t real, Harry reminded himself.

“Morsus,”

The red spell made the dummy spasm for a few seconds. The number 85 appeared above its head.

“A bit higher than I would have expected, but not bad. Next, Mortalitas, it mirrors the Killing curse.” Voldemort gave him a reassuring pat on the back.

Harry's breath hitched. These weren't real things; they were fake. They couldn't feel, think, or breathe.

"Mortalitas," Harry glared at the dummy.

Besides a small twitch, the dummy was still. The number 20 rose above its head.

Voldemort sighed. "So, the Cruciatus curse will be easiest for you. The Imperius next, then the Killing Curse."

"Okay." Harry's throat was dry.

But underneath his veins, his magic throbbed.

If this was just a hint of what the Unforgiveables brought people, he could understand why people could become addicted to them.

"We can start with dummies, and if you can't succeed with them, we can bring in people you dislike." Voldemort flicked his wand again, and the numbers above the dummies disappeared.

"Okay," Harry said quietly.

Voldemort paused. He flicked his wand again, and the dummies disappeared.

"Perhaps this is a venture for another day. We need to plan for the ball." Voldemort squeezed his shoulder.

"A ball?" Harry's demeanour changed, his eyes twinkling with excitement.

"A ball," Voldemort confirmed. "Most of the people owling me for treaties are dying to meet Ignis."

"Wow, that must be a lot of people..." Harry's teeth dug into his bottom lip.

Voldemort ruffled his hair. "Do not stress. They want *you*. Not some intelligent political leader nor a stuck-up pureblood. Potter, just be yourself."

"Harry," Harry said. "You can call me Harry, you know."

Voldemort blinked.

"I mean, I'm your fake consort, I'm dating 75% of your soul, you're teaching me the Unforgivables... I think we've earned a first-name basis." Harry smiled up at Voldemort.

Voldemort stared at him. "I think... that would be acceptable."

"Great. Now, ball planning! I was thinking of a masquerade. No Death Eater masks, though." Harry spread his hands out in an arc.

"That means we should make you a new mask." Voldemort hummed in thought.

“I’ll ask Riddle; he’s a little more crafty.” Harry paused. “I wonder if Marvolo would be as well? He needs a hobby besides rituals.”

Voldemort shook his head with a smile on his face.

_____ “Marrrrrrrvolo?” Harry drawled as he entered the kitchen.

“What?” Marvolo asked as he stopped kneading the dough.

“Have you ever tried to make a cake? Specifically, decorate one?” Harry waltzed into the kitchen.

“No.”

“Do you want to try?” Harry tried his best begging face.

Marvolo hummed. “Perhaps.”

“Yay! I’ll start on the batter.” Harry began to rummage around in the pantry.

“What do I do?” Marvolo sighed and placed his batter to the side.

“Work on the icing. Well, let’s make icing together, then you can section it and colour it whatever you want.” Harry’s arms were full of ingredients that he splayed onto the counter.

They worked like clockwork. Harry would measure out the ingredients, and Marvolo would mix them. His rolled-up sleeves revealed flexed forearms every time he stirred the batter. As they set it to the side, they worked on the icing. Vanilla buttercream.

“You got a little - “

Harry reached his hand up to Marvolo’s cheek and wiped off a stray fleck of white icing with his thumb. Harry licked the sweet off his thumb and smiled. Marvolo’s eyes went dark.

“It’s perfect!” Harry concluded.

“Uh, yes.” Marvolo stuttered, looking away from him.

“I’ll pour out the batter, and you colour it to your heart’s content. I have all-natural dyes here.” Harry waved at the bowls of liquid and dried colourants.

Marvolo hauled the giant bowl of icing out and began to section it out into tiny bowls. Meanwhile, Harry made sure the cake didn’t burn.

The cake was placed on a silver platter. Marvolo led the icing journey with a few pointers from Harry. Unsurprisingly, his icing was a mix of greens. The tip of Marvolo’s tongue poked out of his mouth while he was working, which Harry found adorable.

Harry transfigured some piping tools for the icing, and Marvolo continued on with his work.

At the end, there was a gradient from dark to light on the cake, with a little snake on top, scales and all. Its scales were a bit uneven but were otherwise well put together.

“I think it's lovely.” Harry smiled down at the cake.

“It could be better.” Marvolo crossed his arms.

“Well, you could try another cake? Tom is wanting to take pictures of me with Emerald and Onyx for his scrapbook, and Riddle wants to help me with my mask for the masquerade. Do you think you can make a cake on your own if I give you a recipe?” Harry licked the icing off of his fingers.

“I will make a cake if I have a recipe. Would you like a piece of this one before you go?” Marvolo was already shuffling around dishware as he spoke.

The cake was delicious, if a bit thick on the icing. But the icing was Harry's favourite part, so he wasn't annoyed at it. Marvolo wolfed it down with as much grace as possible.

“I'll be back later, okay?” Harry said as he washed his plate.

Marvolo waved him off as he left the room.

Hours later, Harry would come back to the kitchen to find eight cakes with increasing levels of skillful cake decorating. He would also find Tiberius, Barty, and the Carrow twins looking stuffed with satisfied looks on their faces.

Chapter End Notes

Ominis: You know, I would really like a room

Harry: Marvolo, where the fuck have you been sleeping?

Marvolo: No comment.

Tom: (Is off-put)

Riddle: (Is off-put)

Harry: Hm, better not investigate this. I am sure this will not come up again.

Harry, Tom, Riddle: (Arguing over beds)

Harry, Tom, Riddle: (Arguing over sheets)

Harry, Tom, Riddle: (Fighting over pillows)

Marvolo: As a past retail-worker, this fills me with rage

Onyx: My child is dead!
Voldemort: Potter can make him alive again.
Harry: I can?
Voldemort: Yes, an inferi
Harry: (Hesitant)
Onyx: (Crying)
Harry: Fine, you win

Ominis: How is it, having a big following
Marvolo: Yes, how is it?
Voldemort: Terrible. Want to watch?
Ominis and Marvolo: Sure!

Voldemort: Okay, here is some stuff to mirror the Unforgivables
Harry: (Is mildly successful)
Voldemort: Great, Potter!
Harry, a little shaken: Call me Harry, weirdo. I am literally a huge part of your life and I wank off your soul
Voldemort: Okay, what about a ball
Harry, who loves balls ((); A BALL!

Harry: The perfect hobby for Marvolo is obviously cake-making. Totally not because I want a buddy in the kitchen
Marvolo: (Gets icing on his face)
Harry: (Uses his thumb to lick it off)
Marvolo: Wow, am I attracted to this!

Wow, thank you for the reception on my newest fic! You have surpassed all four of my (our) one-shots in just a week. Wow. I am not certain when the next update will come, but I hope you enjoy that as well. Also, last week I had 300,000 total hits on my account. Just wow. Thank you all for your support! Also, I think I will introduce a new thing: Comment of the week. Because I find some of your comments very funny and I want to share them!

From A_M_N_D:
"Except Marvolo would accidentally choke him too much, regardless of how much Harry might enjoy that."

And just because your comment did not make it does not mean I did not like your comment! <3

A Ball and A Bump in the Road

Chapter Summary

A ball finally takes place! And there is a slight flaw in the moment.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry levitated chiffon curtains around the windows. He flicked them into place and placed a sticking charm on them. He stood back and shook his head. Something was missing.

“Splendeo.” Came from behind him.

The chiffon curtains changed to have a slight sparkle, more of a shine, to them. Harry nodded, content. Riddle hugged him from behind.

“It is looking well.” Riddle commented.

The inner circle, minus Snape, his boyfriends, Marvolo, and Ominis, looked at what he was doing and copied it. Harry smirked as he saw the Death Eaters follow his lead.

“Dark Lord,” Harry called out.

“Yes?” Voldemort answered from his spot at the head of the room.

“Which flowers should go around these windows?” Harry turned around and gestured to one of them.

“Flowers? I will not have *flowers* in my hall.” Voldemort crossed his arms.

“Come on! It is one night!” Harry complained.

“No.”

“Could I at least place some vines? Pointy vines.”

“... I would allow vines.” Voldemort finally relented.

“Yeah! Let’s make them thorny with some pointy leaves.” Harry proclaimed as he started the spell.

All the Death Eaters looked at him, utterly shocked. They eventually snapped out of it and started to copy Harry’s vine work. He and Voldemort bickered every now and then about

certain details, but they eventually found compromises. Harry nodded his head in approval after everything was done.

“I think everything is good to go.” Harry stood beside Voldemort at the head of the hall.

Voldemort nodded along. “Death Eaters, depart.”

The Death Eaters filed out, returning to their rooms. After they left, Voldemort withdrew his wand and finished some fine details. Then he sent a charm to the floor that made it shine under the candlelight.

Voldemort paused and cleared his throat. “Horcruxes.”

They turned to face him.

“I have received a few letters about certain allies wanting to meet my ‘family’.” Voldemort sneered at the word. “As such, you all will be going to the ball under the guise of being my sons. Rumours have started that ‘Ignis’ is your biological father, with me as your blood-adopted father.”

“The story will be that your mother died sixteen years ago from dragon pox, and you grew up in the Wicklow Mountains in Ireland. You were homeschooled. Keep details vague.” Voldemort instructed.

Tom and Riddle started to howl with laughter. Even Marvolo snickered.

“They think you - you and Harry’s persona have *kids* together,” Tom stressed hysterically.

“They think Harry’s persona is our biological father!” Riddle chuckled.

“It is sort of funny.” Harry grinned.

Voldemort sighed. “From their perspective, it is reasonable. Ignis shows up, you show up, you are my sons... Nevertheless, do not promise or sign anything.”

“What do you take us for, idiots?” Marvolo tched.

“I take you for children who think they have little consequence for their actions.” Voldemort stared at Tom and Riddle as he spoke.

“Fair,” Ominis commented.

“Now, I will have Narcissa instruct you on the new waltz that will be happening. P - Harry, I expect you to learn it as well. You will dance with me after you perfect it with one of them.” Voldemort gestured to Tom and Riddle.

Harry beamed.

Harry's wand was at the ready.

"Now, watch my movements carefully." Voldemort waved and twisted his wand in exaggerated motions.

"Like this?"

Harry copied him the best that he could. Voldemort shook his head and had him practise again. And again. And again. Harry was sure it would be ingrained in his memory by the time they were done.

"Acceptable. Now, announce it clearly. Crucio."

The dummy contorted into different shapes as the red beam struck it, and the number 100 appeared above it. Voldemort held it for a few seconds before stopping it.

"Summon all of your hatred. It does not need to be just for one person. It can be for anyone, or it could be for an abstract concept. Hating the idea of life or hating cream cheese can be enough to fuel it if you concentrate enough." Voldemort held a smirk on his face.

"There is nothing wrong with cream cheese." Harry smiled back. "But I get it. Less about hating the person you're casting it on and more about hatred in general?"

Voldemort nodded. "Hating the person you are casting the spell on does enhance the effects. Since we are working on a dummy, it is important to know how to harness your anger first."

"Got it." Harry got it.

Harry breathed in deeply. He focused on all his anger. His anger at how his life was twisted. On how he loathed Umbridge. And how irritating it was to see how he was treated by everyone else.

"Crucio," Harry said clearly.

There was a little shake from the dummy as the red light collided with it. The number above the dummy was 42. Harry frowned. He thought he would do better.

"Hm." Voldemort hummed. "You can cast a patronus, correct?"

"Yeah," Harry answered.

"Okay, think of your thought process for the patronus and reverse it," Voldemort explained.

Harry closed his eyes. So the idea of it was the answer. It didn't need to be real. He thought about what would make him angry. He remembered how Dumbledore's actions caused him pain. Thought about how those effects ruined him for years. How his inaction hurt him.

"Crucio," Harry repeated.

The dummy spasmed again, and the number 75 rose above its head.

“Good, but perhaps we can do better? Think long and hard. You can take your time.”
Voldemort reached over and patted him on the back.

He sighed, closing his eyes again. What made him the happiest? *His boyfriends*, came to mind first. Losing them would be devastating to him. It would completely rip him apart. And who would take them away from him? Dumbledore.

The idea of Dumbledore taking away his boyfriends entered his mind.

“Crucio.” He struck the dummy.

There was a large spasm, and, finally, the number 100 appeared above the dummy’s head. A rush of magic overtook him. It pulsed with life and power. It was rich and dark, like chocolate; he could almost taste the sweetness on his tongue.

“Excellent. How do you feel?” Voldemort inquired, staring at him in the eyes.

“Powerful.” _____

Harry watched as Narcissa stood in front of him. He must say, she did look rather stern but soft at the same time. She raised her wand, and chalk began to be drawn on the chalkboard.

“This waltz is simple. The hard part is where we channel our magic. The group waltz, called the Final Waltz because it is to be played as the last waltz, is a display of power. Both political and magical.”

“The most important people will stand in the middle. With every rotation of the waltz, raw magic will be forced into your steps, and you will ascend one step. This will continue until the song is over.” Narcissa drew a spiral on the board as she spoke.

“Sounds fun.” Harry swivelled in his swivel chair he had dragged into the ballroom.

“Who would like to start?” Narcissa stared at the three of them.

Tom and Riddle played a quick game of rock-paper-scissors.

“I’ll go first.” Tom declared after winning.

Harry and Tom stood in the middle of the room. Tom’s hands were snugly around Harry’s waist, with Harry’s on Tom’s shoulders. Narcissa waved her wand, and a semi-transparent spiral staircase appeared around them.

“These stairs will assist you with visualising the process of the steps. You will work in a spiral. Now, let’s start with a normal waltz. After that, I want you to push your magic downward until you lift. This can be draining your first couple of times.” Narcissa warned.

Harry and his boyfriends shared a look.

“You guys should take all you need until a day or two before the ball.” Harry ducked his head.

“For once, I agree. It would be embarrassing to fall during this waltz.” Tom’s cheeks tinted pink at the idea of that level of shame.

“*Father* Voldemort might disown us on the spot.” Riddle laughed.

Harry and Tom snickered.

“Focus.” Narcissa caught their attention.

Harry and Tom followed their steps accordingly. Narcissa coached them through channelling their magic. Their first step up was a bit wobbly, but they managed. Tom and he swept into the air and accended another step.

“You know, for once, I wish I had a nice and big swooshing dress to spin around in,” Harry commented when Tom twirled him.

“Nothing is stopping you.” Riddle called from below.

“My dignity is.” Harry scoffed.

“You could just get a robe that flows like that.” Tom pointed out, taking another step up.

Harry smiled. “I’ll have to ask Voldemort if I can buy or transfigure one.”

Narcissa had them come down after the fifth step. Harry was a bit tired as he landed, and Tom looked a bit desaturated. She looked at them, a bit apprehensive, but spoke.

“You are attending the ball?” She inquired.

Shit, she didn’t know that he was Ignis.

“That is the plan. But if Voldemort damages Harry or if we drain Harry too much, he will not attend.” Riddle easily lied.

“I hope you will be able to attend. This waltz is amazing to watch and participate in once hundreds of people are involved.” Narcissa smiled fondly.

Harry switched to Riddle, and they managed to get seven steps up. But Harry sagged with exhaustion by the end of it, leaning on Riddle for support. Narcissa dismissed them and told them she would practise with them all week.

The three ran off to Tom’s room, where they curled up together and napped.

In front of him, Riddle gently sprinkled glitter over a masquerade mask. He held it up to Harry, waiting for a response.

The mask itself was a half-mask, even more grand than his original one. The swirls that jutted out from the sides of the mask were gold. What covered the interior was iridescent glitter that

shone like a rainbow when the light hit it right

Harry thought it was downright beautiful.

Riddle slid it over his head and adjusted it on Harry's face. After it was perfectly settled, Riddle put on his mask. It was all silver glitter with black on the edges. Harry smiled at him.

"Remember, no touching today. We don't want to be a weird incest family." Tom called out from the corner of the room while he worked on his hair.

"Really? I think the purebloods would approve." Harry commented.

Tom and Riddle snorted.

The two of them were in nicely fitting black robes and silver vests. Tom wore a forest-green button-up with dark brown slacks and shoes. Riddle's shirt was black, his slacks were a dark green, and his shoes were black. Their masks were fanciful and swirly like Harry's, both dark green, but Riddle's was sparkly.

"You both look spiffing." Harry straightened Riddle's tie.

"I wonder what the others look like? We ordered these separately." Tom twirled as he watched himself in the mirror.

They exited the room and awaited the others. Snake-faced Voldemort was the first to arrive, in simple dark green robes without a mask.

"Didn't want to join in the fun?" Riddle mocked.

"Shut it." Voldemort glared, though there was no anger behind his gaze. He stepped over to Harry. "I will enchant your mask. Your voice should stay concealed as long as you wear it. After the ball, I will also do it to your normal mask."

Ominis sauntered in. He was all black with a dark green sash around his waist. His mask, which covered most of his face, was black as well and shiny, like it was made of satin. Marvolo had more variety, with a robe that was a black-to-green gradient and a silver vest, the rest black. His spiky mask was silver with dark green around the edges.

"You both look well." Harry complimented them.

"I know," Marvolo replied.

"Yes." Ominis nodded.

"We'll arrive early. You may have ten minutes to eat or talk to whoever you want, and then you will return to the head of the hall, where the allies who wish to meet you will be. Charm them. And Harry, just do what you did with Aquillian. He will be here as well; however, do not only talk to him." Voldemort waved him off.

~

“Got it.” Harry nodded.

They descended onto the hall. Some people were already milling about and talking to the inner circle members. He nearly barked out a laugh when he saw Snape in a solid black half-mask.

Harry beelined for the snack table, with Tom and Riddle following him. He grabbed a deep purple drink that tasted sweet and a little sour, along with a slice of cake Marvolo had made.

“Tiberius!” Harry called out.

“Ignis.” Tiberius warmly welcomed him. His mask was a dark, desaturated indigo, matching his robes. “I believe formal greetings are needed.”

Harry approached the group with his boyfriends trailing behind him. In the little group were the Carrow twins and Barty. He hadn’t had the time to talk to them much, besides a few passing words in the kitchen. Plus, he should make an effort to know the Carrows because he knew one of their daughters. Maybe he could reunite them at some point?

“Amycus Carrow,” The first, introduced himself.

“Alecto Carrow.” The second offered her hand.

Harry again tried to find any differences; despite being brother and sister, they had identical haircuts and faces. He settled on the different parts of their hair, along with Amycus having more of a squint in his eyes. Of course, they had opposite masks as well. They were both the same chocolate brown as their robes. Amycus’s had silver lines around the edges, and Alecto’s had light brown swirls.

“Ignis,” Harry said, shaking Alecto’s hand.

“Barty,” Barty extended his hand. Tiberius nudged him. “Fine. Bartimius Crouch Jr.”

“Ignis,” Harry repeated.

Harry thought Barty’s mask was fun. It was deep blue, with white and bronze flowers poking out of the edges.

“Where did you get your mask?” Riddle asked, also taking notice.

Barty puffed out his chest. “I transfigured it. I am very adept at transfiguration.”

Tom and Riddle passed a glance.

“Would you mind assisting us with decorating our rooms? We have what we want; it's just missing some touch to it.” Tom spread out his hands in an arc.

Barty held a crooked smile on his face. “I would love to. I would have to get permission from the Dark Lord first.”

Tom and Riddle rolled their eyes.

“We’ll get him to agree,” Tom said, sipping on his pale blue drink.

The seven talked for a few minutes before Voldemort dragged them away. Harry sighed as he was. He was just starting to talk to Amycus and Alecto, too. Their discussion about whether spaghetti should be served with or without sauce was important!

They all stood at the head of the hall. Harry smiled at all of the decorations they made. It made the hall look alive, like thought had been put into it. He watched as, group by group, more people began to file in.

Creatures of all sorts showed up. Some had horns, while others had tails, wings, and fangs. Skin and fur ranged from peaches to greens. Their clothing was different as well, with most of them wearing one layer of flowing fabric and the rest in well-fitted, many-layered garments.

“Lord Voldemort,” One of the brave creatures with tall black horns and a long tail regarded him.

“Sir Asmond.” Voldemort nodded. “Here is the family you have asked about.”

The people in the hall went dead silent.

“Ignis.” Harry offered a hand to shake. Asmond’s long claws lightly scraped against his hand.

“Thomas,” Tom waved.

“Ridley.” Riddle did a mock salute.

“Matthus.” Marvolo bowed his head.

“Osiris,” Ominis curtly nodded.

Asmond surveyed all of them. “I must say, Lord Voldemort, I did not expect you to have so many sons.”

“We have another older brother. He might not show his face for a while.” Tom commented.

Asmond tilted his head. “I would like to meet him if he does.”

The man stepped away, and another replaced him. Then another. Then another. Harry shook hands with so many people that he felt filthy by the end. He flicked a scroungify on his hand, but he still didn’t feel completely clean.

He stayed close to Voldemort as he mingled with the allies. They chatted about this and that. Many tried to rope him into a political tap talk, but Harry skillfully dodged their questions and steered the conversation onto brighter topics.

His boyfriends and their “brothers” were mingling as well. They were the ones to enthrall the others into their political standing and charm them to their every beck and call. Ominis even got one of them to fetch him some food and drink.

Hours stretched by without Harry noticing. It filled him with joy to simply talk to a bunch of people. The isolation from the Order and his stay in the family wing left little room for meeting strangers.

He promised many that he’d keep in communication with them. They described their communication methods to him, and Harry summoned a notebook to jot down notes. It would be hard to do during his school year, but he could manage.

Harry perked up when the sound of their song began. He looked to Voldemort, who dismissed one of their allies. Voldemort took his hand and walked to the dance floor. Everyone gave them a wide berth. Aquillian and a few brave others stepped closer.

Voldemort’s “sons” offered their hands to some of the allies, who graciously took them. Harry almost laughed when everyone was pairing up - even Snape had some woman with fangs trying to dance with him.

“Remember your practise.” Voldemort hissed.

Voldemort placed a hand on Harry’s waist and began to waltz with him. Harry felt a ball of warmth in his stomach as they spun. Then they took a step. They danced, then took another step.

Up and up they went until Voldemort was almost touching the ceiling. Harry was just barely clinging on by the end. Perhaps he should have let himself have another day to recover from the horcruxes draining him.

Voldemort seemed to pick up on this and tightly secure Harry around the waist. Harry could feel his weight shift as if Voldemort’s hand was his only anchor to him. He would fall if Voldemort chose to let go of him.

Finally, the music drew to a close. The outskirts descended first, followed by the middle and inside. Exhaustion sank into Harry’s bones as he landed. He leaned against Voldemort.

“Here.” Voldemort reached into his robes and withdrew a vial. “Have a pepper-up.”

Harry downed it quickly. Energy ran through his veins, and he stood up straight. Voldemort escorted him back to the head of the room, where the allies were.

More talking was done with the allies. They seemed to flock to him, surrounding him like pigeons to a loaf of bread. Harry continued to lean on Voldemort for some support, as exhaustion had already reached him yet again.

“Voldemort,” Harry hissed.

Every Death Eater in the vicinity violently flinched.

“Yes?” Voldemort asked.

“How much longer do I need to be here?” Harry wanted to sound neutral, but it came out as a whine.

Voldemort’s lips twitched. *“Have two more drinks and act a bit drunk. You have ten minutes.”*

Harry instantly asked Tom to grab him a drink. Tom returned while he was talking to a were-eagle about whether micro-rats could be considered mice. Harry downed the blue drink instantly and sighed. There was no burn of alcohol, but the allies didn’t know it.

After he finished, he called for another one. Pipskey retrieved the other. Harry was just about to put it on his lips, and the beads on his bracelet turned yellow. He tugged on Voldemort’s arm violently.

“Check this.” Harry offered the drink.

Voldemort raised his wand and cast a spell on it. Instantly, his face turned from neutral to enraged. A spike of fury rushed through their connection. Voldemort pointed his wand upward and hissed a short phrase.

When nothing happened, the rage only increased.

“Someone has tried to poison you and only you.” Voldemort hissed under his breath.

“Oh.”

“Someone tried to poison Ignis?” One of the Nagas said a bit too loud.

Instantly, the chatter around them died down. Then the hall went silent. Harry shuffled from side to side nervously. All attention was on him.

“If I may, Lord Voldemort?” One of the fae approached him. “I am adept at poison detection. I can track down the perpetrator if I can cast a certain spell.”

“You may. I will not have my consort attacked for no reason.” Voldemort snarled. He pulled Harry close to him, gripping him tight around the waist.

The fae took the drink and sniffed it. Her eyes dilated, and she smelled it again. Almost as if in a trance, she pranced around the ballroom. Sometimes she stopped in front of someone, shook her head, then continued to walk.

A low growl sounded as she was in the centre of the crowd. Harry began to see figures being pushed around as she dragged someone out.

Being dragged by her hair, a struggling Bellatrix lay.

Harry’s eyes widened.

“It’s a Sleeper poison. Keyed to activate once the person falls asleep.” She declared, letting go of Bellatrix’s hair.

“Thank you.” Voldemort sounded sincere. “I will deal with this now.”

The fae weaved back through the crowd. Voldemort pointed his wand at Bellatrix and muttered something. She began to rise.

“Crucio.” Voldemort spat.

Bellatrix’s scream rang throughout the hall. His ears rang with them, and a flinch overtook Harry. The spell stopped.

“You have ten seconds to explain yourself.” Voldemort’s voice dripped with venom.

Bellatrix stared up at them. “Why him? Why not *anyone* else? You could have picked whoever you wanted, yet you chose a nobody. I know about Severus’s experiments with a magic enhancer. You are powerful and don’t need one. It must be for him - “

“Crucio,” Voldemort repeated.

Her screeches could have broken glass. Bellatrix spasmed on the floor. At that moment, Harry felt the same. The pure fury of their connection was almost crippling to him. He was glad Voldemort was holding on so tight, or else he might have fallen.

“Do you want to try?” Voldemort hissed. His voice had changed; it was much softer.

Harry readied the wand he received from Voldemort. He summoned his hatred. His hatred for Bellatrix, specifically.

“Crucio.” A red beam pointed out of Harry’s wand.

Bellatrix spasmed, but not nearly as much as it had for Voldemort. After he cancelled the spell, she glared up at him.

“That was nothing.” She sneered.

Harry felt hatred blare in him. The Dursleys had told him the same thing. Told him he was a nobody, that he was capable of nothing and would be forgotten after he left their house.

And how dare she? Harry reached deep inside him. She killed Sirius. The wound was opened again, almost as raw as when he first experienced it. She provoked him time and time again. And she dared embarrass him in front of so many people.

“Crucio!” Harry yelled.

This time, this time Bellatrix contorted. She spasmed from left to right, and her eyes rolled back. Harry held the spell for longer. She was already mad; it wasn’t as if he could cause more damage. Rich power flooded Harry’s veins, making him push out what little magic he

had to spare. As his magic depleted, he could feel a rising power within him. And inner strength awakening. It was intoxicating.

Voldemort lightly rested a hand on Harry's wand arm. Harry relented and stopped the spell. Bellatrix was still jerking around.

"You will be dealt with after everyone departs. Ignis, watch over the ball while I escort her to her cell." Voldemort marched towards Bellatrix.

Similarly, he dragged her by her hair out of the room. As soon as the door slammed shut, all eyes turned to Harry. Harry gulped.

"Please," He began. "Continue as normal. This incident is just a little bump in the road for our gathering. Have fun and let loose."

The ball slowly began to ease. Harry made sure to check up with more leaders, and he could see his boyfriends, Marvolo, and Ominis trying to do damage control. He was beginning to grow faint, and worry stewed in his stomach.

Voldemort returned quickly and made a beeline for Harry.

"Ignis, would you mind stepping out? I do not wish to risk you any more than you already have." Voldemort caught on to Harry's distress.

"I would like that." Harry sighed. "I would love to owl you later, Leah."

"And I to you, Ignis." The woman he was talking to smiled at him.

Harry dismissed himself and practically stumbled back to his room. He quickly stripped and didn't even have the energy to put on any clothes before crawling into bed.

Darkness consumed him the moment his head hit the pillow.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: Flowers?

Voldemort: No

Harry: Pointy greenery?

Voldemort: ... fine

Death Eaters: (Shocked to the core)

Voldemort: Imagine the spell that is about the happiest memories and make it angry

Harry: Okay (Imagines his boyfriends being ripped away from him)

Harry: (Succeeds in a Crucio)

Harry: (Feels powerful)
Voldemort: They grow up so fast!

Narcissa: (Explaining how the VERY IMPORTANT waltz works)
Harry, spinning in his swivel chair: Yeah, yeah, so interesting!

Harry: (Meeting everyone)
Everyone: (Loving Harry so much)
Horcruxes: (Meeting everyone)
Everyone: (Loving them so much)
Voldemort: Why does everyone love them? (He says, as he looks like a snake-monster)

Harry: I am going to slurp down whatever potion Voldemort gives me
Past-Voldemort: See, someone's going to poison you one of these days
Harry: (Nearly gets poisoned)
Voldemort: (Angry, but also expecting this to happen eventually)

Bellatrix: Why do you choose this nobody over me!
Voldemort: This is *my* everything!
Harry: You tell her!

Comment of the week, from tiredofthisbs:
"Ah, yes, Marvolo's gay panicking is setting in"

Thank you for 225K! I think I should start doing these at every 25K, since you all seem to devour my chapters so quickly! I have been having a bit of a slump writing this lately, but I will continue, no matter how hard it is to pull through! My world is showing signs of melting again, and I do not know if I can push through this time, but I have this to keep me going, haha! Love you all <3!

Fair Disaster

Chapter Summary

They all go to the fair! But of course, something goes wrong.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tom and Riddle would watch Harry carefully the following day after the ball. He was still weak after everything that had happened, and he needed some rest. Even Voldemort gave him that day off.

“So you just... bake cakes all day?” Ominis inquired about Marvolo.

“Yes,” Marvolo answered shortly.

He was currently decorating a cake to look exactly like Emerald, who was posing on the counter beside Onyx. Harry watched, curled up on Riddle’s lap, as Marvolo worked.

“They are getting better,” Tiberius commented from the table.

“Of course they are.” Marvolo scoffed.

“I think you could cut the cake into better shapes.” Ominis waved his hand at the sharp edges. “They are not that round.”

“You want to do this?” Marvolo gestured to the cake.

“Make me some cake, and I can see what I can do,” Ominis smirked.

Marvolo was loud in the kitchen as he furiously made the batter. A while later, he threw the baked pans on the counter.

Ominis strode over and began to stack the layers. He used a knife to chop and sculpt the layers. It slowly turned into a sleeping dragon that, Harry had to admit, was better shaped than Marvolo’s.

His icing, however, is questionable.

“Your icing is shit,” Marvolo remarked.

“Your sculpting is shit.” Ominis retorted.

The two bickered back and forth.

“Just bake a cake together,” Tom yelled out as Harry shifted to lay in both his and Riddle’s lap.

Marvolo and Ominis looked at each other. Harry smiled as they worked together, arguing over the littlest of details. He just knew they would get along.

But the kitchen was, admirably, not big enough for the three of them to cook at once. Maybe Harry could redirect Ominis’s aptitude towards sculpting.

Thoughts brewed in his head.

Decisions, decisions.

Severus munched on the side of his cheek as he started another potion for the Dark Lord. He was just so shocked; this was one of the only things that could quell his fears. Everything that had happened...

Bellatrix had tried to poison Ignis. A clever poison as well. He thought that she would choose one that was all bloody and vile. But no, just one that made it look like the person had passed in his sleep. Not that the Dark Lord wouldn’t have checked, but still.

And now she was locked away.

Ignis meant more to the Dark Lord than Bellatrix. His top fighter. His most loyal. Whoever Ignis was, he was the most important person to the Dark Lord. And that sent shivers down Severus’s spine.

Ignis was interested in Draco. How, he didn’t know why. But the way he always seemed to stare at his godson like he was fresh meat made him want to throw up. What could Ignis have planned for him? Suffering? Tasks? Become his concubine?

He would do anything to keep his godson safe. But he couldn’t use the Dark Lord’s favour towards the inner circle to lobby Ignis. The Dark Lord made it clear that Ignis was above all of them.

The potion was finished as he scraped the top layer off of it. It was thin and red, like grease above a stew. But it was powerful.

He corked it and hid it away to be given to the Dark Lord later that evening. Not that Severus would leave the potion room; he had more work to do.

A while later, Narcissa would enter his potion room, arms shaking. Severus noticed her distress and gave her a calming draught. She drank it, and her body stopped shaking.

“Do you think he’ll kill Bellatrix?” She spoke in a whisper.

“Undoubtly. What the real question is - what will he do to her beforehand?” Severus tried to bring her back to reality.

Narcissa swallowed hard. "I just - if he can do this to Bellatrix - "

" - he would do anything to us. I know." Severus ended her sentence.

"Severus," Narcissa began, "Can we do anything?"

Severus hummed. "We could endear ourselves to Ignis. He appears to be a barrier between the Dark Lord and anyone else."

"What do you think about Potter?" Narcissa changed the conversation.

"The brat? I've seen him around the wing a few times, but he is protected by the Dark Lord's soul pieces. It appears he is untouchable as well." Severus shook his head.

Severus gripped his stir-rod in anger. Potter had maimed his godson, which caused him to have a permanent scar across his face. He had gone too far. Draco said he should not have mocked his boyfriends.

At the same time, the Dark Lord finding out would have ended up much worse. The Dark Lord's reaction to his younger selves being called desperate... made him shiver. Draco would be in the same position Bellatrix was in.

Narcissa seemed to follow his train of thought. "Do you think I can ever make it right?"

"No. They both despise each other. Draco thinks his reputation needs to be kept, but he does not have the self-preservation to truly see what his fate could be. I only hope this ball and witnessing the consequences anyone can go through can help him realise what is truly at stake." Severus's shoulder sagged.

"I will talk to him again. He needs to walk away from him. Potter seldom instigates or eggs him on, from what he tells me. He should turn his attention to someone else if he cannot hold it inside." Narcissa curtly nodded her head.

"I agree."

They sat in silence, the only sound being the soft popping of the potion bubbles. A while later, Narcissa would leave with another calming draught. Severus just wanted to collapse. Why did everything around him fall?

He must be cursed.

Harry wiggled with excitement. Voldemort had agreed to take them out for the day, and he was dying to go. Harry was going shopping with them all. And he was certain he would get them some other hobby crafts.

"C'mon!" Harry dragged Tom and Riddle by their hands.

"We just got up," Tom complained.

“A perfect time to go!” Harry retorted.

They were combing through their hair as they were waiting for the others. They trickled in within five minutes, all looking immaculate.

“Is everyone ready?” Voldemort asked them.

“Yes.” Rang out from all of them.

“Okay, rope.” Voldemort passed out a green and silver rope.

“Everyone attached? Okay, glory.”

Harry landed, crashing into Marvolo. But Marvolo gently stood him to his feet and ensured that he was balanced before removing his hands. Harry smiled up at him and thanked him. Marvolo gave him the slightest of smiles.

“This is the Ruffus Square. We will stick together because there is occasionally a magical in this area. Where to go first?” Voldemort unfurled a map and held it up.

It was a sizeable area with many different stores and attractions. He even saw a Ferris wheel in the corner of the square, along with other attractions. Harry pointed his finger to a large store just at the corner of the map.

“There,” Harry said.

“Why?” Ominis asked.

“It’s a stationary store and craft supply shop. You all love stationery; admit it. You can find other stuff there to get yourself a new hobby.” Harry grinned at him knowingly.

“Well... I would agree to that.” Ominis looked away from Harry.

“As do I.” Marvolo nodded.

“Brilliant, let’s go!” Harry set off for the streets without knowing where to go.

Voldemort quickly overtook Harry and led the group to the stationary shop. It was huge, with an entire wall of windows and an Asian-style doorway. Harry saw the smile on their faces grow, and Harry felt his emotions bubble up.

“Try to stay around each other. And try to pick up just a basket each?” Voldemort’s voice rose at the end, like he knew they would find a workaround.

“Promise.” Their grins were like a Cheshire cat.

Voldemort sighed.

The group descended on the store. Stationaries of all different kinds were placed in clear containers atop light-wooded tables and shelves. Tom dragged them to the section with

different papers and sticky notes.

Tom instantly stuffed paper packs, glue, and sticky notes into his basket. Riddle found himself partial to the glittery items, while Marvolo and Ominis just watched. Harry smiled as he saw Voldemort pick up a pack of sticky notes that were all black with silver gilding on the edges. It was so... Dark Lord of him.

“You all should try stickers; I think you would enjoy them!” Harry offered his advice.

“Stickers?” Tom furrowed his brow.

Next, they moved on to stickers. There, everyone was grabbing sheets and packs. Even Voldemort took some. Harry beamed as he added a pack with dragons and owls. He picked up one on sea creatures as well. They were a lot cuter on stickers than in real life.

Tom gave him a look, and Harry shoved more stickers for Tom into his basket.

“Glitter!” Riddle dragged them away.

Riddle dumped glitter into his basket. Small, fine glitter and chunky stars were added. Marvolo picked up a bottle of edible glitter as well. Harry did as well. Glittering ink did look good, so he dumped some in his basket. Riddle gave him the same look as Tom, and Harry threw some into his basket for Riddle.

When Harry introduced them to glitter gel pens, the two of them were all over it. They piled them into the basket, and Harry snuck some into his as well. Voldemort just rolled his eyes at the three.

Harry smiled up at them as they made their way through the store. Marvolo and Ominis didn't pick up much until they reached the sculpting section.

“I think you both would benefit from some sculpting,” Harry commented. “I mean, Marvolo, you can use it to make cakes, and Ominis, you could make little fancy things out of clay or paper mache.”

The two looked at each other and nodded.

They inspected each tool carefully and slowly added utensils to their basket. They chose many of the same at the beginning, but as soon as Marvolo found the food-crafts section, he was all over it. He was particularly interested in the piping nozzles.

Ominis, meanwhile, was looking at the clay. Porcelain clay, some reddish clay, and the typical grey clay. He shoved each box into his basket. They went to the journals, next.

“We can go back to our old stationary shop if you want those instead.” Voldemort offered them.

“I would like that.” Ominis's voice was soft. It made Harry melt a bit.

The clerk's eyes were wide as she checked every basket. Harry's eyes widened at the price - they could have bought a used car for that much. Voldemort just smacked his piles of cash onto the table. Three people came out from the back to count all the cash. They were eventually let go.

They stopped in an alley to deposit their things into a shrunken trunk Voldemort had brought.

"Where else do you want to go?" Voldemort presented them with the map again.

"Hm." Ominis pointed to the map. "I want ice cream."

"We can get ice cream." Voldemort rolled his eyes.

Their ice cream adventures were a short affair. Tom and Harry were actively excited to try their 'Rainbow Cream' flavour while Riddle was looking at 'Cotton Candy'. Marvolo seemed to be a fan of 'Rocky Road,' and Ominis wanted 'Mint Chocolate Chip'. Voldemort went with just plain 'Vanilla Cream' - all of them in waffle cones, of course.

Harry smirked as he finally got to see all the looks passing their way. Everyone looked at them all with jealousy or attraction blaring in their eyes. It made him bustle with pride that *he* got to have them and they could not.

"What next?" Voldemort slid the map across the table.

"There." Marvolo pointed almost instantly.

"A sweets shop? That sounds lovely." Harry was already looking forward to it.

They all trekked to the other side of the district to the sweet shop. In the window, a man was pulling taffy and throwing it onto a hook. Behind the counter, a woman chopped a stick of candy into smaller pieces.

Everything was in bright colours and shiny packaging. Tom found his basket filled with fruit flavours, while Riddle piled in anything with glitter or sparkles on it. In passing, he saw Marvolo with anything chocolate and Ominis with lots of jawbreakers.

A wide smile broke his face as he saw Voldemort snatch a Mars bar and toffee.

"We need to go to another sweet shop in our world." Riddle commented as he inspected a chocolate bunny. "I would like this to be animated."

"We can go when we get a Hogsmeade visit. Or, you know, ask the old man again." Harry looked around, seeing a swarm of people entering the shop.

They searched for more sweets until their basket drew heavy and they retreated to the front. Voldemort paid for them all again, and each started to bunch up their sweets.

"What next?" Voldemort unfurled the map.

"What's this?" Marvolo pointed to a large square with smaller, unlabeled squares inside.

“That is a fair.” Harry pointed it out. “It had rides and tents with prizes.”

“I want to go!” Marvolo suddenly exclaimed.

“... We can go.” Voldemort nodded and rolled up the map. “What fair have you been to, Harry?”

Harry shook his head, an embarrassed blush running up his cheek. “I didn’t. But the Dursleys did, and they talked about it a lot. I just absorbed the information.”

“Who are the Dursleys?” Ominis asked innocently.

“Harry’s maternal Muggle family,” Tom answered for him. “They did not like magic.”

Harry was glad that was all the explanation he went into. He didn’t know what he’d do if Tom spilled it all out. Ominis would know one day, but that day would not be today.

“Oh.” Ominis nodded. Voldemort left them at the beginning of the fairgrounds. It had a giant entrance and colourful balloons forming an arc. Inside, tents upon tents lined the paths. There was laughter, and couples were walking by with lots of stuffed animals in their hands. Harry could feel his heart beating fast and his excitement rising.

Voldemort paid for a huge roll of tickets and divided them out equally amongst them, taking some for himself as well. They dragged themselves through the area and inspected every bit of the games.

“There!” Tom pulled the group over to a tent.

“Step right up! Pop three balloons and win a small prize. Pop six and earn a medium prize. Pop nine and win a large prize!” The man in the tent waved his arm at the various balloons on the walls.

“I want to play!” Tom exclaimed.

“Three tickets.”

Tom shelled out the tickets and received nine darts. He threw the first one, and it popped. As did the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, and the eighth. On the last one, it hit the balloon but bounced off of it.

“Good job! You can choose a medium prize!” The man gestured to the second line of prizes lining the back wall.

Tom frowned but chose a blue dragon plushie.

“Me next.” Marvolo proclaimed, slapping down his tickets.

Marvolo smirked as he hit all nine of the balloons. He chose a gigantic brown teddy bear that was holding a stuffed heart.

“You have this.” Marvolo pushed the bear onto Harry.

Harry laughed and hugged it tightly.

There, they travelled through the tents, playing all sorts of games. There was one where you had to knock over cups, another that was tossing rings, and one where Tom won a small goldfish with a beautiful long tail (that would either become food or another child for Onyx).

As they went on, Harry’s arms began to buckle with all the stuffed animals they pushed his way. Not to mention the games Harry won.

“It’s not fair,” Tom complained.

“Just admit it; I have better aim.” Harry shook the giant foam sword he won.

“Never!”

Harry laughed.

They snuck into a dark corner and stuffed their prizes into the shrunken trunk. Then, they only won more and more prizes. Sure, they received odd looks when people saw all of them pass the prizes onto Harry, but Harry didn’t mind. They were happy, and that was all that mattered.

“What about rides?” Harry asked as they were on the third round of stuffing prizes into the trunk.

“Rides?” Riddle seemed a bit apprehensive as he looked at the tall rollercoaster.

“They look scary, but I heard they were fun.” Harry lightly nudged Riddle.

“I’m not scared.” Riddle muttered.

“I didn’t say you were.” Harry teased.

“Right.” Riddle rolled his eyes.

“I heard they have lots of rides to go on. I am excited!” Harry dragged them along.

They followed Harry into the ride area. They trotted through the place and pointed out the different rides they wanted. They started with one that twirled them around and around.

“I am not going.” Voldemort turned up his nose.

“Yes, you are.” Harry dragged him along.

“No.”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Okay, but join us for the rollercoaster?” Harry pleaded with him.

Voldemort sighed. “Only the rollercoaster.”

“Deal.”

They squeezed into one of the carts, and an attendant buckled them in with a giant bar over their laps. Harry held on and shivered with excitement. It would be his first ride ever!

The machines squeaked as they began to slowly build up speed. It started to whip Harry’s hair around, and by the middle, he had to hold onto his glasses to keep them from flying off. Tom and Riddle were laughing with him, while Marvolo and Ominis were more reserved.

That didn’t stop the smiles on his face, though.

They stumbled off the ride, faces flushed red, and over to Voldemort. Voldemort lightly patted them along to the next ride. And then the next. And then the next.

Harry’s vision was whirling as they stood in line to go onto the large rollercoaster. Voldemort was fiddling with his sleeves while they waited, and the rest of them were in similar states of shuffling. Harry, meanwhile, was exploding with excitement.

“Two to a seat.” The man gestured to the coaster seats.

Tom and Riddle rock-paper-scissored to get the spot, with Tom winning. Riddle and Marvolo sat together, and Ominis and Voldemort did as well. They were at the front of the seats, and Harry could hardly contain himself as they put the bars down around his shoulders.

“Please keep all limbs inside the vehicle at all times during the ride.” The announcer announced. “Starting in three, two - “

The ride jerked forward. Harry smiled as it climbed up and up into the sky. He could see the setting sun from there, the lights of the city and the fairgrounds below glittering.

“Is that tape?” Tom pointed to one of the supporting beams.

Harry looked to see that it was being held together with duct tape.

They crested over the tip and barreled down the tracks. Harry screamed out as his stomach dropped. Tom’s, however, sounded much more terrified. He moved his hand to hold over Tom’s. Tom shifted and squeezed Harry with a vice-like grip.

They approached the main event - the 360 rolls. Tom screeched as they went upside down, and Harry laughed. Following that, there was another roll that had them slamming into each other, twisting and turning.

It was exhilarating. Harry sighed as they approached the end. The ride halted, and they were finally let out.

The rest of them looked pale and green, like they were moments from throwing up all of their candy. They staggered to the exit and held onto the safety rails around the ride. Harry merely leaned on the rails and looked over the crowd.

“There’s a little shame in throwing up, but do as you need.” Harry patted Tom, who looked the illest, on the back.

“How are you not puking right now?” Ominis gagged.

“Quidditch player. I fly up and down and twist and turn all the time.” Harry smirked.

“Fuck off.” Marvolo groaned.

Harry merely laughed and observed their surroundings. Everything was getting dark, and the people were changing from children to teens and adults. The line to the Ferris wheel extended halfway through the area!

A group was advancing towards them. Harry, at first, thought nothing of it, but once he caught a flash of light, he refocused his eyes.

“Aurors,” Harry spoke in a hushed whisper.

“What?” Tom slurred.

“We need to go.” Harry reached over and tugged on Voldemort’s sleeve.

The Aurors sped up and began to split up.

“NOW!” Harry jerked Voldemort back and hauled Tom to his feet.

The others shook their heads and sprinted to the side. There was an auror in front of them, but Voldemort just flicked them away.

“We need to find an alley or something.” Marvolo hummed, trying his best to keep up with the group.

“There!” Harry pointed just outside of the fair’s grounds to some apartment buildings.

“Between there!”

“Quickly.” Voldemort spat.

Their legs burned as they wove and weaved through the crowd. Harry felt himself fall back as his shirt was grabbed. Attached to the hand was a new auror with a smirk on her face. The smirk was wiped off as Voldemort spat out a curse, which struck her shoulder. Voldemort grabbed him by the collar and hoisted him on his feet.

“We need to go!” Voldemort insisted after Harry stumbled for a few steps.

“If you haven’t noticed, my legs are not as long as yours!” Harry snarked back, stumbling again.

“You’re being difficult!”

Voldemort kept pace as he swept Harry off his feet. Harry could see the Aurors closing in around them from the sides. His breath hitched as Ominis shrugged off an auror. They weren’t going to make it.

“Split up. Meet at the alley. Now!” Voldemort instructed.

Harry and Voldemort barreled into an auror as they swerved left. Voldemort kept his pace and started to practically run over everyone in his path. Harry could hear the erratic beat of his chest and felt the heat rising.

“Keep your head down and watch my right,” Voldemort said under his breath.

“Okay.” Harry breathed. Auror, about five metres, coming in at 90 degrees.”

Voldemort’s grip on him was tight as he shifted to run behind one of the tents. Harry kicked at a pile of boxed prizes and sent the boxes crashing down. The Auror’s face twisted in rage as she had to wade through them.

“Good tactic.” Voldemort complimented.

“Thanks, I didn’t think about it at all.” Harry breathed.

Another auror approached them. Harry reached his arm up and swiped a heavy plastic dinosaur hanging on a wire. He chucked it at the auror. It didn’t stop him, but it did disorient him for a moment.

“Almost there.” Voldemort spat.

“Will they be safe? I have their containers; they’ll be safe, right?” Harry spoke into Voldemort’s chest.

“I do not know,” Voldemort answered honestly. “Keep watching.”

They were reaching the gates when Moody ran out in front of them. His hands yanked on Harry’s leg, and Harry felt the steady pull of an apparition. He tried to yank back, but it was just too tight of a grip.

“Lacero!” Harry summoned his magic through his feet.

Moody disappeared, but his arm stayed. Harry felt terror grip him as the detached arm hung off of his leg. Voldemort didn’t even give him another glance and instead slid into the alley.

Marvolo and Ominis were already there, but Tom and Riddle were nowhere to be seen. Panic rose in Harry’s chest.

“Give them a minute.” Marvolo put his hand on Harry’s shoulder.

“What if they’re already captured? What if they’re gone? What if -

“Shhhh.” Voldemort jostled him. “You have their containers. I am sure their connection with them will force them back, or they will eventually run out of magic and become non-corporeal again. They can float through their containment and then find us.”

“I hope.” Harry shivered.

Minutes passed. Although none of the Aurors found them, Harry found none of his fears quelled. They should have been here by now.

“Harry - “ Ominis began.

“No,” Harry spoke sternly.

“What if - “ Voldemort tried to speak.

“No. Just a few more minutes - “

“There they are!” Marvolo pointed to the entrance to the fairgrounds.

Tom and Riddle were sprinting, with the whole team of aurors at their tails. By then, they had an army behind their wands drawn and were firing off spells. “Statute of Secrecy” all but forgotten. Tom and Riddle ran through the alleys of the apartment buildings but weren’t headed in their direction.

“Dammit, they must be mixed around.” Marvolo cursed.

“We need to go after them!” Harry exclaimed.

“Harry - “

“Now!”

Harry rolled out of Voldemort’s arms and began to sprint after Tom and Riddle. He heard yells behind him, but they were just the background to the blood roaring in his ears. Harry shivered, a cold sweat overtaking him.

“Thomas! Ridley!” Harry yelled when they came into his sights.

The two’s heads whipped around, and Harry found himself about to scream. An auror hit Tom with a spell that caused him to go limp. Riddle scooped up Tom and ran as fast as he could towards them.

“Get it out!” Riddle yelled.

Now beside him, Voldemort withdrew the rope and had them all hold it in their fists as they ran. Harry held an end out.

“Get him!” An auror yelled.

A spell whizzed past Riddle’s head and hit the building beside him. They were so close.

“Start it!” Riddle was a few paces away.

“Glory!” Voldemort said.

As he spoke the last letter, Riddle yanked on the rope and forced it into Tom's chest.

They all landed in a crumpled heap on the ground. Harry pushed Marvolo off of him and scrambled to find Tom. They all rose slowly, and Harry finally found Tom.

He was still limp, eyes closed, and pale.

“Tom!” Harry shook him.

He pressed an ear to his chest. Still beating. Why wasn't he awake?

“Let me check.” Voldemort tried to pry Harry off of Tom, but it was useless.

Voldemort sighed as he cast a spell over Tom. His eyebrows rose as he saw a light above him turn orange. Harry shook Tom again.

“What's wrong with him?” Harry cried out.

“It is a class three spell. He should live, but I do not know when he will wake. Let me grab Narcissa.” Voldemort patted Harry on the shoulder and sped off.

“Let me take him to his room; we can check him better there.” Riddle offered.

Harry found that he could not get his hands off of Tom. He just had to hold onto him.

“Harry.” Riddle tried to peel him off, but Harry wouldn't budge.

“No.”

“Harry - I'm - I'm sorry, but I have to do this. You aren't - I need to get him somewhere else.” Riddle raised his wand at Harry.

Darkness covered Harry's vision.

Chapter End Notes

Ominis: Your caking is shit

Marvolo: My caking is better than yours!

Ominis, after demonstrating that his caking is indeed better: Ha!

Marvolo: Your icing is shit

Severus: What will Ignis or Voldemort do to us?

Narcissa: What will they do?

Severus: have some calming drugs, I mean potions

Voldemort: One basket each!

Them: Okay

Harry: (Fills his basket with stuff for them)

Voldemort: I should have seen this coming

Marvolo: Here, have this giant teddy bear with a stuff heart. Not because I like you or anything

Harry: Nothing about this is romantic

Voldemort: Fine, I will go on the roller coaster if you stop pestering me

Voldemort, looking at the roller coaster: Shit

Tom: Shit

Riddle: Shit

Marvolo: Shit

Ominis: Shit

Harry: This looks like fun!

Harry: Wasn't that fun?

Everyone else: (About to vomit)

Aurors: We're about to ruin your entire evening!

Harry: Poof, your hand is gone!

Harry, panicking: Tom? Tom?

Tom:

Voldemort: Please remove yourself from him


Harry: NO!

Riddle: Okay, sleepy time for you! Sorry, angel

Forgot to mention last time, but this story is officially over 200K words! How exciting!

Comment of the week:

From Tom_r:

"a mi no me vas a negar que Voldemort esta teniendo su Gay panic con ignis 

Which roughly translates into:

"You are not going to deny that Voldemort is having his Gay panic with Ignis 

Ah-Salt

Chapter Summary

A ritual that could wake Tom is found.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry awoke to find himself back in his bed. A grogginess filled his brain; magical sleeping spells always made him feel like shit when he woke up.

The night's memories rushed back to him. He tried to stumble out of bed, but a red light flashed, and a magical barrier of sorts kept him contained like a bird in a cage.

He banged on the magical barrier, waves of red light flashing where his fist collided with it. A snarl escaped him. He forced his magic towards the barrier. It didn't even budge. Again, he kicked at the barrier. Nothing.

What felt like an hour later, the door to Harry's room opened. In walked Voldemort, his face perfectly neutral. He stopped when he saw Harry awake.

"Hello, Harry. Did you have a good rest?" Voldemort asked him.

"Cut the shit. Where is he?" Harry demanded.

"Will you promise to be calm?" Voldemort asked as he sat at the end of Harry's bed.

"Bullshit." Harry snarled.

"Okay, okay," Voldemort sighed. "He is alive. But until we can find the countercurse, he will be asleep. He is fine otherwise. Perfectly healthy."

"No, no, no." Harry shook his head.

Voldemort hesitated but drew his arms around Harry. He squeezed him tight. Harry leaned into his grasp, the comfort of being in another person's arms quelling him for just a moment. He didn't care if it was Voldemort; he needed whatever he could get.

"I know it is hard to believe, but we are trying our best. My other horcruxes are digging through books, and my inner circle is using their knowledge to try countercurses. We are doing everything we can." He reassured Harry.

"Have you asked Tonks? Or the other members we have down in the cells?" Harry asked.

Voldemort breathed out. "I was waiting for Ignis."

"I will be ready shortly." Harry tried to jump out of bed but hit the barrier again. "Ow."

Voldemort waved his hand and the barrier glowed blue before it disappeared. Harry rushed over to his closet and grabbed his Ignis clothing. He didn't even wait for Voldemort to leave the room before he started to tear off his clothes. Voldemort just turned his back, staring at the wall.

"I'm decent," Harry said, tugging on his boots.

"Good. Let us depart." Voldemort stood and offered his arm to Harry.

Harry took his arm and practically dragged Voldemort out of the room. They travelled down the halls and to the cells. Voldemort opened the door, and Harry burst through.

"What do any of you know about an orange curse that makes people go to sleep?" Harry demanded it as soon as he breathed in the dank air of the cells.

Silence.

Voldemort walked in front of him. "If the counter curse works, I would not hesitate to let the person go."

This caused more of a stir.

"Shacklebolt, Tonks, we are largely referring to you." Harry puffed out his chest.

"Burn in hell." Tonks spat.

"Crucio." Harry pointed the wand at her and watched apathetically as Tonks twisted and curled into painful contortions. "I am not playing games."

From the corner of the room, a cackle rang out.

"What is it, Bellatrix?" Voldemort spat.

"I know the spell." She sang in a sing-song voice.

Harry gritted his teeth. "You're just saying that."

"Truth! You just don't want to see me in my rightful place in the inner circle, do you?" Bellatrix sneered at him.

"You will be a last resort, Bellatrix," Voldemort said coldly.

"And I will be in the final result." She smirked at Harry.

They interrogate every member of the cell, writing down different countercurses and the people who offered the solution. They were truly desperate and found that even Kingsley Shacklebolt was offering solutions.

“Bellatrix?” Harry came in front of her cell.

“What? You said I was the last resort. Why are you asking me now?” Bellatrix growled.

“Crucio.”

Harry sighed as they travelled back to Tom’s room. There he was, all alone, lying down as if he had just jumped into bed for a quick nap, arms crossed over his chest. He hated the way they positioned Tom. Like he was a corpse in a casket. Tom looked almost peaceful resting there.

“Let me try these spells. Do not touch him.” Voldemort summoned a chair for Harry to sit on by Tom’s bed.

Anger blared in Harry’s veins, as every spell didn’t affect Tom in the slightest. Harry wanted to scream, to yell, but nothing came out. There was just a sombre blanket of sadness that covered him. Nothing he could do would help. Which, was probably the truth.

“Harry, eat some food, please?” Voldemort’s shoulders sagged after hours of working through counterurses.

“I - fine.”

Harry rose from his chair and regretfully left the room. He worked almost on autopilot as he cooked them some Asian noodles and rice. The others tried to convince him to just use a house elf to cook for them, but Harry couldn’t hear them. He didn’t react to almost anything as he plated the food for everyone.

His heartstrings were being plucked at every second Tom was comatose, and Harry was staring at the possibility of Tom never walking up.

The idea terrified him.

No more fun times with the three of them. No more scrapbooks or photo-taking. No more animals with Tom. Just the absence of him left a gaping hole in Harry’s heart. He sniffled.

“I brought food.” Harry solemnly said as he slumped into the room.

“Thank you.” Voldemort sighed and took a plate.

Voldemort summoned a chair for himself and sighed. They ate in silence. Harry could hardly taste his food as it slid down his throat. He just wanted to stop. Stop what, he did not know.

“Harry, please take a break. Please.” Voldemort said after he cast another hour’s worth of spells.

“No.”

“Harry, please. You need to sleep.” Voldemort pleaded with him.

“No.”

Voldemort sighed and exited the room. Harry took the time to brush his fingers longingly over Tom’s face. He was still warm, but asleep. He was still so beautiful. Harry reached over and placed a kiss on his forehead. Maybe he could feel it in his sleep.

“Harry, please come to bed.” Riddle’s voice called out from the bedroom door.

“No.” Harry’s voice wavered.

Riddle knelt next to him. He reached out and placed a hand over Harry’s. Riddle hummed in Harry’s ear, a song of sadness.

“I miss him too. He’s my closest friend, you know. It is a bit odd to be friends with your soul-piece, but it is all we have.” Riddle shifted and kissed Harry on the cheek. “Please, rest. He won’t be getting any better if you stay up.”

“But what if he wakes up?” Harry began to tremble.

“Then he’ll be there when you wake up.” Riddle slowly detached Harry’s hands. “Please, sleep with me?”

Harry looked at Tom one last time. He looked so at peace. Harry kissed him again on the cheek and rose with Riddle. They left the room, Harry looking back once more as if Tom would awaken the moment he looked away. But Tom stayed still.

Riddle had to help Harry get undressed, and they both crawled into bed. Riddle held Harry tight as if he’d slip away as well at any moment. Harry curled into Riddle’s chest, listening to the steady beat of Riddle’s heart.

At least he was around for him.

Severus strode into the meeting room. The air was tense, with the Dark Lord holding an irritated look. Beside him, Ignis slouched with his head resting on the table. An offence that no one else could have done without a crucio their way. But Ignis was special; he could do whatever he wanted.

Barty shifted uncomfortably beside Ignis. A conflicted look was on his face, like he was debating whether to comfort him or confront him.

