

## Death's Chosen Child

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# Death's Chosen Child

by [MBlack93](#)

## Summary

When Harry's name comes out of the Goblet of Fire, he is livid. He didn't bloody want to join a deadly tournament, but it seems like no one believes him, so he swears a wizarding oath.

Now everyone believes him, but he still isn't excused from the tournament. Almost on the point of wanting to give up on his magic, Death interferes because Death's chosen child can't lose his magic.

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**"This is why you are going to be perfect." Death almost croons, making Harry blush. "If you're going with me to train, you will be back in no time. Time travels differently in my realm."**

Harry nods. He suspected something like that. "Then I will go with you to train. It is only fair. The others are older and have more experience."

"Harry, no!" Dumbledore exclaims, but Harry knows it is too late. Death is already grasping his arm, and then everything turns dark around him.

- Translation into Español available: [Death's Chosen Child-Traduccion español](#) by [MittyBlue](#)

# Part one

## Chapter Notes

Hi!

Here I am again. With another story, when I haven't finished two others that are still running.. WELL. No judgment is allowed here!

I don't want to spoil too much in this story, but you're going to see a powerful Harry Potter who takes no shit.

Tom will enter the story in chapter four or five, it will take some time at least! So, \*high fives self\*, this time it's going to be a motherf\*\*king slow burn.

There will be a little Ron bashing in the first chapter but after that no more!

Disclaimer; I don't own shit from Harry Potter, but I hope you like the story I have playing in my head!

Enjoy! ♥♥

Note added 19-04-2022 | Someone translated this also to Portugese! \*Excited clapping!\*  
Check it out on Wattpad!

[https://www.wattpad.com/story/307692373-death%27s-chosen-child-tradu%C3%A7%C3%A3o?utm\\_source=android&utm\\_medium=link&utm\\_content=story\\_info&wp\\_page=story\\_details\\_button&wp\\_uname=MaahBatista0&wp\\_originator=lr0AKKUO7Q7cxsFasbnL%2F%2FaXUWkAeRh0o6mV5xXQGslNSdo01ZHJfAwzmm8NNj6WMF20ljB%2F8BQvg3GAPjAjwOmiqZrnuIbFJ69Z1hga%2Fcl%2BrOS6VOAUJBMakPhUvx%2B](https://www.wattpad.com/story/307692373-death%27s-chosen-child-tradu%C3%A7%C3%A3o?utm_source=android&utm_medium=link&utm_content=story_info&wp_page=story_details_button&wp_uname=MaahBatista0&wp_originator=lr0AKKUO7Q7cxsFasbnL%2F%2FaXUWkAeRh0o6mV5xXQGslNSdo01ZHJfAwzmm8NNj6WMF20ljB%2F8BQvg3GAPjAjwOmiqZrnuIbFJ69Z1hga%2Fcl%2BrOS6VOAUJBMakPhUvx%2B)

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

Harry is sitting in the stands with Ron and Hermione by his side, he actually doesn't want to be in the Great Hall for the reveal of the champions of the Triwizard Tournament, but he doesn't have a choice.

He looks around the room and feels dread settle in his stomach. He just knows that something is going to happen, and he hopes that he will not be in the middle of it. But counting on his shitty Potter luck, it's possible he wishes for too much.

"Who do you think is going to be Hogwarts champion, mate?" Ron asks from his place next to Harry. Harry shrugs, not really bothered by who will be the unlucky bastard who needs to participate. They did it to themselves by putting their name in the Goblet.

"I heard Angelina has entered herself," Harry replies while looking at the girl, who is talking excitedly with Katie Bell. "I hope she is chosen. A Gryffindor champion would be neat. Everything better than Slytherin." Ron exclaims.

"Has someone from Slytherin even entered?" Hermione asks while skimming through the book she had brought with her. She also didn't want to come but was also forced to join in the Great Hall. According to McGonagall, it was mandatory.

"There is a rumor that Warrington entered his name, you know that big bloke that looks like a sloth," Dean Tomas says just behind Harry.

"We can't have a Slytherin champion!" Ron says in disgust. Harry barely refrains from rolling his eyes. Ron's prejudice against Slytherin is awful. Harry never told him that he almost was a Slytherin. He doesn't think it would survive their friendship, to be completely honest.

"And all the Hufflepuffs are talking about Diggory," said Seamus, sounding irritated. "But I wouldn't have thought he'd have wanted to risk his good looks." He ends with a sneer towards the Hufflepuffs. A couple 'puffs who had overheard are now glaring at him.

Harry can barely contain his blush when he looks at the Hufflepuff side of the room. He has to admit, Cedric Diggory is a good-looking bloke, but he hasn't told anyone that he fancies blokes.

"Let's hope it's going to be Angelina then," Hermione says offhandily.

"Thanks, Hermione!" Angelina exclaims, clearly having overheard the conversation.

At that moment, Dumbledore stands from his seat, and a hush falls over the Great Hall.

"Well, the goblet is almost ready to make its decision," said Dumbledore with the same twinkle in his eyes as always. "I estimate that it requires one more minute. Now, when the champions' names are called, I would ask them please to come up to the top of the Hall, walk along the staff table, and go through into the next chamber" - he indicated the door behind the staff table - "where they will be receiving their first instructions."

Then Dumbledore sweeps out his wand and dims the light in the entire Hall. The blue flames give the Hall an eternal glow, and Harry can't tear his eyes away from the flames, they are mesmerizing.

The fire turns red, and a piece of parchment is spitted out. Everybody seems to be holding their breath when Dumbledore reaches out and reads the parchment out loud.

"The Durmstrang champion is... Viktor Krum!" He declares. The whole room claps, and Harry sees Krum smile while receiving multiple claps on the shoulder before he disappears through the door to the next chamber.

The fire turns red again, and another parchment flies to Dumbledore's hand. "The champion for Beauxbatons is... Fleur Delacour!"

"It's her, Ron!" Harry jokes when Ron almost starts to drool while looking at the blonde witch who seems to float towards the other room. "Oh, look, they are all disappointed," Hermione whispers in Harry's ear. Harry looks over to the other Beauxbaton students and chuckles when he sees the envy and even tears from some of them.

There is buzzing in the Great Hall. Harry can almost taste the excitement from the Hogwarts students. The flames turn red again, and Dumbledore reads the parchment with a big smile. "The Hogwarts champion is... Cedric Diggory!"

The whole room explodes in applause and cheers. Harry hears Ron yell "No!" but he thinks he's the only one who heard. Really, Harry couldn't care less who is champion, as long as he doesn't have to-

The flames turn red again.

The dread that was slowly dissipating returns fully now. Harry grasps Hermione's hand, and she holds it steady. As if she can sense the anxiety Harry feels.

Dumbledore reaches out warily and reads the parchment. "Harry Potter," he whispers. Harry's stomach plummets and he squeezes Hermione's hand so hard that he feels her wince. But at the moment, he doesn't care.

"Harry Potter!" Dumbledore then screams while zeroing his gaze on Harry. He looks disappointed, something that makes Harry extremely angry. He doesn't deserve a disappointed look! He didn't bloody do anything!

"Harry, you should-" Hermione whispers in his ear.

"No, I don't want to. I didn't bloody enter Hermione." He hisses back at her. He can hear whispers all around him, people accusing him of wanting even more attention. It only fuels Harry's rage, and he suddenly stands. Almost pulling Hermione with him.

He quickly releases her hand before drawing his wand. He is thankful for the books Hermione had given him this summer. Otherwise, he wouldn't know he could do this. She is probably going to hate that he is going to do what he's going to. Well, nobody ever said that Harry Potter isn't impulsive.

"I, Harry James Potter, swear on my magic that I didn't enter my name into the Goblet of Fire. I have no wish to join this tournament. So mote it be!" He declares in front of the entire Great Hall. He hears several gasps around the room.

"Lumos!" He then yells, making his wand flood the Great Hall with light from the power of his spell.

The Hall falls silent, and Harry turns to Dumbledore.

"I don't want to join. I want to be excused from entering. I'm not even of age!" He shouts. Still raging inside that again, his stupid Potter luck is acting up again.

"My boy, please, there is no other choice. It is a binding contract. Let's talk more about it in the other room." Dumbledore pleads, but Harry doesn't want to listen at all.

"What? I didn't bloody enter this blasting Tournament, and now I'm going to be forced?!" He screams indignantly. One year, one bloody year of peace! And that isn't even possible!

"Harry-"

"What will happen when I refuse?" Harry asks with a glare aimed at his Headmaster.

"You will lose your magic," Dumbledore replies with wide eyes. Gasps are again heard throughout the entire Hall. Whispers are starting up again. Fred and George also stand up, showing their support to Harry. He couldn't have been more thankful for them.

"He just proved he didn't-"

"Enter himself, you can't make him if he-"

"Doesn't want to!" They say together. Harry is relieved that at least someone seems just as furious as he feels.

Hermione is pulling on Harry's sleeve, but he doesn't want to look at her right now. He knows that she wants him to go to the other room, to avoid conflict, even if he doesn't want to.

The wizarding world has brought him nothing but pain the last couple of years, and to be honest, Harry is done. Completely done with everything the wizarding world stands for. So-making a hasty decision, he thinks it will be better to live as a Squib than enter this Tournament.

Thunder rumbles above, but Harry ignores it. He loves magic, but he loves his survival a **bit** more.

"Fine! I will-" Harry starts, only to falter when he's interrupted.

**"STOP!"** A strong voice bellows through the room. Harry and the whole Great Hall look around to locate the voice.

Shadows erupt in the middle of the Hall, and multiple cries of shock and fear are heard throughout the Hall.

A tall man whose eyes are as black as night emerges from the shadows, wearing robes that seem to clutch and shift around him. He glares at Dumbledore, who takes a step back with fear in his eyes. Something Harry never expected to see at all.

**"My chosen child will not lose his magic for something as trivial as a Tournament."** The man spits, making Harry gasp. Who the hell is this man? He has never seen him. What does he mean by chosen child?

Harry doesn't know how he does it, but he needs to know, and opens his mouth to ask; "W-who are you?"

The black-as-night eyes turn to him, and the mouth of the man pulls into a smirk. Harry feels relief that the man isn't glaring at him. He has had his fair share of angry men; he doesn't need any more.



The man holds out his hand, and Harry almost moves automatically. Hermione tries to stop him, but Harry shakes her loose because something inside of him calls to this man. Maybe it's completely stupid, but at the moment, he doesn't care. It feels right to be at the man's side.

**"Harry-"** The man almost purrs when Harry reaches him, he feels enthralled by this man, but he doesn't know why. Dumbledore tries to say something but falls silent when Harry takes the man's hand. **"-I am Death. And you, you are my chosen child."**

"What does that mean?" Harry almost whispers, but in the hall's silence, he thinks everyone still hears him.

**"It means that you are no longer alone."**

That simple sentence fills Harry with warmth, sure he has Sirius now, but he almost hasn't talked to the man since he went on the run. This is the first time an adult took an interest in him that seems genuine. It is a little intimidating that it is Death himself, but Harry believes the man. To not be alone anymore.. It is every orphan's dream.

"You can't take him!" Dumbledore suddenly exclaims, making Harry turn to the Headmaster with a frown, the man looks close to panicking, and Harry can't fathom why.

Death chuckles, and shivers run over Harry's spine, but he doesn't feel intimidated. When he glances around the room, he sees multiple people hunched in themselves, clearly afraid of the strong power that rolls off Death, but nobody is looking away; everyone is watching closely with wide eyes.

**"You can't stop me-"** Death sneers at Dumbledore before turning back to Harry. **"-But it's Harry's choice."**

**"Harry, you deserve so much better than what these people want from you, but I leave the choice with you. I can take you away from here-"** Harry inwardly panics, away from his friends? That isn't something he wants. He finally has friends—something he never had in the Muggle world. **"-for training, so you can return when you're ready to complete this tournament. Or I will aid you during the tournament."**

Harry doesn't think it sounds fair that Death would help him during the Tournament. The other champions or students of Hogwarts will think he is cheating, but they do have many advantages; Harry is three years younger and doesn't have the entire wizarding schooling they have had.

"If I go with you for training, how can I even compete in the tournament? It would take too long, wouldn't it? But it doesn't sound fair to the other champions if you're helping me." Harry reasons, making Death smile at him.

**"This is why you are going to be perfect."** Death almost croons, making Harry blush. **"If you're going with me to train, you will be back in no time at all in this Hall. Time travels differently in my realm."** Death tells him with a genuine smile.

Harry nods at the deity. He suspected something like that. "Then I will go with you to learn and train. It is only fair. The others are older and have more experience."

"Harry, no!" Dumbledore exclaims, but Harry knows it is too late. Death is already grasping his arm, and then everything turns dark around him.

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Albus Dumbledore is frozen in shock while watching Lord Death, and Harry disappear in the shadows. How could this have happened?! Nobody even had seen Death, well, maybe except the Peverell brothers all those years ago. And now, he has claimed Harry as his chosen child.

Everything Albus worked so bloody hard for down the drain. Harry would be the perfect sheep for slaughter to end Voldemort, and Albus knows this for sure- but he needed to keep Harry meek and under his thumb. With Death... It's going to be a wild card.

The whole Great Hall explodes in noise now everybody is slowly getting over the shock.

*"Where did he go?"*

*"Bloody hell! Was-was that actual Lord Death?"*

*"What does this mean?"*

*"When is Harry coming back?"*

"Dumbledore! What iz the meaning of thiz!?" An angry voice shrieks behind him. Making him flinch. Madame Maxime's expression is thunderous, and Karkaroff is right on her heels. He also sees the champions enter the Great Hall with confused expressions. He can only imagine that they are curious what is taking so long.

"I don't know, Madam, but for now, it's maybe better to go to our respective dorms. It has been quite a night." He tries weakly. Minerva and Severus are now also making their way to him, and he really doesn't want to give excuses at this moment. He is already getting a headache. Because when will Harry return?

"Hogwarts can't have two champions!" Karkaroff exclaims with fury in his eyes. Albus despises the man, but he can't do anything about him being here, unfortunately.

"I know, but the Goblet has chosen, and we don't know what happened with Harry-" Albus tries to placate the other Headmasters, but at that moment, the doors of the Great Hall open with a loud bang. Making everyone's head swivel to the entrance.

In the middle of the entrance is a man in blank Hogwarts robes. His hood obscures the man's face. The Hall has been silenced once again, and Albus looks warily at the stranger.

"Who are you? And how did you enter the school?" Severus demands. The young man chuckles before answering.

"My, my, Professor Snape, it's like you don't even recognize me." A sarcastic drawl is heard before the man lowers his hood and fixes his green-green emerald eyes on Albus.

Albus gasps. Standing in front of everyone is an elder Harry Potter. He has grown and seemed to have filled out in the five minutes he was gone!

How is this possible?!

"What-" He starts weakly, he hasn't seen anything like it.

"Death did tell you that time moves differently in his realm," Harry replies, sounding utterly bored.

Harry then looks around the room before giving a small smile at his gaping friends.

"Please listen carefully, because I am only going to say this once. And please, Miss Skeeter-" Harry drawls while glaring at the blonde witch in the green robes. She shrinks a little in herself. "-use a regular quill for this," She immediately listens and scratches away on a piece of parchment.

"Lord Death took me for training to his realm, so I would be on even ground with the other champions. He could've taken me longer, but I wanted to return for my last year at Hogwarts-" Harry tells everyone with a shrug. The whole Hall seems to be on the edge of their seats, looking at Harry with wide eyes full of envy, wariness, and some with fear. "- I'm of age now and ready to enter my seventh year. I am also prepared to enter the Tournament. So can we continue?"

Harry looks around the room with a smirk in place. Albus can't believe his eyes. Harry Potter is now an adult! He can't force him back to the Dursleys anymore. He will be able to gain his Lordship and everything. This is a disaster.

"Harry, my boy, could we maybe talk in a more private setting?" Albus tries in vain when Harry shakes his head.

"No, I rather discuss this out and in the open. So everybody will know the truth."

Albus swallows heavily. This is not the Harry that would have listened to him blindly. This is an independent young man who won't be manipulated into anything.

All his plans have gone up in flames.

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Harry can barely contain his excitement and glee. He looks around the same Hall where he took Death's hand three years ago. It's somewhat weird to see that nobody has changed when he has changed so much.

One of the first things that happened after entering Death's realm was that he lost his glasses. Death had healed his eyes with a simple potion, and Harry felt pretty stupid about it because no one had told him that his eyesight could be corrected so easily.

Harry also had grown since then, and of course, he was three years older than when he left this Hall. He is leaner and stronger than he has ever been. Training with Death helped his stamina and muscles more than Quidditch could have ever done. His hair is finally tame-able, the sides are short now, and up top, he has tousled it casually. Death was mother-henning him just before he left, wanting Harry to make an impression no one would forget easily. He thinks he succeeded. Death will be pleased.

Harry glances towards his old Gryffindor friends and feels a pang of loss shoot through him. He already knows he needs to be re-sorted, and he also knows that there is no way in hell that he will be in Gryffindor again. Not after everything he learned the last couple of years. He only hopes that they will still talk to him.

"So you will enter the Triwizard Tournament?" McGonagall asks from her place next to Dumbledore. Always straight to the point in a no-nonsense manner, even if Harry can see the worry in her eyes.

"Of course, Professor McGonagall, that's why Death took me, after all, so I would be ready and on even foot with the other champions. Even if someone entered my name to probably kill me-" He replies casually with a smirk when he hears gasps all around him. "-I'm pretty glad that I'm now prepared for whatever comes. Don't you agree?"

"Certainly, Mister Potter," McGonagall says with a small smile that doesn't reach her eyes. That is to be expected, of course. Death is pretty intimidating when he wants. That he is a total softy with Harry is only because Harry is his chosen child.

"How are we even sure that this is Potter?" Snaps says with a glare aimed at Harry.

"That's a good question, Professor Snape. Let me help you with that." Harry replies with a condescending smirk before drawing his wand.

"I, Harry James Potter-Peverell, hereby declare that I am telling the truth of who I am and what has happened to me. So mote it be! Lumos!"

Harry quickly says before anyone can question him. He immediately hears the whispers starting up.

*"Peverell? Who the bloody hell is Peverell?"*

*"He looks rather hot, don't you think?"*

*"Is it even fair for him to participate when he has been trained by Death himself?"*

*"The Peverell name has died out. He's lying!"*

"Ogwarts cannot 'ave two champions. It is most unjust." Madame Maxime exclaims.

Harry sighs. This was to be expected.

"You're quite correct in that-" Harry replies, feeling a little bored. The Hall grows quiet again and is listening intently. "-I could only be entered as a fourth champion if the Goblet was deceived into thinking there would be a fourth school participating. That's why I'm not in Gryffindor colors. Because according to Hogwarts, I'm not a Hogwarts student anymore." He says with a big beaming smile that doesn't reach his eyes. "I would need a re-sorting, unfortunately. I can participate in the tournament as a school-free student. But I would like to continue my education at Hogwarts, if I may." He puts on his best innocent look, and Madame Maxime seems taken aback by that but nods in agreement.

"That would be fine with me."

He hears multiple students from Gryffindor exclaim in outrage, and Harry finds Hermione in the middle of it, she looks gobsmacked, but he simply smiles at her. She probably already knows what is coming, at least, Harry had told her of being almost placed in Slytherin when she admitted to almost being placed in Ravenclaw.

The adults dissolve in discussions again, and Harry is pretty done with it all. "Well, could we then maybe continue with the sorting? Because I rather would like to go to my new dorms soon. It's been a tiring night after all." Harry drawls, earning a couple of light laughs from around the Hall.

Before anyone can move, a stool with the sorting hat appears in front of Harry. Harry rolls his eyes at the gasping students around him. Seriously, they are wizards. A little bit of magic shouldn't be as shocking!

McGonagall is the first one to recover from her shock. She strides over to him and lifts the hat while Harry sits down on the stool. Then the hat is lowered on his head, and Harry immediately hears the hat in his head.

"My, my! Mister Potter-Peverell, welcome back! I have never seen anything like this." The hat tells him in his head.

"I always had a flair for dramatics, didn't I?" Harry can't help but reply sarcastically.

The hat chuckles and continues. "You sure did. I see you aren't going to ask to be placed in your old house again. Are you finally agreeing with what I told you all those years ago?"

"Yes, just place me in the house where I belong," Harry replies quickly, wanting the sorting over and done with.

"Fine by me, better be... **Slytherin!!!**"

Harry grins but schools his features quickly when he gives the hat back to a stunned McGonagall.

"I'm sorry, I'm leaving the Lion's den, Professor, but I'm going to where I should have been all those years ago." He says with a wink, making McGonagall snap out of her shock.

"Don't be cheeky, Mister Potter. But I will miss you on the Quidditch team."

"I can't play this year with the tournament, and it's going to be my last year here at Hogwarts now I'm of age. So I couldn't have played either way." He replies smoothly. Making her smile for real this time.

"Be careful in the snake pit." She whispers seriously.

"Good thing I can talk to snakes, don't you think?" Harry replies with a smirk again, making McGonagall laugh softly.



"You'll fit right in there, my, maybe I need to warn the Slytherins."

Harry laughs outright at that before turning towards the Great Hall again. A lot of people seem utterly shocked by the reveal of the boy-who-lived being in Slytherin. He also sees Rita Skeeter writing furiously, and he rolls his eyes at the sight.

"So, can I go to bed now?" He drawls, making multiple people jump.

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As soon as he enters the Slytherin common room with the other Slytherins silence falls, and Snape swoops in with his dramatic robes. Seriously, do his robes have a mind of their own?

Snape glares at Harry, but he only smiles sweetly back, knowing he is pissing Snape off.

"Potter, a word." The professor demands before storming off, expecting Harry to follow him. Harry sighs dramatically before following his new Head of House.

He enters Snape's private office, which is adjacent to the Slytherin common room. It makes him wonder why McGonagall doesn't have one close to the Gryffindor Common room; it seems necessary with the rowdy lions. Harry is pulled from his musings when Snape starts talking.

"Is this some kind of prank, Potter?" He snarls, and Harry rolls his eyes. Making Snape only glare harder at Harry.

"No, sir," Harry replies. "I was kicked out of Hogwarts when my name came out of the Goblet of Fire because, obviously, someone wants me dead. Three guesses who," Harry says while making jazz hands at Snape, who only scowls harder.

Snape is silently seething, and Harry thinks he can see a vein throbbing on his forehead.

"What was all that in the Great Hall?!"

"Well, first, I was chosen as a champion," Harry starts to sum up while counting on his fingers. Just to be a little shit. "Second, Lord Death appeared and took me away. Third, he trained me and showed me my true affinity. Surprise, it's not the one everyone thinks I have," He winks at Snape at that, knowing he is pushing the man even further into a rage, but he doesn't care.

"Fourth, I stayed three years with him. If it was up to him, I would've stayed longer, but alas, I needed to return to continue my last year and the tournament here. And fifth, I appear back at Hogwarts just in time to get sorted into the lovely green house where I should've gone in my first year, but I talked the hat out of it. Pretty Slytherin of me, right?" Harry says with a waggle of his eyebrows.

Snape sits down heavily. He isn't exactly gaping at Harry, but it's a near thing. "It's true then?" He almost whispers while Harry makes himself cozy in the chair opposite of him.

"What exactly, sir? That Lord Death is real? Or the fact that I'm a Slytherin?"

"Don't be smart with me, boy." Snape sneers, but it's clear that he is still reeling from tonight's revelations.

Harry sighs and sits up a little straighter while looking Snape directly into his eyes. "Yes, Lord Death is real, just like Lady Magic, Lady Fate, and Lord Time. And a lot of others, but I only saw those four while I was staying with Death."

Snape pales even further, much to Harry's amusement.

"Lord Death trained me the last couple of years. For me at least, three years have passed. He taught me everything I would've learned in the coming years at Hogwarts and a lot more. I now understand why you joined the Dark Lord all those years ago, sir."

Snape stiffens. "How did you-"

"There are not a lot of secrets for the Lord of Death, as you probably already suspect. He told me quite a lot."

Snape swallows heavily before regaining his composure. "Did he also teach you how to be less dreadful at Potions? Or are we going to have a problem? Wait, you can't even enter my Potions class. You haven't sat your OWL's." At the last part, Snape almost seems gleeful until Harry casually removes a letter from his inner robes and hands it over.

"I did my OWL's, sir. Lady Magic herself was my tutor for some time and my examiner. I don't think we will have any difficulties, but I should talk with you, of course, about which courses I'm going to follow this year - now you're my Head of House-" Harry says with barely contained glee. "-I was thinking about Runes, Potions, Charms, Transfiguration, Alchemy, Magical Theory, and Ancient Studies. If you look at my results, you will see that I can easily be in those classes." Harry did his best not to sound smug. Knowing that it wouldn't end well for him if he did.

Snape was looking at his OWL results with a sneer before slamming it down. "How do I know that these aren't fake, Potter?"

Harry can't help the groan that escapes him. "Sir, with all due respect, after everything you saw today, you're going to question my grades? Seriously?" Harry asks, exasperated.

"Don't try me, Potter, you're just like your father-" Snape starts to sneer.

Harry stands so quickly that the chair he sat on falls down.

"I'm quite done with the fact that you keep comparing me to my dead father! I have never known the man. I can't even remember him! The only thing I know about him is that I look like him and that he was a Quidditch player. If those are the only things I remind you of him, I don't quite understand why you hate me so much. Is it because he bullied you? Because I

have never bullied anyone in my life! Mostly because I always was the one being bullied! Since I was little, I have been pushed around, abused, and hurt by my own family. My own cousin made sure I didn't have any friends until I entered Hogwarts. So sir-" Harry sneers the last part. "-Please tell me how I am *exactly* like my dead father? Because the only man I look up to at this moment is Lord Death, who was the first adult to ever take care of me and who I see as more of a father to me than anyone else."

Snape seems shocked by the outburst from Harry, and Harry waves his hand to righten the stool before promptly sitting down again. When he would've crossed his arms and glared at the man in the past, he now sat like a proper pureblood wizard, even if he is a half-blood. Lady Magic would have his hide if he didn't act appropriately.

Snape is staring in shock at the casual display of wandless magic before schooling his features again.

"Maybe I have underestimated you, Potter, but know this, if you step one toe out of line, I will punish you as you have never seen before, even if you're a Slytherin now."

"I expect nothing less, but a fair chance—something you have never given me. Maybe you should start." Harry replies without blinking.

"Fine. Now. Get out." Snape grits out, and Harry quickly exits the room, knowing that if he pushes more, Snape will probably hex him.

When he enters the Slytherin common room, the entire Slytherin student population seems to be waiting for him.

Harry inwardly sighs. He really wants to sleep. It has been a pretty exhausting couple of hours.

Draco Malfoy steps forward, and Harry almost snorts in amusement. This is going to be fun.

"Potter-" The Malfoy heir snarls. Harry only raises his eyebrow in question before Malfoy starts talking again. "I don't know what you did, but just know this, we don't want you here."

The smile that takes over Harry's face is one to be truly feared. "My, Draco, such harsh words for a new Slytherin student. Does your daddy approve?" Harry hears a couple of gasps and revels in the fury displaying on Draco's face.

"Don't you dare talk about my father-"

"Oh, please, as if I **want** to talk about your father," Harry replies with a snarl. Draco takes a step back, looking shocked he's not used to this Harry. But that is to expected, of course. Harry then turns to the other Slytherins, some are looking at Harry with disgust, but others are looking at him with intrigue.

"Listen up, Slytherins. I'm one of you now, and I heard that that means there will be no in-house fights displayed outside the dorms. Let's keep it that way. It would be utterly shameful if you all couldn't show how Slytherin's truly are just because you all don't like me. This is the house of cunning and ambition, is it not?" Harry drawls while gazing at all the Slytherins. He catches the gaze of a couple of seventh-years and is curious how they will react to him, especially in the dorms behind closed doors. "Well, you will see that I'm just that, but only if you want to see it. Now. Can someone please show me my dorm? Because to be honest, I'm knackered."

The crowd disperses, and a blonde wizard rolls his eyes before walking to Harry.

"It seems like it's up to me. Follow me, Potter." Harry doesn't know the name of the wizard but lets it slide for now.

He follows the teen, and they walk upstairs together in silence before entering a dorm with five beds. Harry sees his trunk almost immediately, black as night instead of the Gryffindor colors it had been before.

He almost wants to roll his eyes at that. Death can be so dramatic sometimes.

"This is your dorm. That's your bed. You are sharing the dorm with me, Warrington, Volkov, and Gudgeon." The wizard that helped him grunts.

"Thank you, and I don't want to be rude, but to be honest, I don't know your name," Harry tells the wizard honestly.

"My name is Norbert Nott. You shared classes with my younger brother." He grunts, clearly annoyed with Harry.

"Ah, the silent kid that reads a lot for a Slytherin," Harry replies, making Norbert chuckle without meaning to.

"How that boy didn't get into Ravenclaw is beyond me," Nott tells him with a shake of his head.

Harry just shrugs and makes his way to his bed. He places his hand against his trunk first to ward it. The trunk glows in response, and Harry feels the wards snap into place then, he does the same to his bed and is satisfied when the wards also snap in place. He then starts to undress while using wandless magic to get his sleepwear without even thinking about it.

Just when he wants to crawl into bed and sleep until he needs to go to the Great Hall for breakfast, he sees that his roommates are staring at him.

"What?" He asks warily.

"Did-did you just warded your bed and trunk without your wand?" A dark-skinned wizard asked. Harry thinks that it was Gudgeon.

"Oh, yes, in Death's realm, I was practically forced to use wandless magic. To use my wand now is a little strange but still possible." Harry doesn't add that he doesn't have the right wand

anymore. Death told him all about the Deathly Hallows, and he can't wait for his own wand to be his again, but wandless/wordless magic comes easily to him now.

"Bugging fuck." Volkov whispers, but Harry hears him nonetheless.

"Everybody can do it with the right amount of training. I'm not special." Harry drawls while rolling his eyes.

"What? But at Magical theory, they tell us-" Nott starts with wide eyes.

"Utter bullshit-" Harry interrupts. "-But I'm joining that class, I can't wait to tell the teacher that." Harry continues with a smirk.

"Potter, I think I'm going to like you," Nott says with a chuckle.

"Don't let Malfoy hear it. He might get a heart attack." Harry replies, sounding sarcastic.

The others all laugh, even Warrington, who hasn't said anything. Harry turns to him with a calculating look. He remembers that Dean told him that Warrington had put his name in the Goblet.

"Warrington. I'm sorry that you didn't become the champion. You would've been a worthy opponent." Harry doesn't even know if that's true, but he doesn't really want to start off on the wrong foot. Even if it's probably already happened because he is Harry bloody Potter.

Warrington waves him off. "Don't worry. Now you're competing. I don't even want to. You're going to win without a doubt."

"Is that a compliment?" Harry says with a hand on his heart and a fake gasp. Making Warrington roll his eyes.

"Just facts, Potter. You're trained by Lord Death and his chosen child. It's clear that no one is going to beat you." Warrington grunts before turning his back to Harry. Harry thinks it over and decides Warrington is right.

He is in better shape, learned a lot of different magics, and will do anything to win. Maybe a little ambitious, but alas, he also wants to have fun. He knows his mission for the coming year, and a little bit of fun is what he deserves.

The next morning he wakes up before everyone else in the dorm and decides that he is going to keep up his workout routine, so he rolls off his bed to start push-ups.

He gets most of his workout done before any of the other teens wake up. When the first one starts to stir, he quickly gathers his bathroom stuff to go shower. His muscles calm down beneath the hot spray, and it reminds him somewhat of his stay in Death's realm. The manor they stayed in was exquisite, and the showers were divine. Nothing less for Lord Death, of course. He can't wait to talk to Death again, but he must wait a couple of days before he can go out and find him.

His Gryffindor side wants to rally and screw the rules, but there is a reason he is a Slytherin now. He needs to play it smart, and mostly, he doesn't want to be put even more in the spotlight right now. And sneaking out and about to go talk to your adoptive father, who is also Lord Death, is probably too much of a spotlight.

He gets out of the shower and dries himself with a wave of his hand. How he could've thought he could live without magic is beyond him. He quickly dresses and looks at the door as it opens just when he is buttoning down his shirt.

"Morning Potter," Volkov grumbles, not nearly as awake as Harry is. "Morning Volkov, and it's Potter-Peverell, but Potter is fine until you are going to call my Harry."

Volkov snorts. "Probably never then," He grumbles again. Nott then also enters and looks a lot more awake than Volkov. He looks Harry up and down before making his way to the showers with only a quick mumbled 'morning'.



Harry shrugs on his robes and goes back to the dorm. Warrington and Gudgeon are dressing without showering, probably used to night showers. Warrington rumbles a "Goodmorning Potter," and Gudgeon only grunts. It amazes Harry that they are even this polite to be honest.

He opens his trunk to get out a couple of his books, he doesn't know his schedule yet, but with a featherlight charm and expandable charm on his bag, it won't matter. He can bring everything he wants. So he starts loading his books into his bag without a second thought. He doesn't have any lessons until tomorrow, today being Sunday, but he wants to be prepared. Maybe he will go to the library today to read ahead or something.

"Potter, what are you doing?"

Harry looks up to see a scowling Nott standing there. "Packing my books?"

"That's never going to fit, and otherwise, it would be too heavy. You can never carry that." He looks at Harry as if Harry is stupid.

Harry just shrugs before lifting his full bag and throwing it at Nott without a problem. Nott's eyes widen, and he's shielding his body against the bag, but when the bag hits him, he looks at it incredulously, feeling that the bag weighs practically nothing.

"What the buggering hell?" He exclaims.

Harry rolls his eyes. "Seriously, it's a simple expandable charm together with a feather-light charm. I really don't understand why it's such a big deal. Can I have my bag back now?"

Nott stares at the bag before staring at Harry and back at the bag again.

"Can you do that for my bag?"

Harry raises his eyebrow in question, and Nott crosses his arms. "Just do it, Potter. I'll owe you."

That makes Harry smirk, and he summons Nott's bag before spelling it the same as his own bag.

"Just a little advice, use a summoning charm if you have lost something in there because you will never find it again."

Then Harry just walks out of the dorm to go to the Great Hall. He gets there when it's still early, and most of the tables are empty. He does see Hermione engrossed in a book, not even noticing him. He quickly scribbles down a note and makes it float to her without anyone noticing. Hermione looks up, but Harry quickly looks away. Not wanting to gain attention from anyone else.

He then makes his way to the Slytherin table and quickly gets something to eat. It doesn't take long before the Hall is getting fuller, and soon his new classmates are entering the Great Hall. It appears that all the Slytherin seventh years had gathered together before going to the Great Hall.

Nott is at the front and doesn't hesitate while making his way to Harry is seated. The others follow him, and Harry holds back a smirk.

"Good morning." He says while greeting everyone with a nod.

Nott takes a seat opposite of him, and a blonde girl with bored eyes takes a seat next to him. Volkov takes Harry's left side, and a black-haired girl with a smirk and sparkling blue eyes takes Harry's right side.

The others swan around them, and they begin to eat in silence. Only the girl next to Harry doesn't seem interested in eating. Well, at least not the food.

She is watching Harry intently, and Harry suppresses the want to roll his eyes.

"Can I help you?" He finally asks when she is still staring at him after five minutes.

"Maybe. Isabella Blackwood, because you were probably too polite to ask for my name after four years at the same school. My friends call me Izzy, and I'm going to be your friend." She declares with a wicked sparkle in her eyes.

Harry watches the girl in amusement. "Are you? And you were three years older than me. I didn't know the names of anyone that wasn't in my house and older than me. I was a bit of an oblivious git. But I have been learning. So Izzy-" He drawls, making Izzy grin at him. "-What can I expect being a seventh year in Slytherin?"

"Well, Harry-" She purrs, making him chuckle. "-let me introduces you to our seventh-year Slytherins. You already know the names of the boys, but now the girls-" She points to the blonde next to Nott. "-That's Gemma Fawley, she is a bit bored because she wasn't made head girl-" The blonde witch, Gemma, glares at Izzy but she isn't deterred and goes on. "The witch with the brown curls is Kendra Flint." Harry nods his head at the girl who sneers at him. She was probably related to Marcus Flint, who graduated last year.

"And last but not least, no sir, because she is a gem among gems is my lovely girlfriend, Septima Rosier," Izzy almost starts clapping but thankfully, her girlfriend stops her.

"You're being embarrassing again, Iz," Septima says with a drawl, but Harry can see the fondness in her eyes. She is a fair-haired witch with freckles all over her face and soft green eyes. Harry can see that she is beautiful. Then she fixes her stare on Harry before sneering.

"Do you have a problem with us being together?"

Harry feels the shift around him and feels amused that Slytherins are this protective of each other.

"Would be a bit hypocritical from me of all people." He only replies before sipping his tea. The table has fallen silent once more, and Harry revels in the storm that he knows is coming.

"You're gay?!" Nott whisper shouts, earning a couple of confused glances from others down the table.

"Bisexual actually," Harry quips back, still drinking his tea calmly. It's silent again for a moment before Izzy lets out a laugh. "I knew it, pay up!"

Harry is shocked to see that three people are grumbling and handing Izzy money. He only raises his eyebrow in question, but she waves his question away with a flick of her wrist, and he just shrugs. He doesn't really care.

"You better get me some chocolate with the money you earned on me," He snarks, making the seventh years laugh at Izzy's disgruntled face. But soon, she turns her calculating stare at Harry.

"I think we are going to be great friends," Izzy says with a wicked smirk. Harry returns the smirk. "I hope so,"

"Why do I have the feeling that the apocalypse will start any minute?" Volkov drawls from his place on Harry's other side.

"Probably because it is. Potter in Slytherin can only mean trouble." Comes a familiar drawl from behind them. Harry turns around and grins at Malfoy, who is, of course, with Crabbe and Goyle. Parkinson is also standing behind them, tittering away.

Harry plants his elbows on the table while interlacing his hands and planting his chin on his hands. "Goodmorning Malfoy, did you sleep well?" Harry asks with a shit-eating smirk. Making Malfoy scowl at him.

"I don't know what you did, Potter-" Malfoy spat, the joke is on him, Harry didn't do anything, but he just knew that Malfoy was too unsettled with Harry being in Slytherin that he wouldn't be able to sleep. "-but my father will hear about this!"

"And what is 'this'?" Harry asks innocently while quoting 'this' with his fingers.

Malfoy just starts to retort when Snape walks up to them with his billowing robes. Seriously, how does he do that? Is it a spell?

"Mister Malfoy, take your seat," He tells the Malfoy scion curtly, making Malfoy scowl one more time at Harry before he turns around.

"Potter-Peverell, here is your schedule. Don't be late to any of the classes, and heed my warning from last night." Snape grits out before quickly making his way back to the Head table.

Harry just checks out his new schedule, and he hears Izzy whistle in appreciation next to him.

"That's a lot, Harry. I don't want to see you around NEWT time." She jokes, but she looks genuinely worried for a moment.

"I will not be taking my NEWTS at Hogwarts. I'm one of the Triwizard champions, remember? I'm excused from tests. I will take my NEWTS in the summer at the Ministry." He comments off handly, still looking at his schedule.

Izzy hits him in the arm with a gasp. "You lucky bastard!"

"Izzy-" It's pretty funny that he already feels familiar enough with her to use her nickname, "-The tournament is crazy dangerous. People have died during the tasks." He drawls in a bored voice.

Izzy scrunches up her nose before responding. "Still better than NEWTS." She declares as if her word is the law.

Harry glances up just in time to see Hermione exit the Great Hall. She glances at him as well and only nods her head once. He wants to sigh in relief, but he needs to go after her.

"If you say so, Izzy, now if you all excuse me, I have something to do. I will see you later."

Harry is glad it's Sunday and quickly leaves the Great Hall and goes up to the seventh floor, where he had asked Hermione to wait for him.

When she sees him enter the corridor, she is almost bouncing on her feet, and he smiles fondly at her. He then lets her stand still while he walks three times in front of a blank wall. She is glaring at him because she doesn't understand what is happening, and it's a sight Harry has thoroughly missed.

After the third time, a door appears, and he waves Hermione over, who now is watching with a gaping expression.

As soon as they have entered the room, Hermione pounces and throws her arms around Harry. It's pretty funny that he finally is taller than her. They keep hugging for a couple of moments until Hermione steps back with tears in her eyes.

"What's wrong, Mione?" Harry asks while brushing his thumb over Hermione's cheek. She sniffles for a moment but rightens herself again, looking every bit the Gryffindor she is. They take a seat at the heart of the room. It looks just like the Gryffindor common room. Harry had asked for that on purpose.

"You're not with me in the same house anymore, not even in the same classes now you're seventeen! And Harry! You're going to be in a dangerous tournament!" She rushes out with worry and sadness in her eyes.

Harry sighs and puts an arm around her shoulders while pulling her closer. He then lays his head on top of hers. "It's funny that I can do this now. I was always the short one of the group." Harry muses, not really responding to Hermione's rambling.

Hermione scoffs and slaps him half-heartedly on the leg. "Is Ron upset with me?" Harry then asks, still ignoring her questions. He is already dreading the answer.

Hermione is silent for a moment before sighing loudly. "He's being a complete and utter fool. Even if he saw it with his own two eyes, he doesn't want to believe that you were taken by Lord Death. No-wait, that's not even the thing he's most upset about. He was raving the whole night in the common room how he couldn't believe that you were now a slimy snake! I just can't believe him!" Hermione rants while throwing her hands up in the air.

Harry sighs. He already expected this and was prepared for the fallout with Ron. The last couple of years while being with Death has helped him come to terms with it, thankfully. Ron was his first friend, his best friend, but he was also narrow-minded, and maybe he will grow out of that eventually, but the world is black or white with Ron, while Harry's world is now full of grey's.

It didn't surprise him that he didn't see Ron at the breakfast table, mostly because it was Sunday and he is probably still asleep, and probably because he doesn't want to see Harry.

"I understand-" When she tries to interrupt him, he quickly holds up his hand to silence her. "- You have to see Hermione that he has been taught nothing else than that Slytherin's are evil. And be honest, which examples does he have that Slytherin's aren't bad? He has only met Malfoy and his sheep, or Snape. And he has grown up with stories about the Dark Lord. The same Dark Lord who tried to kill his sister when he was twelve. I can't and will not blame him for being like this." Harry tells her sternly.

Hermione is silent for a moment. "That's an awfully grown-up point of view, Harry."

"Did you miss the announcement? According to Wizarding law, I'm an actual adult now," Harry jokes, making Hermione laugh.

But it doesn't take long for her to become silent again.

"I have so many questions." She is practically buzzing with them, so Harry gives her the go-ahead.

"Lord Death took you away, correct?" She asks, and he nods with a smile. "What happened exactly? I mean, you just disappeared from the middle of the room with Lord Death of all people! And then five minutes later, you come strolling in like a ponce-"

"A ponce? Hermione, you hurt me!" Harry says in amusement.

"A ponce, Harry Potter! A bloody ponce, it was clear from that moment that you wouldn't be a lion anymore." She says haughtily before laughing when Harry pokes her in the side.

He then turns serious. "Lord Death has chosen me. You could say that I'm his adopted son. At least that's how he sees me. When he took me, we went to his realm, where we lived in a manor. He taught me magic together with Lady Magic herself. I even met Lord Time and Lady Fate. The last two I've only seen for a couple of moments, they were afraid that interacting with me too much would change the fate of the world. But Lady Fate did apologize, for what exactly they didn't tell me, of course."

"Lady Magic taught you magic?!" Hermione asks with wide eyes full of awe.

"Yes, she was amazing, crazy strict, mind you, but amazing. She also taught me everything I needed to know about all the proper etiquette and how ignorant the current wizards and witches are right now. She also examined my OWLs. Knowing I needed them to even return to Hogwarts."

"What classes are you going to take?" Hermione asked excitedly. Harry looks at her with an amused expression.



"I tell you about living with Lord Death for the last couple of years and being taught by Lady Magic herself, and you focus on which classes I'm going to take?" He asks, sounding fond but exasperated. Hermione ducks her head with a blush, but Harry reaches out again to pull her close again.

"Never change, Hermione, never change." He says with a chuckle before taking out his new schedule and presenting it to her. She devours the pages. "Alchemy!? Harry, how amazing! I'm jealous, I really wanted to take that elective, but you can only take it in your sixth and seventh year."

"Almost nobody takes it anymore, mainly because you need an O in potions to even be able to join," Harry tells her with a shrug. He already knows the basics of Alchemy, but Death wanted him to take the course either way.

"Oh, I didn't know that. Good to know for when I'm entering the sixth year." She tells him firmly.

She gives him back his schedule, and he conjures something to drink, expecting that they will be here for a while.

"Why has your name changed to Potter-Peverell?" She asks him while taking a sip from her drink.

"Because I'm the only living descendant of Peverell, and the Peverells were closely related to Death, Death found it fitting that I also took that name and the Lordship that comes with the title. It's mostly political and a little emotional from his side."

Hermione nodded before worrying her bottom lip with her teeth.

"Please don't take this the wrong way, but how was it? You know, living with literal Death?" She is fiddling with the sleeve of her robe, clearly a little anxious for asking this question.

Harry takes a sip from his drink while thinking about how to answer her. "To be honest, Hermione, it was amazing. I told you about how he sees me as his son, and I've come to see him as my father the last couple of years. He genuinely cared for me. He was patient in his teachings, even when I flew off the rails because I didn't like what he was saying." Harry said with a chuckle, thinking back at the first year where there had been more than a couple of incidents.

"I'm glad that you found him then. I know how you hated to go to your muggle relatives. But what do you mean with flying off the rails?" Hermione asks curiously.

"Well, he explained to me about how everyone has an affinity, something I knew very little about. He then showed me the ritual to see what kind of affinity I had, he already knew which I had, but he still let me do the ritual so I would see for myself. When I found out about my Dark affinity, I lost it. Mostly because I thought he had tricked me, it took me a long while before I could accept it." He tells her with a shrug, not feeling calm or aloof at all, but completely tense and afraid of how Hermione will react to this information.

Hermione gasps and puts her hands in front of her mouth while her eyes begin to water. "Dark affinity? Ha-Harry-"

"Please, Hermione, I will explain because there is so much more."

She seems reluctant but nods nonetheless.

"I have a Dark affinity indeed, like almost fifty percent of the wizards and witches in the world. Having a Dark affinity doesn't mean you're evil. It means that Dark magic comes easier to you. But since the witch trials and even medieval times, people have become afraid of Dark magic. They were teaching their children that Dark magic was bad and would turn people evil or crazy. The only ones that still told their children that Dark magic wasn't evil were mostly pureblooded witches and wizards. They kept fighting for the Dark 'side' of magic, but with it, they started to hate muggle-born witches and wizards, blaming them for the changes in their world because most of them agreed directly with the 'Light' side. Mostly because that was the biggest side, and they just wanted a place in the wizarding world."

Hermione was silent for a long time, digesting what he was telling her.

"So you're telling me that most of the Wizarding world is ignorant because they're afraid?"

"That's basically my story indeed, and something Death and Lady Magic has told me and discussed with me at lengths. In the last century, a lot of laws have been accepted, and with it, Dark magic is almost forbidden in Britain. Did you know that Merlin himself was a Dark wizard?" Harry asks her.

"Seriously? Why haven't I read anything about it? And why did you say 'only in Britain?'" Hermione asked immediately. Harry smirked at her, knowing that she would pick up on that.

"Only in Britain indeed, in the rest of the world, Dark and Light magic are equal. Like speaking Parseltongue isn't all that special in India. But here in the UK, it's immediately seen as Dark. What I'm going to tell you next will probably not come over well, but I would really like it if you would listen to me because I'm not going crazy. But a lot has happened in the last couple of years, or at least, for me." He says with a chuckle while Hermione looks at him in confusion.

"When the new laws came into play the last century, this was mostly because of Dumbledore. That's probably not news for you, but it was for me when I learned about it. He is the epitome of a Light wizard, and he's scared of Dark magic. That's probably why Tom Riddle, aka Voldemort, fought so hard against him. He wanted to stop those laws because he was a Dark wizard. Everyone started to feel afraid of Tom because he declared that he was a Dark wizard. And they were mostly taught that Dark magic was evil. It didn't help that the 'savior' of their world agreed that Dark magic was evil." Harry explained with a scoff. Hermione's eyes looked aghast, but she kept silent.

"Then the Dark Lord did a couple of pretty stupid things." Harry sighs while combing his hand through his hair in agitation.

"He split his soul with extremely Dark magic, but it also split his mind. That's why he started the war. He wasn't thinking clearly anymore. Only wanting Dark magic to win and nothing else, but that's where he was wrong. There needed to be balance, and it bit him in the arse." Harry tells her.

Hermione was now gripping Harry's hand tightly. "Harry, you don't-you don't agree with Voldemort, do you?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"I don't agree with his view on muggle-borns or muggles, but he created those ideas after he split his mind and soul. What I do agree with is that Dark magic needs to be in the Wizarding community, just as much as Light magic." Harry responded resolutely. Before softening his gaze and looking at Hermione.

"You don't think that I'm evil, right, Mione?"

"Of course not! It's - it's just like I can't help it that I'm muggle-born, you can't help your affinity if I understand you correctly." She says with a huff and a small, shy smile.

Harry beams at her and kisses her on the head, flustering her even more.

"We could perform the ritual for you too if you want. You could learn everything I've learned, well, unless you don't have a Dark magic affinity, then some things will be difficult, but I digress." Harry said when Hermione started to laugh.

They settled down again, and Harry tells Hermione more about his time with Death.

Hermione wanted to know more about the splitting of Voldemort's soul, but Harry guided them to a safer topic.

"Harry, you said Dark lord, instead of V-Voldemort. You aren't going to follow him, right?" Hermione asked anxiously.

Harry heaved a heavy sigh. "I'm not planning on it, but when he returns, he will not be the same. But me following him is not going to happen-" He says with a scoff. "-Death chose me because I will be better on the neutral side of the spectrum. I want the wizarding world to be fair. And it doesn't matter that I'm technically a Dark wizard. As you said, that's not something I can do anything about."

Hermione grabbed his hand again and looked him in the eye. "I'm not going to ask how you know that he will return-" She says with narrowed eyes, especially when Harry tries to look away, "-but, I will stand with you, where ever you go."

Harry pulls her closer again. "I know. That's why I wanted to tell you everything. You're like my sister, Mione."

Hermione let out a delighted laugh. "I've always wanted a sibling. I'm glad that you're it." She says.

They stay in the Room of Requirement for a while longer. Hermione was excited that she now knew where it was, she had read about it in Hogwarts a History, but the location of the room wasn't talked about.

They also talked about being in Slytherin and that Harry was pretty sure he could handle them, even Draco Malfoy, especially now Harry was a couple of years older.

"Do you really think that you can change the view of all those people, Harry?" She asked just when they were about to leave. Harry looked her straight in the eyes when he tells her; "I'm almost sure of it, but even if they don't want to listen to me, I'm going to try my best."

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!

Please let me know what you think and please leave kudos!

And if you like it, subscribe!

\*Hates herself for sounding like an advertisement.\*

xx MBlack93

22-01-2024 update; I am editing parts of this story, but it's slow going!



# Part two

## Chapter Notes

Holy shit!

So many likes and comments! Thank you so much!

Here's part two!

Enjoy part 2!

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

Getting back to the Great Hall was a world of difference after disappearing for the whole day with Hermione. They both agreed to keep being friends, and even when Hermione wasn't sure how well that would go in Slytherin, Harry was adamant that he didn't want to hide his friendship with her. Hermione was practically his sister, so the Slytherin's would be in for a treat if they would say a bad thing about her.

Hermione just shook her head fondly and didn't say anything, but Harry could tell that she was secretly pleased.

The Slytherin seventh years didn't mind when Harry sat with them again, even if some of them were uncomfortable. Izzy clearly didn't care because she immediately started asking him what he had done today.

"My, it feels a little like the Spanish inquisition. I had some loose ends that needed to be tied up. Is that okay?" He replies sarcastically. Izzy merely beams at him. "Atta boy, never answer a question directly as a Slytherin. You're already learning." She pats him on the arm, and he rolls his eyes.

"I did have an excellent teacher." He drawled with a smirk, thinking back at Lady Magic that surely had been a Slytherin if she ever would've been sorted at Hogwarts.

At that moment, Snape descends on him. He smirks at the man, and Snape sneers back. "Potter, with me." He then turns around, and Harry lets out a put-out sigh, making the seventh years snigger around him.

He quickly follows Snape to the room next to the Great Hall, where the champions should've been gathered the day before. He sees Cedric making his way, too, with Sprout by his side.

When he steps into the room, he sees the other champions already there with their respective Headmasters.

Harry also sees Mr. Bagman and Crouch standing in a corner, Bagman seems excited, and Crouch looks more like he wants to flee the room and be sick. Harry dismissed them and waited until Cedric took place next to him to talk.

"Hello Cedric, I'm sorry for everything that happened. I really didn't want to steal your thunder or anything. If it were up to me, I wouldn't have competed at all. And like I said yesterday, I will be contesting under a 'fourth school' so you're still the Hogwarts champion, you deserve that." Harry tells the blonde wizard seriously.

Cedric looks at him incredulously before he grins at Harry. "Thank you, Harry, that means a lot. I - well, I wanted to ask if you're okay, because yesterday-"

Harry waves his question away. "I'm fine. I got adopted and had three calm years with a lot of training and studying. Instead of being constantly on the edge of dying, it was a nice change of pace." Harry replies with a smirk when Cedric's eyes widen, and the laugh he lets out seems a little strained.

"Adopted?" Fleur suddenly interrupts, clearly having overheard the conversation. "My clazsmates told me that you were taken by Death." She looks at Harry curiously, and Harry smiles at her.

"Death did tell everyone that I'm his chosen child, sounds like adoption to me," Harry replies with a wink, making Fleur blush and look away.



"The Prophet will have a field day tomorrow! The Triwizard Tournament will be known all over the world, especially with the boy who lived adopted by Death himself!" Bagman exclaims excitedly.

Harry barely represses a sneer aimed at the man, but then Dumbledore walks in, and Harry straightens a little. It won't surprise him if Dumbledore wants to speak with him after this.

Bagman then claps Crouch harshly on the shoulder, making the older wizard wince. "Barty! Please have the honors, tell them about the first task!"

"Yes- yes, the first task." Harry again can't help but think that the man looks sick.

"The first task is designed to test your daring," Crouch tells Harry, Cedric, Fleur, and Viktor, "so we are not going to be telling you what it is. Courage in the face of the unknown is an important quality in a wizard-" Crouch seems to be lost in thoughts for a moment before he mumbles "very important." Harry frowns at the strange behavior of the man but dismisses it for now.

"The first task will take place on November the twenty-fourth, in front of the other students and the panel of judges." Bagman then chimes in.

"The champions are not permitted to ask for or accept help of any kind from their teachers to complete the tasks in the tournament. The champions will face the first challenge armed only with their wands. They will receive information about the second task when the first is over. And of course, all champions are excused from exams this year, but you already knew this."

Harry nods because he did indeed know this, Cedric seems lost for a moment, and Harry can understand. It's also Cedric NEWT year. So he leans over to the wizard while whispering. "You can take your NEWTS at the Ministry in the summer, so you can still qualify for the job you want to get." Cedric looks startled for a moment before smiling at Harry, seeming relieved with information.

"Now-" Bagman said with a clap of his hands, and the door from the side chamber opened again. Rita Skeeter comes in with a wizard that is flashing away with his camera. She immediately leveled her gaze on Harry and strode towards him until Snape stepped in front of Harry. Harry had never been so relieved for Snape's Snapeness. "-The weighing of the wands! And of course the interviews after!" Bagman finishes with a cheer.

Harry looked around Snape to see him in a staring contest with Rita Skeeter while Ollivander walked into the chamber.

Ollivander made his way to Fleur first and inspected her wand while talking about what it was made from. Then he conjured flowers with the wand before gifting them to Fleur. Then he made his way to Cedric. He did the same tests and also declared Cedric's wand in good working order. The same it went with Viktor, and then it was Harry's turn.

He handed over his wand with trepidation, and as soon as Ollivander held the wand, his eyes snapped to Harry's. But Dumbledore was right there. Harry couldn't say anything, and he really, really, really, hoped that Ollivander would understand Harry's intent gaze and wouldn't say anything about it. Thankfully, the old wizard seemed not inclined to tell Harry's secret.

"Yes, yes, yes. How well I remember—another wand from my own. Everything seems in working order. Moving on-" Harry could've sagged in relief, but he couldn't show it. He already could feel Snape's gaze on him. Thankfully, Dumbledore didn't seem to notice anything, talking with Madam Maxime.

Pictures were taken, and just when Harry wanted to bolt out of the chamber, Rita Skeeter blocked his way.

"Harry! Please, can I have an interview? Yesterday was-" She waved her hand in front of her face in a way to cool her face. "-intense, can you explain what happened? How Lord Death suddenly took an interest in you, and how you're suddenly older-" She looked him up and down, and Harry curled his lip in disgust. "-and so handsome." Rita purred, making Harry shiver.

Thankfully, help came before he hexed her into oblivion. "Harry! It's getting pretty late. You don't mind walking with me back to the common room, right?" Cedric asked with an innocent smile.

"Of course not, Cedric-" Harry replied maybe a little too quickly, but anything to get him out of this. "-I'm sorry, miss Skeeter, but it has been a tiring day. Everything I wanted to share I've already told. Now, if you excuse me-" He then ducked around her and pulled Cedric with him.

They made it back to the corridors before they burst out laughing.

"That woman is awful," Cedric said with a big smile.

"You have no idea. Be careful what you say around her. She will twist it-" Harry replied while they started walking towards the Hufflepuff common room. Harry didn't know exactly where they were, but he did know it was somewhere near the kitchens.

"So-" Cedric said a little awkwardly. "-You didn't want to join the Tournament at all, did you?"

"No, but it would've been more awful if I was still the same fourteen-year-old. Can you imagine? A fourteen-year-old against three tasks that were designed for seventeen-year-olds. Now I'm at least at the same level as you all." Harry responded with a shrug. He had made his peace with it while being away with Death. He was also glad that he made a wizarding oath so everybody couldn't do anything else but believe him.

Shit, he should write to Sirius. If he reads all of this in the paper, he will come back to Hogwarts, which was way too dangerous for him.

Cedric barked out a laugh and shook his head. "At the same level, please, Harry, we both know that you wouldn't even be on the same level if you were still fourteen years old. You are going to wipe the floor with us."

Harry scrunched up his nose, "It's not like I wanted all of this. I really don't care about the prize money or the fame. I have both of that already." Harry replied utterly sincerely.

Cedric looked at him incredulously before laughing again. "I guess you're right. I'm actually glad we're competing against each other again. I always liked playing against you during Quidditch. However, I'm glad you can't join the Slytherins this year. I rather lose from Gryffindor than from Slytherin." Cedric said with a wink.

Harry stopped walking suddenly when he came up with an idea. "Let's make a pact, Cedric."

Cedric stopped walking too and turned to Harry with a confused expression. "What do you mean?"