“To begin our meeting,” The Dark Lord began, “I require a counter curse. My son was attacked by Aurors and there is no record of a curse similar to it. It is an orange curse that sends the user into a coma until the countercurse is cast. If anyone has information, they will be rewarded.”

Severus was stunned. The Dark Lord did not ask for aid. He was all-knowing, having knowledge of every little bit of magical knowledge. But this was the only way to save his “son” which he could not know.

Whispers broke out in the hall, and once the Dark Lord allowed them. The meeting afterwards discussed the recent creature bills and the recent attack on creatures. There had been an uptick in people attacking creatures, particularly Aurors, and when the creatures attacked back, the creatures would be punished.

Were the Aurors so blinded by their hate that they would bend the law? He knew that it did not go further up in the courts; Amelia Bones had made it certain that self-defence was not something to be punished unless excessive force was used.

But many creatures did not have the funds to fight the false charges of assault, and they were left with records. The other Death Eaters were attempting to scrub their records, but it was almost useless because of the number of cases pouring in.

A sniffle broke the atmosphere. They watched as Ignis wiped his face with his sleeve. Then another sniffle started. And another.

Ignis abruptly stood up and ran out of the hall. He slammed the doors behind him, his sobs being heard from outside the hall. The silence from the Death Eaters was deafening. They all looked to the Dark Lord for any sign of punishment.

“Moving on.” That was all he said as he continued to talk about the creature bills.

Severus, again, was stunned. He knew that Ignis was not the horcrux’s father - far from it - but could someone care enough about them to cry at their loss?

What was there to care about? The Dark Lord was cruel and looked down upon everyone who dared to occupy the same air as he did. He searched for power above all else and would step on anyone to achieve it.

Severus returned his attention to the bills at hand. The Order was trying to input propaganda, but as long as the Death Eaters stood strong and some of the Preservation and New-Age agreed with them, they were sure to pass.

The rest of the meeting went by tense, with four crucios handed out to various members. He would report back to Dumbledore about the meeting, who would hopefully steer his attention to Ignis rather than the bills.

The soft beat of Tom’s heart echoed in Harry’s ears. It was the only thing that relaxed him in that moment. He curled closer to Tom, desperate to find any sense of comfort in his existence. That he was still alive and well, just asleep.

The gripping fear of him never waking up was still evident to Harry. That he may never, ever return. If Bellatrix was lying... he’d never see Tom again. And if she wasn’t, his poisoner would be running free and could undoubtedly do it again. He would rather have Tom back by the end of the day.

“Harry!” Riddle’s voice rang out from the bedroom door. “You need to eat.”

“I don’t want to go,” Harry muttered into the fabric of Tom’s chest.

“Harry, could you - just please come out for a minute?” Riddle pleaded with him.

There was hurt in his voice. Pain, even. Harry winced. He should at least show some attention to his boyfriend, who was still around, and not neglect him. Harry hauled himself up from Tom’s bed, scuffling over to Riddle.

Riddle threw a hand over Harry’s shoulders, holding him tight, and walked him down to the personal dining room. Inside, Marvolo set out plates of pastries, cake slices, and some soups and salads. He stared at Harry, then averted his eyes.

Harry curled up next to Riddle, almost in his lap, and awaited the others to arrive. Voldemort was last and quickly shed his glamours and locked the door. He sighed and sat at the head of the table. Everyone ate in silence as they slowly chewed on their food, the only sounds being the tinks of silverware on the plates.

Harry ate a treacle tart and half of his salad. Riddle nudged him and gestured to the rest of his plate, but Harry shook his head and buried his face into Riddle’s shoulder. Riddle hauled him off to bed. Harry wasn’t feeling sleepy.

He appreciated the feeling of Riddle’s arms wrapped around him and the feeling of his skin on his own, but it wasn’t the same without Tom there. Wasn’t the same without another body in their bed.

“Riddle.” Harry’s voice was small.

“Yes, angel?” Riddle answered instantly.

“Do you think Tom will wake up?” Harry asked, holding Riddle tighter.

“Yes. We will find a way. If our last resource is Bellatrix, then so be it. Most of these sleep curses eventually wear off.” Riddle explained it in a clinical tone.

“But he can’t syphon like this.” Harry’s voice trembled. “I can’t force any magic into him. I tried. Do you think he’ll disappear?”

Riddle sucked in a breath. “I think we will find a way beforehand, but... we need to think of the possibility that he won’t come back.”

“I don’t want him to die.”

Hot tears leaked out of Harry’s eyes. He couldn’t help but let the loud sobs escape his throat, the snot and tears running down his face, and the redness burning at his eyes. Harry just cried and cried until his tears ran out. And then he continued to cry. It was all he seemed to be able to do at that moment.

Wallow, because he could not help them. He tried, oh, he tried, but he didn’t trust his research when he was in this state. He was certain that he would miss something crucial and get in the way of finding Tom’s countercurse.

All he could do was lay there and cry. He was functionally useless and was only weighing down on others' discoveries if he tried. He knew he was affecting Voldemort as well and could see it in his short temper and his tired state. His sadness affected much more than just him.

“One of the Dark Lord’s sons has fallen under an Auror’s spell and is now in a coma.” That was the first thing Severus said once he arrived at the Auror’s headquarters.

“Serves him right,” Alastor grumbled.

His stump of an arm was wrapped tightly. Severus raised an eyebrow but didn’t question his lack of a limb.

“Does anyone know what spell it was? He said it was orange.” Severus slid into his chair.

“What? Are you seriously considering telling him?” Molly’s question screeched into his skull.

Severus sighed. “I’m asking because they are willing to free one of the prisoners if they give the correct information. If we knew, we could get Tonks or Kingsley out of there.”

The room went silent.

“How do we know that?” Alastor grumbled. “He could just turn around and go back on his word.”

Severus shook his head. “Ignis was very distraught at the state of his son. He cried during a meeting and ran off. If the Dark Lord does not want to free him, Ignis will.”

Alastor just huffed. “There may be one. Tonks would know it. It’s a Black family curse that Tonks taught us. I do not know the countercurse, but it’s here somewhere.”

Remus cleared his throat. “Would this son happen to be one of Harry’s boyfriends?”

Severus shrugged. “Possibly. With the additional son, you have a 50% chance of guessing right.”

“It was the smallest one.” Alastor said, “One of the young Aurors almost caught him.”

“So that is a yes.” Remus shook his head, sighing.

“Why are you upset over this, Remus?” Albus asked in a concerned voice.

“Well,” Remus huffed. “I guess that - Harry is most likely there. So he’ll be upset as well.”

They all nodded. Despite how some of them portrayed it, Severus could tell that they cared for the child. As if this was where they drew the line - kidnapping and stealing his belongings wasn’t cruel, but taking away his boyfriend was?

Severus scoffed.

Hypocrites.

“Severus, would you be able to search in the meantime?” Albus asked.

Severus wanted to roll his eyes. “I do not have much spare time. But I would be able to.”

“I will search as well,” Remus commented.

“I would like you to find it within the month.” Albus’s eyes sparkled. “We do want Tonks or Shackbolt out.”

“Who are we bringing back?” Arthur asked the hard question.

Silence.

“I would recommend bringing back Tonks. She has been experimented on and continues to be prodded due to her metamorphagia nature.” Severus admitted. He would not say that he did them.

“Very well.” Albus nodded. “Let us talk about other matters. We have creature bills to counteract.”

Severus noticed that Remus appeared different in the other meetings. While before he shuffled nervously and cringed, now he was apathetic about it. As if he detached himself from that information. He narrowed his eyes. Whatever it was, Severus would get to the bottom of it.

Harry was curled around Tom when Voldemort broke into the room again.

“We found a few more we could try.” Voldemort swallowed hard. “Harry, it has been three days; perhaps we should take Bellatrix’s advice?”

Harry sighed. “If we don’t have him awake today, then we will accept her advice.” He hated to admit it. But his boyfriend was the top priority.

Regretfully, he detached himself from Tom and sat in the chair next to him.

Voldemort raised his wand and muttered more spells. None of them made Tom move, and he stayed as still as ever. Tears brimmed Harry’s eyes again. Tom might never wake up.

“We can try interrogating the prisoners again.” Voldemort offered, extending his hand.

“I would like to try that.” Harry took Voldemort’s hand.

Harry changed out as fast as his slowed movements would allow him to. He sighed. If they couldn’t get Tom - no, Harry cleared his thoughts. If he thought like that again, he would go

into another state. Break down.

Voldemort and Harry walked back to the dungeons. The prisoners sneered at them as they opened the door. Surprisingly, Snape was there. He was using cleaning spells to get rid of the waste in Tonks' cell. Tonks and Snape shared a look and a slight nod.

"I think I know what spell was used." Tonks' voice was like sandpaper.

"Do tell, Nymphodora. If you are correct, we will take you near one of the ministry's muggle entrances." Voldemort promised her.

"We can make sure you return, safe and sound," Harry reassured her.

Tonks nodded.

"May I see a quill and paper?" Tonk asked as she adjusted herself in the cell.

Harry summoned it for her and slid it through the cell bars. He waited for her to finish her writing and thanked her for it. Voldemort, and he set off as soon as possible.

"We need three red candles and a splash of sea salt." Voldemort read off the parchment.

"I can get the sea salt." Harry insisted. "I have some in my trunk for potions."

"I will get the red candles."

Harry set off and riffled through his trunk. He double and triple-checked that the vial contained sea salt, sniffing it to ensure it as well. He returned to Tom's room, where Voldemort was setting up candles by Tom's head.

"When I pause, throw a pinch of salt at his face," Voldemort instructed, wand at the ready.

Harry's ears strained as he prepared himself.

Voldemort spoke long lines of phrases, each in a different language. He took a large breath and looked expectantly at Harry.

He threw the salt on Tom's face.

The chanting continued, getting faster as the words went on.

As soon as he stopped chanting, the flames went out. Harry watched with bated breath for any sign of movement.

Tom twitched.

Harry lunged to his side, holding Tom's hand.

"Tom?" Harry called out.

Tom's eyes flicked open.

He cried out in pain as the salt resting on his eyelids went into his eyes. He curled up into a ball and cried out again.

“Tom, shh, Tom!” Harry pointed the wand at his face. “Argumenti.”

Water flooded over Tom. Tom coughed and gestured for him to do it again. Harry did it thrice before Tom held up his hand in a stopping motion.

“Tom?” Harry cupped Tom’s face.

“Why is there salt in my eyes?” Tom groaned.

“You’re awake!” The realisation set in for Harry.

Harry peppered Tom’s face with kisses, the residual salt on his face making Harry’s lips tingle. Tom laughed and kissed Harry back. He hauled him into the bed and sat up, holding Harry on his lap.

“What happened? I assume you just didn’t ah-salt me,” Tom winked, “and decide I needed to be loved?”

“You - “ Harry’s eyes watered. “You got hit with some spell that made you go into a coma. You’ve been out for days. We - We were scared that you wouldn’t wake up.”

Tom’s face fell. “Wow, that’s - that’s something.”

“Yeah. And now we need to free Tonks because she gave up the spell that healed you. Voldemort?” Harry looked over his shoulder.

“May I join you?” Tom cut in. “I would like to thank her.”

Voldemort gave them an odd look. “... very well. Do remember that Ignis is your other ‘father’. Try not to be all - that.” He gestured to them as a whole.

“Okay, okay.” Tom held his arms up in surrender.

The three walked back to the cells. As soon as they entered, Tonks’ eyes were on them. Harry wandered to Tonks’ cell and opened the door with a large set of keys. Tonks warily approached him but was caught off guard as she was pulled into a tight embrace.

“Thank you,” Harry said in a hushed voice. “I don’t know what I would do without Thomas.”

“And thank you as well,” Tom called from over his shoulder. “I do like being in the real world.”

“I assume a thank you is in order,” Voldemort said.

“... no problem.” Tonk shifted uncomfortably. “Can I leave now?”

Voldemort nodded. "Follow us; I will have Lucius transport you to an area in muggle London. I am a man of my word."

They escorted Tonks to the family wing. They passed her onto Lucius, who quickly popped away with her after the anti-apparition wards were temporarily lifted.

Harry, meanwhile, was pulling Tom to the personal dining room.

"Come on! I think it's dinnertime, and the others don't know that you are awake!" Harry tugged him along.

"Mh, it is." Voldemort hummed.

Harry dragged Tom and Voldemort to the dining room. A grin stretched across his face as he did. They would all be together again.

They burst into the dining room to find most of them eating. Riddle was poking at his food, but he perked up when he noticed them. He stood and walked over to them.

"Welcome back, Tom." Riddle reached in for a short hug and a pat on the back.

"It feels nice to be awake." Tom hugged Riddle back.

"Welcome back." Marvolo raised a glass to Tom.

"Welcome." Ominis nodded.

"Let us eat." Voldemort gestured for everyone to go back to normal.

Harry leaned against Tom as he ate hungrily. He had forgotten what it was like to eat a full meal, and he was going to make the most of it. Tom took great joy in feeding Harry again.

After dinner, the three left for the bedroom. They chose Harry's room, and they quickly stripped and curled up together. A content sigh escaped Harry's lips. Happiness bubbled up in his chest as he embraced the moment. Tom was back and Riddle was by his side.

Everything would be fine.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: I am awake. (Memories flood back) Who is going to die?

Harry: Oh, prisoners that have been tortured and kidnapped, help us!

Tonks: How about no?

Harry: Crucio

Harry: I'm not leaving Tom's side!
Riddle: Please, angel?
Harry: ... for you. Only for you.

Voldemort: I require aid.
Everyone: (Shocked gasps, horror)

Ignis: (Cries during a meeting and runs out)
Everyone: Oh no, what torture will we witness?
Voldemort: ... moving on
Everyone: (Gasps)

Harry: No eat, only Tom
Riddle: What about for me?
Harry: ...fine

Severus: So we could free one of our members
Everyone: Lies!
Severus: See, this is why you all will die out. Not me, I'm special

Harry: Tom has awoken!
Tom: Why is there salt in my eyes?
Harry: Because I love you!

Tom: I am awake!
Everyone: Welcome back! Now, let's eat!

Also! I updated my Two Leaps Back story! Please check it out!

The Sirens and An Uncomfortable Talk

Chapter Summary

Voldemort, Ominis, and Marvolo go to a meeting, with a disastrous twist. Harry and Marvolo get into a food-fight. Voldemort and Ominis have an uncomfortable conversation.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Voldemort watched the three interact. He couldn't help but have that odd feeling rise within him again. He couldn't track it down. It was like a fire that burned inside of him every time he had to look at the three. Even more so now that Tom was awake.

Them just getting along. Utterly enchanted by the other's presence. So soft and sirene.

Voldemort wanted that.

At least his other horcruxes did not fall under the same affliction. They were more reserved around Potter than the other two, for which he was glad. He would not know what to do if they also decided to join Potter. He would be forced to see it in every part of his life.

The three of them left Voldemort, Ominis, and Marvolo in the dining room. Voldemort cleared his throat once they left.

"Would you like to start shadowing me during the meetings?" Voldemort took a final bite of salad before leaning back.

"I would like that." Marvolo nodded.

"I was going to ask that today." Ominis appeared a little irritated but seemed to let it go.

"Good, good. I have a meeting tomorrow if you would like to go. For now, I will visit other clans, if you would like to join me?" Voldemort stood up from his chair.

The two agreed with him and walked off to get ready. Voldemort for one, was glad that they took so much pride in their appearance. Tom and Riddle liked to dress nicely, but they often fell into the habit of walking around day-to-day in their normal wear. Tom, for one, still wore his school robes most of the time.

He wasn't even in school, nor was it the school year.

Voldemort waited for them outside of their rooms. They both came out, dressed immaculately. Voldemort nodded to them and asked if they needed anything else. After no response, he set off.

The first clan to visit was a clan of sirens. He enchanted his horcruxes not to give into their songs, although he doubted that they would suffer from that affliction.

They flooded over to the siren's cove. Sirens milled about in the caves, some human, some part fish, while others with full tails swam in the canals. It reminded him of a caved-in Vinience. Voldemort searched around and eventually found the small castle that would host their ally.

"We can look around another day," Voldemort promised as he caught their curious gaze.

They deflated a bit but nodded.

They passed through the guards easily and ended up at the foot of a golden throne before long. There, Queen Silen sat with her daughter and son flanking her sides.

"Lord Voldemort," Queen Silen welcomed with wide arms.

"Queen Silen, I would like to discuss the treaty if you are still available." They had set up the time specifically for this meeting; however, he always checked.

"I am. Would it be okay if my children sat in?" She gestured to the two sirens at her side.

"If I am allowed the same." Voldemort motioned to Ominis and Marvolo.

"Of course. Come, I have a meeting room for us." Queen Silen got up from her chair and beckoned them to the side halls.

They didn't wander far before they ended up in a circular room with an arced ceiling. They stood around an oval table that had a map under the glass surface. Voldemort unfurled his copy of the treaty and rolled it onto the table.

"I would just like to discuss how the recent bills passed changed some of the contracts. I have come to my agreement, and I would like to discuss yours." Voldemort pointed to a bulleted list at the bottom.

"Perfectly fine, Lord Voldemort. Our obligations cover the South-Western Seas now, correct?" Queen Silen looked over the documents.

"Yes, and as you can see..."

Voldemort made sure to include Ominis and Marvolo in their conversation. They observed with guarded fascination as they wove through the political field. Careful not to ask too much nor too little when coming to negotiations and striking new deals.

Meanwhile, the teenage daughter and son watched Ominis and Marvolo with different interests on their minds.

“I believe we are finished here, Lord Voldemort?” Queen Silen drawled after there was a moment of silence.

“Yes, I do.” Voldemort nodded.

Queen Silen and her children spoke in hushed tones that almost sounded musical, too low for Voldemort to pick up on. Her children bustled with excitement as Queen Silen narrowed her eyes but relented.

“How are your sons, Lord Voldemort?” The Queen asked once they finished talking.

“They are well,” Voldemort answered. “And yours?”

“Well as well. It ‘get to the point’; are there any marriage contracts between your sons and other nations?” Queen Silen said bluntly.

Voldemort wanted to groan. But he tried to evade her. “We are still thinking about agreements.”

“Hm.” The Queen’s mouth drew thin. “And why is that? If you so *choose*, we could discuss a possible marriage contract.”

Voldemort wanted to yell. He hadn’t had the time to develop these types of evasive skills. Tom and Riddle were known to be taken, and Ominis and Marvolo had not had enough presence for people to ask about them.

Offending the Queen could affect his cause. The Southwest Seas were one of his weaker borders. Voldemort sent a look to the Ominis and Marvolo.

“I am afraid we are all taken.” Marvolo interrupted them.

“What?” The three sirens spoke at once.

Ominis smiled. “Ah, you see. Harry Potter has been very enchanting to us. He’s managed to enthrall us.”

Now, Voldemort wanted to scream at *them*. He could have thought of a way to avoid this conversation or shut it down. They just had to open up their mouths!

“I see.” The Queen cleared her throat. “Lord Voldemort, I did not expect four of your sons to date *one* boy.”

Voldemort breathed out. “While it is not a favourable outcome, it is what they have chosen. Removing one of them from the equation is detrimental.”

Queen Silen sighed, barely audible. “Well, if that arrangement changes, please contact me.”

“I will.” Voldemort curtly nodded.

The air was wrought with tension as they escorted Voldemort, Ominis, and Marvolo out of the castle and back to the floo. Voldemort was just... glad that they had that discussion after signing everything. She might not have been agreeable if not.

He inhaled the moment they landed.

“You. Have. The. Nerve.” Voldemort spat, spinning Marvolo around to face him as his glammers dropped.

“What? It removes the possibility of us having marriage contracts.” Marvolo shrugged.

“I *was* handling it,” Voldemort growled.

“Well, I did not like how they were looking at me.” Marvolo crossed his arms like a child.

Voldemort growled. “Be lucky, they asked after negotiations. And you, why did you agree?”

Ominis looked at him warily. “It seemed like a good solution. Quick and to the point, more so blaming the fact that we have a boyfriend rather than outright denying them.”

“Even if that is true, next time, let me handle it. You are *observing*.” Voldemort stressed.

“Fine.” Marvolo huffed. Ominis looked similarly miffed.

“Leave. Tell you’re new ‘boyfriend’ about this arrangement.” Voldemort pointed to the door.

Marvolo scoffed and left without a glance back. Ominis followed shortly after. Voldemort stalked off to his office. He sat at the desk with the treaty clutched in his hands. He rested his head on the desk and sighed.

Children.

“You know, I’m not going away if you let go of me.” Tom smiled down at him.

Harry lifted himself from his position on the sofa in the library. He frowned and snuggled back into him. The beat of Tom’s heart soothed him.

“I need to make up for lost time.” Harry’s words were muffled by the soft cotton of Tom’s shirt.

“Whatever you say.”

Tom placed a gentle hand back on Harry’s head, brushing through his unruly black locks. Harry breathed out, closing his eyes.

A loud bang echoed through the quiet library.

“Oh, you are in here.” Marvolo’s voice met his ears. Harry stayed close to Tom as Marvolo and Ominis approached.

“What do you need? Croissants?” Harry yawned.

“No.” Ominis spoke. “We used you as an excuse to why we cannot partake in a marriage contract.”

The gears in Harry’s brain turned slowly.

“You told them I was your husband?” He exclaimed.

“Boyfriend, but yes.” Marvolo clarified with a wide smirk on his face.

Harry giggled. Then he outright howled with laughter. He pushed off of Tom and sat up straight, still breaking down and laughing. Tom, however, looked less than amused.

“So, you just said, ‘No, marriage contract. I have a boyfriend.’?” He wiped tears from his eyes.

Marvolo almost looked hurt.

“Well, yes,” Marvolo admitted, a blush growing on his face.

“That’s hilarious. Well - “ Harry leaned over the arm of the sofa dramatically. “ - whenever we’re out, I expect you to act like a loving, doting boyfriend.”

Marvolo smiled. “Of course, I can.”

“I will... try.” Ominis shifted, though he had a small grin on his face.

Harry just smiled.

“Well, my newest boyfriends, would you like to join Tom, Riddle, and me in teaching me more duelling techniques? We’ll go in, say, thirty minutes?” Harry stretched out.

“I would love to.” Marvolo nodded.

“You need better work, so yes. I assume you will need some correcting.” Ominis bowed his head.

“Hey!” Riddle called out from the other side of the library.

Ominis rolled his eyes. “You two are young; I expect you to make mistakes. What I will try to prevent is you passing on those mistakes to your consort. You all need to know how to protect yourself properly, lest something like last week happen again.”

The air grew silent.

“We will take your suggestion.” Tom gripped his book tightly.

Harry cuddled with Tom until thirty minutes were up. The rest of them flicked through books, trying to find spells that would be suitable to teach Harry.

In the training room, they prepared dummies to practise on.

Ominis took to teaching almost immediately.

“Back straighter; adjust your feet a little more.” Ominis corrected his duelling stance just like Voldemort would.

Harry adjusted his movements accordingly.

“Point your wand straighter,” Ominis growled after the fifth time correcting it.

Harry nodded. “Like this?”

Ominis took him by the hand and altered the degree by an almost indiscernible amount. But he looked satisfied after it.

“Now, do a few warm-up spells. Show me what you know.” Ominis walked back and placed his hands on his hips.

“Lacero.” Harry pointed to the dummy.

A powerful wave overtook him, and the dummy was slashed in half, leaving a deep gash in the wall behind it.

“Wow.” Harry breathed. “That - I was not expecting that.”

“Did you practise it wandlessly before?” Ominis paced behind him.

“Yeah.”

Ominis made a ‘hmp’ noise. “Whenever you practise a spell wandlessly, you end up learning to force more magic into it. With a wand, you do not need as much magic. Try to cast it gently.”

Ominis flicked his wand, and the dummy was whole again.

“Lacero,” Harry repeated, trying to just barely push any magic through.

A long nick pulled across the dummy’s chest.

Ominis appeared beside him and raised an eyebrow. “You have more control over your magic than I first thought. Good.”

“Maybe it's because I’m - or my magic - is used to being drawn from? Like, it knows what it is like to force out a little or a lot.” Harry tried to explain.

“Maybe.” Ominis hummed. “Would you mind if I took some of your magic tomorrow morning?”

“No problem. You know, I might need to see if I need another one of those magic replenishers or whatever Voldemort gives me.” Harry flapped his hand.

The practise went on with adjusting Harry's form and teaching Harry new spells. He smirked as he laid eyes on the shattered pieces of dummies.

Truly, he didn't know if he had it in him to use it on a person. Bellatrix yes, Umbridge, yes, his family? Maybe. If they were even alive. Voldemort probably disposed of them a while ago, if he even bothered to keep them.

"Focus, Harry. You may need to use these one day." Tom called out.

He may need to use it one day.

Harry knew he might. Toeing the line between the light and the dark might have kept him from harm's way for the last year, but he would eventually need to fight for his life.

Dumbledore would want him dead, and plenty of others would see his defection as a betrayal. They would try to kill him - to avenge the future that could have been. On the other side, plenty of Voldemort's sycophants would want him dead as well.

Not only as Harry Potter but as Ignis as well.

Harry shivered. His days of fighting for his life on a daily basis might be on pause, but they would eventually resume. His boyfriends couldn't protect him from everything. One day, he would need to step up and defeat those who wished to destroy him.

And Harry found himself looking forward to that.

Harry found himself in the kitchen, baking with Marvolo, when Ominis walked in. Up in his arms were a huge chunk of clay and tools, almost falling out of his grasp. He plopped himself in the corner of the kitchen counter and threw the clay down.

"To what do we owe the pleasure?" Harry asked as he shovelled batter into a pan.

"I don't want to get my room dirty," Ominis explained.

Ominis grabbed a bowl, filled it with water, and dipped his hand into the water. His long fingers pinched and patted at the clay, wet shlapping sounds filling the room.

Marvolo twitched.

Harry, meanwhile, just shrugged. If Ominis felt comfortable enough around them to do this, he was more than welcome to. The sounds were not decent; however, Harry could ignore that.

In the corners of his vision, Harry watched as Ominis worked. He scooped up clay from the centre of his blob and pinched at the clay until the divot was large. In fascination, Harry watched as a teacup slowly formed.

Ominis ripped a chunk out of the spare clay and began to form a tube. He scored little scales into it. It was attached as a handle, and Ominis ended up just staring at it.

“Looks good,” Harry commented.

“It is uneven.” Ominis frowned.

Harry thought back to his art class. “We could get you a throwing wheel. It is a thing that spins a plate for you so you can get everything even.”

“I will ask Voldemort.” Ominis nodded.

“You could probably ask him for a room for your clay if you want.” Harry pointed out. He handed the white icing to Marvolo.

“I may do that.” Ominis readied his wand and pointed it at the piece. “Fiendfire.”

He watched as a small fire dragon was produced out of the end of Ominis’ wand. It wrapped around the clay piece, with the little dragon prancing. The clay turned from dark to light grey and looked chalky.

Ominis frowned.

“I will be back.” Ominis retreated to his room.

Harry helped Marvolo with the finishing touches of his snake cake. Marvolo thanked him and teasingly threw a pinch of powdered sugar in Harry’s face. Harry smiled and tossed some flour at him. A glob of icing found its way onto Harry’s cheek.

There, the food fight commenced. Icing, flour, butter, and sugar were being thrown all over the kitchen. The laughter that sounded almost musical left Marvolo’s mouth, and Harry just giggled.

“You miss - “ Marvolo began but was interrupted by a bit of red icing smacking him on the side of his face.

“Haha!” Harry grinned wide.

Marvolo smirked as Harry’s black hair soon turned various shades of white and rainbow. Marvolo was similarly covered, though noticeably less. Harry scooped up icing from a bowl and was about to throw it when Marvolo tackled him to the floor.

A huff escaped Harry as they landed on the floor. Harry’s hands were pinned to the floor, and Marvolo straddled him. Marvolo was grinning, his eyes dark.

“Now who are the giggling schoolgirls?” Came from behind them.

Harry peeked behind Marvolo to see Tom and Riddle, with an amused-looking Ominis behind them. Marvolo and his boyfriends communicated something secret with a series of glances, and his boyfriends nodded.

“So, what’s this all about?” Riddle asked, a bit tense.

“Marvolo started it!” Harry tried to wiggle free, but his wrists were gripped too tightly.

“Get up, you two, and take a shower.” Tom shook his head.

Marvolo begrudgingly removed himself from Harry. They stood, an air of... something between them.

“I’ll take you up on that shower.” Harry winked. The ‘care to join’ implied.

His boyfriends and Harry left to take a shower together, and Harry found they were much handsier than usual.

Voldemort sighed as he took Ominis out for another shopping trip. These horcruxes, however endearing they may be, were expensive to upkeep. Not to mention the future shopping trip for more clothing they needed to do. Just getting them dress robes was pricy, and Voldemort did not doubt that they would want new ones for the next ball.

Not that Voldemort couldn’t afford it, far from it, but there was a noticeable dip in his accounts. At least they hadn’t asked for personal manors.

“What all do you need?” Voldemort asked conversationally.

“Hm.” Ominis consulted a list. “A... throwing wheel? Glaze, more clay, more tools, and a shelf.”

“A shelf?”

“For my creations.” Ominis nodded to him.

Voldemort had to look away. Ominis was just a step away from looking identical to him, and it sometimes weirded him out. If they would just adjust their style a bit, he wouldn’t mind; Tom and Riddle were visually much younger than him and Marvolo.

"There." Ominis pointed to the shop.

They entered the quaint shop and quickly grabbed their supplies. It was easy to shop when you just took one of everything.

They were walking back to an alcove when Ominis stopped and looked up at Voldemort. There was something that stirred in his eyes - something similar to his Death Eaters before they revealed a horrifying truth.

“If Tom and Riddle love Harry, does that mean we will as well?” He asked with a soft voice.

“Uh,” Voldemort tore his eyes away. “I do not know.”

Voldemort was truly drawn to Harry. There was something about him that he just couldn't step away from. Something that made his world orbit around him.

"I'm attracted to the idea of him," Ominis admitted. "Someone who cares, someone soft and loving. But he is still just a bit too innocent."

"I doubt your assumption. He has been through a lot, especially because of me. He has - I think it is less about his innocence and more about his attitude. He acts like it doesn't affect him anymore when he is around us." Voldemort bit his lip. "I have seen that it has not been the case for the other aspects of his life."

"Seen?" Ominis's brows knitted together in confusion.

Voldemort needed to tell him the truth. "Harry can see our memories. He told me. And I can see his as well. I - It has not been a pleasant experience for either of us."

"Oh." Ominis shifted uncomfortably.

"I... fear I will eventually be attracted to him." Ominis sighed. "And what then?"

"Tom and Riddle already share him; I doubt they would have too much of an issue sharing him with more." Voldemort tried to assure him.

"Hm." Ominis looked off into the distance. "I have time to think."

"You do. There is no reason why you have to make a decision now." Voldemort sulked into the alcove.

"... Thank you," Ominis whispered.

Voldemort gave him a small smile. As awkward as it may have been, Voldemort did appreciate knowing his horcruxes better. He already knew that they were not the same person and that they were different, but at the same time, there were many similarities.

He saw himself, more than just physically, in every one of his horcruxes. Sometimes it was their mind, other times their mannerisms. He ... felt himself longing to know them. Harry, as well.

How their minds worked and how that affected their actions were one thing. But knowing how their emotions worked could help him as well. He had found that sorting through his emotions left him with much less aching in his soul.

His emotions were fickle and painful, but if he knew how they worked, the pain would be less.

"Shall we leave?" Voldemort withdrew a baton.

"Yes."

Voldemort muttered the password. When they landed, they parted ways. Just as they had left, those feelings returned to Voldemort. Defiling feelings.

He sighed. Voldemort crawled into bed and set about taking a nap to avoid those feelings. Those were feelings that he did not want to decipher.

Harry sat next to Voldemort as another meeting started. People were all sitting and waiting patiently for Voldemort to start his speech. Currently, Harry was staring at Draco. Draco shifted uncomfortably.

It sparked a bit of joy within him that Draco was so unnerved by him. And he didn't know what that Ignis was Harry.

"You are staring at him." Voldemort pointed out.

"I am," Harry smirked as Draco shifted again. *"His discomfort brings me joy."*

"Do you want him?" Voldemort inquired.

"What?"

"For anything. Torture him, task him with missions, humiliate him, whatever you wish." Voldemort flipped his hand.

Draco was even more nervous now that Voldemort's and Harry's eyes were on him.

"I may take you up on your offer." Harry hummed. *"Maybe later. I will make an event about it if you let me. But those take time to plan."*

"Whatever event you wish, you can partake in." Voldemort nodded.

Their conversation ended there, and Voldemort began his meeting. He talked about more creature bills and raids, among other things that Harry kept a keen eye on.

Voldemort looked at him, a ghost of a smirk on his face.

"Inner circle, stay behind. I have a task for you." Voldemort looked away from Harry.

Harry's interest was now piqued.

Once everyone left,, Voldemort surveyed his inner circle. He cleared his throat and started to speak.

"Ignis here will eventually attend a raid," Voldemort spoke clearly.

He was? Not that he wasn't against it, but he may not like the brutality of it. The idea, however, made his eyes widen with excitement.

What was a raid like? Was it just bloodshed and brutality, or was it stealthy, but with some fire?

Voldemort continued. "As such, I will have you take Ignis through some raid strategies. I will have a personal team tasked with protecting him from Aurors until I find him fit to defend himself."

"I am fit!" Harry defended himself.

"No, you are not. You can fight one opponent; that is different from fighting multiple from different angles." Voldemort dismissed him.

"I will also task some of you and the middle circle with teaching him to fight multiple enemies," Voldemort added. "Narcissa, I want you to teach him healing spells as well."

"Yes, my lord." Narcissa bowed her head.

"Ignis will attend your meetings to discuss raids, and his training will happen after those meetings," Voldemort instructed. "Find one of the soul pieces and inform them of when the meetings will take place. It will get back to him."

"Yes, my lord." Rang out from their mouths.

"Good, now, begone." Voldemort flicked his hand.

They calmly exited the table and then filed out of the room. While they walked out, Harry noticed the slight tremble in Draco.

"Voldemort," Harry said once they had all left. "I have some... ideas about Draco."

"Oh?" Voldemort smirked.

"Many ideas."

Harry's smile could send chills down anyone's spine.

Severus stirred another potion. It was the magic enhancer; it would only be the second time he needed to make it, and it had been a month.

It seemed odd that Ignis would need this potion so often. He would need to be doing something incredibly taxing on the daily to need this once. Or the man would have to be incredibly magically weak, which he did not find probable. He could sense the power in him whenever he cast the crucio on Bellatrix.

So that begged the question: what did he do? Was it a ritual? A type of magic-tie? That would make sense. The Dark Lord would do anything to have more power. He assumed the magical tie would be between him and the Dark Lord.

Or it could be to his soul-pieces.

His soul-pieces would need to have some type of power. A fuel of sorts. Magic needed to generate itself, and he doubted that, without a permanent body, they could generate their own.

So that was why Ignis had been promoted. Ignis was nothing but a battery for the Dark Lord's horcruxes. That was why he needed to be protected as well. That was why:

Everything clicked into place.

That would also be why they didn't see Ignis. He was busy being weak or preserving his magic for the horcruxes to take. From what he had heard, the horcruxes used magic just as often as everyone else.

How he would manage to be alive while they took all his magic was beyond Severus's imagination.

He skimmed off the potion and placed it into a vial, making sure to get every last drop. The Dark Lord has said he possessed fifty milliliters of phoenix tears. If he took more than one every month, then that meant that he only had a few doses left.

Was Ignis supposed to support them indefinitely? That would almost be impossible to maintain. That much strain on a person's core - made Severus feel ill.

He had seen what magical exhaustion looked like. Core-blow, when someone casts a spell too powerful for their core, was a messy affair.

The Dark Lord would need to find another Ignis, and if it was a magical tie, there could be no other. Magical ties were for life, and one could not break one to latch onto another.

If Ignis died, so would his horcruxes.

It was an unsustainable cycle.

Chapter End Notes

Voldemort: Watching these three interact is making me feel things.

Voldemort: I am not jealous.

Voldemort: Marriage contracts, well -

Marvolo: Actually, Harry is our wonderful, adorable boyfriend. We all share him.

Ominis: Yes, we all share him

Voldemort: (Internal screeching)

Marvolo: So we said you were our boyfriend

Harry: HA! Wouldn't that be ridiculous?

Marvolo:

Marvolo: I throw a bit of powdered sugar at you, platonically of course

Harry: I will coat you in icing.

Ominis: Damn, we're going to fall for that boy too?

Voldemort: Well, we don't know that

Ominis: I'm already a little attracted to him

Voldemort: (Internal screeching)

Voldemort: You Death Eaters are going to train Ignis

Harry: We're going to train? How exciting! Now I can slaughter - vanquish my enemies

Severus: Ignis is a battery to them

Severus: This cannot last forever

In other news, I have reached 350,000 hits in my entire AO3 account! Also! I am proud to announce the one-year anniversary of my AO3 account! I started in October with my Pariah: Rising from Ashes (my mess of a firstborn), after writing in extreme illness a year earlier. I did not even know if I would survive until my graduation, and I was still trying to write fanfiction during that time. AO3 author's curse! This is a big goal for me, and I even bought myself a cake to celebrate!

Comment of the week, from Ellen28323734:

"I love the way you show Voldemort slowly changing (hugs Harry) and Harry changing (crucios people for Tom). With the violence and torture, I should be aghast, but instead I find it hilarious. IS it because it is only a story, or because of your writing style? I think it's all due to the talent of the author. Kudos."

<3

A Visit with Aquillian

Chapter Summary

Harry gets back at Draco... maybe a bit too sadistically? They have cake and finally get to visit Aquillian!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I think it's time to deal with Draco,” Harry said as they sat down to eat.

“What do you want to do with him?” Voldemort asked and grabbed a croissant.

Harry hummed and took a bit off of Tom's offered fork. “I think there is some mild torture. He really needs to know that this isn't a schoolboy rivalry anymore. Tom and Riddle did something to him, but *I* haven't proven my point yet.”

Riddle smiled evilly.

“Would you two like to watch?” Harry offered it to his boyfriends. He noded at a bite of steak Riddle presented him.

“I would love to.” Tom kissed him on the cheek.

“As would I,” Riddle said, reaching under the table and grasping Harry's hand.

“May I as well?” Marvolo asked. “From what I've heard, he is a brat that needs to be punished.”

“A brat that needs to be punished?” Ominis muttered darkly. “Count me in.”

Harry nodded to them. “Yeah, you could join in.”

“Make it a party.” Voldemort chuckled darkly. “I will hold back the family after one of our meetings.”

The time came for Draco's punishment. Harry waited under his invisibility cloak as the Death Eaters filed out. He could see the Malfoy family waiting there, tense as could be.

Tom, Riddle, Marvolo, and Ominis were out in the open, nodding or waving to the Death Eaters as they passed by. After everyone had left, Harry ripped off his invisibility cloak and entered the room.

“Hello, Draco,” Harry spoke cheerily.

“P - Potter?” Draco’s eyes went wide.

Voldemort held a ghost of a smirk on his face. “Do as you wish; you have been good.”

Ah, so Voldemort was framing it as if Draco was a reward for Harry. That was satisfying for him. Harry did deserve a reward for all of his effort.

Voldemort flicked his hand, and all of the tables were shoved to the wall, leaving them standing in the centre of the room without anything for protection.

Ominis cleared his throat. “Do impress us, Harry.”

Harry grinned as he held up his spare wand.

“Draco, would you mind standing about ten paces away from your parents?” Harry asked as he oriented himself beside Voldemort.

“Potter - “

“Did I ask you to speak? Ten paces.” Harry commanded.

Draco inhaled and counted ten paces away from his parents. Lucius and Narcissa looked terrified, with their eyes wide and their hands clutched. Draco was worse, hardly able to stand with how much he trembled.

Harry didn’t waste any time. “Crucio.”

The screams that left Draco’s mouth hurt Harry’s ears. Draco contorted on the floor, twisting and spasming in unnatural ways. Harry held him under it for ten seconds before he stopped it. The rush of power that entered his veins stopped.

“*Voldemort*,” Harry stressed. Lucius flinched. “How long can you hold someone under the crucitas?”

“Depends on the severity. Bellatrix held the Longbottoms under for around twenty minutes, after and that completely broke their minds. You would probably get the same effect for twenty-five or thirty. A normal person has lasting effects at ten minutes.” Voldemort replied expertly.

“Ten minutes constant or ten minutes altogether?” Harry asked, reading his wand again.

“Hm, in my experience, about ten minutes a day.” Voldemort hummed. “Most people I have held for over ten minutes, I have killed.”

“Crucio,” Harry repeated.

Power filled him as Draco contorted again. The smell of ammonia filled the air as Draco pissed himself. Harry held him under it for another ten seconds before stopping.

“Aw, Draco, you’re just like your father in more ways than one. Does it run in the Malfoy genes to piss yourself at every available opportunity?” Harry grinned.

“I think it does - Abraxes pissed himself once after I held him under the crucitas for just a *few* minutes.” Marvolo rolled his eyes.

“Do you think it’s the cousin-fucking or just cowardice?” Tom posulated.

“How about both?” Ominis smirked.

“Can someone clean him up? I don’t want to smell that.” Harry scrunched his nose.

“I can.” Riddle approached Draco threateningly.

“Scroungify.” Riddle smiled.

A sharp inhale overtook Drraco as his urine vanished. But small nicks appeared on his skin and redness as well. Draco looked like he was stifling a scream and clutching his crotch.

“Can you scroungify someone’s skin off?” Harry asked out of curiosity.

“Yes,” Ominis answered right away. “Practically any spell can be used violently.”

“Oh?” Harry’s interest was piqued.

“That is true,” Voldemort replied. “Some Death Eaters of mine do not want to participate in the Dark Arts. They get creative with other spells.”

Harry smirked.

“Tom? Riddle?” Harry gestured to Draco.

Tom and Riddle did a quick rock-paper-scissors.

“Me first.” Riddle withdrew his wand and pointed it at Draco. “Hm, I think -

A whimper escaped Draco’s mouth as multiple cuts appeared all over his body. Blood seeped into his clothing. Harry leaned against Riddle, closing his eyes as Riddle siphoned a little magic from Harry.

“Hm, what to do what to do?” Tom contemplated. “I think - ustio.”

A ragged screech sounded through the hall as patches of Draco’s skin turned red. Then they bubbled up into small boils, fluid filling them to bulge out. Draco panted and kept on shifting around to find a place that didn’t hurt to sit.

“Crucio.” Riddle flung the curse at Draco.

Harry’s ears were starting to hurt with all the screaming. He didn’t know how Voldemort dealt with this or how he wasn’t nearly deaf. His hands covered his ears, but it didn’t do much to blot out the noise.

“Hm, anything creative we can do?” Harry pondered.

“You could take his eye.” Ominis offered.

“Cut off his fingers?” Marvolo hummed.

“Hm, I meant with spells.” Harry shrugged them off.

“We could break his bones and use Brackium Emendo to heal them before setting them. It makes the bones go into weird shapes.” Ominis offered.

“Ominis, you’re an evil genius, you know?” Harry complimented him.

Ominis bustled with ego.

“Magic or muggle?” Tom inquired, rolling up his sleeves.

“Muggle,” Harry confirmed. “Riddle, hold him.”

Draco, still sprawled out on the floor, whimpered.

They approached Draco with a glint in their eyes. Riddle hoisted Draco to his feet, and Tom splayed out one of his arms. Harry hummed.

Harry aimed for Draco’s elbow and kicked it in. A satisfying crunch filled the air as Draco cried out in pain. His arm bent at an odd angle, and there was a sharp bone poking at the underside of Draco’s skin.

“Brackium Emendo,” Harry repeated.

Without resetting the bones, the spell would try to connect the shards. What came out would be a disfigured bone with odd edges mixed with strange curves. Harry was mildly curious about what Draco’s bones looked like, but taking off his skin and muscles would be too messy.

“I want his leg.” Harry smiled down at Draco.

A whine left Draco’s mouth as Harry shattered his knee.

“Brackium Emendo,” Harry repeated.

Draco’s leg remained frozen in its oddly bent position as the spell fused the shard together. Riddle dropped Draco, the boy panting as he was released.

“Hm, I think I’m done,” Harry said after a minute. “Tom, Riddle?”

“I think you need to have a cleaner mouth. After all, all you spew is shit. Scroungify.” Riddle pointed his wand at Draco’s mouth.

Draco wiggled and rolled onto his stomach. He spat thin trails of blood onto the ground. His mouth was kept agape, gasping sounds leaving him.

“Mh, ustio,” Tom repeated.

Even more burns and boils appeared on Draco’s body. Some of them overlapped and popped, soaking Draco’s clothes in fluids.

“Are you done?” Voldemort drawled.

“Yeah.”

“Yes.”

“Yes.”

“Good. Crucio.” Voldemort spat.

Draco was turned into a whimpered mess on the floor. He coughed out blood, and his chest rapidly rose and fell. Harry didn’t give him another look before he retreated beside Voldemort.

“Wait one second.” Tom reached into his expandable pocket and withdrew a camera.

“Tom!” Harry admonished.

“Shh. Draco, hold still or, you know, don’t.”

The camera flashed as Tom took Draco’s picture, with him still contorting on the ground. Tom smiled brightly and tucked his camera back into his robes. They were all now in a line, in front of the Malfoy family.

“Do not disobey my orders.” Voldemort cut off the spell. “You will find yourself in a worse state.”

“O - Oka - “ Draco couldn’t even say, ‘Okay.’

Voldemort huffed. “Narcissa, heal him as you wish. Children, let us depart.”

“*Children.*” Ominis mocked.

They filed out of the room, leaving Narcissa and Lucius to help comfort Draco. Harry was a bit tired after all of that and split from the group to go to bed.

Tom would return with Emerald and Onyx, who had wanted to cuddle as well, and Riddle would return with a small stack of pillows. His boyfriends wrapped around him, and Emerald and Onyx curled up on top of their midsections.

Sleep would find him soon, and his dreams were nothing but sweet.

Barty was chatting with Tom when Harry and Riddle entered the kitchen. The other Death Eaters were in the kitchen: Tiberius, the Carrows, the Lestranges, Lucius, and Corbin. Harry

smirked when he saw Lucius. Lucius wouldn't meet his eyes and ducked his head instead.

"Hi, everyone. To what is the occasion?" Harry waved his arms out.

"Marvolo said he'd make a big strawberry cake," Barty commented.

Harry looked offended. "And no one told me?"

"You were 'busy' with Riddle when everyone was informed." Tom winked at him.

Many of them chuckled as Harry's cheeks tinged red.

"Oh. Where's the cake?" Harry asked.

Harry summoned a chair for him and Riddle and expanded the dining table. They sat between Tom and Ominis. He leaned on Tom, and they laced hands.

"The cake is almost done; I just need to add the finishing icing." Marvolo almost sounded stressed.

Harry watched as Marvolo squeezed small bags of icing onto the mock Emerald with a mock Onyx on top. To the side, the real Emerald and Onyx lay in a posed position. Marvolo's eyes kept flickering between the two.

"And... cake is done." Marvolo proclaimed.

"It looks just like me!" Emerald exclaimed, prancing around.

"I as well," Onyx hissed.

"And now, it is time to destroy it."

Marvolo floated the cake onto the centre of the table. Tom snapped a picture of it just before plates began to land in front of them. Marvolo stalked to the table and took his seat beside Riddle.

He withdrew a knife and slashed the mock Emerald's head. Inside, there was some type of vanilla cake with white filling and strawberries in between the layers. Harry salivated at the idea of munching on the cake.

They all cut themselves a slice and began to dig in. It was delicious, with just the right amount of strawberry and cream mixed with the vanilla. Harry hummed, eliciting a smirk from Marvolo. Compliments were rained onto Marvolo. He bustled with ego.

"Harry?" Barty asked once everyone was stuffed full of cake. "What is it like dating two young Dark Lords?"

Harry thought for a moment, swallowing his last bit of cake. "Well, they were a bit rough around the edges when I first met them - mostly Tom because he tried to murder me with a basilisk when we first met."

Tom shyly smiled.

“And Riddle - well, Riddle heard of me through Tom and gave me a chance instantly. They’re quite sweet around me and get a little murderous around everyone else, though. I think they’d do anything for me, as long as it makes me happy.”

“Damn right.” Tom lifted their laced hands and kissed Harry's back.

“I’d burn down the world for you.” Riddle kissed Harry on the cheek.

"Aw!" Barty swooned. "I can't believe the Dark Lord could be like this. Or had the potential to be like this.”

“Right?” Harry smiled, kissing Riddle back. “What went wrong?”

“Retail,” Marvolo said flatly.

“Dark arts.” Ominis provided the correct answer.

A laugh escaped all of them.

Harry breathed in a deep breath as he took everything in.

He’d like to have more days like this. Just sitting around, baking, and eating with everyone. Something calm and peaceful, just relaxed.

He could care to indulge in this every once in a while.

Excitement bubbled under Harry’s veins.

“Keep calm; the guards will not like it if you are this energetic.” Voldemort put a hand on Harry’s shoulder.

“Fine.”

Harry tried to quell his energy. How could he? They were meeting with Aquillian, and Harry could finally sneak out and get Tom, Riddle, Marvolo, Ominis, and Voldemort a gift. What their gifts could be, he did not know. He’d know when he saw it.

Harry bounded over to the floo. Voldemort waved his hands at the floo, allowing him to go first. Harry grabbed a handful of the green, sandy powder, keeping it in his hands as he cleared his throat.

“Prince Aquillian’s personal floo, Harry Potter,” Harry announced.

The fire around him turned green and consumed him. There was that awful stretching feeling, then floating, then crashing as he came tumbling out of the floo. He groaned as he hit the cold wooden floor.

Lifting his head, the ends of several spears were pointed right at him.

“Lower your guard!” Aquillian’s voice rang out.

The spear slowly lowered, and armoured bodies left his view. Harry stared up at Aquillian, who was seated on a gilded throne. Above him, light shone down, and scattered rainbows littered the hall from the crystals floating overhead. The walls were made of twisting trees, meticulously moulded into the shape of a dome.

“Do stand up, Harry,” Aquillian spoke with a smile.

“Oh, right.”

Harry bounced to his feet. He carefully walked towards Aquillian, with armoured guards glaring at him every step of the way. Harry stood at the foot of the throne. Aquillian rose.

“Good to see you again.” Aquillian offered his hand.

“Good to see you as well. Letters aren’t nearly enough.” Harry smiled back at him, shaking his hand.

“No, they are not.” Aquillian sighed.

The floor blared to life again. The guards readied their spears at Voldemort as he casually walked through the flames. Aquillian signalled them to lower their spears.

“Lord Voldemort.” Aquillian greeted him with warmth.

“Prince Aquillian.” Voldemort nodded with enthusiasm.

“Let us depart to the tea room, yes?” Aquillian gestured to one of the arched doorways.

Aquillian led them through the doorway and down a hall. As they walked, tapestries of great wars and royalty flanked the walls. There was even an oil painting of Aquillian with what he assumed were his mother and father.

Humidity flooded over him as they entered a greenhouse. The trees were growing over panes of glass, with even smaller shards covering the ceiling. Exotic plants covered everything except for the stone path they walked on.

Eventually, they found themselves staring at a simple wooden tree stump. Around it, two curved benches sat. Aquillian took one bench, and Voldemort and Harry took the other bench, sitting close.

“Mother and I would sit here while she did paperwork when I was younger,” Aquillian said wistfully.

“That sounds lovely.” Harry smiled, leaning back.

“It was.” Aquillian sighed sadly. “But moving on. A servant will be out shortly with our tea and biscuits.”

There was a moment of silence.

“Would you like a tour of my capital after tea?” Aquillian asked.

Harry smirked. “Only if you help us investigate the shopping district.”

A light laugh left Aquillian. “For you - buy whatever you wish. I will pay the charge.”

Harry beamed. Voldemort rolled his eyes.

“And, Voldemort, please remove your glamours for our tea. No one else will be here once the servant leaves.” Aquillian implored Voldemort.

“Very well.” Voldemort’s mouth formed a thin line.

“Ah, Harry. Do you need another flower?” Aquillian asked, referencing the flower he gave Harry when they met at the Wizengamont meeting.

“Mine is still alive; Riddle’s been taking care of it, but I wouldn’t say no to another one.” Harry winked.

Aquillian smiled.

He extended his hand, and that brilliant flower extended from it. Its vines gravitated to Harry’s head and wrapped around it. Smaller flowers blossomed, their beautiful petals shining in the light.

“Thank you.” Harry smiled.

“Any time.” Aquillian offered a light grin in return.

A servant with green-tinged skin entered with two silver platters. She set them down, bowed, and left after a flick of Aquillian’s hand. Aquillian removed the platter to reveal the delicious-looking biscuits inside. They were a dark green colour with a dusting of white powder.

“These are my favourites.” Aquillian took one.

Under the other platter was a set of fine china: three teacups and a teapot. Aquillian served them a cup of reddish-looking tea. Harry was about to drink his own when Voldemort stopped him.

“Manners.” He explained, shedding his glamour.

Harry remembered that the host always eats or drinks first, then the highest-ranking person.

Aquillian breathed out in amusement. He bit into his biscuit and sipped his tea. Harry took the initiative, barely waiting for Voldemort to eat before taking a huge bite of biscuit.

It was sweet with just a tinge of bitterness, reminding him of dark chocolate with a light airiness he couldn't place. The tea was more bitter but still had a kick of sweetness. Its earthiness was delectable, and Harry saw tiny flowers at the bottom of his tea.

"This is delicious!" Harry spoke once he swallowed everything.

"Thank you; it was designed for my tastes." Aquillian bustled with pride.

Voldemort was more reserved in his praise. "Yes, it is very good."

Harry eyed another biscuit. He wasn't sure how many he could take, but he just wanted to devour more and more of them. Have the whole platter to himself.

"You can have more," Aquillian said, catching his gaze. "We always have a steady supply."

"Thank you."

Harry took another, then another. He slurped down the tea, and Aquillian filled his cup.

"What has life been like for the both of you?" Aquillian asked as he folded his hands in his lap.

Voldemort nodded to Harry.

"Well, I have awakened two other horcruxes since we last met. We call them Marvolo and Ominis. Marvolo almost choked me out when he first met me. I was kidnapped by the Order of the Phoenix when I awakened him. Ominis was in better circumstances, with us retrieving him and then awakening him. He only choked me out once, but he's been nice to me since."

Harry's smile fell.

"We had a few days where Tom was in a coma. I was so scared he would disappear; he couldn't siphon in that state, and I couldn't force more magic into him. It was all so much. But he's here now."

"Everything else has been going well. I got back at one of my all-time bullies; Bellatrix is still imprisoned, and I am getting more training. I'm away from the Order of the Phoenix."

Harry punctuated his ramble with a slurp of tea.

Aquillian took a moment to process the information. "You seem to have an eventful life, even if Voldemort is no longer trying to end your existence."

Harry beamed. Voldemort grumbled.

"My bills have been passing, and my alliances are concrete. Life has been better for me." Voldemort is briefly explained.

"And for your soul pieces?" Aquillian pressed.

Voldemort shuffled. “They have been well despite that one incident. I and Ominis have had a few uncomfortable conversations, but it all has turned out for the better.”

“Like what?” Harry asked.

Voldemort grimaced. “It is not my story to tell.”

Harry hmphed but understood.

They chatted into the hour, with Harry doing most of the work. He waxed poetically about Tom and Riddle, laughed when he described Marvolo and his food fight, and smiled when he talked about Ominis’ adventures in clay making.

“We have a great arrangement of all of their hobbies.” Aquillian nodded. “Perhaps they could visit sometime and grab them?”

“Or,” Harry smiled. “I could first pick them up some birthday presents.”

Aquillian grinned. “But of course. Shop to your heart’s content, as long as you carry all your bags.”

With that, they sat out in the city.

The city was nothing short of gorgeous. The buildings were organic, most of them made from shaped trees or carved from large mounds of earth and stone. Flowers and plants were everywhere, dotting the trees along the sides of the stone footpaths.

“This city is beautiful,” Harry said as he bounded through an arch of flowers.

“We try our best to make it as beautiful as possible.” Aquillian waved his arms. “We take great pride in our appearances.

Voldemort merely nodded at the sentiment.

They entered a store that Aquillian said would be perfect for Tom and Riddle. Harry acquired sheets of special, hand-made paper for Tom and a set of brushes that could paint biodegradable glitter for Riddle.

The next shop was for Marvolo. He picked up different flavours and dyes, along with a piping tube that could output perfect scales. For Ominis, they stopped by a quarry, and Harry hand-picked chunks of blue clay for him.

That only left Voldemort.

“Aquillian?” Harry whispered as they were at the counter.

“Yes?” He said it in a hushed tone.

“Is there anywhere I could find magical journals? And could you distract Voldemort during that?” Harry pleaded with him.

Aquillian smiled softly at him. "Of course. I could take him to one of our historic buildings. Offer a flower from your crown, and it will tell the clerk to bill it to the castle."

"Okay, thank you." Harry beamed.

Harry was quick when Aquillian subtly nodded to a store with lots of journals in the open window. He lagged behind as they entered a large, sparkling building just a few buildings above. Meanwhile, Aquillian was making an effort to point out different aspects of the area to distract Voldemort.

He rushed into the store and scoured their journals. He liked the idea of a journal that could have any piece of paper placed inside and it would form a copy on the page, but it wasn't enough.

Harry found two that he liked.

One was a two-way communication journal, and the other was a journal that could colour-change to reflect them what emotion a person was experiencing.

Harry bought both and shoved it into his Tom-and-Riddle bag.

He snuck into the historic building. Wandering around, he could find many different statues and paintings that depicted battles and different ceremonies. Harry was in awe at some of the art inside.

"There you are!" Voldemort's voice rang out.

"I am indeed here," Harry replied.

He couldn't help but notice the strong wave of relief that waved over their connection.

"Do not wander off like that." Voldemort chastised him. "You do not know where you are."

"Yeah, okay, I won't do it again. I just got distracted by all this beautiful art." Harry waved his arms around.

Aquillian bustled with pride again.

"You will stay in my sights whenever we visit places like this." Voldemort grasped Harry's hand.

"Okay, I understand." Harry smiled.

With that last visit, they headed back to the castle. Harry felt sadness overcome him as he stared at the floor. Aquillian placed a hand on his shoulder.

"You may visit again; it is just hard to arrange a free day for me." Aquillian's face changed to something far too old for his youthful gaze. "But I promise we will meet again."

"Thank you," Harry patted his hand.

Aquillian gave him a small, sad smile and removed his hand.

Voldemort and Harry left. Harry rushed to his room before anyone had the chance to realise they were back. He shoved their gifts into his trunk and placed his invisibility cloak over them.

Harry leaned back, feeling relieved.

Everything went according to plan.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: I'm bored.

Harry: Let's torture Draco!

Voldemort: Okay, fine by me. Do whatever you want

Tom, Riddle, Marvolo, and Ominis: Please let us join?

Harry: Of course!

Harry: Okay, done torturing

Tom: Let me take a picture

Barty: So, dating two dark lords, huh?

Harry: Yes, I love them dearly, despite their attempts on my life!

Harry: Om nom nom, delicious cookies. Must have more. More tea!

Aquillian, glad that someone appreciates his tastes: My pleasure!

Harry: Shopping time! What to get, what to get?

Harry: Of course I need Voldemort's gift as well!

Voldemort: Harry! Where were you? Do you know how much danger you could be in?

You could have gotten lost or hurt!

Harry, smiling: I won't do it again!

Voldemort: Sure. (Grabs Harry's hand)

Posting a little later in the day because my 16-year-old cat got sick and needed a vet visit. Then I needed to make sure her medication did not cause a reaction. As well, I

have been sick for two weeks.

In other news.... we reached 250k (253K) hits! That is huge. It has only been 50 days, or about 8 updates, since! Thank you to all of you who have stuck around, and also those who have just joined. I hope we stay like this until the end, which will be a bittersweet day. <3

Comment of the week, from Cassy_RP:

"Harry is slowly gathering an harem and he isn't even realizing it, that's just hilarious"

Birthday!

Chapter Summary

Ignis goes on his first raid. Next birthday celebrations!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry, as Ignis, sat next to the members of the inner circle. They were all discussing a raid, and Harry found himself both enthralled and bored at the same time. When they nitpicked details, Harry zoned out, but when they talked about how they moved in the towns or which spells they should use, Harry's attention was completely captured.

“And we, all of Alpha, will cast Bombarda. It should break through all of the different spells placed there. If not, I will cast a Fiendfire on them.” Tiberius instructed, pointing to a building on the map.

Harry listened closely as they recounted the different strategies. Tiberius led the discussion, with Barty and the Carrows making great contributions. The Lestranges and Lucius were largely in charge of smaller, specific tasks. Corbin Yaxley was silent and followed his instructions with little resistance.

“Now,” Tiberius said after everything was discussed. “We will have a short training session with Ignis. Let us teach him to fight one-on-two.”

All eyes turned to him.

The training was a wholly different experience for Harry. One-on-two, he found, was difficult. He had to dodge two spells at once, and he was glad he knew wandless magic to help him.

“Bombarda!” He pointed to the floor underneath Amycus's feet.

Amycus dodged that spell, and then the next. It was only a lucky expelliarmus and a random stunner that made him win the duel. By the end, he had to conceal a pant in his voice.

“Adequate.”

Harry whipped around to see Marvolo watching him.

“Marvolo!” Harry exclaimed.

“You really need more training. You would barely last a raid.” Marvolo said flatly.

“Gee, thanks.” Harry rolled his eyes. “I still said you would last.” Marvolo huffed, crossing his arms.

Tiberius cleared his throat. “Moving on, we now know what to expect out of you. We can gradually increase as you go. You can be ready for a raid soon; you just need to get used to it.”

“He’d be fine one-on-one.” Marvolo leaned against the wall.

“He would.” Barty agreed. “But raids are seldom fair like that.”

They all agreed that Harry needed more work. Straight after his occlumency lessons, he would have raid training. They’d take him on a raid once he could properly defend himself, with an added guard, of course.

The training was gruelling, almost worse than Voldemort’s, but he left feeling better about himself. Marvolo would comment on the training, which was filled with backhanded compliments and other drivel. Harry found that he appreciated Marvolo’s *attempt* at being nice.

After days straight of training, they deemed him worthy to go on a raid. He wouldn’t be a participant; he’d merely be there to observe, and he would have an entire group to protect him.

Tom straightened Harry’s vest, fingers lingering. Harry smiled and planted a kiss on his cheek.

“I will be fine,” Harry reassured him.

“That does not stop me from worrying.” Tom clasped his robe together.

“I can protect myself, and I have Tiberius and six other people, 1st-degree middle circle members, to guard me.” Harry cupped Tom’s cheeks.

“He’ll be fine.” Riddle said from the doorway. “He has the world watching over him.”

Tom’s mouth thinned. He gently kissed Harry on the lips. “Stay safe. Do *not* do anything to get you in trouble.”

“I will try not to. Trouble just seems to find me.” Harry shrugged.

Tom and Riddle escorted Harry to the meeting room. Inside was filled, though not as many as in a normal meeting. It must have been a small raid. They left him in the safety of Voldemort, and Harry was feeling cheeky, so he hooked his arm around Voldemort’s. Voldemort rolled his eyes and adjusted them to where he was escorting Harry.

“My followers,” Voldemort called their attention. “We will depart in three minutes. Ready your groups and rehearse your plans.”

Chatter broke out as they recapped the essential aspects of their plans. Tiberius approached them, nodded to Voldemort, and offered Harry his arm. Harry rested a hand on Tiberius's arm and let himself be led to their group.

"Everyone," Tiberius surveyed the group. "This is Ignis. We will be in charge of watching over him while the raid happens."

They recapped the areas they would walk through to watch the best parts of the raid. Harry almost found it comedic the way they constantly snuck looks at him or whenever they would jump when he talked.

What had Voldemort told them to make them act so oddly?

The time came for them to depart. Harry held onto Tiberius as they side-along apparated. Bile rose in Harry's throat, but he quickly quelled his unease. Tiberius waited for him to calm down before setting off, removing his arm from Harry.

"Ready to watch your first raid?" Tiberius asked as the rest of their group apparated next to them.

"I wish I was participating, maybe defending us, but I guess I can't have everything." Harry sighed. "Honestly, throwing me into this action only for me to not do anything? I'll have a word with Voldemort."

The rest of the group stiffened.

Harry wanted to laugh. Sometimes it slipped his mind just how much they were scared of him.

To Harry, Voldemort was just that, Voldemort.

He didn't fear him anymore.

"You do that." Tiberius laughed, his voice like gravel. "Now, the first wave is coming."

Their group departed and rounded the corner of one of the houses. The town was microscopic, and Harry was able to see both the beginning and end of town within his eyesight. Death Eaters snuck around the sides of houses, ready to act.

A low chime echoed through the town.

Instantly, Amycus ran up to a door and blasted it down. Many others tore through windows, walls, and roofs. Harry watches as noises of confusion and then screams of terror ring out throughout the town.

Muggles ran wildly out of houses, only to be met with more horrors outside. The Death Eaters were not kind to the muggles, tossing them out of the way whenever they got close to them; a few were slashing through them instead.

Harry frowned. He thought there was less carnage in the raids. He would have to talk to Voldemort about that as well.

A child ran out of a nearby house, stumbling as a Death Eater blew off the door just for fun. She ran off and bumped straight into Harry. The group froze, breaths hitching.

“Why, hello?” Harry offered his hand to the young girl. She hardly looked old enough to be in school.

She didn’t say a word but looked at him fearfully. Harry shook his hand, and she took it, hauling herself to her feet. Harry pulled her up and placed her on his hip. He adjusted her and began to walk again.

“Where’s your guardian?” Harry thought again. “Er, your mom, dad, uncle, aunt, or whoever you live with?”

“Uncle’s in the back looking at stars.”

Another explosion banged, and the girl screamed. She hid her face on Harry’s shoulder and began to sob.

“Shh, hey, what does your uncle look like? We can get you back to him.” Harry tried to soothe the girl by patting her back.

“Yellow hair in a ponytail. He is tall.” She mumbled into his robes.

“Tiberius, where are they corralling the muggles?” Harry asked.

Tiberius gave him an odd look but gestured to the far end of the town. “By the fields.”

“Excellent. Can we head there?” Harry inquired. He turned his attention back to the girl. “Keep your head down, will you?”

The girl nodded and hid her face.

“We can. It is on our way anyway.” Tiberius nodded.

A huge explosion filled their left. Shrapnel was about to hit them, but Tiberius was quick to act and threw up a shield. Harry thanked him and they continued their walk. Explosions, screaming, and fires were all around. Subtly was not their expertise, and muggles were flying all around or running.

Harry frowned. He quickly cast a shield between one of the muggles and a Death Eater. The Death Eater’s spell bounced off of the shield and onto her, sending her flying. Harry smirked. A new game!

He continued to cast shields as he walked. Death Eaters were subjected to their own curses, and it filled Harry with a sense of justice. He might not have had positive experiences with muggles, but that didn’t mean they deserved to be needlessly slaughtered.

“You’re smiling.” Tiberius pointed out.

“They’re getting hit by their own spells. Of course, I’m smiling.” Harry grinned wide.

A few Death Eaters ran out of another house, holding armfuls of objects. A person waiting outside had a bag, and they threw the items inside. Nearby, a church went up in flames.

“Aurors!” Someone yelled.

Harry watched as Aurors flooded the left flank. Death Eaters clustered around there, fighting off the Aurors while the other Death Eaters ransacked the houses. Harry’s eyes widened as he saw the beautiful arrangement of spells clash. Colours of bright light collided with each other, gnashing against one another.

“It’s so pretty.” Harry breathed.

“It is. Duelling is an art, after all.” Tiberius guided him away from the Aurors and pushed them further down the street.

The Aurors were advancing further, and the Death Eaters were falling back. They hurried their gait, advancing on the group of muggles. An Auror group suddenly ran out in front of them. Harry readied his wand on instinct.

“You!” An Auror yelled.

Spells began to fly at them. Harry tried to shield the two of them as best as possible, but Tiberius was faster. Harry resorted to throwing a few Laceros in the Auror’s direction. Cuts appeared over their bodies, interrupting their casting abilities.

“You’re so pathetic, you need to use a child as a shield!” One of them yelled.

“I am not!” Harry snarled, cutting off his arm with a well-placed spell.

That only angered the Aurors more. A strike of worry passed through Harry as they stepped back. Their spells began to develop more rapidly, a little desperate. Harry threw more spells at them, trying to balance his dodges and the weight of the child.

The entire team of Aurors were flattered as a whip-like strand of magic hit them. Blood gushed from where it made contact, some gurgling on their blood.

A few metres away, Voldemort and he made eye contact, and a silent conversation took place. Voldemort turned his back on them, walking without a care towards the flooding Aurors on the left flank. Harry’s group continued. Eventually, they came to the group of muggles.

“Harley!” A man yelled.

The little girl perked up and lifted her head from Harry’s shoulders.

“Uncle!” She tried to jump down.

Harry gently lowered her to the floor and let her run towards the tall blond man. He wrapped her in a tight hug and kissed her on the forehead. They locked eyes, and Harry nodded. The man nodded back.

“This was fun,” Harry commented. “I liked the spellfire.”

Tiberius smiled at him. “Good. I will see if, next raid, you could participate a bit.”

Harry flashed his teeth. “Oh, I would like that.”

A flash caught Harry’s eye. When he followed, he saw Rita Skeeter’s cameraman.

“Why is he here?” Harry pointed at the man.

“Reporters.” Tiberius rolled his eyes. “They always show up. Think you’ll make the front page?”

Harry waved at the reporter, making sure to proudly display his jade bangle. Another picture was taken. “I certainly hope I have a nice and large picture.”

A chuckle escaped some of their mouths. Harry and they took another walk through the town, seeing a lot of it in ashes, with support beams jutting out at odd angles. They were back at the place they apparated in at.

Tiberius offered his arm to Harry. They apparated out of the area and back to Riddle Manor. They waited for everyone else to get back. Group by group, people slowly filed back in. The leaders of the group carried bulging burlap bags.

One by one, people hesitantly approached Voldemort. Voldemort flicked his hand, and a long table appeared at his side. Magical items of all different types were carefully placed on the table. There was even a time-turner.

“Are there any phoenix tears?” Voldemort rasped.

“No, my Lord.” They answered.

Voldemort glared.

The leaders cowered and retreated to their groups. Voldemort surveyed the various items with interest. His head tilted at an angle as he investigated the different objects.

“My followers, today has been a successful raid.” He said it with satisfaction. “Ignis, how has the raid treated you?”

“I thought it was entertaining. I liked the explosions. I enjoyed the duelling of the Aurors. I am looking forward to going to the other raids.” Harry flashed his teeth as he spoke.

Voldemort nodded. “I expect you to participate in the next raid.”

Tiberius led Harry back to Voldemort, and Harry took Voldemort's arm. Harry looked over the small sea of Death Eaters, all looking at him either sceptically or fearfully. Tension rose whenever he leaned closer to Voldemort.

Enjoyment was sparked in Harry. He influenced them even if he didn't have any direct power. A wide grin stretched across his face.

He was finally getting somewhere in life.

BREAKING NEWS: He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named's Muggle-Loving Homosexual Consort?

Dear readers,

Last night, in the recent raid in Lenshire, a new figure emerged. In an interview with a captured Death Eater, Linden Brentory, she weaves the story of this new figure.

The new figure, named Ignis, appeared almost a year ago during the Death Eater meetings. He, yes, he, was seated in the right hand of He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named. Shortly after, Ignis was shown to be wearing a jade bangle. Dear readers, this has historically been known to be a courting gift of the Slytherin line.

Ignis made his debut during one of the celebration balls that Death Eaters had after a large success. This man has been shown to enchant potential allies of He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named. Here is a quote from Linden Brentory:

"Ignis is an anomaly. He shows up out of the blue, enchants the allies, and leaves for months on end. You-Know-Who turns significantly less violent over the period he is there. You-Know-Who seldom tortures people when he sits in on meetings. During the raid, Ignis picks up a muggle child and returns it to its family member. It doesn't make sense!"

You heard that right. Ignis handled a muggle child and gave it back to their family. Unharmed. Is it possible that Ignis, consort to He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named, is a muggle-lover? It would be a prosperous accusation, but all the evidence we have shows that this is the case!

What a startling discovery! Could this Ignis be the key to calming the monster inside of He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named? Someone who we would all find irredeemable could possibly be redeemed?

Follow more at the Daily Prophet, for stories every day for the everyday person.

Rita Skeeter

Head of the Daily Prophet Press Department

July 30th

“She’s a dead woman!” Barty exclaimed.

“I say, he’ll have her eaten alive!” Alecto shook her head.

“I do not foresee her living a long life.” Tiberius pressed.

Harry, dressed as Ignis, approached the table where they were all gathered. He squeezed between the Carrows to see himself, waving at the camera plastered on the front page, taking up half of the actual space.

He read the title.

“Haha!” Harry cackled, almost dropping to the floor as he doubled over.

As he read it more, Harry cracked up. A homosexual muggle-lover, that was his legacy. Someone who could quell the monster inside Voldemort. Then again, it was not an outright lie; it was partially true. Not counting all the changes Tom, Riddle, and Marvolo went through over the time knowing him.

Maybe he was the man who could defeat the monster inside Voldemort. Voldemort would be Voldemort, but with less torture and murder. There was still a person underneath it all, and Harry was dying to meet him.

“Do you truly quell the beast within?” Barty asked with a wink.

“Barty,” Rasbatin warned.

“Hm.” Harry thought. “I guess I do. I do calm him down occasionally; we do have a bond that is very affected by each other’s moods.”

They all looked at each other, and then Tiberius cleared his throat. “Let us move on. You should put the paper away before - “

The doors to the room slammed open. In walked Voldemort, an already sour expression on his face. He stationed himself next to Harry, and Harry passed the paper over to Voldemort. Voldemort snatched it from his hands. He quickly scanned the paper, scoffed, and tucked it into his robes.

“Do I quell the beast within?” Harry asked Barty’s question to Voldemort as he leaned onto him.

Voldemort smirked. “A little.”

Harry barked a laugh.

They went on to talk about the next raid. Harry, feeling bold, hung onto Voldemort’s arm and rested his head on him, like he was a lovestruck fool. Voldemort didn’t react, but he could sense confusion through their connection.

Harry chose to ignore that. He directed his attention back to the raid.

The first thing Harry felt when he woke up was someone carrying him. He leaned into the touch, able to decipher that it was Riddle without opening his eyes. Each careful step gently jostled Harry as they continued to walk.

Riddle deposited him on something soft, and there were ruffles of fabric all around him. Harry cracked open his eyes.

“SURPRISE!” Was screamed at him.

Startled, Harry hopped up and almost fell off the sofa. Everyone he knew in the manor was around him, smiling down. Bar Voldemort and Lucius - even the LeStrange twins showed up. Harry smiled as he looked around.

Maroon and gold party decorations littered the room, along with streamers, party poppers, balloons, and dotting of flowers every metre. He found himself unfamiliar with the room and thought the excitement in his veins was more than enough to quell his nerves.

“Have cake.” Marvolo slid a cake onto the dark coffee table in front of the sofa he was lying on.

It was a massive cake that looked like a sleeping lion, with seventeen wand-birthday candles poking out of its mane. Harry beamed.

“Congratulations on turning old.” Ominis ruffled his hair.

“Says the man born in 1926.” Harry glared playfully.

“They grow up so fast,” Tom said sarcastically, but his eyes glimmered.

“So big and tall now.” Marvolo grinned.

“You’re an adult now, how time flies by.” Riddle smirked.

Harry’s eyes went wide. “I’m an adult now.”

Laughter rang out from around him.

Slightly embarrassed, he blushed. Marvolo handed Harry a knife. Harry cut straight into the lion and sliced himself a large piece of cake. Inside, it was a lovely vanilla-gold and red velvet layers, slapped together with a thick sheet of buttercream frosting. He plated it on a china plate, and Riddle handed him an ornate fork.

Harry bit into the cake, finding it more heavenly than any of Marvolo’s past cakes. He passed the knife to Tom. Everyone cut themselves a piece of cake, one by one, destroying the lion.

“You are about to take up your Wizengamot seats now,” Tiberius said once he got his slice of cake.

“Yeah! Can’t wait. The Dark Lord is telling me all about the bills going through and the ramifications of certain ones coming through.” Harry nodded along.

“You’re siding with the dark on this?” Alecto asked, taking a bite of cake.

“Yeah, but if you ever have something I disagree with, I won’t just vote in your favour. I like what the dark has going on, but I won’t just sign myself up for the Traditionalist party just because. I’ll likely go for the Preservation.” Harry articulated his words with various points of his fork.

“Good on you.” Barty offered him a glass of champagne. “If I could have picked, my family seats would have gone to the Preservation.”

That honestly surprised Harry. He sipped on the champagne, a smile lighting his face. It was alcoholic. He was finally legally able to drink alcohol. Now Voldemort could not deny him wine.

They chatted as the time passed. Harry found himself relaxing more and more until he was curled up in his boyfriend’s lap. The Death Eaters treated him a bit differently, more as an equal as they talked. He was a bit annoyed at first, but found himself appreciating it more than anything.

“Present time!” Tom exclaimed.

“Present time?” Harry asked, confused.

The rest of the lion cake was placed to the side and piled high with different shapes and sizes of colours. Harry tore through them like never before. He never had this many presents before, and he was going to enjoy the most of them. Ominis gifted him a handmade goblet with little lions pressed into the sides and faux scratch marks all over the swirling base. Marvolo gave him a horde of decorated cakes, all under preservation charms. Riddle was a gorgeous drawing of him - made entirely of glitter. And Tom, he didn’t want to pick favourites, but he loved Tom the most.

“I’ve been working on it for a bit,” Tom spoke sheepishly.

It was a scrapbook of all their current adventures. Going to the Winter Dance, various pictures of them cuddling, Emerald and Onyx getting into their hijinks. Pictures of them torturing Draco. Various stickers, torn pieces of paper, and different collages were all over the pages. At the end, there was empty space.

“For future adventures.” Tom kissed him on the cheek.

Harry was overwhelmed with emotions. Tears pricked his eyes, threatening to pour down his cheeks. Tom and Riddle wrapped him in a hug. That was it.

Harry cried. He curled into his boyfriends’ touch, tears streaming down his face. They only hugged him tighter, kissing his cheeks and then resting their heads on his shoulders. Harry couldn’t help but have hicks leave his mouth.

“What is that? Why is he sad?” Marvolo asked, confused.

“He’s not sad; he’s happy,” Barty explained.

“Then why cry?” Ominis inquired.

“Because emotions are hardly rational.” Tiberius informed him. “Sometimes they contradict.”

Harry slowly calmed down. Marvolo offered a handkerchief to him, and he blew his nose into it. Eventually, his eyes ceased to burn, and his face was no longer red.

“We, the Death Eaters, have a sort of joint gift for you,” Tiberius announced.

“Oh?” Harry raised an eyebrow.

“Yes. Follow us.” Tiberius beckoned him towards the door.

They all followed Tiberius out of the kitchen and down to the gardens. As soon as he stepped into the fresh air, Barty wrapped a red blindfold over his eyes. Tom and Riddle took his hands and guided him through the familiar path. But the path changed at one point, and Harry found himself in a different territory.

No longer was stone under his feet, but grass. They walked and walked, and Harry honestly thought they had led him out to the woods, but then they stopped.

“Three... two... one!” Barty yelled.

His blindfold dropped.

In front of him was a Quidditch pitch, with shiny brooms displayed in a glass case at the bottom of one of the stands. Harry bustled with excitement.

“A *Quidditch pitch*?” Harry stressed. “How?”

Barty smiled.

“We asked the Dark Lord if we could add a pitch for you. He agreed, and we Death Eaters here joined our magic to form the needed expansion charms and to build the pitch.” Barty threw an arm over Harry’s shoulders. “It’s not entirely selfless; us old folks love quidditch.”

“You do?” Harry looked up at Barty.

Barty threw his head back and laughed. “Potter-boy, you are looking at Ravenclaw’s best Quidditch captain they have seen in a century. We heard you’re great at Quidditch, and we would like to see what you can do.”

Harry smirked. “Oh, you can see what I can do.”

Harry made a mad dash for the row of new Firebolt 3.0’s - that haven’t even been released yet. How they got them was a mystery to Harry, but he was sure Voldemort pulled some

strings.

Barty, Tiberius, Amycus, Alecto, Rasbatin, and Rodolphus all appeared behind him.

“Ready for a game?” Tiberius reached overhead and pulled down a broom.

“You too?” Harry’s eyes gleamed.

“I was a boy once. And I may be a bit rusty, but I still know how the game works.” Tiberius mounted his broom.

Harry beamed.

Their game was fast-paced and lacked any common quidditch sense. Harry and Barty, who were both seekers, chased after snitches. Rasbatin and Rodolphus were beating bludgers at each other. Amycus and Alecto were trying to score goals while Tiberius guarded one set of hoops.

Meanwhile, Tom, Riddle, Marvolo, and Ominis watched from one of the stands.

They flew around for hours without a care in the world. Harry and Barty formed a friendly rivalry where Ominis kept track of their catches. Harry scored higher than Barty by a fair shot; however, Barty played dirty, bumping shoulders, hitting him with the end of his broom, and guiding the wayward bludgers towards him.

“Harry, come down.”

Below them, snake-faced Voldemort was standing.

“I’ll be down after this next snitch!”

Harry, of course, narrowly caught it.

When he landed next to Voldemort, he found that the rest of the soul pieces were grounded. Tom and Riddle rushed over to dab the sweat off his brow and give him a cup of water. Harry smiled, thanking them both.

Harry found Marvolo’s eyes on him as he performed his after-workout stretches.

“What do you need?” Harry asked Voldemort, extending his leg out.

“I still haven’t given mine.” Voldemort beckoned him forward.

“Oh?” Harry raised an eyebrow.

Voldemort merely beckoned him forward. Harry was told to change into Ignis, which was helped by Tom and Riddle. Emerald insisted on joining them, seeming to know something he did not. Together, they wound through the hall and down to the dungeons. They reached the end of the special cells, and Voldemort turned to them, amusement blatant on his face.

In the last cell, where Tonks once sat, lay Rita, motherfucking Skeeter.

“A gift.” Voldemort held out his hand.

Chapter End Notes

Marvolo: You are.. okay

Harry: Thanks?

Marvolo: That was a compliment

Harry: Oh, a child, I shall return her

Cameraman: Let me take a picture

Harry: (Waves)

Cameraman: (Click)

Rita Skeeter: Homosexual Muggle-Lover

Harry: I mean, you're not entirely wrong

Harry: Do I quell your inner beast?

Voldemort: Yes

Harry: I should have expected that answer

Everyone: Here is some nice, thoughtful presents

Harry: (Cries)

Voldemort: Harry, I have a gift (Presents Rita Skeeter)

Harry: This might be the best gift yet!

I regret to inform you that my lovely kitty of 16 years has passed away this week. It has been hard on me, especially since I had checked on her, scrolled on my phone for ten minutes, and went to play with her when I found her. I hardly have any memories before having her, other than bottle-feeding her as a two-week-old kitten. She's been with me through all my major life events and had adapted to me perfectly. When she had kittens, she'd abandon them sometimes to spend time with me. I will not say this was not

expected, but I thought she would last just a bit longer. I feel bad trying to adopt another cat so soon, but I just do not want to be alone while I mourn.

Marvolo's Confession

Chapter Summary

Rita torture time! And Marvolo reveals part of himself.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry bustled with excitement.

“Could you create a wall? I want to be myself when we do this.”

“Of course.” Voldemort raised his wand.

A stone wall was erected, separating the other cells from Rita’s cell. Harry could feel his blood starting to roar in his ears. His thumb brushed against the wood of his spare wand. He was ready for this. He knew the cruciatus curse, he knew more torture spells, and he knew how to hack someone up.

He had desired it since he had his first feature on the front page. In the deepest depths of his heart, he wanted this. It burned within him every time he saw an article about him. It scorched more when it was about his boyfriends.

He was ready for this.

Harry yanked off his mask and handed it to Riddle.

“Harry Potter?” Rita’s voice was small, like she was moments away from shattering.

“Yep.” Harry flashed a shark-like grin. “Harry Potter.”

“You - you’re actually working with You-Know-Who?” Rita trembled.

Harry rolled his eyes. “Of course, you don’t believe your own articles. But that is neither here nor there. Right now, you just need to sit there and let us do what we need to do.”

Rita tried to retreat to the back of her cell, but chains appeared around her wrists and wrapped around the cell bars. She struggled, but it was fruitless. Harry looked to Voldemort for any hint of a go-ahead.

“Do as you wish. I will be depositing her at the ministry; if you want to send a message, do it now.” Voldemort smirked

“Oh, I will send a message.” Harry wore a bone-chilling, twisted smile.

Rita shivered.

“Oh, how should we start first?” Harry contemplated. “How about, *crucio*?”

Rita’s form spasmed and shook as the spell connected with her chest. She whined, wiggling on the floor. Harry merely snarled. Pathetic.

“I think we should take off her skin like we did to Umbridge.” Tom shook in excitement.

“I think we should make her look like Swiss cheese first!” Riddle commented.

“Let’s do both. Make slabs of Rita-Swiss cheese.” Harry readied his wand.

“Say, *Multa Foramina*. It means, ‘Many Holes’. It is quicker than doing them individually.” Voldemort spoke with authority.

“Okay, *Multa Foramina*.” Harry pointed his wand at her.

Small holes began to bore into Rita’s arm, where the spell connected. They slowly grew bigger, flesh and blood shaving off as the holes burrowed further. Rita tried to hop away from the spell, but it stuck to her like glue.

Harry cut the spell as he could see white flecks of bone start to fall to the ground.

“*Adurendum*.” Harry spat.

She howled in pain as the skin around her holes started to blacken. Tom and Riddle just rolled their eyes. Harry felt his stomach turn just a bit, but he ignored it. He wanted this; he could push through just a little bit of discomfort. Harry leaned against Tom for some support.

“What else? I want to do what we did to Draco for her. Break her bones and fuse them together.” Harry elaborated.

“I want to tear off her fingers.” Riddle inspected his nails. “She doesn’t deserve them after the drivel she writes.”

“What about her tongue?” Tom posulated. “Since she’s always spewing shit.”

“You should do all three.” Voldemort waved an arm. “You have all the time in the world.”

Harry readied his wand. He cast spells to break her bones, and Riddle healed them. Tom pointed his wand and slowly, one by one, ripped off her fingers. The snapping of bones and tendons filled the room, and the *drip drip drip* of blood followed.

Emerald, who had been sitting at their feet, scrambled into the cell. She sniffed the fingers and looked up at Harry.

“*Pitiful Master, may I eat the fingers?*” She hissed pleadingly.

“*Why do you want to?*”

“Nagini said they are so tasty.” Emerald yawned.

Harry tilted his head. *“Let me remove her fingernails; nail polish is not good for the stomach.”*

A quick spell later, with red fingernails now sitting in a neat pile on the floor, Emerald was nipping on Rita’s fingers. Rita whimpered, holding her finger-less hands up to her face. Harry hummed, lazily throwing a cutting curse and a hard stinging hex at her.

Tom’s spell was more intricate. He turned his wand upward, and the farther up he turned it, the more her tongue stuck out. She was shaking her head, trying to pull back, but she could not escape the spell. Finally, with a *squelch*, her tongue landed on the floor. Emerald wasted no time and quickly slurped it up.

“Tasty!” She exclaimed.

“I will keep that in mind.” Voldemort hummed. *“Nagini does not like tongues. It is a shame for them to go to waste.”*

A short, sweet spell left Harry’s lips. Slowly, starting at the nubs that were once her fingers, the skin started to peel off. She screeched, thrashing on the ground as she was slowly skinned alive. Tom and Riddle kept the cauterising spell at their disposal, making sure she wouldn’t bleed out before they were over.

“What else?” Harry shrugged as Emerald happily ate up Rita’s skin.

“Her legs aren’t that damaged.” Riddle tilted his head. *“Maybe we could make her a pincushion?”*

“Good idea!”

Rita groaned in pain, and Harry summoned needles. He meticulously stabbed each needle, so slowly, into her until he was met with bone. The needles leapt out of her like follicles, looking more like a cactus than an actual human leg. Harry reached a hand into the cell and stroked the rounded ends of the needles.

A screech left Rita.

“Fun!” Tom clapped. *“Let me next!”*

Tom’s touch was more violent, with some of the needles breaking off and staying in the meat of Rita’s legs. Harry shook his head.

“Sorry, Emerald, you can’t eat her legs because someone just had to break the needles.”

“Emerald is full.” Emerald flopped to the ground, showing her rounded belly.

They all laughed.

“What else?” Harry thought. *“At least anything non-deadly.”*

“Acid!” Riddle exclaimed. “Do we have acid on hand?”

Voldemort nodded. He reached into his robe pocket and withdrew a bottle of acid. Riddle thanked him and uncorked the bottle. He flicked Rita with the acid in small bursts. It ate through her clothes easily and then began to chew into her skin. Her cries were growing higher in pitch, and Harry was sure she’d burst her eardrums.

“Hm, throw in a few crucios, disembowel her, and call it a day?” Harry offered.

Tom and Riddle nodded.

“Keep the organs; I plan on stringing her up in the Ministry.” Voldemort smiled fondly at Harry and ruffled his hair. “Someone needs to know to stop messing with my consort.”

“Right, right.” Harry smiled back. He pointed his wand at Rita. “Crucio.”

“Crucio.”

“Crucio.”

“Crucio.”

Rita’s voice was hoarse, and little came out besides scratchy, high-pitched whines. Harry twirled his wand, humming. There was some hesitation in the back of his brain. Was he ready to kill someone? It was Rita, but it still felt dirty for him.

Tom and Riddle seemed to sense his discomfort. They reached around and hugged him tight around the waist. Harry relaxed. He was ready for this.

“Shall we move on to the disembowelment?” Voldemort inquired after his crucio stopped.

“I think so.” Harry cracked his knuckles.

The chains adjusted themselves to where Rita was spread out on the floor. She didn’t even struggle anymore and was unsettlingly still.

“Um.” Harry shifted. “I don’t know how to disembowel someone.”

“It takes some finesse; would you like me to do it?” Voldemort offered.

“Um, sure. Could you teach me on the way?”

Voldemort agreed. He moved around to where he was, right next to Harry. Voldemort instructed Harry through the motions.

Rita was cut from the collar to the pelvis in a Y shape. The cuts Harry made were a bit crooked and a little too shallow, but Voldemort cleaned them up for him. They swished their wands and opened the flaps. Inside, Harry saw a sack-like, thin membrane that held all the organs in place.

Harry cringed as Voldemort cut it open, disconnecting the membrane from the organs. Harry was able to levitate her intestines out of her gut and gently placed them to the side, careful not to break them and spray shit all over the place.

Voldemort worked skillfully. He lightly made cuts that were only necessary to disconnect the organs from the body, but not disconnecting them from the other parts of the system. Harry watched in awe and horror when he placed the rest of the digestive system on the floor.

Cutting the liver out was difficult, but the kidneys were easy. Harry accidentally cut into it, and plenty of blood leaked out, but they still managed to be removed. The heart and lungs were left for last, and Harry got to pick.

At the last minute, Harry chose the lungs. He didn't want to mess up and end up spraying more blood on them. He carefully detached the lungs, then watched as Voldemort slowly cut the tubes leading into the heart. Blood sprayed; however, Voldemort cauterised as he went, leaving the blood coming out in short bursts.

The heart was still desperately beating as it was pulled from her chest.

All that was left now was an empty cavity, with blood pooling in the middle and disconnected tissue all around the sides.

"How do you feel, Harry?" Voldemort asked as he lowered his wand.

"A bit queasy, but overall glad she can never write an article about me again." Harry found his stomach was not taking the disembowelment well, but he just shrugged it off. He wanted this, after all.

Voldemort rested a hand on his shoulder. "It is normal to feel that way."

He then cast a tempus. "Would you look at the time? We're just in time for a short raid on the Ministry. Harry, I know you would like to go, but could you wait on this until you are further into your training? I do not want to lose you."

I do not want to lose you.

"I would be fine with that. Can I send you guys off?" Harry asked.

"Ignis can. Let me levitate her."

He quickly redressed into Ignis. Harry made sure Voldemort ushered the group out with Rita's corpse, the organ messily piled in her abdomen, floating behind them. Short screams of fear were heard as the other prisoners watched them carry her out.

They wandered to the ballroom, throwing open the doors dramatically. The Death Eater's attention was snapped their way. The hall turned deadly silent.

"We depart in five minutes. While you are raiding, be reminded that I will be busy sending a message." Voldemort told them.

Some of them shivered.

Harry sent Voldemort and his Death Eaters off, making sure to say goodbye to Tiberius and Barty before they went.

Harry, Tom, and Riddle all departed for their bedroom. They threw their clothes into a pile by the door and entered the shower. His boyfriends helped him scrub down, and in return, Harry helped them.

They left the shower and cuddled up in bed.

“You’re so hot.” Riddle kissed his neck.

“I love to see that side of you.” Tom kissed his collarbone.

Harry smiled. “You weren’t too bad yourself, back there.”

Tom and Riddle laughed darkly.

“We try,” They said at once.

Their hands travelled over Harry’s body. They pet his thighs, moving their hands into his inner thigh. Tom’s moved his hands, now cupping his ass, fingers brushing inward. Harry almost instantly hardened.

“T - Tom?” Harry asked, almost in a haze.

“Yes, love?” Tom asked, lightly squeezing him.

He bit his lips in apprehension. “Could you finger me while Riddle jerks me off? I can jerk you two off as well while you do that.” Harry’s voice held a light tremble.

“But of course, love.”

“I would enjoy that, angel.”

The feeling of second-hand arousal hit Voldemort as he was stringing Rita up around the statue in the centre of the Ministry. They were quiet this evening, retrieving some rare dark arts materials from the Department of Mysteries.

He shivered as he felt the arousal build. It was much, much stronger than any of the other times. It was almost too much for him to handle. He grumbled, putting the last touches on her display before leaving with his Death Eaters.

Voldemort crawled into bed, snuggling under the weighted sheets. The feeling was still there, reaching towards a climax. He sighed, trying his best to ignore the feeling. But, to his horror, he found *himself* getting aroused.

He tried to deny it, but his throbbing boner would not listen to him. It pulsed, almost painfully, and begged for release. Voldemort bit down on his lip, unfamiliar with this reaction from his body. It had been a long time since he felt genuine arousal.

Voldemort's hand was reaching down his trousers, but he stopped himself. No, he wouldn't do that. He wouldn't. It felt wrong to get off.

He tossed and turned until those feelings died down, though he found his own arousal wouldn't stop for a long, long time.

Sleep would find him restlessly, and he was plagued with a memory of Harry and Riddle cuddling in bed, fingers lightly brushing through his hair.

Harry and Marvolo were busy cooking in the kitchen. They wanted to make brownies for a snack, and they were just getting started. Harry felt Marvolo's presence behind him as he worked on the batter.

Marvolo placed his arms on the counter, encircling Harry. The heat of his body calmed Harry, sending his tension out to sea. He looked up, a conflicted look on Marvolo's face. He opened his mouth, closed it, and then opened it again.

"I desire you."

The words sent Harry's mind whirling. How did Marvolo desire him? Why did he? And why now? It wasn't a romantic setting, nor were they talking about anything remotely relationship-oriented.

It all felt so sudden - no, Harry looked back on his memories. There were some signs, but not as many as Tom and Riddle gave him.

"You desire me?" Harry asked. "How so?"

Marvolo audibly swallowed. "Romantically."

"Explain," Harry demanded.

"You - You are the perfect person for us. I like it when we cook together when we share moments, alone and separate. It hurts me when I see you hurting. I see how you compliment Tom and Riddle. And I want that. I want what you three have."

Marvolo's words came from the heart. They were passionate, coming out like a ramble, not the practised speech Harry was used to. Harry bit his lip. He had not considered Marvolo in that light yet, but he couldn't deny that they meshed well together.

Joy sparked in him whenever Marvolo cooked with him. They worked well together, and when Marvolo finally started to warm up to him, Harry found himself relaxed around him. Marvolo was acting differently lately as well. More engaged with him.

“I have two boyfriends, Marvolo.” Harry pointed out.

“I asked them. When we were getting our separate rooms. They said I could pursue you if you agreed.”

Arms moved inward. Marvolo caressed his waist. Harry shivered. Marvolo’s caress wasn’t soft; it was rough. Wanting. Like he was moments away from tearing away Harry’s shirt.

“I need to talk to them.” Harry insisted.

“Talk to them. They will repeat my words.” Marvolo gripped him tightly.

Harry allowed himself to lean into his hold. “Marvolo, you don’t know the depths of my, Tom’s, and Riddle’s relationship.”

“I know you haven’t had sex, if that’s your concern.” Marvolo rubbed circles into Harry’s sides. “I can wait. For you.”

Harry breathed in relief. “I don’t know when I will be ready for them, let alone you. I trust you, but I don’t trust you to that degree.”

Marvolo lowered his head and whispered into his ear. “That is okay. I have lived this long without; I can wait longer.”

“You’d wait a year?” Harry poised the challenge.

“I’d wait a year,” Marvolo confirmed.

Harry sighed. One challenge over. “I still want to talk it over with Tom and Riddle. I don’t want to hurt them.”

Marvolo withdrew his arms from Harry. It left Harry feeling cold on the inside.

“Talk to them. I understand.”

Then Marvolo’s presence was gone. Vanished. Harry turned around to see nothing, but he could see a flash of black sludge retreating under the door. A sigh escaped Harry’s lips. He just hoped he didn’t upset Marvolo. But he couldn’t leave any room for error; if Marvolo was making up Tom and Riddle’s agreement, Harry didn’t want to think about what it would do to Tom and Riddle if they saw each other in a compromising position.

It would break them.

No, Harry had to check. It was the responsible thing to do. Harry stowed the batter he was working on for another day. He marched out of the kitchen and went to scour for his loving boyfriends.

Tom was found in Nagini’s room, talking with Nagini and Emerald.

“Tom, we need to talk.” Harry beckoned him forward.

Tom's face went white. He cleared his throat, said goodbye to Nagni and Emerald, and left with Tom. Tom followed him like a lost puppy, his face twisted in confusion and worry. Riddle was found in the potion's lab, making some sort of concoction.

"Riddle, we need to talk." Harry beckoned him forward.

Riddle's mood instantly changed. He froze, staring at Harry with wide eyes. He set down his stirring rod, cast a quick charm on the potion, and joined the group. Harry contemplated where he wanted them to talk and settled in his room. They entered, and Harry instructed them to sit on the bed in a triangle.

"Pipskey, tea."

They received their tea, tray in the middle of them, and Harry sipped his tea. There was a lull of silence as they just sat there, sipping their tea. Tom and Riddle exchanged a look.

"W - What did you want to talk to us about?" Tom asked, his voice tight.

Harry hummed. "Marvolo said he desired me today."

Tom and Riddle's shoulders sank. "And you said?" Riddle asked.

"I said I needed to talk to you two. So, this is the talk. He said you two had a chat as well, and you agreed I could be pursued if I agreed." Harry stirred some honey into his tea.

"We did say that." Tom nodded. "He was rather... persuasive."

"He gave his case, and we thought it was reasonable." Riddle poured himself more tea.

Harry waited a moment to speak. So Marvolo was telling the truth.

"I told him he needed to wait a year for sex, and he still agreed." Harry hummed. "So, what do you think about it? I need your honest opinions; I don't want to hurt either of you."

Tom and Riddle looked at each other and nodded.

"I will be a bit jealous not to have you as often," Tom admitted. "I am used to sharing, but sharing more, I'm a bit apprehensive about it. But at the same time, I recognise the loneliness Marvolo must feel. To be so close yet so far away at the same time."

Riddle spoke next. "I feel the same as Tom. I don't want to limit my time with you, but I also don't want Marvolo to have to suffer. I do truly think you are the best person for us out there, and it would be foolish not to think the 'us' extends to the other soul pieces. I do not think Marvolo is good for you at the same time. I worry about the potential future of your relationship."

Harry took in their words carefully. "Would you be hurt if I pursued Marvolo? Know that that might mean me sleeping - er - resting with him as well. I don't think we can cuddle in groups of four, so one of you would be left alone when we do start to cuddle."

Tom and Riddle stiffened.

“I think it is inevitable.” Riddle spoke. “I think that Marvolo will always, eventually, fall for you. And I don’t want more friction between him and us. It was stressful with the amount we had in the past.”

“I think it would be better to act now rather than when we are years in the future.” Tom's voice shook a bit.

Harry shook his head. “Would it hurt you?”

“Yes, but not enough that I would want it to affect your decision,” Tom replied.

“I as well.” Riddle put down his teacup.

Harry breathed out. “I am open to him pursuing me. I will set boundaries, and you will know how far we progress - whether that is seeing it with your own eyes or me telling you.”

The two of them smiled at him.

“I hope you find happiness in him.” Tom reached over and kissed Harry on the cheek.

“And he is Tom in you.” Riddle reached out and gripped Harry’s hand.

“Thank you both for your honesty.” Harry squeezed Riddle and kissed Tom back.

They continued to drink their tea in comfortable silence. Harry was sifting through his thoughts and feelings about Marvolo and imagined what their future relationship would be like.

Would he be soft to him like Tom, or more passionate like Riddle? Would Marvolo hold his hand and twirl him around, or would Marvolo pin him to a wall and shove his tongue down his throat?

Both ideas excited him.

Harry hummed as he finished his tea. He had made up his mind. Yes, he would pursue Marvolo. And Marvolo will be his one day.

Severus hated Order meetings.

“A muggle-lover?” Arthur said it in a hushed voice.

“Prosperous! They’re just saying that to save face.” Alastor muttered.

“But if it was true?” Arthur reiterated.

Albus shook his head. “If he was a true muggle-lover, he would not be with Voldemort.”

“It quells my fears about Harry being there, at least a little bit.” Remus sighed, passing the paper to Severus.

“I saw him and the Dark Lord carrying Rita Skeeter’s disembowelled and horrifically tortured body. ‘To send a message.’ I doubt Ignis is as pure as you would like to believe him to be. He might just be fine until someone slights him. Killing and torturing someone over one article that was favourable towards him?” Severus shook his head.

Remus went white.

“I just hope Harry stays safe.” Remus hung his head. “I should have done more to protect him.”

“I agree.” Severus sneered.

“Onto other matters.” Albus cleared his throat. “Remus, you are to set off to recruit a fringe were clan on the west, let’s say, in three days?”

“I plan on doing my best.” Remus nodded.

But there was something off about him as he said it. He was enthused, yes, but the smile he wore was not one of innocence. It was one of malice. Severus just shrugged. Whatever the wolf did was none of his concern. If he chose to run away and live in the woods forever, that was fine with him.

“Severus, I would like to see you talk to Ignis. Perhaps if we could convince him to change the direction of the Death Eaters after Voldemort’s defeat, things may end with less bloodshed.” Albus asked of him.

“I will try, Albus.”

Severus was more curious about Ignis. He hadn’t gotten the chance to pull him away yet, but with the extra training the man was getting, the opportunity would arise soon enough. He’d get to talk to him about his politics and plans.

There was no doubt in his mind that the Dark Lord would succeed; however, if the off-chance he were incapacitated or died, Ignis would most likely assume power. Although his direct power over the Death Eaters was limited, he still influenced them.

As the meeting went more sour, the creature bled harsher, and Severus found his mood getting worse. They were getting desperate, and Severus knew that it was only a matter of time before the rest of the Order fell. They were in denial and were purposely not seeing the future they had. ‘Good will triumph’ only goes so far. It is a farce more than anything.

Severus didn’t care about the Order. He would find it a good day to watch the Order fall.

Harry: (Tortures Rita)

Tom: Hot

Riddle: Hot

Voldemort: ... Good

Voldemort: (Trying to hang a corpse like tinsel)

Voldemort: (Involuntarily aroused via Harry)

Voldemort: (Internal screeching)

Marvolo: I want you

Harry: Why???

Marvolo: Isn't it obvious?

Tom: I would be okay with you dating Marvolo

Riddle: I am apprehensive, but I would be okay

Harry: Great, new boyfriend time!

Remus: At least Ignis is there, I feel better about Harry being with them

Severus: He disemboweled Rita Skeeter for that article

The Order: Oh.

I am certainly doing. I am still sick (going on a month), and I really am not sure. I got a new cat, but it does not feel real yet. Like I am interacting with a stuffed animal rather than a real animal. I just - it all does not make sense to me. I feel so detached from everything, like I am floating outside of my body.

Imperio

Chapter Summary

Special surprises for Harry, and he has slipped further into his darkness. Marvolo and him have a bit of an awkward moment.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Voldemort was up to something, and Harry knew it. The sly glances sent Harry's way, the way he smirked out of random, and the constant air of excitement. Tom and Riddle were activating similarly. And Harry was growing slowly frustrated at the fact that they were keeping secrets.

"Why are you smirking?" Harry blurted out, starting at him during the occlumency lesson.

"It is a surprise." Voldemort's lip curled.

Harry growled. He liked surprises as much as the next person; however, this secret was particularly irritating. Hours of nagging later, Voldemort's nerves were growing thin, and a headache in Harry's brain was brewing.

"Tell me," Harry demanded.

"Then it wouldn't be a surprise!" Voldemort exclaimed at him.

"Tell me," Harry demanded.

A glare levelled on Harry's features. Voldemort seemed unmoved by his anger; if anything, he was amused by it. That only infuriated Harry more.

"Tell me, or I won't bake for you." Harry set his ultimatum.

"Fine." Voldemort rolled up his parchment and hit Harry on the head with it. "Because you are being a brat, I will ruin your surprise."

"Which is?"

"I am willing to surrender Draco Malfoy to Ignis. As in, you can mark him." Voldemort crossed his arms.

Harry blinked. "But I don't have a mark!"

"Do you want him?"

“Yeah, I would like to; it would be fun to order him around and stuff.” Harry brushed a hand through his hair. “But, again, no mark.”

“Make one, then. I know I designed my mark when I was young; perhaps you could ask Tom and Riddle about it?”

Harry hummed. “I will after this. I think I have an idea...”

Severus sat in for another meeting. It was the Monthly Marking, as the Death Eaters called it. That day, they would have fifteen new pledges. Draco included. He clenched his hands. Severus remembered his Marking clearly.

The pain of a marking was as bad as a crucitas. It dirtied the soul, leaving a stickiness in the chest that lasted for weeks on end until he learned to ignore it. But there was power when taking the mark - a bonding power that filled him with the need for more.

It was like a drug of sorts, getting a high that you could never top but always chased after.

Draco stood last in the lineup. He was the youngest by a few years, and Severus recognised many of them as his past students. An unsteady breath left him.

Ignis stood beside the Dark Lord, looking as contrasting as possible. Severus couldn't help but have false hope. If he hadn't seen Ignis come in with the corpse of Rita Skeeter, he would have had confidence. But now... he was unsure. The Dark Lord did say that Ignis calmed him. The bar was low, very low, but it was still something that Ignis was above. He should be better than the Dark Lord when it comes to follower punishment.

“Today begins the dawn of your following.” The Dark Lord's rasping voice met their ears. “Your commitment to the cause is now cemented after you receive your mark. Should you have any doubts, step away now.”

No one stepped away. Stepping away now was a death wish - Severus had seen it before.

The Dark Lord called up each person to receive their marks. Their screams of pain echoed through the hall, each one almost as bad as the last. Finally, Draco's turn was up. Severus could see him shake, fear in every fibre of his body. He presented his forearm, but Voldemort did not move his wand.

“You will not be taking my mark today.”

Severus' heart dropped. Had Draco slighted him in some way? Had his constant attack on Potter, despite orders, been enough to warrant another round of punishments? Severus had seen how Draco returned to him; what else could the Dark Lord do?

“Today, you will be taking Ignis' mark.” The Dark Lord said with an air of finality.

Draco's shoulders almost seemed to sag in relief. The Dark Lord narrowed his eyes, flicking his wand but not moving. Draco turned his forearm towards Ignis. Ignis raised his wand and

pressed it on the heel of Draco's hand.

"Morsmordre."

A gasp escaped Draco's mouth. But no cries of pain, no muted scream. Severus wanted desperately to know what the mark looked like. Ignis nodded, patted Draco on the shoulder, and presented him with a roll of parchment.

"Should you have any questions about my cause, consult this parchment. Should you need to contact me for anything, hold two fingers on your mark and say my name. Today, you will receive your first task as well." Ignis paused, waiting for Draco to say anything.

When nothing was uttered, Ignis spoke again. "Your first task will be to obtain Dumbledore's phoenix before the end of your school year. I require those phoenix tears, so the punishment for your failure will not be pretty. I can get *creative* when I'm slighted."

Draco shook. "Yes, my Lord."

"Brilliant." Ignis' smile was almost sweet but sent shivers down Severus' spine.

Ignis flicked his hand, and Draco returned to his place in line. The Dark Lord proceeded to give another speech about loyalty and their cause. When everything was done, he dismissed all of them except for the recruits. There, they would privately receive a speech and their first task.

Severus impatiently waited for Draco at Malfoy Manor. He paced, his mind filled with worry. Narcissa was pacing next to him, and he was positive that Lucius was worried as well, back at Riddle Manor. Narcissa offered him calming-drought-laced tea, which he declined.

Draco flooded in almost an hour later. Narcissa rushed to him, encircling him in a bone-crushing hug. She drew away just enough to push a lock of hair away from Draco's forehead.

"Are you fine? Did anything happen? Are you okay?" Narcissa asked quickly.

Draco breathed out. "I'm fine. I'm fine. They just gave us a short speech about the potential punishments for not accomplishing our goals. Ignis reiterated that I would face severe punishment for not fulfilling my task."

Narcissa dragged Draco to a fainting couch and thrust a cup of tea into his hands. Draco sipped, the tension in his shoulders disappearing.

"Did the marking hurt? You did not react to the spell." Severus asked, sitting next to Draco.

"No? I expected it to, but it was just really warm. Like I was slapped on the arm." Draco shrugged. "Why didn't it hurt?"

Severus thought for a moment. "The Dark Lord's markings, at first, also didn't hurt. Perhaps the pain increases with experience, or the Dark Lord's magic is naturally pain-inducing."

Draco then presented his mark to them. It was an uprooted lily, with its bottom roots forming a vertical figure-eight.

“The phoenix - how am I going to get the phoenix? It doesn’t leave Dumbledore’s office. It’s like asking me to get his wand!”

Severus gently patted Draco on the back. “We’ll help you figure out a way.”

Draco drank deeply from his tea. “I hope.”

Severus hoped as well. If his treatment of Rita after one article was something to go off of, Draco would be eviscerated if he failed his task. Time would be on their side; they had almost a month to prepare and the school year to accomplish it.

Severus hoped.

Rough touches caressed Harry’s waist. Marvolo, after giving the go-ahead, was not shy about initiating physical affection with him. He was handsy in the kitchen, always looking for any opportunity to touch or even brush past him.

Harry would have found it annoying if it didn’t spark warmth within him. Marvolo was happy, and their chats were growing deeper in meaning. There was more insight into the inner workings of Marvolo’s mind, and Harry couldn’t help but feel excited about it.

“Most of the street rats I’ve met were okay people, just lost on their opportunities. It was those with enough money that were the most violent towards me, but the rich - oh - the rich were terrible. Treated me less than a human. Screamed at me, tried to fight me, and would frequently degrade me.” Marvolo said, retelling his retail experience.

“That sounds terrible,” Harry replied. Marvolo rubbed soothing circles onto Harry.

“Truly was. I got my revenge after work hours.” Marvolo tucked a lock of Harry’s unruly hair behind his ear.

“Mh.” Harry reached up and patted Marvolo’s cheek. “I would expect nothing less.”

Marvolo hesitantly withdrew when the clock chimed. He trudged to the oven and came back with a pan filled with chocolate cupcakes. Harry dashed for them the moment the cooling charm ended. He was about to bite into it when Marvolo swiped it from his hand.

“We need to add frosting,” Marvolo explained.

Harry pouted but complied. Little frosting flowers were placed on the cupcakes, and Harry devoured his. Frosting covered the corners of his mouth. Marvolo took his thumb and gently wiped frosting off of him, then lifted it to his own mouth and licked it off. Harry’s eyes widened. He could now see the appeal in that.

They carried their pans to the table. Just when Harry was about to sit down, hands gripped him on his waist. Marvolo pulled him into his lap, his hands travelling across him to hold him tight. Harry felt a blush blossom. It felt new, just like he was starting with Tom and Riddle again.

Marvolo, though, felt different as well. Marvolo made him want to touch him all over. Made him want those rough touches in all the right places. It made his thoughts grow dirty fast. Harry shivered. Could *he* wait a year?

It felt unfair to Tom and Riddle to just jump into the sheets with Marvolo so soon after making them wait so long. It was only fair to make Marvolo wait. But still... Harry wanted Marvolo physically more than emotionally.

Harry wanted another boyfriend, not a fuckbuddy.

“Your trousers look tight with that boner you have.” Marvolo purred, peering over Harry’s shoulder.

“Ah, sorry, I - “ Harry tried to escape Marvolo’s grasp, but his arms just pulled him in tighter.

“Do not worry; it is a natural reaction towards me.” Marvolo laughed darkly.

“Bastard.” Harry elbowed Marvolo.

“Am I wrong?” Marvolo nuzzled into Harry’s neck.

“Just shut up and eat your cupcake.”

Harry, as Ignis, nervously followed Voldemort down to the dungeons. He said they were learning a new spell today, and Voldemort wasn’t sure if he could cast it on a dummy. Which meant that it was a dark curse that even Voldemort took seriously.

They arrived in front of Umbridge’s cell. She was thinner; her frog-like face now had her cheekbones poked out. Sickly, she sniffled. Umbridge looked up at them with reserved horror.

“No fight?” Harry mocked.

She coughed.

“Today,” Voldemort cleared his throat. “We will be casting the imperious curse. It will be harder than the Cruciatas curse, so I do not expect you to be able to do it today. If you do manage to accomplish it, I will be greatly impressed.”

Harry furrowed his eyebrows. He’d accomplish it today.

“Follow me.”

Voldemort slowly showed him the proper wand movements. He cast the spell on her. Her eyes went glassy, a whiteish film going over them. She raised her hand and punched herself in the face with all of her might. Harry barked out a laugh.

“See? Try it.” Voldemort encouraged him.

“Imperio.”

Harry readied his wand. He breathed in and out. Magic was about intent. He needed to *want* to make her do something. Punching herself in the face was a great idea, but something told him it wouldn't quite work out. He needed something stronger.

“Imperio.”

Her eyes went glassy, but her arm just twitched. Harry growled. He needed to do it today. His accomplishments would impress Voldemort, and he'd be damned if he were to let that go.

“Imperio.”

Her eyes went whiter, but she didn't move. A growl escaped his throat. How had he not succeeded? He wanted to make her punch herself. He bit his lip. He needed to do this right.

“Imperio.”

The punch to her face was light at best. Harry scowled. Why was this so hard? He wanted to stamp his feet in frustration. But that was childish; that would be a bratish thing to do. The Crucitas didn't have to do. Sure, it made him feel sick, but it was easy after a few times.

“Perhaps this would make it easier.” Voldemort shuffled around his pockets.

He withdrew a blood quill and parchment. Chucking it into the cell, Voldemort looked back at him, a little amused. Harry caught on to what he was implying.

“How did you know?” Harry asked.

“A few sources. Lucius knew about the usage.” Voldemort clarified. “And... the dreams.”

Harry nodded. His wand was raised in an arc. “Imperio.”

This time, power flooded through him. It was like there was a chilled string connecting him and Umbridge. Harry shook his head and focused on the connection. It took him a few minutes to grasp it, but when he did, the powerful feeling almost consumed him. It was like her life was dangling in his grasp.

“Write ‘I abuse young school children’ on the parchment.” Harry pushed his magic through the connection.

Umbridge's hand jerked around as she picked up the quill. Her hand shook as she slowly began to write on the parchment. Harry could hardly read the writing, but the growing redness in her hand told Harry that his revenge was working.

“How long will she do that for?” Harry inquired.

“Either until the magic you imputed runs out or until she fights off the curse. With regular application, a person could spend the rest of their life under the imperious.” Voldemort rested a hand on Harry’s shoulder. “I have done that before, but found that fear is a stronger motivator.”

“Got it.” Harry smiled. “I think I put in enough magic.”

“I do have to do work, so we may stay for an hour. If she is still writing, we may check after my work is done.” Voldemort informed him.

“Why can’t I just stay on my own?”

“I do not want you to be hurt. Many people could hurt you here.” Voldemort squeezed him.

I do not want you to be hurt.

Harry smiled.

For the next hour, Umbridge wrote on the parchment. When she ran out of room, she returned to the front and wrote over the writing. By the end, it was more of a mush of lines rather than words. Harry found himself enjoying it at the beginning, but it was growing stale. By the end, her hand held deep lines, cutting into muscle and spewing blood.

“Are you content with her?” Voldemort asked.

“Hm, let Tom and Riddle - and whoever else for that matter - have a go at her. Then, you can dispose of her. I am done with her.” Harry shrugged.

“I assume you want to be there when she perishes?”

“Yes. Will you string her up in the Ministry as well?” Harry asked, using his best puppy-dog eyes.

Voldemort ruffled his hair. “Of course. As long as you do not defile my horcruxes the moment I leave.”

A dark red blush covered Harry’s face. “Oh, - Oh. I wasn’t thinking - okay, I could do that. I’ll give you an hour.”

“Thank you.”

It was odd to hear Voldemort say those words, but they made Harry feel warm on the inside. The halls were desolate as they departed, the sun having already set, and everyone was wrapped up in their bedsheets, asleep. Harry practically bounded to Riddle’s room; he and Tom had decided to sleep there that night.

“Night!” Harry waved at Voldemort as he slipped into Riddle’s bedroom.

“Good night.”

Harry found Tom and Riddle already in bed, with Tom snoozing away while Riddle read a book. He gave Riddle a quick kiss, crawled into bed, and gently kissed Tom on the forehead. Tom unconsciously snuggled into him as Harry lay down. Their cuddling was soft and sweet, lulling Harry into sleep mere minutes later.

BREAKING NEWS: Head Reporter Rita Skeeter Found Dead in the Ministry of Magic

It saddens us at The Daily Prophet to announce that our head reporter, Rita Skeeter, was found dead yesterday morning. She was murdered and displayed in the Ministry of Magic. We cannot show photos, as it will disturb our viewers.

We will have a public wake for Rita Skeeter next week at 2P.M. We ask you to be polite and bring your condolences.

That is all we have today at The Daily Prophet. The news will continue tomorrow, as Rita Skeeter would have wanted.

Edwin Mills

Reporter at the Daily Prophet

August 3rd

They were all gathered around the table in the kitchen. The table had to be enlarged to hold everybody. Tom, Riddle, Marvolo, Ominis, Tiberius, Barty, the Carrows, the Lestranges, and a quivering Lucius were all gathered, working on their work.

“Blue doesn’t match with that shade.” Riddle critiqued the LeStrange’s oil painting.

“No, that creates too much negative space.” Tom adjusted a sketch on the Carrow’s charcoal drawing.

“You’re making it too bulky!” Marvolo snapped at Barty as he tried to make a spider made from wire.

“A bit off the top, I would say.” Ominis offered his thoughts to Tiberius as he was carving a small statue out of stone.

Harry just worked on his clay, which Ominis was teaching him how to do. He wanted to make Onyx, which after they got past the phase where everything looked phallic, he found that he was apt at.

“You are very good with your hands.” Ominis complimented him as he saw him pinch at the clay to make the head the correct shape.

Tom and Riddle smirked.

Harry ignored them. Ominis continued to teach him; Tiberius butted from time to time to give him pointers. He breathed in a deep breath and felt at peace. It was nice to have everyone gathered around and working on their passions.

But there was one flaw. Between Tiberius and Rodolphus LeStrange was Lucius Malfoy. He looked awkward, sitting there and reading a book while trying not to be too noticeable. Why he chose to be there was beyond Harry's mind, but perhaps he was simply lonely. Whatever it was, it greatly irritated Harry.