"Let's help each other during the tasks. It's the least we could do, right? Even the playing field as much as possible. I will offer the same to the other champions tomorrow. We can't get help from the teachers, but we can help each other."

Cedric looked taken aback for a moment before a grin took over his face. "How very Hufflepuff of you, Harry, are you sure the hat placed you in the right house?"

Harry tried to hide his grimace, but Cedric still laughed at his expression. They said their goodbyes when Cedric was in the right corridor, and Harry made his way to the Slytherin dorms.

There he saw that the Slytherin's were divided into groups. All the Slytherin's were sitting by their own year mates, so Harry made his way to the seventh years.

He sat next to Gudgeon, who only raised an eyebrow at him that Harry simply ignored. Izzy made her way to Harry and dropped promptly in his lap, making Septima and Harry roll their eyes.

They talked about classes, and Izzy refused to move, but Septima didn't seem bothered by it. She seemed more resigned, probably used to Izzy and her antics.

Harry was just in discussion with Septima and Volkov about Magical Theory when he heard a familiar drawl behind him again.

"Already taking other people's witches, Potter?"

Harry rolled his head against the couch, so he was looking upside down at Malfoy, he was in a vulnerable position, but he knew that he could take Malfoy easily.

"You give me too much credit, Malfoy. And not enough to Izzy and Septima that you even think I could steal her from Septima is laughable." Harry drawled.

Malfoy sneered at Harry, but then Izzy stood.

"Draco-" She purred, but Harry could hear the threat behind in and just smiled lazily. "-you aren't assuming that I'm cheating on my girlfriend, are you?"

Malfoy seemed to pale a little, making him look like a ghost with his already pale expression. "No, no, of course not Izzy-"

"Good, because I wouldn't. I just think Harry is interesting enough to be close to him. Maybe you should learn from that."

Malfoy sneered again. "So you think he's special? Why? Because he has a mudblood for a moth-"

Quicker than everybody could understand and especially quicker than anybody could react to, Draco Malfoy hung upside down in front of the seventh years, shrieking like a pig.

"Malfoy-" Harry purred, "-if I'm not allowed to talk about your father, why do you think you can talk about my mother?"

Harry was still sitting on his spot on the couch, his wand still in his holster, and his hands in a seemingly relaxed position on the couch. But everyone in the common room had grown silent and knew that Harry was the one using magic.

Malfoy was turning red in his face from hanging upside down, but Harry didn't care.

Then suddenly, Malfoy was released, and he fell down on the floor, not too hard. Harry didn't want to explain any bruises after all, but hard enough to make a sound.

Harry then stood and walked over to Malfoy, who was lying on the floor panting and watching Harry walk towards him warily.

Harry then knelt down next to him. "Let me be very, very, clear. I don't bloody care what your beliefs are-" He looked at Malfoy first before looking up and looking around the entire Slytherin common room. "But keep them to yourself. That goes for every single one of you. I am going to do something about this racism you all express-" He said with a scoff before standing and holding out his hand to Malfoy, who eyed it warily before grasping Harry's hand. Harry pulled Malfoy to his feet before turning towards the entire room again.

"Who here is a half-blood?"

Several hands went up into the air, and Harry smiled at them.

"How do you feel when your **friends** and **classmates** make fun of muggle-borns, with other words, your parents or grandparents?"

Almost every Slytherin who hadn't raised their hands froze and seemed shocked. Malfoy was openly gaping, especially when he looked back to his own classmates, where two of them had raised their hands.

"Awful, but you can't really say anything about it. Otherwise, they would turn on you." Izzy spoke behind him. Harry hadn't even known that she was a half-blood, but he still nodded in her direction.

"Peer pressure, you don't want to fall out, so you follow the herd. But with it, you are hurting your own friends. As I said, I don't care what you believe. But fifty years ago, there was a muggle who thought that people who believed in a certain religion or had a certain color, or were gay, were less than him. And he executed them. Killing 75 million people with it."

Harry looked around the room and saw shocked and aghast faces. Only the ones that had raised their hands when he asked who was half-blood seemed to have already known this.

"But those were muggles! They are less than us. We would never-" A sixth year started, but Harry held up his hand, and the wizard stopped talking.

"What was Voldemort doing then? What were Death Eaters doing then? And that was just thirteen years ago." He said while looking around the room again. Silence had never been quite this loud. He glanced at Draco beside him for a moment, who was, too, shocked into silence.

"Or what were they doing just this summer, at the world cup? Hmm? You are judging people for something they can't help. Some of you think that because someone's parents aren't magic that **they** don't deserve magic. But they can't help how they are born. Magic can't be stolen. I know this for a fact being told by Lady Magic herself. Hating people because their parents aren't what you want is like hating Malfoy here because he's blonde." Harry says while waving at Malfoy's hair.

"Hey!" Draco says indignantly while petting his hair.

"I do understand that most of you believe what they believe because they are told to do so by their parents. But do you all even know why people started to hate muggle-borns?"

Nobody seemed to know the answer, and Harry couldn't believe that he had everyone's attention like this. But it couldn't have worked out better.

"Who knows what affinity they have?" He then suddenly asked, and as expected, every Slytherin raised their hand. He himself included making people around him gasp.

"My affinity is Dark-" Harry wished he could've taken a picture, the gaping Slytherins were truly a sight to behold. "-There I said it. I, Harry James Potter-Peverell, am a Dark wizard. I found out when I was in Death's realm. The reason people started to hate muggle-borns is because muggle-borns don't understand Dark magic. After all, it's never explained to them. And the first thing they hear when they enter a Magic school is that all Dark magic is bad. Of course, they will side with the Light side point of view because they don't want to lose their place in a whole new exciting world." He scoffs.

"Potter-" Nott started while still holding up his hand from the last question. "-are - what are you telling us exactly?"

Harry is glad for the question because he did almost spiral into a complete rant, and that would nullify any progress he may have made.

"What I'm saying is that there is a need for change. And I think that we **need** to be the start of that. So, go, think about what I said tonight. I'm not lying because I don't see the point in lying. And I have it from very reliable people, like Lord Death and Lady Magic-" Harry drawled with a glare. "And try not to bully muggle-borns just for existing, and for Salazar's sake, talk to your classmates or friends that are half-bloods, ask them for their opinion. Ask them how you have made them feel the last couple of years." He adds with a sneer.

The Slytherins are still hanging on his lips, and Harry feels empowered but also a little awkward for being in the spotlight.

"Let whole fucking Hogwarts see that even if we are Dark wizards, that we're not evil. Because that's what everyone thinks now, Slytherins are evil because that's where the Dark wizards are. But are we evil simply because we're Dark wizards?" Harry looks around the room and sees multiple people shake their heads, almost everyone. He makes a mental note of that. "No, we're not. We're evil because of our actions. Not because of our affinity. So stop hating on muggle-borns because they aren't born into a family with magic. I know I'm asking a lot from some of you-" Harry glances at Draco again, who is looking at the floor with a contrite expression. "but try. And again, if you keep hating them because of your own



principles, I don't care, but think for yourself, not what your parents expect from you. And don't show it to the fucking world. Or you're not better than a muggle who killed 75 million people, or Lord Voldemort." Harry ends with a sneer.

Harry looks around the room one more time and freezes when he sees Snape standing in the entrance for his private chambers, but Snape only nods once at him before disappearing back into his chambers.

Harry then turns back to Malfoy, who is watching him with a wary expression.

"You've changed." Malfoy states and Harry rolls his eyes.

"Yes, I have. Are you going to do the same, or are you still going to be a prat?" Harry retorts. Making Malfoy inhale through his nose roughly.

"This isn't going to be easy."

"I didn't expect it to be." Harry readily replies.

Malfoy shakes his head before nodding. "I have some things to think about. For what it's worth. I'm sorry for insulting your mother." Malfoy grits out, but even with the grimace he's sporting, he seems sincere.

"And I shall keep your father out of every discussion we will have from now on. I do apologize for hexing you upside down." Harry replies before holding out his hand.

Malfoy eyes his hand warily but takes it nonetheless.

"To be honest, Potter, I don't want to have arguments with you. I have the feeling that I will get hexed again if I try."

"Only if you deserve it," Harry smirks.

Malfoy rolls his eyes and starts to walk away before Harry calls him again.

"One more thing, Malfoy, Hermione is off-limits, no taunts, jibes, name-calling, nothing. She is basically my sister, and I will hurt you if you hurt her. Am I clear?"

Malfoy purses his lips but nods nonetheless before walking away. Harry turns back to the seventh years, and Nott begins to slow clap making Harry roll his eyes and sitting back in his seat.

"So, who has Charms with me in the morning?" Harry says, not wanting to discuss anything further this evening.

\*\*\*\*

The next day Harry can't help but sneer at the Daily Prophet. They have covered the whole story, so Harry is glad for that fact, but Rita still somehow made it seem more dramatic than it had been, which is pretty astounding since it was already pretty dramatic to begin with.

"I did not fell into Death's arms crying like a baby because of my dead parents. Seriously, who believes this rubbish?" He exclaims while slamming the Prophet down and rubbing his eyes.

Izzy pats him on the back in fake sympathy. "Yes, no one will believe this rubbish. I mean, come on - Lord Death, who kidnaps a child only to return him seemingly five minutes later only for the child to have aged three years and completely badass? Tssk, that's utterly unbelievable."

Harry chuckles at Izzy's observations because she has a point. Who is going to believe this at all?

"Well, most parents will probably believe their children," Nott adds while grimacing at the awkward photos they took of the champions.

Harry hums at that. He hadn't considered it that the children would write to their parents. But maybe that would work to his advantage.

It was going to be the talk of the wizarding world, that's for sure. Harry glances at the Head table, a little surprised that Dumbledore hasn't called him to his office yet, not that Harry minds, but it's odd.

Dumbledore seems in a heated conversation with McGonagall, so Harry quickly looks away.

He then sees the Bulgarians walk into the Great Hall, which is perfect for what he talked about with Cedric. Viktor seems almost protected by his classmates, and Harry feels a little sorry for him.

But when he looks around the Hall and sees starstruck eyes staring at him, he does understand. Viktor catches Harry's eye, and Harry nods to the place next to him. Viktor frowns but nods and makes his way to Harry's side.

"Krum, nice to meet you officially," Harry says while reaching out his hand. Viktor grabs his hand with a nod. "Potter-Peverell, well met," Viktor replies with a thick accent.

Harry smiles at him while Viktor starts to load his plate with eggs and bacon.

"So, I've been thinking. Cedric told me yesterday that now I've been trained by Death, that it seems like I have an advantage. That's something I want to even out. So I wanted to ask you and Fleur if you would be interested in a pact." Harry says bluntly, thinking that it would work better with the Bulgarian.

The Slytherins around Harry have gone silent, listening in to the conversation.

"Pact?" Krum asks, sounding confused.

"Yes, a pact. Teachers can't help us with the tasks, but why not help each other? We could train together and maybe swap clues. If you don't want to because you want to do it yourself for ever glory-" Harry says with extreme sarcasm, Krum grimaces in return. "-or, we even out the field, and the one with the most skill wins. Simple as that."

Krum looks at Harry intensely, and Harry just stares back. Not the least bit intimidated. Kind of hard after three years in Death's realm where you've met real hellhounds.

"I will think about it," Krum replies. Harry nods. He had been expecting that.

"Great, I'm going to talk to Fleur to offer her the same." Harry then says before nodding his goodbye and standing to walk after Fleur, who just exited the Great Hall.

"Miss Delacour!" He calls after her when she's almost at the steps. Fleur turns around and seems confused as to why Harry is calling her. He strides quickly towards her and offers his arm. Fleur seems even more puzzled but takes his arm.

He immediately starts explaining his plan for the pact, and she listens intently.

"Why are you doing this?" She asks in a thick French accent when they have almost reached the carrier where the Beauxbatons dorms are.

"Because I want to even the playing field," He replies honestly.

"Don't you want to win?"

Harry grins at her, liking the directness in her questions. "Au contraire, I want to win. But I will not be accused of cheating only because I now have the same education as you and the other champions."

Fleur giggled, and Harry sees a couple of blokes who walked by practically swoon, and he frowns.

"My apologies if I'm too direct. But are you part Veela?" Harry asks when the blokes are drooling in Fleur's direction.

"My grandmother was a Veela, yes," Fleur replies, and she seems to close off. So Harry quickly starts talking again. "How wonderful. I'm glad that it's better in France than here for Veela's and other creatures." Harry replies with a smile.

Fleur seems taken aback before beaming at Harry.

"Thank you. Good to know that they're not only thunderheads at Hogwarts."

Harry throws his head back and laughs. "Nice meeting you, miss Delacour. I need to go to my classes, but please let me know what you think of the pact." He says before kissing her knuckles.

"Please call me Fleur." She replies with a smile before going inside. Harry quickly makes his way back to Hogwarts for his first class.

He now remembers why he never was very social with others except for his close friend circle in Gryffindor. It's utterly exhausting.

\*\*\*\*

He finally gets the summons to talk with the Headmaster after his second period. He still has two classes, and even if there is not a time mentioned on the invite, Harry is pretty sure that Dumbledore wants him in his office during those classes. Maybe Gryffindor Harry would've done exactly that, glad to skip a couple of classes in favor of doing something else, but Slytherin Harry, and especially seventh year Harry, isn't going to skip his classes just to humor his Headmaster.

So he still goes to his Transfiguration class and nods at McGonagall when she starts the class.

The next couple of hours are dreadfully boring. The things he is learning are not new to him, and maybe Cedric was right in some aspects. He isn't exactly in league with the rest of the champions. He knew this, of course, but still, he doesn't like people assuming. He worked hard for the last couple of years with Death and Lady Magic. It's not as if it was just thrown in his lap or anything.

His fame is something that was practically thrown at him. When the Dark Lord returns, he will make sure that the asshole knows exactly how much Harry appreciated his 'fame'.

When his last class is finally done, he checks his bag to see if he hasn't forgotten anything before making his way up to Dumbledore's office.

He doesn't meet anyone else on his way up and is secretly glad. Social interactions are tiring, and he has already had enough for today, but Harry has evaded Izzy and the other seventh years the whole day after running after Fleur this morning. Not wanting to explain himself.

He knows they will have opinions about it and call it stupid for his chance in the tournament. But Harry really doesn't care.

Harry arrives at the statue and breaths deeply to calm his mind. He thanks Death silently for the lessons he has gotten in warding your mind before looking at the statue at the entrance of Dumbledore's office and simply says "Butterscotch nougat."

He climbs the stairs towards the office and knocks, knowing that Dumbledore already knows he's there.

"Come in!" The enthusiastic response comes from inside.

"Hello Headmaster," Harry greets politely.

"Harry! My boy!" Dumbledore greets with a broad smile and a twinkling in his eyes.

Harry just smiles back at the man and keeps standing for the moment. He looks around the room and sees Fawkes looking at him with an intense look. Harry knows exactly why and quickly looks further around the room.

"You wanted to speak to me, sir?"

Dumbledore nods his head and waves his hand at the chair on the opposite side of his desk. Harry sits down and crosses his legs, sitting straight and his face impassive.

Dumbledore seems taken aback for a moment but quickly recovers.

"Lemon drop?" He offers, and it takes everything from Harry to not scowl at the bowl of disgusting candies.

"No, thank you, I'm just curious about what I can do for you."

Harry looks at the mole just beneath Dumbledore's right eye, never straight in his eyes, Harry is maybe trained in blocking his mind, but still, he doesn't want to be exposed in any way to the Headmaster.

"Ah, well, as you can understand, Harry, I wanted to talk about what has happened exactly."

Harry cocks his head in an innocent manner. "What do you mean, sir?"

The little twitch Dumbledore has in his left eye is the only emotion he displays, but Harry catches it.

"Well, after your name came out of the goblet, dear boy, what happened exactly when Lord Death took you? Are you okay? Did he do anything to you?"

Oh, he's good. Harry muses inside his head. "Sir, to be honest, to be taken by Death was the best thing that has ever happened to me."

This time Dumbledore can't hide his shock quick enough. "What do you mean?" And Harry represses the urge to smirk.

"Well, Death taught me and helped me with everything that has happened to me, he explained so much what I didn't understand about the wizarding world, and Lady Magic herself blessed me. Did you know, sir, that I'm the heir of two Noble houses?" Harry says with fake excitement, knowing exactly that Dumbledore hates every moment of this.

He sees Dumbledore grit his teeth, but he still forces a smile. "No, I don't think I did. But it sounds very exciting, my boy."

"It is!" Harry exclaims, acting like a hyperactive young boy. "It means that because I'm now an adult in the wizarding world, I can claim the lordships, and with that, I will get the properties with it, and will never have to live with the Dursleys, again!"

Dumbledore seems like he's close to having an aneurysm.

"But-Harry, they're your family, surely you want to be with them, they love you."



Immediately Harry's facade drops, and with it, the room temperature.

"Love me?" Harry scoffs. "Don't be ridiculous. They have never loved me, but I'm okay with that now. I have Death and Lady Magic. They care for me. They love me." Harry's voice doesn't waver, and he isn't lying. He knows the two deities care for him. Death sees him as his own son and Lady Magic as her nephew.

"Harry-" Dumbledore starts, making Harry tense up. "-You can't expect Lord Death and Lady Magic to take care of you. They aren't even in this world."

"They have cared for me for over three years, sir. If I want, I could go back right now and stay with them. They actually preferred that. It was me that wanted to come back to this realm. And I only wanted to come back so nobody could accuse me of cheating if I were older than the other champions." Harry spat.

Dumbledore pales. "But, Harry, when your parents were killed, I drew up special wards around the house of your aunt and uncle. You need to go back there so you will be safe."

Harry bristled at that. No fucking way he's going back to the Dursleys!

"I will be safe in any of the hidden properties from the Potter's or Peverell's, hell even the Black's, and I would be safer there than I have ever been on Privet Drive. Because the blood wards kept the bad wizards indeed out, but not all the bad people because those were already living there." Harry fumed. Thinking back on all the abuse he had suffered from the Dursleys. How small and broken he was because of his aunt, uncle, and cousin. "If that's all, sir. I'm going back to my dorm before supper. Good evening." Harry tells the man, not even waiting on a response before storming out of the office.

He needs to calm down, especially because he feels his magic reacting to his mood, so he quickly makes his way to the seventh floor and paces in front of the Room of Requirement. As soon as the room opens, he throws the door open and starts shooting spells at all the targets that have appeared along the walls.

Harry only didn't notice two sets of eyes following him and making their way quickly inside the rapidly closing door.

When Harry has blasted the last target and asks the room for more, he finally notices the two other people in the room and swirls around—aiming a hex at both of the intruders.

Only when he has already fired the spells, he sees who the intruders are and curses himself.

Two yelps are heard when the hexes connect, and Harry quickly makes his way over to the twins to lift the spells.

"I'm sorry! I didn't know you had followed me." He apologizes, cursing himself again that he hadn't noticed that he had been followed. He's always careful, but the rage Dumbledore had brought on by making him think back to his abusive childhood had made Harry reckless.

"Oi! It's fine. Nothing is broken. Or are you George?" Fred says while smirking.

"No, I'm fine, bloody good jelly legs jinx, though," George responds with a smirk of his own.

Harry rolls his eyes. Of course, the Weasley twins have followed him. Why did Harry expect anything else?

Fred brushes himself off while looking through the room while George waggles his eyebrows at Harry making Harry snort.

"So our little Harrykins, all grown up now-"

"Oh, how the good times fly-"

"I can still see icky little Harry asking for the way-"

"To a whole new world!" George and Fred say in unison, wiping away fake tears.

Harry rolls his eyes and crosses his arms. "What do you two want?" He sighs.

"We just wanted to know how our dear Harry is now in Slytherin, the house of snakes," Fred asks while walking around Harry—making Harry stiffen for a moment until he sees the teasing glint in their eyes.

"Actually, I would've been in Slytherin in my first year if I had wanted to. I just asked the hat not to put me there." Harry replies with a smirk of his own.

The twin's gasp and fake swoon in each other arms. "He's even more Slytherin than we thought!"

Harry chuckles at their antics and asks the room silently for a couch so he can sit down comfortably, expecting to be there for a while.

The twins see the couch appear and immediately start asking Harry about the room, to which Harry answers honestly. He doesn't mind if he shares this room with Hermione and the twins. They have been his friends for the last couple of years.

They talk some more, and Harry is relieved that they aren't bothered at all with the fact that he's in Slytherin.

It doesn't take long for the twins to pull out their new product for their joke shop. Something Harry is rather curious about.

"So, are the products tested?" Harry asks them, and they both avoid his gaze.

"Well, we tested them on ourselves-"

"And we asked a couple of-"

"First and second years-"

"To help us-"

"For payment, of course!"

"Only we don't have a lot-"

"Of funds." They both say, sounding a little morose. Harry nods.

"How about this, you stop testing on little kids, but more on older kids, who actually know what they're agreeing to-" Harry proposes with a hard look, making the twins gulp. "And I will fund you. I will be a silent partner in your new shop."

The twins look shocked before they throw themselves at Harry. "Thank you!" They yell, making Harry almost go deaf.

"Oi! Let go of me, you wankers!" Harry says, but he's laughing too. They both agree to Harry's proposition, and soon after, they leave the Room for dinner.

The rest of the week goes by quickly. The only mentionable thing that happens is that Harry receives his answers for the pact from Viktor and Fleur, who both agree. They are planning a training the next week. Harry already knows that he will take them to the ROR for some training. He only needs to make sure that he and Viktor aren't followed.

At the end of the week, he also finally gets an answer from Sirius, only he had hoped that his godfather was a little less reckless.

Harry groans after reading the letter and bumps his head on the table he's seated at in the library with Hermione.

"What's wrong, Harry?" She asks while glaring at the tittering crowd surrounding Viktor.

"Padfoot is back in the UK," Harry groans at the table.

"You're kidding me! You did tell him how dangerous it was?"

"Of course, I did! But did he listen? No! Reckless Gryffindor." Harry grumbles, making Hermione wack him on the head with her book, which kind of hurts because the bloody thing is as thick as his fist.

"Do I need to remind you that you were a 'reckless Gryffindor' just two weeks ago." She says with a glare.

"No, but I still felt it was a justified remark."

Hermione rolls her eyes, and Harry smirks at her. "What did he want?"

"He wants to meet me outside Hogsmeade next weekend and for me to bring food."

Hermione looks a little troubled.

"Do you think it's smart to meet up with him? You are going to be followed. And it will not end well for the both of you if you two are discovered." She sounds worried, and Harry can understand.

"I will think of something because I do want to see him, and maybe I can arrange something, so he doesn't have to be on the run anymore." Harry is already thinking of several ideas he could follow to give Sirius some kind of peace until at least the summer.

Hermione narrows her eyes at him. "Are you plotting something, Harry?"

Harry just smirks at her, "Maybe I am." He then looks at his watch and feels excitement bubble up.

"I need to go, Mione. See you tomorrow." He then kisses the top of her head before almost running out of the library.

He makes a quick detour to the Slytherin dorms to retrieve his invisibility cloak and then makes his way outside.

Harry walks briskly underneath his cloak towards the edge of the Forbidden Forest. He's a little distracted when after fifteen minutes of walking, he hears a lot of noise coming from a clearing, so he swiftly walks towards the noise before returning to his own endpoint for tonight.

Harry groans out loud when he sees what is making the noise. Multiple people are running around because of fucking Dragons! Of course, they let the champions go against Dragons!

"Bugger," Harry says before turning back and going further into the forest for his own meeting.

It doesn't take long before he reaches the spot they had agreed to meet on. He places the warding stones he had shrunk in his pocket around the area and rolls his neck in

preparation for the next part.

Then he raises his hands up to the sky and starts to chant in the language of the dead.

The dark power that goes through his body feels like the first breath after being underwater for multiple minutes, refreshing and powerful in his own way.

The circle he's standing in darkens, and shadows erupt all around him until a man steps forward from the shadows, and Harry stops his chant to beam at him.

"Dad!" He says before pulling the man in a big hug. Death chuckles and hugs Harry back. "How are you, little one? Are you driving them crazy yet?" Death taunts, making Harry roll his eyes.

"You should've seen their faces when I was resorted in Slytherin," Harry then tells Death everything about what happened the last week, making Death chuckle and groan at everything that happened.

"Sirius wants to see me next weekend," Harry says while pulling out the letter he had gotten from his godfather.

Death takes the letter and studies it before his eyes go vacant for a while. Harry is used to it, but he still feels a shiver running down his spine.

"You should help him out of the situation, which I know you're already thinking about, but it's important for his survival, especially his mental health."

Harry nods, "Can I tell him about what we are planning to do?"

"We? Little one, most things are coming from you, and you alone, maybe with some help from Lady Magic, but they're still your ideas."

Harry smiles bashfully and ducks his head, but Death pulls him in a one-armed embrace. "But you should tell him, you are going to throw the whole wizarding world a curveball, so maybe a heads up to your godfather and your honorary werewolf uncle is a smart thing to do."

Harry hadn't even thought about Remus, but Death's right. He should be involved with the plan. They're silent for a moment until Harry talks again.

"Why did I have to perform this ritual before you could be here?" Harry then asks. He has kind of forgotten the details about why he needed to do this, especially because Death could appear in front of all of them just a week/three years ago.

"Because it's tiring to appear in the mortal realm without being anchored. The last time I had a good enough reason to do so because you were stupid enough to almost renounce your magic." Death responds with a glare making Harry blush. "With your magic calling to me, it's easier to step across the border and talk to you."

"I'm glad that we can still see each other. It's weird being back here. I miss Brutus." Harry says with a pout, making Death laugh.

"He misses you too, he whined for a whole three days. The poor dog doesn't even understand that he will see you again eventually."

Harry laughed, thinking back at the hellhound he had befriended while in Death's realm.

"Can he cross the border too?"

"Only if I wish it, but I wanted you for myself tonight." Death replies seriously. "Awh, you sap." Harry teases, but he's pleased that his adoptive father wants him for himself and just talk to him.



They talk some more before Harry tells him about the Dragons for the first task.

"What are you planning on doing with them?" Death hums.

"I don't know what they're expecting from us, but it's probably something stupid, like racing them or at least running from them," Harry says sarcastically.

Death rolls his eyes and cuffs Harry on the back of his head. "Don't be stupid, little one. Running away from a Dragon will only anger it more. If they want you to do that, call Lady Magic, she will scold the judges until they shake on their legs."

Harry laughs at the image of a small blonde-haired woman scolding Crouch, Dumbledore, and Bagman until they piss their pants. She is still more powerful than them all bound together, but that doesn't matter for the image.

Death sighs and stands before helping Harry up. "I need to go back, little one. The dead are getting restless without me being home."

Harry frowns, not wanting to part with Death just yet, but he knows he can't hold Death much longer from his own realm.

"Are you coming to watch the first task?" Harry asks, feeling a little stupid for sounding like a little kid.

"Of course! Lady and I will be there, incognito, of course, but I have no doubt that you will recognize us. Especially with Lady jumping up and down for seeing you again."

Harry smiles and hugs his adoptive father before he closes his eyes when the shadows erupt around them again. When he opens his eyes again, Death is gone, and Harry feels a little ache inside of him.

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The next week flies by with nothing too mentionable. He studies with the Slytherin seventh years, talks with Hermione, George, and Fred, oh, and he informs the other champions about the first task.

"Dragons?" Cedric's face is rapidly losing color while Harry is twirling his wand in his hand while lying on the couch.

Fleur seems to almost collapse, so Harry quickly asks the ROR for a chair. It obliges, and she sinks down in it. Viktor seems utterly unaffected.

"Yup." Harry says while popping the 'p'.

"Ridiculous, isn't it? They actually expect us to fight a Dragon, or at least do something with it. They had four of them, so one for each of us." Harry tells them, seemingly unbothered. He has gotten used to the idea of the Dragons after wandering another night into the forest to check them out beneath his cloak.

They seemed fierce, yes, but Harry is already thinking of a couple of plans he could do. Of course, it all depends on what they expect from them. But that will probably be revealed when the task is going to start.

"Which kinds?" Krum asks the only one not quietly panicking.

Harry thinks about it, but he doesn't actually know a lot about Dragons.

"I could show you? Because I'm a little clueless."

The room immediately provides a Pensieve, and Harry gracefully jumps up from the couch he was lying on to walk to the Pensieve to put his memory of the Dragons in it. Cedric and

Fleur join them, not wanting to pass the opportunity to see the Dragons with their own eyes. It may also ease some of their worries or maybe enhance them.

They drop into the memory, and Harry hears the other champions gasp when they see the Dragons.

Viktor points at the green dragon and tells them it's a Welsh Green. Cedric then announces that the red one is the Chinese Fireball, and Viktor tells them about the Hungarian Horntail and the Swedish Short-Snout.

"Okay, good to know, good to know, so do you also know their weaknesses?" Harry says while clapping his hands and looking at Viktor and Cedric.

Cedric and Fleur seem a little better now after seeing the Dragons for themselves.

"No, but we could use the next couple of weeks to research them, right?" Cedric proposes, and Harry agrees, just as Fleur and Viktor.

Now a couple of days later, it's time for Harry to meet with Padfoot outside Hogsmeade. He used his cloak again, avoiding the irritating fangirls that asked him out on a date to Hogsmeade. Being the Boy-who-lived, and a champion, and now of age, apparently raised his appeal, much to his dismay and Izzy's endless glee.

Hermione just huffed when he complained to her about it and told him to grow up, to which he, of course, replied that he already did and that it was part of the problem. Only to be wacked on his head again, with love, of course...

Izzy just teased him and fake swooned as soon as another girl tried to woo him. He almost hexed her, but he can't do that outside the Slytherin dorms. Bugger rules.