Luckily for him, Emerald burst into the room, with Onyx and Nagini at her tail. Harry smiled as he realised how much Emerald had grown over the month. She was still somewhat holdable, but now she was as big as a dog. She spread her wings out and hissed.

"Pitiful Master! The Dark Lord summons you!" She screeched dramatically.

Harry hummed. *"Tell him I will be there soon. I need to finish my snake's scales. Also, scare Lucius a bit."*

Emerald gave him a full, sharp-toothed grin. She darted under the table, almost knocking down Marvolo. Lucius let out a loud yelp and fell out of his chair. He scurried backwards, Emerald hissing at him as she slowly advanced. Lucius' trouser was scraped up, and his leg was profusely bleeding.

"Good Emerald. Snap at his face and then back off like I told you off." Harry asked of her.

Emerald jumped up onto Lucius' chest and snarled in his face; she then jumped back with impressive "I have just been scolded" acting. A smirk lit Harry's mouth. He shooed her away, and Emerald darted back under the table and onto the other side, trotting off.

Minutes later, Harry stood outside Voldemort's office. He knocked and was almost instantly pulled in. Voldemort wore a manic smile, gripping Harry by the shoulders. He steered Harry into the corner by a bookshelf and put a finger against his mouth.

"You are going to love to watch this." His voice was brushed with excitement.

Harry felt like an egg cracked over his head as Voldemort abruptly disillusioned him. He wanted to snap at Voldemort; he wanted to make him explain his excitement, but he wanted to be patient that day. If Voldemort was that excited, then it must be something good.

Voldemort reapplied his snake-faced glammers. Not long after Harry entered, Snape entered Voldemort's office. Oh, this was going to be good. Excellent, even. Harry smiled widely as Snape sat down. Snape shifted in his seat, the only sign of his nervousness.

"Severus." Voldemort did not give away any excitement. "We need to talk."

"What will we be talking about?" Severus played dumb.

"Crucio." Voldemort pointed his wand at Snape.

Snape's screams were like music to his ears. He wanted to hear it again and again, but after a minute, it was making his ears hurt. Harry shrugged it off, knowing that he needed to pay full attention if he wanted to get to the juicy details.

"Did you think me a fool? Did you think that I would not find out? Do you think I am incapable? I am glad my informant was so clear with me. I have given you months to comply with my second vow, yet you fail time and time again. You are lucky I did not kill you." Voldemort screeched at Snape.

Harry, admittedly, was a bit confused.

"You told Dumbledore about Potter! He was never supposed to find out about his presence here. He was supposed to wonder where he and my soul pieces had wandered off to; he was supposed to go on a fruitless chase. Now, he is more focused than ever on finding my headquarters. Any information you tell Dumbledore was supposed to go through me, but you have failed. You have not only revealed that of Potter but of my other plans as well! You have failed our cause. My only wish is that I forced you to make the vow earlier; you would not have your magic by now if that were the case."

Voldemort ended the crucio. Snape stayed on the ground, shaking and quaking. He stumbled to his feet.

"Crucio. Did I say to stand up?" Voldemort sneered.

Again, Snape contorted. Harry grinned as he saw the state of Snape. The fear and pain on his face were blatant, and he was screaming for his life. Was this some type of reward for Harry? To watch Snape be tortured? What had been done to deserve this honour?

"You will not be returning to Hogwarts this year. You will be lucky to even leave this manor. You have shown yourself to be untrustworthy and unintelligent. If you were incompetent at brewing potions, I would dispose of you." Voldemort spat with venom.

Snape panted on the floor but gave a weak "Yes, my Lord."

"Fortunately, Narcissa has made you a room in the potion's lab for you out of one of the ingredient closets. You will have five minutes to be down in your potion's lab least I need to remind you of the consequences of disobeying orders."

Snape nodded and stumbled towards the door. He was slow, hardly able to stand correctly. Voldemort rose after he left, flicking the door closed. He turned to Harry and removed the disillusionment.

"What have I done to deserve this? Have I been good?" Harry looked up at Voldemort, beaming a wide smile at him.

Voldemort's eyes widened, and a weird feeling travelled through their connection. He cleared his throat and spoke.

"You have been doing well in your training for raids. And I thought you would enjoy this."

“No Snape for my last year? I’m on top of the world right now!” Harry threw up his hands.

Voldemort smiled and ruffled his hair. “Now, on with you. I have work to do.”

Harry scampered off, intent on making the most of his day. Maybe he could convince Tom and Riddle to crawl into bed again.

He was growing rather fond of their time together. No longer was he just content with cuddling them, but he wanted more out of it. More touching, more bites to his skin, more coming. Every time they encountered each other, it seemed to get better as they learned what each other’s bodies wanted. Last time they fingered him, he was left overtly satisfied and at peace. Harry wanted to feel that again, and again, and again.

The way their gentle touches travelled all over his body, lingering in all the right places and sending shivers down his spine. The way his very body reacted to their presence, heating up and heart racing. How sensitive he got as they nipped and kissed him!

And how safe they made him feel. He never felt exposed anymore, and there wasn’t any embarrassment when they got him naked. Nothing made him feel safer than being wrapped in their arms after they had one of their sessions.

Perhaps he was almost ready to fuck them.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: I know you're hiding something!

Voldemort No :)

Harry: Tell me or I won't bake for you anymore!

Voldemort: Fine - you get Draco

Harry: :D

Draco, trembling: Yes, my Lord Ignis, I will follow you

Harry, laughing internally: Oh, you will. Or else!

Draco: (Probably pisses himself when he gets alone)

Marvolo: Retail sucks):

Harry: Aw, that's bad. Anyways, I have a boner

Marvolo: Of course you do, you're around me!

Harry: Bastard.

Harry: I cast a successful Imperio!

Voldemort: (Very proud)

Everyone: Arts and crafts time!

Harry: Time to harass Lucius!

Voldemort: Here's some torture, also you will live in a potion's closet and you will not have a job anymore.

Snape: D:

Harry: :D

My apologies this is late in the day, I have been travelling and just... doing nothing? Time is really weird for me, I think I am just lying down for fifteen minutes, and it has actually been two hours. And I have moments of hyper-awareness versus almost none. I am waiting for our fall break, waiting to get my writing juices in quicker flows, and waiting to feel passionate again. I got more medication so that should get better. I joined a social group as well to try to improve my state.

Two more things:

One: For the first time ever, I will be posting with more overall hits than words! Very excited for that!

Second: I am now planning on posting more on my tumblr. For one, art, which is what is mostly on there now, and now... chapter previews! Little bits of the chapters before I publish them. So, follow that if you want any of that!

[Penrot's Tumblr](#)

Anniversary with Tom

Chapter Summary

Harry finally gets to celebrate one year with Tom! And Voldemort is far from happy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Nerves ate at Harry as the day struck. Tom, however, seemed oblivious. It hurt a little. Harry wanted to save his present for later that night. But it was wrong not to acknowledge their relationship, even if Tom had forgotten.

“What do you want to do today, Tom?” Harry asked, inviting himself into Tom’s time.

Tom raised an eyebrow. “Hm, the usual, I guess. I plan on making a page on Onyx and Emerald in their scrapbook. Eat, shower. You know.”

He seemed to notice the slightest falter in Harry’s mood. “Why do you ask?”

A rush of nervousness filled Harry. “Well, it’s been a year since we’ve been dating, and I was wondering if you had the time to do something together.”

Tom’s face went white. “Uh - sure, yes. We can do something together. Anything really.” Tom swallowed hard.

Riddle barked a laugh from next to them. “You forgot, didn’t you?”

“No, I didn’t.” Tom’s face went red.

“It’s okay.” Harry gently kissed Tom. “I didn’t expect you to. It wasn’t exactly clear when we got together either.”

Tom bit his lip. “One should always remember an anniversary.”

A smile crossed Harry’s face. Tom felt bad and acknowledged his fault. Harry drew Tom into another, more heated kiss. Tom held onto him, brushing a hand through Harry’s hair.

Riddle hummed. “I’ll be in other places today, so you two lovebirds get the day to yourselves. Just as long as I get the same treatment on our day.”

“Deal.” Tom broke the kiss and offered a hand to Riddle.

They shook hands, and Harry took the time to move himself into Tom’s lap. Tom gripped Harry’s ass and started to make out with him. They clung to each other like the other would

drift away if not anchored by their arms. After they were thoroughly air-deprived, they departed for the kitchen.

“What do you want to eat?” Harry asked, tying the apron around his waist.

“Hm, what about picnic food? Want to take one in the gardens?” Tom asked, hugging him from behind.

“That sounds nice. How about some croissants, a charcuterie board, and some wine?” Harry lightly detached Tom from him so he could move.

“That sounds lovely.”

Harry made sure to prepare their food first. He then threw together some bagels for the others and used some pre-made dough to make ham-and-cheese croissants. The charcuterie board for the rest of them was huge, but the one for Harry and Tom was much smaller. Tom grabbed the wine and utensils, packing the basket with them and the food.

Tom transfigured a picnic basket and a blanket for them, and they set off. The gardens were so beautiful that Harry had forgotten to stroll through them for some time now. They sat down between white lilies and red roses.

They spread out the maroon blanket on the grass and then set down the basket. Tom passed Harry his croissant, set down the charcuterie board, and poured them wine in greenish wine glasses.

“To one year.” Harry raised his glass.

“To one year.” Tom raised his.

The two glasses tinked. Harry took a sip of the wine, the cool fruitiness flowing down his throat. It meshed well with the ham and cheese croissant, which was still deliciously melty.

Tom picked up a fork and fed him a piece of cheese and ham. Harry smiled and fed Tom some grapes. They giggled and exchanged a short kiss. There, they talked. It wasn't too difficult to find good conversation; Tom had been talking to the other Death Eaters during the time that Harry spent cooking with Marvolo.

Of course, their conversation mostly consisted of gossip.

Tom surprised him with a bowl filled with chocolate-covered strawberries. Harry smiled as Tom gently fed him one, the chocolate and strawberry taste mixing in his mouth so sweetly. Tom similarly smiled as Harry fed him another one, then another one.

After they were done eating and drinking, Harry lay on Tom's lap and told him about his dreams. How he wanted to teach the children Defence Against the Dark Arts, some lessons he was looking forward to, like a Patronus lesson.

Tom talked about what he wanted to do. He wanted to go out and explore more of the world. Learn more about dark magic and the different cultures around the world. Harry would come

with him, of course. Along with the other soul-pieces.

Eventually, they moved inside.

There, they retreated to Tom's room, and Tom threw all of his scrapbooks onto the ground. He opened up his favourite ones to show Harry. He found his layouts and little scraps of paper and stickers adorable, even more so when he matched the colour schemes with the picture.

Harry blushed whenever he found the many, many pages of him. Moments he didn't even know he was being photographed were being captured, and his special moments were forever immortalised within Tom's pages.

The ones with Emerald and Onyx were especially cute.

They stopped for lunch, which Tom attempted to help him with. But after the second bunny-pastry was burned, Harry kicked him out. Harry carefully sculpted more bunny-pastries for them and more for the rest of their group. This time, they ate at the table with everyone else.

Word must have gotten around (via Riddle), and people were congratulating them on their anniversary.

Barty seemed particularly excited: "Congratulations on one year! Most relationships fail by then; non-existent, so good on you!"

Harry and Tom rolled their eyes. Ominis seemed particularly uncomfortable with their celebration, while Marvolo just stared at them with jealousy. Riddle, for his part, distracted the two with questions about their hobbies.

They set off again, this time retreating to Harry's room. Harry was tired by then, his restless sleep having greatly exhausted him. Tom crawled into bed next to him, wrapping him in a tight embrace. The tension in Harry was almost non-existent as Tom held him like they used to.

Gentle caresses sent Harry into a sleepy state. He yawned and cuddled Tom more, trying his best to get as physically close to him as possible. His warmth enveloped him, and the strong beat of his heart echoed in Harry's skull.

When they awoke, they grabbed a short dinner of salad and potato soup. After that, they retreated to Tom's room.

Their clothes came off quickly after they entered.

Tom's tongue invaded Harry's mouth. Harry groaned as Tom groped at him, gently squeezing his ass. His thighs were wrapped around Tom's waist, making him unable to move away from him. Harry grabbed at Tom's body, palms placed against his shoulders.

As Tom moved from his mouth to his neck, Harry softly ground on him, eliciting a moan from him. Harry found that noise sent tingles down his spine. He continued to grind on Tom,

intent on hearing those sweet noises again and again. The muffled moans met Harry's ears, and he was sure he'd do anything to make sure he didn't stop.

"Fuck me." Harry groaned, arching his back, as Tom licked and kissed his chest.

"Hm?" Tom stopped, looking up at him with desire blaring in his eyes.

"Please, I'm ready. Fuck me." Harry punctuated it with a short thrust.

Tom's pupils dilated, and his eyes were almost black.

"I'll be gentle."

While trying to fall asleep, Voldemort was awoken by an overwhelming feeling of pleasure. He turned to his side, hoping that it would lose its presence. The initial was always the worst, the middle was barely better, and the ending was almost too much to handle.

But this time felt different. It was a sharper, deeper, more enticing feeling than before. It went straight to his lower abdomen and sent delightful shivers down his spine. He unwillingly basked in its presence.

Tingles ran through his entire body, and heat ignited with every touch of the sheet around him. He tossed and turned, but none of the feelings stopped. They only got stronger. He groaned at the rush of hormones running through their connection.

Disgust grew in him as his boner rose. He should not find enjoyment in this, whether he is willing or not. But he could not help it; the feeling was desire only growing stronger. The intense, alluring draw to touch himself was evident. His hands clutched the sheets, trying his best not to do anything he would regret.

He wallowed in its presence. It felt like hours, but it finally came crashing down. Mortifying horror struck Voldemort as he felt himself coming in his boxers. He wanted nothing more than to curl up and claw at his skin, but he refrained from such self-destructive behaviour.

Maybe a cold shower would clear his mind.

With a slight limp in his gait, Harry left Tom's room in the morning to go to his early occlumency lesson. Voldemort had work to do that entire day, and he was only willing to give Tom and Riddle's anniversary off.

He stumbled over to the training room, seeing Voldemort already sitting down. An involuntary wince met his face as he sat. Voldemort already seemed in a sour mood, and Harry could already tell that this lesson would not be a fun one.

The second he met Voldemort's eyes, a barrage was sent down onto his occlumency shields. Harry winced again as they collided with them and began to infiltrate his memories.

'Harry stood in front of Petunia, the woman towering over him. He held up a card with 'Happy Mother's Day' on the front. Petunia picked it up and scrunched her face. Her lip curled as she looked down at him.

"I'm not your mother, you brat! Your mother is dead! I will never, ever be that to you." She spat coldly.

Harry felt tears prick his wide eyes. '

Harry felt a lump in his throat as the memory was brought up. It was one of his first and most painful memories. Voldemort didn't stop his assault.

'He was standing in the kitchen, just as he got back from his shopping trip to Diagon Alley. Vernon's face was a scarlet red.

"You expect us to put up with this freakishness in this household? If your freaks wouldn't do something to us, you'd be out on the streets right now! Count your days; the moment you can, you will be out of this house! We do not care where you go, as long as it is away from us!"

"Okay, Uncle Vernon," Harry replied softly.

Vernon stood up abruptly and slapped Harry in the face. He hoisted Harry up by his hair, yanking out a chunk of it, and pulled him up the stairs to Harry's bedroom.'

Harry forced Voldemort out of his memory.

'His legs were in the air, ankles crossed behind Tom's lower back. He rubbed soothing circles onto Harry's thighs. A low moan was forced out of his throat, and he arched his back as Tom hit his sensitive spot. Heat, like an inferno, burned within him - '

Voldemort retracted from Harry's brain.

"So you were busy defiling my horcrux last night." Voldemort hisses with venom.

His face said nothing but disgust and fury. Pupils were slit like needles, and their eyes narrowed. Nails dug into the wood of the table. He stood, looming over Harry like an omen of death.

"Y - Yeah." Harry cowed under his vengeful gaze. He hadn't seen this side of Voldemort in a long time.

"Leave."

Harry didn't wait for another second. He scrambled out of the room as speedy as he could. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest, the signature sweat in his palms, and the rush of thoughts in his brain, planning every possible chance of escape.

He caught his breath for a moment and tried to calm himself. He retreated to Tom's room and crawled under the covers with him. Unfortunately, Tom awoke to find Harry trying to curl up as close to him as possible.

“Did your occlumency lesson go wrong?” Tom asked, brushing a hand through his hair.

“Yeah.” Harry snuggled into Tom.

“Did he hurt you?” Tom’s grip tightened.

“Emotionally.” Harry’s voice was muffled as he pressed himself into Tom’s chest.

Tom growled but didn’t say anything. He continued to hold Harry as tight as he could. Minutes later, the door opened again. There was silence as Tom lifted his head. Harry stayed curled up.

“Go away.” Tom spat.

“I am here to - ” Voldemort’s voice met his ears.

“Go. Away.” Tom insisted. He patted Harry on the back soothingly.

There was a sigh, and then the door closed. Thankfulness brewed within Harry at Tom talking to Voldemort instead of him. He didn’t know if he could face Voldemort at that moment. He could still be angry at him and put him in that intense state of fighting again.

“It will be okay,” Tom gently kissed Harry’s forehead.

Riddle joined them not long later, softly rolling circles into Harry’s hip. Harry melted in their grasp. It was fine. They were here. It was all alright. He was safe.

Severus felt fear running up and down his spine. The Dark Lord was visibly in a sour mood, his eyes glaring at everyone for something as small as breathing a bit too loud. Ignis was also missing another terrible sign. Perhaps there should be a good reason for that. He is on a mission, and the Dark Lord does not have him at the moment, making him irritated. Or did it run deeper? The idea made Severus want to dart from the room. But he kept his composure and just folded his hands in his lap.

Corbin was the last to arrive, despite living in the manor.

“Crucio.” The Dark Lord spat at Corbin.

Corbin’s screams ripped through the air, sharp and shrill. Severus’ breath caught. So that was how this meeting was going to work. He only hoped the information he was giving was good enough to keep him pleased.

The crucitas were freely thrown throughout the meeting. It was as if he regressed again, back to the same Dark Lord who would slaughter Death Eaters if he received bad news. The same Dark Lord who attacked the Potters. Who killed Lily?

“Severus, report.” The Dark Lord snapped, his wand already ready.

Severus shivered. “The Order wishes to seek out Ignis. Dumbledore has not been honest about his intentions, and half of the Order is split between wanting to convert him to their side or wanting him dead.”

He knew it wasn't good news. But it was honest, and the Dark Lord could see through him easily. His new, vague vow promised Severus great harm if he did not tell the truth.

“Did they?” The Dark Lord twirled his wand. “Make it clear, Severus, that the Order is not to meet with Ignis under any circumstance. Any other information you have learned?”

Severus hoped this would put him in a better mood. “Our were-species bill has gone to pass with a slight majority, and our bill outlawing the removal of siren vocal cords has also passed. The bill for the undead's rights is under consideration.”

The Dark Lord averted his gaze. “I expect nothing less than this bill to pass. Every one of the members of Wizengamot will feel the effects of this bill not passing.”

People shivered. Rightfully so.

The rest of the meeting was met with several crucios. One person coughed while presenting their information, and they were tortured for “disrespecting his presence”. Severus was just thankful he avoided it. On his violent days, Severus found himself at the end of a wand, simply for his spy work, not being able to tell him every piece of information.

When the meeting ended, Severus unfortunately had to battle-plan again.

Ignis would not show up for that meeting.

Harry was slow to come out of Tom's room the next day. The memory of the rush of adrenaline was still fresh, and he was certain that he would jump if Voldemort showed up. He was just so angry - would he be like that every time he and his boyfriends had sex? The idea made him sick; he waited a long time to have that type of pleasure, and he wasn't sure if he would give that up to keep himself away from the Voldemort-headaches.

He sighed. Nothing seemed to go right in his life. Just as he thought he had everything, something would go awry.

Marvolo was already in the kitchen, baking croissants, when Harry arrived. Marvolo raised him an eyebrow but just slid the other apron over to him wordlessly. Harry, for once, was thankful that Marvolo was being silent towards him. He didn't know if he could handle a conversation at this point.

Everything just felt so scary now. It was like the time spent around there was now soured, bent, but not completely broken. How pathetic that he was able to flip a switch on his mood based on a bad occlumency lesson.

Sure, Voldemort had been cruel or uncaring about his pain in the past, but besides a few incidents in the past, he never went out of his way to cause him pain. He didn't use the

occlumency lessons to dig up some of his most impactful memories. He didn't need to tower over him. He didn't need to act like he was moments away from ripping Harry to shreds.

But he did.

Harry rubbed his temples as he prepared breakfast. Eggs always distracted him. The rest of them would follow not long later, having all chosen to eat together with the Death Eaters rather than in the private dining room. Harry was glad about that as well. He didn't want to just pull Tom and Riiddle out of having their time with the other horcruxes. They made an effort to befriend their older counterparts, and Harry wanted them to keep that friendship with them.

Harry ate his eggs, feeling odd on his tongue. He stabbed at his pancakes, similarly dull. The others seemed to notice it as well but didn't confront him. Even Marvolo didn't speak up. He was partially glad and partially angry at no one calling him out. Did they think he was incapable of getting discussion in this state of distress?

Those thoughts were banished, and Harry left the cleaning up for someone else to do, retreating to his room with Tom and Riddle instead. They sat on his bed, pillows propping them up, and read books instead.

A knock sounded at the door.

"Who is it?" Tom called out.

"Let me talk to Harry." Voldemort's voice met his ears.

Tom looked at Harry. Harry looked at Tom.

"I guess." Harry sadly crawled away from his boyfriends, leaving the safety of their presence.

Harry trotted to the door and opened it. Voldemort was there, still in snake-face form. Harry sighed.

"Follow me somewhere more... private," Voldemort commanded.

"Fine," Harry said shortly. Although it did frighten him to be taken alone, his inner voice told him it was fine.

Voldemort beckoned him forward, and Harry followed him to his office. Harry entered the office, finding papers strewn about the desk. He sat in the chair, with Voldemort sitting across from him. Voldemort shed his glamours and breathed in deeply.

"I - I should not have done what I did. And I should not have acted how I did." The words sounded like they were being yanked out of him.

"Don't do it again." Harry crossed his arms.

"I will tr - I will not do that again." Voldemort bit his lip.

“Good.”

They stared at each other.

Voldemort cleared his throat. “Moving on, I will be leaving for a week-long raiding session, and I do not want you to be here alone. - yes, I know my horcruxes are here, but I want people who aren’t dependent on your magic to be there. As we discussed last summer, you will be staying with Fenrir Greyback all of next week. He knows your boundaries, and inform me if he crosses them. I would prefer you to take all of the horcruxes with you for extra protection.”

Harry hummed, not expecting Voldemort to want him to take his precious horcruxes. But Harry wouldn’t complain.

“Okay. How will I be staying with him?”

Voldemort tilted his head. “You will be staying in one room with him in his cabin. You will be in the mistress' suite because it has extra protections. There will be a door connecting your rooms, so if someone attacks you, he will be there. There will be guards around your room. You will be protected.”

Harry nodded. "Okay, that sounds great. Will I be trapped in my room for a week, or will I get to go out?"

Voldemort’s mouth formed a thin line. “It would be productive for you to learn more about werewolf customs. There, you could know how to better persuade the other were-clans of their compliance. I do warn - Greyback said that Wulstride is to visit around the time you are there. Avoid her at all costs, but she will know by smell that you are Ignis. The other wolves as well. They have been sworn to secrecy to Greyback, and he will be imposing strict rules around revealing your identity.”

Harry nodded again. “Sounds good. I’ll pack early. Should I pack Ignis, just in case?”

“Yes.”

With that, Harry left the room. Voldemort kind of apologised; at least he acknowledged his wrongs. That was a step in the right direction. Back in his room, he found Tom and Riddle pacing.

“You took a while.” They said at once.

“Yeah, guess what? We’ll be going to Greyback’s for a week, and you, Marvolo and Ominis, get to come with me!” Harry threw his arms out in mock enthusiasm.

“Werewolves? We’ve never stayed with werewolves before.” Tom raised an eyebrow.

“Learning experience, dear Thomas.” Riddle mocked.

“Don’t ‘Thomas’ me.” Tom glared.

Riddle laughed.

Severus wanted to scream. There was yet another meeting that was all about Potter. This time, Remus was not there to vouch for the brat, and everyone was just talking about how horrible it must be to be him in the Dark Lord's manor.

He wanted to roll his eyes. He saw him once, leaving the kitchen with food in hand and his precious boyfriends in tow. Potter was not at all in any danger; the other Death Eaters even talked about him receiving an entire quidditch pitch as a birthday present.

Potter was far from unsafe. He was pampered over there, and he wouldn't be surprised if he wasted his time doing superfluous deeds like manicures or pedicures. Severus just knew that Potter would return to Hogwarts just as violent and snotty as he was the year before.

"We need to find the headquarters," Albus reiterated.

"I cannot divulge the location." Severus drawled.

Honestly, Severus knew that Albus knew that the Dark Lord was touchy about his muggle heritage, but wouldn't the first place they would check be Riddle Manor? The Dark Lord put many provisions in place to ensure that the location would go unnoticed, but part of those provisions was to put the headquarters in a muggle village.

"I have not seen Potter in the manor either." Severus lied. "Ignis is also missing; I would not be surprised if they are in the same location."

"Perhaps Ignis took Harry to another location?" Arthur postulated. "In case we found the headquarters?"

Everyone looked to Severus as if he had the answer. "We are planning a week-long raid, so I would not be surprised if Ignis took Potter to another location to keep an eye on him. The problem is where. The Dark Lord would not just house them anywhere. They could be with Prince Aquillian for all we know."

All of those were baseless assumptions, but Severus needed to be proactive in deterring the Order. The Dark Lord was not pleased with him. Albus was not pleased with him when he told him he could not return for the school year. No one was pleased with him at that moment, and Severus wanted to have *someone* on good terms with him.

"I am afraid so. Even as such, we will look out for anything abnormal. He could be anywhere, including here." Albus shook his head. "I will ask Remus to look out when he returns."

The rest of the meeting was grating on Severus' nerves. How could they talk on and on about what they would do while hardly taking any action? They were trying to fight it politically, even though they were losing badly.

He was so done with them.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: Tom, you forgot our anniversary!

Tom: Literally we never formally declared ourselves boyfriends so I didn't know, but I feel bad anyways

Harry: It's okay, I forgive you <3 Okay, sex time!

Voldemort: You - You *defiled* my horcrux!

Harry: So that is where you draw the line!

Voldemort: (Activates scary Dark Lord energy)

Harry: (Runs in terror)

Severus: Ignis is missing and the Dark Lord is angry

Severus: Not at me though, for once

Harry: I am scared at Voldemort because he is angry I am sexing his younger self

Harry: Time to bake

Voldemort: I was wrong

Harry: Wow, really? Well, at least there was some apology!

Voldemort: I will now give you to Fenrir for a week

Harry: Vacation with the boyfriends, and Ominis!

The Order: Perhaps Ignis and Harry are in the same place!

Severus: The dots are not connecting yet, but when they do I will be very mad at myself!

Sorry for the lateness again, same day still! I am about to submit something that will pass/fail me for a class, I am now in month two of my sickness, and I am preparing for five or six doctor appointments in the next three days. But thank you for 275K! I should actually be thanking you for 281k, but I thought a special message every 25K would be good. I organically saw my fic be recommended to me twice this week on my TikTok For You Page, so that was super fun. Thank you to those who recommended me!

Also, I will reply to comments sometime over the next 10 or so days. I have a break, so I have time to do that now! We are also now 11 months into this fic, and only one more month until one year on AO3! What a huge day! I have no idea how to celebrate such a milestone!

Going to Greyback's Pack

Chapter Summary

They finally arrive at Greyback's pack.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A week later, they were all packed. The others were hesitant, but Harry held onto all of the horcruxes. It seemed stupid, but in an event where one of them was taken, it would be better to not have a horcrux destroyed, as Harry will be the most protected.

Harry waited for Voldemort to get done grilling the other horcruxes about their safety. Once he was, he handed them all a long length of rope.

“You will be led to a room. Once you get there, identify yourself to Greyback with the password of ‘Full Moon’. You can choose whether to give him your fake name or your public name.” Voldemort stared each of them down.

“Alright.” Tom nodded. “I think we should use public names.”

They all nodded.

“Okay, are you all connected - on the count of three? One, two, three. Crescent.” Voldemort called out.

The awful swirling feeling consumed him, and Harry leaned on Tom for support. When they came crashing down, Tom and Riddle had to catch him. The room they landed in was rather small, with a fireplace on one wall and a door on the other side. Standing there, muscles flexing, was Fenrir Greyback.

“Full moon,” Harry spoke loudly.

Greyback’s muscles untensed.

“I am Fenrir Greyback. I will be keeping you all safe during your time here. Unfortunately, you will have to share the Mistress Suite. Pardon the lack of space with all the beds.”

“Slumber party!” Tom exclaimed.

Harry smiled, and Greyback gave a toothy grin.

“Now, if you will follow me to your room,” Greyback waved at them.

They followed Greyback out of the room, and after a short, metal hallway, they walked out to a great, expansive log cabin. Instead of deer heads lining the walls, it was werewolf heads. Harry shivered. But it was a welcoming atmosphere, with a cosy lounge area with four people sitting there, chatting and wrapped in fuzzy blankets. Up the huge staircase was another long hall, with many rooms spotting the walls.

“The room at the very end is mine.” Greyback pointed to the end. “Yours is right next to me. It has the same enchantments as my room, with added alerting charms.” Greyback continued to walk.

“Whose in the other rooms?” Harry snooped.

“Guards, mostly. The occasional people at risk of being assassinated, like allies and other high-ranking were’s. Even if we have other were’s, assume everyone is a werewolf unless told otherwise.” Greyback finally reached the end of the hall. He opened the door with runes carved into the door. Harry recognised some as protection, some as security, and some as sweet dreams.

Inside was a huge room filled with three beds. The four-poster beds all had quilts as sheets, fluffy grey pillows, and room at the end of the bed for trunks. Between the second and third beds was a door, which led to Greyback’s room, and on the other side was a large fireplace. At the end of the room, several wardrobes were set up.

Harry found it so homely.

“I like it.” Harry entered the room, darting for the bed in the middle.

“It is cosy,” Ominis commented, taking the bed closest to the outside door.

“And very warm.” Marvolo took the bed next to Greyback’s door.

“I hope you enjoy it. I will give you an hour to settle in and get everything taken care of. Then, we’ll tour my town and eat at one of the restaurants.” Greyback said, closing the door.

They unshrunk their trunks and placed them at the ends of the beds. Tom and Riddle would have to shove theirs under the bed after they unpacked. They filled the wardrobes with their clothes and other various items. Harry saw that they had all taken their hobbies, and Harry brought his broom and a snitch.

While Ominis inspected the fireplace (“It doubles as a floo, we have to look out for that.”) and Marvolo inspected the runes carved into the walls, Harry, Tom, and Riddle all cuddled up on their beds. The quilts were heavy, like they were wrapped in a hug. It calmed Harry even more, and he swore he’d have to ask Voldemort to get him a heavy blanket.

An hour later, Greyback returned.

“Are you ready for a tour?” He asked as they arrived.

“Yes.” Rang out from all of them.

Greyback gave them a toothy grin and beckoned them forward. Harry hopped along, eager to be shown the town. Aquillian's was exciting; how will Greyback's be?

The town was quaint, smaller, and had a more wooded air. There were many log cabins lining the street, with further down being small shops. Harry could see the town end-to-end, but the paths were bustling with more and more people.

A spicy scent filled the air, with seasonings mixing into it. Harry's stomach grumbled. Greyback looked back.

"We'll be eating out today. I hope you like spicy food because we almost exclusively cater to those tastes." Greyback slapped a hand on Harry's shoulder.

They all had wide smiles on their faces. Spicy food: Harry had a lack of it even if he cooked frequently. He should have stolen some recipes while he was there. They walked down the street, and they couldn't have gotten to the town square sooner.

The swath of food was glorious. Seasoned meats lined the open windows, and huge piles of fried or dry jalapenos and peppers were in great big metal pots. Campfires cooked various soups and stews.

It was glorious.

"Do you have any preferences or allergies?" Greyback asked, gesturing to the wide array of food.

They shook their heads. Greyback took them through the lines of food, each of them grabbing a big plate of food or small bowls of stew. Harry piled his plate high with stir-fried steak with peppers and a bowl of some chicken stew. The rest of them got similar food as well.

They sat at a large table, getting some curious looks but nothing hostile. Harry happily munched on his food, humming when the spices hit his tongue. He had to keep running to a water keg to get water because he kept getting overheated. But it was a scrumptious overheating, and he wouldn't trade it for anything.

Just as he was getting another drink -

"Remus?"

"Harry?"

The two stood in complete silence.

"What are you doing here?" They both asked at once.

"You first." Harry crossed his arms.

Remus looked both ways and sighed. "Look - the Order is going nowhere, and they're actively fighting against my rights. I sought out the nearest werewolf pack and asked to join.

I report to Greyback now, as much as I resent it.”

Harry raised an eyebrow. “Merlin, *finally*. I’m here because the Dark Lord thinks we get into too much trouble and we need someone to manage us.”

“We?” Remus quirked.

“Oui, follow me.” Harry waved him along.

Harry weaved through the crowd and led them back to Greyback. Greyback saw them and had them move around to make more room. Remus shuffled uncomfortably and sat next to Ominis at the edge of the table.

“Everyone, this is Remus Lupin. I think I’ve told all of you about him.” Harry gestured to Remus as he sat down between Tom and Riddle.

“Thomas,”

“Ridley,”

“Matthus,”

“Osiris,”

Remus shook everyone’s hand. There was an awkward moment of silence before Remus cleared his throat.

“So, who are the boyfriends again?” Remus asked with an uncertain chuckle.

Tom, Riddle, and Marvolo all raised their hands.

“I added one since last time.” Harry smiled, gesturing to Marvolo.

“Oh, that’s nice,” Remus commented.

Again, awkward silence.

“So, Remus, how has life been since defecting?” Harry slurped on his stew.

Remus perked up a bit and began to spin his tale. How he was scouting out the different clans almost the moment Harry had been there during winter break. That he finally woke up and knew that he needed to get out. Instead of going to the other clan like Dumbledore has asked him, he scouted out Greyback, knowing he was one of the few packs that took outsiders openly.

He went to the Order occasionally, reporting back to Greyback. Greyback informed them that Voldemort’s anger had been rising since Remus reported, and he was just waiting for Severus to return from their week-long mission. Then, Severus would be severely dealt with. He would be kept capable, but just barely enough.

Harry hoped he could watch that grease bat be brutally assaulted. Maybe if he did well, it would be a treat.

Even when they finished, they continued to talk. Remus had made a few friends already, and Greyback commented that one wolf was particularly interested in him, to which Remus blushed. They laughed and got up to walk around, leaving Remus to his own devices.

They pointed out the different cabins, some with different purposes. Everyone lived communally, so most were sorted based on the person. For the guard, for single families, for the elders... the works. Harry asked which one he'd be sorted in.

"Hm, I would put you with the other orphans. Though we do assign you parents as fast as possible, some are more resistant to having new parents and do stay with the other orphans until they hit their majority. Then, hm, it depends on if you start a family or a job. I assume you would like to be with the guard?" Greyback mused.

"Wherever the cooks go," Tom slung an arm around Harry's shoulders.

"Cooking? Right, the Dark Lord did say you cooked. We don't have a specific place for cooks, but in the 'Community Caretaker' cabin, most choose to clump together with people of similar professions." Greyback pointed to one of the cabins that people were running in and out of.

Harry breathed in the air. It wasn't peaceful air, but one that left me so alive. It teemed with life like the Forbidden Forest - there was an underlying danger, but it was so wonderous that it overruled the dread.

They continued their tour throughout the small town, with Greyback pointing out the uses of the cabins and halls. It was all perfectly organised. There weren't too many shops, as most of the items they needed were directly ordered by the hall, but there were a few.

Naturally, they took full advantage of Greyback's "You can grab one item rule."

Harry took a small sketchbook, for which Tom and Riddle promised that they would help him learn to draw. Tom and Riddle each chose the supplies: a pencil pack and coloured ink. Marvolo insisted on helping them as well and picked out pastels. Ominis ignored them mostly and grabbed a special type of paper clay.

"All done?" Greyback surveyed their items.

They all nodded.

"Didn't figure you were the artsy types, but to each their own." Greyback smiled at them.

They left afterwards, embarking on experimenting with their new mediums of choice.

Drawing, as Harry found, was difficult.

"No, that's the wrong shape." Tom waved his hand.

“Think in circles.” Riddle vaguely informed him.

“I think in triangles.” Marvolo contradicted Riddle.

Harry was done with it only thirty minutes in, but he persisted for Tom, Riddle, and Marvolo. It didn't help that they started him drawing circles and triangles rather than an actual drawing. By the end, Tom and Riddle were happy with his progress; Marvolo was indifferent.

Ominis, in the meantime, made a small coiled snake with a bit of his clay. He didn't seem to believe Harry when he complimented it. Eventually, they were called down to have dinner.

Greyback led them to a dining room in the cabin with a vast array of food. At least ten other people were there with predator pelts all over their bodies. Harry found particular interest in a black fox pelt that had its own face, worn like a hat.

When they retreated to their bedroom, Harry changed into his pyjamas and lay down in bed, waiting for Tom and Riddle to join them. Ominis had taken a lot from him the day before, and he was feeling rather tired. He could see Tom, Riddle, and Marvolo chatting in the corner in hushed hisses.

He turned around and tried to sleep. He was vaguely aware of them moving behind him - hanging out and using the bathroom, showering, and brushing their hair. He deeply listened to the calming monotony.

Someone crawled in next to him. Not Tom, not Riddle - Marvolo. He inhaled the scent of Harry's hair, sighing as he breathed out. His long arm stretched across Harry's body and gripped his muscled waist tightly. Harry relaxed, this newfound comfort in Marvolo blossoming within him.

“We thought it would be good for me to experience you alone for a night.” Marvolo hissed in his ear. *“I can share with you another time.”*

Harry shivered. Parseltongue - why was it Parseltongue that set him off? It could have been any other language, but not, it was their damned bloodline trait. He had to admit, he did like that they had a secret language. But other times he wished that they could talk privately without anyone around them knowing about it.

Marvolo squeezed his waist. “I can already see why they crawl into your bed every night. It is rather soothing. And your magic - mh, it feels more nourishing than before. It's like your magic is forming directly to my tastes.” Marvolo laughed, deep and dark. “I wonder what else I can do to make you taste just as delicious?”

Harry was glad he wasn't facing Marvolo, or else he'd die of embarrassment. What about Marvolo made him react like this? It was like he knew just the right buttons to press to get a rise out of Harry. Each word was perfectly prepared to hit him in all the right ways. Marvolo breathed out, his breath hot on him, and Harry could feel the connection between them. While Tom was sweet, soft, and Riddle passionate, Marvolo represented a desire within Harry. He longed for Marvolo in parts of his heart he didn't know existed.

“I know you want me. I can wait. But you? I don’t need to touch you to get a rise out of you. Just a few words in Parseltongue, and you’re practically melting.” Marvolo moved his hand up and tucked a lock of hair behind Harry’s ear.

Harry felt like he was on fire.

“S - Shut up and just sleep,” Harry muttered, lightly elbowing Marvolo in the stomach.

Marvolo returned his hand to Harry’s hip. “Goodnight.”

Harry shivered.

Sleep would not find Harry until everyone else was knocked out. His mind kept on racing when Marvolo shifted. He was partially cursing himself when he asked Marvolo to wait. He knew Harry’s buttons, and he knew enough about Marvolo to know he’d keep his promise, hanging it over Harry’s head. He asked for Marvolo to wait, and he would sensually torture him every day until their year was up.

This next year will be a horny hell.

Voldemort rubbed his temples. Harry was back defiling his horcruxes, and all he wanted to do was properly plan a raid. It was worsened by the fact that there was a vampire among them. He could sense his rising heartbeat, and Voldemort had a thin line of hope that Harry wasn’t having sex with them at that moment. He couldn’t afford to come in his pants.

“So, we strike here, no?” Dmitry pointed at a red spot on the map with a knife.

Voldemort nodded. “Yes, start from the east; go north from there. We would prefer for you to attack constantly on the way and not linger too long in any location. We need you to use your forces to eliminate the Aurors present and then wait at the north, where the rest of them will be flowing in. While you are doing that, another group will be attacking from west to north and will approach the Aurors from the other side. It should work out soundly. If needed, we have an extra group of Death Eaters and Fae that could sneak up from behind.”

Dmitry nodded and moved his knife in a line that Voldemort described. The cut made a slight indentation in the paper. Voldemort looked to the side at Prince Aquillian.

“And you - south to north, but we already went over that. The only problems will be the north and the sides. If the Aurors decide not to meet north, which they have never done, we are all in the wrong place. If we divide our forces to cover a wider area, we risk more injury to our group. This is a big region, and we need to be perfect. Should they not be there, we will keep together and travel as a pack. Under such circumstances, we are to leave a flank open.” Voldemort pointed to the map as he spoke.

“Big raid.” Dmitry whistled low. “My forces have admittedly not had this big of an organised raid before.”

“We will succeed.” Voldemort reiterated.

“Very well. Can we close this meeting? I believe the plans have been stated enough. Some of us have other business to attend to.” Dmitry smirked at Voldemort knowingly.

Voldemort glared.

But he had to admit that he did have other business. To curl up in a ball and hope the feelings go away. Voldemort was not sure if it would end soon, as this feeling was more warmth than he had experienced before. Like a fire was ignited inside him and was slowly burning away at his organs.

He retired to his bed, sighing, as the temporary bed was not as nice as the one at his manor. At least he brought his heavy blanket. A pleasant fog filled his brain as he sank deep into the sheets.

Harry woke up, still caught in Marvolo’s strong arms. He was breathing softly, still asleep, occasionally nudging Harry with his legs. At least he didn’t kick at night. There were a few minutes where Harry just basked in the attention, knowing that he would have to deal with Marvolo’s attacks later in the day. It felt like punishment, but Harry somehow enjoyed it.

Marvolo finally awoke. His breathing hitched, and then he snuggled closer to Harry.

“Have a good night’s sleep?” Marvolo muttered in a whisper.

“Yeah. You?” He was just glad it wasn’t a wet dream. Marvolo would never let him live that down.

“I had juicy dreams. Of me. And you.” As he spoke, he slowly walked his hand from Harry’s hip to his soft jawline.

Harry shuddered. Why did he have to be so drawn to Marvolo?

Marvolo turned his head to where Harry was staring up at him. Harry looked Marvolo in his red eyes, his pupils dark with desire. He hummed and kissed Harry on the forehead. A blush consumed Harry’s face. It wasn’t a kiss kiss, but it was still something. But that damned year-long wait - maybe Harry would appreciate it in the future, but at that moment, Harry would have gladly spread his legs for Marvolo. He needed some release *now*.

“I need to shower.” Harry blurted out.

“Mh, I’ll get more sleep. Don’t drown.” Marvolo smiled at him.

“Don’t tell me what to do.”

Harry was finally released from Marvolo’s arms, and he shuffled off to the shower.

After breakfast, Greyback ordered everyone else to leave and for Harry and them to stay. His face went from a scary but almost welcoming gaze to stone-cold seriousness.

“Boys.” Greyback’s eyes scrapped the room. “Today, Wulstride will be visiting. I do not want any of you out of your room, and I will have meals brought up to you. She recognises your scent, Harry, as your altered persona. I will have this room and the halls covered with different scents to obscure your scent. My apologies for locking you all up for the day.”

They nodded.

“I stayed in my cupboard for a few days before; I can do this.” Harry proclaimed.

“Cupboard?” Greyback questioned.

“Cupboard!” Ominis’ eyes went wide.

Harry ducked his head, not able to meet anyone’s eyes. “Sorry about that. What will be our meals?”

“Mostly stews and stirfry. Unless you want something else?” Greyback answered.

“No, are we just going to ignore that? Cupboard?” Ominis exclaimed.

“Just leave it.” Harry shook his head. “It’s in the past.”

“No, I am not going to just leave that!” Ominis rose from his chair.

Tom, Riddle, and Marvolo rose at once.

Tom cleared his throat. “Ominis, leave it.”

“No - “

Their argument continued for minutes on end. Ominis tried to pry for more information, while Harry just wanted to curl up and die. He shouldn’t have mentioned it, but he just had to open his mouth and blab. It wasn’t even that big to Harry anymore; it was in his past. But Ominis - later Greyback as well - adding fuel to the fire, cutting open the scar tissue of unpleasant memories and feelings.

Harry, luckily, was able to sneak away. He carefully climbed the stairs and set off for their room. The small argument exhausted him mentally, and even if he just had one, he felt the need to shower again. He sat in the shower, letting the water rush over him. The warmth relaxed him and made the unpleasant feelings wash down the drain. He sighed, taking in the peace.

He cleaned off and went to lay back in bed.

Ominis stood directly in front of the open door. Harry hitched a questioning brow. Ominis gazed at him, guilty. Out of the corner of his eyes, Harry could see the rest of them gathered by the closed door.

“I should not have asked invasive questions.” Ominis looked back at the group. “And I should have let it go when you asked me to forget it.”

“It’s - “ It was not fine. “I think you had good intentions.”

Ominis nodded.

“No hard feelings,” Harry reassured him.

Ominis stepped forward and pulled him in an awkward hug. He patted his back briefly and pushed him off. Harry appreciated the thought and smiled up at him. Ominis averted his gaze and stalked off towards his bed.

Harry jumped into his, intent on taking a short nap after all the drama. Tom and Riddle jumped in to join him, holding him tightly with their hands gripping at him as if he’d slip away if they let go. A spark lit within him each time they shuffled closer to him. It was so warm and soft, gentle, and caring.

He slipped into sleep quickly, feeling the familiar draw from both Tom and Riddle.

Voldemort blasted apart the person who stood in front of him. He walked over the pieces of the broken body, blood heavily sticking at the ends of the black robes. On his side, more people tore about buildings and sheds, pilfering all the magical items that were within.

He trudged forward, ignoring the disgusting feelings that popped up. They normally didn’t pop up around that time, so he hoped that they were just fleeting. Meanwhile, he distracted himself with the blood pumping through his veins. Focus on the mission.

Enraged, Voldemort chuckled a bombarda at a house. He could hear screams within as the single roof collapsed, but he didn’t pay them any mind. The mission - he had to finish the mission.

Voldemort raked spell after spell across the ground and into the darkened sky. The stars were blocked out by all the smoke billowing in the air. Acidic wind splashed Voldemort’s face, burning his eyes. He cast a quick bubble-head charm and cleansed the air of the impurities. He stalked through the street, eviscerating house after house. Anger boiled in his veins, and everyone would suffer the consequences.

On both sides of him, the east and west groups were merging, with the south advancing steadily behind them. Voldemort marched to be ahead of all the groups, intent on being the first one the Aurors saw when they finally arrived.

And arrive they did.

A flood of Aurors popped in. Too many - those on the inside told only of twenty Aurors on call during the night - and there were at least fifty. Someone must have informed them of this assault on the town. Voldemort growled - the mole will be dealt with swiftly and surely. They would die a painful death. Perhaps he could include Harry to better ensure their fear of Ignis.

His pet, Emerald, did an astounding job of causing fear by eating body parts. He could feed them alive to Emerald and have Nagini consume the leftover body.

Voldemort flung a shield up as spells raced towards him. It held strong under the onslaught, and by the time he snapped out of his musings, the rest of the groups had merged. The battle would be bloody, and Voldemort would make sure of it.

He saw Alastor Moody out of the corner of his eyes and decided that he would be the target. He fired a cruciatus curse straight at him. The man rolled out of the way to avoid it. They locked eyes, and Voldemort flung curse after curse at him.

Alastor didn't back down, and he flung back more curses. Unfortunately for him, Dmitry's forces were fighting with the other members of his group. It was just Voldemort versus Moody. And Voldemort had never lost a duel in his life.

This wasn't a duel Voldemort wanted to draw out. He threw the cruciatus and blood-boiling spells at him. No spell hit Voldemort as he focused his onslaught. It was risky - he knew it - but as long as he could defeat Alastor, it was worth it.

Alastor dodged spell after spell, but he was slowly slowing down. His lack of leg and an arm impeded his movements; he was sloppy and barely missed his spell. He glared at Voldemort. A nasty bone-breaker was sent in Voldemort's direction.

Childish.

Voldemort sent a cruciatus in his direction and kicked a cutting curse. The cruciatus breezed past him, and the cutting curse stuck him in his magical glass eye, shattering it and causing the shards to embed themselves into the socket and bloodied cheek.

There - that was his moment. Another cutting curse was sent in Alastor's direction. It cut into his throat, and he fell to the dry grass. He grasped at his throat, trying to stem the bleeding. Voldemort was not pleased. He cut curse after curse at Alastor until he was drenched in red. Voldemort advanced on Alastor, with the rest of his group being pushed back.

"No last words?" Voldemort mocked.

Alastor tried to speak, but it came out as a gurgle. For good measure, Voldemort cut off Alastor's shaking hand that held his wand. It rolled on the ground, and Voldemort levitated it up into his hands.

"This will make a good second wand for one of my Death Eaters. I cannot linger long, Alastor." Voldemort smirked down at him.

He pressed his wand to Alastor's temple and muttered those two easy words. Green light flashed across the field, and a scream ripped out from the other end. Another smirk lit Voldemort's face as he saw Nymphadora Tonks on her knees, distraught blaring on her face.

Their raid pressed on. Aurors were greatly outnumbered, even with more appearing by the second. Voldemort recognised a few as citizens trying to fight for their Ministry and more as

reporters apparated in. Lights flashed as pictures were taken.

Good, let them write their articles. Let them write how all the Aurors were able to be defeated. Let them write how many were injured. And let them write about how fruitless it was to fight back. Hope - their hope would be squashed a little each day.

And Voldemort would rise out of the ashes of their society.

Chapter End Notes

Greyback: You will all be in one room

Tom: Sleepover!

Greyback: And there is only three beds

Tom: :)

Riddle: :)

Harry: :)

Marvolo: How dare. I am also a boyfriend!

Harry: Remus? Why are you here?

Remus: Harry, Why are you here?

Harry: The Dark Lord says I am trouble so I need a babysitter

Remus: ... okay. I am defecting.

Harry: Yay! Let me introduce you to my boyfriends!

Tom: Wrong shape

Riddle: Circles

Marvolo: Triangles

Harry: I... I just want to learn :(

Marvolo: Okay, it is MY cuddle time! We agreed on it! Sleepover! Let me tease you now!

Harry: Hot Hot Hot Dirty Thoughts Hot Hot Hot

Marvolo: Oh, this is going to be my new favourite hobby!

Harry: Yeah, I used to stay in my cupboard for days on end

Greyback: Cupboard?

Ominis: Cupboard?

Harry: Okay, moving on...

Ominis: No move on! We need to talk about this!

Tom: Leave it!

Ominis: No!

Ominis: I apologise for making you uncomfortable. Now, let us have an uncomfortable hug and leave it there.

Voldemort: There is a suspicious amount of Aurors here

Voldemort: (Kills Alastor)

Voldemort: Someone else is going to die.

Comment of the week, by WadeWilsonParker616:

"Wonderful chapter! Thank you for the update!

Voldie has issues... just wank you repressed git! Or better yet just join the Harry Harem!

☺"

My apologies for the lack of Comment of the Weeks, I am highly forgetful.

Also! My account now has 400K overall hits! That is huge! Thank you so much for contributing to that! <3 Comments will be answered, I am chopping away at them. Big challenge, but I am up for it. It is my own fault.

If you have any questions you would like to ask anonymously or just prefer to ask them somewhere else, I have a Tumblr! It is also for me to post chapter previews and artwork!

[Penrot's Tumblr](#)

Punishment (And Riddle)

Chapter Summary

Identity revealed. Punishments made. And Riddle is not gentle.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Everyone was staring at him when Harry awoke. He stretched, a little confused by the looks he was getting. Marvolo was smirking, Tom and Riddle wore a smile, and Ominis looked like he was about to combust.

“Have a nice dream?” Marvolo snickered.

“I think? I don’t remember.” Harry shrugged. A yawn escaped him, and he scratched at his neck.

“I think we can recall it, ‘*Ah, ah, Riddle, Riddle, harder!*’” Marvolo imitated him.

Horror struck Harry. “No!” He covered his reddening face.

“Yes, I think it also went. ‘*Ah, Riddle- mh, so deep!*’. I think I’m missing a few moans.” Marvolo barked a laugh.

Harry wanted to curl up and die. It was bad enough that Marvolo had overheard, but Ominis had as well. And Ominis looked just as red as Harry did. Riddle wrapped him in a hug from behind, laying him back down and nuzzling his neck.

“I think it was cute.” Riddle muttered, kissing him.

“It was interesting to hear what your dreams were like.” Tom ruffled his hair and kissed his cheek.

Harry didn’t say anything and just kept his head down. Marvolo would never let him live this down; he just knew it in the depths of his heart. At least Tom and Riddle would dismiss it, but he would be lucky if it was never brought up again. That’s not to mention if it would happen *again*. him,

He shifted his legs when he realised, with mortifying horror, that he had come in his boxers. Harry tried to bury his face in Tom’s chest and tried to hide his embarrassment. Tom allowed him, softly humming and rubbing circles into his waist.

The door burst open. Harry groggily raised his head; he was still in a sleepy state as someone yanked him up by his shirt and sniffed him deeply.

“What - “

“You’re Ignis?”

Slowly, he raised his head. A wide-eyed Wulstride stared back at him, his yellow eyes alight with curiosity. She blinked as four wands were lit up and pointed at her, two digging into her throat.

“Lower your wands; she’s fine.” Harry flapped his hand.

They didn’t look certain, but they did as they were told.

“And these aren’t your sons; they’re your boyfriends. At least they should be with all the arousal I smell in you.” Wulstride slowly let go of his shirt and crawled off their bed.

“Yes, they are.” Harry, mortified, replied. “Do you want a story or just the cliff notes?”

“Cliffnotes.”

“Okay, so it all started when I cut my finger on a page in a diary...”

Harry quickly recapped their story, the words spilling out of his mouth easily. He had told the story time and time again; at that moment, it was as easy as reciting his birthdate. By the end, she was looking at him quite sceptically.

“So... you are dating Voldemort’s soul?” She tilted her head.

“Yeah.” Harry shrugged. Tom kissed his cheek.

“How much of his soul?” She continued.

“Hm, about 87.5%? That is I, Tom, and Marvolo.” Riddle nodded to each of them.

Wulstride smirked. “I still consider you Voldemort’s consort, regardless of how he feels about you. And I must say, you do play a great role as a loving parent to your boyfriends and an adoring consort to Voldemort. I envy your acting.”

“I try my best.” Harry smiled.

“Are you done here?” From the door, Greyback drawled. Beside him was a large woman with lean muscles and a terrifying, resting glare on her face.

Wulstride straightened up almost instantly and cleared her throat.

“Uh, yes. My apologies, Greyback. I just smelled Ignis and followed it.” She tried to explain.

“There were reasons that there were spells on the door.” He growled.

“The spells are only as strong as the hinges that hold onto the door.” Wulstride pointed it out. “I did not break any spells or wards.”

Greyback huffed. “I presume you are correct. Come, we have treaties to discuss.”

Wulstride slowly crawled off the bed and shamefully walked back to the pair. The woman patted her on the back, laughed deeply, and pulled her along. After a few minutes, some people with wands erected the door again. They cast extra spells on the hinges.

Finally, they were all alone again.

“That was eventful.” Harry stretched, a popping sound emanating from his shoulder.

“Anyone want to draw?”

They perked up. Ominis still stayed to the side and did his work while Harry’s boyfriends taught him more drawing techniques. Once all had some degree of frustration, they departed to their parchment to practise, laying down in a circle with their supplies in a pile in the centre for everyone to access.

Hours passed without stopping. They had their delicious meals dropped off at one point, then continued their artistic endeavours. Each of them worked hard on their drawings, each line purposeful and delicate.

Harry produced a poor image of a tree, Riddle a perfectly shiny diamond, Tom a stylized Emerald and Onyx, and Marvolo a cake design. Ominis, in the corner, worked on a small teacup with flowers on the sides.

Marvolo cast the spell to preserve their drawings and keep them from smearing. Even so, they carefully rolled up their pieces and stashed them in their trunks. Harry’s hand was cramping, and his hand was laced with smudges of greens, browns, and blacks. None of the others were as vandalised with their mediums.

Marvolo gazed at him and smiled. “You have a bit of ink on your cheek.”

Harry tried to rub whatever smear away.

“No, no, let me - “

Marvolo licked his thumb and gently stroked the apple of Harry’s cheek. His thumb left, but the rest of his fingers lingered, brushing against Harry’s jawline and lingering on his lips. Harry grew redder and redder, heat growing in his face.

“Aw, you’re so red. Red as a cherry. How sweet.” Marvolo paused. “Sweetheart.”

Sweetheart.

Harry’s heart fluttered.

Marvolo finally withdrew his hand, leaving Harry to cool down. Harry could finally quell the inferno inside of him. Why did Marvolo make him feel so hot? Tom and Riddle were similar,

with both feeling delicate and soft, but Marvolo made him feel like he was burning inside. Like he was having a heat stroke.

From behind him, Riddle's arms encased him. Marvolo raised an eyebrow at Riddle but backed down from whatever mental battle the two were raging against each other. Riddle nuzzled Harry's neck, blowing hot air onto him.

"Care to sleep? I am tired." Riddle said it in a way that made Harry sure that he wasn't tired.

Even so, Harry wanted *someone* to touch him. The overwhelming urge to have hands all over him was almost too much. Riddle took him to bed and held him as tight as possible. He gripped at him like he was the last thing keeping him tethered to reality. Harry shuddered in blissful relief as Riddle gently rubbed circles on his back.

Everything was better when he was wrapped up in his boyfriends' arms.

As the time drew on, Harry found himself nervous again. He had met Riddle not long after Tom, and if he was counting their first kiss as the start of the relationship, then his and Riddle's one year was that day. Unfortunately, since Ominis was there, he wouldn't be able to properly "celebrate" with Riddle.

He could tell that Riddle wanted to celebrate the same way Harry did. He had riled him up with light touches gripped at his hips, his tight hugs that had his groyne pressed against Harry, and kisses that had a little teeth in them. He wanted Harry just as much as Harry wanted him. The overwhelming urge to have hands all over him was almost too much.

Riddle smiled at him when he woke up. The gleam in his eyes told him that he knew, that he had kept track of the days and made sure that he remembered. It made Harry feel all warm and fuzzy on the inside. Riddle brushed a finger across Harry's cheek with a gossamer's touch.

"Happy anniversary." He whispered, kissing Harry on the lips.

They lingered for what felt like minutes. Breathless, they withdrew. Harry hummed as Riddle pecked the corners of Harry's cheeks down to trace his jawline. A shiver ran up Harry's body as Riddle nipped at his neck - the familiar tug of teeth against skin that stirred him in all the right ways.

"It feels like I have had you for years, angel. But it has only been one. How fortunate I am to have you." Riddle whispered low.

"It is I who am fortunate." Harry shifted to better accommodate Riddle's mouth.

"I beg to disagree." Riddle ran a finger from Harry's chin to the hollow of his throat. "There is only one of you. There are many of us."

"You are all different. You share similarities, but it is what is different that matters." Harry reassured him.

Riddle didn't answer and continued to leave red marks on Harry's neck, pulling his nightshirt's collar to the side to move onto the crook of his neck. A familiar ball of warmth sat in his stomach. Oh, how he wished he could just jump up at fuck Riddle at that moment.

"Patience is a virtue." Riddle repeated.

"It is not mine." Harry retorted.

"How I'd like to defile your virtue more." Riddle hissed.

Harry's blood rushed through his veins.

"Just wait until we're back home; you're mine then." There was a growl in Riddle's voice.

"I can't wait."

For lunch, Greyback, Wulstride, Remus, and the rest of them all went out for another day. They sat at a table apart from the others, closer to the woods, eating delicious, juicy kababs while they shared stories. Wulstride and Chea, her wife, had the most thrilling, while Harry was the most interesting.

And, for once, Harry loved to talk to someone about his adventures without any worry or pity being thrown his way. The weres (minus Remus) thought his adventures were hilarious and interesting more than anything else. They acknowledged that, although they were traumatising at the time, they were able to look back at them with humour.

"And then I put my hands on his face, and he started to dissolve!" Harry recounted his encounter with Professor Quirrel.

"Did he scream?" Chea asked, red in the face from laughing so much.

"He screamed. And Voldemort was like, 'You fool, get him!'. He was still trying to choke me out even when his hand was dissolving when he wrapped his fingers around my neck. Then, when he was a pile of ash, I saw the soul of Voldemort leave him and scurry around. It was just a face with a tail; it looked like a huge sperm." Harry bit into a piece of chicken on his kabab.

The table busted out with laughter.

"This is great," Wulstride coughed. "Voldemort would never tell me this. He was blushing like mad when he complimented him after he dropped his glamours."

"He did?" Ominis asked in surprise.

"Yep, Prince Aquillian pointed out he was wearing glamours, and he was practically forced to remove them. Do you have a nail technician you could recommend? His nails were perfect! I don't mind mine, but Chea does like the finer things in life."

Chea brushed back her curly blond hair and laughed.

“Adeline, she’s an old muggle who lives in this alley Vol - ” Harry saw Greyback begin to flinch. Harry had forgotten that he was marked. “that the Dark Lord used to live near. She was dying when we last checked in on her, but I think he gave her something to extend her life. She should be alive.”

“Hm...” Wulstride stroked her chin. “Maybe I should turn her into a was. We live about as long, if not longer than wixen.”

Harry, his boyfriends, and Ominis shook their heads. Harry cleared his throat. “Adeline believes us all to be demons, devils, or whatever and is concerned about keeping her soul pure. As much as I hate to say it, I think the best course of action is to let her go. She has her grandchildren trained, and I think they’ll be nearly as good.”

Wulstride sighed. “It is why we distance ourselves from muggles. Too much heartbreak. When a spouse is almost guaranteed to outlive their other half.” She reached over the table and grabbed Chea by the hand.

“It is.” Harry had to agree.

There was a sombre tone for the rest of their conversation. They tried to move on to brighter topics, but they seemed weighed down.

Voldemort gritted his teeth. There was too much stress. Not enough relief. The second phase of their raid week had not gone according to plan, and there was a higher injury toll than he wanted. If Dmirty’s forces had been competent - he shook his head. He forgot how difficult it was working with raiders who had not participated in a big raid before.

The rest of them had gotten along well until the other Aurors arrived. It was like they knew the exact places to hit Dmirty’s forces. For this, Voldemort would be investigating everyone thoroughly to find the rat.

Rat... had he fed Peter Pettigrew before he left? He honestly couldn’t remember. He didn’t care either way. But having rotten rat in his drawers would be filthy.

Overall, he thought the raid was successful. He had hoped for much more, but they met all of their goals completely. That was cause for some celebration. Maybe another ball sometime this summer? He would see if he had time for it. Harry would love another one.

Harry was also happy at Greybacks, for which he felt some relief. There was a twinge of... worry within him when he sent him off. Greyback was responsible enough to mind Harry, but with all the trouble he got into, he wouldn’t be surprised if Harry somehow managed to turn himself into a werewolf.

He supposed the happiness radiating from Potter was useful. It was stopping him from walking out and crucio-ing those who had disappointed him. Reluctantly, after he was done

looking over the catalogues, he retreated to his uncomfortable bed.

He actually embraced the feelings of softness and those that made his heart swell that night. It reified in ways that he couldn't describe enough. His muscles untensed themselves, the aching in his head lessened, and he just seemed to breathe easier and deeper. For once, he welcomed those normally unpleasant feelings.

The week, sadly, did not seem to last that long. The days just seemed to breeze by, and before he knew it, it was time for them to leave. Harry would miss the hustle and bustle of the town; however, he needed some privacy. He didn't want to shame Ominis or any of the others, but sometimes he just wanted some one-on-one (more like one-on-three) with his boyfriends.

They had grown handsy over the passing day, and Harry was sure they were moments away from ripping off his shirt and pants. To be frank, Harry was feeling the same way.

Harry was leaning against Riddle as he awaited everyone to place their hands on the portkey. Riddle reached over and laced their spare hands, pulling them up and kissing the back of his hand while giving him a seductive look.

Harry would be in *for it* once they landed.

The familiar pull to his navel sent him spiralling. Harry leaned closer to Riddle, trying his best to keep any vomit down, and stumbled as they landed. As he tried to regain his composure, he saw Voldemort in the corner of the room.

"Welcome back," Voldemort said with a sigh of relief.

"Feels good to be back." Harry stretched, popping a few bones.

"Good, good. Harry, I will need you for the next hour or so." Voldemort beckoned him forward.

For once, Harry wasn't looking forward to whatever Voldemort had planned. All he wanted was a while alone with Riddle for their late anniversary, and he couldn't even have that.

"I will be in my room, waiting," Riddle whispered, kissing him on the cheek.

"I will be looking forward to that," Harry whispered back.

He waved the rest of them goodbye as he left the room with Voldemort. He instructed him to change into his Ignis attire. After that, he guided Harry to the ballroom. Inside was a full meeting, with the last few people trickling in.

Harry hoped it was an interesting meeting. He was missing out on shagging Riddle for the first time, and he was just waiting for any opportunity to escape from him. The two arrived at the table; Voldemort pulled out Harry's chair for him, and then they both seated themselves.

“It appears some amongst us have been fluid in the information they report back. Today, we will see five people face punishment for their transgressions.” Voldemort’s gaze swept over the massive hall.

Oh, so that was why he was here. He hoped this was when he got to see Snape punished. What for - he couldn’t entirely recall - but as long as Snape was hurting, he was happy. The others were also what he was curious about. What types of betrayals did they commit? Who exactly were they betraying him to? The Order was pitifully small and had no allure.

The meeting was tense. Voldemort would be waiting until the last minute to punish those, and the mystery around them caused blood pressure to rise. He could see Voldemort was getting a kick out of it, and to a point, Harry was as well. To see the fear in people’s eyes as they cautiously glanced at him, like he was a second away from snapping at them, filled Harry with a sense of power.

Whether or not he should enjoy this type of power was the question.

But Harry ignored his moral quandary. He was enjoying himself, and why should he question the good in life? The moment he stopped asking those questions, his life usurped into a better field. The less he questioned it, the more pleasure he felt.

When the meeting was drawing to a close, Harry could practically taste the fear. He could see how it got so intoxicating for them. Voldemort, finally, rose from his chair. He pulled Harry’s out for him, and together they walked to the frontmost portion of the room.

“The five of you, come forward.” Voldemort beckoned them.

Four people dotting the room were magically forced out of their chairs, standing straight. Then, Snape stood up as well. The five shakily stumbled to Voldemort and Harry, kneeling on the ground as they appeared. Harry could vaguely recognise the other four - they were in the middle circle, and he had seen them once or twice at one of the balls. But Snape, what had Snape done?

Never mind; Harry didn’t care.

“The five of you have committed treasonist acts against the Dark. Each of you has concealed information from your reports and divulged information outside of your permission. Today, you will face punishment.” Voldemort announced.

Harry was giddy with excitement. Five traitors in one day? What a treat.

“And you, Severus Snape, I am searching for a new potions master, and should I find one capable, you will not be needed anymore.”

Another treat.

Harry watched on as Voldemort read the information that the four had divulged. The last three raids had more Aurors due to them, and they had almost lost an important section of Dmurity’s forces because the information that vampires were there had them stocked with

anti-vampire weapons. It disgusted Harry at the level of impasse on their faces when they heard of the sheer number of vampires that were wounded. Luckily, none were slaughtered out of pure luck.

Harry perked up when Snape read his crimes.

“You - I can hardly name all of the information you have told the Order of the Phoenix. Information about my consort, the raids, Harry Potter’s presence in this manor, my sons - your list of crimes against the Dark is long. I should never have let the likes of you into my inner circle.”

Voldemort sneered at Snape.

Harry was just happy to be there as the waves of Crucios started. Their screams grated on his ears, almost making him flinch. But he was the consort of Voldemort, and there were some standards he needed to meet.

While the other’s torture only lasted for fifteen minutes, Voldemort promised that Snapes would be at least double.

Harry’s mind started to wander. Voldemort seemed to notice and turned to him.

“Do you wish to partake?” Voldemort offered.

“Hm.” Harry tilted his head. “I can try.”

His wand was pointed straight at Snape. He made sure to keep his face as neutral as possible as he channelled his hatred. He remembered all those times Snape degraded him, how he caused him to fail, and all those undeserved detentions that stretched long into the night. Greasy git.

“Crucio.”

Snape spasmed and screamed on the ground. He jerked around unnaturally, like a man possessed. Harry held him under it for a full thirty seconds before he became tired. He withdrew, intent on learning how to hold him under for longer.

Voldemort nodded in approval at Harry. “Do you wish to do more? He only needs to be able to brew, and we can heal him afterwards.”

Harry flashed his teeth. “I would love to! Cutis!”

A choking screech left Snape’s throat as Harry peeled off the skin around his arm. Voldemort frowned and sliced off Snape’s sleeve to display the torture to everyone. There were flinches in the surrounding group the further up the strips of flesh went. Harry watched in fascination as the Dark Mark peeled up, but it was still branded on the muscle underneath.

“Interesting,” Harry commented.

From the door came scratching. Harry raised an eyebrow as Voldemort flicked his wand and opened the doors.

Emerald came hopping in, nose pressed to the ground. She took one look at Snape and darted over to him. She jumped in place, looking at Harry expectantly.

“Can I eat the meat strips?” She asked excitedly.

Harry looked at Voldemort. Voldemort nodded.

“Don’t eat everything,” Harry warned.

While it was still attached to Snape, Emerald began to eat the flayed flesh. He watched, wincing in horror, as she easily slurped up the strips. Once they were mostly eaten up, Emerald stood back, satisfied.

“Narcissa, heal him enough to work,” Voldemort commanded. “You four will be given over to Dmitry’s forces to face your punishment.”

The four shivered.

With that, the meeting ended.

Harry rushed out of the doors and down the hall. He knew Voldemort would reprimand Harry later, but at that point, he didn’t care. The door to Riddle’s room was yanked open, and Harry ran inside.

“Why, hello, Angel. Are you - “

Riddle was silenced as Harry jumped into bed, straddled him, and locked him into a heated kiss. Riddle let out a muffled laugh and drew Harry in closer. Harry clutched at his shirt desperately while Riddle cupped his face.

Harry drew away for just a second. “I want you.”

Riddle chuckled. “At least let us get undressed first. I will always be here; there is no need to rush.”

“Mh, less talking, less clothes,” Harry demanded.

There was no arguing about that.

Riddle and Harry tore the outer layers off of each other, throwing them to the floor without a care in the world. Harry palmed at Riddle’s covered crotch while he ran a hand through Harry’s hair. Riddle grasped Harry by the hip and pushed him onto his back. He crawled between Harry’s legs, parting them easily.

Kisses trailed from Harry’s mouth down to his neck. They peppered his chest and his stomach. Their eyes bore into each other as Riddle stripped Harry’s boxers off of him with his teeth. Harry let out a small whine as Riddle threw off his own boxers.

“Fuck me, now,” Harry demanded.

“Patience.” Riddle purred.

“But - “

“I need you fully prepped for this. I won’t be gentle, Harry.” Riddle warned, planting a kiss on his brow.

“Promise?” Harry teased.

Riddle’s smile sent delightful chills down Harry’s spine. “I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

Marvolo: Nice dream?

Harry: Maybe?

Marvolo: You were making sex noises!

Harry: (Horrificed)

Wulstride: (Burst into the room) You are Ignis and you are also horny!

Harry: (Horrificed)

Greyback: (Miffed)

Marvolo: Sweetheart

Harry: (Blushing, kicking his feet, giggling)

Riddle: You know what I totally need right now? A nap. Right now. With my boyfriend.

No one else with us. Alone.

Voldemort: Raid week has gone horribly, we have a rat

Voldemort: Rat.... shit I forgot to feed Peter Pettigrew. Oh well!

Voldemort: Anyway, for once I will welcome the defiling feelings. They can be nice sometimes.

Harry: (Ready to sex it up with his boyfriend for the first time)

Voldemort: I am the supreme cockblocker

Harry: (Angry)

Harry: I got to see and participate in the torture of Snape, I guess it was okay I was pulled away

Emerald: And I got to eat a human flesh again!

Harry: Riddle, my passionate boyfriend! Fuck me now!

Riddle: Patience

Harry: NOW

Riddle: I'm not going to be gentle. Wait.

Harry: AHHHHHHH YES

This is really late in the day (night), however, in my timezone, it is still Friday! Things have been... bad. Worse. Terrible? This is approaching month three of being sick and I have no end in sight. University is hard to do when you cannot attend class and when the professors post nothing online.

Also.... 10k KUDOS!!! I got a screenshot of exactly 10k and I felt something. I was up until around 5 in the morning to get that moment. I never thought it would get this far at all. It is so mind-blowing for me! Big number! Brain make the happy chemical! And we hit it with... twoish weeks left until the one-year anniversary! So, thank you all so much! I feel the need to do something for this big moment, but I have no idea what.

Comment of the Week, by Wangxian_4_ever:

"Honestly at this point this point this fanfic should have its own shoujo opening 🤔🤔🤔
🤔🤔 a harry harem anime 🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔 ahahahahaha it reminds me of ouran
highschool but tomarry edition 🍌☆☆"

Anniversary with Riddle

Chapter Summary

Harry and Riddle finally celebrate their anniversary, with a little planning this time. Ominis wants to teach Harry a new lesson. Harry tells Tom a hard truth.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next morning, Riddle had to carry Harry to breakfast. Riddle was not gentle with him, and he *loved* it. The only downside was that the soreness the morning after was worse, and he was hardly able to walk properly. With more rigorous testing, Harry might be able to eventually shrug it off.

“Was I too rough?” Riddle asked as he finally let Harry down.

“No. I just don’t have the most experience in that area. Maybe with more practise, I can get used to it.” Harry ran a finger along Riddle’s jawline.

“Mh, I’d like that.”

Harry tried to walk the short distance to the pantry, but the limp was too much. Riddle caught him and guided him back to the counter.

“I’ll get the ingredients; it is the least I can do. I’ll help wherever I can.” Riddle swore.

Harry smiled. Like a little tyrant, Harry instructed Riddle to do his bidding. Grab me this, put that in the oven, simmer this... the works. It was a little revenge for leaving him so sore. And Riddle, for his credit, listened to him dutifully.

Marvolo and Ominis walked in, talking about some type of ritual theory. They watched as Riddle acted at Harry’s every beck and call. Then a smirk stretched across Marvolo’s face. He waltzed over to the counter, where Riddle was putting out all the different foods Harry had prepared.

“Have a nice night?” Marvolo asked Riddle.

“Uh - “ Riddle looked to Harry.

“Very nice. He’s really good at shagging.” Harry laughed lightly as he spoke.

Marvolo hummed. “I can’t wait to show you how good I am. I am counting the days.”

Harry blushed. “Shut it and eat your food.”

A smile stretched across Marvolo's face as he grabbed a bowl of potato soup and a slice of meatloaf. Ominis joined him, plucking a few hard-boiled eggs as he went. Tom suddenly appeared behind him, grabbing the same.

As Marvolo sat down, he adjusted his trousers. He abruptly stood and stepped away from the table. With a flick of his hand, he summoned a floor-length mirror. Marvolo untucked his shirt and pinched at the sparse fat on his stomach.

"You made me fat." Marvolo whipped around, glaring at Harry.

Harry held up his hands in defence. "No, I didn't."

"I think it's the daily cakes you eat, actually." Ominis pointed out.

"Plus," Harry cleared his throat. "You've maybe gained two kilos. That's not that much."

Marvolo frowned and looked at himself in the mirror again. Ominis waved his wand, and the mirror disappeared. Again, Marvolo glared.

"Just eat your food. We can ask if Voldemort can put in a small gym if you are that concerned." Ominis rolled his eyes.

"I *am* that concerned."

Harry limped over to the table, wincing as he sat down. Riddle carried his food for him, and Harry sat between Riddle and Marvolo. Marvolo gave him a huff and largely ignored him through their meal.

After the meal, Riddle seemed to have plans.

"I've been plotting all night after you went to sleep." Riddle rubbed his hands together. "We'll be having fun today."

Harry felt butterflies in his stomach.

"We have dancing, duelling, and I'll relent on attempting to play quidditch, more dancing, I want to do some art together now that you know how... and sex, of course. If you want to." Riddle looked back at him.

"Of course," Harry smirked. "Sounds like a lovely day."

"Good, because we'll be at it all day. Keep some energy for tonight, okay?" Riddle rose from his seat and offered his arm.

"I will. Let's go!" Harry placed his hand on Riddle's arm and let himself be guided out of the room.

Harry and Riddle took off for the ballroom. Riddle popped on music - something light and classical to start them off with. They started with a soft sway, moving in little repetitive

circles. Harry rested his head against Riddle's chest, listening to his strong heartbeat. A sigh of relief filled him. It was all perfect.

Eventually, the music picked up. What was once a gentle sway turned into a drawn-out waltz, with them moving across the entire room, gradually picking up pace as Harry's soreness slowly went away. They danced until they were flinging around each other, meshing together, then apart, going into a dip, and then into the air.

When the last song droned on, both of them had a thick sheen of sweat on their brows. They stopped to catch their breaths, holding onto each other. Harry smiled at Riddle, panting slightly.

"That was lovely." Harry proclaimed softly.

"It was." Riddle's face then darkened. "I suppose we need a few minutes of break before we move onto quidditch."

Harry rolled his eyes. "You planned this. Don't act like I'm forcing you to do it."

"No, no, I should take some interest in your hobbies." Riddle grumbled.

They slowly walked to the quidditch pitch, holding hands and swinging them as they went. Harry broke from Riddle and darted for the brooms when they came into sight. He ran a hand over the fine brooms, trying to pick out the best one for Riddle to ride on. Riddle trudged towards him, apprehension on his face.

"C'mon, don't look like that. It will be fun! I promise!" Harry passed Riddle the finest broom.

"I'm not so sure. These things are dangerous." Riddle looked at the broom sceptically.

"Maybe in your days - Merlin knows that I've had the misfortune of riding on those from back in your time - these are much smoother." Harry already mounted his broom.

"We still get so high up."

"And we'll be fine because Voldemort put in a cushioning charm on the ground so we don't break our necks." Harry retorted.

"Fine."

Riddle slowly mounted his broom, his hands already having a tremor to them. A pang of doubt entered his mind as Riddle slowly rose a metre off the ground. Was this the best idea? Brooms could sense a user's confidence, and if Riddle wasn't confident enough, he could end up falling off.

"Easy, follow my lead." Harry reached out a hand.

Riddle took his hand as they carefully rose higher and higher. His boyfriend refused to look at the ground, staring at Harry instead. Once they had accented a decent amount in the sky,

Harry let go of Riddle's hand.

"See, nothing went wrong. Now, if you're not used to it, your thighs might get a bit sore from gripping at the broom for so long. Make sure to always have one hand on the handle. Don't lean too far whenever you turn; that's for more advanced moves. Uh, try not to focus on the ground?" Harry rattled off his broom-riding knowledge.

"That's reassuring." Riddle said sarcastically.

"That's the spirit! Now, let's just fly around the stands until you work up your confidence." Harry glided at a slow pace, beckoning Riddle to fly beside him.

Harry kept Riddle in his line of sight as they circled the field. Even if Riddle was unnerved by the whole thing, it did feel good to have him by his side. None of the others, bar the Death Eaters, really took an interest in flying. It did spark joy in him that at least Riddle was trying out his hobbies. Maybe he could wrangle the others into the sky...

"Are you confident enough to go higher and move a bit more?" Harry asked on their third rotation.

"No." Riddle's grip on the broom was white-knuckle.

Harry frowned. Then a brilliant idea struck his dumb brain. "Say, let's land. I have an idea."

Riddle let out a small yelp as he stared at the ground. Harry gently reached out and pointed the end of his broom to the ground at a slight angle.

They descended together, Riddle choosing to have his eyes shut during their entire duration. When their feet finally hit the ground, Riddle let out a long sigh. He opened his eyes, staring at Harry with apprehension.

Harry smiled and moved up on his broom. "Come here. Sit behind me, and I can fly."

Riddle looked at him sceptically. "Are you sure that's safe?"

"Of course it is; I've seen Fred and George do it all the time. They never fell, and they were acting like idiots." Harry offered Riddle a hand.

"If you say so..."

Riddle hopped off his broom and swung a leg over Harry's. Lean arms wrapped around Harry's waist, their grip vice-like. They were nestled together as close as possible as Riddle shifted.

"Comfortable?" Harry asked after a minute.

"As comfortable as I can be... you can fly." Riddle cleared his throat.

Harry reached up and patted Riddle on the cheek for reassurance. He then planted it back on the broom and tilted it up at a slight angle. They carefully rose into the sky, circling the field

in lazy rotations.

Feeling Riddle's arms wrapped around him made his heart swell. Riddle put all of his trust in Harry and was relying on him to keep them safe. Their fate was lingering in Harry's grasp, and it was up to him to keep it protected. Or maybe he was just being overdramatic. It was just a broom ride.

"Let's do some waves," Harry spoke, already including them at a steeper angle.

"Okay." Riddle pressed his face into Harry's shirt.

They climbed higher and higher in the sky until they were above the stands. For a few moments, Harry took in the scenery. He could see past the gardens into the small town below. Muggles were walking around, tiny, like ants.

Without much thought, Harry flew to the ground. Riddle's hands could have left bruises on Harry's waist. Harry lessened their speed, but some of the damage was already done. Riddle shook silently.

He evened out their broom until they were running parallel to the ground, several metres up. Harry lifted a hand from the handle and rested it on one of Riddle's hands. He lightly patted him.

"Are you fine? Sorry, I went a bit fast." Harry apologised.

Riddle just nodded.

There was a bit of guilt in Harry for spooking him. He didn't mean to, but Riddle was still uncertain. The next time they went for a wave, Harry went significantly slower.

Little by little, Riddle peeked his head out a little more. Within a few waves, he was sitting straight. Harry was glad he was getting a little used to it. He hoped that one day they would be able to fly around together, but at this point, he wasn't so sure of that potential future.

"We can go a bit faster," Riddle whispered.

Harry made sure only to increase their speed a few notches. He went a bit higher and dropped a bit lower during their waves. He interspersed them with some generally aimless flying. He could feel Riddle's touch loosen, his muscles untensing.

For a while, they just flew around, gradually getting faster as their range increased. But Riddle could only last so long and tapped out. They landed, and Riddle was walking just as shakily as Harry had in the morning.

"Why do my thighs burn? I was just sitting." Riddle stretched out his legs as Harry oggled him.

"You were holding onto the broom with your legs, and you were so tense. How do you think I got these thighs?" Harry gestured to his toned thighs.

"Stairs; Hogwarts has many." Riddle smiled at him. "But I can see why people were always so sweaty after practise. If I was leaning, ducking, gripping at a broom for hours, I would be tired as well. Would you mind if we skip dancing and go to art?"

Harry nodded. "I could use some rest. It's time to work out my hand." Harry winked.

They departed to Riddle's room, where he picked out a few supplies for him as he brought over his own supplies the others had given him. Riddle was teaching him how to draw flowers (lilies) with every art supply. Today, though, they would be drawing in glitter alone.

Harry applied adhesive to the paper, following Riddle's careful instructions. His lines were a bit messy and thick, but Riddle assured him it would be fine. Once he had drawn out the lily with glue, Riddle passed him bottles of glitter. He gently sprinkled the different colours, trying his best not to put too much on. Riddle helped him clean up the excess, spelling the glitter into a "scrap" bottle for future rainbow use.

When it was all done, Harry was left with a beautiful glitter lily. Harry held it up proudly, presenting it to Riddle.

"Very good." Riddle ruffled his hair.

"Now you do it," Harry demanded.

"I will do a rose for you," Riddle said.

Riddle's rose turned out so much better than Harry's could ever make. Harry went to wipe stray red glitter on Riddle's face, only to accidentally leave a streak of green glitter instead. Looking down, his hands were covered in glitter.

"We should take a shower." Riddle cast a spell over the parchments. "Glitter manages to get everywhere."

In the shower, Harry somehow managed to find orange glitter on Riddle's ass cheek. They didn't even use orange glitter.

In the end, Harry still found a lot peppering his skin and hair, but it was less than before.

Harry smirked at Riddle. "Would you mind duelling practice now? We can sex it up after if we aren't too tired."

"You're on!" Riddle smirked back.

They launched into the training room, wands at the ready.

"On the count of three." Riddle smiled at him.

"One." Harry started.

"Two." Riddle adjusted his grip on his wand.

“Three!”

Riddle’s spell left his wand first. It almost hit Harry, but he put up a shield just at the right time. Harry rolled to the ground and sent off two spells. Riddle easily dodged both of them.

From there, Riddle sent off spell after spell. The barrage was merciless, hitting Harry and his shield at equal rates. But Harry was saving up his energy.

“Bombarda!” Harry yelled.

But it was a misdirection.

While Riddle was prepared to jump to avoid the spell, Harry silently sent a full-body-bind jinx at him. It hit Riddle’s foot, but it was enough to start the spell. His arms snapped to his sides, and his legs tensed. He only landed on the floor for a second, but it was enough to gain on him.

“Expelliarius!” Harry yelled.

But Riddle was faster. He managed to break the spell just in time to roll out of the way. A determined look passed his face, and the look sent chills up Harry’s spine.

Riddle continued to dodge the spells Harry sent rather than casting his own. Nerves grew in Harry’s chest. Riddle, acting out of the ordinary, was foretold of mischief.

“Expelliarmus!”

Riddle dodged that as well. He smirked, and Harry found himself caught in Riddle’s gaze. Harry gasped as he felt a spell hit him in the chest. Rough ropes wrapped around his body, constricting him tightly. Harry felt something stir inside of him as he was forced onto the floor.

“I win.” Riddle smirked as he pried the wand out of Harry’s hand.

“Fine.” Harry rolled his eyes. “Let me out.”

Riddle smiled.

He undid Harry’s binds and shimmied his hands under Harry. Riddle lifted Harry and carried him off towards his bedroom. Harry clung onto Riddle, excitement rising in his veins. Riddle was amazing before, and he couldn’t help but anticipate what he’d be like the second time.

Riddle kicked open his door and shut it with his hips. A simple flick of his wrist charmed the door closed.

“Ready?” Riddle threw Harry onto the bed.

“Mhh, I’ve been ready since this morning.” Harry spread his legs.

Riddle practically pounced on him.

Ominis was taking an interest in him. At least Harry thought he was. He was constantly catching the man looking at him with wayward glances and confusing looks. Harry would wait for Ominis to approach him, seemingly about to, but then Ominis would scamper away. It was growing irritating over time.

Finally, one day, Ominis approached him.

“Do you want to learn how to raise golems?” Ominis loomed over him.

What a way to open a conversation.

“Like what?” Harry tested for more information.

“We can start small,” Ominis reassured. “Nothing too big.”

“Alright, I’ll bite.”

Tom huffed as Harry removed himself from his lap. Harry kissed Tom goodbye and walked off with Ominis. Ominis led him through the hall and into the ritual room. There, a neat array of supplies was already lined up. Harry reached for the table and picked up a vial of what looked like snake fangs in a yellowish liquid.

“Watch out for that; if that spills on your skin, it will turn the skin to ash,” Ominis warned, plucking some other supplies from the table.

“Right,” Harry said, carefully putting the vial down.

“Here, let us check this first.” Ominis rolled Harry a bottle of threstral hair. “Make sure that there are five of them.”

Harry pulled out the long, black hairs and counted out five of them. He lightly pulled them away and set them on the counter. Ominis began to pass him ingredient after ingredient and asked him to count them out. Some were easy, like the threstral hairs, while others were more difficult, like counting out forty drops of semi-transparent blood from some unnamed creature.

Multiple ingredients were altered, and they were ready. Harry watched as Ominis laid out everything.

“Put that there, will you?” Ominis pointed to a bowl filled with ingredients.

“Okay.” Harry trudged over.

Ominis commanded him over and over again to draw certain runes or pour out the ingredients. Harry ended up rushing all over the place and was thoroughly exhausted after all was said and done. Harry smiled wide when Ominis told him he was finished.

“Harry? Now let me teach you all the different phrases we need to use. Keep careful track of them; one wrong word and we are done for.” Ominis pointed to a book on the floor.

“Repeat after me.” Ominis went on.

Harry was instructed through many different words and phrases that made his head spin. Ominis reassured him that he was saying them right and that Ominis would take over the hard parts. Harry was thoroughly relieved. At the end of it, Harry was confident in performing it.

“Now,” Ominis went on, “we now have to place the pixie in the bowl.”

Harry winced as he picked up the pixie from the table and placed it in the bowl of moon-ified water in the centre of the circle. It looked so... dead. It always unnerved him to handle the dead bodies of little animals. People, less so.

Harry tried to shove off his feelings and swallow them whole. He was so consumed with the magic that he felt trembling under the skin. Harry was sure that he was about to vomit as he stood at the edge of the circle. Ominis laid a hand on his shoulder.

“You’ll do fine. I will be on the other side of this circle, and I am positive you will succeed.” Ominis reassured him.

“Thank you.” Harry shivered.

Ominis paced to the other side of the circle and gave him a reassuring nod. Harry nodded back. Harry took a deep breath.

“I will begin.” Ominis cleared his throat.

Harry nodded at him, sure that he would succeed.

Ominis’ words left his mouth like a soft song on a late winter’s night. It was almost beautiful, as with each passing word, more magic swirled in the air. Harry cleared his throat when the magic turned bright red and recited the short phrases that Ominis instructed him to do. From there, there was a jerk in the bowl as the flashing of a light turned a brilliant blue. Harry watched intently at the dark liquid.

Something small began to rise from the bowl. It was small and spindly, taking the shape of a four-legged animal. The neck extended, growing longer, and the snout shortened. The darkness solidified. Harry watched as it unfurled black wings, flapping in the air.

“What is it?” Harry asked out of curiosity.

“It’s a gryffin. Well, a golem gryffin - if we had the proper materials, we could possibly make it look real, but with the small amount we have right now, that is the best we can do.” Ominis informed.

The gryffin pitter pattered towards Harry, leaving streaks of dark stickiness trailing behind it. It scratched at the knees of Harry’s jeans, looking up with blank, dark eyes. Its scream was

crossed with a hiss and a roar. He smiled wide and picked it up, cringing as his hands seemed to sink a bit into the creature.

“Hi.” Harry held it up to his face.

It roared.

“Aw, Tom will just love you.” Harry gently cradled the creature.

“I am sure he will.” Ominis walked over to him. “Do tell me how long it lasts.”

Ominis stood awkwardly. Harry paused, hesitant.

“Thank you. I like to learn more about magic. It’s just - I feel like I learn more and more around you all, and I really want to learn more. School - it really just does not do it for me.” Harry shook his head.

Ominis seemed to perk up. “I have travelled a bit around the world. I can teach you things that the others cannot. They do not know how to learn magic like I do. How to imbue words with magic - no Latin required. I know how to do an abundance of magic.”

As he spoke, Ominis got closer to him. He was close, and Harry could feel his body heat. Harry shifted.

“I would like to learn more about that.” Harry nodded.

“I can teach you.”

“... When?” Harry asked.

“I would require you to come with me at least three days a week. Perhaps after you duel with your boyfriends?” Ominis inquired.

“That sounds great! I can’t wait. What will we learn?” Harry began to walk out of the room, Ominis at his heels.

“How to cast spells without using Latin or foreign rituals; I could also teach you some different branches of magic as well.” Ominis rattled off.

“I would love to learn all of that!” Harry beamed.

Ominis gave him an affectionate look. “I will make sure that you can learn whatever is within my capabilities. Now, off you go; you have a boyfriend to see.”

Harry bounced away, creature in his arms.

“Tom! Tom! Tom!” Rang out through the halls.

“Yes?” Answered back, this time from Nagini’s room.

Harry rushed into the room with a wide smile on his face. He navigated through the maze of greenery until he landed on Nagini's sunning rocks. Onyx and Emerald were there as well, sunning themselves, while Nagini and Tom talked in low tones.

"Love, what do you need?" Tom asked as Harry hopped close to him.

"Look! Ominis helped me make this!" Harry proclaimed, thrusting the sticky creature towards Tom.

"Oh... It is certainly magical." Tom hesitantly reached out a hand and patted it, cringing as the blackness stuck to him like honey.

"It's a gryffin golem." Harry pouted, miffed.

"Oh!" Tom perked up a bit. "They normally are a little less... this but, then again, I have only read about them. I never raised one myself."

"Ominis says to tell him how long it lasts, so I don't know when it will become all squishy or whatever it becomes once it stops existing." Harry again offered it to Tom.

Tom huffed as he finally took the creature. Thick ropes of inky blackness stuck to Harry, leaving strands connecting them. Harry tried to wipe it off, but it stayed. He shrugged, resigned to his fate. Tom tried to hold it at a distance, but the golem hopped up and tried to sit on his shoulder.

"How cute!" Harry cooed.

"Cute, sure." Tom removed the creature from his shoulder and cradled it in his arms.

The creature roared at him, wings thumping against Tom's chest.

"What should we name it?" Harry scooted Nagini over and sat next to Tom.

Tom's brow furrowed. "Aren't you going to be sad when it disappears, if you name it?"

Harry shrugged. "I mean, yeah. If I name it and it disappears, of course, I will be sad. But that doesn't mean I can't love the time we had together."

"I guess you're right." Tom nodded.

"Let's name him... Tar."

"I - okay."

Harry: (Limping)

Riddle: Okay, I wasn't too rough, right? Right?

Harry: Pf, no! We just need more practise ;)

Marvolo: He fucked you, well I hope?

Harry: Very well, he's so good at it!

Marvolo: I'm better. Count the days, sweetheart

Harry and Riddle: (Dancing around and being cute)

Riddle: I guess we have to move onto quidditch...

Harry: Come on! The brooms are fine! Just don't look down!

Riddle: (Looks down)

Harry: Let's have you jump on my on the back of broom instead and we can fly around
(Romantic, slow-flying montage)

Harry: See? Not that bad!

Riddle: My thighs hurt

Riddle: Let's make some glitter flowers!

Harry: Flowers! Also, I found some glitter on your ass

Harry and Riddle: (Duelling)

Riddle: (Ties him up)

Harry: (Something awakens inside him)

Harry: Okay, sex time now!

Ominis: Let me teach you things

Harry: Okay!

Ominis: I can teach you things the others cannot

Harry: Okay, let's do that then!

Tom: Won't you be sad, to love something and then have it disappear?

Harry: Just because something is temporary doesn't mean I can't love the time we have together.

Tom: Okay, name it

Harry: I'm going to name it Tar!

Tom: ... you go do that

Two big big announcements! This week alone, we made it to 300K (301K) hits and 10K kudos! That is absolutely insane! Thank you so much for sticking around so long, as I would have it no other way!

Also... one week until this fic turns one year old! Technically, it will be the 15th when I post and the 17th when the birthday is, but close enough? I want to do something for this occasion, but I'm not sure what to do. (As if I have not said this at every milestone.) I know that I will be getting myself cheesecake!

Comment of the week, by Itslivybear:

"the fact that harry completely forgot what snape did, and just wanted to torture him anyway, was pretty funny lmao. "idk he's just an asshole and i fucking hate him and want him to hurt" okay harry you little sweetheart <3"

Ominis' Help

Chapter Summary

Harry helps with some creature contracts. Voldemort realises some things. Ominis bonds with Harry. Marvolo finally gets his gym.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Voldemort rubbed his temples. Harry was defiling his horcruxes - so close to his meeting time as well. He impatiently waited for him, tapping his foot against the floor. Minutes later, Harry exited the room, hair even wilder than before and lips puffy. There was even a hickey just below his jawline.

“Are you done?” Voldemort snapped.

Harry went red. “Er, yeah. Sorry about that; I forget sometimes.” Harry shrugged.

“Unluckily for me, I have the secondhand feelings of almost everything you experience.” Voldemort glared. “Now, you have more allies to meet.”

“Yeah, right, right. I’ll smooze around.” Harry put on his Ignis mask.

Voldemort huffed. “Let us set out.”

Harry held tight to Voldemort’s arm as they walked into the meeting room. Many creatures were milling around—maybe two dozen. All eyes turned to them when they entered the room. Voldemort held his head high as they continued into the room. He nodded to the creatures who were daring enough to meet his eyes, while Harry waved at them openly.

They all arrived at a table at the head of the ballroom. There, many treaties were curled up at the edge, just waiting to be signed. Voldemort cleared his throat, drawing the attention of everyone around him.

“Welcome all,” Voldemort rasped. “Today, we will officially forge our new alliances. This will be the beginning of our long-standing history with each other. Come up, as I call your clan.”

Voldemort reached into the pile and plucked a school at random. “The Micro Fairies of the Northfern?”

Voldemort saw Harry’s eyes widen as a small fairy, no taller than his hand, flew towards them and landed on the table.

“Lord Voldemort, I am the leader of the Micro Faires of the Northfern, Lyra the Brave.” She bowed briefly, her wings drawing down.

Harry spoke up. “You do look very brave. And your wings are beautiful; they look to be the envy of many. I know I do.”

Lyra’s dragon-fly-like wings stood straight up, and a light dusting of red crossed her face. “Yes. Our fairies value their wings and do everything in their power to keep them as beautiful as possible. Mine do have lots of scarring on them; they are not supposed to have that many black lines through them.” She sagged a bit as she spoke.

“Nonsense, scars tell a better story than anything else can.” Harry beamed. Lyra perked up after that.

“Ignis, while I am sure you would love to stay and chat, we do have treaties that need to be signed.” Voldemort lightly tapped Harry on the arm.

“Fine.”

For the next few minutes, they went over the treaty. Discussing any wording that needed to be changed and coming to some compromises. Lyra seemed resistant to some of the agreements - like all discarded fairie wings were to be sent to the potioners - but after some love-bombing by Harry and some comments about their healing purposes, she relented.

Voldemort, for one, was relieved. Fairie wings were some of the hardest ingredients to obtain. Most of them were gathered by barging into the faerie camps and cutting off all of their wings, dead or alive. Or, worse yet, they would capture and sell them so that their wings would be kept fresh. Despite everything, the wixen relied on them for certain healing potions to treat terrible mental wounds.

“Vita Cardello, at your service.” The man representing a fringe group of vampires turned his attention wholly to Harry.

“Ignis,” Harry offered his hand. “The pleasure is mine.”

The vampire took Harry’s hand and kissed the back of it. His eyes went wide, but he swallowed hard and smiled.

“I am sorry if I am being intrusive, but your blood smells delightful. Very sweet. Though you do have an iron deficiency.” Vita informed Harry.

“Oh?” Harry tilted his head. “Well, that is good to know. Question: Do any of your people work as healers? This could be very beneficial for all of us.”

“Yes, of course.”

After some almost flirting on Vita’s side that made Voldemort want to stab the vampire’s heart with a wooden pike, they were finally done with the treaty. Vita lingered for just another second before leaving. Harry erected a small silencing charm.

“Never leave me alone with that man. He is giving me a gross feeling.” Harry shivered slightly.

“I will never leave you alone with him,” Voldemort promised.

Harry nodded, squeezing Voldemort’s arm. Voldemort allowed Harry to rest his head against his shoulder as the night dragged on. But Voldemort had to admit that Harry was doing wonders with the creatures.

He complimented them, only a few times overstepping, and asked them questions about their lives or their clans without any hint of ulterior motives. The creatures seemed to like this scrap of conversation in the field of politics, and most welcomed him greatly. There were a few who were unmoved by Harry, but they weren’t rude to him either.

Voldemort sighed treaty after treaty, making sure to dot every i and cross every t. There was no room for error. It was almost four hours later that they were all done. By then, Voldemort could feel that Harry was absolutely exhausted.

“You need to get rested after this,” Voldemort said in a low tone.

“I agree. I can’t wait to be all cuddled up.” Harry’s mood boosted at the idea.

From a few paces away, a fairie smiled at them. Voldemort rolled his eyes. Even though he knew he was a dark and brooding, powerful and unyielding, ruthless and erratic leader, everyone acted like the mere idea of him doing anything with his consort was prosperous. If Harry were his consort, he would be one for a reason. And he would do a couple things with his consort.

Voldemort checked in with each person before dismissing them. Some of them roped them into a conversation, and Voldemort could tell that Harry’s patience was drawing thin. Vita tried to approach them again, but Voldemort harshly dismissed him before he could say more than a few words.

“Goodbye, Lyra!” Harry waved at the last creature left.

Harry yawned when everyone was gone. Voldemort escorted Harry back to his room, but, with a growing sense of dread in his stomach, Harry detoured to Marvolo’s room. He knocked on the door, and Marvolo answered.

“Hello, Sweetheart.” Marvolo reached out and ruffled Harry’s hair.

“Can I rest here?” Harry yawned again.

“Anything for you.” Marvolo’s face brightened.

Harry walked past Marvolo and into the room. Marvolo met Voldemort’s eyes and smirked.

Not him as well!

Voldemort walked away, gritting his teeth, to his own bedroom. He flopped into bed, grabbed a pillow, and screeched into it. His fingers gripped the pillow tightly, distorting the stuffing within. He screamed for a while, then finally raised his head. His hair was flying everywhere, and redness permeated his face.

His rising... he checked his chart... revulsion at the situation made it worse as he could feel his body heat up. It was different from the others; it was more volatile. It made his entire body heated and sensitive, the touch of his clothes suffocating. He wanted to strip - to alleviate any of those feelings, but he refused to give in to them.

They intensified, and he felt himself growing hard. He hugged his pillow tightly, shaking his head in a futile attempt to clear his mind. But their connection ran deeper than he could shut down, and it persisted. There was growing frustration inside him as well; at least when they were having sex, there would be a rising arc, but this was just a persistent feeling with no end in him. Voldemort was positive that he would end up combusting. It was all too much.

It took nearly an hour for that feeling to die down enough for Voldemort to move on to other work. It was still there, but he was at least glad that it was not as intense as before.

The distraction made his work grow long; documents that should have taken a few minutes to do were now taking half an hour. His penmanship was shakier, and he kept on rewriting words over and over again - the erasing spell was being used frequently.

How long would those feelings persist? They normally died down more, covered in a sense of sweetness, but it was just heat. And there would be fleeting moments where Voldemort was on the edge, his erection rising and falling at random intervals. After three laborious hours, he retreated to his bed.

He tossed and turned, like there was some way to escape their connection. It didn't matter what he did; it would all come back to him. He growled and clenched the sheets. It was wrong to get secondhand enjoyment out of those feelings. There should be no reaction at all from Voldemort, but day by day he was giving in to those pleasant feelings. Letting them consume him like a lowly burning fire.

Voldemort turned to his side and snuggled into the blankets. He sighed, stretching out to try to relieve the heat inside of him. Even a cooling charm barely helped. He eventually gave in, letting himself wallow in the pleasant feelings.

It lulled him into a restless sleep, enveloping him in obscene dreams.

The cycle started. Harry would sleep with Tom and Riddle, then he would transfer to Marvolo every two nights. He made sure to spend more time with Tom and Riddle separately during naps, but would otherwise try to include all three of them in activities. Tom and Riddle were still a bit hesitant of Marvolo, unsure if he could keep his emotions in check, but trusted Harry enough to bend to his judgement.

"I think it should be green," Tom commented on the bare cake.

“Maybe a dark red?” Riddle contradicted him.

“Black.” Marvolo glared at them.

Harry rolled his eyes. “Do that one basket pattern and use all three.”

They looked at each other and nodded. Marvolo hesitantly passed the two more icing tubes to Tom and Riddle. Slowly, they built a cake together, and Marvolo constantly twitched in irritation when Tom and Riddle were not as perfect as he was while decorating. Harry set out another cake for them in case they needed to redo it and continued the finishing touches on lunch.

The door to the room opened, and a snake-faced Voldemort entered.

“All the equipment for an exercise room has been done. You may use it; it is between the potion’s lab and the ritual room.” Voldemort looked around and disappeared a moment later.

“Finally,” Marvolo muttered. “We’re going there after lunch.”

The time came and went, and they stood outside the exercise room, dressed in tight T-shirts and loose sweatpants. Marvolo was the first to enter.

Inside the mini-gym were mostly weights, with yoga mats dotting the area and strange brown rectangles there as well. Various equipment was sorted neatly in their respective spaces. Most of all, there was a large circular hot tub in the centre of the room.

“What are those things?” Harry pointed to the slabs on the floor.

“Stationary walking pads,” Marvolo answered.

“Oh, a treadmill.” Harry nodded.

The three raised an eyebrow in confusion but didn’t talk anymore.

“Could we all lift and then sit in the hot tub?” Tom asked, walking around and inspecting the weights.

“Sure.”

“Yes.”

“Yeah.”

Harry, as he found, did not have as much upper-body strength as he thought he did. He struggled to lift half of what Marvolo could, and he was glad he was heated and sweating because the redness of his embarrassment covered it up. Tom, for his part, couldn’t bench that much more than Harry’s body weight.

However, Harry managed to beat them all in one area.

“How could someone with such weak arms have such powerful legs?” Marvolo watched, in awe, as Harry continued on his wall sits, heavy weights on his lap.

“I’m on the broom all the time; of course, I have good thighs.” Harry huffed.

His boyfriends looked at each other and snickered.

Harry rolled his eyes and continued to sit. It took minutes for him to get tired, and he held a mild burn from his ass to his calves. He winced as he stood, having overdone it a bit. But he wanted to impress his boyfriends and would do absolutely anything to keep them enthralled.

The magical treadmills were a bit more odd. Harry found that the idea of the ground moving while he was stationary was disorienting. Embarrassingly, he stumbled and fell more times than he would like to admit. But after a while, he got the hang of it.

By the end, he was sweaty, tired, and tense.

“Showers first, then let’s jump in the hot tub?” Riddle offered, stretching his arms above his head.

There were murmurs of agreement.

“Marvolo, do you have a suit?” Harry asked.

“I do not need one.” Marvolo rolled his eyes.

Harry huffed. “No suits, then. It's awkward if just one of us is naked.”

Just as they were about to leave, Marvolo waved them over to a door on one of the walls.

“Shower,” Marvolo stated, starting at a door.

What they thought was a supply closet was an expansive room with seven different shower stalls. Unfortunately, Voldemort saw it fit for it to only be big enough to fit one person at a time.

After showers, they trudged to the hot tub. The water was hot - just on the edge of uncomfortable. It enveloped him, his muscles relaxing as he continued to emerge. He sighed a breath of relief, shuffling over to accommodate room for Marvolo to sit next to him.

“I could sit in here all day.” Tom slouched, closing his eyes.

“I could too.” Harry sighed, wiggling closer to Marvolo.

Marvolo raised his arms and placed them on the stone rim of the hot tub. Harry beamed; it allowed him to get closer to Marvolo. Harry was accepted openly, able to feel Marvolo's body next to him.

Harry blushed at the feeling. He had, admitibly, been taking several looks at Marvolo while working out, seeing the way he was more filled out than Riddle (particularly in the

shoulders), but wasn't so firm that it was uncomfortable to lay on.

A smirk lit Marvolo's face as Harry snaked his arms around him, resting his cheek against the firm chest. Harry closed his eyes, feeling as his muscles untensed themselves and any stress from the day wilted away. Harry breathed in Marvolo's scent - lavender, just like Tom and Riddle. It comforted him more, sliding him into a lighter state of mind.

"Sweetheart?" Marvolo's voice met his ears. "Are you still asleep?"

"Hm?" Harry raised his head, eyelids heavy.

Riddle chuckled. "You fell asleep like twenty minutes ago. I would recommend crawling into bed if you're that tired."

"I have a photo-op with Nagini, Emerald, Onyx, and Topaz. Good luck to you two, though." Tom commented, slowly getting out of the hot tub.

There was a moment of silence, and Harry looked up to see Riddle and Marvolo staring at each other.

"I suppose we could share." Marvolo raised an eyebrow at Riddle.

"I suppose."

Harry yawned.

They exited the room with fluffy white towels around their waists. Each of them put on their clothes, with Harry choosing to already change into his pyjamas. Tom departed with a quick kiss on Harry's cheek, and Harry joined Riddle and Marvolo in the hall. Marvolo led them to his room.

Harry lay down, on the verge of sleeping, as Riddle and Marvolo crawled in with him. Riddle took his rightful place on his shoulder, while Marvolo hesitated. Marvolo tucked him under his chin, one hand resting on his chest, but Marvolo also threw a knee over Harry's legs, snuggling close to him. Harry hummed, already getting used to the new pressure on him.

He found it deeply comforting.

A yawn escaped his mouth, and already he floated to another state of mind.

Voldemort stared at Ominis from across the desk. He was sorting through the mail at a quick pace, and with the both of them, they were breezing through it. There were a few annoying times when he'd ask an obvious question, but it was better than going through all of it alone. Voldemort popped open another seal, this time from a new clan. He opened a small drawer and threw in the seal with the others.

"I helped Harry raise a Gryffin golem the other day." Ominis broke the long moment of silence. "We used a pixie as a base."

Voldemort was not sure why he was talking, but he indulged. “That is good. How did he take to it?”

“He took to it well. The golem was a little melted and dripped everywhere, but it still took form.” Ominis hummed.

Voldemort raised an eyebrow. Conversations with Ominis were always odd. The man treated him as a confessional.

“... When our magic connected in the ritual, it felt really good.” Ominis shivered.

Merlin, no.

“That is interesting.” Voldemort tried to sound as uninterested as possible.

“His magic and mine are hyper-compatible. Where my weaker areas of healing and light magic lie, his make-up for.” Ominis continued.

“Mhh.”

“I wonder how other rituals would go. Did the magic have a similar reaction when the inferi was raised?” Ominis looked up at him.

Voldemort gritted his teeth. “It was compatible. I was more focused on the success of the ritual than how it felt.”

The silence persisted.

“Marvolo’s now dating Harry as well.” Ominis continued.

Of course, he was.

“I thought so.” Voldemort scribbled down another note.

Ominis shuffled in his seat and flicked the letter he was reading into a “read again” pile. “Is it inevitable?”

“What do you mean?” Voldemort dreaded the answer.

“Is it inevitable that I will become attracted to him? Marvolo said that he did not like Harry at first, but now they are dating and touching each other.”

Voldemort did not want to hear more about that.

“So, will it become inevitable? Our magic just meshes together so perfectly that I can’t imagine anyone else who would be better. He’s very supportive, he’s a great cook, and he takes strides to be interested in each other’s hobbies, helping us gain more interests, and he always asks questions about our lives...” Ominis trailed off.

Voldemort wanted to sigh. He wasn't a confessional - he was a Dark Lord. A Dark Lord that should not be dealing with this. This whole situation was outside of his scope of interest and skill.

"I cannot say." Was that all Voldemort had to offer? "Your emotions are your own, and only the weak let themselves be controlled by them."

Ominis paused, then nodded.

"I assume you are right. Emotions often control people more than they would like." Ominis stared down at another letter. "We have another marriage contract."

"Hm?" Voldemort was glad that there was a derailment in the personal conversation.

"The Southern Brush Centarus wants Tom to marry one of their sons, or else there will be no contract." Ominis passed the letter.

Voldemort snorted. "The Southern Brush? We do not need a contract with them."

Ominis hummed in agreement. "Shall I ask Tom to send them a letter?"

Voldemort smirked. "I will allow it."

A spell whizzed past Harry's face. He barely dodged the spell, the heat radiating off the boiling curse leaving a warm spot on his cheek. The floor met his back, and he huffed as the air was knocked out of him. There was no moment to delay, and he scrambled to his feet in a second.

"Bombarda!" Ominis shouted at him.

A hoarse yelp escaped Harry's chapped lips as the spell exploded on the floor beneath him. Harry winced as shrapnel stabbed at him, peppering his body with small, deep cuts. Again, he was knocked to the ground, falling face-first. Even more splinters and jagged pieces of wood impaled themselves into his thighs and stomach. He growled, glaring daggers at Ominis.

"Lacero!" Harry flicked his hand.

"Protego."

Harry barely dodged the spell as it was reflected on him. His entire body was sluggish, exhaustion seeping deep into his bones. There was barely enough energy inside of him to dodge, let alone cast spells.

Ominis silently sent a spell at Harry that hit him square in the chest. There wasn't even room to scream as tight ropes wrapped themselves around Harry's body. He tried to struggle, but it was to no avail.

“Ten minutes, fifty-seven seconds.” Tiberius nodded as he wrote down the time on a roll of parchment. “That is roughly two minutes longer than last time.”

“That was only ten minutes?” Harry’s voice was giving out, cracking as he spoke.

“It was. You are doing well, Harry.” Tiberius ended with a smile.

“Yeah, right, okay. Can someone untie me?” Harry wiggled around.

Ominis strode over to him and used a cutting spell to meticulously cut away every bind. There were so many intricate knots that Harry was sure he could have never escaped. A yelp escaped his mouth as Ominis roughly ripped down his slacks.

“You were marked up pretty badly.” Ominis examined the brunt of the damage on the front of Harry’s thighs. “But it could be worse.”

An embarrassed blush crept up his neck as Ominis slid the waistband of his boxers down a bit. Ominis pointed his wand at the areas and slowly pulled out the debris, healing as he went. A cold finger ran over the small, silvery scars on his thighs, slightly raised.

“You will need to ask Narcissa about some scar cream for these.” Ominis pointed out, withdrawing his digit.

“I will.” Harry struggled as Ominis slowly slid his slacks back on.

Tiberius chuckled. “We can go for another training session in two days. Heal up, and make sure to think of new spells to use in the meantime.”

Harry huffed. Ominis offered him an arm, and Harry readily took it. He leaned against Ominis as they walked off. They eventually ended up in the lounge, sitting on the sofa. Harry rested his head against Ominis’s shoulder, eyes trained on the book they were reading. He understood some of the words, but the book was just a little too advanced for him. Yet.

Ominis abruptly shut the book. “I have an idea.”

“Hm?”

Ominis shifted and waved his wand. The coffee table in front of them was raised to waist height, and a plush cushion appeared on the top. Harry raised an eyebrow.

“Lay down.”

Ominis didn’t wait for a response as he was lifted by the waist and gently placed on the table. Harry rolled his eyes but complied with Ominis’s request and laid belly down. He could hear Ominis shuffle around beside him.

Hands were pressed against Harry’s back. They pushed down, and a pop echoed from his back. Ominis rubbed circles onto him, causing a slight soreness to his muscles as they were forcibly relaxed. Harry sighed as the circles travelled over his back, occasionally pressing down to pop his back.

Harry sighed as Ominis' hands travelled over his back, massaging out all of his knots and tense areas. He could fall asleep at that rate, with Ominis' hands slowly working on him. Harry understood why Ominis was so good at claymaking - he was fantastic with his hands.

Ominis' hands went lower, squeezing at his thighs and calves. Muscles he didn't even know existed were rubbed and stretched, bringing him to a perfect state of peace.

"I learned this while I was in Thailand. Though we were a lot more unclothed and had more oil." Ominis spoke as his hands were working their way up, swirling around his waist.

Harry shivered at the idea. It sounded so good.

Ominis seemed to follow his train of thought, and he chuckled. "Turn on your back; I want to pop your neck."

Harry flopped over, finding it difficult because he was so relaxed. Ominis moved around towards his head. Cold fingers were planted on his neck. Harry felt his eyes close involuntarily as the fingers dug into his neck gently. His hands moved flat, his thumbs rubbing small circles on him.

Suddenly, he was facing another direction, and a loud crack was echoing through the air. Harry yelped and scrambled to sit up. Ominis firmly set him down.

"Relax. Did anything bad happen?" Ominis asked.

"No," Harry admitted.

"Then trust me. You just have one more pop." Ominis reassured him.

Harry tried his best to relax. Ominis rubbed at him firmly. It took a few minutes for him to relax again, and just as he breathed out, He yelped again, and Ominis allowed him to spasm and sit up.

"Do you feel relaxed?" Ominis asked.

"I mean, my head feels lighter, and I can breathe a bit easier." Harry rolled back his shoulders.

"Excellent." Ominis nodded in approval.

"I could do this more if you wish. I understand how tense it could be after duelling." Ominis sat back down on the sofa.

"I could get used to this," Harry admitted with a sigh, stretching a bit.

Ominis gave him a soft smile. "Good."

Harry continued to lay down on the table, so relaxed that he felt like he couldn't do anything else. He didn't know how long it was, but eventually Tom and Riddle walked in. Harry peered at them through his cracked eyes.

“Why are you on the table?” Tom asked, drawing near.

“Ominis gave me a massage. He’s very good at it.” Harry spoke, humming a bit.

“Oh.” Riddle looked over to Ominis sceptically.

“He enjoyed it,” Ominis commented, looking down at his book.

“Hm.”

“Hm.”

With a small burst of magic, the table expanded. A smile graced Harry’s face as Tom and Riddle crawled in next to him. A flick of the wand later, and a blanket off the back of the sofa was whisked over to them. Tom and Riddle settled in, wrapping around him tighter than usual and covering him with the soft green blanket.

Harry had never felt more relaxed before. His body was at peace, as was his mind when his boyfriends were wrapped around him. A smile lit his face as they snuggled into him. He could hear the strong beat of Tom’s heart in his ears and Riddle’s hot breath on his collar. Though he wasn’t particularly sleepy, he found himself drifting.

Harry fell asleep with a smile on his face.

Chapter End Notes

Creatures: I am willing to negotiate

Voldemort: No, my rules only

Harry: What if I gave you a compliment <3

Creatures: Sold.

Voldemort: Okay, back to your room

Harry: Actually, I will go to Marvolo's room

Voldemort: (internal and external screeching)

Marvolo: Work out time

Harry: (Flexing impressive thighs)

Marvolo: I do not need a swimming suit, I will be naked

Harry: Well, let's all be naked then!

Tom and Riddle: Good idea

Ominis: Harry's magic is compatible with ours and he is dating Marvolo
Voldemort: Of course. Just my luck.

Ominis: You have many splinters on your thighs and stomach, let me help
Harry: (Blushes)
Ominis: Now let me massage you

Comment of the week, by Annauchiha:

"Ominis with that quiet boy Rizz
Harry: Tom look ominis helped me make a baby!"

ALSO!!!
One year! (In two days)
This is all we managed to accomplish:
57 chapters
252,599 words
308,820 Hits
4,740 Subscriptions
10,328 Kudos
4,759 Public and Private Bookmarks
2,192 Comment Threads
37 Collections

3rd page on Highest Hits for Tomarry
3rd page for Highest Kudos for Tomarry

All I can say is thank you! This was only meant to be a tiny little 10-chapter shitpost... but it has turned into so much more. I have sought out community, with turned into the best Discord server I have ever been on, gotten through some tough times with reassuring comments, and engaged so much in my writing journey. So, thank you for being on this journey and I hope to see you around for future updates!

A Startling Revelation

Chapter Summary

Startling news is revealed. Traumatic memories brought up. And, a cuddle-fort.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Voldemort whipped through the rooms, a bit impatient. He needed to find Harry, and at this time, he was not in the mood to pull Harry away from a heated session with his boyfriends. Luckily, he threw open the door and found them resting on a table in the lounge.

They looked so peaceful, just resting there. Cuddled up together, breathing gently, under a soft blanket. Ominis was lounging on the sofa, reading a book, and Marvolo was asking questions about the book in low tones.

It was so peaceful.

Voldemort rolled his eyes and walked further into the room. He marched over to Harry and flicked his wand, removing the blanket from them. They woke up almost instantly, groaning as they turned around. Harry sighed as he cracked open his eyes.

“What do you want?” Harry asked, groggy.

“We need to test your magic to see if you need another boost. I am on a tight schedule, and you need to follow me.” Voldemort was insistent.