He was walking to the abandoned road and spotted the cave they had agreed to meet in, but he also saw a big black dog bounding up to him.

The dog froze when Harry removed his cloak, and Harry just smirked. "Hello Padfoot, missed me?"

Sirius didn't seem to know how to respond, run away or jump on Harry, so Harry lowered himself to his knees to pull the mutt in his arms.

"I'm still me, Sirius. Just a little older," He whispered, making the dog whine.

Harry petted the big dog and guided them to the cave they had agreed to meet in. Sirius immediately changed back to his human form and pulled Harry in for a hug. Before pulling back and looking at Harry with a wistful look.

"You look just like your father."

Harry swallowed heavily. "I know. I know, now come on, I'm going to take you to some other place."

Harry then pulled out the Portkey he had gotten from Gringotts after contacting them. He had asked for a Portkey to one of the Peverell houses that was still in good condition. It would be the perfect safe place for Sirius. Nobody but Harry and the people he had invited could get inside the wards, and he had asked Dobby to work for him. The little guy had been ecstatic to work for Harry.

Sirius eyed the Portkey warily but nodded nonetheless. Harry activated the Portkey, and with a whirl, they landed inside the foyer of the Peverell house.

"Master Harry Potter, sir! And his Godwoofy!" Dobby exclaimed before launching himself against Harry's legs.

"Godwoofy?" Sirius said with a frown. But Harry just laughed, and it seemed to relax Sirius.

"Dobby, can you make us something to eat? Sirius hasn't eaten anything good in a while." Dobby saluted and immediately popped out of existence. Harry guided Sirius to the dining room, or at least in the general direction of the dining room. He hadn't explored this house yet, but he had a feeling he was going the right way.

There he put a disgruntled Sirius in a chair. "I'm not an invalid!"

Harry rolled his eyes. "I know, but you are a half-starved, a mentally abused man that needs some care. Let me be the one that takes care of you, Sirius." Harry said seriously.

Sirius sagged in the chair like a petulant child but perked up when food appeared in front of him. Dobby had made soup and some bread. A little light, but Sirius really shouldn't eat more. Or otherwise, it would all come back up.

Harry also ate some soup and was curious about the rest of the house. When Sirius started to look a little green, Harry asked Dobby to take the food away. Sirius seemed disgruntled but seemed to understand why.

"Dobby, could you please show us some of the guestrooms?" Harry asked, and Dobby guided them through the house, seemingly extremely proud that he was there to take care of his Master Harry and his Godwoofy.

"Harry-" Sirius started when they walked into the wide space that was a guestroom. "-I-I can't stay here," Sirius said, sounding pained.

Harry scoffed. "Of course, you can, it's unplottable, and only me, Dobby, and you have access. When I get a hold of Remus, he will be invited here too."

Sirius shook his head. "Potter lands are-"

"It's not Potter. It's Peverell." Harry interrupted. Sirius gaped at Harry.

"Okay. I think that now is a good time for telling me what the actual fuck is happening. You are suddenly older and in Slytherin! And in one of the deadliest Tournaments on the globe! In some of the papers I read was a story that you were taken by Lord Death, THE LORD DEATH! Pup, please- what is going on?" Sirius was raging but ended in a whisper, and Harry scrubbed his hands through his hair with an agitated sigh.

"Yes, yes, you're right. I will tell you, and after you can shower and rest because I need to go back to school-"

Sirius's face immediately crumpled, knowing that he would be alone again soon. "As I told you, Remus will be invited here too, then you won't be alone, and you both will be safe!" Harry said quickly, not liking the fact that Sirius looked so down.

Then Harry started to tell his story. He excluded a lot of things he had learned in Death's realm, but it wasn't the time for that, not when Sirius was still this vulnerable. But he did tell Sirius about how his name had come out of the Goblet, and how he had made an oath that he hadn't put his own name in it, and how he was ready to live as a Squib if he would be forced to participate, but that Death had stopped him.

Then he tells Sirius a little about his life in Death's realm. Sirius looks captivated by the stories of Death and Lady Magic, he did wince when Harry tells him that Death has been like an adoptive father, and Harry can almost see the sadness in his eyes.

Then he tells Sirius about his resorting and how it is to be in Slytherin. He doesn't tell Sirius that he has some kind of understanding with Snape now. He doesn't think Sirius is ready for that either.

Sirius listens to all of it without interrupting Harry, then Harry tells Sirius about the Dragons, and he loses it for a bit.

"DRAGONS!? I'm going to tear Dumbledore apart! How the hell does that man still look after a school of children when he brings them in danger every fucking year?!" Sirius growls.

Sounding more like an angry dog than a human.

Harry blinks for a moment before starting to laugh. Sirius huffs and crosses his arms. "It's not funny!"

"No, no, it's absolutely not, but the student most in danger at that school is me, and I will be done with Hogwarts after this year now I'm a seventh year."

"Thank fuck for that, pup!" Sirius exclaims, making Harry laugh again.

They calm down after a couple of moments, and Sirius seems to turn serious again. "What are you going to do against a Dragon?"

"Not sure yet. I don't know what they want us to do. Like a race seems improbable, but I don't know what else we could do with Dragons," Harry says, a little frustrated.

"The first task was always something to get a clue for the second one if I remember correctly." Sirius mumbles, seeming lost in thought.

"So getting a clue from a Dragon- so that probably means the Dragons will guard something, and we need to take it." Harry summarizes.

Sirius starts to pale rapidly. "Do you know if the Dragons are female?"

Harry, not understanding yet, looks confused. "According to Viktor, at least two of them were. Why?"

"Eggs, they're probably hatching mother Dragons," Sirius says in a whisper. "Bugger."

"You could say that," Sirius says faintly, and Harry notices how tired the man seems.

"Go take a bath or shower, Sirius. And get some rest. Dobby will take care of you, and I will contact Remus as soon as possible so he can be here for you too. I'm sorry that I already need to go, but you need your rest, and I will come here for Christmas break, okay?" Harry says carefully.

Sirius looks heartbroken and pulls Harry in a hug. "I'm sorry I haven't been there for you." He rasps out, and Harry hugs him tighter.

"It's okay, I've been taken care of, now it's your turn. Okay?" He feels Sirius nod against his shoulder. They're practically the same height now.

Dobby pops in to hug Harry goodbye too, and then Harry apparates back to Hogsmeade. He should probably get a license for that, but it isn't that high on his list.

When he goes over his list mentally, he winces with everything he still needs to do. It's going to be a long couple of years. The upcoming the most eventful, he's sure of that.

After all, bringing back the Dark Lord for balance in the world is probably the most memorable thing on his list.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked the chapter!

Please let me know or leave kudos!

xxMBlack93



## Part three

### Chapter Notes

Hi!

Another chapter, whoop!

The only sad part is that I can't post for the next couple of weeks, so it will take some time before the story will continue. Sorry!

I seriously love all the comments and kudos! I've never had so many when I just had posted two chapters!

Thank you so much for that!



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

When Harry returns to the castle, he immediately searches for Cedric, Viktor, and Fleur. They are thankfully all in the Great Hall, so he just simply invites them to the ROR. To which, they all agree.

"Is something wrong, Harry? You look a little agitated." Cedric says, sounding genuinely concerned.

"Well, I talked to a friend of mine about the first task, and I think we have missed something," Harry tells them while rubbing his hand through his hair.

"What have we missed?" Fleur asks. "Well, if we look back to other tournaments, the first task always is to retrieve a clue about the second task. With me so far?" Harry replies, and he receives three nods.

"Okay, so, according to Viktor, two of the Dragons are female. What probably means-"

"Nesting mothers, we need to retrieve a clue from the eggs," Viktor says while rubbing the bridge of his nose.

"Yeah, that's what I'm thinking." Harry's shoulders sag with the statement. Ever since his talk with Sirius, he couldn't get it out of his mind. He really doesn't know yet how he will do it. But maybe the others have some ideas.

"Do you think you will get extra points if you do something extra daring?" Fleur asks them.

"Probably," Harry replies with a nod. "But, to be honest, I'm just going to be in and out of there as soon as possible. Daring be damned." Harry tells them, making the others chuckle.

"Your Gryffindor self is turning in his grave." Cedric teases, making Harry wink at him. Harry misses the blush that spreads all over Cedric's face.

"So, do you have any idea about how you're going to trick the Dragon?" Fleur asks, looking at the others in question.

"Maybe something to draw his attention away, but how I'm not sure," Cedric replies, lost in thoughts.

"Find its weak spot, then the Dragon is distracted too," Viktor tells them with a shrug.

"Why don't you fly to distract it? Maybe lure it away like that?" Harry proposes, making Viktor raise his eyebrows at Harry.

"I didn't think of that."

Harry just shrugs in response. He thinks it will be a good idea for Viktor. If Harry was still in Gryffindor, he would probably do it too. But right now, he needs another idea.

"I think I will charm it," Fleur says with confidence, and Harry smiles at her.

"I'm not sure what I'm going to do," Harry muses. They keep talking for a little while longer, and at the end of it, Harry has a rough idea of what he is going to do with the Dragon.

\*\*\*\*

The next day Harry goes to the library to meet with Hermione, who seems agitated and is lost in a book.

Harry takes a seat next to her and waits until she notices him. She doesn't.

"Mione." He says, and she practically falls off her chair if Harry hadn't been there to catch her. "Easy does it." He says, amused, while she is scowling at him.

"Don't scare me, Harry James Potter-" Hermione says, "-Peverell," Harry adds just to be a little shit, only to be whacked on the back of his head by Hermione's piece of parchment. Harry can't help but laugh, only to be silenced by Madam Pince.

He calms down slowly and sees Hermione looking at him with a glare. "What have I done?" He finally sighs when she keeps glaring at him.

"Did you tell Malfoy to be nice to me?" Hermione rushes out before looking around her frantically to check if no one heard her asking that. Harry frowns in response.

"I told him that if he bullies you, he will get cursed, but I didn't ask him to be nice," Harry tells her honestly and feels a little confused. He hadn't had any problems with the Malfoy heir since his speech in the common room, so he put the teen out of his head. But maybe he needs to pay a little more attention.

Harry narrows his eyes when Hermione keeps fidgeting. "What did he do?"

Hermione rubs her forehead before looking a little wary at Harry. "He is- I never expected to say this, but he's nice to me. Just after you were sorted in Slytherin, he ignored me, which was fine, I was actually glad, but then we got paired up during Potions, and we got into a discussion, and he suddenly realized I was right, and he was wrong, and at first he was mad, I could see it! I was waiting to get hexed or something, but then he calmed down and smiled! He smiled at me, Harry!" Hermione rambles while looking at Harry with wide eyes. Harry narrows his eyes even more.

"Did he do anything else?"

"Well, he talks to me, which is really weird- but not - unpleasant," Hermione adds, looking a little confused herself.

Harry doesn't like it. He doesn't like it at all. "Not unpleasant?"

"No, he's pretty clever, he's actually second in all classes, just behind me, only in Potions he's mostly better-" Hermione says, and she smiles a little while looking away.

"Mione-"

Hermione's eyes snap back to Harry, and she blushes, making Harry's eyebrows touch his hairline.

"Do you like Malfoy?"

Hermione scoffs, and Harry snorts. "No, of course not, it's just - a little weird, but not entirely-"

"Unpleasant?" Harry finishes for her with a smirk, and she nods in response.

"It's okay if you like him, but let him sweat a little and hex him a little when he apologizes," Harry says nonchalantly—making Hermione laugh before she muffles it quickly when she receives a glare from Madam Pince.

"I will remember that, actually, a lot of the Slytherin's are actually nicer since you're in their house. What did you do?"

"Told them that they weren't any better than Hitler or Lord Voldemort," Harry tells her with a shrug, making Hermione's eyes go wide, and her mouth opens in shock.

"Oh, my Godric! Harry! You can't just compare them to two of the vilest people that have ever lived!" She replies indignantly.

"What they were doing was similar, most of them agreed with the madman that was Voldemort, I wasn't going to accept that. So I did something about it. Believe me, it's not a cure, but it's a step in the right direction." Harry tells her with a shrug.

Hermione shakes her head in exasperation and asks Harry how his Magical Theory and Alchemy classes are going. Harry finally tells her also about his meeting with Sirius, and Hermione is glad that Sirius is safe now and that Dobby is there to take care of him.

"Are you paying Dobby, Harry?" She asks suddenly, making Harry blink at her.

"Yes, but only because I insisted, he was happy if he could bond with me," Harry tells her. Making Hermione frown at him.

"It's awful that they're practically slaves! We should do something about that." She gets a faraway look in her eyes, and Harry grabs her hand to get her attention back.

"Please don't; house-elves need the bond they have with wizards. Otherwise, they will die. They live on the magical bond with their Master, Dobby is the odd one out because he accepts pay, but other elves will recoil in shock if someone would offer that."

"But-"

"But the Malfoy's were being abusive to Dobby, yes, that's correct, but the house-elves at Hogwarts are perfectly fine. Dobby worked here for a while before he became my personal elf."

"There are house-elves at Hogwarts?" Hermione asks with wide eyes. Harry nods. "They are the ones that clean your clothes, clean up the castle, cook the food, there is a little army of them in Hogwarts, and they're happy."

"How can you be sure?" She asks, and Harry sighs. "Come on. I'll take you to the kitchens. Then you can see it for yourself and ask what they want, okay?"

Hermione beams and nods before putting her stuff away to follow Harry to the kitchens.

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The last weeks leading up to the first task are gone with a blink of an eye. Harry goes to his classes, does his homework with Hermione or his friends at Slytherin. He can almost call every seventh year his friend, which is something he hadn't expect. And he sees Cedric, Fleur, and Viktor every other night, where they practice spells together.

He and Cedric are becoming closer, and Harry really likes the Hufflepuff champion. He sees him as one of his closest friends since returning from Death's realm.

On the morning of the task, Harry is being called from the Slytherin table by Snape.

"Potter-Peverell, there are - some people for you." He tells Harry, making Harry get up quickly before following Snape's billowing robes.

When he enters the room, he sees the people who are waiting for him. He immediately recognizes who they are, even if they are in glamors.

He beams at his visitors before turning to Snape, who is watching their interaction like a hawk. "Thank you, Professor Snape." A clear dismissal and Snape knows it, he glares at Harry but leaves the room.

"You guys!" Harry exclaims when the door closes before flying into Death's arms for a hug. Death hugs him back just as hard before he releases him, and Harry turns to Lady Magic, who is beaming at him.

"Little one! I have missed you," Lady Magic tells him when he is in her arms.

"Missed you too, but I'm pretty sure you know exactly what has happened the last couple of weeks," Harry says with a raised eyebrow.

She scoffs and pushes his hair out of his face in a motherly gesture. "As if I trust anyone here to take care of you." She tells him seriously, making Harry smile at her.

"Are you ready for the task?" Death asks, and Harry nods.

"Yes, but I'm not telling you. I want you to be surprised."

Death rolls his eyes, "course, you do." He mumbles, but Harry hears it nonetheless.

They talk for a little while until it's time for Harry to get ready. They leave the room and start walking towards where the task will take place. Harry sees big stands and a couple of tents. When they reach the tents, Lady kisses his cheek, and Death claps him on the shoulder.

"Good luck, little one."

"Thank you-" Harry then sees Dumbledore looking at them, and he fidgets a little. Death notices and glances in the direction where Dumbledore is watching them intently.

"Don't worry about us. He can't do anything to us." Death whispers, and Harry purses his lips and nods. He knows that Dumbledore is no match against two deities, but they mean so much to Harry that he's still a little concerned.

"I know," Harry mumbles, and he gives them a little smile. Lady kisses his forehead now and winks at him before they turn around to go look for a seat on the stands. Harry quickly shuffles inside where the other champions are and starts talking with Cedric, who seems just as nervous as Harry feels.

It doesn't take long for the judges and the headmasters to come in. Bagman holds a bag, and he starts explaining what is going to happen and what is expected of them. Fleur takes out a small Dragon first, the Green Welsh, with a two around its neck. Then Cedric draws the Swedish short-snout, which means that he will go first, then Viktor draws the Chinese fireball, meaning he will go as third, leaving Harry the Hungarian Horntail. Much to his dismay.

"Bugger." He whispers under his breath when the headmasters and judges leave the tent again. He knows the Hungarian Horntail is the most vicious. So he really hopes his plan will work.

Cedric makes his way to Harry's side again. He seems to calm down when Harry is near him, and Harry can't help but feel the same sentiment.

"Are you ready?" Cedric asks him. Harry snorts. "Not even a little bit."

Cedric scrunches up his nose, looking cute while doing so. Harry shakes his head. It's not the right time to think of Cedric as attractive.



The cannon sounds, signaling Cedric that it's time for him to go. Cedric takes a step towards the exit before turning and clapping Harry on the shoulder. Harry gives Cedric an encouraging smile, and before he knows it, Cedric pulls him in a tight hug.

Harry is shocked for a moment before he returns the embrace, only to startle when he hears a shutter of a camera and sees a flash.

They both release each other, and Harry glares at Rita Skeeter and the photographer who ruined the moment.

"Ah! To be young and in love!" Rita says in a simpering tone. Harry takes a step forward to give them a piece of his mind, only to stop because of Cedric's hand on his arm. "She's not worth it, remember?" Cedric whispers before smiling a last time at Harry and hurrying out of the tent for his task.

Harry glares at Rita, who just smirks at Harry. Her quill is writing away on a piece of parchment. "Harry, why don't you give us that interview? You still have some time to kill."

Harry just opens his mouth when Snape comes in and glares at the photographer and Rita. "Miss Skeeter, I believe that you weren't allowed in the champions' tent?" He says with a scowl, and Harry smirks at Rita and her minion.

Rita doesn't seem deterred. "Severus, I can call you Severus, right?" She says while blinking her eyes rapidly. Snape just sneers. "You cannot."

Rita pouts, and Harry represses a snort. "Leave. I will not ask again." Snape says, and Rita seems to understand not to protest because she only huffs before quickly leaving the tent with her minion on her heels.

"Thank you, sir," Harry says when she's gone. Snape just sneers at him, which Harry expected before he and his robes leave the tent too.

It doesn't take long before Harry hears cheers and hears another cannon, signaling that Fleur needs to get ready for her task. He thinks Cedric did a good job if he heard the cheers correctly, but he will know for sure after his own task.

Fleur takes longer with her task, but finally, he also hears cheering for her. Viktor walks out of the tent with just a nod at Harry, and now is the time that Harry gets really nervous.

He starts pacing the tent and listens to the cheers of the audience. Merlin, they are going crazy. Harry had expected that because of Viktor's flying skills. Then the cannon shoots again, and it's Harry's turn.

Harry takes a deep breath and walks out into the arena they have set up.

Harry doesn't hear the audience anymore, and he walks around the arena until he sees the nest of eggs with the Horntail guarding them.

"Accio golden egg!" Harry shouts, but the egg doesn't move at all. "Bugger." He says. Harry then sees that the Horntail has spotted him, and the big beast growls. "Double bugger."

*"Get away! My eggs! My eggs! Kill you!"* Harry hears the hissing and his eyes widen.

He hadn't expected to understand the Dragons! But thank fuck. Harry quickly climbs onto a big boulder, so he can see the Dragon better.

*"I'm not going to hurt you or your eggs!"* Harry hisses back while raising his hands in a placating manner.

*"Get away! Not hurt eggs!"* The Dragon hisses again, and Harry sees smoke rising from her nostrils.

*"Please! I'm not going to hurt you. I just need the shiny egg. It's fake, and it's not yours."*  
Harry tries, but clearly, it is the wrong thing to say because the Dragon roars.

*"MINE!"*

She then fires a fireball at Harry, too fast for him to dodge and even too fast for him to erupt a shield. The ball hits him straight in the chest, and Harry stumbles backward, his body is engulfed in flames, but they don't hurt. Thankful for his fireproof clothing, he sighs. This is not how he wanted anyone to know that he's fireproof since his stint in Death's realm.

He waves his hand over his body to extinguish the flames, and he glares at the Dragon. *"That was not very nice."*

The Dragon seems shocked and quickly bows in front of Harry. *"You special. Tested by fire and became king."* The Dragon tells Harry, making Harry frown.

"King?"

*"Dragon king, take what you want."*

The Hungarian Horntail seems devastated that Harry is going to take an egg, so Harry talks to her again. *"The egg isn't yours. It's fake. I will take care of it."*

*"Thank you, Dragon king."*

Harry then carefully darts forwards to take the golden egg. He sees the Horntail trembling and can't help but feel bad, so he walks slowly closer and places a hand on the trembling snout of the Dragon. She opens her eyes and watches Harry intently.

*"I will not harm you or your little ones. The men that will come to retrieve you also mean no harm. They just want to help you to your original habitat."*

The Dragon's eyes widen before she nods. *"I'm grateful. I'm in your debt."*

*"No, you're not. Be safe."* He tells her firmly before turning and exiting the arena. As soon as he steps out of the arena, he's assaulted by the cheers and yells of the audience.

Snape meets him and guides him towards the medical tent. "I don't know what you did, Potter-" Snape sneers in a whisper. "-but it won't surprise me if your name is again plastered all over the Prophet tomorrow."

Harry sighs. "I already expected as much."

As soon as Harry enters the tent, Cedric is upon him, checking him for injuries frantically. "Are you okay?! The announcer said that a fireball hit you!"

Harry groaned. "I'm fine, I'm fine, the clothes I'm wearing are fireproof." It's not an actual lie, but also not the whole truth. He just hopes that everyone believes it.

Before Cedric can reply, he's pushed aside by an irate-looking Madam Pomphrey. Cedric blushes but keeps hovering around Harry, much to his amusement.

"Honestly, Dragons! It's a school for children, for Godric's sake." She mumbles while casting several diagnostic charms over Harry.

Harry just keeps standing still, not wanting the ire from the healer aimed at him. A couple of moments later, she seems to agree he's fine and pushes him to the nearest bed with strict instructions to stay there until she has cleared him for leave, which is odd because there is nothing wrong with him.

She herself bustles towards Fleur, who seems to have a healing potion on her arm where she has been burned. Harry waves at her, and she smiles back, but Harry can see that she is still in

pain.

Cedric takes a seat next to him with a wry grin, and Harry bumps his shoulder. "So, how did you do it?"

Cedric gives him a thankful smile and starts telling Harry how he got the egg, and Harry really wants to see the dog Cedric had conjured.

Then the judges come in to give their points to the champions.

"For miss Delacour, we've decided on 35 points, for an excellent sleeping charm, mister Diggory receives 40 points for outstanding work of transfiguration. For mister Krum and Potter-Peverell, we have decided on 45 points each. For mister Krum because of a powerful summoning charm and the exciting chase that followed on your broom. For mister Potter because of the danger you've been in and the work you did with calming of the Dragon." Crouch explains to them in a monotone voice. Harry thinks that Crouch looks even worse than a couple of weeks ago.

"Harry! How did you do it?" Bagman then asks excitedly. Harry rolls his eyes at Cedric before turning to Bagman.

"I talked to her." He deadpans, making all the judges just blink at him.

Harry lets out a sigh. "I'm a Parselmouth. Dragons are related to snakes, I didn't think it would work, but it did. It almost was as if speaking to someone with a heavy accent." Harry explains with a shrug. Trying to seem unbothered. But he sees the narrowing of Dumbledore's eyes, who is watching him intently.

The judges are in a heated discussion, but Harry really doesn't care. He wants to go and get something to eat. "Can we go now?" It startles the judges, and they let them leave.

Harry walks back to the castle with Viktor and Cedric. Fleur was herded away by Madame Maxime to go to their quarters so she could make a quiet recovery.

"Did you guys already opened the egg?" Harry asks curiously.

Viktor nodded. "I did, but I only heard screeching. It hurt my ears." He explains with a wince.

They agree to leave the eggs until Fleur has joined them and when they're in the ROR for another training/meeting.

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"Oi! Malfoy!" Harry yells when he finally sees the Slytherin fourth year all by himself walking back to their dorms.

Malfoy looks around, and when his eyes meet Harry's, he pales a little.

"Walk with me," Harry then tells him with a cold smirk. Malfoy gulps but listens and follows Harry to an empty classroom.

Inside, Harry throws up a couple of silencing charms and wards so nobody will enter the classroom after them.

He then turns to Malfoy, who is watching everything with a wary expression. "What is it, Potter?"

Harry looks the Malfoy heir up and down and narrows his eyes. "What are you doing with Hermione?" He then asks, and it seems to surprise Malfoy.

"I don't know what you're talking about." He replies, but Harry sees Malfoy's eyes dart around the room, looking for an escape.

"I think you do, so tell me, what are you planning?"

At this, Malfoy looks confused. "Planning? I'm not planning anything, Potter."

Harry scoffs and strolls towards Malfoy, making him take a step back.

"What are you doing then? I saw you in the library with her. For the last couple of years, you haven't done anything but bully her, and now you're actually nice to her? Why?" Harry pushes, looking at Malfoy's face carefully for a response.

What Harry didn't expect was for Malfoy to duck his head while his whole face turned red. He then mumbles something Harry doesn't understand.

"What was that?"

"I said, I like her. She's smart, and she can be so passionate about some things, it's hard not to be pulled in by it," Malfoy admits, and Harry takes a step back.

"Seriously? Are you only seeing this now? After four years of calling her names and being awful to her?" Harry asks indignantly.

Malfoy groans and does something Harry has never seen the blonde one do. He rubs his hands through his hair furiously, making it stand up.

"I know! I know! I am trying to apologize to her, but the words just won't come, so I just keep asking for her help with classes so she will talk to me! How pathetic!" Malfoy says, and Harry sags a little, seeing how lost the teen seems.

"You actually like her? Like-like her?" Harry couldn't help but ask, feeling a little amused when Malfoy glares at him. "Yes, Potter, I like her. What should I do?"

Harry sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

"Just tell her straight up that you're sorry-" Harry held up his hand when it seemed like Malfoy would interrupt him, and Malfoy fell silent again. "-She's a Gryffindor. She will listen to you and accept your apology if you seem sincere enough. It also takes guts to say it, so another win." Harry tells him with a little confusion. It feels still a little weird to be civil to Malfoy, but he seems to be telling the truth.

Malfoy looks wary but still nods. "Thank you, Potter." It seems to be paining Malfoy even to thank Harry, but Harry takes it nonetheless.

When they start to leave, Harry stops Malfoy one more time. "The original warning still stands, Malfoy, hurt her, and I hurt you." He then leaves the room quickly, trying to billow his robes like Snape, but now knowing if he succeeds.

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"Did you threaten Draco?"

"Define threaten?"

"You told him that if he hurts me, that you would hurt him."

"Huh, did he apologize?"

"He did."



"Then yes, I did threaten him."

Hermione leans down to where Harry is sitting to plant a kiss on his cheek. "You're taking your role as brother very seriously."

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"They want us to open the ball! Can you believe it? Can you thank Lady for the dance lessons? Because I will never hear the end of it if I thank her for them." Harry says to Death, who is watching his chosen child with amusement while Harry is pacing the ground in front of him.

"Who are you going to take to the ball?" Death asks casually, chuckling when Harry groans dramatically.

"I don't know! Most of the girls are too starstruck to consider, and the blokes don't know that I'm interested in guys. I can't ask Hermione, because she already has a date! And she won't tell me who! And Izzy and Septima are going together, so I also can't ask them to go as friends-"

"Why don't you ask a guy you like then?" Death proposes casually.

Harry frowns. "I don't like a guy?"

"Do you not? Who is this Fred and George I hear about? Or Cedric?"

At that, Harry blushes scarlet before glaring at Death. "I do not like them, well, I like them, but as friends."

"Are you sure?"

Harry groans at that, and Death laughs, loving the fact that he can tease his child like this.

"Yes, I'm sure," Harry says with a scowl.

"Okay, if you say so,"

Harry grumbles but leaves it be. They talk for another hour before Harry needs to go back to the castle. Otherwise, he will be late for curfew.

When he's walking through the corridors, his mind keeps going back to the Yule Ball. He really doesn't know who to ask for it. He's just turning a corner towards the Slytherin dorms when he bumps into someone. The crash sends them both to the ground, and Harry groans when he sits up.

"Oi! What- Oh, hi Cedric, you okay?" Harry says when he sees he just crashed into the Hufflepuff.

Cedric looks up at Harry with a bashful smile and a blush on his cheeks. He accepts the hand Harry is holding out to him and stands with Harry's help.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I was actually just looking for you, but your Slyt-your friends didn't know where you were." He says while scratching the back of his head.

"Oh, well-" Harry looks around and doesn't see or sense anyone near, and he really likes Cedric as a friend, so he leans closer to tell him his secret. "-I was talking with my adoptive father."

Cedric's eyes widen before he gives Harry a big smile. "That's awesome. I wish that I could talk to my father more."

Cedric gets a wistful look on his face, and Harry waits for him to get out of it. When Cedric looks back at Harry, his eyes widen a bit, and he blushes again.

"So-uh, I wanted-"

"Why did you came looking for me, Cedric?" Harry asks with a smirk.

Cedric hesitates but seems to find his resolve. "Would you like to go to the Yule Ball with me?"

Harry blinks a couple of times, not expecting the invite. "Aren't you going with Cho Chang? I thought you two were together?" Harry asks. He had a crush on Cho back in his third year, and he thought that Hermione had told him that she was dating Cedric.

Cedric's eyes widen. "No, well, we were, but we broke up in the summer. She's actually dating someone in Ravenclaw now,"

"Ah, okay,"

"So-?" Cedric is shifting a little, and Harry suddenly remembers that he hasn't answered yet.

"Oh! Yeah, I will go with you. I don't know if I'm a good date though, I never had a date before," Harry tells Cedric honestly. There wasn't really an opportunity to date in Death's realm. The thought alone sends a shudder through Harry.