“Fine, fine.” Harry sighed.

Tom and Riddle reluctantly detached themselves from him, practically rolling off of the bed. They each gave him a quick kiss on the cheek and let Harry leave, seeing that they would collect some reading for the three of them to do while he was away. Together, Voldemort and Harry walked out of the room.

“So how do you test my magic? Does it hurt?” Harry asked, hopping along.

“No, it is just a series of a few spells. Narcissa recently found a spell to streamline the process, so you should be fine. Of course, we should have measured the baseline for your magic beforehand, but as I did not know you before you acquired my horcruxes, that would be hard to do.

“Ah, right.” Harry nodded.

“It is just some spells, and you will be on your way within a few minutes,” Voldemort reassured him.

Harry nodded again, marching along to a room further down the hall. Voldemort opened the door to find a hospital room of sorts. He heard Harry make a noise of confusion.

“We added a medical room for any of your misadventures. The Death Eaters have also been insistent on playing that reckless sport, and I do not need them bleeding out because they took too long to get to a medical facility.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Quidditch isn’t that dangerous. It is a little, but not that much. Worst-case scenario, you take a bludger to the head.” Harry shrugged.

“Or you fall off your broom,” Voldemort said with a smirk.

“Okay, half of those times, it was your fault.”

Voldemort smirked and entered the room with Harry. Narcissa was already alerted to their presence and straightened up, standing next to a white bed.

“My Lord,” Narcissa replied with a slight bow.

“Narcissa.” He acknowledged her. “Get this done as fast as possible; I have other matters to attend to.”

Narcissa nodded.

“Okay, Harry, I want you to cast a spell. At light, medium, and full intensity. I ask that you strain yourself for the last one, as it is the most important.”

Harry whipped out his wand and smirked. “Let’s do this.”

“Okay, repeat after me, Lumos Maxima.” After she spoke, Narcissa muttered another spell, a soft orange glow at the tip of her wand.

“Okay, Lumos Maxima.” Harry repeated.

A light glow entered the room, barely enough to make Voldemort squint.

“Now, repeat that two more times at the intensity I spoke of.” Narcissa seemed to stare into Harry’s soul as she adjusted her grip on her wand.

Harry repeated it twice, the last light so bright that he had to shy away from it.

“You can stop,” Narcissa said, shielding her eyes from the light with her hand.

After Harry stopped, Narcissa flicked her wand, and a scroll of parchment flew from one of the drawers and into her hands. She touched her wand onto the parchment, and words began to form.

Voldemort peered over to investigate the words. His eyes widened.

“How?” Voldemort said in a hushed voice. Narcissa shook her head.

“It’s only a slight stretch; we would have to track the progress of this and make sure it doesn’t get worse, but otherwise he appears to be fine. We have to keep this tracked, though.” Narcissa pointed at some of the numbers.

“What?” Harry cocked an eyebrow.

Voldemort paused. “Your core has been stretched. While that is normally a good thing - it means you can wield more magic - the amount it has stretched in such a short amount of time is alarming. Assuming you started at a regular-sized core.”

Harry stared at them blankly.

Voldemort sighed. “Cores are generally spherical in shape; yours is more oblong.”

“Oh. Is that bad?” Harry tilted his head.

“Not too much. Generally, the more you stress and train your magic, the more oblong your core gets. Healthy stretching will maintain a spherical shape, only growing in size, but your abnormal shape is worrying.” Voldemort tried to explain.

Harry blinked. “Is that bad?”

“Yes and no. Right now, no. Should it continue at the same rate, yes.” Voldemort spoke shortly.

“Is there anything else that I should be concerned about?” Harry inquired.

Voldemort scanned the parchment. “Despite having a boost of thirty percent in your core, you only have ninety percent of your magical capacity. Meaning that each horcrux you support takes ten percent of your core. My original thought was that they only took around five. Perhaps we should talk to the horcruxes and see if they can’t take less -

Harry shivered. “No, no, that won’t be an issue.”

Voldemort glared. “Harry, they are taking a significant amount of your magic, not to mention how much it costs to keep yourself alive and magical; most wixen fall unconscious when it falls to - “

“No, I will be fine.”

“Harry, we cannot know that - “ Voldemort growled.

“Okay, okay, we can keep note of it. But don’t tell them.” Harry’s hands clenched at the bottom of his shirt.

Voldemort sighed. “Why?”

Surprise lit him as Harry's eyes watered. "I don't want them to disappear."

Voldemort gritted his teeth. "Fine. But you have to face the fact that one day you may have to decrease the amount of magic you give them. And if you find the next horcrux and choose to awaken him, know that that day will be drawing closer."

Harry swallowed hard. "I know." He responded in a small voice.

Voldemort sighed. Although he appreciated that Potter was wholly committed to his horcruxes, he needed to know that the same level of contact would not be consistent throughout the years. That one day, for his health, he would have to stop giving them so much of his magic.

Harry shuffled, uncomfortable. "Can I leave now?"

Narcissa nodded, as did Voldemort. Harry turned on his heel and sprinted off to his boyfriends. When the door closed, Voldemort leaned over and checked the list again. Narcissa held a grim look on her face.

"What do you think?" Voldemort asked.

Narcissa sucked in a breath. "I think we have to move forward carefully. Any wrong decision could rupture his core. We would lose him along with the other spirits if we did not proceed carefully."

"Does the twice-monthly magic enhancer appear to be working?" Voldemort had to admit that he didn't entirely know what the correct numbers were supposed to be.

"At this moment, it is stable. There is not enough information to tell what might happen in the long run. I would recommend that we do this before and after each dose. We could stretch it so that he has a dose twice a month, though three would be preferable. Do we have a steady supply of phoenix tears?"

Voldemort huffed. "At this moment, that is all we have. With what we used to experiment with and what we already used,. We have tasked Draco with retrieving Dumbledore's phoenix; until we have that, I will just have to find a few sources to buy some from."

As he spoke, an idea stirred within him. "Hm, we did not have much success courting their alliance last time; however, maybe Ignis could convince them..."

"Where are we going?" Harry asked as they walked to the floo.

"To a new ally. Be on your best behaviour. I do not expect us to make an alliance with them; however, it would be beneficial if we did." Voldemort seemed to be hiding something behind his words, but Harry just shrugged it off.

"Okay, any cultural faux pas I need to know of?" Harry stared into the glowing fire.

“I do not know. This is a rather obscure set of people. Stay very close to me; they have not been known to be dangerous; however, that does not stop me from worrying.” Voldemort rested a hand on Harry’s shoulder.

Harry shook his head. “Got it. Let’s go, shall we?”

Instead of floo powder, Voldemort handed him a small glass ball with swirling blue pearlescent liquid inside. Harry raised an eyebrow.

“They are so secure that there is a very certain kind of floo powder that will allow us through. I acquired them when I was reborn, but I think I have use for them now.” Voldemort offered him a smile before reapplying his glamours.

“Got it.”

Voldemort laced their hands together and extinguished the fire in the floo. He walked them to stand in the ashes, squeezing Harry’s hand tightly.

“Do not, under any circumstances, let go of me while we are travelling,” Voldemort spoke sternly.

“I won’t.” Harry clenched his fingers around Voldemort’s, lacing their fingers together.

Something like a smile stretched across Voldemort’s face. Harry and Voldemort held their other hands out face-down, just waiting to release the glass ball.

“On the count of three. One, two,” Voldemort swallowed, “three.”

Both of them threw down the glass balls and held onto each other tightly. This travel was different from the others. Like he was being plucked from the air and carried off into the distance. He forced his eyes closed, as he could see flashes of white and ruby red. He buried his face into Voldemort’s shoulders, afraid of what might happen if he continued to look.

Finally, they landed. It wasn’t solid; it was more like he was standing in a thick fog. Harry begrudgingly looked outward.

It was like they weren’t on Earth; the entire ground was made of grey, wispy clouds with pools of lava and fire dotting around the edges. There were small, smokey hills with red doors on the side, melting into the landscape. Sparse trees dotted the area, leafless and dry.

Flying everything were phoenixes.

Harry gasped, eyeing a particularly brilliant blue colour of phoenix that was resting on a branch. He was about to step away to inspect it closer when Voldemort tugged at him.

“Stay close.” He reminded Harry.

Harry nodded, wrapping his other arm around Voldemort’s, practically constricting him. Voldemort continued forward, marching on with the confidence only a Gryffindor could have. Harry tried his best to keep pace, landing awkwardly between a speedwalk and a jog.

Harry didn't know how long they had walked, but they eventually approached a tall, thin spire made of the same grey clouds, only these were much darker - like the rocks on a cliffside.

They were a few paces away from the double-door entrance when someone walked out. She was tall, taller than Voldemort, and lean. Her features were pointed, and small burn scars littered her skin. A long piece of greyed fabric, burnt holes dotting it, was draped over her shoulders and tied at the hip, barely covering up anything.

"Hello, Lord Voldemort." The woman spoke in a dry rasp.

"Hello, Lady Aire." Voldemort, for once, dipped his head in a curt bow.

"Hello," Harry commented, bowing his head and bending at the knees.

"To what is this occasion?" Lady Aire asked, her tone indiscernible.

"We ask for aid," Voldemort answered bluntly.

Lady Aire narrowed her eyes. "We have been through this before, Lord Voldemort. I will not let my phoenixes be used in a senseless war."

Voldemort shook his head. "I am not asking for aid for myself. My consort requires phoenix tears to be well. It is a key ingredient in one of his potions."

Voldemort's grip on him tightened, and Harry gripped him back. The woman didn't look like the type to give in to any puppy dog faces or flattery. There was something about her that Harry couldn't place. Like any social rules that he knew flew out the window with her.

Lady Aire's eyes widened slightly. "You have a consort."

"Yeah," Harry answered for Voldemort. He was about to offer his hand, but thought against it. "Ignis."

Her head tilted. Harry shivered as her cold gaze landed on him, her lice-blue eyes peering into his soul. Harry involuntarily huddled closer to Voldemort. She took a stride forward and extended her hand to Harry. Voldemort gave him an encouraging shrug, and Harry reached out and took her hand.

The heat on her hand was almost fire-hot. Harry tried to flinch back, but her grip on him stayed strong. She placed another hand on top of theirs and froze.

In an instant, Harry felt his life flash before his eyes. All the memories he tried to block out were thrust into his brain, going over each moment quickly. Harry shivered.

As soon as it ended, he yanked his hand back and pressed himself tight against Voldemort's side. She still stared at him, head tilted. Voldemort took his other hand and gently patted Harry for any form of reassurance. Harry, for one, was barely holding onto his dignity.

There were things in those memories that were better left forgotten.

“You may not be consorts, yet you care for each other as if you were.” She spoke, tone even. “And you love so much, you’re killing yourself to do so.”

Harry, a bit confused, stayed silent.

“Yes, you ask for aid for yourself, but it is truly for others that you need it for. Even if they are the same soul.” She muttered. “You would sacrifice so much for your love.”

He stayed glued to Voldemort’s side.

She abruptly straightened and stared into space. “I will allow six months of phoenix tears. You have a plan to acquire another phoenix; use it. Send one of your owls whenever you need one.”

With that, she turned on her heels and stalked off. Beside him, Voldemort let out a long breath. He patted Harry and turned his head towards him.

“You did well.” Voldemort complimented.

“I want to go home.” Harry’s voice was shot.

“We can go home,” Voldemort reassured. He offered Harry a length of rope.

Harry’s grip was practically white on the rope as he clutched it. Voldemort cleared his throat and said the activation word, sending them spiralling. Harry didn’t even notice that they had landed, having to have Voldemort lightly nudge him to snap him out of it.

Voldemort led him through the halls as they checked the rooms. Eventually, they found Tom, Riddle, and Marvolo all reading in the library. The moment they walked in, his boyfriends seemed to sense that something was wrong.

Tom was at his side in an instant, lacing their fingers. “Is something wrong, Love?”

Harry tried to speak, but nothing came out. Instead, he just nodded. Tom pried him away from Voldemort and called over Riddle and Marvolo. Each was at his side, gently patting him. They whisked him away to his own bedroom, with Marvolo splitting off to run to the kitchen.

“Harry, Angel, what went wrong?” Riddle gently sat Harry on the bed.

Harry turned his head onto Riddle’s shoulder and pulled the fabric of his shirt into his hand. His voice felt lost, like it was something that was stolen from him and would not be given back. Tom gently rubbed circles on his back, soothing him just a bit.

“You don’t need to speak,” Tom reassured him. “Just when you can or want to.”

Harry nodded, trying to pull them both as close to him as possible. They obliged, shuffling close to him. Minutes later, the door to Harry’s room opened.

“I brought cake and water.” Marvolo offered.

He knelt in front of Harry and presented a platter - a tall glass of ice water and a single slice of chocolate cake with buttercream icing. Harry unclenched his hands and reached out for the cake first. He forked up a bite and ate it, the icing sweet on his tongue. His shoulders rolled back, and a sigh exited him.

His boyfriends watched him sluggishly eat and drink his meal, never leaving his sides for even a moment. When he had eaten the last bite, Marvolo sat his tray on the nightstand. There was a moment of hesitation, but Marvolo rested his cheek against Harry's knees, soothingly petting his leg.

Harry reached out a hand and ran it through Marvolo's hair. He could see why his boyfriends loved to do it. It calmed something innate inside of him, calming him quicker than anything. A small smile reached Harry's face, and he continued to pet Marvolo.

Eventually, they manoeuvred on the bed. None of them wanted to leave him, so they figured out an arrangement. Tom and Riddle were still in their normal places, but Marvolo's head was resting on Harry's stomach, and his body was tangled in their legs. The extra weight soothed Harry on a deeper level, and he felt his muscles untense.

"When she reached out and touched my hand, my entire life flashed before my eyes," Harry explained. "I hid a lot of memories or forced myself to forget; everything just was thrown back in my face."

"Aw, love." Tom gently kissed him on the forehead, sending tingles through Harry.

"Are you okay?" Riddle asked.

"I - I don't know," Harry admitted, his teeth digging into his lip. "It was all too much."

There were murmurs of agreement, and Harry snuggled deep into their cuddle pile. Harry finally allowed himself a bit of breath, trying his best to forget.

"We love you dearly," Marvolo said after a long stint of silence. "Do not forget."

"I don't think I can," Harry replied, basking in their presence.

After so long not knowing them and those old memories back in full force, it was hard to cope with the idea that, in some other reality, he didn't have them. That there was a time when he would be alone and suffering, coping with death and sadness, without any of them there to help him through it.

The idea terrified him, making him hold onto them stronger. For the short time they were in his life, they had made more of an impact than any of the other people there. And, most importantly, they had stayed by his side with his best interests in mind.

Harry shivered at the idea of not having that. Of being so alone and isolated that no one could reach out to him, he had to break past the barriers he had put up for himself to stay safe. But he pushed those ideas away.

His boyfriends would be with him through anything; he had nothing to worry about.

In the following days, his boyfriends would stick close to him and be at his every beck and call. Marvolo insisted on taking over the majority of the cooking, though he allowed him to do the spices on dishes. Riddle fetched him whatever he needed, whether that was a blanket or a book. Tom kept him company, always allowing him to sit in his lap or be cuddled up next to him.

Overall, Harry was fully recovered by the second day, but they allowed their treatment of him to continue. Even Ominis offered him a massage to release some tension, which Harry obliged. Ominis was just so good with his hands; they instantly relaxed him with the ways he was touched all over. Of course, his boyfriends would instantly scoop him up afterwards and cuddle him to death, making it even sweeter.

One day, Harry got an idea.

"Marvolo?" Harry asked, turning over in Tom's lap to face him.

"Yes, sweetheart?" Marvolo drawled, placing the finishing touches on his flower cake.

"Want to make a pillow fort with us?" Harry asked, smiling.

Marvolo's brow furrowed in thought. "Hm. I - well, fine. Okay."

Even if he seemed reluctant, at least he agreed. "Great! Grab some snacks, something to do, and meet in the lounge."

Harry jumped onto his feet and set off. Each of his boyfriends broke off to gather their supplies. Harry charged into the lounge, seeing Barty and Tiberius chatting on one of the sofas.

"Tiberius, Barty, can you help me gather supplies?" Harry asked as he peeled into the room.

"Yes, what for?" Tiberius stood, cracking his back as he did.

"Pillow fort. So, I'm looking for some tall chairs with long backs." Harry paused. "And can you help me clear out the area in front of the fireplace?"

There were hums of agreement as they shuffled around. Tiberius, naturally, pointed out that they were wizards and could just transfigure some chairs to be the correct shape and size. While he was working on that for them, Harry and Barty pushed around some furniture and cleared out a nice area not too close and not too far away from the fire.

Minutes later, his boyfriends returned. Each held blankets and pillows, with snacks floating to their sides. Tom had luckily retrieved Harry's things for him, and Harry thanked him for it. Tiberius shuffled around a few extra things and presented them with two rows of tall-backed wooden chairs.

Harry and Riddle stood beside one row of chairs, while Tom and Marvolo stood across from them. They threw a large black sheet over the tops of the chairs and weighed them down with heavy throw pillows. They adjusted and plucked at it until they were satisfied, and then ducked underneath the sheet and into the cave they had created.

Pillows and blankets were pulled into the cave and laid down on the floor. Tom flattened them out, making an even layer of fluff throughout their hovell. Harry smiled wide when they were finished. It had been too long since their last fort building, and that hadn't included Marvolo.

Harry claimed his spot between Marvolo and Tom. Each was giving him their undivided attention, and all he wanted to do was bask in their admiration. They shuffled around a bit, seemingly unable to find a restful place.

Eventually, they figured out that Harry lying on his back with Tom tucking him under his chin and Marvolo resting on Harry's stomach worked best. Harry sighed, snuggling close to each of his boyfriends. The peace he always remembered was there, ripe for the taking.

Harry reached down and raked a hand through Marvolo's hair. Marvolo stiffened, causing Harry to pause. The body on top of him gradually relaxed and gave him an encouraging nudge. He ran through Marvolo's hair again. He could practically feel Marvolo melt in his grasp, and he nuzzled deeper into Harry.

A spark of pure joy went off in his heart at the action. The acceptance of Harry's affection meant more to him than almost anything else. They constantly showered him with attention and love; he should give back. A smile quipped his lips, spreading wide across his face.

Marvolo's arms wrapped around Harry's thigh, gripping him tightly. Harry was acutely aware of how close Marvolo was to his groyne and shifted his already non-filthy thoughts to purer places. It seemed to work, which Harry was thankful for.

They slowly slipped off into sleep, each dreaming of nothing but sweetness (and sex).

Chapter End Notes

Voldemort: Okay, so they take 10% of your core each, that means we should limit them -

Harry: no <3

Voldemort: But -

Harry: no <3

Harry: Ooo, a trip!

Lady Aire: Let me bring up your memories

Harry: Oh no

Marvolo: Shit, I need to comfort him, uh... here is some water and cake!

Harry: <3

Harry: Let's make a pillow fort!

Marvolo:... fine.

Harry: (Happy noises)

A bit of a shorter summary, but there was more seriousness in this chapter, and I do not want to take away from that by giving it a silly summary with it.

Comment of the week, by Kiwi-R:

"Ominis this chapter: I'm considering joining Harry's harem. And honestly, it looks like it would be fun. :3

Voldy this chapter: WHAT IS MY LIFE NOW???!!!!
NOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

IF HARRY IS NOT BURNT TO ASH BY THE END OF THIS FIC.....!!!!!!!!!"

Bonding

Chapter Summary

Harry spends time with his boyfriends.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry squealed as Marvolo threw a handful of powdered sugar at him. He laughed loudly and chucked some batter in his direction. Marvolo was hit squarely on the cheek, but it only added to his maddening grin. A small dollop of maple syrup flew through the air and splattered on Harry's mouth area.

He paused, giving Marvolo enough time to tackle him to the ground. Marvolo wedged himself between Harry's legs and pinned his wrists to the floor, using his body weight to hold him down. Harry squirmed to no avail.

"Fine, fine, you win, you win." Harry relented, his speech distorted by the stickiness on his lips.

"Hm..." Marvolo hummed, staring down at Harry. His eyes grew dark as he looked at his lips.

"Marvolo?"

"You don't know how delicious you look right now. I could eat you up." Marvolo smirked as his gaze intensified.

"Take a taste, then. Tom says I am oh so tasty - "

Harry's words were stopped when Marvolo pressed his lips against Harry's. A muffled squeak left Harry, though he quickly melted into the kiss. It wasn't like Tom or Riddle's in the slightest; it was hot and full of lust.

He opened his mouth gently. Marvolo's tongue instantly darted inside, invading every inch of Harry's wet mouth. A groan escaped Marvolo, and he pressed Harry further into the floor. Harry huffed, starting to struggle to breathe. Marvolo drew away for a second to let Harry gasp for breath before attacking his lips once again.

Fuzz covered Harry's brain by the time they were done. He sputtered for oxygen, his lips tinted purple, and tried to calm the fire within him. Marvolo, for his part, looked rather guilty.

"My apologies." Marvolo let go of Harry's wrists. "I got a little excited."

Merlin, if that was how his kisses were going to go, Harry couldn't imagine how their fucking would go. Alas, that would be under a year away.

"No problem." Harry coughed. "We all get a little carried away sometimes."

Marvolo rocked back to sit on the balls of his feet, which allowed Harry to sit up, still close together, and regain his breath. Truth be told, Harry deeply enjoyed it. There was something about Marvolo's roughness that set off a fire inside him. Not to say that gentleness wasn't as arousing; it was just a different type of reaction.

"I could get used to that," Harry admitted.

He leaned up and gently kissed Marvolo's cheek, catching a bit of batter. A pause filled the air. Harry looked up at Marvolo, whose eyes were still dark and blown. Marvolo raised his hand and stroked Harry's bottom lip with his thumb.

"You look so good with your swollen, bruised lips. I wonder how far I can push that. How many marks I can leave on you." He said in a whisper.

Harry shivered. The idea greatly aroused him.

"I'm guessing a lot." Harry smiled.

Marvolo pecked him on the lips, firm. "I think you would be gorgeous, decorated with my marks. Reds, purples, and blues, painted in so many colours. White." Marvolo ended with a wink.

Harry hummed, leaning his head back and breathing a sigh, imagining what all Marvolo could do to him. Marvolo took that as an invitation.

His lips met Harry's neck and quickly opened. Hard bites struck him. Harry inhaled sharply, and Marvolo's hot breath on his skin sent jitters through him. Marvolo continued his assault, his teeth digging into him and his tongue lapping at the bite marks to soothe them. He clawed at Marvolo's back, surely leaving red trails on his skin underneath. Marvolo hugged him by the waist, unable to leave.

Harry let out an involuntary groan as Marvolo nipped at him. His teeth dug in harder, and a pinch of pain flashed through Harry. Harry just breathed out, little moans leaving his mouth every so often as his neck was attacked.

"Well, that isn't something you see every day."

Marvolo and Harry lifted their heads and stared back. Barty was standing there, sipping on a cup of coffee. Marvolo's grip on Harry tightened, and he pulled him in strongly. He could feel the wand flick out of his holster.

Barty frowned, eyes wide, as he sensed that he was not welcomed, and darted out of the kitchen. Marvolo still glared in his direction. Harry blushed and buried his face in Marvolo's collar. It wasn't every day that a Death Eater barged into his first kiss/makeout session with his boyfriend.

“I’m fighting him,” Marvolo growled.

“You don’t have to do that.” Harry tried to calm him down.

“No, he interrupted us.” Marvolo’s fingertips dug into Harry.

“Well, me and Tom got interrupted as well. We had to run to our bedroom just to get a smooch.” Harry laughed, his eyes glazing over in reminiscence.

“Good idea,” Marvolo stated.

His fingers curled underneath Harry’s arse, and he lifted him into the air. Harry scrambled for any grapple and found his legs wrapped around Marvolo’s midsection and his hands around his neck. Marvolo just chuckled as he jostled Harry around as they walked out of the room.

“Any plans?” Harry asked nervously.

Marvolo paused and smiled. He looked down at Harry. “I really don’t think you have enough hickies yet.”

Harry blushed harder.

Harry stumbled to the kitchen nearly an hour later. His brain was still foggy, his heart was still racing, and his neck was sore, but he was well enough to attempt to cook. All that making out left him famished and thirsty. Trailing behind him was Marvolo, who looked rather smug.

“Afternoon, Harry. Have you happened to encounter a rabid animal as of late?” Tiberius asked, flipping the page of the Daily Prophet.

“I feel like I’ve been attacked by a rabid animal.” Harry yawned and rubbed his neck. Marvolo scoffed.

Tiberius smiled, “Need I remind you that Ignis has training today, and you need to solve those before training. Or you need to cover your neck. They have not connected the dots yet, but when they see two identical bruise-covered necks, they may start to.”

“Oh.” Harry shuffled. “Guess I will just have to vanish them.”

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Marvolo frown.

“All my hard work - vanished,” Marvolo said exasperatedly.

“I mean, I could just glamour them instead.” Harry offered.

That seemed to brighten Marvolo’s spirit. He straightened up and looked at Harry. “Fine. But you wear them until your training.”

Harry rolled his eyes with a grin on his face. Together, they made a lunch of spicy noodles and soups, served with hot tea. Little by little, people filed into the kitchen, their eyes growing wide when they saw Harry's messy state. Ominis stared at him for far too long, a curious expression in his eyes. Tom and Riddle, luckily, found it hilarious.

"I thought you had paint exploded on you." Tom joked, kissing Harry on the cheek gently.

"I thought you had awoken the last horcrux and he managed to choke you." Riddle had a hint of worry in his voice, but gave him a reassuring look.

Harry and Marvolo continued to cook until everything was plated. They experimented with just having a gigantic bowl of noodles and soups in the middle of the table and having everyone get their own portions. Harry made sure to package some bowls for Voldemort and send them off with Pipskey.

Harry hummed as he surveyed the room, watching as horcruxes and Death Eaters alike shared a meal. It did make him think that it had been a while since he, the horcruxes, and Voldemort had a private meal together. Maybe he could plan a special dinner with them all.

After lunch, he suited up for training. Ominis would be duelling him again, this time with Tiberius at his side. Although it wasn't to see if he could win - no - it was an endurance test. Harry stared down at Ominis, waiting for even a hint of a spell being cast.

"Bombarda." He spoke clearly, barely moving his wand as he fired the spell.

Harry flew to the side, missing it by a long shot, but accidentally stepped into a stinging hex from Tiberius. He winced, giving Ominis enough time to shoot an orange spell at him. Harry rolled on the floor to avoid it and rattled off a few spells he knew.

Each of them dodged them easily. Harry growled as Ominis spat another clear spell at him. He moved out of the way, only to be joined by another one of Tiberius' spells. He huffed as all the air left his lungs.

Think!

Harry weaved through the different spells fired at him and finally found a good footing between dodging and casting. It wore him down fast, and within a few minutes, he was knocked to his feet. Covered in bruises, small cuts, and burns.

"You did well." Tiberius nodded. "Though you cannot go out on your own yet, you would be sufficient enough to fend for yourself until backup came."

It was enough for Harry to leave satisfied. They duelled him against Amycus for one-on-one practice, which he almost won once he caught Amycus off guard by sending fireworks off at his feet.

But he was aching, tired, and ready to collapse after everything was said and done.

"Would you like a massage?" Ominis offered once everyone else had left the room.

“Please.” Harry pleaded exasperatedly.

Ominis offered Harry his strong arm, which Harry linked together with and leaned on as they walked. Instead of going to the lounge, they landed in Ominis’ room. Part of Harry was excited; he had never seen his room before.

Ominis’ room was just as big as everyone else’s, but it felt so much fuller. No longer were there sparse decorations; now they breathed life. Shelves decorated one wall, filled with failed and perfected clay pieces. A throwing wheel station took up a portion of the free room, with an unfinished bowl in the centre and the hardwood floor underneath plastered with smears of clay.

The other walls were hung with tapestries from all different kinds of cultures. His black bed with

African quilts on the end were almost on the floor, with the frame resting on the ground.

“It’s a futon mattress on a low bed frame,” Ominis informed Harry as he caught him staring. “I slept on one in my travels to Japan; it is extremely comfortable, but I just could not accept sleeping on the floor.”

“Looks comfy.” Harry was dying to test it out, but he didn’t want to overstep his bounds.

Ominis nodded. “Here,” He gestured.

In the corner was a black massage table, complete with a hole to place his face. Ominis flicked his hand, and it dragged itself out to a roomier area. Harry shed his robes until he was left in a white undershirt and trousers. He plunged his face into the gap, shuffling until he was comfortable.

The hands on his back were like magic as they worked their way through all his hard knots and tense muscles. Harry groaned, finally feeling relaxed again. Ominis continued to work on his back, pulling and pushing on his muscles, cracking his back in all the right ways.

“You’re so good at this.” Harry moaned as Ominis worked out a particularly sore muscle.

“I hope so. I was trained by the best while I was learning all the different body rituals.” Ominis pressed his upper body against Harry’s to add pressure to his hands, popping a bone.

“Ahhh,” Harry’s eyes were fluttering shut. He was so at peace. “Body rituals?”

“Body rituals. Some can help you channel your magic through your body, others help you tune into your senses better, and even more help you just feel in tune with your magic and your soul. I would teach you some, but I think it would be best if you went there yourself. You would have to be comfortable being completely naked in front of others first, though.”

A knock interrupted their session. Harry kept his head down while Ominis went to answer it.

“Is Harry here?” Tom’s voice met his ears.

“Yes, I am giving him a massage. Would you like to join once I am finished with him?” Ominis asked.

“Er, yes.”

Footsteps were approaching him, and Harry saw Tom lying down on the floor, right under his face. Tom smiled, a relieved look across his face.

“Having fun?” Tom asked, shuffling around.

“YeaH - “ Harry’s voice rose as Ominis abruptly slammed his hands on Harry’s shoulders, delightfully cracking his bones.

There was a pause after Ominis was working out his shoulder knots. “Harry, may I touch your upper and lower glutes? You have some spots that need a little more fine-tuned touching.”

Harry had to buffer for a moment. “You mean my ass? Just... not in a sexual way, chuckled and you’re fine. Now, if we get into your alluded-to oil massages, we’ll have to revisit this conversation.”

Ominis chuckled, and gently placed his hands on Harry’s lower ass, firmly massaging the muscle underneath. Meanwhile, Tom and Harry chatted aimlessly about duelling theories and animals, which Ominis occasionally butted in on.

Finally, once Ominis found his work was all done, Harry was dismissed. He flopped onto the floor, too relaxed to properly move. Tom cautiously hopped onto the table, lying down. Moments later, a chorus of pops and cracks sounded in the air, joined by Tom’s yells.

“What the fuck was that?” Tom spat, trying to sit up to be slammed down by Ominis’ strong hands.

“Your body is relaxing. Shh, you will be fine.” Ominis insisted, twisting his hands.

Tom’s groans of pain and sharp intakes of breaks bounced off of the walls. He twitched across the table, trying to scramble away, but Ominis kept on dragging him back. Eventually, he stops squirming and relaxed. Ominis worked on him much longer than Harry.

Tom rolled off of the table and almost landed on top of Harry. Harry threw an arm over him and cuddled close, kissing him on the jawline before curling his head onto Tom’s chest. Within minutes, they were asleep.

When they would wake up, they would find themselves tucked into Harry’s bed, their covers drawn up to their chins.

Harry hopped around as he was making food. It would just be for the horcruxes and Voldemort, so it had to be extra special to be plated. Pipskey was to the side, making sure that every bowl of noodles or slice of steak was positioned to perfection. He poured the last of the

sauce into a small bowl and wiped his forehead clear of non-existent sweat. Dinner was a few hours away, but he wanted to be done early.

“All done.” Harry proclaimed it with a sense of fulfilment.

He flicked his wrist and began to clean up, just when Riddle walked in. It scared him, Riddle’s lean arms wrapping around him abruptly. But he calmed down quickly, spinning around to attack Riddle’s mouth.

“Happy to see me?” Riddle laughed, kissing him firmly back.

“Is it a crime to care?” Harry gripped at Riddle’s collar, pulling him down to deepen the kiss.

“Not at all.” Harry’s hungry lips swallowed Riddle’s muffled response.

Neither Riddle nor Harry cared much for the sanctity of the kitchen as clothing loosened. Soon, both of their chests were bare, and the zippers of their trousers were undone. Harry ate at Riddle, tempting him as hard as he could.

A pillow projectile broke them apart.

“Really? In front of my cakes?” Marvolo spat. “Get a room before I get one for you.”

Riddle and Harry looked down in slight shame as they scampered away to Riddle’s room. There, they continued their make-out session until all of their clothes were off and Riddle was deep inside him.

“Riddle,” Harry called, snuggling in Riddle’s arms after the deed had been done.

“Yes, angel?” Riddle purred, still deeply relaxed.

“Can we stay like this for a while?” Harry shuffled around to get into an even better position.

“Of course, angel.” Riddle assured him.

Harry smiled as they were caught in an entanglement for a long stint. Riddle had eventually floated a book over to himself to keep him entertained, to which Harry rolled until Riddle was spooning him so that Harry could read along. The level of material was surprisingly on par with his, and he read along easily.

Tom butted into their room at one point, but let the two have their time together as he could see Harry was nodding off. Riddle and Harry’s alone time was more sparse than any of the others, and he was glad that he could spend a bit longer alone with Riddle. Even if it was just cuddling.

“You’re so good to us.” Riddle muttered into his ear after a breath of silence.

“You are to me as well.” Harry wanted to reach back and kiss Riddle, but he was too tired to do anything but lay there and let the words of the pages blur before his eyes.

“You’re better.” Riddle said again, kissing Harry’s hair. “So good. So bright and warm. Perfect.”

Harry blushed, his eyelids fluttering. “But you each bring something different to the table. You are theoretically the same person, but far from it in practice. There are ghosts of you through each of the iterations, but enough difference that you are completely different people. I cannot say the same if I were in your position.”

Riddle’s grip tightened on him. “Don’t say that. I am sure you would have lovely little horcruxes if you made them around our time. You’re just younger than us; you have plenty of room to grow.”

Harry paused. “Do you... would you ever want me to make a horcrux?”

Riddle’s arms around him tightened even further, almost to the point that it hurt. “No. Never, Harry, promise me that you will never create a horcrux.”

Harry tried to struggle in Riddle’s embrace as the air was forced out of his lungs.

“Harry, tell me. Tell me you won’t make a horcrux.” Riddle repeated, deadly serious, clenching further. “Promise me!”

A strike of terror ran through him. “I won’t!” Harry cried out, worming around. “Let me go!”

Riddle seemed to notice he was holding Harry so tight. He let go, and Harry inhaled deeply, having to regain his breath. Riddle let out a hurt whimper as Harry scooted a little away from him. Riddle’s hands gently turned him over to face him.

“I am sorry for scaring you.” Riddle breathed. “I just - it doesn’t feel *good* to be a horcux. Besides, when I am touching you or something similar - the world is so dull. All of our senses don’t work as well as they used to. We can’t even generate our magic. We are transformed into leeches that can never be what we once were.”

“Don’t say that about yourself.” Harry wrapped his arms around Riddle. He buried his face into his chest, listening close to the heart that beat just under the skin.

“No, angel. We are. Functionally.” Riddle clarified. He drew out a long breath filled with hatred. “I never wish I were a horcrux. I want to be whole. But I cannot be.”

Harry’s throat went tight, and he felt like he couldn’t say anything. So he acted. He reached up and kissed Riddle at the hinge of his jaw, firm with a little bit of teeth. Riddle instantly reacted, sharply inhaling and gripping his shoulders tight.

“I know this is a distraction, but I do enjoy this as one.” Riddle whispered as Harry kissed his neck again.

Harry lightly turned Riddle onto his back and threw a leg over his hips. Now straddling him, he leaned down and firmly kissed Riddle on the lips. Their lips moved together beautifully, and Harry smiled against them.

Riddle's hands were abnormally delicate as they travelled all over Harry's body. They brushed around his hips, traced the growing muscles of his torso, and circled around his nipples. Harry leaned into Riddle's touch, letting him explore his body as much as he wanted.

"I love you, Riddle." Harry reminded him, breaking from their kiss.

"I know that," Riddle replied. His fingertips brushed against him a little harder. "I love you too."

"Never forget." Harry insisted, grinding down on Riddle with his hips.

Riddle's eyes went dark, he pulled Harry in closer.

"Forever, Harry. I will be with you as long as the universe permits it." Riddle promised, capturing Harry in another kiss.

Harry hummed, his heart swelling. He made sure to cater to Riddle's every need as they fucked. Moaning just the way he knew would rile him up, circling his hips that always made Riddle's hands dig into him, and setting the pace at the fast, deep pounding Harry knew Riddle always built up to.

He needed Riddle to know how much he loved him. Even if he wasn't whole, Harry still loved every piece of him that was there.

"Smile!" Tom commanded as a flash went off.

Harry was momentarily blind, blinking hard. The dark splotches in his eyes started to fade out, and piece by piece, he saw Tom's smiling face proudly holding a photo. Emerald hopped out of Harry's lap, Onyx slithering off of his neck.

"You look perfect!" Tom proclaimed, shoving the photo into Harry's hands.

Harry thought he looked a bit too stiff and dressed up in the picture, but he agreed anyway. Harry grinned at Tom as he passed the photo back.

"It looks good." Harry nodded.

Tom kissed his cheek, then darted to his desk. Tom had changed his room from when he originally set it up to have a photography backdrop against one wall and his scrapbooking desk against the opposite. Harry waltzed over to Tom's bed and lay down on the soft sheets. He watched as Tom worked on his scrapbooking.

He cut, tore, and pasted different media into the book, his desk a flurry of scraps. Harry was slowly drawing to sleep when Tom abruptly stood, beaming down at his creation. There wasn't even time to investigate when Tom gently placed the scrapbook by Harry.

"Look."

Harry tilted the book to look at it better. Across the page, brilliant deep greens and creams were plastered, across the page, pressed leaves slapped skillfully on the pages. There were cutouts of smaller pictures of Emerald and Onyx (and Topaz, but only one), all in a tinted black-and-white. In the centre were Harry and his companions, smiling at the camera, looking as fine as they could be.

“I love it!” Harry dared not touch the image, but he flicked his finger along the gilded edge of the book.

“I’m glad you do! I am slacking this week and have more I want to do.” Tom lightly pulled the book back.

Tom placed the book on his desk and crawled into bed next to Harry. Harry, sensing that they would be there for a while, stripped off his slacks, button-up, and vest, leaving him in boxers and a cotton undershirt.

They shuffled around until they were in each other’s loose embrace, arms carelessly thrown over each other and legs in a tangle. Harry pressed his face into the crook of Tom’s neck as he turned to his side. Tom held him close, a light hum in the back of his throat.

“Tom?” Harry asked, cuddling close.

“Yes, love?” Tom scooted closer.

“Do you like being here? Would you change anything?” Harry asked, his brain growing foggy from tiredness.

Tom paused. “I love it here. There were things I would change - I would like to be a fully formed person, and I would like to be able to roam anywhere in the manor with you - but I am still happy. Just because something isn’t perfect doesn’t mean it’s not good.”

Harry smiled, content with the answer. “I love it here with you. I also want to roam wherever and take you out in public without risking someone harassing us, but I do love it all the same.”

Tom reached up and ran a hand through Harry’s hair. “I bet I love it more.”

Harry laughed, shutting his eyes. “You can believe whatever lies you want.”

Chapter End Notes

Marvolo: I will cover you in my marks

Harry: Hot

Tiberius: You were attacked by a rabid animal?

Harry, staring at Marvolo: Yes, I was

Ominis: Massage time!

Harry: This feels nice!

Ominis: You know, we could also do it naked with oil....

Harry: Should I make a horcrux? For you guys?

Riddle: No.

Late in the night because I have been violently throwing up and sleeping all day.

Already Bored

Chapter Summary

Harry goes back to Hogwarts, unfortunately. He is already bored.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry stared at the calendar on the wall in the kitchen.

“Do I have to go?” Harry attempted to sound neutral, but it came out as a whine.

“I would prefer you to go. I do want more information on Dumbledore. He will slip up more, and if we want to plan the attack at Grimauld Place correctly, you need to know the correct moment. As well, I am still planning for my attacks. Dumbledore needs to be distracted by you.” Voldemort replied with a sigh. “I would like to keep you here. If danger happens, you can always come back. You have the cabinet; you have the portkey.”

Harry bit his lip. “I can’t promise I’ll stay for the whole term, but I will try. Who is the new Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher?”

“Hm, if I remember correctly, Nymphodora Tonks,” Voldemort said with a scoff.

“Really?” Harry’s mouth was agape. “No, seriously, really?”

“Yes. I was just as surprised. The reasoning was that she could ‘influence the youth’ better.” Voldemort rolled his eyes. “It is almost like they want to lose the entire Auror department to the Death Eaters. Most are neutral or light-leaning, but her leaving has made an opening in the upper level of the department. And Savage is looking to replace her.”

“Savage?” Harry furrowed his brows. “I think I met her before. Anyway, I can’t wait to have her. It will be such a disaster. She can hardly take care of herself, let alone a classroom. I bet we just spend the time laughing and practicing spells rather than learning theory.”

Voldemort huffed. “That means the new wave of Death Eaters will be ill-informed. This is just an ask, but may you create another... extra circular group?”

“Another - “ Harry connected the dots, “Oh, right. Maybe. I doubt anyone will want to; no one wants to associate with me there.”

“Ah.” Voldemort shook his head. “It slips my mind that you are not as favoured in Hogwarts as you are on the outside.”

Harry sighed. "Yeah."

Voldemort looked like an idea had struck him. "Harry, if I tasked you to retrieve Dumbledore's wand for me, would you do so? I planned it for later, but if you have a shorter stay at Hogwarts, this can move plans forward."

Harry beamed. "Of course, I can!"

Voldemort smiled back at him and ruffled his hair. Harry bounced with excitement. Stealing Dumbledore's wand - stealing someone's wand was considered a high crime. It was like murder if you never intended to give it back. And Voldemort was tasking him with it - how could he retrieve it? Expel it from his hands? Snatch it when he was asleep? Simply take it when he wasn't looking?

"Harry, love, come here! We need to decide which decorations to take with us!" Tom's voice echoed through the walls.

"Okay! I'll be there!" Harry yelled back.

Harry left Voldemort in the kitchen and hopped over to Tom's room to help him pack. He helped Tom pick through the decorations that would fit in their room and, later, Riddle and Marvolo.

One by one, Tom, Riddle, Marvolo, and Ominis each descended into their containers. Once they were thoroughly packed in their trunks, Harry gathered in the lounge. Voldemort was standing in the middle of the room, a black baton in hand. He had a conflicted look on his face, then spoke up.

"I - "He sighed. "The last horcrux is somewhere in the Room of Requirement. No, I do not remember where it is or what it is, but the information is there. I do not require you to awaken him if you do not want to."

Voldemort gave him a look that said that he knew he would anyway.

"I will find it." Harry puffed out his chest, determined.

"Okay, here is the portkey. It is in an alley just outside of Platform $\frac{3}{4}$. I assume you can get through? The keyword is the same as your bracelet. Keep the horcruxes on you at all times." Voldemort's gaze narrowed, imposing seriousness.

"I actually have an idea," Harry smirked. "Dobby."

A pop later, and Dobby appeared before them. Harry smiled down and gave him the shrunken-down trunks.

"Dobby, I know you are always careful with what I give you, but I need you to know how important it is that you get this carefully done. In these trunks are some people that Dumbledore and others do not like. They might hurt them if they find out. So, please make sure to be careful and put them in the Chamber of Secrets." Harry forced his voice to be light as he talked.

“Dobby will do careful!” Dobby nodded furiously. “Dobby will protect with all his magic!”

Harry smiled at Dobby. “Oh, and Dobby? I bought some socks for you on a special mail-order owl service. I will give them to you when I get back to the Chamber of Secrets, okay?”

Dobby trembled with excitement. He looked like he was about to combust when he popped away. Harry breathed in relief. His boyfriends and Ominis would be safe. That was all that mattered.

Voldemort stood awkwardly next to him, looking like he was about to speak but stopping himself.

It seemed like Harry wasn't alone in hating to say goodbye.

“Farewell, Nemesis.” Harry grinned wide.

Voldemort reached out a hesitant hand and ruffled Harry's hair again. “Detested.”

Harry wore a sad smile on his face as he repeated the keyword and felt the portkey activate. He almost vomited as he landed but managed to keep his stomach settled. He patted his shrunken chest that was in his pocket and his holster for his wand - all there. A single breath was allowed.

It was odd to be out again, but he stepped confidently into the bustling crowds, trying to catch the morning trains. He weaved his way through the crowds, seamlessly melting into them. He caught a glance at a few wixen, but he overall slipped by.

Soon enough, he entered the platform.

There were a sparse amount of people on the large platform, but each set of eyes was on him as he walked onto the train. Right, he was missing again. Hopefully, Amelia Bones didn't have much trouble, but at this point, he didn't care. He was of age now. Harry darted to the back of the train. Hardly anyone except those running late went to the back.

He filtered until he hit the back. He chose the third compartment up; there was undoubtedly someone who claimed the very back. The trunk was plopped onto the floor, and Harry sifted through the many items inside. Out came a dark arts book, some sticky notes, and a rainbow glitter pen. The plan was to annotate and write notes for the entire train ride, so he needed to settle down while he could.

But he found himself distracted by the families outside. Hugging and kissing their children goodbye. Crying as the first years departed, seventh years looking at the scarlet train as if it were a challenge, and friends reuniting after a summer apart. Harry tore his gaze away from the sight and slammed down the blinds, swallowing unpleasant feelings. He flicked his hands and closed them on the windows as well. He didn't need to see any of that.

Harry rested his back against the wall and flung his legs out on the rest of the seat, facing the compartment door. He propped the book in his lap and clicked his pen. It was time to research, and he had hours to get through the book.

A while passed before a knock sounded on the door to his compartment. Harry raised an eyebrow but flicked the door open. Before him stood Blaise and Theodore, who both looked almost exhausted.

“May we ride in here? Too many first-year students and other Gryffindors have filled the normal Slytherin compartments.” Blaise asked, peering in.

“Of course.” Harry waved them inside.

“Thank you,” Theodore sighed.

They too had shrunk trunks, and they opened them up on the floor and pulled out a game of Exploding Snap. They sprawled out on the floor, setting up the game. Harry just kept on annotating the book, eavesdropping on their conversation.

“Mother says we’re going to Japan on our family trip! We’ll be touring all the magical places there.” Blaise squirmed with excitement.

“Oh? That sounds lovely. Can you see if I can’t tag along? I am just going to be holed up in the manor otherwise.” Theodore hmphed.

Blaise wrinkled his nose. “I can see. Unfortunately, Mother requires permission to take you places after what happened last time.” He rolled his eyes.

Harry listened in to them talking on and on about the trip. Eventually, Theodore got angry about halfway through because he lost so much and rage-quit the game, his face red and fuming. Blaise bemoaned at him, and they both decided to read. They sat oddly, with Blaise leaning against the wall and Theodore resting his head on Blaise’s chest.

They ignored each other throughout the journey.

Harry inhaled the slightly humid, cool air as he stepped off the train. He, Blaise, and Theodore hopped into one of the carriages, silent as they departed. Harry looked out past the vast expanse of the lake and to the shining Hogwarts. The windows shone with candlelight, small lanterns dotting the dock that the first years were drawing towards.

A smile lit his face. This would be the last time he was at Hogwarts as a student. Next time, he will be coming in as a professor.

The ride was a blur, and before he knew it, he was sitting at the Gryffindor table, all the way to the end, with everyone forming a wide berth around him. But Harry just kept his book out and finished the last few pages of annotations.

A slip of parchment flew into his lap from under the table. He ignored it for a minute, then casually picked it up.

‘Saturday, 22:00, entrance to the chamber.’

Love,

Hermione'

Harry smiled.

He didn't even go back to his dorms and decided to slip away when everyone was running to show the first-year students their dorms. He could see Dumbledore trying to find him at the edge of his vision, but he merely slipped away.

Footsteps echoed down the walls as he ran into the chamber. He opened the living quarters door, only to run into something firm.

"Ouchie." Harry groaned as he collided with the stone floor.

"You practically bounced off of me." Marvolo smiled down at him and held out a hand.

"Why were you waiting right there?" Harry rubbed his shoulder, reaching out and grasping Marvolo.

"I was going to hug you; I didn't expect you to run like you were escaping a basilisk." Marvolo chuckled.

As he finished, he pulled Harry into a hug. Harry reached his arms around him and hugged him back just as hard. Then he was swept off his feet. Harry wrapped his arms around Marvolo's neck, reaching up to kiss him on the jawline. Marvolo shivered, his grip tightening.

Looks like that spot works on all of them.

Marvolo walked him into the dining room. It had all been decked out in greens and golds: steamers, balloons, and floating confetti everywhere. On the table, a wide feast of chocolate croissants and wonderfully decorated cakes. To the side were two bowls of raw meat and bones, with Emerald and Onyx sitting on the side and eyeing them.

Harry smiled wide, squirming to get out of Marvolo's arms.

"Welcome back!" Tom and Riddle asked simultaneously.

Harry launched himself into Tom, then Riddle. They each gave him a quick kiss and a hug. He dragged them over to the table, and they each started to fill their plates with delicious confections. Harry smiled as he cut himself a tiny slice out of a few cakes; the different coloured insides and the slices of fruit between the layers were a nice touch.

Marvolo disappeared at one point and came back with a bottle of white wine. He poured everyone a serving, using green glass goblets for it.

"To another semester of trials." Marvolo raised his glass.

"To another semester!" They proclaimed, tinkling the rim of their glasses.

They went for another two rounds of wine and a few more slices of cake. Now tipsy, Tom, Riddle, and Harry stumbled to their bedroom while Marvolo offered to clean up. They all

stripped quickly, leaving their boxers on.

Harry sighed as Tom and Riddle wrapped around him in their usual positions. Tom and Riddle warmed him quickly, nearly crossing the line into hot territory. He snuggled into their embrace, trying to touch as much of them as possible. Gossamer touches lingered on his chest and hips, occasionally rolling soft circles onto his skin.

“Good night,” Tom whispered as Harry teetered on the edge of sleep.

“Sweet dreams.” Riddle planted a light kiss on his neck.

Harry was still half asleep and a little hungover when Professor McGonagall yanked him from the Gryffindor table and dragged him down the hall. He fought with her, but her constant application of spells to him made him unable to fight back. Harry twisted and turned, but to no avail. Professor McGonagall was excellent at fighting with struggling students.

He was hauled up to Dumbledore’s office. Seated in front of Dumbledore’s desk, he glared at Dumbledore. He seemed - just so much older than he had been when he last saw him. Like he had aged a decade over the summer away.

“Harry,” Dumbledore shook his head, pushing his glasses up.

“Albus.” Harry mocked back.

Dumbledore rubbed his temples. “Harry, where were you this summer?”

Harry glared. “With my boyfriends. Plural - I added Matthus.”

Dumbledore’s eyes widened, and then he let out a long sigh. “Of course. Harry, where were you, specifically?”

“I visited my ancestral manor,” Harry answered. It wasn’t a lie; he did go there. Once.

“You hosted them in your ancestral manor?” Dumbledore’s brow creased. “Harry, can you tell me anything about what happened this summer?”

Harry paused. Voldemort did put on the spell last summer, but would that apply to this summer as well? “Well, Matthus spilt his feelings out to me when we were baking - “

“Anything regarding Voldemort.” Dumbledore clarified.

“Oh.” Harry shrugged. “Not too much, honestly. I know he was meeting with more creature allies. He planned some raids. I was mostly learning and baking with my boyfriends over break. You know, because it was a break.”

“You did nothing?” Dumbledore raised an eyebrow.

“I did nothing.” Harry proudly proclaimed.

“Harry,” Dumbledore paused. “You do know that you will have to fight Voldemort to the death one day.”

“Yeppers.”

“And you are prepared to do so?” Dumbledore pushed.

“Yeah. I’ll fight him.” Truth be told, Harry sometimes wanted to fight Voldemort.

Dumbledore’s lips drew thin. “And how do you think this will affect your life?”

Harry tilted his head in confusion. “Well, it would lessen my dangers in life. It would give my boyfriends some relief, and it would make everyone around me’s life easier. I mean, Hermione might be distant with me, but I still care for her.”

“And what did happen with Miss Granger?” Dumbledore questioned, a glint in his eyes. “I spoke to her briefly, but I do want to hear your perspective.”

“Well, basically, I felt like my association with her was putting her in danger. And she didn’t like that I was delving into more dangerous methods to defeat Voldemort. I... may have exaggerated some things. We more so took a break more than anything. I am sure we can work this out.”

Harry wasn’t sure if they would, but he held some hope.

“I do wish that this semester you will be better. Squabbles have died down, and all you need to focus on is passing your classes and preparing for Voldemort. We have predicted that Voldemort will start making harder moves within the next year. Watch out for any visions you may have, and tell me if anything happens.” Dumbledore spoke in a grandfatherly voice.

Harry gritted his teeth. Squabbles? That’s what he thought last year was. His entire social life and credibility were destroyed. He was harassed because of who he loved, and nobody wanted to be near him.

“Of course.” Harry tried to sound as neutral as possible.

“I am glad we understand. Off to class; I have kept you long enough.” Dumbledore replied.

Harry smiled falsely and exited the office. As he left, the smile fell into a snarl. Dumbledore had the nerve.

Just one more year, Harry reminded himself. Then, he could hole up in Voldemort’s manor and be cuddled up with his boyfriends, learning about the dark arts until he could be a proficient teacher. Or he could also play a more active role and have Ignis make more appearances.

Harry brewed in thought as he was eating his food. He saw Hermione and Luna out of the corner of his vision, and a soft touch of sadness stroked him. Hermione swore to come back

to him, but he knew it wouldn't end well. Luna allowed him some ease of mind, but she wasn't entirely shunning him either.

He didn't regret trying to cut up Draco or slash Ginny's eye, but he did not like the side effects of it. Maybe - hm. He could be daylight as Harry Potter and nightlight as Ignis. If Voldemort would let him...

The rest of his day was the same as he remembered: lots of homework assigned, more nasty looks his way. Though, luckily, they seemed to be less intense than normal. Maybe the gossip had died down enough.

People's minds were weighed down by the impending O.W.L.S. and N.E.W.T.S., along with the looming war on the horizon. Well, the war was already happening, but the intensity was not as high for the general public. But it persisted in the back of everyone's brain, whether they liked it or not. Some, notably ones he recognised as children of Aurors, were more shaken up and had a distant look in their eyes.

And then there was Defence Against the Dark Arts.

"Hello, class!" Tonks tried to lean against the chalkboard, but it rolled away, and she fell to the floor.

Harry concealed a scoff.

"Today we will be learning about the current events." She shifted her eyes to the chalkboard as she scrambled to her feet. "Death Eaters and their activities are on the rise, so I thought to cover some self-defence you can do to prevent any attacks against you."

Some of the Slytherins snickered. Harry rolled his eyes. They thought they were safe just because their parents were Death Eaters. Newsflash for them, they still had some of the sparse light side to defend against. They were the easy targets when the war broke out.

"Everyone, get up on your feet and partner up; we're going to a duelling room. At the end of class, we'll test your skill against a dummy." Tonks strutted through the sea of desks and didn't look back as she opened the door out of the classroom.

They hurried to follow her down the hall and past a corner into the duelling room. Inside was a large rectangular room with dummies lining the short end, and the long sides had padded walls. As he stepped in, he found the ground to be a bit squishy.

"Today, we will test the spell, stupefy, and protego. They are simple but widely used spells. Everyone, watch as I remind you of the incantations." Tonks shuffled nervously at the front of the room.

Harry ended up with Neville, who shook under his gaze. The class watched, bored, as Tonks explained the spell. Though her spellwork was magnificent and her words were technical, it wasn't the best explanation for anyone who didn't already know the spells.

He let Neville go first, his strong stupefy barely scratching his shield. When it was Harry's turn, he cast a mild stupefy. Even with a good shield, Neville was blasted against the wall. People turned to look at them, whispering among themselves.

"Try not to harm your opponents!" Tonks yelled out.

"Sorry, Neville. I put a bit too much force into it."

Neville nodded wordlessly.

They continued to work on their spells, with Neville being knocked down a few more times and Harry's shield shattering once. The minutes passed quickly, and they were rounded up and poised in front of the dummy at the front of the hall.

Harry took careful note of who was the strongest and the weakest. That could come in handy later. Like Neville, who hit the dummy harder than he would have thought. Or Blaise and Theodore, who both managed to throw the dummy against the wall.

"Harry!" Tonks called him up.

"Stupefy." Harry slashed the spell.

The dummy hit the wall with a loud thump.

"Excellent!" Tonks clapped. "Next!"

The rest of the class was uneventful.

Back in the Chamber, Harry ate with everyone. He sighed, finally able to relax himself around those he loved.

"Harry, would you like to learn more magic now?" Ominis inquired when a pause happened in the conversation.

"Sure." Harry sipped on his pumpkin juice.

"Magic isn't only found in Latin. It can be formed in other languages. Latin is just the chosen language of our corner of Europe. Durmstang and Beauxbatons mostly teach in Latin; however, they have extra subjects for teaching other languages." Ominis explained.

Harry nodded along.

"So, although standardisations exist to make learning easier for the largest number of people, every language has at least one spell to cast," Ominis explained, munching on a forkful of noodles.

"That sounds fun. Which one will you teach me first?" Harry had already buzzed with excitement.

"Let us start with something easy. Spanish, perhaps?" Ominis asked.

“I think I can do Spanish?” Harry spoke. “Spanish sounds fun.”

Ominis offered a rare smile.

Voldemort raised an eyebrow as Pipskey handed him Potter’s owl. The owl squawked and batted her wings to fly onto his desk. Voldemort let the avidan nibble his fingers as he untied the note from her claws.

‘Dearest Nemesis,

School is boring. Can I nightlight as Ignis?

Farewell,

Your Detested’

Voldemort scoffed at the note. He was barely in there for a few days before he resorted to writing a letter to him pleading to be involved again. But the more he thought about it, the more he was considering yielding to the request.

There was no clear negative to letting Harry play Ignis. It would increase his social influence, draw more positive attention towards him, and allow Harry some needed stress relief. He could at least sit in on meetings or go on a raid every once in a while. He tilted his head in thought.

‘Dearest Detested,

I will agree to let you visit meetings once a week and a raid once a month. We will have to plan accordingly. As well, your boyfriends and Ominis are allowed to attend. It would look good for my ‘family’ to show face.

Yours truly,

Your Nemesis’

He sealed the letter with the Slytherin crest and tied it to the owl’s leg. The owl hooted angrily at him.

“Fine, bird.” Voldemort rolled his eyes.

He dug in his desk drawer and withdrew a small pouch of owl treats. He poured a few in his palm and then offered it to the bird. She pecked each of them, happily hooting once she was done.

Voldemort let her out in the garden, watching as she became a white dot in the distance.

Harry busied himself as he straightened his vest. He bustled with excitement and couldn't help but beam as he stared back at his boyfriends and Ominis, putting the finishing adjustments on their clothing. All were dressed formally in fine robes, with slight differences between each of them.

"You all look spiffing." Harry complimented them, finally content with how he looked.

"You as well." Riddle brushed a crease out of his cloak.

"Everyone ready?"

There were nods all around.

They all descended into their containers again for easy transport. Harry made sure they were safe in a locked trunk before he departed. He used the tunnels to sneak up to the Room of Requirement. He stared at the Vanishing cabinet, running his fingers along the grain of the wood. He held his breath as he opened the door and then stepped through.

Harry stumbled out and found himself in Malfoy Manor, if the abundance of silver M's on the intricate decor were anything to go off of. After a glance around the room, he raised his wrist to look at the friendship-bracelet-portkey Voldemort had given him over Christmas break.

"Serpent."

Portkeys were not kind to him, as he landed with a huff on something soft. He turned his head to see a mattress on the floor, with Voldemort standing off to the side.

"Are you hurt? Did you bring the others?" Voldemort inquired after he offered his hand.

"No, and yes." Harry took his hand and hoisted himself up.