At this, Cedric perks up and gives Harry a grin. "I'm sure it will be alright. I'm really excited now. I can't wait for the Ball!" Cedric replies, almost hopping on his spot. Harry chuckles. Cedric looks a little like a Golden retriever now.

"Me too. I'm going to my dorm now. I'm glad you asked me. I really didn't know who to take. Have a nice night, Cedric," Harry says, "Bye, Harry," He hears Cedric say before he makes his way down to the Slytherin dorms.

Inside the common room, he walks to Izzy and falls down on the couch next to her. She immediately shifts her feet into Harry's lap, and he rolls her eyes.

"Cedric asked me to the Yule Ball," Is the only thing he says, and Izzy gasps.

"OH MY GOD! YES!" Harry cringes from her outburst and raises an eyebrow in question at her.

"I was hoping you would say yes to him! Oh! Do you have robes? If you do, show them, I need to approve them and decide what we can do to make you even more prettier!"

"Prettier?" Harry mumbles. He then yelps when Izzy points her wand at Harry's face. "Izzy!"

"Sit still, Harry, I need to check if this spell will make your eyes even more pop out,"

Harry decides it's time to run.

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Harry is watching warily when Professor Moody again won't meet his eyes. It's like the man is hiding something, and Harry knows/feels something is wrong, but he can't put his finger on it. He could ask Death if he knows what is going on, but somehow it feels like cheating.

So he just watches the man ignore him for the most part. In the first month -when Harry was still a wee little fourth year- the man had tried to talk to him on several occasions, but since his return from Death's realm, the man won't look at him. He doesn't even give Harry the chance to answer during his classes, which is pretty shitty because it's Harry's best subject.

But Harry keeps an eye on Moody, how the man sometimes almost panics when his flask is not in the spot he had placed it. (Harry may have had a hand in testing that fact). How Moody sometimes has a tick, but the tick isn't often enough, or at least it seems like he's trying to suppress it. Which is entirely possible, but Moody doesn't seem like the type to feel ashamed of something like a tick.

And how his lessons are all over the place, this could be because the man has been an Auror his whole life and not a teacher.

But Harry isn't completely sure. It's all a little fishy.

It could be that Moody is just an alcoholic, but Harry isn't entirely convinced about that.

It's at least something to keep an eye on.

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The weeks have flown by, and Harry is standing in his dorm room feeling utterly uncomfortable in his dress robes.

"Looking good, Harry," Norbert Nott tells him with a smirk. Harry rolls his eyes at his friend. Harry then sees Norbert spell the inside of his dress robes so a flask with firewhiskey can be smuggled inside.

"I feel ridiculous," Harry grumbles. His entire robes are black, with green stitching and a green tie, something Lady Magic had prepared for him when he went back to Hogwarts. He looks good in it, but he still feels ridiculous. In Death's realm, he was used to dressing impeccably, but never in robes. It was always more mundane-looking clothes. A three-piece suit was something he was used to, not robes that reached the floor. Harry hopes he won't trip over them.

He sees Norbert roll his eyes in the mirror and sends a stinging hex his way word and wandlessly. Nott yelps, and Harry smirks.

"Bloody bastard, be glad I haven't let Izzy inside."

Harry grimaces. He had avoided Izzy ever since she tried to spell him with makeup. "I'll be in your debt."

"You're such a drama queen," Bludgeon says from his spot on the bed. Harry just flips him off and decides that he can't improve his hair any further.

He checks his watch and sees that he needs to make his way to the Great Hall. They agreed with all the champions to meet in front of the Great Hall before they needed to make their entrance.

Harry is actually looking forward to the Ball, excited to have fun with his friends.

When Harry reaches the Slytherin common room, he doesn't see any of the girls except for Septima, so he makes her way over to her.

"You're looking nice," Harry tells her with a smile. "You too, be careful. Izzy still wants to put that charm on you."

"Ah, thanks for the heads up. Should I run?" He says with amusement. At that moment, a hand clasps his shoulder. "Of course not, Harry," Izzy purrs in his ear, making Harry scowl at her.

"Izzy, please don't."

"But Harry! You will be a fashion icon! Everybody will look at you,"

"I don't want to be a bloody icon! And everyone is already looking at me."

Izzy scrunches up her nose. "Fine, have it your way then, but!" She says while waving her hands frantically. "I do want to put it on you, not tonight, but soon, deal?"

Harry sighs, already knowing he will not get out of this. "Fine. But leave me alone for tonight," He says while pointing at her, she smirks at him, and he already regrets his choice.

They wait for a few minutes, and when they're complete, they walk to the Great Hall together, where Harry says his goodbye for the moment.

He is still ruffling his cuff when he hears Cedric. "Hey Harry, you look amazing!" He says with a beaming smile. Harry looks Cedric up and down and is again reminded how hot Cedric is. Too bad Harry only sees Cedric as a friend, but still.

"Hi Cedric, you're looking good too," Harry tells Cedric honestly, making the Hufflepuff blush.

"Thank you,"

They are soon joined by Viktor, who has a girl with him from Slytherin that Harry doesn't personally know but seems nice enough. Fleur pecks Harry's cheek when she joins them and has a Ravenclaw seventh year with her that is in most of Harry's classes. He only doesn't remember the name.

The champions and their dates are chatting a little until it's time for them to enter the Hall, something about making an entrance that has Harry almost gagging.

"Harry!" Harry turns around at the sound of his name and is happy to see Hermione walk up to them. She is looking stunning in a periwinkle dress, she told him all about it, so it's

probably the only reason he knows the exact color of her dress. Her hair is nicely done, and she's blushing while dragging her date with her.

"Mione! And - holy shit-"

Hermione immediately whacks him on the arm. "Be nice. Draco has been the perfect gentlemen." She warns him, but she's beaming while she does it. So Harry can't really be mad at all. Malfoy is smiling and looking at Hermione with something in his eyes, and Harry is not going to delve further into that.

Harry sighs and pulls Hermione into a hug, "You're looking stunning," He then meets Draco's eyes and makes an 'I'm watching you' gesture while Hermione can't see it. Malfoy just rolls his eyes but nods that he understands. Good.

He lets them go and is curious about how Gryffindor is reacting to Hermione having Draco as her date. The rivalry between the two houses has improved in the last couple of months since Harry has been sorted into Slytherin, but there are still many bridges to pass.

"She's your best friend, right?" Cedric asks him, and Harry flushes when he notices how close the Hufflepuff is.

"Yes, she's like a sister to me."

Cedric hums and holds out his arm for Harry to take when McGonagall is coming to collect them. Harry rolls his eyes but smiles nonetheless.

Cedric and Harry have a lot of fun. They dance, talk, and joke with their friends. Fred and George act hurt that Harry hasn't asked them for a date, and Cedric rolls his eyes with Harry at their antics, especially when they do the act a couple of moments later with McGonagall.

Who blushes and threatens with detention but doesn't follow up on it.



"Do you want to take a walk through the gardens?" Cedric asks, looking a little flushed from the dancing.

"Sure," Harry readily agrees, and they walk outside together. They walk pretty close together, and their shoulders brush while walking.

"I've had a great time tonight," Cedric tells Harry, and Harry smiles back at the guy.

"Me too," He answers honestly. "Harry-" Cedric stops walking, and Harry turns towards him. "Yes?"

Cedric bites his lips and leans in. Harry is startled for a moment but doesn't pull back when Cedric's lips brush his.

The kiss is soft and sweet, and Harry is disappointed that he doesn't feel a thing. Bugger.

He pulls back, and Cedric is smiling at him, and Harry hates it for a moment because he really doesn't want to hurt Cedric.

"Cedric-"

"Ah, that doesn't sound good," Cedric immediately says while ducking his head.

"You were the perfect first date and first kiss, but I just- I'm sorry,"

"No! No, don't be, you are being honest, and that's something I'm grateful for. I hope I didn't ruin everything by kissing you." Cedric looks genuinely worried, and Harry shakes his head.

"Of course not. I really would like it if we could stay friends." Harry tells Cedric honestly and replies with a nod and a smile, even if the smile seems a little strained. Harry hopes that they can go back to being friends.

They make their way back inside, and when Harry notices a bug on Cedric's shoulder, he brushes it away.

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The next day Harry is walking towards Hogsmead in the early morning so he can apparate to the Peverell home where he knows Sirius and Remus are waiting for him. He's quite excited to see them again. He hasn't seen Remus since the end of third year, which seems ages ago.

He has written to the werewolf and animagus a couple of times, and Dobby has kept him posted on them, but to see them again will be better. He only hopes they will be okay with his plans.

Harry has decided that he needs help with most of the plans he has in mind, and Death agrees. Unfortunately, Death can't interfere anymore. Lady Fate would have his hind if he did anything more in the next decade after adopting Harry and raising/training him for three years.

So Sirius and Remus are in for a surprise with all Harry's plans. He just hopes they won't run away screaming.

As soon as he leaves the wards of Hogwarts, he apparates to the Peverell manor.

"Master Harry Potter, sir! You've returned!"

Harry chuckles at Dobby. "I told you I would be here today, didn't I?"

Dobby nods frantically, and his ears bounce with his head. "Does Master Harry wants breakfast?"

Harry thinks about it for a moment. "Are Sirius and Remus up yet?"

Dobby nods again. "Oh yes, Mister Godwoofy and Mister Moony are eating in the dining room."

"Then I will join them," Harry says and starts walking towards the dining room. He's practically running in his enthusiasm, but he tries to contain it at least a little bit.

He hears them talking and opens the door quickly, they fall silent, and Sirius is up and running at Harry as soon as he recognizes his godson.

"Pup!" He exclaims while pulling Harry in a strong hug. Harry feels that he has gained weight, and he looks a lot healthier than the last time Harry had seen him.

Harry hears Remus chuckling, and after Harry is released by Sirius, he walks over to the werewolf. Remus eyes him warily for a moment, not that Harry can blame him. The last time they had seen each other, Remus almost maimed him.

"Nice to see you again, Professor Lupin." Remus looks him up and down, and there is a little sadness in his eyes when he responds. "I'm not your Professor anymore Harry, you can call me Remus."

Harry nods and gives the man a hand. He hopes that their relationship will be good enough at some point to hug the man. But they have only known each other through letters and during the time Remus was teaching. So they aren't there yet.

Harry sits down, and Dobby gives him a plate with food. Just when Harry takes the first bite Sirius starts talking. "So Harry, you're a real heartbreaker, aren't ya-" Harry looks confused at Sirius who is wiggling his eyebrows in an outrageous manner.

"What are you talking about?"

Remus then grimaces and hands over the Prophet.

### **Harry Potter declines love from another champion!**

*By Rita Skeeter*

Harry groans when he reads the headline and starts the article. He hasn't seen anyone because he left that early in the morning, but this is not something he wanted to deal with this holiday. He pushes it to the back burner for now, he has more important things to deal with than a crazy reporter. She will get what's coming to her. He is curious about how she heard exactly what had been said. And he feels pretty angry that she outed him to the wizarding world like this.

"I can't fucking believe that she wrote about this, but it's not important now, it didn't felt right to string Cedric along. So I told him the truth, I just think of Cedric as a friend and nothing more."

Sirius pouted, but Remus nodded at him. "It's very good of you to tell him that immediately." Sirius sighs but agrees eventually. Grumbling about how he can't even tease his godson now. Harry just chuckled at that and tried to forget the article for now. They then talk about the first task and Harry's lessons, and Sirius and Remus seem comfortable in the Peverell manor. Harry is glad for it because he wants to keep living here when his school year ends.

"Remus, could you go with me to Gringotts today?"

Remus frowns for a moment but still nods. "Of course, why do you need to go there?"

Harry gets a mischievous glint in his eyes, and Sirius is hopping in his seat with excitement.

"To claim my lordships, of course." Harry tries his best to sound like a ponce before he snorts and ruins it. Making the other two laugh as well.

They talk for another couple of moments before Harry asks Remus to join him. Sirius looks sad at the fact that Harry is leaving this soon.

"Padfoot, I will be back soon. I need to talk to both of you later."

Harry felt a little nervous about his promised talk, and he could see from the troubled looks he received from both of the men that they could feel it. But thankfully, they didn't say anything about it.

Remus and Harry made their way through the floo to Diagon Alley. Harry quickly put a glamor on himself, not wanting to be recognized. Remus was already used to blend in and not get attention, so they moved quickly through the busy shopping alley without being noticed.

When they entered Gringotts, Harry felt his glamor fall away. He was a little annoyed about the magic that caused it. But Harry could understand the extra precautions.

He walked to one of the tellers and waited to be addressed. Remus was just a step away from him but let him deal on his own, but Harry knew he would be ready to step in if needed.

"Yes?" Came the rasping voice of the teller in front of Harry and Harry drew himself up more upright, looking the Goblin straight in the eye.

"Greetings, master Goblin. May your gold ever flow," Harry said, and he waited until the shocked Goblin responded. The Goblin gave Harry a wicked grin after just a couple of moments. "Greetings, master wizard, may your pockets never be empty, how can I help you today?" The Goblin responded, and if Harry had looked at Remus, he had seen the wide eyes and respect that was shining in his eyes.

"I would like to speak to the Goblin who holds the Potter and Peverell accounts."

The Goblin nodded and scribbled something down before the note went up in flames.  
"Follow me, heir Potter-Peverell."

Harry waved Remus to follow him, and the werewolf followed at a sedate pace. Knowing that, he probably wouldn't be allowed inside the chamber.

But Harry surprised him again. When the Goblin waiting for them raised an eyebrow at Remus, he was ready to step back out, but Harry put a hand on his arm before speaking. "I trust and want Remus Lupin here for this."

"As you wish heir Potter-Peverell. My name is Gobblyrock. I have been the Peverell account manager for quite some time. Because the Peverell house is older than the Potters, you have your appointment with me. I can also oversee the Potter accounts."

"Well met, master Gobblyrock, my name is Harry James Potter-Peverell, as you probably already knew. I'm fine with you overseeing the Potter accounts as well." Harry replied easily.

"What can Gringotts do for you today, heir Potter-Peverell?"

"I want to gain the lordships I have a right to. I have been in Death's realm for about three years. Because of that, I am of age."

"I have heard about the-" there was a slight pause, and Harry smirked. "-peculiar circumstances around your person. Nevertheless-" The Goblin then procured an empty parchment with a knife and dotted line before handing it to Harry. "-we require three drops of blood for you to gain your lordship titles. With this test, you will get information about your titles, abilities, and possible ailments or bounds on your person. Do you agree to do this?"

"I agree," Harry replied, already knowing that this test was needed. He sliced his finger with the knife and dropped exactly three drops on the dotted line. The cut healed itself as soon as three drops had left his body.

Harry held the parchment where letters started to appear.

***Harry James Potter - Peverell - Black***

*Born 31 July 1980, -*

*Age 17 by time magic in Death's realm*

Harry chuckled at that, it was a very basic description of what happened to him, but he couldn't say he minded.

*Son to James Fleamont Potter, born 27 March 1960, died 31 October 1981 and Lily June Potter Née Evans, born 30 January 1960, died 31 October 1981.*

*Godson to Sirius Orion Black, born 3 November 1959, -*

*Adopted son of Lord Death, born before time, cannot die.*

### **Titles:**

*Heir to the Noble house of Potter*

*Heir to the Most Noble and Ancient House of Peverell*

*Heir to the Most Noble and Ancient House of Black*

*Budding Master of Death*

*Named Dragon King by Hungarian Horntail*

At this, Harry snorted, of course, they also documented that he was named Dragon king by the Dragon in the task, and it did amuse him. He didn't know he was also heir to the Black house. Probably because of Sirius, but he should talk to him about that later. The Master of Death thing was already known to him, but he was a little apprehensive about sharing this already with Remus. He wanted to tell Sirius and Remus at the same time, but this was proof of what he would become.

### **Abilities:**

*Parseltongue - since birth*

*Wandless magic - since birth*

*Wordless magic - since birth*

*Resistance of fire - obtained in Death's realm*

*Occlumency - learned*

*Legilimency - learned*

*Apparation - learned not yet licensed*

*Spell resistant against Imperius curse - learned*

*Spell resistant against Crucio curse - learned*

*Dark Magic - affinity*

*Master of Death powers - not unlocked yet*

Harry grimaced. He asked Lady Magic to help him to be spell resistant against the Crucio curse. Apparently, you could learn to be resistant against it, but it was a torturous process. He did smirk at the 'not unlocked yet' part of his Master of Death powers. As if it was a game instead of his abilities.

### **Bounds or Ailments:**

*Bad eyesight - cured*

*Malnutrition - partially cured*

*Broken left arm - cured*

*Broken right arm - cured*

*Lost of bones in right arm - cured*

*Multiple wounds - cured*

*Cursed scar - not cured*

*Bound Magical core - cured in Death's realm*



*Bound Wandless magic - cured in Death's realm*

*Bound Wordless magic - cured in Death's realm*

At that, Harry seethed. "My Magical core was bound? Since when? And how?" Death had never told him that his magic had been bound! How could he have practiced magic if his core had been bound? Granted, when he entered Death's realm, he found casting spells coming easier to him, especially wandless and wordless magic, and now he finally understood why. He felt like an idiot that he hadn't questioned it at the time.

Remus's eyes grew wide, and he snarled at that tidbit of information. The Goblin didn't seem shocked and just held out his hand for the parchment.

Harry watched the Goblin while he was reading through the document, and Harry almost cringed when he saw the Goblin look up in shock at Harry.

"Unfortunately, heir Potter-Peverell-Black, we do not know when or how your Magical core was bound, but if you had accidental magic since birth, it was probably only partially bound. Still, it's a class A offense and shouldn't go unpunished." Harry was glad that the Goblin didn't ask after his Master of Death title.

Harry decided then and there that he would ask Death about the bounds later. He just knew that Death would know more about it.

"Can I see it, Harry?" Remus asked softly. Harry debated for a moment but agreed.

Remus read the document with wide eyes and swallowed a couple of times. "I didn't know Sirius had named you his heir, but with no other Black's, it was probably unconscious as soon as the last Lord Black died." Remus mused. Then Remus's eyes snapped to Harry, a silent request in them which had Harry nodding. "I did tell you that I wanted to talk to you later today, together with Padfoot." He whispered to Remus, and he replied with a curt nod.

Harry then turned back to the Goblin. "I don't have to go by all those names, right? I was just getting used to Potter-Peverell."

The Goblin seemed amused at that, as did Remus.

"You can decide as to how you are known." Came the simple reply.

Harry nodded. "Okay, I don't want to claim lordship to the Black house, but I do want the lordships to Potter and Peverell. What do I need to do?"

At this, the Goblin scribbled something down, which caught flames as soon as he was done writing. "The lordship rings will be brought to us. You only have to put them on, and if the rings deem you respectable, you will gain the lordship."

"Oh, that's all?" Harry agreed easily to that. That didn't sound too bad.

The Goblin smirked at him, and Harry almost rolled his eyes at the intimidation tactic. "You will be tested as the rightful heir if they don't accept you, you will feel it."

Harry did roll his eyes at this. "I think I will be fine." The Goblin just shrugged, a couple of moments later, the door opened, and another Goblin entered with two boxes.

He set them in front of Harry, and Gobblyrock opened the first one. "This is the Lord Peverell ring. Please place it on your right hand." The ring seemed way too big for Harry, but he still placed it on his right ring finger.

He was immediately enveloped with a golden glow and felt the magic course through his body. It felt warm and pleasant, and about a minute after, the ring shrank, so it sat comfortably on Harry's hand.

Gobblyrock seemed a little miffed but held out the other box towards Harry nonetheless. Harry vaguely recognized the emblem on the ring before he placed it above the Peverell ring. The magic that came out of the ring felt more sentimental and as a caress that brought tears to

Harry's eyes. He wiped his eyes when the ring also shrank to suit Harry's finger. It felt a bit strange to have two rings on one finger as soon as Harry thought that the rings glowed and melted together, a perfect combination of the two lordship rings.

Harry puffed up with pride for wearing the lordship rings and now also the titles. It would help him a lot with his plans.

Gobblyrock then presented Harry with a list of the vaults he had inherited and the artifacts within those vaults, but Harry wasn't really interested. He already knew about the properties from his correspondence with the Goblins, and money didn't mean much to Harry.

Remus and Harry left the bank and apparated back to the Peverell manor. Remus went in search of Sirius while Harry waited in the library. He was getting his wits together, knowing that the next couple of hours would be hard.

He couldn't imagine doing it without them, and he really hoped that he could persuade them to his purpose, but only time could tell.

He felt a brush along his neck in reassurance and smiled to himself, glad that Death tried to comfort him even from another realm.

There was a knock on the door, and Harry turned towards it to see a hesitantly smiling Remus. Sirius was looking confused between Remus and Harry with a furrowed brow.

"Is it time?" Remus asked, watching Harry with rapid attention.

"It is. Please have a seat." Harry then waved his hand, so there were three comfy chairs, Remus didn't seem really surprised, but Sirius was openly gaping.

"What is all this about?" Sirius asked, clearly thinking there was something wrong.

"It's a long story, Sirius. Please, have a seat." Harry said again, and both men sat down on the conjured chairs.

Harry dropped himself in the third one.

"I don't really know where to start, but I think it's fair to start with my 'trip' to Death's realm." Harry started, and both men perked up, already interested in this story.

"Sirius, I already told you parts of my stay there, mostly what I learned and how my relationship with Death and Lady Magic was-" Sirius nodded enthusiastically. "-but there were some things I left out, mostly because you needed to be in a better headspace to hear it, and because I wanted to include you both in this. I am willing to trust you both, especially after I've done my whole story and you know my reasonings for some more disturbing parts-" Sirius seemed ready to interrupt, but Remus laid a calming hand on his arm, silencing him.

"If you wish, we can make a vow to not reveal anything you will tell us. It seems important, and if it has anything to do with what I saw today-" Remus stopped talking, but Harry knew what he meant, and he sounded sincere, making Harry smile at the man. "Of course, pup, we would do anything," Sirius added with a beaming smile, the 'for you' was implied.

Harry debated it for a moment but nodded. "It's not that I don't trust you two, but with a vow, you would also be safe from Legilimens attacks and Veritaserum." He told them before crafting the vow, which they both repeated. They were immediately surrounded by a powerful glow to which all three wizards needed to close their eyes.

"I will dive right in then. I loved living in Death's realm because he was the first adult that really tried to help me and supported me. I know that probably hurts to hear, but try seeing it from my side. I thought Sirius was an escaped mass murderer, and I only got to know you since summer through letters. And Remus was my professor, and you kept the relationship as professional as you could." Both men looked saddened but seemed to understand.

"Death was like a father to me and told me a lot about what has happened the past years, and what is bound to happen unless I'm going to do something about it." He raised his hand when he saw that Sirius was starting to get worked up.

"Please, let me tell you everything. After you can scream and rage all you want, deal?"

Sirius deflated and sighed. "Fine."

Harry nodded and started talking again. "Death told me about affinities, and I did the ritual, thinking I would be a Light wizard. But it turned out I was a Dark wizard, something I thought meant evil,"

"Oh- Harry," Sirius said with sympathetic eyes, and Harry smiled at him, knowing that Sirius could probably understand because of his family and knowledge about affinities.

"Yeah, I wasn't exactly ready to hear everything Death told me, but he kept trying until I was. Death then told me how I was bound to be Master of Death. I already have one of the hallows, the others I will earn in time. This was one of the reasons Death chose me as his child, he knew I was bound to be the Master of Death, and he refused for me to live a squib life. He then explained that being Master of Death, I would be a neutral party, between the light and dark, even with my own Dark affinity."

"That's more the political side, of course. The reason there is a need for a neutral party is that the Light side is pushing the Dark side away. Because of this, there is an imbalance in the wizarding world. It's why there have been two wars in the last fifty years, the Dark witches and wizards are being repressed, and I need to be the one that makes sure they aren't afraid anymore to practice their affinity. The Light witches and wizards only think of the Dark affinity as evil and try to ban all the practice of Dark magic. Something that needs to be restored."

Remus and Sirius were both listening with rapt attention.

"If I don't do anything, the wizarding world will die out, Britain will go first because of their prejudices, but soon the whole wizarding world will fall apart."

Harry wiped his hands against his pants before continuing.

"To restore the balance, there also needs to be a Dark Lord because there is already a Light Lord."

Sirius gasped. "You aren't talking about Voldemort, are you?"

Harry tilted his head in a sort of mention, and Remus and Sirius seemed ready to jump up and declare him mentally insane.

"Please, listen, I have reasons-" Harry held up his hands, and Remus put a hand on Sirius's arm again to calm him down. It worked rather well. Thank Godric that Remus was the voice of reason.

"Okay, Tom Riddle, aka Lord Voldemort, aka the Dark Lord, wasn't always as crazy. He was actually a really smart young man at some point, but when nobody listened to him because of Dumbledore, he kind of lost it. It also didn't help that he started hating muggles because of his time in a muggle orphanage, and it also didn't help that the first couple of years he was at Hogwarts, he was treated as a pariah because everybody assumed he was muggle-born. This is partially why he started a war. But also because he used very dark magic to split his soul, he made several Horcruxes."

At this, Sirius gasped, but Remus looked lost. "Can you split your soul?"

Harry and Sirius both nodded. Sirius had never quite looked this pale.

"It's one of the most awful magicks there is. You need to kill someone to do it. Because when you kill someone, there is a tear in your soul. You then use a ritual to bind a piece of your soul to an artifact. In other words-"

"You cannot die." Harry finished, and Sirius gave a grave nod. Remus now also seemed ready to be sick any moment.

"This is what the Dark Lord did, and with it, he split his mind. Tom Riddle ceased to exist, and Lord Voldemort was born. He started the war, and I need to bring him back to Tom Riddle so he will be sane again to heal the world with me."

He expected the outburst, really, he did, but he was still shocked by the sheer force of release of Sirius's magic.

Thankfully his own magic protected him and Remus, but the rest of the library was practically destroyed.

When the chaos ended, and all that remained was a panting Sirius, Harry was quick to react. He pushed the man down into a chair again and asked Dobby for some tea. Sirius grumbled but accepted the tea and manhandling.

"Harry, you can't be serious. You can't bring back Voldemort!" Sirius said as soon as he had downed his tea.

Harry's features hardened. "I can, and I will, with or without your help, but rather with. You see, I'm not bringing back Voldemort. I'm bringing back Tom Riddle. With him, we stand a chance to save the Wizarding world. Death agrees with me. Even if he's angry about the magic Voldemort used to gain immortality, he knows we need him. I didn't like the idea either, but it needs to be done. Even Lady Magic agrees. If there could be another Dark Lord, I would've taken that path, but it isn't possible."

Sirius was looking at Harry with pain in his eyes, and when Harry looked at Remus, he expected the same, but he found a pensive expression.

"I know that he killed my mom and dad-" Harry said in a whisper, but he met their eyes with fierce determination. "-But he needs to go back to when he was Tom Riddle, and I have a way for that, I only need to find his Horcruxes and melt them together with him. I know I'm asking a lot of you, but please, it's for the - I can't believe I'm actually saying this, but - it's for the greater good."

Ugh, he felt a little sick at that.

Sirius let out a hysterical laugh, and Harry could completely understand.

"Sirius, I think we should help Harry."

Harry looked at Remus with a shocked expression, but Remus was looking at Sirius, who looked at Remus as if he had grown two extra heads.

"I'm sorry, the worry-wolf says what?" Sirius snapped.

"I have read a lot the last couple of years-" "You already read a lot when we were at school," Sirius mumbled, but Remus ignored him. "-and I've read the original ideas of Voldemort. It disgusted me that I agreed with some of them, but he was a big supporter of creature rights. With his proposals, I could get a job without being afraid of getting fired because of my monthly problem. And you're a Dark wizard yourself, Sirius. He could actually be good for the wizarding world if he isn't completely crazy because he ripped his soul to pieces."

Harry snorted at that before looking sharply at Sirius, who had paled a little. "You never told me you were a Dark wizard!"

Sirius looked a little annoyed at that, "it's not really something I can just say, is it? Because of all the shit the Dark witches and wizards are getting, I wasn't exactly in the right spot to shout it from the rooftops."

Harry grimaced because he was right. Sirius then sighed and gave Harry an apologetic smile.

"Are you sure you want to do this? And are you sure he will be reasonable?" Remus asked.

"Yes, I am, he's needed, and I know I can bring him back sane, and so help me God, I will make sure he has an actual conscience when he comes back," Harry said fiercely, making Sirius snort and Remus chuckle.



Sirius and Remus then looked at each other before looking back at Harry.

"Well, Lord Potter-Peverell, where do we start?" Sirius said with a smirk making Harry's shoulders sag with relief that they were going to help him, even if he could see that they were apprehensive about it.

"We're going on a trip to Little Hangleton," Harry replied with a smirk.

It was the Horcrux Harry could feel, and Harry was going to punch Tom Riddle when he had returned to his body for tainting Death's magic. Who on earth puts a Horcrux inside the fucking resurrection stone?

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked the chapter!

Please let me know or leave kudos!

I will be back at the beginning of November with another chapter, I know it's a long wait! SORRY AGAIN!

xxMBlack93

# Part four

## Chapter Notes

YESSS!

I'm back with a new chapter! Exactly one month after the last one. Huh, did not expect that.

I don't have much to add, there is a little action in this chapter, but nothing like blood or something.

Enjoy!

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

When Harry, Remus, and Sirius land in Little Hangleton, everything screams at Harry to get away, far, far, away from it. But he tries to shake it off and plunders through.

Sirius and Remus also seem to be struggling not to flee the scene.

"There are some pretty strong wards around this place," Remus murmurs with his wand at the ready.

"Bloody hell, Moony! Strong is an understatement," Sirius grumbles while stepping closer to Harry. Harry feels amused that Sirius thinks he can or need to protect Harry, while Harry doesn't need it at all.

"What did you expect from the 'Dark Lord'," Harry snorts. The two adults both nod in agreement with a frown, and they slowly make their way towards the shack. Harry waves his hand to unravel the wards, it's hard work, but he hadn't expected anything less from Tom.

The man was brilliant when he was still sane and extremely powerful. It wasn't a surprise that he is the only Dark Lord that can help Magical Britain back to where they are supposed to be.

Harry steps forwards, and the wards disappear around him. It is as if the wards accept him. He doesn't want to know what the reason is behind that.

When he looks back, he sees Remus and Sirius watching him with worried expressions. They can pass the last wards and are pushing against it with no progress.

"I'll be fine, stay on watch. I'll be right back." He tries to assure them, but Sirius only pales.

"Why can't you take us with you?" He pleads.

"Because the wards won't let you in, and I don't want to waste any more time to dismantle them. No need to worry." He dismisses, maybe it's harsh, but he really doesn't need any help with this.

Sirius and Remus definitely don't like it, but they let Harry go while staying watch. Sirius even turns into Padfoot to sniff around.

Harry turns back to the cabin, which seems ready to fall apart. Harry grimaces when he sees the dead snake nailed on the door and speaks in Parseltongue to gain entrance. Tom is easy to predict with this, he is the only Parseltongue in Britain, or so he was until Harry.

The door swings open, and out of habit, Harry brings up his wand. Even if it doesn't work for him anymore, well, it works, but it doesn't do much. His wandless magic is just as accurate as the wand, and he has another wand waiting for him. He only needs to get his hands on it.

He walks into the cabin carefully, fully expecting a trap, but it remains silent, and nothing moves. He walks through the cabin but can't find anything that screams Horcrux. He was so sure that the resurrection stone was here. He can practically feel it! But where the bloody hell is it?

Harry takes a step, and three things happen at the same time. The first thing Harry registers is the creaking of the floorboard he stepped on, the second is the slamming of the door he had left open on purpose, and the third is the echo of a hiss of way too many snakes.

Harry is just in time to jump to the side when from out of nowhere, hundreds of snakes emerge. They're all hissing, and Harry can barely make out the words, but some filter through.

*'Kill - Protect - Master - Maim - Protect Master!'*

*"Stop!"* Harry yells in Parseltongue, and the snakes stop, much to Harry's surprise. And to their own, if Harry guesses correctly when a tentative *"master?"* is hissed.

*"Y-Yes, Master, stop attacking. Go back. I need to retrieve something."* Harry stumbles out, a little overwhelmed at the army of snakes in front of him that suddenly halted their movements.

*"Sorry, Master."* One in the front hisses while lowering his head slightly. *"Give the word, and we will go back to slumber."* The snake tells him, and Harry is stumped. Which bloody word does the snake mean?!

*"Uh, Please ?"*

Harry could've hit himself. Tom Riddle would've never used please as an order to stop the attack of his snakes. Harry is pulled from his musings when the snakes start to hiss again and show their fangs. Several snakes start to advance, and Harry is pushed into a corner.

*"Shit. I'm sorry for this ."* He says emphatically before muttering *"Incendio"*.

Harry flinches from the hisses the snakes emit while he makes a path for himself to the floorboard that must contain the Horcrux. He tries to block the pained noises and feels bad for the snakes that only are following orders from their master.

He's finally back at the floorboard and quickly rips it out with his magic. He then lifts the ring he sees lying there without touching it. He feels that there are multiple charms and hexes for extra protection on the ring alone. He feels irritated that he can't use the stone in the ring just yet, but that will be fixed when Tom is back in a body. When he has removed the charms and hexes, he can at least put the ring on. Feeling closer to the stone already soothes his magic. As if it already knows what Harry means to it and what the stone means to Harry.

He then makes his way back, still keeping the snakes at bay with fire. "*I'm so sorry* ." He hisses again at them just when he steps out of the cabin and slams the door. He then runs back to the edge of the wards where a pacing Padfoot and Remus are waiting.

"Are you okay?" Sirius asks as soon as he turns back to his human form. Harry nods while panting. "Let's get out of here."

Remus grabs him quickly by the shoulder while twisting on the spot. They land in the house, and Harry falls to his knees, coughing. He waves the two worry warts away when they frantically start checking him.

"I'm fine, I'm fine, just some smoke inhalation." He chokes out. Remus then pulls out his wand and passes it over Harry's chest. As soon as he's done, the coughing stops, and Harry can take a clean breath.

"Thanks." He says while closing his eyes. He tries to ban the pained hissing noises he still hears. He feels so guilty for burning those snakes. But at the time, he hadn't seen another option.

"What happened?" Sirius asks when Harry keeps seated for a moment to calm himself. Harry explains what has happened, and they both grimace at the mention of the army of snakes.

"You did what you had to do, Harry, and it worked out. You have the Horcrux," Remus reassures him, and Harry nods. He pulls out the ring while it is still wrapped in a cloth. He then walks to the library with the werewolf and animagus trailing him.

"Do not touch this until I've cleared it. Are we clear?" Harry tells them seriously before laying the ring on the desk.

He then starts to dismantle the multiple hexes and charms on the ring.

It's a long process, but after an hour, he has succeeded. He can now touch the ring without his hand falling off.

He does so immediately. When the ring settles on his finger, he feels a calm settle over him.

"Uh- is this normal?" He hears behind him, he startles a little, he hadn't heard Sirius and Remus the whole hour he was busy with the ring. To be honest, he thought they had left.

He turns to look at them, and they are both eyeing him warily.

"What?" He asks with a frown.

"Harry, you're glowing," Remus tells him calmly, and Harry immediately looks at himself and sees that yes, he is glowing. Well, this is awkward.

"I have no idea why," Harry tells them, a little lost. A reassuring presence presses against his shoulder, and Harry turns around. Death has somewhat materialized in front of him, and he hears Remus and Sirius gasp behind him.

"Death!" Harry says with a smile on his face, which Death returns. Death trails his fingers over the ring Harry is wearing, and the glow his body was emitting dims.

"It's the magic of the resurrection stone. It recognizes you as his master. Because you already have the invisibility cloak, it gave a strong surge of magic. It will be even worse when you finally get your hands on the elder wand." He explains calmly.

Harry scrunches up his nose, not looking forward to waiting but also not looking forward to winning the elder wand when the time comes.

Death rests his hand on Harry's shoulder, making Harry look at the man. "You did great tonight. You're one step closer to the end goal. Do you remember the ritual?"

Harry nods with a smile, grateful for the praise he got from his adoptive father.

"Good, then I must go before Lady Fate registers I'm gone." He says with a wink before fading away. Harry sighs. He misses his adoptive father, but that he came to check on him means a lot to Harry.

"Harry?" Comes the tentative question from behind him. He turns back to Remus and Sirius, who are both a bit pale.

"I'm fine."

"We know you are," Remus assures him with a soft smile.

"Do we need to do the ritual right now? Or is it better to do it in the morning?"

Harry thinks about it for a moment before deciding. "Morning, it is no use to do it now when we can't do anything about them."

Sirius walks up to him and pulls him into a careful hug. When he lets go, he claps Harry one more time on the back before pulling Remus with him out of the library. Harry sinks down onto one of the couches and stares at the ring.

He feels the magic of the resurrection stone, but he also feels the Horcrux within the ring, it pushes against his own magic, testing the waters, but it doesn't seem hostile at least.

"Oh, Tom, you complete imbecile." He sighs, still staring at the ring.

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They decide not to do the ritual to find the other Horcruxes the next couple of days because Harry completely forgot it was Yule.

Thankfully he hadn't forgotten to buy presents for his friends. Izzy would've killed him if he hadn't gotten her anything, he's sure. Harry is roughly wakened up the next day by an excited Padfoot on his bed.

"Get off, you mutt!" He yells when Padfoot slobbers all over his face. Sirius in dog form does not stop until Harry sends a poking hex his way. Padfoot whines and turns back into Sirius, rubbing his bum and pouting. Seriously, he's a grown man. Harry rolls his eyes at his godfather.

"That was unnecessary," Sirius grumbles.

"No, Harry was completely in his right, Sirius, just like I was when I kicked you out just an hour ago," Remus says when he walks into the room. He then turns to Harry.

"Happy Yule, Harry."

"You too, Remus."

"Oi! And me? Is nobody going to greet me with a happy Yule?" Sirius demands Harry and Remus both look at him very unimpressed.



Sirius grumbles and walks out the door when Dobby pops in front of him in the hallway. "HAPPY YULE, MASTER HARRY'S GODWOOFY!" Before glitter erupts all around him. Sirius lets out a very unmanly shriek at the surprise from the elf while Harry and Remus are too busy laughing.

"I will get you two for this!" Sirius yells before retreating to his room, leaving a trail of glitter.

Harry doesn't mind the treat, he knows he will be pranked by Sirius one of these days, but this was too good an opportunity to ignore.

The first Yule day goes by quickly, Remus, Sirius, Harry, and Dobby celebrate it together, and Harry feels for the first time at home since he came back from Death's realm. Death and Lady Magic couldn't come by, and they don't celebrate the holiday like mortals. Harry just gives them an offering with a ritual he learned from them, Sirius and Remus join him in the ritual, and Harry feels his magic respond happily that he can share this with them.

He knows that Sirius and Remus both are having troubles with the whole bringing back Tom thing, but they don't show it to Harry. He hopes that they can get used to the idea before it's time to bring him back.

The second Yule day, they go to the Weasley's. Hermione is also there, and even Draco had been invited, but he has declined, not wanting to impose, the brat may have changed, but he knows that the Weasleys still have problems with his family. So Harry feels glad that he took that into consideration. He hadn't even expected for Draco to share with his father that he was together with a muggle-born.

The day isn't strained much to Harry's relief. He mostly hangs out with Fred and George, who are horribly flirting with him, much to his embarrassment and to their amusement. Ginny is mostly at Hermione's side and keeps giving glances to Harry, now there is more than one year between them, he feels awkward around the girl, but she is talking to him and not stuttering. So that's a win.

Ron has invited Seamus and Dean, and they are having fun which Harry is glad for. He's glad Ron has them. Ron has even spoken a couple of times to Harry, even if it was mostly to ask if he could pass the food.

Mrs. Weasley and Mr. Weasley are glad to have him, Remus, and even Sirius as a guest. Apparently, Dumbledore had explained to them that Sirius was innocent, so the old goat had done something right.

At the end of the day, the three of them are completely stuffed and decline Mrs. Weasley's offer for them to stay over. They floo back to Peverell Mansion, and Harry is glad that the holidays are over now. Tomorrow they will finally do the ritual to find the other Horcruxes.

He feels anxious but also glad that they are finally going to do that, he feels restless now they haven't done it yet, and there is no other distraction. While the ring still sits on his finger and the magic of the hallow keeps the Horcrux at bay, he still feels a tingle of magic that isn't his own or that of the hallow, and he just knows it's Tom's.

He was expecting that, but what he wasn't expecting was that the magic almost felt calm against him as if it was in the right place and completely at ease with Harry. Something Harry thinks is because of the Horcrux in his own head. Yes, he knows he himself is a Horcrux, the one Voldemort didn't want to make, or at least, not within Harry himself.

He is curious about how Tom will react when he finds out how far his mind has deteriorated because of the stupid things he did with the Horcruxes. Harry is at least not above it to rub it in his face after he has brought him back to life.

Harry lays in his bed at the Mansion and imagines about how the resurrection of Tom Riddle is going to go. He already knows what kind of ritual Voldemort himself wants to do, and he has also worked out another ritual with Lady Magic to replace it. He only needs all of the Horcruxes, well, all that are left, because the Diary is still destroyed, a very dangerous and difficult potion and four sacrifices.

*Flesh donated by a hopeful participant.*

*Bone from the father unknowingly taken.*

*Blood willingly given from an equal.*

*And Magic from Lady herself.*

He sighs when he goes over the sacrifices again. He knows he needs to be the one to give Tom blood, something he is ready for. Lady will be there for the Magic. She will know when the time has come and will stand by his side to guide him through the ritual. Bone from the father is something Voldemort also needed for his own ritual, so Harry is going to expect that he is going to take care of that. The only problem is the flesh donated by a hopeful participant. He doesn't know who is the best option for that part.

He refuses for it to be Wormtail. He will catch that rat at the first possible opportunity, maybe it could be Remus or Sirius, but they need to be more accepting about the whole resurrection thing before he can ask that of them.

He has ideas for the potion that needs to be brewed, which will gift Tom a new body, but he already knows that it will not be received well by his godfather, so he still keeps that part for himself until the end of the holiday.

Harry knows that Voldemort will take him for one of his own sacrifices to bring himself back, and he suspects it will be on the day of the final task that that's the main reason why Harry was entered in the Tournament at all. He doesn't know who entered him, and he will find that out eventually. He only doesn't know if he wants to thank them or hex them into oblivion.

Harry falls into a restless sleep but is glad when morning comes, and he can finally begin the ritual to find the other Horcruxes. He wants to get this part of the plan over with as quickly as possible. Harry just feels unsettled that there are more of Tom's Horcruxes all over Britain. It doesn't feel right that they are not together. Maybe it's something that's part of his Master of Death thing, or maybe it's something else he doesn't know. He just knows that they shouldn't be apart.

Harry is the first one up and goes to the kitchen to grab a quick bite before he goes to the ritual chamber in the Mansion. According to Sirius, every old Mansion has ritual chambers, mostly from before Dark magic was banned, and when people could still perform most of the rituals.

The older families never got rid of them even after the ban. Something Harry is glad for now he has his own old Mansion.

He is still munching on an apple when he walks into the chamber. The old magic resting here reaches out to him, and he closes his eyes for a moment to just feel. He doesn't jump at all when he hears someone scrape his throat behind him. He doesn't.

He totally did.

"Morning, pup, excited for today?" Sirius asks with a smirk, but Harry can see the shadows beneath his eyes and the restlessness in the twitching of his fingers. Sirius isn't as *serious* as he wants to be for Harry.

Harry can appreciate Sirius's sentiment to appear strong and determined, but he can understand his nervousness.

Harry has been nervous himself ever since he came up with this plan with Lady Magic. Even a couple of years can't shake off the nervousness.

He claps Sirius on the back and squeezes his shoulder, silently thanking him for being here today.

"Excited isn't the right wording, but I'm ready." He replies with a small smile.

Remus isn't part of the ritual today because it wasn't necessary and because the full moon will be in a couple of days. He needs his strength to deal with that and not with the recovery of a ritual.

Sirius and Harry are both strong enough to do the ritual with just the two of them.

They take their positions, and Harry starts the chant after placing the ring in the middle. He is reluctant to part with the ring for multiple reasons, but he shakes it off.

Sirius follows him in the chant, and their eyes drift close, and soon the first Horcrux shows itself in some kind of vision. It's a cup with a badger on the front, and it is standing on a shelf inside a vault. The next one is a locket with a snake, and a crying elf is cradling it. The elf whispers about master Regulus, but Harry doesn't understand it before he's transported to the next vision.

A diadem shows itself in the middle of piles and piles of rubbish, the vision seems to zoom out, and Harry sees himself pacing in front of a wall three times, and he knows where this one is.

Then a snake slithers in his vision with its teeth bared and a pale hand stroking the head.

Harry gasps when he himself walks into his vision after the snake disappears, and he curses himself because Sirius must have seen it too. The vision zooms in on his scar before they are both thrown out of the visions.

They are both kneeling and panting, and when Harry looks up at Sirius, he sees that his godfather is pale and shaking.

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no," comes the choked whisper, and Harry crawls over to Sirius, too tired and too weak at the moment to even stand up.

"Sirius?" He asks worriedly. He reaches out a hand towards Sirius and ignores his flinch when he touches his shoulder carefully. Sirius seems lost for a moment like he doesn't see Harry in front of him.

"Harry?" Sirius whispers. "I'm here." He replies.

Sirius blinks a couple of times while Harry keeps his hand on Sirius's shoulder to anchor him.

Finally, he seems to come back to himself and takes a few deep breaths before he narrows his eyes at Harry. Even completely tired Sirius can pull off a glare.

"A Horcrux? How long have you known?"

"Well-"

"You knew the whole time, didn't you?" Sirius sighs while rubbing his face.

Harry purses his mouth, because yeah, it was one of the first things Death told him when they started talking about the whole 'bring back the Dark Lord thing.'

"Figures, you're just like your mother," He grumbles while trying to stand. Harry doesn't know what Sirius means, but he takes it as a compliment. Sirius wobbles, but he finds his footing and reaches out a hand to help Harry to his feet.

He doesn't release Harry's hand but does pull him closer to look Harry into his eyes. "Do not keep any more important secrets from me, okay?"

Harry looks into the steel grey eyes of his godfather and swallows heavily. Sirius is taking this way better than he initially expected, and he nods in agreement.

"I know where one of them is," Harry tells Sirius.

"The one at Hogwarts? I didn't recognize the room, but the stones in the corridor seemed familiar." Sirius tells him, and Harry smirks. "Room of requirement," He just replies, making his godfather groan.

"We never found that one!" He replies, sounding a lot put out.

Harry chuckles and guides Sirius out of the ritual room towards the library so they can sketch a plan. They know one of them is in Gringotts at least, and one at Hogwarts. The snake will be a problem, but Harry is certain that Voldemort will bring her to his resurrection. The other problem will be how to get the one at Gringotts and where the hell the locket is.

When they are seated inside the library, they tell Remus what happened and what they've seen.

"Tom sure knew how to choose his Horcruxes," Harry says with a smirk when they've finished telling Remus about the Horcruxes.

Both men look at him with quizzical expressions. "A diary, a ring, a locket, a diadem, he seems like a teenage girl."

Sirius snorts out a laugh but quickly grows serious again before sighing.

"I know where the locket is, and I have a suspicion in which vault the cup is." He tells them warily.

"Seriously? How? Where?" Harry immediately asks, almost jumping up and down in excitement. He cannot believe it's going to be this easy!

"The elf that had the locket is- Kreacher," He tells them with a grimace, making Harry frown. He had heard about Kreacher. It's the Black house-elf who hates Sirius. Remus is watching Sirius with a wary expression.

"He was talking about someone named Regulus," Harry says as a statement, not knowing who this Regulus is. Remus chokes back a gasp, but Harry and Sirius still hear it.

"I need a drink for this," Sirius tells them, and immediately Dobby appears with three tumblers and Firewhiskey. It's ten in the morning, but they don't bat an eye while Sirius pours the whiskey.

After Sirius has thrown back a tumbler with whiskey, he starts talking about his brother and how his brother joined the Death Eaters when he was just eighteen.

"It's my fault. When I ran from home, I should've taken him with me- but he was the perfect little Black heir," Sirius spats with a slur, already intoxicated after three other drinks.

"Sirius, you couldn't have known." Remus starts softly, but this only enrages Sirius. "I could! I could! My mother did everything to push us in **that** direction. I refused, but Regulus-" He lets out a harsh laugh. "-Regulus was a Slytherin, Regulus only heard how *great* the Dark Lord was, from our parents, and from his housemates. He wasn't even talking to me after I ran from home." Sirius sneers but brokenly.

Tears are spilling over Sirius's cheeks, and Harry regrets that Sirius was needed for the ritual. If he had known what would happen, he wouldn't have asked for his help. But with this information, they are a lot closer to their end goal. Harry feels guilty about the thought, but he can't shake it. He needs his godfather's help.

"I'm sorry, Sirius," Harry tells him sincerely. He's sorry that Sirius's help is needed with bringing back the Dark Lord, the man that killed his best friend. He's sorry that Sirius needs to relive a part of his past that hurts him so much. He's sorry that he can't do it without him.

"No! You're not!" Sirius screams, and Harry's face crumbles. He feels shame that Sirius is right at some point, he needed this information, and he couldn't have gotten it without Sirius. "-You are doing the right thing, Harry, every witch or wizard with a Dark affinity needs this, needs your help, so even if it's difficult for me, I don't care, it's like you said, it's for the greater good!"

Harry is staring in awe at his godfather before rushing to him and tackling him in a hug. Sirius hugs him back just as fiercely, and they don't let go until a couple of minutes later.



Sirius wipes his face while Harry and Remus kindly ignore the tears he has shed.

"The locket is in Grimmauld place. And I think the cup is one of the vaults that used to belong to Bella. There were Black heirlooms in there." He finally grumbles before throwing back another tumbler of whiskey.

Harry rubs his mouth, trying to suppress a grin. "This-this is good news. The locket we can get from Kreacher."

"And if I remember the Lordship clauses correctly-" Remus starts with also a smile on his face, which Harry knows for sure he remembers because he had read them when Harry took the titles of Potter and Peverell, "-then if you as Lord claim to know for sure that there are heirlooms of your house in a certain vault, the Goblins are required to show you the vault so you can take the heirlooms back."

Harry felt like laughing but held it in. Not wanting to jinx anything.

"But Harry is supposed to be the next Black lord, and you told me he refused that title in Gringotts," Sirius says, sounding really confused and drunk.

"Sirius, you can take the Lordship," Harry said. The man himself blinked a couple of times before bellowing out a laugh.

"Me? The black sheep of the family being Lord Black?" He laughs even harder when he says it out loud, and he keeps laughing until it almost seems manic.

"Who else, Sirius?" Harry says when it tapers down to chuckling.

"You! You should be Black Lord, Lord Black- All that shit!" Sirius says while pointing in Harry's direction emphatically.

"I already have two Lordships, and to be honest, I don't want the Black title too, at least not yet. I have plans for you to be Lord Black." Harry responds carefully, not wanting to push Sirius into another fit.

"But-but-you?" Sirius splutters before he deflates. "I never thought to become Lord Black." He murmurs finally.

"Why don't we talk about this in the morning?" Remus interrupts.

Harry frowns at him. "It is morning."

Remus chuckles before motioning to Sirius, who is swaying in his seat.

"I know, but he needs a bed after so much Firewhiskey."

Harry tries not to groan, but it's a close thing. He really wants to go looking for the locket at least, but he understands that Sirius needs some rest.

"Fine, but tomorrow we will go looking for the locket, try to give Sirius his Lordship, and hopefully try to locate the cup in one of the vaults we can enter with his Lordship."

Remus raises his eyebrows at Harry while Sirius is just blinking a little sluggishly.

"That's a lot to do in one day."

"I know,"

"You're serious?"

"No, I'm Sirius," Sirius replies with a big grin before he giggles. GIGGLES. OK. It's really better if Sirius is going to lay down for a while.

"Goodnight, Sirius," Harry says before he sinks down onto a couch again while Remus guides Sirius to their bedroom.

He's restless again. But he pushes it away. He gets out one of his school books and decides to study for his NEWT's, he should probably look into the hint they had gotten for the next task, but Harry decides that it's not his priority right now, mostly because he doesn't want to hear the egg scream again.

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When you pay Goblins enough money, they will do anything for you, even do business with an escaped convict under an Invisibility cloak.

Sirius was still in protest to be Lord Black but finally agreed when Harry again refused. He seemed a little hurt at that, but Harry reminded him that he's a seventeen-year-old boy and he already has two Lordships, and maybe, just *maybe*, he guilt trips Sirius a little for trying to push even more responsibility to himself. To which Remus drily comments that he really is more like his mother than his father.

Harry asks them what they mean, and they finally tell him about his mother. After hearing only about his father, he listens intently. They tell him how Lily Evans was cunning, smart, mischievous, and if she hadn't been a muggle-born, would definitely have been in Slytherin.

"-and then she charmed his hair green, Slytherin green, for almost a week! And James-" Sirius is choking on laughter, "-James couldn't turn it back. He was a master in transfiguration, but charms? No-just no."

"So she denied him for six years before she finally started dating my father, while my father was pining after her since the first day they met?" Harry asks, sounding amused. They should be leaving to Grimmauld place. They have retrieved the cup this morning (just like Remus told them they would be able to) but hearing about his parents, well, to know something more about them, is priceless.

"We hexed him so many times when he was waxing poetry about her eyes, or hair, or skin, he even waxed poetry about her feet one time," Remus tells him, a little disturbed. Harry cringes a little at the last part but still laughs.

He sighs and feels like a weight has been lifted. Hearing about his parents made him feel normal for a while—just Harry, instead of everything that is hanging above him.

"Are you ready to go to Grimmauld place?" Harry asks while looking at Sirius and Remus. Sirius grimaces, he would rather not go to his old childhood home, but there is no choice. It's where they will find Kreacher.

They get ready and floo to the house. It is dark, and Harry grimaces at the stale air that hangs there as if something has died in here. He also feels a shiver run over his spine, something that tells him that they should leave, but he ignores it.

"Kreacher!" Sirius immediately screams. They all want to get it over with and just go back to Peverell's mansion.

"Filthy blood traitor has entered the Ancient and Noble House of Black, with a half-breed and werewolf as companions, Mistress would have whipped him." Comes the raw voice of a very, very dirty and rimped house elf.

Harry scrunches up his nose and is glad that he has Dobby as house elf instead of this bitter creature.

"Shut up, I'm Lord Black now, and I need something," Sirius growls out, clearly getting more agitated by the elf.

The elf sneers at him, "Kreacher will never serve traitor,"

Sirius puffs himself up for a retort, but Harry interrupts him. He doesn't want to be here any longer than necessary.

"Kreacher, give us the locket Master Regulus gave to you."

Kreacher sways and almost collapses to his knees with wide eyes. "What does half-breed knows about evil locket?" He croaks out.

"We know you have it, and we know it's here somewhere. Give it to us. We will take care of it." Harry continues. For some reason, his uneasiness grows the longer he is in this house. But he can't place why.

Kreacher's lip starts trembling, and he's on the verge of crying. Harry gets really uncomfortable. Hermione crying is one thing. He can handle that, at least a little, but an unfamiliar house-elf? Nope, that's not something Harry is ready for to deal with.

"Uh, Remus?"

Because let's face it, Remus is the most emotionally stable of the three of them. Remus steps forward without hesitation and kneels in front of Kreacher. The elf is still on the verge of breaking down but still sneers at Remus when he steps closer.

"Dirty werewolf scum," He murmurs, but Remus ignores the comment.

"Kreacher, could you get the locket? We will take it away."

Kreacher seems to debate with himself for a moment before turning to Harry again, ignoring Remus and Sirius.

"Is locket going to be destroyed?"

Harry doesn't really want to lie to the elf, but he wants to get out as soon as possible. "Yes, Kreacher, it will be gone."

Kreacher nods to himself and vanishes. Harry stands and looks around him. His magic is pulling at him to go, but he doesn't see any threats around him.

"We need to go as quickly as possible." He says to Sirius and Remus, and they both look at him quizzically.

"What's wro-"

Before Sirius can finish his question, the doorbell rings. They all look like a deer caught in headlights until Kreacher pops back into the room. He hands the locket to Harry, who carefully takes it from him, he doesn't want to be hexed, but he thinks all the hexes or charms are gone. Otherwise, Kreacher would've died already.

Harry makes a rash decision and pulls the locket over his head before tucking it under his robes.

"Kreacher, who is at the door?" Sirius asks when the knocking doesn't stop.

"Kreacher will check it, *Master* ." The last word comes out like a growl, but for some reason, Kreacher seems lighter, less tired, and less grim.

Before any of them can stop him, Kreacher is at the front door and opening it. It's silent, and the three men are waiting anxiously for who has approached the Ancient and Noble House of

Black.

Kreacher enters the room with a firm scowl on his face. "Dumbles is here for Master."

Harry lets out a snort at the name before schooling his features when Dumbledore enters the room. He seems happy to be there and doesn't seem to notice the rising tension in the room.

Harry represses a hiss when the locket burns a little against his skin as if feeling that there is another presence in the room for which it should be wary.

"Headmaster, what can we do for you?" Remus asks, clearly the one who is recovered the quickest from the surprise.

Dumbledore gives them his best disappointed look, something Harry is immune to, but Remus and Sirius shrink in themselves a little.

"I didn't hear from either of you the last couple of months and was worried. You do understand that I would hate it if Sirius was arrested again or if something worse would've happened. He was still on the run the last time I checked. And Remus, are you sure it's safe for you to be with Harry when the full moon is almost at its peak?" He almost tuts in disappointment, and Harry grits his teeth when he sees both men flinch at the Headmaster's words.

He didn't want to gain Dumbledore's attention, but he couldn't let him get away with this. "I can promise you, Headmaster, Remus can control himself perfectly. And Sirius has been safe and healing. Something he should've focused on when he escaped, especially with him being innocent. But of course, you know that." It's also something **you** could have done something about. Harry adds in his head.

"Harry-" This time, Dumbledore does tut, and he turns his disappointed grandfather look to him. "I really want to check if everything is okay with you. Being in Death's realm has changed you. Where are you living now? Maybe we can go there for a cup of tea."

Harry snorts, no way in hell that he's going to tell Dumbledore where he lives. Dumbledore clearly doesn't know that Remus and Sirius are living with him, and that's something he wants to keep that way.

"I'm sorry, Headmaster, but as you sure can understand, I want to keep my living arrangements quiet. Didn't you tell me yourself I should be safe?" Harry drawls. Sirius coughs behind him, but Harry knows it's to suppress a laugh.

"What are you actually doing here, Headmaster?" He then casually asks.

Dumbledore grimaces but quickly schools his face into his grandfatherly appearance. "I got a message when you entered the home. Sirius had told me a long time ago I could use this house as a base, so I had special wards placed."

Harry looks back to his godfather, who is frowning and clenching his jaw.