Harry reached into his robe pocket and showed the small trunk. After he opened the latch, darkness spewed out of it. The darkness quickly formed into his boyfriends and Ominis. Voldemort looked them up and down with an analytical eye.

"Acceptable." He nodded.

Voldemort whisked them away to the ballroom, with Harry at his heels and the rest of them single-file. The empty seats lined the halls, with an extra five at the head table. Riddle pulled Harry's chair, the one directly to the right of Voldemort, for him.

They all sat around Voldemort's left and right, with Tom and Riddle taking Harry's side and Marvolo and Ominis on the opposite side. Their backs were straight, and their hands were folded in their laps as the Death Eaters filed through. A smile graced Harry's face as Tom reached under the table to hold his hand.

Once everyone was filed in, Voldemort sent off a red light from his wand. It got everyone's attention, and no one dared to breathe for a few seconds after.

“My family will be joining us for this meeting. You will hold the utmost respect for them.”
Voldemort gave them an explanation.

There were nods and “Yes, my Lord”s. Voldemort glared at everyone around him, like their very presence displeased him.

"Avery!" Voldemort barked. “You have been tasked with befriending the Preservation. Inform me of your progress.”

Avery, another table down, shuffled nervously. “Yes, my Lord. So far, Augusta Longbottom and Caylssa Abbott have agreed to sign onto the creature, dark healing rituals, and magical protection bills. Olivander has agreed to testify in favour of a new wand shop that caters to wixen with creature blood.”

Voldemort’s micro-movements showed that he was pleased.

Ominis cleared his throat. “Magical protection bills?”

The hall stiffened, all terrified eyes on Ominis.

Voldemort tilted his head. “The magical protection bills are the compromise for handling the mudbloods. It would ensure that as soon as a magical child is born into a muggle family or a single muggle parent, they would be under watch for any forms of mistreatment. The moment they are found to be mistreated, they will be removed from the home and placed with a family.”

“Who?” Ominis pressed.

Voldemort’s jaw clenched. “The half-blooded families with a muggle-raised parent are preferred. There are a few barren pureblood families that were willing to sign up to host or blood-adopt children as well.”

Ominis nodded. “Makes logical sense. It lessens the muggle contamination into the magical community, and it prevents magical children from being mistreated or murdered.”

“Murdered?” One of the Death Eaters blurted out.

Voldemort spat a nasty cutting curse on the Death Eater. “One in every ten muggleborn children do not make it to Hogwarts. That number is down from the one in five fifty years ago.” Voldemort told matter-of-factly.

Faces turned grim. Even if many, if not the majority of them, hated muggleborns, the loss of a child struck some of them hard.

The tone was sombre during the rest of the meeting.

Harry: Do I have to go back?

Voldemort: Not really, but go anyway

Harry: >:(

Voldemort: Fine, I will task you with getting Dumbledore's wand

Harry: (Happy noises)

Voldemort: The last horcrux is in the Room of Requirement. It is your choice if you awaken him

Harry, who is totally going to awaken him: Hehe

Hermione's Note: Saturday, 22:00, entrance to the chamber

Harry: Wow, what an important date. I will be sure to remember this!

Dumbledore: What did you do this summer?

Harry: First, my boyfriends, second, I added a boyfriend. He's so cute and dreamy and -
Dumbledore: Moving on.

Harry's note: School boring. Want to be Ignis.

Voldemort: Cannot disagree with this argument!

Hedwig: >:(

Voldemort: Fine, here's some treats

Hedwig: :D

Ominis: Yes, this bill can protect against murders

Death Eater: Murders?

Voldemort: Yes, muggles kill their mudbloods sometimes. It is half as often as back in my day

(Mostly) Everyone: (A little sombre)

I said previously that I will hack away at my.... 550 comment inbox. I may not respond to some of the comments mentioning my cat's passing, as I honestly have no idea what to say other than copying and pasting the same response. Dealing with emotions or supportive messages? Uncertain how to. So, I do apologise for that. Anyway! Moving on! Happy New Year, and I hope to see you again this year!

Comment of the week (previous week) by A_M_N_D:

"Thank you for the chapter.

Honestly, Harry is so coquette.

He's that one tiktoker that ties ribbon bows on their boyfriends biceps."

Comment of the week (this week) by ForgottenDreamofFlames:

"Love the image of Tom being dragged back down to forcibly have his spine crunched.

Am I swooning over the idea of having a harem that includes a masseuse? Yes."

<3

Diadem

Chapter Summary

Harry wants to find the diadem. It does not go to plan.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Nerves ate at Harry as he entered the chamber's library. All of them were gathered around, reading or drawing at a long table. They looked up when he arrived, their eyes brightening. Should he really do it? It was wrong to do it without informing them, but they would fight regardless.

"What's devouring you?" Tom asked gently, putting down his scrap of paper.

"I - I want to find the last horcrux."

Tom's face fell. Riddle's brows furrowed. Marvolo shrugged. Ominis nodded.

"Love - "

"After the magical enhancement potion, I really don't feel the negative effects anymore." Harry blurted out, trying to reason with them.

"Angel - "

"And now that we have four of you, if anything goes wrong, we have more people."

"Sweetheart - "

"And it really wouldn't be that bad to just add on one more person. We already have a good system for adding people in at this point and know what we need to tell him to help him adjust."

"Alright." Ominis rose from his seat. "Let us do this. We need to find the horcrux anyway, and we can just debate about awakening him once we have the container."

There were grumbles of agreement.

Harry beamed, triumph blasting through his veins. "Let's go!"

After Harry transported them up to the Room of Requirements, the daunting task finally set in. With the sea of junk and the fallen piles, it could be anywhere. The room must have been

as big, if not bigger, than the quidditch pitch; how were they supposed to find it easily? Even if Harry could sense it, there were so many different things it could be.

Harry closed his eyes and tried to find the pull. It was there, somewhere. But it was vague; the magical properties of the room and the items inside were distorting his senses. He thought it was near the front, but he wasn't completely sure.

"It's somewhere here in the middle," Harry concluded.

"I do feel dark magic here." Marvolo agreed.

"The horcrux is the Diadem of Ravenclaw. None of you even think about summoning it. I know each of us has many protections in place, and they could easily kill any one of you if you are not careful." Ominis warned. "Marvolo, you and me take the middle; Tom, Riddle, and Harry take the front. Slowly work inward."

They departed from each other and began the search.

Harry tried to keep hold of the feeling that tugged at his chest as he searched. It was hard, stumbling across many dark objects that wanted to suck his magic away, but he just knew it was in there. At one point, he just kept it in the back of his mind and searched with his eyes.

What would Diadem be like? Would he be reserved like Ominis or explosive like Marvolo? Sweet like Tom, or passionate like Riddle? What arts would he like?

He ruminated on his thoughts as he searched through everything. He found a few things that could have been a diadem, but they were more crown-like (though they did look fabulous on him). It would be blue, right? Maybe bronze as well?

Maybe it would be somewhere high up? They were always putting things in high places.

Harry precariously climbed up a large stack of furniture and junk. It was high up on the tall ceiling, thin and precarious. A smile crossed his face as he felt like he was getting closer.

He was careful with each step, his fingers trying their best to find something sturdy to pull himself up on. Blindly, he reached up and slammed his hand down.

A yelp escaped his throat as his fingers found something sharp. And he felt gravity shift. The world passed slowly as he fell from the top of the tall pile. Wind whistled past his ears and his vision was a blur

Darkness.

Voldemort was just starting a meeting when he felt a shift in the wards. That alone was alarming, but the fact that he knew it was portkey magic was another question.

"Barty," He barked, "Keep everyone in check!"

The door to the room burst open. There, Ominis stood, blackness trailing behind him, red eyes ablaze and narrowed.

“Voldemort!” Ominis hissed venomously. *“Help us!”*

“What happened?”

“Harry touched the diadem horcrux, and he is foaming at the mouth and won’t wake up.” Ominis spat.

Voldemort stood in an instant. He took long strides and followed Ominis through the halls and into Harry’s bedroom. There, surrounded by his boyfriends, was Harry, on his side, shaking and spewing white foam with red streaks from his mouth.

Tom whipped around, “Help him!”

In an instant, Voldemort snapped into a different headspace. He pushed Marvolo aside and gently laid a hand on Harry’s shoulder, using his other to cast a host of diagnostic spells. His eyes grew wide at the ever-growing list of present afflictions.

“Ominis, get Narcissa. Tell her to be in the new medical room.” Voldemort snapped as he started to levitate Harry.

Ominis ran off. Voldemort, with Harry in tow and his boyfriends trialling behind him, rushed off to the medical room. He threw him onto the bed as fast as he could without harming him. Voldemort rushed to start muttering the countercurses, his heart beating fast in his ears.

“What’s wrong with him?” Tom asked in a hurry.

“He has numerous curses on him. He is incredibly lucky I designed the process to be painful before lethality sets in.” Voldemort spoke in between, spitting countercurses. “Do you have the diadem?”

Marvolo held up the bloodied diadem with a handkerchief. Voldemort instructed Marvolo to start to cast diagnostic spells on the diadem to confirm which spells activated and which spells did not activate.

Narcissa and Ominis came racing in moments later. She readied her wand and gently moved Riddle aside to start healing Harry. Voldemort snapped at her about the afflictions Harry had and how to heal him.

They discovered the worst curse.

“Ominis, go to the dungeons and pull out a prisoner. We need to transfer a curse to someone else.”

Ominis was out of the room a moment later. Voldemort employed the other horcruxes to set up the ritual. Rune circles were drawn with rooster blood on the floor and Harry’s body; each letter was meticulously written to the best of their abilities. He looked over to Harry and could see his skin tone becoming duller.

His heart jumped into his throat as he looked at Harry. By the minute, he could see him losing colour. The foam streaked with more red. Forcing himself to snap out of it, he bit his cheeks and continued on with the ritual circle.

No matter what he was feeling, what mattered most at the moment was Harry's wellbeing. He had to swallow whatever strange emotions were bubbling up in his throat. The window to save Harry was slowly drawing close, and he needed to transfer the curse instantly.

With a young woman in tow, Ominis ran in. His horcrux recognised the ritual in a blink and roughly threw the woman on the floor circle. He screeched at the cowering prisoner to stay still no matter what.

"Everyone, step away. Only my magic can fuel this ritual." Voldemort barked at them.

Everyone held up their hands and backed up. His teeth, which bit into his cheeks, drew blood. He needed this ritual to work. No matter how much of his magic it cost.

The chant flew out of his mouth easily, each word announced to perfection. He could feel the magic drawing out of him at every syllable. Aches covered his body, and each breath was drawn with force. His vision swam at the last word.

The prisoner on the floor began to spasm. She screamed and clawed at her throat, reddish foam bubbling from her mouth. She turned to her hands and knees and vomited more foam. Voldemort just flicked his hand, silencing her choking cries.

Just in time.

Voldemort and Narcissa worked in unison for hours, casting spell after spell and performing ritual after ritual to cover the other curses and hexes. It made little change in his appearance. At least, he no longer deteriorated. When all that could be done was over, Voldemort spoke up.

"You may now touch him. Time will tell when he wakes up. I assume within a day or so." Narcissa finally lowered her wand. "I will continue to monitor every fifteen minutes."

Instantly, Tom and Riddle were at Harry's side, practically on top of him. Marvolo was more reserved, choosing to sit on the bed. Voldemort paused. Should he try to - no, this moment was for his boyfriends and his boyfriends alone. He shouldn't interrupt them.

While Ominis dragged the spitting prisoner to the dungeons, Voldemort instructed Narcissa to clean up the ritual circle. He lingered in the room, watching as his horcruxes interacted with the unconscious Harry. Tom wiped away the stray foam on his lips. Riddle brushed a hand through his hair. Marvolo rubbed small circles onto his thigh.

Pampered.

Voldemort forced himself to turn away from the interaction.

"I will isolate the diadem as we did with Ominis. I will inform you when he awakens." Voldemort used the handkerchief to pick up the diadem and left the room.

He went to the spare room and placed the diadem on the small pedestal in the middle of the room. Summoning parchment and a quill, he wrote a quick note and placed it next to the diadem. A few candles were lit, casting a dim light on the grey walls. The room was sealed afterwards, only to be checked twice a day for the newly awakened horcrux.

What would this one be like? If he was correct, he would be in his mid-twenties. Someone who is more knowledgeable about the world leagues than Ominis. Someone detached. Someone who could control his outbursts.

Dangerous.

Not that the other horcruxes weren't. But this was when he started to slaughter indiscriminately. There was no rush of joy anymore, just a dull feeling of power. No longer the powerful rush, just a tiny fraction. Importantly, he was no longer discrete and secretive about it. And the horcruxes needed to be around Harry to survive; he needed to inform the horcrux not to harm Harry. Anything against Harry would be against him as well.

A knot formed in his gut, and his throat felt like it had closed up. He crossed his arms and stalked off to his office. Work would distract him from any possible worries. He would not think about Harry and the new horcrux if he just drowned himself in treaties and letters.

The ebb and flow of time sent Harry into a deeper state of mind. Something full of peacefulness, calmness, and fuzziness. It was a stupor that made him feel warmth inside and outside.

He vaguely felt people touching him, but it was faint, like a gentle breeze. They drew from him, pulling him to reality. But he dug his heels in. It was so nice there, and the further he was pulled to reality, the more that rich feeling depleted.

If he could, he would stay there forever.

But they still called him forth, slowly but surely drawing him into the real world. Until he was in the other realm, he would enjoy his newfound bliss.

Light poured into his vision. Harry squinted, the brightness already brewing a headache. He yawned and rolled back his shoulder, difficult with the extra weight on him.

In a flash, a pair of lips were on his. A muffled squeak sounded from him, but the lips felt so familiar that he drew in closer. Not rough enough to be Riddles, but not heated enough to be Marvolo. *Tom*, he settled on.

As Tom drew back, Harry cracked open his eyes to see his reddened face. Tear-stricken. Harry used the hand that wasn't being cuddled by a sleeping Riddle to reach up and gently cup Tom's face. He brushed away Tom's stray tears with his thumb, each small stroke making Harry tear up as well.

“Are you feeling okay? I can’t imagine - I didn’t think it would be this bad. Voldemort said it would just be a day. I can’t - how did you get through when I nearly died? How?” Tom rambled.

“I had Riddle and the other’s support.” His voice was in a whisper.

Harry went to shuffle around when he found that he couldn’t move his legs. Resting on his thighs, Marvolo was curled up and sleeping. Harry’s lips quirked. He looked so adorable when he was sleeping.

“Shh, shh.” Harry quelled Tom, gently pulling him back into position.

“I - I didn’t know what to do. I couldn’t do anything. You looked so weak and frail - ”

“It’s okay, I couldn’t do anything either. I’m fine now, and that’s what matters.”

Harry continued to hush Tom through his tears. Tom gripped him tightly, hugging his arm so tight that it was cutting off circulation. Still, he did his best to soothe Tom as his sorrow started to dry.

“Angel?”

He looked down, seeing Riddle looking up at him with sorrow blatant on his face.

“You’re awake!”

Riddle propped himself up on his elbow and used his other hand to turn Harry’s head side to side, up and down, then asked him to open his mouth.

“You look fine; you’re not foaming anymore. You did bite your tongue a lot, but it doesn’t look that bad.” Riddle assessed him.

“I was foaming?” An image of a rabid dog appeared in Harry’s head.

They both nodded.

“You were foaming white and red, shaking, and you were losing your colour. We barely transferred your curse in time for it to take full effect. You wouldn’t have died, but the internal damage... you are so incredibly lucky they were able to heal it so fast.” Tom shivered.

Harry’s face fell. “Oh.”

At the foot of the bed, Marvolo stirred. He cracked open a reddened eye and raised his head. Harry stifled a laugh; half of his hair was sticking out in all directions, and there was a little bit of drool out of the corner of his mouth.

“Have a nice nap?” Harry giggled.

“Have a nice nap?” Marvolo mocked back with a good impression of Harry.

“I see you’re just as pleasant as always.”

“I refuse to bend to your softened will.”

Marvolo yawned and laid his head back down. He shifted to get more comfortable, grumbling as he did. Harry sighed, relaxing in the company of his boyfriends. Although he hated that they were so distraught over him, seeing them vulnerable enough to be sad around him filled him with joy. They were so emotionally constipated about the feelings they associated with weakness. The trust was there both ways.

“Did you find out what the sharp thing was?” Harry yawned.

Marvolo shared a look with Tom and Riddle.

“The diadem. If you are feeling up to it, we can all check together if he’s up.”

“Really?” Harry asked, exasperated. Marvolo nodded. “I have the worst-best luck!”

Tom and Riddle reluctantly let him leave the bed. Together, they trailed behind him as he walked down the hall. Marvolo left momentarily to drag Ominis and Voldemort to the room’s door.

“Wands at the ready?” Harry turned around to see them already drawn. “Okay then, three, two, one!”

Harry flung the door open and prepared himself to be choked out. But as he stared into the dimly lit room, he at first couldn’t find anyone. But as he squinted his eyes, he materialised.

Diadem practically blended into the shadows. Dressed in a dark green cloak that flowed to the floor, it cut off just before his black dress shoes. A black turtleneck wrapped tightly around his torso. Black slacks accentuated his long, slender legs. A dusting of snow sat on his shoulders and peppered his pushed-back hair.

And blood.

He was practically drenched in blood, head to toe.

He looked exactly like Voldemort, just a bit younger. There was an incredible draw towards him, backing him into a trap of his own desires. Harry was one step away from being caught in a Venus fly trap.

“Hi,” Harry waved at him, still unsure if he was about to be attacked.

Diadem tilted his head in thought. His blood-red eyes scanned from Tom to Voldemort, his face completely neutral. Then, the gaze finally befell Harry. His gaze was cutting and cold, devoid of anything resembling humanity. A chill ran up Harry’s spine. Diadem appeared amused by it and licked his bottom lip with his *forked* tongue.

Tom and Riddle joined Harry’s hands, giving him a reassuring squeeze, while Marvolo reached over and rested a hand on the small of his back. It barely eased him - something

about him was just uncanny.

“Hello,” Diadem stated, his voice almost exactly like Voldemort’s as well. Just a bit smoother.

“I - I’m sure you have a lot of questions, so we’re here to answer them.” Harry fought to keep his voice steady.

“I do.”

Diadem stalked over to them like a lion to a lamb. Still on edge, Voldemort guided them to his office again. Diadem trailed a distance behind them. Harry tried to keep his nerves down.

Once they were in the office, Voldemort summoned chairs for all of them, leaving Diadem directly in front of the desk. He folded his hands on the desk and looked at the others.

“Who wants to start?”

“I can.” Harry offered. “So, let’s go back in time, where a prophecy was made...”

The words flowed out of each of them easily. Describing their personal experiences and emotions; each gave part of their story. Together, they weaved their tales, forming a picture of their lives.

Throughout the story, Diadem barely emoted. He occasionally raised an eyebrow or quirked his lips, but it was still so... distant. Like he was an imitation of a human rather than one. And the way he stared at him... he stared into his soul.

“Hm.” That was all he said once everything was done.

Harry squeezed Tom and Riddle’s hands for reassurance. “So... do you want to pick a name now?”

“Cadmus.” He answered without a moment’s hesitation.

There was an uncomfortable silence.

“Would you like to see your room?” Ominis spoke up, “We can shop for decorations whenever you want.”

“I do not need decorations. I would like to be shown my abode.” Cadmus stood after he finished his sentence.

“I will show you.”

Ominis and Cadmus left the rest of the group to ruminate on their thoughts. Only when they left did Harry let go of his boyfriends. Voldemort stared off for a minute, then turned to Harry.

“Was I actually like that? He is just... off.”

Harry shook his head. “No, you at least were angry at the world or overjoyed in the sufferings of others. Not this detached.”

Voldemort sighed. “You should get back to school. Luckily for you, it is a weekend, so I will release you Monday morning.”

“Can I start staying on weekends?”

“... That would work. I will allow you to be here. Although I would like you to keep the Vanishing Cabinet in the Chamber of Secrets instead of the Room of Requirements. The less you transport my horcruxes, the better.” Voldemort reached for a letter on his desk and opened it.

“Thank you!” Harry bounced in his seat.

“We have a meeting tomorrow if Ignis would like to attend.”

“I will be ready!”

Harry departed with his boyfriends to the kitchen to fix something for all of them. Already, Marvolo beelined for the ingredients for a cake. He called back that he was trying something healthy (adding strawberries) for a change. Meanwhile, Harry commanded Tom and Riddle to help him cut up vegetables for the stew he was making.

Everything was where he had left it before, and they all fell into a comfortable flow of chaos. It was such a relief to be there, working with them. It eased his mind, letting him roll off any stress he held onto.

After everything was almost done, Ominis and Cadmus walked in. Omnis looked a little on edge, but not as much as Harry and his boyfriends were. But they still greeted them with a smile.

“We’re making strawberry shortcake and stew,” Harry informed them, using a fresh spoon to taste the mixture. It needed more garlic salt.

Cadmus stayed silent, and Ominis asked if he could have a side salad. Harry delegated the task to Marvolo, who had finished icing the cake with buttercream frosting. They all decided to go to the private dining room instead of the normal one.

Voldemort joined them for the meal shortly after. The atmosphere was tense during the entire meal. Harry and the others tried to talk to each other, but it was offputting the energy that Cadmus was outputting - it was like he sucked the life out of the room.

And either he didn’t notice or he didn’t care for their discomfort.

Once dinner was over, Ominis and Cadmus went to the library while Harry and his boyfriends departed for his room. The three comfortably fit onto the sofa while Harry lounged over their laps, lavishing in their active attention.

“What are we going to do with Cadmus?” Marvolo asked, gently prodding at Harry’s firm calf.

“What else can we do? We just have to adjust. Try to find out where his boundaries are and how to avoid pushing his buttons. He gave me the feeling that he would bite out my throat if he got bored.” Harry shifted slightly to fit better with them.

“Can’t we find a way to let him siphon without being around you? I transferred some magic to Riddle when he formed. Cadmus gives me the creeps.” Tom shivered for dramatic effect.

“As much as my gut tells me not to, I will give him a chance,” Harry assured. “I want to think he is capable of being okay with me. Ominis and I are fine.”

“Ominis wasn’t an imitation of a person.” Riddle scoffed.

“Hush. I’ll give him a chance. Voldemort was far from lovely until I started to talk to him.”

They lightly argued until Harry finally had to end it. Cadmus had one chance. And if he violated that chance, then they could discuss what happened after. He worried about the future too much to do it again, and he’d be damned if he forced his boyfriends to get upset over something that might not even happen.

The office was quiet as Voldemort worked on his letters. Being a Dark Lord was difficult; you had to constantly coordinate and be informed on the latest diplomatic matters. Marriage contracts were a nightmare - many cultures had a battle to win the hand of the heir, and their deaths in the matter would cause a ripple through the communities.

A single, loud knock echoed through the room.

Voldemort raised an eyebrow. “Come in,” He called out.

Cadmus walked in. Voldemort couldn’t help but feel unease at his presence. He wasn’t the problem; it’s what wasn’t there that was. Devoid of any humanity. Devoid of human reactions. Devoid of personhood.

“Do you need anything?” Voldemort asked on instinct.

He just hoped that Cadmus was not another Ominis, who used him as a confessional and sought out romantic advice.

“I have a few questions.”

Merlin, no.

“Ask away.” Voldemort gestured to the chair in front of his desk.

“Why are the others so weak?” He asked straight away the second he sat down.

“Pardon?”

“They bleed emotions.” Cadmus elaborated. “You do as well.”

A scoff escaped Voldemort. “There is a certain level of care we have to have for Harry. He is my horcrux, I need to ensure his safety. They nourish off of him to stay alive, as do you. He has... slowly eroded through them.”

“You as well.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Yes. How can you not see it?” There was the slightest hint of frustration in his voice.

“I am not weak.” Voldemort cemented. “Harry is just very important to me. He is the reason I have progressed.”

Cadmus tilted his head.

Voldemort glared. “Give him a chance. See what happens.”

Cadmus nodded and abruptly stood. He left the room without another word. Once the door was closed, Voldemort rubbed his temples. Cadmus was an anomaly, and the conflict he felt for him was immense.

By all means, he wanted to at least get along with Cadmus. But at the same time... Cadmus was his past in some of the worst ways possible. He didn't even need to see it to know the instincts of a senseless murderer lay just underneath his skin, threatening to break out. The carnage he could do without blinking an eye...

... was much like Voldemort himself.

A sigh escaped him.

If only he had been different.

If only he had known what his future would be.

If only he had someone like Harry before.

Harry: I want to find the last horcrux!
Boyfriends: No
Ominis: Well, we need to do it anyways
Boyfriends: (Begrudging agreement)

Harry: Climbing this precariously build pile of junk and climbing it haphazardly will not end bad
Harry: (Falls off and curses himself)

Ominis: Heal him!
Voldemort: Help is on the way!
(Montage of healing spells and rituals)
Narcissa: He will be fine, soon
Boyfriends: (Worried but also happy)

Harry: (Blinking, barely concious)
Tom: Now is a perfect time to kiss him and unload all of my stress
Riddle: I should check him over to see if he needs more healing
Marvolo: (Tries to go back to bed)

Harry: Welcome, hello!
Diadem: (Lurking in the shadows, covered in blood, tilted head)
Everyone: Oh no

Voldemort: Was I like that? He is so off
Harry, who has only known him for a fraction of time: Nah

Harry: Family dinner!
Cadmus: My very presence is going to make this awkward. I will not acknowledge it.

Cadmus: You are emotional and thus weak
Voldemort: No
Cadmus: Yes
Voldemort: No

Cadmus: Yes

Voldemort: Just give this man a chance

Cadmus: (Leaves)

Coming in later tonight, and I am very sick again. I have been coughing so hard I am throwing up, my throat is irritated, and I can hardly speak or breathe. As always, the tests for everything are negative, and the only solution is a strong steroid that makes me irritable and hungry. University is starting up as well, but due to an error in their system, it kicked me out of all my classes, and now I am the one needing to figure out what they broke. Hopefully, it ends well, because it also erased my financial aid. Things have gone from nothing happening to needing to figure out everything at once.

Dating? Dating.

Chapter Summary

Harry's boyfriends pester him about telling a secret. Ominis has a question.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The soft aroma of pastries floated through the kitchen. Harry swayed to the gentle melody that came from the gramophone in the corner. He plunged the metal tip of the icing bag into the roll, slowly filling it with strawberry jam. A little bit dribbled out, and he wiped it away with his thumb.

Just as he was about to bring it to his mouth to lick it off, long, thin fingers grappled at Harry's wrists above his bracelets and pushed them flat onto the counter. He froze.

"So you are the boy-who-lived." Cadmus spoke as he pressed Harry closer to the counter, capturing him between his arms.

"I am." Harry's mouth grew dry, his throat clenched.

"It is curious that they all fell into your hands. You, the one who prophesied to defeat us, now control them to your every beck and call. *How special.*" Cadmus hissed the last words, still completely monotone.

"I don't *control* them. They do as they please. And if what they please is to be with me, then so be it." Harry tried to shift around, but it was fruitless. Cadmus' grip only tightened.

"You do control them. Your every whim is taken care of. They allow you to be in their beds. *They need your magic to exist.*" His voice dropped.

"They take care of me because I take care of them. We share beds because we want to be around each other." Harry shuffled. "Can't argue the last one. But you do as well."

"Unfortunately." Cadmus breathed.

There was a drawing sensation from him. It was aggressive, like it was being yanked away from him. He stifled a distressed grunt and gritted his teeth. Black lines, string-like, leaked from Cadmus' hands onto Harry's wrists. Harry tried to tug away from the sticky strings, but he was trapped.

"Your magic is simply... *delicious,*" Cadmus whispered into his ear, breath hot.

A pleasant shiver ran up Harry's spine.

His saviour at that moment was the door to the kitchen bursting open.

"Sweetheart?"

"Angel?"

"Love?"

Their eyes briefly searched the room until they landed on Harry and Cadmus. Everything froze.

"Cadmus." Marvolo practically growled.

"Marvolo." Cadmus mocked back.

"Get away from him." Riddle barked, flicking his wand out of his holster.

Tom just clenched his jaw and drew his wand.

The grip on his wrists tightened.

"Cadmus, please," Harry asked in a soft voice.

There was a pause. Cadmus huffed, then withdrew from him. He stepped back and walked off, eyeing Harry's boyfriends as he left. When the door finally closed, Harry let out the long breath he was holding.

Instantly, his boyfriends were at his sides, hushing him and talking in gentle voices.

"Are you okay, love?"

"Angel, did he do anything to you?"

"What did he say, sweetheart?"

Harry launched himself into Tom's chest. The moment Tom wrapped his arms around his waist, he felt his legs shake. Though it didn't feel like much when Cadmus took him, Harry shook on the inside and felt so weak.

"It was nothing." He dismissed. "He just caught me off guard and took a chunk of magic."

"Are you sure he didn't say anything?" Tom insisted.

"He just made a few comments about our relationship. It wasn't upsetting; he just - he makes me freeze up." Harry tried to cover.

Tom just held him tighter.

He eventually broke free from Tom and continued with his cooking. They assisted him through the finishing steps and ate a few pastries with him. Afterwards, they made sure to coddle him in bed, with Tom and Riddle at his sides and Marvolo on his stomach.

“Nothing happened.” Harry would insist time and time again. But it didn’t stop the chill that ran up his spine every time Cadmus talked to him. Mostly fearful, but that one pleasant shiver...

Harry decided to ignore it.

Monday finally came around, and they were left with a hard decision. Whether or not to bring Cadmus along.

“No,” His boyfriends repeated again and again.

“He is not that bad.” Ominis would say, “Just a little... off.”

“Just give him a chance,” Harry insisted.

“I can house him if you do not want him. He does get through paperwork fairly fast.” Voldemort rubbed his temples.

“Let Voldemort keep him then!” Tom threw up his hands.

“You can simply stop by on the weekends and give him magic.”

Harry's brain was beginning to hurt from everyone yelling.

“If anyone would like my opinion, I would like to stay here.”

Everyone’s heads whipped around to see Cadmus leaning against the door. A pang of guilt hit Harry like a needle in the chest. If he ever heard his younger self talking about him like that... it would crush him. But Cadmus didn’t even look fazed, just looking on in mild disinterest.

“It is settled.” Voldemort spoke firmly.

No one else argued further. Harry waved at Cadmus as he left, only to be met with a stone-cold face.

He darted out of the Room of Requirement and into a tunnel for the Chamber of Secrets. He would have to force Draco to haul the Vanishing Cabinet down to the chamber with him, then maybe torture the brat a little more. He was still proudly walking the halls, and that did nothing but scorn Harry.

In the chamber, they were warmly greeted by tackles from Onyx and Emerald, who had spent the time scouring the kitchens for food. They would have to borrow one of Voldemort’s house elves to feed them while they were away.

They didn't waste another moment and pulled Harry into the training room. They had been lax the last few days, and as such, he needed to work twice as hard to prove his incident with the diadem didn't do anything permanent to him.

"Lacero." Harry slashed at the dummy.

It cut deep into its chest. At that, Tom frowned. Riddle and Marvolo exchanged glances.

"What?"

"You..." Tom began, biting his lip. "You were stronger before."

"I was?" Harry asked in fake surprise.

Marvolo narrowed his eyes and took an aggressive step towards Harry. "You know."

"What?" Harry took two steps back.

"You know how much we take. Tell us."

He froze. Marvolo went to step forward again, but Tom put a hand out to stop him. Tom slowly inched towards him, keeping his hands low but outstretched. They were gently wrapped around him, and he was pulled into a hug.

"Love, can you tell us how much you give us?" Tom asked in a soft, sweet voice.

"Well..." His teeth dug into his lips. "No."

"No?"

"No. You'll hate it. It's better this way." Harry buried his face into Tom's collar.

"Harry, we just want to care for you. And we can't do that if we don't know how much of you you give us." Tom reached a hand up and stroked his hair.

"No."

If they found out how much they took from him, they'd be distant. Not be physical as much, use less magic, and even keep to their awful containers more. He wanted nothing more than to keep things the way they were. It was okay; he was just a little more tired and a bit weaker. He could handle it. His boyfriends could help defend him.

"Angel," Riddle had moved closer and crouched down to his level. "We don't want to go behind your back and ask Voldemort, but we will if we have to. We want you to be *healthy* and happy."

Hot tears began to spill from Harry. He squeezed Tom hard, trying his best to conceal his stress. He was squeezed tight, and sweet nothings were playing in his ears. A gentle kiss was placed on the top of his head, and more arms were wrapped around him.

“Sweetheart, please,” Marvolo spoke in an abnormally soft tone.

Harry's resolve quickly dissolved. “I - “ A whimper escaped his mouth. “Ten.”

“Ten? *Ten percent?*” Riddle’s voice rose at the end. His arms left.

“I told you you would be mad!” Harry clung to Tom, unable to do anything but hold onto him as tight as possible.

“That’s eighty percent left! It would be half if not for the magical enhancer potion!” Marvolo ranted, the edge of his voice having a hiss.

More tears began to leak from his face. He knew it. They were mad; they were *so mad at him*. His heart was thumping out of his chest like it was seconds away from exploding. What would they do, knowing that they knew that he was hiding? How - how would they cope with the facts? He was hiding this big secret for fucks sake, and they were draining fifty percent of his magic!

“Hush, hush, you’re okay, you’re fine. It will be okay; it will be okay.” Tom shushed him, barely audible with Riddle and Marvolo’s loud shouting.

“We should have never - “

“Don’t start with what we can’t change. We need to think about it now.”

“But we can’t do anything! All we can do is stop draining him of so much magic!”

At that, Harry let out a loud wail. All the strength in his body seemed to vanish, and he collapsed in Tom’s embrace. They gently sank to the floor, the strong grip around him the only thing keeping him grounded. He clawed at Tom’s back, trying to pull him even closer.

“Don’t disappear.” Harry pleaded through gasps. “Don’t.”

Riddle and Marvolo’s argument stopped. After a few painful, long seconds, a hand was placed on his shoulder and lower back. His boyfriends did their best to hush him, trying to soothe him with their sweet words.

“We’re never leaving, angel - “

“Promise?” Harry coughed, sniffing.

“We promise. Forever.” Marvolo reassured him. “We just might be a little more absent. You might just have one or two of us at a time, or we may be in our containers

“No, no, no.” Harry shook his head fervently.

“Love - “

“No! You are *not* disappearing on me!” He practically growled.

A defeated sigh came from just over his shoulder.

“We’ll ask Voldemort what we can do. I know this is new magic, and we might not have all of the ideas in place, but just remember that we love you very much. No amount of separation can stop us from caring about you.” Riddle spoke in a low whisper.

Even though his words were gentle, they hit Harry like a punch to the gut. He whimpered, whined, and wallowed in his fears. They wouldn’t ever leave him, no, but not having them around?

Being alone?

No, he couldn’t have that. He nearly went mad when it was just him at the Dursleys every summer. He promised himself that, once he went to Hogwarts, he wouldn’t ever be alone again. That there wouldn’t be a day that he would have no one.

Harry gave his boyfriends his *everything*, They can’t just turn around and leave him.

While he sobbed, he could hear them whispering to each other. He tried to stifle any noise, but he couldn’t. It was like it was flowing out of him with no end in sight. It made his head spin around and around. Stomach acid licked the back of his throat.

“Harry, love? Love?” Tom’s voice finally reached his ears. “Can I give you to Riddle? He wants to see if he can help.”

Nothing came out when he tried to speak, so he nodded instead. Tom slowly released his arms from around him, and Harry pried his fingers from Tom’s back. Riddle easily wrapped his arms around Harry’s waist and drew him into a tight hug. Only the second they transferred him made something crack in him; not being in their full embrace was agonizing.

He buried his face in Riddle’s collar as he caged his arms around him. He rested his chin on top of his head, shushing him with soft humming. It soothed him ever so slightly, enough to stop him from gasping for air. He still hiccuped every minute or so, but it was leagues better than before.

A while passed before Riddle moved him into Marvolo’s lap. Marvolo was stiffer, still unsure of how to properly comfort him. So he just hugged him and patted him, whispering how everything would be alright and nothing would go wrong. Slowly, they melted into each other, Harry snuggling a perfect space for himself in the embrace.

“It will be okay; everything will be fine. No one is leaving you. We’ll never leave you.”

Was the last thing Harry heard before he nodded off.

Voldemort gritted his teeth as a wave of emotions came over him. Harry was upset again. Very upset. He was so - so emotional. He experienced the highest of highs and the lowest of lows, all within a short time frame. He bounced back within days, only for the cycle to repeat. Would he be angry next time? Scared? Sad? It was a guessing game.

He should be glad his soul-pieces were treating him well. His mood was significantly better than before, no longer brooding in moodiness and hatred. Having rays of sunshine was more than he could ask for. He could deal with these lows. He was a Dark Lord.

Sitting across from him, Cadmus tilted his head. His dark eyes stared into the scrap of Voldemort's soul.

"Your demeanour has changed." He stated.

"I receive the secondhand emotions of Harry, as I have explained. He is very distraught at this moment." Voldemort sighed.

"Did his boyfriends tyre of him and break up with him?" Cadmus asked nonchalantly as he flicked open another letter.

"No. They promised him forever, and I never saw them bored with him. I am not sure what is wrong, but I know that is not it." He shook his head.

"Hm. When do you think they will?"

"Never. I have never seen anyone so committed. As well, they are still tied to him forever. They cannot nourish off of anyone else. Any problems they have, they will have to work out; otherwise, they will wither away."

"Never?" Cadmus repeated, tilting his head to the other side. "I can see the appeal. His magic does feel delicious."

Merlin, no. Not again.

"You can... taste it?"

"My senses feel more real, I should say. And I feel warm. Powerful." Cadmus wore a pensive look on his face. "It reminds me of chocolate and sunlight."

For a moment, Voldemort wondered how it would feel to feast on Harry's magic. But he squashed that idea. He never wanted to be a horcrux, right?

"That is interesting," Voldemort replied, trying to move his mind onto other matters.

"I wanted more of it, but the others came in and prevented me." Cadmus discarded the letter. "I wonder how much I can take until he becomes unconscious."

"That is not recommended. His health, whether you like it or not, is your priority."

"Hm."

They continued to work in relative silence, stopping once in a while to talk about the letters or other raids that were happening.

It was back on Monday when Harry saw Hermione give him a disappointed stare in Transfiguration. He was unsure what it was for at first, but when he reached into his robe pockets to grab his quill, he found the scrap of paper.

‘Saturday, 22:00, entrance to the chamber.

Love,

Hermione’

Guilt immediately ate at Harry. Had he - yes, he had completely forgotten. Blinded by the idea of spending his weekend with his boyfriends, Ominis, and Voldemort, he left Hermione standing there for who knows how long.

He smashed his head onto the wooden desk’s surface. Others gave him odd looks; however, Harry didn’t care. He completely ruined his chances of teaming up with Hermione again. Although maybe it was for the best? She would be tormented in school if they were friendly again. They only attacked him with sneers and snide remarks; Hermione often got physical punishment.

Still, he felt like shit.

He ripped off a small scrap of parchment from his scroll.

‘Sorry,’ He scrawled.

With a flick of his wand, he sent the parchment into Hermione’s robe pocket. She didn’t appear to notice, and Harry just hoped that she knew it was from him. A sigh escaped him as he tried to focus on the lesson, to no avail. The lowness followed him through the day; even Tonk’s terrible teaching wasn’t enough to entertain him.

His boyfriends tried to cheer him up, but they barely boosted his mood. They eventually went to prepare dinner for them, leaving Harry to wallow on the sofa in the library. Shortly after they left, Ominis approached him.

He shuffled nervously. “May - May I try to comfort you?”

Harry blinked. “Sure?”

Ominis slid next to him and paused. He dragged him into his lap and pulled his midsection to have him sit up. A bit confused, he stayed still. Ominis’ slid his hands past Harry’s waist and crossed his arms over his chest, pulling him in tightly. He rested his chin on his shoulder, moving bit by bit to have them mesh together.

Even if it was Ominis, he still felt at ease.

“Is this a good time to say that I want to get into a relationship with you? Or do you want to wait for that conversation?” Ominis whispered in his ear.

“What? Since when?” Harry choked on his spit.

“Since I saw you and Marvolo get together,. He just seemed... so much happier. Full of life. And talking with Cadmus and how he regards you as a necessary deadweight, I realised that the way I think of you is... not platonic.” Ominis’ breath was hot on him, and Harry’s heart was racing.

"Ominis, like I told Marvolo, I already have boyfriends. And I want to make sure that they are okay with this before I say anything.” Harry wiggled in his grasp. Ominis’ arms still held him steadfast.

“I know. I just- I wanted you to know first before I talk to them.” Ominis sighed. “I do not want you finding out through them.”

“That’s - okay.”

“If it's a no right now, tell me.” His grip tightened.

“It’s - I will give you a chance. But only if my boyfriends agree. I think - I think you all deserve a chance. They said that they thought I was the only one for their soul, and I will give a chance to you.” Harry reached his hand up and gently patted Ominis’ cheek. “Just one.”

“Thank you.” His arms relaxed. “It feels good to know I at least had a chance, even if this does not go to fruition.”

Ominis lightly nuzzled his neck, deeply inhaling his scent. He shivered. They stayed meshed together, content in each other’s presence. Eventually, he was laid on a summoned padded table, and Ominis was working on his muscles.

The tension just melted off of Harry, easily being worked out of him. Ominis hummed as he worked, soft and slow, like a romantic dance. It eased his mind as well, and he felt his guilt start to dissolve.

“Love? Do you want to eat here or in the dining - oh, hello, Ominis.”

Harry lifted his head to see Tom standing in the doorway, head tilted.

“I can eat in the dining room.”

The arms holding him captive released him. Together, they all walked off to the dining room. Spread across the table were pastries and other sweets, with a large bowl of salad for a balanced diet. Harry sat, sandwiched between Tom and Riddle, Marvolo and Ominis on the opposite side.

Tom piled his plate with sweets, while Marvolo insisted Harry have at least a little bit of salad. Everyone ate in a comfortable silence, occasionally asking to pass a plate. It relaxed Harry even more, the stress melting off of him. He leaned against Riddle and breathed out, content.

“I would like to date your boyfriend.” Ominis blurted out once everyone had finished eating.

Harry choked on his water.

“Pardon?” Tom coughed, sharing glances between Riddle and Marvolo.

“I would like to date your boyfriend.” He reiterated.

At that, his boyfriends straightened up. They seemed to communicate silently. Harry shifted nervously. He expected Ominis to handle this with a little more grace or at least bring it up privately, but no, he just had to state it at the *dinner table*.

“What are your intentions with our boyfriend?” Tom glared at Ominis.

“I would like to date him.”

“What would that entail?”

“Dates? I would like to cuddle and hold hands. Kisses do activities together. Dancing. Sex, eventually. I know about the one-year rule.” Ominis nodded, passing a quick look to Harry.

Under the table, Tom and Riddle laced their fingers with him.

“And why, exactly, do you want to be in a relationship with our boyfriend?” Riddle squeezed his hand tight.

“You three are always so... happy. Carefree. You generate so much love that it is almost sickening. You changed for the better; people like you more now, and you don’t seem to be faking it as much. I - I want that.” Ominis stated it with firmness.

“And when did this start?” Marvolo spat the moment Ominis finished.

“When you two got together, I saw what you had and wanted it. Admittedly, I didn’t care if it was Harry, but when I talked with Cadmus about him, I realised my feelings were real. They weren’t just a desire for a relationship; it was a desire for *him*.”

His boyfriends paused.

“May you two leave the three of us to discuss?” Marvolo folded his arms onto the table.

Harry and Ominis nodded and departed from the room. They stood outside, cringing as a silencing ward went up. They stared at each other, leaning against the wall.

“I thought they would take it better,” Ominis spoke after a few minutes.

“You *thought*?”

“It was logical. They date you; I would eventually date you.” Ominis spoke as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“Still, maybe this wasn’t the time to bring it up?”

“I acquiesce to that.”

Minutes trickled by. Harry and Ominis tried to have a light conversation, but it was futile. Soon, half an hour. Then an hour. By the time Marvolo opened the door, Harry was teaching Ominis how to play exploding snaps.

“You both may come in.” Marvolo curtly nodded at them.

Inside, Tom and Riddle sat with conflicted looks on their faces. They gave Harry a small smile and patted the chair between them. Marvolo sat in the added chair on their side, leaving Ominis alone on the opposite side of the table.

“So.” Tom clicked his tongue.

“We have decided to allow you to date our boyfriend.” Marvolo sighed. “But.”

“If you mess up, you are done.” Riddle glared at him.

“Understood.” Ominis nodded, the threat appearing not to bother him in the slightest. He locked eyes with Harry. “Can we start with dancing?”

“And Harry?” Tom sat up. “We would like you to inform us of where you and Ominis are relationship-wise. We won’t stop you from doing anything, but we would just like to know.”

“Reasonable, I’ll respect that.”

“Is there anything else?” Ominis raised an eyebrow.

“Well...” Riddle cleared his throat. “If you two are in agreement, we would like to present you with a sleeping schedule. Because, obviously, we all want to sleep with Harry, but two at a time seems to be the best arrangement.”

Marvolo placed a scroll on the table. It was a weekly schedule, with Tom, Riddle, Marvolo, and Ominis’ names on the different days paired up. Saturday was ‘Harry’s free choice’ day, which he appreciated.

A smile crossed his face as he looked. It was simple, with each of them getting two times with him a week at the minimum, but it warmed him on the inside. They loved him enough to compromise and set up special times to share with him.

“What about naps?” Ominis surveyed the schedule.

“Free-for-all. Harry normally comes to one of us, or we just find him.” Riddle shrugged.

A pause filled the air.

Ominis turned to Harry. “Can we dance, now?”

Tom, Riddle, and Marvolo all watched on as Ominis and he had their first dance together. Ominis’ hands gripped at his waist firmly, his thumbs rubbing circles onto his skin. The record began to play, the soft sounds of a violin fluttering through the air.

They moved, waltzing in a slow corkscrew around the room. Ominis led him firmly, with his hands never straying from him for even a moment. It wasn't that his boyfriends weren't good dancers, but Ominis was significantly better. He flowed with the music, which helped him glide as well.

The music relaxed him, and as another, slower song played, Harry rested his head on Ominis' chest, listening to his strong heartbeat. The muscles underneath tensed for a moment.

He was slowly wrapped in a hug, swaying back and forth as the last notes trickled off.

"I liked that." Harry hummed.

"As did I."

Harry yawned. "I'm sleepy."

"... may I sleep with you?" Ominis shifted on the balls of his feet.

"Of course."

Harry gently took his hand and led Ominis to the bedroom. He kicked off his shoes and robes, and Ominis shed his outerwear as well. Together, they crawled into the silken sheets.

Ominis paused after Harry lay down. He adjusted himself, switching from resting his head on Harry's shoulder to tucking him under his chin. Eventually, he settled on the former, awkwardly shimmying his arms around his midsection. He was stiff and unnatural as he cuddled close.

"I - I think I like this. It makes me feel warm." Ominis whispered

"I like this too." Harry shuffled in his arms to try to get more comfortable.

"May I siphon from you?"

"Yes. Sleeping is my favourite time for them to siphon, after all. It feels more...intimate." A small blush rose on his cheeks as he spoke. It sounded weird when he said it out loud.

Ominis' exhaled breath tickled Harry's neck. "Your magic does feel more filling like this. Warm and sweet - honey."

"Hmmm..."

His lids weighed down as a drawing sensation pulled from his chest. A soft smile lit his face as he felt himself drifting.

Cadmus: They choose you

Harry: Of course they do, they are my boyfriends. They need me, and I need them

Cadmus: Mhh, tasty magic

Boyfriends: Not on our watch! Unhand our boyfriend!

Cadmus: no

Harry: Please?

Cadmus: Fine

Boyfriends: We don't want him, he's weird.

Voldemort: He does do some useful paperwork

Cadmus: I would actually like to stay here

Harry: (Dies inside)

Harry: ... ten percent

Riddle: (Angry)

Marvolo: (Angry)

Tom: (Trying to comfort Harry)

Harry: (Crying)

Boyfriends: We promise, we won't leave

Cadmus: His magic is tasty

Voldemort: Not this again!

Ominis: Is saying I want to be in a relationship with you while you are emotionally distressed a good time?

Harry: What?

Ominis: I would like to date your boyfriend.

Boyfriends: What?

Ominis: I would like to date your boyfriend.

Boyfriends: Which would include?

Ominis: Dating.

Riddle: Okay, you two can date, but we now need a sleeping schedule.

Harry: Aw, how thoughtful!

Health update: I am still just as bad as last week and I have been to the hospital twice. Still cannot speak. But they gave me lots of drugs so I think that is better?

Comment of the week (why do I always forget these?) by sunlight_through_trees :

"omg, having the time of my life enjoying this harem. thank you for this amazing crack! hahaha.

I'm loving how on one hand- cadmus seems to both dead on the inside and also just one step away from dead'ing masses of people for any reason. So you know- seems to be a horcrux not to collect. Red flag alert. But then, on the other hand- forked tongue. So. So.

Oh man- I hope your luck turns up harry potter style! that's a massive pile of terrible things all at once)."

Playing with Fire

Chapter Summary

Cadmus asks Voldemort a question. Harry gets into a dreaded group project. And Ominis and Harry play with fire.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There were many enigmas when it came to the horcruxes. Each, although the same person functionally, were fundamentally growing into completely different beings. When Tom jumped from a cruel boy to a doting boyfriend, the rest followed suit.

It almost seemed like that was who they were meant to be all along, but they chose a path of isolation instead.

Cadmus was another variable in the equation. He did not come out of his container full of fight and intent. He came out cold, calm, and collected. Someone who looked at his circumstances observed the facts and only then acted. He was detached as well, an emotionless bar for fleeting glimpses.

Voldemort stared down at Cadmus as he scribbled down a potential raid plan. He had an excellent mind, barely less than Voldemort himself. He was not yet tested magically, but he was certain to be proficient.

“Would you prefer to have a specialised defensive raid force of three or five?” Cadmus looked up after finishing up his initial markings.

As those eyes - his own eyes - looked back at him, he could not help but feel a shiver run up his spine. The air of uncanniness around Cadmus was almost too much for him. It was as if he was looking at a mannequin instead of a sentient being.

“Five, I have many Death Eaters to spare.” Voldemort tore away his gaze.

“Do find me the number and specialties of the Death Eaters so I can plan better.”

“I will have Tiberius write them up.”

Cadmus’ eyes bore into him; Voldemort could feel it.

“Do you like Harry Potter?”

Voldemort blinked. “Of course I do; he has proven to be an asset to me.”

“Hm.”

Cadmus returned to his work. Voldemort wanted to sigh. Their conversations were always so dry. A question, an answer, and nothing else. He had previously tried to engage him in other conversations and small talk, but he wasn't receptive to it. The other horcruxes allowed him to know them; Cadmus did not.

Sure, Voldemort *was* Cadmus at one point in his life, but that was a little over... forty years ago?

“Cadmus, how old are you?”

“Twenty-five.”

Forty-six years. That was almost double his age, and Voldemort spent over a decade of that possessing snakes, the unfortunate person, or as a baby-sized hunk of flesh. The last year alone had changed his leagues as well. Voldemort thought he related more to Tom than Cadmus.

They worked in relative silence, getting done almost twice as fast as normal. Cadmus departed for the library once he was no longer needed. Meanwhile, Voldemort retired to his bedroom, knowing that soon he would be met with Harry's feelings. He always seemed to nap around this time of day. Although it would initially be worrying, he concluded that as long as his boyfriends were taking care of him, everything would be fine.

Defence Against the Dark Arts was interesting yet again. In that terrible, awful way. As soon as he heard those words, a pit of dread stirred in his stomach.

“From today until next semester, we will be working in groups. Everyone, form groups of four.” Tonks clapped her hands together.

In an instant, everyone rushed to grab their friends. He saw Hermione look over at him for a second before turning her back and grouping with Ron, Sean, and Dean. Harry's eyebrow rose as he saw Ron reach for Hermione's hand.

“Hm, Harry...” Tonks hummed once she realised that he was alone. “Ah, Zabini, Nott, Greengrass, and Harry will join your group.”

For once, he was not met with looks of hatred when he walked over to join them. They looked at him curiously, interested in what he could be or do. It was like when people looked at him as Ignis.

“Hello, stranger.” Blaise joked, hopping up from his chair and sitting on the table.

Harry smiled.

“Now, each person will be graded separately and as a group. Your parts will be outlined in four areas. Defence, offence, planning, and execution. Two of you will have practical parts,

and two will have theoretical parts.”

“You will put together a mock battle. While the two practicals will have to fight against each other, the two theoreticals will be planning the mock battle. You will have one make the battle plans and one explain why the spells were used against each other. I will pass copies around the mock battlefield that we will be using. Feel free to ask for more, though I suggest you make copies on your own. That spell is dead-useful in your adult life.”

He blinked. Tonks was surprisingly coherent, and he honestly approved of the project. Group projects were terrible; however, he could deal with this.

“Who does what?” Theodore yanked out a quill and parchment from his bag. “I call doing the battle plans.”

“I hate you,” Daphne growled. “Fine, I’ll do the spell explanation.”

“Harry? Offence or defence?” Blaise shrugged.

“Hm,” Harry thought. “I think offence, if you don’t care.”

“Excellent. Try to give me some breathing room; it would be a boring presentation if you flattened me in ten seconds.” Blaise laughed lightly.

“I’ll try.”

As soon as they got their copy of the battlefield, Daphne smirked. Theodore paled slightly at the number of variables presented. A creek, trees, a few small buildings, bushes, and boulders all littered the map. It was a larger area as well, to top it off.

“Do you need help, Theo?” Blaise asked as he peered down at the map.

“Yes, I would appreciate that.” Theodore shivered. “I didn’t expect it to be like that.”

“You chose first.” Daphne pointed out.

Harry actually felt himself relaxing in class for the first time since his fourth year. They acted so naturally around him; it was refreshing. They neither cared to degrade him nor to impress him. They were just... themselves.

Perhaps he overestimated how many people hated him.

“Harry? Harry?” Daphne snapped her fingers in front of his face.

“What?”

“Finally,” She huffed. “We are coming up with spells to use. I don’t know which ones you’ll use the most. No deadly or maiming; I don’t want to have to haul Blaise to the hospital wing.”

“Oh, I like expellariums. And - wait, no, that would maim him. Hm, maybe - stupefy, bombarda. Otherwise? I get creative.” Harry tapped his chin.

“Don’t get too creative.” Theodore rolled his eyes. “We need this to be coherent.”

“Fine. I could come up with more that will be fine to use.”

“Speaking of, let’s go to the library after class to research spells.” Daphne tapped her nails against the table. “The sooner we plan this, the easier it will be.”

From there, they wrote down a few potential spells, and Theodore wrote down a possible strategy. Harry empathised with Theodore; he had to plan both sides of the equation and not just one.

“Hey, Harry.” Blaise dropped his voice to a whisper. “Do you think you can get your boyfriends in on this? They seem like they know this stuff.”

“Yeah, I’ll see when they can. I might have to take you all to the Chamber of Secrets to talk to them, though properly.” Harry whispered as well.

“Chamber of Secrets?” Theodore’s eyes went wide. “That’s... so cool.”

“Right? The secret chamber of Salazar Slytherin.” Daphne smirked.

“If I die, it would be cool to die in the Chamber of Secrets.”

Harry blinked. Hermione and Ron had a totally different reaction to the idea. Of course, these Slytherins hadn’t spent so long tracking it down and didn’t know there was a basilisk in there. But the idea should have spooked them at the very least.

They were so... different.

“The chamber has many entrances and exits so I will show you one of them. Sorry, the main entrance is a secret.”

“We’ll have to stop by the library first.” Theodore pointed out. “But after, yes, let’s go.”

Once class ended, the group trekked up to the library and gathered books. Theodore grabbed the most by far, arms shaking under the weight of them until Blaise applied a feather-light charm. The side-eyes following them were noticeably a little more than he usually got as they exited the library.

Harry didn’t know the exact side entrance after the library, so he just hissed, "Open," again and again until the wall opened up. He cast the cloud spell, and the others cautiously stepped onto it. They were quite squished as they descended the rusty pipe.

Once at the bottom, Harry used a ‘point me’ spell (keyed to Tom) to direct them in the general direction of the chamber’s main area. They eventually arrived after many twists and turns.

“Wow.” Blaise whistled. “This is - wow.”

“Better than I could have imagined it.” Daphne’s eyes were wide.

“So many snakes,” Theodore observed.

“Yep. This is where I am most of the time.” Harry omitted the details of the secret quarters.

“All alone with your boyfriends?” Blaise teased, lightly prodding him on his chest.

“Why, yes.”

They all whipped around to see his boyfriends leaning against the wall to the quarters, mischievous smirks on their faces. He could feel the Slytherins tense up. He almost wanted to admonish his boyfriends for spooking them, but they just looked so pleased with themselves.

“Ah!” Daphne ducked her head.

“Come on, we don’t bite. Normally.” Tom rolled his eyes as he advanced, leading the rest of the boyfriends.

“Thomas, Ridley, glad to see the boyfriends again.” Blaise offered a hand to Tom.

“All of them.” Tom nodded to Marvolo and Ominis.

“More?” Theodore’s eyes went wide. “You got *more* of them.

“Captured us all. Expect for our eldest brother, that is.” Ominis offered his hand to Theodore. “Osiris.”

“Merlin, how many brothers do you have? Every time I see the group of you, another one gets added. And don’t act like Harry won’t boyfriend-up your older brother.” Blaise elbowed Harry in the side.

“I highly doubt it. Our older brother is really strange. I think Ridley said, ‘an imitation of a human’. Which is correct. He’s so... I would say Voldemort, but even Voldemort has emotions.” Marvolo rolled his eyes.

“He does?” Daphne looked at them warily.

“Yes, sometimes he is angry, and sometimes he is disgusted. Mostly with us.” Ominis spoke with a small smile.

They nodded, looking a little relieved. That stirred his thoughts. Did they think it was better or worse if they knew Voldemort had a range of emotions, positive and negative? Was Harry so far removed from reality that he didn’t see the problem in Voldemort... being a person? Voldemort was that inhuman to them?

“Anyway,” Theodore cleared his throat. “Can all of you help us with our Defence Against the Dark Arts project?”

A smirk appeared on their faces as they passed.

“Of course,” They replied simultaneously.

They all sat in a wide circle around a transfigured low table, parchment and books strewn about. His boyfriends sandwiched the Slytherins, each determined to have them be the best project there is.

Tirelessly, they worked for hours, writing, scrapping that writing, revising, and researching. The Slytherins slowly relaxed over their time with their boyfriends, even to the point that they were arguing back and forth. Harry was proud to admit that his boyfriends were wonderful tutors to them.

Eventually, once they grew tired of working so hard, they called it a day. Theodore and Blaise were yawning, and Daphne’s eyes were half-lidded. Even Harry was feeling sluggish and cranky.

Harry hauled them up a set of pipes and deposited the Slytherins just outside of their common rooms. Afterwards, Harry descended back into the private quarters with his boyfriends.

“Your groupmates are surprisingly coherent.” Ominis... complimented?

“Yeah, I talked to Blaise and Theodore before, and they’re cool. They were even fine chatting with Tom and Riddle after the whole ‘sons of Voldemort’ was in the papers. Daphne is a little scared of you still, but she’s making progress.”

Harry hopped ahead of them slightly. “Can I get help in the kitchen? I’m tired but also hungry.”

“Of course.”

After Harry wined and dined, he left to sleep. It was Riddle’s and Marvolo’s time, which had always caused a little bit of tension. They were okay with each other, but he thought Riddle had always seen Marvolo as too unstable to safely be around him. Marvolo had always been the one to be more aggressive with him, which Riddle hated.

Still, they put their differences aside to care for Harry.

Riddle lay down on his shoulder while Marvolo tucked him under his chin. They shifted around, trying to find the most comfortable spot for all of them. Harry sighed in relief as he felt their touches. Riddle tried to be soft with him but couldn’t stop his firmness from leaking through. Marvolo, however, had no qualms about grabbing at him and acting like a man starved for touch. (Which he was.)