"I said that to you when I was captured on Hogwarts grounds when I thought I would get the Dementor's kiss. Because you told me you could do nothing for me." Sirius tells Dumbledore with a glare.

"My boy-" Dumbledore starts. "I couldn't do anything for you. There was no evidence about your innocence."

"Remus could've shared his memories, Harry, Ron, and Hermione too!" Sirius barks out, getting mad at the Headmaster, something Harry is secretly glad for.

"Sirius, you and I both know that Remus's memory couldn't have been used in court because he's a werewolf-" Harry sees Remus cringe in the corner of his eye, and he clenches his fists in the unfairness of it all. He really needs to balance the magical world again. "-and Harry, Mr. Weasley, and Miss Granger were underage, the court would've waved it away as their imagination." Dumbledore folds his hands in front of him as if to say, 'you can't argue with this, I'm right, and you're wrong.'



It makes Harry even angrier, and the locket burns warmer against his skin. Harry can barely suppress the flinch of it, but he doesn't want to draw Dumbledore's attention to the locket.

Sirius, unfortunately, deflates. "You believed me. They would've taken your word for it." He says, just for arguing sake.

"I do believe you, but again, even the word of an old wizard is not enough evidence."

"So you let two thirteen-year-olds free an escaped convict with a Hippogriff? Seems legit." Harry can't help but snark.

Dumbledore's eyes snap back to Harry, and Harry feels the push against his mind and pushes roughly back. No way that Dumbledore is getting inside his head.

"It's still rude to use Legilemency against people without asking first, Headmaster." Harry snarls, making Dumbledore quickly look away. Sirius grabs Harry's shoulder while glaring at Dumbledore.

"You know what. I hereby withdraw my offer. You can't use this house anymore for your plans. I want you out." Sirius tells Dumbledore harshly. Harry had been expecting Sirius to be protective of him, but he hadn't expected this explosion. Sirius is barely keeping back his rage.

"My boy, be reasonable. It's clear you're still not thinking clearly. How could you after being in Azkaban for such a long time." Dumbledore tried, but Sirius was furious.

He turns towards the silent house-elf who is looking with a sneer at the Headmaster. "Kreacher. Please help our *guest* -" How he said the word guest, it was clear how much he despised Dumbledore at the moment. Kreacher stood up straighter and looked at Sirius with a gleam in his eye. "-out of the building, and make sure he doesn't return."

"My pleasure, Master." Kreacher said with a big bow and a creepy grin. Dumbledore started flinching and hopping on the spot every time Kreacher snapped his fingers. Harry doesn't know what Kreacher is doing, but it's very amusing to see.

"Ah! Stop it! Stop it! I command you!" Dumbledore tried while he tried to step away from the elf, but Kreacher wouldn't let up. "Master commanded Dumbles to be removed. Kreacher only listens to Master." Kreacher says, trying to sound innocent while also grinning like a loon.

"Call him back, Sirius!" Dumbledore demands, but Sirius is just watching the scene with a mischievous look in his eyes.

"Kreacher, remember when Mother wanted that lawyer gone?" Sirius says in a very calm voice. Kreacher's grin becomes even bigger, and Harry barely held his laughter when Dumbledore started to get spots all over his face and started coughing. Harry didn't know what Kreacher was doing, but he took a careful step back from Dumbledore.

"You can't harm me! It's against the law!" Dumbledore screeched.

"Then Dumbles must leave. Dumbles is trespassing." Kreacher sneers at the Headmaster. Harry thinks that the elf hasn't had so much fun in a long time.

Dumbledore started reaching for his wand, but Kreacher saw it happening and was having none of it. Harry tried not to grimace, his magic was pulling at him to get to Dumbledore's wand, but he couldn't get it, not yet. It was too soon in the game.

Kreacher snapped his fingers again, and this time Dumbledore was blasted towards the front door. Harry, Sirius, and Remus all followed out to the hallway to watch the spectacle. Harry had quickly put a silencing charm on the screeching portrait of Sirius's mother when her curtains flew open because of the commotion.

Dumbledore was pressed against the front door, and it looked really painful. It was as if Kreacher's magic was pushing him through the door instead of waiting for it to open. Dumbledore was groaning in pain and tried to fight Kreacher's magic, but everybody always

forgot that house-elves could be powerful and use other magicks than wizards. Especially a house-elf from the Ancient and Noble House of Black can use magicks that most people will have forgotten a long time ago. And it certainly isn't light or even a smudge of grey magic. Harry is sure that it's dark magic, but he doesn't judge. He knows that Sirius is a Dark wizard, Remus is a Dark creature, and he himself is a Dark wizard.

The Light Lord cannot cope with this kind of magic.

Kreacher seemed to be almost dancing, hopping from one foot to the other. He was really having a lot of fun with this. Harry made a note to himself not to get on Kreacher's bad side.

"Kreacher, I think you've played enough. The Headmaster needs to leave. He's probably busy." Remus tried to placate, Kreacher glared at Remus, clearly not ready to listen to a werewolf. He then looked towards Sirius, and Harry thought he tried to look innocent, but he wasn't sure with all the wrinkles. It just looked a little disturbing.

"Master?" He then asked, and Sirius seemed to snap out of watching Dumbledore with barely suppressed glee. He quickly scraped his throat when he saw the unimpressed glare from Remus.

"Ah, uh, yes, Kreacher, kick him out. Make sure he remembers not to come back." Sirius then says with a smirk. Kreacher grins back at Sirius, and Harry thinks it wasn't the best idea for those two to team up, but he thinks he will be safe.

The door starts to spin as if it's a revolving door, but with a lot more speed. Harry can only see a blur with the door and Dumbledore. Dumbledore is more a purple blur, while the other side of the door is black.

The door seems to slow down after a couple of minutes, and Harry sees the green color on Dumbledores face. When the door slows to a halt, the side with Dumbledore on it stops on the outside.

It's silent for a moment until they hear puking from outside, and Harry snorts. It sets off the other two, and it doesn't take long before they all clutch their sides in laughter.

Harry knows that Dumbledore will probably retaliate when he's back at Hogwarts, but he still has a few days of freedom.

When they have finally regained their composure, Sirius kneels down in front of Kreacher, who looks very pleased with himself.

"Kreacher, I know you and I haven't had the best relationship, but thank you. You've helped us a lot today. Good job."

Kreacher looks at Sirius with wide eyes, clearly not expecting a thank you at all. Then he scowls at Sirius.

"Master is now Lord Black. Kreacher is at his service." He says resolutely. Harry thinks back at how just an hour ago he was still all 'Kreacher will never serve traitor,' but Harry doesn't care. He has the locket, and it's safely resting against his chest. The burning sensation had stopped as soon as Dumbledore was out of the door.

Sirius sighs. "That's fine. I only am not going to live here. You can come with us to Peverell Mansion, but if you want to stay here and actually clean the Black house, that's also fine by me."

Kreacher seems to think about it before nodding to himself. "Kreacher will stay here unless Master Black needs him."

Sirius nods and seems a little relieved. "That's good, we are going now. I will call you when needed. You can expect Remus and me later in the week so we can put a Fidelus charm on the house. I don't want anyone here who isn't invited. It's time for the House of Black to become respectable again."

Kreacher seems to cheer up on this announcement. "Kreacher will make sure that the House of Black is in best condition!"

"Thank you. We are going now. We will see you later this week."

Kreacher bows towards Sirius, his nose almost touching the floor, then he gives two haltingly bows to Harry and Remus before popping out of the room.

Sirius rubs his face with his hands and groans. "I want a drink."

"You drank enough for a while yesterday," Remus says while delivering a slap to the back of Sirius's head.

"Oi! I deserved it yesterday, and today, I am having a difficult week!"

"You're having a difficult life. That doesn't mean you need to become an alcoholic."

Sirius pouts and turns to Harry. "Do you see what I have to live with?!"

"Hé, you chose him, don't get all cranky on me," Harry replies with a smirk. "Let's go back home,"

When they are back inside Peverell Mansion, Harry takes a deep breath. He pushes his hand against the locket beneath his robes and feels the Horcrux thrumming beneath it—the Horcrux on his finger thrumming in tandem like a heartbeat.

"I'm going to my room for a bit." He tells them, and Sirius and Remus are too busy bickering like an old married couple to really pay attention to him. So Harry leaves them to it.

When he enters the room, he falls on his bed. Then he pulls the locket from behind his robes into his hand to look at it. His ring hums in satisfaction for being in contact with the locket, and Harry glances across the room towards the cup. Remus and Sirius wanted him to store all

the Horcruxes together, but Harry will not pull them apart, and he's not going to part with the ring. So the only solution is all the Horcruxes with Harry.

The only problem will be Hogwarts, at least for the cup, he can wear the locket and ring, but he does think that wearing the Diadem will gain too much attention.

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The next couple of days, Harry decides that they deserve a little time off, so he doesn't bother Sirius and Remus with his next step of the plan yet.

It also was the full moon, and since Harry doesn't have an Animagus form. (Not yet, at least) he can't join them.

A couple of days later, he approaches them and has already sent Dobby for some tumblers and the Firewhiskey. He knows this will go terribly, but he also knows that he will get what he needs.

"Sirius, Remus, glad to see you here." He starts, sounding a little - okay, a lot - awkward.

Remus immediately looks up suspiciously from where he's sitting on the couch. He is reading while Sirius has his head in his lap, and with the hand he isn't holding the book with, he's carding through Sirius's hair.

Sirius seems almost to be in a coma with how comfortable he's lying.

"Harry, what do you want?" Remus asks while narrowing his eyes. Harry rubs his hands through his hair a little anxiously.

"Well-" Dobby decides this is the perfect moment to pop in with Firewhiskey. Sirius is blinking a little slowly before looking at Harry. "We're not going to like this, are we?"

"Probably not."

Sirius groans but lifts himself. He pours himself, Harry, and Remus a bit of whiskey before waving a hand at Harry for him to continue.

"We need a potioneer, a very good potioneer." Harry rushes out. It takes a couple of moments before realization dawns on their faces.

"Snivelus? You want to involve him?!" Sirius starts to whine before throwing himself dramatically against the cushions of the couch.

"I can brew! I can make the potion! We don't need Snivelus!"

"Sirius-"

"He's so greasy!"

"Sirius-" Remus tries to interrupt, but it's no use.

"AND! He hates us! Hated your father, hates me with a burning passion that is returned with love! Hates Remus! And Remus is one of the sweetest human beings on earth!" Remus blushes but seems pleased. Harry rolls his eyes. His godfather sure loves the dramatics.

"So you love to hate him?" Harry asks confused, making Sirius gag.

"I don't love anything about Snivelus!"

"He loved my mother." Harry then simply states, and it blows all the wind out of Sirius's sails.

"Wh-how do you know that?" Sirius asks weakly before Remus pushes the tumbler whiskey back into his hand.

"Death," Harry replies with a shrug before crossing his arms.

"We need his help. Not only with the potion but with the next steps, he's invaluable. He can spy on Dumbledore for us."

Sirius snorts, "do you really think that he will follow you? He was a Death Eater! And now you're going to ask him to betray his new Lord."

Harry just nods, and Sirius and Remus just look at him for a moment, completely shocked by the simple gesture.

"Fine. Fine. Get him. But I don't think you can change his loyalties." Sirius snaps before throwing back another glass of Firewhiskey.

"Thank you. But please don't bait him when he's here." Harry asks them before calling Dobby and giving him the letter he had already written.

When Dobby disappears, Harry starts pacing. He really needs Snape's help, and he's pretty sure he will succeed, but he can't be sure. Snape is a man that only plays by his own rules.

It takes almost fifteen minutes before Dobby knocks on the library door.

"Master Harry sir, Snapey is here."



Harry pursues his lips to hold his laughter and aims a glare at the snort Sirius lets out.

"Let him inside, Dobby, thank you."

Dobby beams at Harry and quickly opens the door for Snape.

Snape comes into the room with a sneer on his face and billowing robes. His glare is mostly aimed at Remus and Sirius before turning to Harry.

"What am I doing here, Potter-Peverell?"

Harry puts his hands behind his back and tries to look calm.

"You're here because I need your help with something, but I can only tell you after a secrecy vow."

Snape scowls at Harry. "And why would I agree to that without even a hint about what this concerns?"

"Because it's way too important. I wouldn't have asked you if I didn't know for sure that it's significant. Isn't that enough?"

"And what will I get in return?" Snape drawls.

"Freedom from your life debt to my father," Harry replies with a stone face, he hears Sirius curse behind him, but he ignores it for now.

Snape seems to be taken aback by the offer before he schools his face in something unreadable.

"Fine. A secrecy vow it is."

Harry quickly gives Snape the wording, and Snape repeats them before they are both bathing in golden light. After Harry pours Snape, also a tumbler with Firewhiskey, only for Snape to raise his eyebrows at it as if it's poison. So Harry decides to just jump in.

"I need a special potion to give the Dark Lord a body."

Snape springs up from the seat he had taken as if burned.

"You're insane! Why would you even- no never mind - you are completely and utterly-"

"Yes, I know. It's insane, stupid, foolish, dumb, and I can name a couple of other words that will come down to the same thing. I still need that potion." Harry tells him resolutely.

Snape sinks down into the seat again, a little intimidated by Harry, he is slowly starting to respect Harry in this schoolyear, and Harry knows this.

"Why?" Snape grounds out finally. Remus hands him over the Firewhiskey, and Snape grudgingly takes a sip. Harry starts telling him about Tom Riddle, about the Horcruxes they are gathering, about how without Tom, Magical Britain will fall and after the Wizarding world. What his plans are to bring back balance, and how Lord Death and Lady Magic have helped him forming a plan.

"So, now I need a Master Potioneer to make a potion to bring back a body with the ritual Lady, and I have made."

Snape is silent for a moment before standing and throwing back the whiskey.

"You are completely crazy and idiotic. I will have no part of this." Snape tells him before starting to walk out of the library, but Harry isn't finished, and he will get Snape's help, even with emotional blackmail.

"Snape! How much do you regret going to the Dark Lord with the information about the Prophecy?" A wounded noise comes from the couch, and when Harry glances towards it, he sees Remus holding Sirius back with a white-knuckled grip. Thank Godric for Remus Lupin.

Snape freezes but doesn't turn around.

"I know, Snape. I know how much you loved my mother. How much you regretted pushing her away, and then you didn't know what the Prophecy meant before you ran to your Lord." Harry says while slowly making his way to Snape.

Snape's stand is rigid, clearly not expecting Harry to know any of this.

"When you begged the Dark Lord to leave Lily alone, you didn't care about my father or me, as long as my mother would live."

Harry hears growling coming from the couch, and he holds up his hand to stop Sirius and Remus from doing anything rash. He hopes that they will let him explain everything later.

With a lot more alcohol.

"I don't hold that against you," Harry tells him earnestly. "The Dark Lord asked my mother to step aside three times. Three times before he became too impatient and fired the killing curse, but it was enough for my mother to protect me with magic the Dark Lord had forgotten or never learned."

Snape still hasn't responded or turned around, but it doesn't bother Harry.

"She used magic **you** had taught her, Snape. **You** , as her best friend until she was sixteen. Because of you, I lived. And you kept saving my life. I know what you did in my first year with Quirrell on the Quidditch pitch. I know that you were worried about me in my second year when you saw I could talk to snakes. I know you tried to shield Hermione, Ron, and me from Remus last year during the full moon, just like I know that you would've let yourself be killed as long as **I** would survive."

He's now standing in front of Snape, he sees that the man is too stubborn to let himself cry, but Harry can see the devastation on his face by being reminded of his only and best friend. His first and only love.

"Only because I have her eyes," Harry says softly, finishing his tirade.

Snape finally looks Harry in the eyes, and Harry can almost see him sag in relief to see the green emerald eyes, but Snape is too composed for that.

"What potion do you need?"

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!

\*There were no actual snakes harmed during the writing of this chapter\* but I still felt bad. ಥ\_ಥ

I hope you liked it! Please let me know!!!

♥♥ MBlack93

# Part five

## Chapter Notes

A new chapter!

I'm already working on the new one, or mostly, this one became too big for just one chapter so I've split it up!

There are a lot of time jumps in this one!

Enjoy!

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

Harry is walking outside with Fleur when he finally feels the magic he was looking for. The Yule holidays were already a couple of weeks ago, but Harry hasn't been sitting still.

He has collected the diadem from the ROR, had been evading Dumbledore everywhere he goes, and the man is getting craftier with finding Harry, much to Harry's dismay. And he has been meeting with Snape for the potion that is needed for Tom's return.

He also has been training with the other Champions and finding out the clue. They are now talking about strategy for the second task that will be in a couple of weeks, but Harry still had a little side project that will be going to fruition now.

He had talked about it with Fleur, he knew how the press was interested in his love life, and he knew they probably couldn't help themselves if he was being seen more and more with the French beauty. She agreed immediately when he presented her with his plan, and so they have been walking outside almost every day of the week.

"Fleur-" He started, trying to keep a straight face. Fleur seemed to understand what would be happening and bit her lip to keep in her laugh. "-the last couple of weeks have been amazing, and you are in the center of it." Harry says, coughing a little because he thinks his acting is ridiculous.

"Oh, Harry, I thought it was only me!" Fleur replies while putting the back of her hand against her forehead as if she's swooning. Harry barely keeps in a snort before barreling on.

"No! No, it's not only you, you are a true flower in my dark existence, my only sunshine in between all the horrible things that have been happening in my life-" Harry says, and Fleur giggles. She can't keep her laughter anymore. Harry sees tears in the corners of her eyes and quickly continues.

"I know your father would never approve of me, but I don't care, run away with me! Stay with me. I have enough money for you to live a long and happy life by my side!"

Fleur is now pressing a hand against her mouth so she won't burst out laughing. "Oh, Harry!" She mumbles, barely holding her composure, but then Harry finally sees what he's been looking for, and with the speed of a professional Seeker, he reaches out and snatches the bug that was hovering nearby out of the air before putting it in an unbreakable jar.

He puts the jar on eye level and smirks, he can see the lining of Skeeter's glasses around the eyes of the bug, and he knows he has the right one.

"Oh, thank god that's over, I couldn't keep a straight face anymore," Fleur says before bursting out in gleeful laughter. Harry starts chuckling too. He's thankful that Fleur wanted to help with Rita Skeeter.

"Me neither, not that you're not beautiful or anything, but you're not my type," Harry tells her simply with a smile, and Fleur kisses him on the cheek.

"You're not my type either, Harry," She replies with a smile before they start walking back in the direction of the castle.

"What are you going to do with her?" Fleur asks curiously when they are almost back at the castle.

"Not sure yet," He tells her with a shrug before saying goodbye and leaving her at the Beauxbaton's carriage. He does know, but he doesn't think that she would *want* to know.

He then makes his way to the ROR. When he opens the door, he sees some kind of interview room he remembers seeing in some muggle movies a long time ago.

He puts the jar down on one side of the table before taking a seat on the other side. He then vanishes the jar wandlessly and pushes Rita out of her animagus form with the reversal spell.

She looks haggard, her hair is in disarray, and she is glaring with a blinding hatred at Harry, but Harry doesn't care.

"You can't just-" But before she can get on steam with a tirade, Harry chuckles coldly, making her freeze and blink at him in fright.

"Rita, you will see that I can do anything I bloody want. And what you're doing is something I will no longer tolerate. So this is what's going to happen." He then stands with his hands behind his back before making his way to Rita's side.

"Option one, you aren't going to listen to me, and I will make your life very, very, difficult, like Azkaban difficult." Harry starts, and Rita shrinks into herself by the threat.

"Or, option two, you will stop writing shit about my friends and me, and I will give you in the following years a couple of stories that need to be written with extreme care, if you chose option two, I am going to demand a secrecy vow so you can only write about the things I want you to write about. You can still write for the Prophet or other tabloids, but you will not be able to leak anything I don't want you to reveal."

He has now planted his hands on the table again and looks her straight in the eye.

"So, what's it going to be, Rita? Azkaban, and let us be real, no job anymore when you come out, or a simple secrecy vow, and a couple of juicy stories when I need one?"

He can see how she's thinking about it. She doesn't like the ultimatum, but she also sees that she doesn't really have another choice.

"Fine. Option two." She finally snaps. Harry grins ferally at her, making her shrink even further back in her chair.

"Good choice. I think this is the start of a very special business relationship." Harry tells her before making the vow with her. She is fuming when they finally leave the ROR, not liking the vow at all, not with everything that is revealed with just the simple vow. But, she also knows that if he needs a story, she's the first one that will be able to write about it. Something that will help her career in extraordinary amounts. Harry James Potter - Peverell is going to be a big player in the wizarding world in the next couple of years. She knows that for sure.

\*\*\*\*

Harry groans when someone shakes him harshly awake. He could've still slept a couple of hours before the second task! Who the hell is waking him up?!

"Wh't you w'nt?" He slurs, blinking sluggishly before taking in a very white piece of hair.

"Wake up, Potter-Peverell!" Malfoy sneers, sending a stinging hex to Harry's bum. Harry flinches but doesn't react further than glaring at Malfoy.

"What the fuck, Malfoy?" He grouches, he hears the other Slytherin seventh years waking up around him while he's still in a glaring contest with Malfoy.

"Hermione is missing, you ass! And I know for a fact that she isn't the only one. So I'm guessing that it has something to do with the second task, and I want you to put a stop to it right the fuck now!" Malfoy snarls, and Harry bolts upright, thinking over the clue and cursing up a storm.



He quickly wandlessly conjures clothes before storming out of the dorms. He knew that something would've been taken from him, but to take Hermione, yeah, Harry is not going to take that lying down. He doesn't care if the hostages are safe according to the judges.

He storms into the Great Hall and sees Dumbledore, Bagman, and a very, very pale Crouch.

Without waiting for them to acknowledge him, he starts, "Which idiot had the idea to put teenagers into a Black lake for an hour in freaking February?!" He yells, his voice carrying with his rage.

"Mister Potter-Peverell, pleas-"

"No! I will not calm down. You've stepped out of bounds too far now! To ask from the participants to prove themselves with bravery and all that shit-" He hears a couple of snickers behind him, but he ignores it. "-is fine, they have signed up for it, but to put hostages, teenage, **UNDERAGE**, hostages into the lake in February for one hour unconscious with the threat of not returning if the participant fails is something that is just cruel and illegal! Did you even ask for parental approval from the hostages? Or did you just think that if they don't know about it, it doesn't matter? Because let me tell you, that if the hostages didn't agree to anything or let their parents sign at least something, I'm going to make a huge uproar about it with the Prophet and the Wizengamot. Let's see if any of you three will have fucking jobs after that." Harry seethes, Bagman is pailing rapidly, Crouch seems ready to faint, and Dumbledore is biting his tongue.

Several gasps are heard all around him, and he sees that he has gathered quite the audience.

"You were going to put hostages that meant something to us into the lake?" Cedric asks from Harry's side, and Harry can hear the horror in his voice.

Then Fleur storms up to the Head table and starts ranting in French, Harry isn't fluent in the language, but he hears the word 'sister' in between there somewhere.

"The hostages are perfectly safe! No harm will come to them at all!" Bagman tries to placate the students who are now reacting in worry to everything since Harry's rant.

More and more students are filling the Great Hall, hearing from their friends what is happening, and all calling out in outrage.

Harry has crossed his arms and is watching Dumbledore with a critical eye. Dumbledore seems to be watching Harry with just as much intensity, waiting for him to stop this or for Harry to snap again so he can step in.

It's a battle of wills, and Harry isn't going to lose it.

"There has to be another solution! You can use anything else, but not our friends or family!" Victor thunders, Fleur, and Cedric quickly agree with him, and Harry sees Malfoy in the corner of his eye, walking closer to the Head table.

Malfoy makes his way to Snape, where he goes into a rant Harry can't hear, but the long-suffering sigh Snape releases give Harry enough indication that he's asked Snape for help. They disappear through a side door in the Great Hall, and Harry is waiting patiently for their return.

"What are you all suggesting then?" Crouch asks the champions warily.

"Free the hostages, and take something else, or hide a clue in the lake for the third task, whatever, but you should know that we will riot if you take alive hostages again." Harry declares, still having eye contact with Dumbledore.

The other champions all agree, and Harry sees Snape and Malfoy returning. Malfoy gives him a nod, and Harry knows that the hostages are safe. They aren't in the water yet. Thank Godric.

"It's too late to change anything now-" Dumbledore starts, only to be met with protest from the whole student body in front of him and the other Headmasters and teachers.

Dumbledore grits his teeth and finally breaks eye contact with Harry, who smirks smugly, feeling like he has won this round.

Hermione, Fleur's sister, Cedric's best friend, and a Bulgarian girl are quickly released, and Hermione rushes to Harry, clinging to him.

"Are you alright?" He whispers in her wild hair, feeling sick to his stomach that they tried to kidnap her for him.

"Yes, yes, I'm fine. We were put into a sort of coma where we would've been brought out when the hour was finished." Hermione tells him matter of factly.

"And what did they say would happen if you weren't above water when that hour was finished?" Harry growls, tightening his grip on Hermione when Malfoy walks closer, clearly wanting to check if she's alright for himself.

Hermione is silent for a moment before a weak response comes. "They-they didn't tell us." Harry nods to himself. He has heard enough.

Harry hands Hermione carefully to a worried Malfoy, who hugs the girl close before mouthing 'thank you' to Harry. Harry just nods before glaring at the Head table again.

"Make sure that the next task is ready, and after, I will give an interview to the press together with the other champions. Let's see what the public thinks about all of this." He then storms out of the Great Hall. Quickly vanishing to the ROR for some rest and alone time.

A couple of hours later, he's standing on the docks above the Black lake. He grimaces at the cold water, not really wanting to jump in but knowing he doesn't have another choice. The rest of the Champions look equally hesitating to jump in.

Harry feels a little naked without the locket and the ring, but he doesn't want to lose them or have protective magic strangle him while he needs to be underwater for about an hour.

Harry looks around and frowns when he sees Percy Weasley instead of Crouch at the judge's table. He draws Cedric's attention.

"Where is Crouch?" Harry asks with a frown. Cedric looks back and then frowns too. "He went home claiming he was sick just after what happened in the Great Hall this morning."

Harry nods, something feels wrong, but Harry can't place what exactly is wrong. He tries to shrug it off, but the feeling stays with him.

Bagman aims his wand at his throat and casts a Sonorus charm. "Well, all our champions are ready for the second task, which will start on my whistle. They have precisely an hour to recover a clue for the next task. On the count of three, then. One, two, three!"

The Champions all dive into the water. Harry lets himself sink for a moment, wanting to have cover before he uses his magic. He explained that he had a plan to the other Champions, but he didn't share what kind of magic he would use because he was going to use Dark Magic.

He thinks Krum was on to him from the smirk he had received a couple of times, but he couldn't be sure.

When his lungs start to burn for air, he starts to chant in his head. It takes about ten seconds before he feels a warm feeling settle over his whole body and his lungs inhale fresh air. He opens his eyes and finds that he can see clearly underwater.

He starts to swim but finds himself going too slow and mostly annoyed at that. He pulls out his wand, not that he really needs it, but it's easier to use his wand to direct himself with the next spell.

He points the wand behind him, and a powerful wind propels him forward. He wants to grin at the sensation, but he needs to keep his mouth closed. The spell he used only gives his lungs air, but he's still underwater.

After about twenty minutes, give or take, he finds himself in a lighter part of the lake and stops the wind spell to swim at a slower rate into the Merpeople habitat. Just when he thinks he's out of the weeds, something grabs his ankle and pulls him down. He turns and frowns at the horned creature that is grinning ferally at him.

He opens his mouth and grimaces when his mouth fills with the cold water of the lake. Thankfully it doesn't go to his lungs when he coughs to get it out of his mouth. But the tugging on his ankle isn't going away, and now Harry finds himself being drawn further and further into the weeds.

More and more Grindylows are surrounding him, but Harry doesn't panic. He kicks and is glad when the one that was still holding his ankle releases him. He then waves his wand, and a bright red light pushes the creatures back. They crackle and light up as if electrocuted. The creatures seem dazed for a moment before they are quickly scrambling and swimming away from Harry.

Harry uses his wand again to propel him forward until he has reached the town of the Merpeople. They are watching him intently with pitchforks raised and sneers on their faces. They are clearly hostile towards him, and Harry can't imagine how it would have been if the hostages had been down here. He tries not to think about it too much.

When he reaches the middle of the town of the Merpeople, he sees four totems, one for each of the Champions. Attached to each of them are bags, and Harry swims closer to see which one is his.

One has a yellow color with a Hufflepuff crest. One is blue with a Beauxbaton crest. Another is red with a Durmstrang crest, and the last one is green with the Slytherin crest.

Harry rolls his eyes at that, but he quickly swims to the green one and takes the bag. He looks around but doesn't see any indication of the other Champions.

He shrugs, not really bothered. It will only be better for him to be in the lead for the last task.

He uses his wand again to propel him back to the starting point, and he decides to make an entrance. What? He deserves some fun.

He cancels the spell that makes his lungs breathe underwater before using his wand to propel him out of the water. He makes a flip in the air before landing on the docks in a crouched position. It's silent for a moment before the audience starts clapping and cheering, making Harry smirk.

He looks up, and his eyes immediately find Death in the stands in another disguise but still clapping like a proud father, even if he rolls his eyes in exasperation at Harry's entrance. Harry just grinned at him and made a bow to the crowds before he was pulled into the medical tent so Madam Pomfrey could check him out.

Harry got a vial pushed into his hands and was ordered to drink it, which he quickly did. Nobody can really say no to Madam Pomfrey if she's fussing like this. Steam got out of his ears, and he blinked a couple of times but felt more relaxed now he was warm again.