They each drew from him, quickly depleting his magical reserves. He found himself snapping into sleep, that delightful sensation permeating his every sense.

Voldemort's manicured fingernails tapped against his wooden desk. Dmitry was late. His growing frustrations with the vampire since the subpar raid wore his nerves thin. He knew that Dmitry was an important ally; vampires were incredibly strong and theoretically immortal if they didn't starve or get killed. The numbers he had, though significantly smaller than the others, were powerful.

Unfortunately, they were terrible at organising.

The floor blared to life. Dmitry stepped out, looking a little flustered as he fastened his waistcoat. He turned to Voldemort, guilt blatant.

"My apologies for being late; my servants were not keeping track of time." Dmitry instantly slid into the chair in front of Voldemort.

Servants should not be a person's only timekeeper. A great leader has personal accountability as well.

"Subordinates often lack in those regards." Voldemort kept his face as neutral as possible.

"Agreed."

"Now, the areas. You say that there have been increased attacks and presences of Aurors on your territory?" Voldemort slid the map of Dmitry's territory closer to him.

"Yes, here and here." Dmitry drew two arches in the west and north. "The west has been especially bad. The more I increase the guard, the more Aurors or vigilantes come."

Of course, they do.

"If you need it, I will allow a guard of Death Eaters to patrol the west. Aurors and vigilantes have a harder time fighting against mixed groups." Voldemort traced a short arc to the west.

Dmitry's brows furrowed. "I would agree to that. Would you mind screening them beforehand? My subordinates have reported some mistreatment from Death Eaters to them. Nothing too physical."

And this was not brought up beforehand?

"Very well, I will attempt to gather those who are vampire-neutral." Voldemort snatched a spare scroll and jotted down the quick note.

Throughout the meeting, Voldemort only grew more frustrated. Dmitry was not taking to full-scale battles well. Vampires almost exclusively fought other vampires, and those were small-scale. With all the different variables, it was difficult for Dmitry to help Voldemort plan. It didn't help that he was resistant to changing the battle plans.

If only he had Harry with him, then he could convince him to comply. He was able to have these creatures conform to his whims easily.

A single, loud knock sounded at his door. He wanted to groan. Cadmus had impeccably bad timing.

“Would you mind if I checked on this? It is my eldest spirit.”

“That is fine.” Dmirirty twitched.

“Cadmus, come in.”

Cadmus entered, staring at Dmirty as he did. Dmitry glared at Cadmus, though curiosity lit his eyes.

“Call me when you can talk; I will be discussing Harry with you.”

With that, he left.

“That is your... eldest?” Dmirirty shivered.

“Yes, he is a bit odd.”

“Very.” Dmitry cleared his throat. “Let us continue?”

After an almost screaming match, they finally had a decent plan of attack on a new raid and a new guard to patrol the vampire’s west territory. As soon as Dmirty left, Voldemort let out a long sigh. Dealing with everyone was his greatest stress, and at that moment, he didn’t have Harry to relieve his stress.

He found Cadmus in the library, reading up on recent history. Voldemort sat across from him with a raised eyebrow.

“What did you need?” Voldemort already sagged with exhaustion.

“Are you sexually attracted to Harry Potter?”

Voldemort stared at Cadmus. Cadmus stared back, dead serious.

“Why?” Voldemort wanted to smash his head on the table. He understood Harry’s urge to constantly bash his brains in now.

“You think about and mention him frequently. You are attached, but a little distant. Either you are sexually or romantically attracted to him, as I do not yet sense both.”

“I am *not* attracted to Harry.”

“Yes, you are.”

“No, I am not.”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“You are; why can you not see it?” Cadmus furrowed his brows, one of his rare instances of emotion.

“You are looking too hard into my actions and thoughts.” Voldemort stiffened.

“I think you are not looking into your actions and thoughts enough. I find him a little attractive; you must as well. Of course, I think he will look better in a few years, gorgeous at thirty, but some of it is peeking through now.” Cadmus rubbed his chin in thought.

“What?”

“You *must* remember the phases of whoring we went through, right? We slept with much of our inner circle, slept through South America to Asia, and seduced many into being our allies. I doubt that stopped as we aged.”

“I - “ Voldemort swallowed hard.

He had gone through phases of being a whore. Time and time again, he promised himself he would stop, only to rope himself back into it again. It was a useful tool for gaining people’s allegiance and stress relief when he couldn’t cast a *crucio*’s on his followers.

“I did stop whoring after I applied my glamours. I have been celibate for many decades, and I don’t see why I should break that streak for Harry.” Voldemort tried to explain, but by the look on Cadmus’ face, he had not convinced him.

“Why not? He is shorter but muscular. Strong and loyal. All the traits we desired the most.”

“Because, for Harry, sex is a relationship. I overheard them speaking about waiting a year for sex, even after getting into a relationship. It is different for him than for us. He needs an emotional connection and trust, neither of which I have in the needed amounts.” Voldemort rubbed his temples. Explaining why he could not have sex with Harry was not how he thought his day would go.

“But if that was not a need, you would. You would have sex with him if the relationship was out of the equation. If he had no boyfriends as well.” Cadmus’ voice was on edge.

“I am done with this conversation. Talk to me once you get your mind straightened out.”

Voldemort rose from his chair and marched out of the room. Cadmus called after him, but he just ignored him. What did he know? He had barely spent a weekend with Harry and now was dictating and speaking with authority on what Harry would and wouldn’t do with him. He didn’t even know Voldemort enough to speak about what he desired, which was not Harry.

Sure, he matched a lot of what they looked out for the most in sexual partners (though that hardly stopped them from bedding partners who were the opposite). Strong, muscular with a touch of leanness, short, light-eyed, loyal, endearing, headstrong, powerful, skilled, hungry for knowledge, unyielding, playful, determined -

- he was not attracted to Harry.

A short scream ripped through Harry as hands grabbed at his hips. He jumped, brownie batter flinging off of his wooden spoon in all directions. He whipped around to see a guilty-looking Ominis.

“I’m sorry for spooking you. Are you not okay with this?” Ominis’ brows furrowed.

“No, no, this is fine. I just didn’t hear you coming up behind me.” Harry awkwardly laughed. He patted one of Ominis’ hands. “Just try to alert me to your presence first.”

“I will try.”

Ominis’ grip on his hips softened, and his thumbs rolled circles onto Harry’s skin. Harry breathed a breath of relief, the gentle massage sending calming waves through him. Ominis placed his head on Harry’s shoulder, looking down at what he was doing. Besides the occasional decorating or short stint in the kitchen, he had never seen cooking up close before.

A hand reached out and tried to touch the batter. Harry batted away Ominis’ hand.

“No! That’s dirty. Use a spoon like a sophisticated gentleman.” Harry snapped his fingers.

Wordlessly, wandlessly, he summoned a small spoon from one of the drawers. Ominis snatched it from the air and plunged it into the batter. He took as big of a scoop as he could and shovelled it into his mouth.

“Mhh, tasty. What is it?”

“I’m trying to make chocolate chip brownies.” Harry tapped the spoon against the side of the bowl to get off the excess batter. “Here, you can have my stirring spoon.”

Ominis greedily licked the spoon as Harry poured the rest of the batter into a glass pan. As they baked, they made light conversation, mostly about foreign magics. He was practically squirming with anticipation at the idea of learning how to bend fire.

“So I can mix and match?” Harry sniffed the air - the brownies were almost done.

“Yes. You can fiendfyre and also cǎng ra.” Ominis made a bending motion with his hands. “I find wordless magic harder, but if you think hard enough, you can do it.”

As always, Marvolo had impeccable timing and swooped in once the brownies had cooled off. He wolfed up a quarter of the pan as they made small talk. Ominis and Harry smiled fondly at Marvolo, who then looked rather off-put after he finished.

“I’m supposed to be on a diet,” Marvolo said, speaking like it was a sudden realisation.

“Cheat-day?” Harry offered, slowly pulling the pan away from him.

“Cheat days ruin a diet; one day can run you over the entire week.” Ominis pointed out.

“See, I ruined my week!”

"Relax; you have time." Harry waved them off. "You don't have to lose everything in a month."

Marvolo frowned and disappeared out the door. Tom and Riddle appeared to get their share as well, chatting a bit after. Once everything was eaten, Ominis and Harry set off for the training room.

Ominis instructed him through Vietnamese and Polynesian types of magic, which centred around the fluidity of movement rather than a hard stance. It was more of a dance than anything. It was a little flashy as well, which he loved.

The day was focused on bending fire.

“Just start with a simple fire; can you create one without anything?” Ominis circled Harry.

Harry reached his palm out, and a small fire blared just above his palm. He focused on the flame and uttered a small phrase. It twisted into a corkscrew a little bit in the air, flickering in defiance. He tried to force it to twirl, but it only ended up making the flame more erratic.

“No, no, don't force it. Feel the fire, and move with it.”

He closed his eyes and felt the heat just above his palm. He inhaled and breathed out slowly. The warmth spread, and he could feel it travel up to his face. The idea of fire appeared in his mind; he imagined the way it twisted and turned and tried to imagine it forming into a corkscrew.

He carefully opened his eyes.

The fire in his palm had risen and was in a fairly good spiral pattern. His breath didn't affect the flames; they stood strong.

“Good, good.”

Just as excitement overwhelmed him, the flame snuffed out, leaving a thin trail of smoke in its wake. He had it. Why had it gone away so easily? It was *fire*; it wasn't known for being something delicate.

“Keep calm; the fire can sense any quick change in emotions.”

Ominis stopped in front of him and extended his hand. A small flame flickered in his palm and quickly formed a corkscrew that was long and thin, perfectly shaped as well. It stayed just as he removed his air, suspended in the air.

“Wow!” Harry stared at it.

“Want to see more?” Ominis' voice bled with excitement.

“Of course I do!”

Ominis took Harry's hand and tugged him along. There was a hop in his step as they trekked to the middle of the room. He stood close to Ominis as he spread his hands out wide.

Fire erupted from his palms and quickly circled them. As the two lines of fire converged, small snakes made of white-hot flames weaved in and out of them. They circled them at a furiously fast pace, the fire growing larger and larger.

Warmth sunk into Harry's veins as the fire formed a dome over them. Ominis beckoned Harry to sit down and pulled him into his lap once they did. Harry stared up at the dome. The snakes turned longer, and small dots appeared beside them.

They formed odd shapes until it finally clicked. They were constellations crossing the dome - like the night sky but with fire.

"This is amazing!" Harry breathed. He couldn't even sense the smoke.

"It's one of the endings to a traditional dance. Normally, it can stretch as tall as a skyscraper and as wide as one as well. Many people join in to fuel it, and they work in harmony." Ominis' eyes were glassy with memories.

"I like this."

Harry shuffled in his lap until he was facing Ominis, straddling him. The warm glow of the fire made his face bright, and his eyes looked like fresh blood. He drew closer, careful to move slowly.

"You, me." Harry dropped his voice to a whisper. "Just the two of us, close. I like this."

"I do too. I never - I only ever did this with a mentor or alone." Ominis wrapped his arms around Harry's midsection and pulled him in tight.

"You don't have to be alone now." His face was so close to Ominis that he could see the sparks of joy in his eyes.

Ominis' hands gripped his hips firmly as he leaned forward. Their lips connected, hot and heavy. Harry's arms wrapped around Ominis' neck, pulling him in. The heat around him didn't compare to the heat growing within him.

It blossomed an inferno inside of him, burning him from the inside out. They drew away for a quick breath and connected again. One of Ominis' hands reached up to the hinge of Harry's jaw and gently forced his mouth open. His tongue invaded Harry's mouth, hesitant at first but acclimating fast.

His head was light and a little dizzy when Ominis withdrew. A dumb smile spread across his face, perfectly matching Harry's. He used his sleeve to gently dab the dampness from his lips.

"I have never felt closer to someone." He spoke in a whisper.

"I should hope so. You're my boyfriend, after all." Harry lightly pecked his lips.

“Boyfriend.” Ominis breathed like the word was a new spell that made him melt inside. “I never had a boyfriend before.”

“Well, now you do.” Harry’s light laugh filled the air. It was only then that he noticed that the fire dome had depleted and was little more than small flames on the ground.

Ominis pulled him into a tight hug, his hands moving to his lower back. He grabbed at him like he was the only thing left in his world. Harry just hummed and buried his face in the crook of Ominis’ neck, inhaling his scent. Lavender - it was always lavender.

They sat there for who-knows-how-long, just hugging each other. Fingers gently rubbed circles on his back to soothe him even more. A smile lit his face as he listened to his heart beat strong, heard every inhale of breath, and heard the quiet, content hum emanating from his throat.

It reminded him that they were real. No matter how small their soul piece was, how much magic they needed to take, or how they needed their containers to stay present; they were alive. They weren’t just a figment of his imagination. They were living, breathing people who cared for him.

Even if they were technically the same person, each had fallen for him at different stages of their lives.

Bar Cadmus, obviously.

Chapter End Notes

Cadmus: Do you like Harry Potter?

Voldemort: Yes

Cadmus: Suspicious

Tonks: Group project!

Harry: (Gagging, crying, throwing up)

Harry: Here are the boyfriends?

Theodore: More? There are even more?

Ominis and Marvolo: Yes <3

Harry: All mine!

Marvolo: Voldemort has emotions

Daphne: Really?

Harry: Why would she say that? Why would she think a genocidal manic who tortures and kills all the time be emotionless? That's mean >:(

Cadmus: Are you sexually attracted to Harry Potter?

Voldemort:

Cadmus:

Voldemort:

Cadmus: I find him a bit attractive. We are also a whore, so....

Voldemort: (Flashbacks to his whore-dom days)

Cadmus:

Voldemort: (Mentally lists all the reasons he could be attracted to Harry) I am not attracted to Harry.

Cadmus:

Ominis: Here's how you make fire dance!

Harry: Cool, let's make out!

(Kissing noises)

Harry: You're my boyfriend <3

Ominis: Boyfriend <3

Update: Still sick. You know how when you vacuum some dirt and it makes the crunchy noises/feeling? That is how my breathing has been for the past two and a bit weeks. It went away for a bit but now it is back. We are now on the third hospital visit of this illness, because the medication they gave me has destroyed my stomach lining so every time I eat or drink a lot it is painful and I occasionally vomit. Medication withdrawals are also killer and they hurt a lot.

Something story related: For the first time, I am out of extra chapters. Normally for this fic, I have been 5-20 chapters ahead of schedule. Due to my current illness and my medical flare-ups, and a little bit of creative block, I have run out. This is to say, as much as I love writing and this story, there may come a time that I will miss a weekly update. I will try to keep on track. I have for over a year of posting at least once a week. It is time to go to the drawing board of ideas, because my original plan for this section of the fic will not work out. I still have events that will happen, but having some time in-between events is where I have struggled. Time to think very hard, it seems.

Comment of the week, by ShinSenK:

"I'm 100% sure that Cadmus has at least thirty extra degrees of the kind of autism that Voldemort and his Horcruxes share.

On the other hand, Forked tongue! At some point will the Horcruxes get closer to each other?

This makes me think, will the horcrux in Harry be like a super protective, emotional and easy to blush Voldemort? I mean, spending so much time with Harry must have influenced him. Will he also love Tom and Riddle like Harry does? Questions, which I will probably end up answering in 30 more chapters.

♥I love this story, thanks for posting."

A Planned Reveal

Chapter Summary

A little bit of everything.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Days at Hogwarts were passing by fast. Before he knew it, it was time for him to return to Voldemort. He was in bright spirits Friday, and no glares or sneers could deter him. He was going to sit in on another meeting.

“Oh, Draco?” Harry called out in a sing-song voice as he rounded the corner of the library.

Draco, sitting at his desk and writing a Transfiguration assignment, froze. He looked up at Harry, quill-snapping and spraying ink all over his hand from how hard he was clenching it.

“Y - Yes?” His entire form shook.

“I need you to help me move the cabinet to the chamber. It will only take maybe ten minutes.” Harry leaned against the bookshelf, scratching his scalp with the tip of his wand.

“Okay.” His voice was hardly above a whisper.

Harry hopped out of the library with Draco trudging behind him. The Room of Requirements hall was not busy at that time of day; everyone was either in the library or in the Great Hall. They each levitated the Vanishing Cabinet, slowly walking through the maze of tunnels and pipes until they were in the main atrium of the chamber.

“So... this is the chamber.” Draco looked around, slightly awed.

“Yep.” Harry leaned against the Vanishing Cabinet. “I hang out with my boyfriends here all the time.”

“Boyfriends?” Draco’s voice dripped with terror.

“Boyfriends.”

His four boyfriends materialised behind Draco, just in time for him to turn around. His eyes flashed from Tom to Ominis as he took a trembling step back. Ominis tilted his head as he looked at him.

“He does look a lot like Abraxas,” Ominis stated. “Though he seems significantly more pathetic.”

“He is,” Marvolo confirmed. “I can’t see where it comes from. The Black family isn’t like it, but I heard his father is just like him.”

Ominis took an aggressive step forward. Draco yelped and his legs gave out, falling to the floor. He scrambled back as Ominis advanced on him, a curious expression on his face.

“How I would love to see how hard he is to break. Abraxas lasted ten minutes before tapping out; I wonder if he would last the same?” Ominis mumbled just loud enough for everyone to hear.

Draco whimpered, backing up to the Vanishing Cabinet.

“Actually, I think he could last longer. He’s gone through a lot in the past year.” Tom flashed a smile.

“Let’s wait until he fails Ignis’ mission. I’m sure he’ll let us go at him.” Harry also grinned down at Draco.

“You - You know about my mission?” Draco squeaked.

“Yes, And I know what painful punishments are in mind for if you fail. So many punishments.” Harry stepped in tune with Ominis, cornering Draco.

Draco’s face went completely white, and a dark spot began to form between his legs. Harry barked a laugh as Draco tried to cover up, but it was too late; everyone had seen it.

“They do love to piss their drawers at every opportunity.” Riddle observed, snickering.

Draco quickly vanished his urine, but the slight scent was still in the air.

“I’ll bring you out, and you can find your way back to your common room by yourself, right?” Harry rolled his eyes as he yanked Draco by the bicep to his feet.

“Yes, I can find my way.” His voice was small.

Harry practically threw Draco to the ground when he delivered him to the dungeons. Exactly where in the dungeons, he wasn’t sure, but it was somewhere. Draco would find his way out eventually. Or they’d search for him or something.

Back in the chamber, his boyfriends were already getting ready for the meeting. They dressed in fine clothing, trying their best to show off. Ominis even dug up an old robe with printed snakes slithering all over the fabric.

“We need another shopping trip,” Marvolo complained. “Imagine us wearing the exact same outfit to a meeting twice!”

The rest of them shook their heads in disapproval as Harry hummed. They had gotten used to being spoiled; he might have to rein them in a bit. But seeing how lovely they looked in their new clothes made his mind travel to other places.

“Alright, let’s go. Do you want to be packed up, or do you want to travel with me?” He held out the jewellery box with the horcrux containers inside.

They all looked at each other and descended into their containers. Harry wore a bright smile, a hop in his step as he stepped into the cabinet. He was going to Voldemort’s again, and nothing could make his day better.

With a quick hop into the cabinet and an apparition, Harry was back home. This time, he managed to *almost* land standing up but fell at the last second. As he hmphed while on the floor-mattress, he flicked open the jewellery box.

His boyfriends left their containers and instantly rushed to his side. Harry smiled as he was interrogated on his “I’m fine” status and gently pulled to his feet. Not even a minute later, the door to the room opened to reveal a snake-faced Voldemort.

“You’re early.” He pointed out, offering an arm to Harry.

“I was excited.” He took Voldemort’s arm.

“We all were.” Ominis sighed.

Voldemort’s brow furrowed. “Perhaps this is not the ideal time to mention this, but I had my Death Eaters look into it, and if you only have a semester of schooling left, you can take your N.E.W.T.S. in January. This is just something to think about.”

Harry beamed. Voldemort was practically encouraging him to leave early. All he needed was Dumbledore’s wand. And finish off his group project. It was bad form to just abandon them like that.

“I will keep that in mind.”

They all walked (Harry practically bounced) to the meeting room. It was so refreshing to be back at the manor, like he could breathe fuller and the air wasn’t as weighty. There was a sense of rightness in his gut.

Belonging.

Cadmus was already seated at the head table when they arrived. He stared straight ahead, hands folded in his lap. They hesitantly slid in around him, largely choosing to ignore him rather than try to rope him into an unsettling conversation.

Little by little, the room filled, and before long, the meeting was in full swing. Voldemort planning more raids on muggle villages, Wizengamont bills, and the future. They were training up for a full-scale attack against the Ministry “soon”.

It seemed like everything was falling into place. They wanted more of a smooth, fast takeover rather than a drawn-out war, so every little raid counted. He could see some people disagreed, but they didn’t dare voice their opposition.

Voldemort paused after his long speech. An unusual look of apprehension crossed his face. He opened his mouth, closed it, and then opened it again. The moment of hesitation from him had all attention intensely on him.

“I will also announce that I will be reverting to my previous appearance. I do not need to explain myself.” He added on quickly.

They all perked up at that piece of information. The Death Eaters in particular were wide-eyed, as if they couldn't imagine Voldemort having a previous appearance. Like he was just born a fully-formed snake-like monster.

It actually saddened Harry. Voldemort had done plenty of atrocities; he killed his parents and plenty of others. Tortured and mutilated those on his side and against him. But he was still human. If anything, that fact made his actions even worse. That he became this way rather than being born like that.

Harry reached under the table and gently grabbed Voldemort's hand. He could feel anxiety emanating from their connection and wanted to alleviate it. If he realised he was actually feeling nervous about revealing himself, he might go further into himself or do something unhinged.

Voldemort turned towards him and nodded, at the same time squeezing his hand. The look only lasted a moment, but the gratitude spoke volumes. Harry smiled and squeezed back.

The meeting ended abruptly, with Voldemort demanding that all the Death Eaters leave. They scattered, the filled hall disappearing within a minute. After the door had shut, Voldemort let out a sigh.

“So, you're removing your glamorous?” Harry asked as they all rose.

“Well... I have been thinking. My plans changed. I am not who I was a year ago, nor was I when I rose as Voldemort. Prince Aquillian told me to think about it long ago. And I have finally thought about it.” Voldemort replied stiffly.

“I think it's a good decision. You get to be all human - if anything that makes your atrocities worse, but your good traits better.” Harry squeezed him.

Voldemort just hummed and practically darted away from him, roughly releasing Harry from his grip. Just as he thought he was opening up - he runs away from his feelings. Again and again.

Well, at least he started to admit his feelings out loud. Even if he didn't use his feelings-words to say it. It was obvious that Voldemort felt different than he did before and almost viewed himself as a different person, hence the appearance change. Though he didn't change his name.

He was still Voldemort, just a different version, like the horcruxes.

The group of them departed - Marvolo wandering off to do baking, Ominis for his pottery, Tom to take some pictures of the garden, and Riddle was working on fully coating his bedframe in glitter.

Harry would decide who he wanted to go to later, as he really needed a shower. The Ignis wear had not been washed after he wore it last time (completely his fault) and it was left to fester for a week. He wasn't smelly, but he could feel the germs on him.

He quickly showered, a bit sad during it. He normally had Tom or Riddle, or both join him for showers, and it had been a long time since he had to shower alone. It was odd how much his mood changed when there wasn't another boyfriend around him.

Out of the shower, he shivered at the cool air. It was still autumn, but the cold front moving in made everything chillier.

Abruptly, he was pinned between the wall next to the bathroom door and a firm chest, both wrists caught with long, thin fingers. He was about to roll his eyes, but his blood froze when he didn't smell lavender.

"He said he was not weak. That you were a means to an end. Then why does he relax when you hold his hand?" Cadmus demanded

Harry peered up, which was difficult because of how close they were. Cadmus was glaring down at him.

"What, Voldemort? He just needed some reassurance." Harry tried to wiggle out of his grip, but unlike the others, he didn't even manage to loosen his grip.

Cadmus tilted his head. "He was weak. And he went to you."

"I wouldn't say *that*. I would just say that he looked like he needed a bit of help, and he accepted mine."

A cold rush of air met Harry's thighs and ass. His towel had fallen. An embarrassed blush crossed Harry's face.

"Cadmus? I, uh, I'm kind of naked; can you let me go so that I can put my towel back on?" Harry pleaded with him.

"Hm. Fine." He finally released him.

Harry ducked and rewrapped his towel, casting a quick spell to secure it. Just as he went to move away, Cadmus pinned him to the wall again.

"Answer me!" He demanded, a slight growl in his voice.

"Do you think I know? They may be more open to their feelings, but with Voldemort, I am on the edge of nowhere. He hardly feels the need to explain himself to anyone, let alone explain his emotions. If you want to know, probe. Even if you think he is weaker than you, he is still

you at the end of the day.” With that annoyed speech, Harry managed to yank himself away, standing in the open.

Cadmus just glared.

“What else do you want?” Still miffed, it came out harsher than Harry wanted it to.

Without another glance his way, Cadmus stormed out of his room. It made him groan. That man was just so stubborn that even Marvolo had some yield to him. But no, he just had to interrogate Harry on answers he didn’t have.

Whatever. Maybe he just needed more time to adjust to everything.

Like a shadow, Harry could sense Cadmus nearly everywhere he went. Although his boyfriends never utilised the ability to turn into darkness and sneak around, Cadmus did.

At first, he just thought he was seeing things. Shadows moving on their own, casting too long or in the wrong shape. Then, he saw the oddness of them. While his boyfriends all had different mediums, Cadmus was the most unsettling.

He appeared as a bunch of strings, thin and short. Like a horrifying mass of long-legged spiders, following him everywhere. Initially, he was perturbed. But as Cadmus got bolder - following him to bed and wherever he cuddled with his boyfriends - it grew anxiety-inducing.

Luckily, he never followed them away from Hogwarts. A weight lifted from him after he left, which did sadden him. Voldemort’s manor was supposed to be his safe house, not Hogwarts.

His boyfriends did their best to help him. Engaging with him more, or just doing what they wanted to do, just in his presence. He was sitting in the library, trying to transfigure a porcelain teapot to have a golden shine to it without actually turning it into gold, which proved difficult.

“Did she say if it needed to be fancy or just a normal teapot? Because you can hide any inconsistencies with the shine if you have a lot of little details.” Marvolo advised after looking at the splochininess of his work.

“Maybe? I wasn’t really paying attention.” He shrugged.

“What were you thinking about?” Ominis asked, flipping a page of his book.

Harry leaned back, smirking. “Mostly Tom and Riddle’s asses. I can’t decide who has the better one. They are very similar.”

“How sweet.” Came from the doorway, where Tom and Riddle walked in.

Harry ducked his head, a slight blush appearing on his face. He would have said it with them there, but knowing that was probably all they caught, out of context, was embarrassing.

“If it helps.” Tom hopped up and sat on the table. “I do think *long* and *hard* about your ass as well.”

Marvolo scoffed. “If you think that his ass is his most redeeming quality, you are wrong. It is *obviously* his thighs!”

That launched the debate. While Tom and Riddle were firmly on his ass-side, Marvolo and Ominis were firm on his thighs. They bickered back and forth, bringing up anecdotes or counter-claims.

Harry just sat there with a smile on his face.

“I don’t understand this!” Theodore spat, collapsing back onto the floor in the Chamber of Secrets.

“What is so hard to understand? There is a building in the way.” Daphne rolled her eyes, pointing at the map.

“But it doesn’t say what type of building. Brick, wood? Does it have big windows? How tall is it?” Theodore groaned in frustration.

“Strictly speaking, this does appear to be what most Aurors receive if they have intel on the location beforehand. It is rare to receive detailed information.” Ominis pointed out.

“But still, she knows the area, or at least should!” Theodore shook his head.

Theodore and Ominis combined their brains to work on the project. The others mostly just chatted about technique or the theory behind the spells. Meanwhile, Harry was sitting in Tom’s lap and scribbling down more spells he wanted to use.

They worked on it for the better part of an hour, sometimes complaining, sometimes joking, about the assignment. Theodore was especially stressed, talking about not wanting to know what his father would do if he found out he received a bad grade. The others agreed, but Harry and his boyfriends picked up on the fear in his voice.

Eventually, they moved on to brighter topics. Blaise was going on and on about how he and his mother would be travelling to Japan together since his recent father had “died”. He loudly sighed.

“I love my mother and all, but I have no one else! Theo’s dad has already denied my fifth invitation!” Blaise groaned. He then stared at Daphne.

“Don’t look at me,” Daphne rolled her eyes. “I’ve already been twice, and my break will be filled with navigating marriage contracts. With me and my sister being so close in age, it is difficult.”

Blaise stared up at the ceiling, then turned to Harry.

“What about you?”

“What about me?” Harry raised an eyebrow.

“Care to join me and my mother for a trip to Magical Japan?” He asked.

Harry raised an eyebrow, “To be honest, we don’t really know each other that well.”

“Which is why it is perfect!” Blaise raised his arms in the air. “I don’t know much about you; you don’t know much about me... It makes the trip interesting!”

Harry sighed. “I was planning on spending the break with my boyfriends anyway.”

Blaise perked up, challenged. “I can ask my mother a few things.”

He sighed. “Fine. If you can manage to impromptu add my four boyfriends and me, we will go.”

“Yes!”

Voldemort tapped his quill against a blank sheet of paper. He needed... something. With Cadmus there, he had gotten through all of his work. There was nothing that needed to be done. Until he got more information, he was stuck.

As such, he decided to return to his youthful days and experiment.

He watched, behind one-way glass, as Cadmus stood in the bare room. It had already been an hour, and all he did was either stand or change into a mass of black threads. Voldemort raised his wand and muttered a spell.

A large white rabbit appeared in front of him. The sudden animal didn’t startle him, and instead, he swiped it up instantly. He held it up by the scruff and looked at it. Unamused, he let it go and landed on the floor with a thump.

After a few minutes of waiting, Cadmus still ignored the rabbit. Voldemort noted his reaction and summoned a knife into the room. Cadmus picked it up, letting it reflect in the candlelight, then lunged for the rabbit.

It was pinned to the floor, a knife stabbing through its back. It squealed for a minute, spasming and spitting blood. Once it no longer moved, Cadmus picked it up gently, cradling it to his chest. He prodded the gash he had made and held the bloodied finger up to the light.

His finger swept across the wall, making lines and shapes. Voldemort hummed as he repeated the shapes on his piece of paper, unsure of what they actually were. There were jagged lines, two circles, and many longer and sweeping ones.

As the lines came together, a cold shiver ran up Voldemort’s spine.

He left the room, not wanting to see the result of his drawing.

A crack sounded from Harry's back as Ominis pressed down on it. He sighed, relaxing as that dull ache disappeared. Tension melted off of him as his hands firmly massaged his muscles. He could get used to this.

There was a second of hesitation.

"Could you roll onto your back? I can better work on your neck from the front." Ominis asked, removing his hands.

Harry groaned as he flipped over, wiggling to get into position. Ominis hopped onto the table, straddling him, and placed his hands on either side of his neck. His thumbs pressed firmly onto him, rolling in small circles up and down his neck.

Ominis rarely towered over him like that. He was normally more reserved, taking things slow and being more passive towards him. But this... stirred something within Harry. He found his hands wandering on their own, creeping up Ominis' sides and dipping under his shirt.

"Harry," Ominis spoke in a warning tone. It sent delightful chills up his spine.

"Ominis." Harry teased back, lifting his shirt to reveal some of his stomach.

"You know exactly what you're doing." His face flushed red, continuing to work.

Harry smiled. "It's unfair. You get to touch me all over and I can't touch you? Hmph!"

Ominis gave him a knowing glance as Harry pulled his shirt up further. He was slimmer than Marvolo, less bulky, and more lean. Each rib was traced, brushing over his chest with long strokes.

The shirt was thrown away. Harry took the initiative and tugged him down, locking their lips as he continued to touch Ominis' torso. His hands moved to his back to find a better grapple. He was practically being smothered by Ominis; the cautiousness and distance he once had vanished.

Ominis, once his self-control was loosened, was firm. His fingertips dug into Harry's skin, teeth grasing his lips, and his body was used like a cage. Each move was intentional, demanding a reaction or response from Harry.

He drew back. Half-lidded eyes with blown pupils looked down at him, a glint of wanting and calculation colliding. Harry stayed flattened on the table, excitement for whatever he would do next rising in him.

With a blink, Ominis paused. The blush on his face darkened, and he quickly hopped off of the table.

"Sorry, my mistake. I did not intend to get so intense." He excused himself.

“Wait - hey!”

Harry stumbled after Ominis as he rushed out of the room. He gave chase, crashing into walls and doors as Ominis tried to evade him. Then, suddenly, Ominis disappeared. Harry turned the corner, and he was gone.

“Dammit! Ominis, you can’t just leave me all horny and ready and then run away!” He yelled into the empty hallway.

Silence.

Angry, he stormed through the halls to try to find anyone to release his frustrations on. It was cruel to rile him up that much and then abandon him! He scoured through the rooms with vengeance.

In the library, he found Tom and Riddle standing by a table and chatting over a book. He stalked towards them, intent clear in his mind. Riddle was closest, and he lunged for him from behind, burying his face in his sweater and inhaling his lavender scent.

“Harry? Hello, what are you, oh!” Riddle exclaimed as Harry pressed his hips against him.

“Do tell me why you are in your underwear and grabbing at Riddle like a man starved.” Tom laughed lightly.

“Ominis and I got heated on the massage table, and then he ran away.” He huffed. “Now I am horny and disgruntled about it.”

“Aw, angel,” Riddle cooed, placing his hands on Harry’s. “Need a kiss to make it better?”

Harry glared, despite Riddle not being able to see him.

“Joking, joking. Who do you want?”

Harry lifted his head. “Both.”

“Both?” Tom’s voice rose.

“Both.”

As soon as Harry released Riddle, he was thrown onto the table. Tom moved to the other side of the table as Harry lay down. Head dangling off the edge, he was face-to-face with Tom’s growing bulge. He reached out his arms and quickly unbuckled his belt.

“If it’s too much, slap the table.” Riddle spat out as he quickly removed Harry’s underwear.

“Doubting me already? It seems I have something to prove. Give me your worst!”

Harry: Draco move the Vanishing Cabinet with me

Draco: okay

Harry: I know what punishments will happen to you if you fail your mission

Draco: (pisses himself)

Marvolo: Imagine wearing the same outfit twice!

Others: (Gasp in horror)

Harry: (Rolls his eyes)

Voldemort: I will be having a face reveal

Death Eaters: (Shock, horror)

Harry: :)

Voldemort (Stressed)

Harry: I will hold your hand!

Cadmus: Voldemort is weak and he turned to you, why?

Harry's towel: (Falls down)

Harry: I'm naked, please let me cover myself

Cadmus: Fine

Harry: (Towel is back on, tries to leave)

Cadmus: (Pins him to the wall again) Now, where we left off...

Harry: I think I'm seeing things. Am I delusional?

Cadmus: (Stalking him in non-newtonian fluid-form)

Harry: Oh, just Cadmus. Is that better or worse?

Tom: The ass is better

Marvolo: The thighs are better

Riddle: The ass is better

Ominis: The thighs are better

Blaise: Want to go to Japan with me and my mother?

Harry: We really do not know each other that well

Blaise: Even better! I'll owl mother right away!

Voldemort: I am experimenting on what Cadmus will do with a knife and a rabbit

Cadmus: (stabs rabbit, starts to draw a disturbingly Harry-looking image)

Voldemort: I am just going to walk away and pretend I never saw anything

Ominis: (Massaging Harry while straddling him)

Harry: This is a perfect opportunity to see which parts of him are most squeezable!

Harry and Ominis: (Making out)

Ominis: Oh shit, my bad (runs away)

Harry: You can't just leave me like this!

Ominis: Watch me (vanishes)

Harry: horny

Riddle: Okay, who do you want to solve your horniness?

Harry: both

Tom:

Riddle:

Riddle: (Throws Harry onto the table)

Tom: (Runs to the other side of the table)

Riddle: Slap the table if we are too much

Harry: Pound me to oblivion, please

Personal update: So, my sickness is almost entirely solved! Horray! Bad news: All the medication I took has destroyed my stomach lining so I will be on pills for two or three months, with some extra to take if I am eating something very spicy. And somehow, I think I either threw out my back or my discs have slipped again or my pelvis is out of alignment again. Who knows? Not like I am doing much bending over in life besides picking up my cat, which has now moved into my university dorm! She is already tearing into my (dark) arts and crafts and has written a few sentences by walking on my keyboard!

Comment of the week, by Alexilex:

"Voldemort whoring era???excusé moi??? Now you've just put this mental image of him Trying to escape his way out of war, pissy enemies, even more pissy allies, marriage contracts, unwanted feelings, lovers, and Bellatrix in my head how AM I SUPPOSE TO FUNCTION NORMALLY OR AS NORMAL AS I COULD BE FOR THE ENTIRE DAY???!?!?!"

Also, a notable mention, by PotassiumOxygen:

"Ominis in his Zuko era. Also Girl should you be in a medically induced coma?"

A Face Reveal and Cadmus' Attack

Chapter Summary

Ominis and Harry have a needed conversation about boundaries. Voldemort gets his face reveal. And Cadmus has taken a step too far.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Walking stiffly and with a sore throat, Harry confronted Ominis the next day. He had some major explaining to do. A basic search of the Chamber was fruitless, so he looked harder. Eventually, he found Ominis hiding in a dusty room, reading a book and writing notes on it.

“You have some nerve!” Harry exclaimed, storming over to him.

“What?” Ominis sighed, shutting his book.

“Yesterday! Getting me all riled up and then running away!” He growled, crossing his arms across his chest in a huff.

An uncharacteristically harsh light lit Ominis' eyes. “Not everything is about getting your ass pounded the moment you feel the slightest bit horny.”

Harry drew his head back.

Ominis' features softened. “I - sorry. I just - “

He turned away, resting his head on the table. “This is so new to me, and everything seems to be moving so fast.”

Harry flicked his wrist, summoning a chair. He pulled it next to Ominis and sat down.

“Talk to me.”

Ominis raked a hand through his hair. “I just - I’ve never been romantically involved with someone. In a true sense, I’ve been on dates, had a lot of sex, and been sent so many marriage contracts. But this ‘boyfriend’ thing is so new.”

“My emotions aren’t controllable. My reactions as well. And I don’t know what to do. I tried reading relationship advice, but it wasn’t pertinent to our situation. And last night...”

“I don’t know what happened last night. I *was* liking it, at first. Then... I’m not sure what happened. I was detached. It felt good, but it was like I was going through the motions. Like I

had when I was with my other sexual partners. And I don't know what I was supposed to feel, but I know it wasn't that."

Harry scooted closer. "So you're having a hard time figuring out everything. We can go slower. Take some time whenever we're doing anything to check if you feel okay. Maybe take a step back if needed."

Ominis nodded.

"Hug?" Harry asked.

Ominis nodded.

Voldemort paced in his room. He had waited long enough. If he delayed even longer, he could appear incompetent. The reveal of his appearance needed to happen today. Although he could wait until a raid happened, it would only confuse them.

No, he needed to do this.

Then why was he so hesitant?

Despite wanting to shove down those unpleasant emotions, he did what he needed to do. He pulled out his emotion wheel and shifted through the slices. But when he landed on the outer circle, he frowned.

Anxious.

Even though he was not an expert on emotions, he knew that wasn't right. There was something more, something deeper. Something... not on a wheel.

The wards shifted. Harry had arrived.

Voldemort put away his emotions wheel and hurried to Harry's room. Harry was already up; his boyfriends were fretting over him when he arrived. A small weight lifted from him. Like he could breathe easier.

"Are you ready?" He asked, leaning against the doorframe.

Harry turned and flashed a smile. "I always am! Do we need to do anything before we go?"

Voldemort returned the smile. "No. Just know we are going to be 'fashionably late'. For the dramatic effect."

At that, he barked out a laugh. "Really? You? Dramatic? Never!"

While he continued to giggle, he walked over to him. Voldemort offered an arm, which he took. The horcruxes followed them out of the room and down the halls. When they reached the doors to the meeting room, he found himself hesitating.

Why was he so put off by this? It made his body heavy and weighed down. The air was hot and thin. His clothes were rougher and tighter than normal.

"Hey!" Harry squeezed his arm. "You can do this."

He shook his head. He rolled his shoulder back. He held his head high. Then, with a flick of his wrist, the door flew open with a flourish.

All eyes were on them as they strutted into the room. People who normally had impeccable poker faces were gobsmacked. The silence was all around them as they sat down. Voldemort let go of Harry, but his hand changed from on his arm to on his knee, gently patting.

"Tiberius, report on your strategy for the next raid." Voldemort snapped.

Despite the harsh tone, Tiberius smiled. "Of course."

The meeting's atmosphere was different. A combination of some people being extremely tense and others being (slightly) more relaxed. People spoke a bit more openly. But some of their reactions did nothing but disgust him.

He could see the lust and surprise in their eyes. See the way they didn't glance at him, only stared. It grated on his nerves enough that he was about to lash out. Instead, he reached a hand under the table and grabbed at Harry's. Harry jumped in surprise, though he still held on, rolling circles onto the back of his hand in reassurance.

Although his anger subsided, something else brewed inside him. A deep weight, a stabbing pain. It made him want to squirm, but he denied it. He could do that later; now he needed to make an impression.

The meeting went absurdly smoothly. Questions were answered, conversations were made, and reports were finished. Inside, he was infuriated. They were capable of this level of cooperation all along and had held out on him due to his physical appearance.

But he kept Harry's hand tight in his grasp and continued the meeting.

When the meeting was finally over, he waited until everyone was fully out of the room to let out his breath. His shoulders sagged. Harry smiled at him.

"Well, the hard part is over. Funny, I bet they thought my boyfriends and Cadmus got the looks from me, not you." Harry pointed out.

Voldemort frowned. "It appears so."

Harry sighed melodramatically. He then stood, patting Voldemort on the cheek as he passed. "Ah, how some things come to an end. Now that pretty face isn't just a close secret between a few people. At least I had it all to myself for a while."

Those words hit him like a dull blade to the gut.

That, that was the problem.

Harry had almost forgotten how unnerving having Cadmus shadow him everywhere was. Again, he thought he was seeing things, before he remembered that it was just Cadmus. His boyfriends were quicker to notice and stuck to him like glue. Marvolo, in particular, was territorial over him.

“My turn,” Marvolo announced as he snatched Harry from Tom’s lap while they were lounging on a sofa in the library. He proceeded to sprint out of the room with Harry thrown over his shoulder.

“Hey! Give him back!” Tom exclaimed, jumping up and chasing after them.

Tom was fast, but Marvolo had a head start. In less than a minute, he was in Marvolo’s room, thrown onto the bed, as he was warding the door with all the spells he knew.

“Dammit, Marvolo! You can’t just take him from me like that!” Tom yelled as he pounded on the door.

“Too bad, so sad. I’ve hardly had any time with him lately, and I am finally free. So, go and play. Take some pictures of flowers or something.” Marvolo yelled back, finishing up his spellwork.

Tom cursed more behind the door, but left after a while. After no more screaming could be heard, Marvolo slowly turned towards him. Harry beamed and opened his arms wide, prepared to be crushed by Marvolo’s body.

His hug was returned, strong arms wrapping around him, a heavyweight trapping him against the mattress. He pressed his face into the crook of Marvolo’s neck, inhaling deeply. Lavender. But he was also hot to the touch and a bit red as well.

“You’re hot,” Harry spoke.

“I know, I am drop-dead sexy.”

He rolled his eyes. “Yes, yes, you are. But you also also *temperature* hot.”

“I’ve been working out.” He replied. “Then I took a hot shower after sitting in the hot tub for an hour.”

“Is that what you’ve been doing all this time?” Harry huffed.

“Of course. I need to stay in shape.” Marvolo retorted quickly.

Harry rolled his eyes. None of the others were this obsessive over their body image, but he held his tongue. Saying something would probably make it worse. Instead, he just hugged him tight.

After a long, long hug, Marvolo drew back and kissed Harry’s lips. Something soft and sweet turned hot and heavy quickly. He was grabbing at Marvolo, trying to trace each muscle on his

torso. When they pulled away, he was already breathless.

“Do you want to do anything? Read, bake, do some magic?” Marvolo asked.

Harry bit his lip. “I hate to ruin the mood, but right now, I just want to pee.”

Marvolo laughed and rolled off of him. Harry jumped up and sprinted to his attached bathroom. He rushed to the toilet. It was awkward, as out of the corner of his eye, by the sink, there was a floor-length mirror he could see himself in.

He finished and washed his hands thoroughly in the sink. He caught a shadow in the corner of his vision. His blood ran cold.

Standing directly behind him was Cadmus.

Concealing a scream, he whipped around to face him. Cadmus stepped forward. The sink dug into his back.

“Why did he go to you?” He demanded to know.

“Can you be more specific?” Harry tried to sound calm.

Cadmus’ jaw clenched. “Voldemort. Do not play dumb.”

Harry sighed. “He needed someone, Cadmus. If I ignored him, he would have done something unhinged, like blinding everyone who saw him.”

“But why? Tell me!” Cadmus’ eyes narrowed, and he moved forward, pressing Harry harder against the sink.

“I don’t know. Because he feels like it?” A smidge of irritation hit him.

Cadmus opened his mouth to say something, but a knock sounded at the door.

“Harry?” Called Marvolo from the other side of the door.

He was about to answer that everything was fine and then quickly defuse the Cadmus situation, but Cadmus answered instead.

“Go away; I am asking questions,” Cadmus replied, still staring at Harry.

Marvolo started to furiously yank on the door handle, and after finding it locked, he banged on the door. A pause happened, and a quick spell later, Marvolo flew through the door. Before either of them had time to react, he wrenched Cadmus’ shoulder to face him, drew his arm back, and punched him in the face.

A resounding crack left Harry standing there, shocked.

Cadmus backed up, gently wiping away the blood dripping from his crooked nose. Marvolo screamed, hurling insults and curses at him. Cadmus tilted his head and looked up. His wand

was out in a flash.

Instinct kicked in, and Harry threw up a shield between them. Not to be stopped, Cadmus kicked a spell at the shield, which shattered it in an instant. The moment it broke, another spell whizzed past him.

Time moved slowly as the spell collided with Marvolo's chest. It sent him rocketing back, and he crashed into the mirror head-first. The mirror shattered, sharp shards descending on him as he slumped to the floor.

Harry turned to curse Cadmus, but he had turned into darkness and was almost done slithering under the bedroom door.

He rushed to Marvolo's side and kneeled, ignoring the pieces cutting into his legs. Marvolo was passed out, blood - so much blood - leaking from a giant gash on the crown of his head. He could even see a bit of white in the wound.

Panic shot through him. With a flick of his wrist, a black towel was in his hand. He pressed it against the gash to try to stop the bleeding. A pit grew in his stomach as he felt how heavy the towel was growing.

He swallowed his panic.

This was beyond his expertise. He could fix bones, but something this delicate? This required more specialised work. Carefully, he tugged Marvolo to the floor and had his head resting on the towel. That could work for now.

Harry hopped onto his feet and rushed to the bedroom door. He tugged at the door.

Marvolo had spelled it shut.

But he remembered one thing. *The spells are only as strong as the hinges that hold onto the door.*

The door was blasted off its hinges. Harry rushed out. He sprinted as fast as he could to Voldemort's office. As he reached for and thrashed the door handle, he found it locked. He banged once, and before he could destroy it, the door flew open.

Wulstride was sitting with Voldemort, both looking at him with wide eyes.

"Marvolo's hurt really bad. He's bleeding from his head -

That was all it took. Voldemort sprang to his feet.

"Where." He spoke, brandishing his wand.

"His bathroom."

Not checking if Voldemort was following him, he rushed back to Marvolo's room. When he got there, he was close to throwing up. Marvolo was so pale, and the towel was soaked. He

was even losing saturation; his hair a dulled grey.

Voldemort waved his wand, and the mirror shards vanished. He kneeled, as did Harry, next to Marvolo. He took a peek at the gash in his head. He muttered a quick spell, and copious amounts of blood stopped leaking out.

It was a blur to see what else happened. Voldemort summoning the house-elf. Narcissa arriving. Them transporting Marvolo to the medical room. Her casting spell after spell, pouring colourful liquids on his gash, and then sewing it up with black sutures. All the while, Harry held Marvolo's hand. Still warm.

At some point, Riddle had stumbled upon the commotion and brought the others, minus Cadmus, to the bedside. They watched as Narcissa checked Marvolo over for hours, then leaned back and sighed.

"He lost a lot of blood. And he has a major concussion. Luckily, his skull didn't crack open. Normally I would give a few potions and let the wounds heal naturally overnight; however, he is low on magic, and as I understand he cannot consume magic unless he is awake, I recommend putting him to sleep for a few days, then having him on bed rest for a week."

Harry gently pulled a lock of hair out of the gauze wrappings around Marvolo's head. "And he'll be fine after?"

Narcissa nodded. "I do not see any permanent damage; however, he does need to be careful. I am also working under the assumption they have normal Wixen biology during the healing process."

Tom passed him another handkerchief. He wiped away his tears and snot, staring intently at Marvolo. He looked so weak. So frail with the bandages wrapped around his head. At least he knew he would get better in time. But that didn't stop the hurt.

"We will take good care of him here," Voldemort reassured him.

"What do you - you want me to *leave* him?" Harry whipped around, outraged.

"Harry - "

"I'm not leaving him!" He screamed, his face growing red.

"Harry - "

"Why on earth would I leave him? Have him wake up alone?"

"Harry." Voldemort put his hands on his shoulder. "I do not want you here because if Cadmus finds you again, I expect one or more of them to get hurt. If it is Marvolo, while he is still healing, then he could have permanent damage. I am asking you to stay in a safe place while we locate Cadmus. If we find him before the weekend is over, then you can stay."

Harry opened his mouth to the object but then snapped it shut. It was the easiest solution. Even so, the logic infuriated him. Why was he getting punished for Cadmus' actions?

Instead of arguing more, he snapped his fingers, summoning a soft blanket to him, hopped into Marvolo's bed, curling up at his side, and threw the blanket over his head to shut everyone out.

Voldemort couldn't help the pain in his chest as Harry didn't give him a second glance when he left. He just crawled out of Marvolo's bed, collected his boyfriends, and disappeared.

Instead of letting that consume him, he redirected his attention. Marvolo needed constant maintenance. As Marvolo was just a younger version of himself, his body reacted well to the healing spells placed on him by Voldemort's magic. Within a day, his wounds were looking leagues better. Although he still looked desaturated, he was less pale once his blood was back to normal levels.

For a while, he just stared. Looked at how similar yet different they were. Marvolo had more meat on him, his cheeks, his chest, his arms, and his legs. He was more relaxed than Voldemort could ever dream of. And even though he was injured, he looked full of life.

Voldemort was a shell of that. Gaunt, hollow cheeks, and bony ribs. He had strength, yes, but he still appeared very lean. And he knew he looked a little dead, but what could he do to help that?

As he was examining Marvolo's face, his weary eyes blinked open. They were unfocused, with red eyes and big pupils lazily glancing around the room in a squint. Voldemort flicked his wrist, and the curtains drew closed, a few candles igniting.

"Wha - " Marvolo began to speak but then groaned in pain.

Voldemort rummaged through one of the bedside drawers for a pain reliever. "You attacked Cadmus after he was talking to Harry, and he threw you against your bathroom mirror. You have a large wound on your head and a major concussion. There are a few other cuts as well, but those have been mostly healed." He spoke in a softer voice, quieter so as not to aggravate Marvolo further.

"Where's Harry? Is he okay?" Marvolo tried to sit up, but Voldemort gently pushed him down.

"He is fine. I asked him to go back to Hogwarts so Cadmus could not talk to him, and one of you would get into another fight with him." Voldemort replied, finally finding the potion.

"He's not here?"

Voldemort froze at the tone. It was so... small. Meek and scared.

"It was for the best interest of everyone. And I did not need you stressing about Harry whenever he was not in your sights here."

Marvolo glared as Voldemort presented him with the potion. After a sniff, he swallowed it in one gulp and grimaced. He yawned and looked like he wanted to say more, but nodded off in

a minute.

Voldemort put a blanket over him and left to take a lunch break.

An hour later, he returned to Marvolo's room with some soup, hoping to get him to eat a little bit. He wasn't entirely sure if the horcruxes gained any nutritional value from food. But he figured the gesture would be appreciated.

He flicked open the door.

Cadmus was on top of Marvolo, hands around his throat, hissing in low tones. Marvolo was red-faced, almost purple, weakly scratching at his arms.

The soup dropped.

Voldemort reacted out of pure anger for the first time in a long time. A crucio rocketed out of his wand and hit Cadmus in the shoulder. Cadmus was blasted off of Marvolo, and his screams filled the room. Voldemort held the spell as he checked on Marvolo.

His chest rose and fell rapidly, but his face was returning to its pale colour. Once he was sure Marvolo was alive and not in imminent danger, he cut off the crucio. Cadmus panted, then tried to stand. Voldemort threw magical binds at him and expelled the wand from his holster.

After calling for Narcissa to check on Marvolo, Voldemort hauled Cadmus out of the room. Cadmus thrashed and tried his best to break out of the binds, but Voldemort only reapplied them again and again. When he tried to curse him, Voldemort gagged his mouth with another spell.

Cadmus was tossed to the floor of the room he was in for Voldemort's experiments. With a sneer on his face, Voldemort loomed over Cadmus.

"I do not know what you think you are doing. Frankly, any explanation does not justify everything you are doing. But what you need to do is stop. You are posing a threat to the other horcruxes and Harry. I will not hesitate to lock you away. Your freedom is at our discretion." Voldemort spat coldly.

He freed Cadmus' gag, graciously allowing him to speak his drivel.

"We are a logical creature. We allow no one to hold any strings, and we do not do something out of 'feelings'. So why do they? You as well." Cadmus responded monotonously.

Voldemort sighed. He was on that train again.

"Cadmus. For once, we have found ourselves in a situation where we cannot logic our way out of it. The horcruxes have found someone willing to listen and care, to see the parts of us that we have hidden away and not leverage them against us. Who is also willing to take the risk. As they have him, he has us."

"We have found someone willing to risk it all for our wellness, with only us in return. Who has some understanding of our struggles."

“You do not need to see any of that. You can ignore him. But that will not change the fact that you need him. Your magic, whether you like it or not, relies on him. And you acting like this only makes it a hazard to be around him. If he goes, all of them do. I am more than willing to risk you in exchange for the rest of the horcruxes.”

Cadmus glared.

“Stay here and think. Tell me what you will do moving forward. And I will consider letting you out of this room.”

Voldemort flicked on a single candle and left the room, removing the door. He double-checked that the wards he put in the room were secure and that Cadmus could not escape.

Back at Marvolo’s bedside, Narcissa had finished her examination.

“He is fine. A bit of oxygen loss, but no long-term damage. Expect some headaches and bruising.” She gently patted his arm.

Marvolo groaned.

“What angered him?” Voldemort asked, already knowing the answer, but he needed to confirm.

“He asked a bunch of questions. Why I care for my boyfriend. Have we had sexual contact? Had *you* ever proclaimed your love for him? I just told him to fuck off and tried to go back to sleep.” Marvolo rolled his eyes, then winced.

Voldemort rubbed his temples. “I have him contained for the time being. If he chooses to be civil, he will be let out; however, I expect that to take some time.”

Marvolo just made an annoyed sound.

“Unless you need anything, I will grab you a bowl of soup and then leave you to rest for a few hours.” Voldemort nodded.

“Make it potato,” Marvolo muttered, his eyelids fluttering.

He knew Marvolo would probably be asleep when he returned, but he got him a bowl of soup anyway.

The days away from Marvolo dug a deeper and deeper hole in Harry’s heart. While the bickering between him and the others, the constant pans of desserts missing, and the cocky comments were once a slight annoyance, now he missed them deeply. Even his boyfriends seemed to be missing Marvolo.

He would trudge to class, space off during most of his lessons, then return to the Chamber. Ominis and Tom helped him with his homework, while Riddle would bring them a snack. But the blues stayed, the weight in his chest.

He knew, logically, that it wasn't his fault. That it was Cadmus who cornered him in the bathroom, and Cadmus had harmed Marvolo. But he just kept rehearsing the situation, thinking of different scripts he could have used to de-escalate or get Cadmus to leave before Marvolo knew what was happening.

"Stop thinking." Tom snapped him out of his thoughts. "You're too handsome to be thinking this hard. You already used up all the brain energy today."

Harry rolled his eyes. He knew it was just a distraction from his distress, and he hated how it was working. Compliments always worked so well on him.

"Come on, Angel. Let's make a pillow fort, okay? Ominis, want to join?" Riddle turned to Ominis, who was double-checking all of his grammar.

A hesitant look crossed Ominis' face, and then he reluctantly nodded. That as well hurt Harry. He knew they were taking a step back in the relationship, but he underestimated just how big of a step back he wanted to take.

They barely cuddled anymore.

It was like he lost two of them, even if he knew they were alive.

He swallowed his emotions and helped with making the pillow fort. He was about to move to be between Ominis and Tom, but he second-guessed himself and went between Tom and Riddle.

Both cuddled close to him, giving him kisses on the cheeks. He relaxed as best as he could and pretended to fall asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Harry: How dare you leave me horny and alone!

Ominis: Have you considered that I did not want to have sexual contact with you?

Harry:

Ominis:

Harry: Let's have a heart-to-heart. Communication is vital in a relationship!

Voldemort: (Anxiety)

Harry: (Holds his hand)

Voldemort: (Less anxiety)

Voldemort: Here I am, here is my face

Death Eaters: Holy fuck, he's hot. That's where his sexy sons gets his looks?

Voldemort: (Anxiety returns)

Voldemort: (Holds Harry's hand)

Harry: So sad I am not one of the few who know your face, but oh well!

Voldemort: ... we no longer share a little secret >:(

Harry, just trying to wash his hands:

Cadmus: Why does Voldemort like you?

Harry: (Shrug)

Marvolo, knocking: Sweetheart, you've been pissing for a long time, you okay in there?

Cadmus: Shut up, I'm talking

Marvolo: (Breaks down the door)

Marvolo: (Breaks Cadmus' nose with his fist)

Cadmus: (Throws Marvolo against a mirror and splits his head open)

Cadmus:

Cadmus: (Runs away)

Voldemort: We will take care of him

Harry: Why would I leave my injured boyfriend!

Voldemort: Honestly, Cadmus is being a problem and I do not need more horcruxes in the medical room. Also, you need to be safe.

Harry: >:(

Voldemort: Look at Marvolo. He is like me. But he has more meat.

Marvolo:

Voldemort: I am so gaunt

Marvolo:

Voldemort: And so lean

Marvolo, barely conscious: Where is my boyfriend?

Voldemort, filled with dread: He is away

Marvolo: He's not here ;(

Cadmus: (Choking out Marvolo)

Voldemort: (Drops the soup) I will crucio my younger self!

Voldemort: Cadmus, you need to stop. Or else I will imprison you

Cadmus: But why do you have feelings?

Voldemort: I will literally kill you if it means the others survive

Cadmus: >:(

Voldemort: Now, you are in time-out, think about what you did

Harry: I'm so lonely

Tom:

Riddle:

Ominis:

Harry: I basically lost half my boyfriends. Now I only have two!

Riddle: Let's make a pillow fort

I was about to publish this about... six hours ago, and then I realised I hated half of this chapter. So I rewrote around 2000 words while I taught my kitty how to play fetch! She is fairly good at it, but she is not the best at finding where the hair ties went. School is going really shitty, but I am now more motivated to write my fanfictions and draw, which has been lacking since October (It is now February). I am making an effort to write more smutty work-in-progresses so that when you all eventually get a sex scene, it will be good. If I finish them, a mostly-smutty (or mostly-dead-dove) fic will probably be posted on a pseudo.

Comment of the week, by Stained_With_Ink:

"I'm so looking forward to reading how Harry react when Cadmus gives him a painting made with blood when he finally realizes that he's joining Harrys harem. And he definitely will, he's a horcrux after all.

Thanks for he update!

P.S. My first comment ever!!!"

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!