He waved a hand over his body and felt himself sigh in relief when his wet clothes disappeared and his regular robes took place completely dry.

Harry then waved off Madam Pomfrey to watch the rest of the task. Which was pretty boring because you couldn't actually see anything happening until Krum breached the surface ten minutes later, shrugging his transfiguration of a shark's head off before swimming towards the docks. Harry helped him out of the water before he too was hurried to the medical tent. Five minutes later, red bubbles rose from somewhere in the middle of the lake, and Harry started to worry about Cedric or Fleur. What could've happened?

He watched anxiously while Madam Pomfrey and a couple of wizards he didn't know got into a boat and made their way to the red bubbles. There, one of the wizards went down and pulled out a haggard-looking Fleur. She was checked out, and when she was back at the docks, she told them that she couldn't get out of the Grindylows claws, they had scratched her up pretty badly, but thankfully she was okay. She only hadn't retrieved her bag.

Finally, after the hour was already finished, Cedric came up, making Harry sigh in relief.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Boys and girls! The judges have reached their decision! Merchieftainness Murcus has told us exactly what happened at the bottom of the lake, and we have therefore decided to award marks out of fifty for each of the champions, as follows; We have awarded Harry Potter - Peverell the full fifty points because he retrieved his clue within the first half-hour, we only don't know which charm he used during the task, but nonetheless, it was very effective." Harry just smiled at the judges. He was never going to tell them what he did use.

Bagman continued, "Victor Krum used an incomplete form of Transfiguration, which was nevertheless effective and was second to return with his clue. We award him forty points."

"Cedric Diggory, who used the Bubble-Head Charm, also retrieved his clue, though he returned one minute outside the time limit of an hour." Enormous cheers from the Hufflepuffs in the crowd. "We, therefore, award him also forty points."

Fleur seemed sad, and Harry pulled her into a side hug, making her blush slightly. "For miss Fleur Delacour we award twenty-five points for correct use of the Bubble-Head charm. She, unfortunately, couldn't get out of a tough spot with the Grindylows, which was the reason she hasn't retrieved her clue."

There was polite clapping while Fleur grumbled. "I deserve zero. I didn't even find the clue."

"But you did use the Bubble-Head charm correctly, and if it's a clue for the next task, don't worry, we'll help you," Harry told her, and she smiled at him thankfully.

"The third and final task will take place at dusk on the twenty-fourth of June," continued Bagman. "The champions can try to figure out the clue of what is coming precisely. If they don't succeed, they will get more information exactly one month beforehand. Thank you all for your support of the champions."

Cheers erupted again around them, and Harry really wanted to talk to Death, but before he could leave towards him, he was tackled into a hug by Izzy.

Izzy babbled at him at how amazing he had been while the other Slytherin seventh years hovered around them with a fond exasperation towards Izzy.

The next couple of weeks go by with no weird things happening, which suits Harry just fine. He visits Snape as much as possible in the evenings to check the potion and knows for sure that it will be the best that there could've been.

Snape was still a bit stiff around Harry. But it was clear that Snape was doing his best not to resort to his old ways, something Harry could appreciate.

"Why do you think he will be grateful for what you're doing?" Snape suddenly asked one evening while Harry was reading on a chair in the corner. He looked up and saw that Snape was still bent over his cauldron. His shoulders were stiff, so Harry was pretty sure that he hadn't imagined the question.

"I don't." Harry simply replies because he isn't in the slightest way convinced that Tom Riddle would thank him for bringing him back to sanity.

That makes Snape look up at him. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because it's needed. Otherwise, the world will cease to exist." Harry tells him dramatically.

"He will kill you," Snape tells him calmly, only for Harry to respond with a snort.

"No, he won't, one, because I won't let him, and two, because Death will have his balls, he doesn't have a choice but to help me unless he wants to die," Harry tells his professor matter of factly.

Snape rubs the bridge of his nose. "My Lord was very manipulative and persuasive. Why do you think that you will stand a chance against him?"



"Because he underestimates me, just like everybody else, especially Dumbledore."

The last word is more a growl than actual English, but Snape seems to understand.

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The clue was very simple thankfully, with the four of them, they figured it out in no time. There was going to be a maze with all kinds of creatures and charms inside, which they needed to evade or defeat.

Harry decided that dueling practice would work best to help them get ready for the last task, and so that's what they mostly do when they're in the Room of Requirement.

It's a nice day in early May when Harry leaves the Room and notices that he is being followed. He makes a couple of twists and turns in the corridors before he slips into a classroom and pulls out his invisibility cloak.

He waits a couple of moments, but then the door opens, and Professor Moody steps inside.

He closes the door behind him, and Harry holds his breath. But it's for nothing.

"I can see you, Potter. This eye is more convenient than I had ever thought." The man says with a smirk before turning his wand to Harry.

Harry frowns because not even Death himself could see behind the cloak. How can a charmed eye?

He's pulled from his musings when Moody throws a stunning spell at him, and Harry dives to the side. They duel, and it's clear that Moody isn't a slouch, but he isn't used to Harry.

Harry is younger and has more stamina. It doesn't take long for Harry to take over the fight and push Moody into a corner. The twitch at Moody's lips is back, and Harry narrows his eyes at it. Something is wrong, but what could it be?

Harry conjures bindings and puts Moody under a stunning spell so he won't be able to get free.

This is a golden opportunity, Moody attacking him can't be random. He conjures his Patronus.

"Snape, come to the transfiguration classroom on the fifth floor, bring Veritaserum." He watches Prongs vanish on the spot before conjuring another one. He promised his godfather to keep him posted. And he will keep his promise to him. He also wants to talk to Death, but that has to wait until he's done here.

"Padfoot, Moony, Professor Moody just attacked me. I'm fine. I called Snape to interview him. I will keep you posted." The second Prongs also vanishes, and Harry turns back to his prisoner.

He's still out of it, but Harry can see that the hair is starting to color. Just when he thinks he knows what is happening, the door opens and closes quietly.

"What's the meaning of this Potter-Peverell?" Snape hisses when he sees Moody bound to the chair.

"I'm not sure, he attacked me, and I won. I want to know why he did this." Harry explains calmly.

"I can't just let you get away with -"

"He's turning into someone else, weren't you missing some potion ingredients? Like ingredients for Polyjuice?" Harry snarks at him.

Snape scowls like he doesn't want to admit that Harry's right, but Harry knows he is. Snape walks closer and seems to notice the changes too.

"Fine. This could be the one that put your name in the goblet." Snape muses, and Harry agrees.

"I'm aware," Harry responds coolly. He's fine with how things are now, but at first, when he entered Death's realm, he was more than a little angry. It took forever for him to come to terms that his friendship with Hermione and Ron would never be the same, that his life would be completely different than how he had envisioned it.

Not that he had much to fantasize about because he always was sucked back into the ugliness of the Dursleys. But still, being normal was now never going to be in the cards.

They wait for a couple of moments until the transformation seems to be done. It wasn't a pleasant sight at all, but Harry didn't look away, a little bit fascinated when the crazy eye of Moody is pushed out, and a regular eye is grown in its place.

"Do you know who it is?" Harry asks when he sees Snape gaping at the man.

"Y-yes, it's Barty Crouch Jr., the son of Mr. Crouch, who is one of the judges. But he's supposed to be dead."

Harry makes a little noise in the back of his throat. "Well, he doesn't look dead to me. Let's wake him up and ask him a couple of things."

Snape takes one side of the man and Harry the other, Harry wrenches the man's jaw open, and Snape puts three drops of the Vertisarum in Crouch's mouth.

Then Harry re-enervates him with a wave of his hand.

He blinks his eyes sluggishly, and his mouth works in the same tick that Harry has seen a couple of times now.

"What's your name?" Harry starts asking.

"Barty Crouch Junior,"

Well, it seems to work. Just when Harry wants to ask the next question a Patronus of a werewolf bounces into the classroom.

"Harry, be safe and keep us posted. Padfoot is already up the wall."

Harry chuckles, and Snape rolls his eyes but doesn't comment. They both turn back to the prisoner.

"What are you doing at Hogwarts?"

"Teaching Defense against the Dark Arts, spying for the Dark Lord, and assisting Harry Potter so he will be the first to touch the cup at the third task." He responds in a monotone voice.

Harry frowns at this. "What have you done to assist me?"

"Until now, only putting your name in the goblet, you didn't need more help, but I will do more with the last task. I also need to change the cup into a Portkey."

Harry nods. "So, you are working for Voldemort?"

"Yes,"

"What is Voldemort's plan?" Snape then asks with narrowed eyes.

"Get his body back, and kill Harry Potter."

Harry nods again because he figured that out before Snape speaks up.

"How did you escape Azkaban?"

"My father-" For the first time since he woke up, he showed some emotion, and it's hate and disgust. "Mother couldn't handle me being in prison and withered away. She only asked my father to get me out before she kicked the bucket. So he pulled some strings to visit me with mother, and then he switched us with Polyjuice. Mother died in Azkaban, and I was a prisoner in my old childhood home, under the Imperious curse for the last decade."

Harry feels kind of bad for Crouch but chooses not to focus on that.

"Where is your father now?" Harry can't help but ask, and he really hadn't expected the feral grin on the man's face.

"Dead, I killed him, when I was freed from my father I went back to take my revenge, he has been under the Imperious curse since the beginning of September. But he started to fight it. Just before the second task should begin, he broke the curse and came looking for me. And then I killed him. My Lord praised me,"

Harry rubs his head. He feels a headache coming. This was something he hadn't expected.

"Okay, let's tackle that some other time-" Harry gets an incredulous look from Snape but waves him away. "-what potion is Voldemort going to use for his resurrection, and who is brewing it?"

He already knows which ritual Voldemort wants to use but not which potion. It's not really important, but Harry is curious. Death and Lady Magic were pretty adamant about brewing a new potion if they were going to do another ritual to bring Tom Riddle back.

"Wormtail is brewing it, and it's called the *restituens corporis animum*,"

Harry looks to Snape, who is frowning. "Which imbecile thought it would be a good idea to let Wormtail brew that potion? It's a potion nobody can brew unless you are Potion's master." The man says, seeming aghast at the implications.

"Wormtail," Crouch answers to the rhetorical question making Harry snort.

"Okay, let's put that all on the back burner for now. We still need him to make the cup into a Portkey, but he needs to forget this whole thing," Harry says while scrubbing his hands through his hair.

"You seriously want to let him go?! He just admitted to killing his father!"

"I know!" Harry snaps back. "But unless you want Voldemort to do something else entirely, which we don't *want*! He needs to forget this evening happened and just make the cup into a Portkey. We will figure out what to do later."

Snape glares at Harry, and Harry glares right back, then Snape rubs the bridge of his nose again before sighing. "Fine. But I will do it. How did he attack you? And wait a moment, how is he looking like Moody at all?"

They both look back to Crouch and frown. "How can you use Moody's hair?"

"He's trapped inside his own seven compartment trunk in his office," Crouch replies simply.

"Okay, I feel a little bad about not saving Moody from down there," Harry murmurs with a frown making Snape sigh again.

"We will make sure Crouch takes care of Moody when I fix his memory." Snape sounds about done for the night or at least done with Harry, which Harry can understand on some level.

Harry can agree to that and explains what happened and how he found out after training with the other Champions. Snape nods and knocks Crouch out before casting an obliviate. Harry finds in the meantime the flask that Crouch was using for the last couple of months and pours some into the man's mouth, making him turn back into Moody. Without gagging, Harry binds the fake eye back on the right spot.

Harry and Snape then together bring the man back to his own quarters, so he won't know exactly what happened and hopefully just thinks he went to sleep.

Then Harry follows Snape back to Snape's quarters and sends another Patronus to Sirius and Remus to keep them posted.

He then sinks down back into the chair he has claimed for himself and conjures a glass and Snape's secret stash of Firewhiskey. Snape scowls at him but conjures a glass too.

"Don't make it a habit, Potter-Peverell," Snape can't help but sneer.

"Wouldn't dream of it, sir," Harry says with a smirk; he felt that he deserved a drink after this evening.

"What are you going to do for the last task?"

"Professor, are you trying to help me with the task?" Harry says with a fake gasp making Snape roll his eyes at him.

"No, you imbecile. I just want to know what your plan is." Snape grumbles before taking a sip of his drink.

"I'm going to win. That's my plan." Harry replies with confidence.

If Snape could roll his eyes further, Harry is sure that he could see his own brain.

"That's not a plan, Potter-Peverell. That's a goal."

Harry scoffs, "it's a plan if I'm the one executing it."

"You're really sure of yourself, I don't want to compare you to your father, but he was sure of his case a lot too."

It irritates Harry again that Snape is the one saying this when Sirius and Remus told him how much he was like his mother during Yule break. It's not that he doesn't want to be compared to his father, but he's more than his parents. He hasn't had the chance to get to know them.

"I know, I look like my father, I know." Harry bites out before standing.

Snape stops him with a simple raised eyebrow. "You're also a lot like your mother even if you haven't known them, people will keep comparing you to them because they were great people. Or at least, that's what I thought of your mother." He seems almost sad and mostly constipated to admit this.

Harry considers this and nods. "I understand, but I am still my own person. Even compared to my parents, I will always be my own person. And that's what I want to be remembered off. Just as Harry." He then nods goodnight to Snape before leaving the room and walking back to the Slytherin common room.

He wants to talk to Death but decides that it's better tomorrow. Now he just wants to sleep.



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Harry is just talking and eating breakfast with the rest of the seventh years on the day of the last task when Snape makes his way over to him.

"Morning, Professor Snape!" He chirps cheerfully, gaining some snickers from the rest of the seventh years. Snape just rolls his eyes exasperatedly, and it's that Harry has gotten to know the man better this year that he sees the hunch in his shoulders. He's nervous for tonight, something Harry also should be feeling, but he just feels a little excited.

"Potter, come with me, the other champions are waiting in the chamber of the Hall,"

Harry frowns, "But the task is tonight. Why are they meeting already?"

"I'm aware of that, Potter," he drawled. "The champions' families are invited to watch the final task, you know. This is simply a chance for you to greet them."

Harry cheers up at hearing that, he doesn't know who has come, but he hopes it's Sirius, but no, probably not, he's still an escaped convict, he also doesn't know if Death can sneak away to come watch because he will already be at Harry's side tonight for the ritual, for a moment his mind goes to the Dursleys, before shaking it away harshly, no, not even Dumbledore would be stupid enough to invite them. Harry quickly follows Snape to the room.

He already sees Cedric with his parents inside the chamber, and Cedric offers him a smile and a wave. Viktor is talking in the corner with his own parents in rapid Bulgarian. On the other side of the room, Fleur was jabbering away in French to her mother. Fleur's little sister, Gabrielle, was holding her mother's hand. She waved at Harry, who waved back, grinning.

He then found the last people in the room and grinned broadly.

"Mrs. Weasley! Bill! Remus, Padfoot!" Harry calls happily. He laughs silently at the fact that Sirius has turned up as a dog to see him today. Padfoot wags his tail excitedly and jumps up when Harry comes closer to slobber all over his face.

"Oi, get down, you mutt," Harry laughs before hugging Remus, Mrs. Weasley, and shaking a hand with Bill.

"Thank you for coming today," He tells them honestly. He would already see Remus and Sirius tonight with the ritual. After softening Sirius for the past months, he agreed to be one of the sacrifices for tonight. The flesh of a hopeful participant will come from Sirius, and Harry is very pleased about that. It has taken a lot of weekend trips on Harry's part, but it worked.

"Sure! Charlie wanted to come too, but he couldn't get time off. He said you were incredible with the Horntail." Bill tells him enthusiastically.

Harry laughs and turns a little to see Fleur eyeing up Bill with interest. Harry smirks at that but acts like he didn't see it. They talk for a little while before Harry decides to introduce them all to the other champions.

First comes Fleur. Fleur shoots him a narrowed-eyed look, obviously noting the fact that Harry pushes Bill closer to her. But she stays pleasant and introduces her parents and little sister.

Then he guides them to Viktor and his parents. Remus starts fluently talking Bulgarian with Viktor's parents, much to their relief.

Mrs. Weasley and Bill already know Cedric and his parents and have a pleasant conversation until Amos Diggory suddenly eyes Harry up and down. Harry just gives him an unimpressed look.

Amos sniffs, "bet you had hoped on a bigger head start for the last task." He mumbles in disdain.

Harry just raises an eyebrow. "What are you implying?"

Amos Diggory scoffs, "if it weren't for you, Cedric would've been the only Hogwarts Champion, and he would've taken the lead in the tournament."

"Dad!" Cedric hisses with wide eyes. "Harry is my friend!"

"Some friend," His father replies haughtily.

"Sir, I believe you don't even know why I'm participating in this tournament," Harry says with narrowed eyes. He feels Remus putting a hand on his shoulder and squeezing, letting him know not to go too far.

"For fame?" Amos sneers.

"No, because I'm already quite famous, sir," Harry snarks back easily before crossing his arms. "I was put in this tournament because someone wanted me dead. Not that you care, that much is sure, but I really do see your son as a friend. So I will keep it very simple-" He takes a step closer and sees Cedric grimace. "-I didn't want to be part of this, but unfortunately, Lady Fate thought it was nice to mess even more with my life. It's why Lord Death adopted me, you see."

Amos Diggory has turned a little white, but his scowl is still firm in place. Harry feels Padfoot push against his legs and growl a little, not liking Amos and what he has been implying at all.

"I don't believe you." He tells him with a raised chin.

Harry scoffs. "Then you should talk to your son because he saw it with his own eyes at the beginning of this tournament. Maybe you should pull your head out of your arse."

Mrs. Weasley gasps a little behind him, and he hopes he won't get scolded for the language, but Bill is snickering, and even Cedric is pushing his lips together to hold back a laugh.

"Well! I have never-" Amos Diggory starts to huff.

Harry interrupts him, not wanting to hear the rant about being rude. He pushes his shoulders back a little and pulls his most Slytherin face to the front. "Do you also know that I'm Lord Potter **and** Lord Peverell, sir? Do you have any idea how many votes I will have when I join the Wizengamot?" Harry then tells him coolly, he can almost hear Remus's eye roll behind him, but he doesn't care.

"Wh-what?" Amos then whirls on Cedric, "is he telling the truth?" He whispers, but Harry can hear him clearly.

"Yes, dad, but still, you are out of line. Come on. Let's go. I'm so sorry, Harry," Cedric says, but Harry waves him away. He doesn't want to have excuses from Cedric when he wasn't the one in the wrong. Then Cedric pulls his still spluttering father away. His mother turns around to Harry and has an apologizing look on her face.

"I'm sorry, I know you're a good friend to Cedric and that you wouldn't have done this out of your free will, my husband is just-" She leaves it at that and just shrugs with a grimace.

"It's fine, well, it's not, but I care about Cedric enough to see past this. Have a nice day," Harry tells her honestly. She gives him a small smile before following Cedric and his father out of the door.

A low whistle gains Harry's attention, and he looks at Bill, who is grinning at him. "Fred and George were right, never a dull moment when around you."

Harry wants to snark back, but Remus pats him on the shoulder. "I think it has something to do with the Potter luck. There was always something exciting happening around the Potter's."

Harry makes an incredulous noise but Padfoot barks in agreement, and he just pouts. "So unfair! It's not like I asked for anything happening!" He throws his arms up dramatically, and Remus snickers.

"Sometimes I really see James in you, he was just as dramatic, but you are truly your own person Harry." Remus squeezes his shoulder again before petting Padfoot.

Harry ducks his head, more pleased and touched by the simple declaration than he ever expected. Maybe because he only ever wanted to be his own person since joining the wizarding world.

The rest of the day goes by quickly. Harry walks with them through Hogwarts, where they all share stories about their own times here. He even shows them the Room of Requirement because he knows how much Remus and Sirius must love this. Even Bill has an excited gleam in his eyes when they step inside in the room of hidden things.

"Bloody Hell, Harry! Have you shown any of the teachers this?"

Harry snorts, "of course not, it's my safe space,"

Bill nods in understanding, even if Mrs. Weasley looks a little conflicted about that fact. Harry doesn't care. He isn't going to share this room with the teachers, he has shared it with Hermione, though, and she will share it with whomever she sees fit when he has left Hogwarts.

The nerves are starting to crawl all over his skin when night starts to fall and the evening feast is held. The Weasleys asked if Harry would mind if they would sit with their family, and Harry obviously didn't mind. He was perfectly content with his friends at the Slytherin table, with Padfoot on one side and Remus on his other. Nobody even questions the fact that a big black dog is with Harry. Only Malfoy had narrowed his eyes at Padfoot for a moment until Padfoot growled at him.

All of the Slytherin seventh years sit around him, Izzy almost clinging to him and asking him if he is going to be safe tonight. He kisses her head and tells her for the hundredth time that he will be fine.

Padfoot eyes Izzy and Harry suspiciously, like he's trying to connect the dots, but Harry simply rolls his eyes and pushes Izzy to her girlfriend, who happily takes hold of her and plants a kiss on her cheek.

After dinner, it's time to get ready.

Hermione hugged him before he could go back to his dorm to put on the robes he would wear for the task.

"Be safe tonight, Harry." She squeezed him extra tightly before lowering her voice even more. Harry needed to strain to hear her. "I know it's going to be tonight, I don't know what will happen exactly, but I do know something will happen, so please, please, be safe." She begs, making Harry rub her back in a soothing manner.

"I will, Mione," He whispers while hugging her closer. He should've known that she would connect the dots of the tournament and that she would know that tonight something would happen. She only doesn't know that it will be Harry who is deciding on the ending tonight.

Mrs. Weasley almost crushes him in her hug, Bill, thankfully, saves him from suffocation. Remus also pulls him into a hug, and Padfoot whines at his feet irritated that he can't hug Harry as he would like.

"You're wearing the charms?" Harry asks softly when Remus is hugging him.

Remus pulls back and smirks at Harry. "Of course, we know what to do."

Harry nods, and his excitement and nerves swirl together in his stomach. "Good."

He waves at all of them before he quickly makes his way back to his dorm. There he changes into the robes for the task and adjusts the special bag he charmed on his body. Inside are the Horcruxes. Only the snake is missing. Harry truly hopes that the snake will be wherever they will end up.

Convincing Voldemort to part from his plan will be difficult enough, to let him give up one of his Horcruxes is something Harry knows will not work. Maybe if he's Tom again and knows it's for the better, but while he's still Voldemort? No, that won't work.

He has checked everything at least three times when he knows it's time to go to the Quidditch field. It's an utter travesty that they turned the field into a maze for the tournament. He knows for sure that Oliver Wood would have been sick over the fact.

He makes his way to the field, mostly ignoring the people around him. He wants to be alone for just a few moments, preparing himself for what he can expect.

It doesn't take long at all, and before he knows it, the sounds and music playing around him suck him in. The audience is cheering and singing. The excitement is seeping into his bones. He grins at the audience and can't help but think that he's doing the right thing.

Tonight is going to change everything.

Harry walks up to Cedric, Fleur, and Viktor, "Guys, I just wanted to say, good luck, and be careful." He winks at them, and they all give a little nervous laugh.

McGonagall came explaining that she would be patrolling the maze on the outside together with Moody, Hagrid, and Flitwick. Harry tried not to narrow his eyes at Moody, but he knew that the man would be maybe a threat to the other champions, and Harry couldn't let anything happen to them.

Thankfully, he had a plan for that.

"Professor Moody, can I have a quick word?" Harry quickly asked, making his eyes as big as possible. Moody looked taken aback before nodding. "Of course, lad, walk with me."

They walked a little away from the crowd, and Harry turned his back on anyone else so nobody could see what he would be saying. Before Moody could get another word out, Harry spoke the spell. Knowing that Moody couldn't throw this one off, he was a lot stronger than Crouch Sr.

*"Imperio,"* Harry hissed. "You will not harm any of the champions tonight, and you will 'forget' to take your Polyjuice potion tonight,"

The daze expression on Moody's face made Harry grimace, but it would do. "Forget this ever happened. If anyone asked, I asked advice on a blasting curse."

Moody nodded, and Harry did as well before turning back to the others.

Thankfully, Moody acted normal when they were with the others, and then it was time. Harry would be the first to enter the maze, and he needed every minute he had as a headstart to make his way to the cup. He needed to be there first. And he would do anything to do so.

The hedges towered around him as soon as he stepped into the maze, and Harry started to run immediately. He took to the right at the first fork in the hedges. He could hear a whistle behind him, and soon after that, another, and he knew that Viktor and Cedric would've now entered the maze.

He used his wand for a point me spell and made his way as fast as he could through the maze. He encountered two creatures (a boggart and an acromantula) and some charms, but they were nothing on his level of expertise, and he quite literally ripped through some of the enchantments.

Then finally, he turned a corner and saw the cup, waiting for him with a blue mist surrounding it. He ran, feeling breathless, not from the running but from the meaning behind



that cup. This, this, is what he trained for three long years. This is what was going to be the next step for his plan.

When he finally stood by the cup, he finally honed in on his other senses. Not hearing anyone near, he sighed, feeling relieved. Then he tentatively reached out.

The pull behind his navel was immediate.

He barely registered the travel, and when he felt the ground approach, he bent his knees and landed in a graceful crouch. He sprang up immediately, taking in his surroundings.

It looked ominously enough. He almost snorted at the irony, coming back to life on a graveyard, how poetic.

Harry left the cup lying on the floor before taking a couple of steps forward, checking if he could identify where he was exactly and if he saw anything move.

It didn't take him long to find out exactly where he was.

*Tomas Riddle*

*1880 - 1943*

*Mary Riddle*

*1883 - 1943*

*Tom Marvolo Riddle*

*1905 - 1943*

It was engraved on a big slab of granite with an embodiment of Death standing over it as a guard.

Harry closed his eyes and started the familiar chant to call on his adopted father, and just a few moments later, he felt a brush on his shoulder.

"I thought he was named after his father and after his grandfather from his mother's side," Harry said instead of a greeting.

"He was. It's completely a coincidence that his father was named exactly the same. I do not know if Merope even knew his middle name." Death responded easily.

"Marvolo is such a wizard name. Are you sure that his father was a muggle?" Harry then asked while turning to Death.

Death leveled him with a truly unimpressed look, but Harry merely grinned.

"Are you testing me?"

"I would never!" Harry said with a fake gasp making Death roll his eyes.

"You're sometimes a real pain in the ass." Death said with a sigh, but Harry could tell it was fond.

Before Harry could respond, he heard someone approaching and turned together with Death.

Harry could feel the ache in his scar and the pull from the Horcruxes in his bag, but he ignored his scar and simply adjusted the bag a little. Only because of his mental blocks and because of being a master of Occlumency was the pain kept at bay. Otherwise, he would've been brought to his knees.

He snarled when he recognized Wormtail walking towards them with a bundle in his arms.

Then the bundle spoke in a high-pitched gravel-like voice. "Kill the spare,"

Before Harry could respond, Wormtail had pulled out a wand and aimed for Death. "Avada Kedavra!"

A blast of green blinded Harry for a moment before he blinked the spots out of his eyes and looked at Death, who was still standing and looking faintly amused.

Wormtail was squeaking and sounding more like a rat than a man.

"H-how?!" Wormtail stuttered, making Harry chuckle. "Wormtail, you should know that you can't kill Lord Death. But you can be punished for it." His voice was deadly calm, and everything Harry had held back the last couple of years poured out of him. He yanked with his magic until the bundle of Voldemort was in front of him.

"I'll deal with you shortly," Harry said with barely a glance towards the ugly baby thing.

Then his green emerald eyes blazed with fury turned to Wormtail again.

He had his wand raised, but little did it do to deter Harry, certainly when Wormtail was shaking so much. He had spared him before and was thanked with betrayal—something he should've expected.

He wasn't going to spare him now. Well, he was going to let him live because he really wanted Sirius exonerated, but that didn't mean he couldn't rough him up a little.

Without speaking or using his wand, Wormtail fell to the floor, screaming in pain, feeling as if he was being stabbed and electrocuted all over, the pain was immense, and Harry was aware of that fact, it wasn't the cruciatus, but it was something almost as intense.

Then with just a twitch of his wrist, Harry broke Wormtail's right arm. The shriek Wormtail let out was something Harry would never forget.

Harry didn't know if it had been minutes or hours before he stopped. Death had been silent at his side, just as the Homunculus of Voldemort. Only raspy breaths were heard from the small bundle. He then wrapped Wormtail up in unbreakable bonds before knocking him out with a spell.

He then turned to Voldemort, the ache in his scar returning with full force.

"Stop that, you asshole," Harry growled at him.

Voldemort narrowed his eyes, "what are you talking about?" Came the raspy response.

"You're trying to hurt me with our connection, stop it, and maybe I will make it less painful for you."

Voldemort let out a sarcastic laugh, something that only sounded disturbing, coming from the homunculus.

"What would you make less painful, Potter? My dead?"

"No, your resurrection." Harry simply replied.

This stopped Voldemort, clearly not having expected that answer at all.

"You're going t- why would you?" The homunculus almost sounded incredulous.

"Because my lord-" Harry said with a smirk before sinking down next to the homunculus. He then turned serious, and the homunculus was watching every move warily. "-it's time for the wizarding world to bounce back after you almost destroyed it together with Dumbledore."

## Chapter End Notes

Enter Voldemort into the picture!

Just one more chapter before he finally turns into Tom!

Please leave a comment they are my writing fuel!

♥♥ MBlack93

## Part six

### Chapter Notes

Hello!!

First I want to thank you all for all the comments and kudos! There are so many I just want to scream in happiness!!!

So THANK YOU!! ♥♥

We are starting with a flashback to Harry's time in Death's realm!! And there will be multiple POV's in this chapter!

I hope you will enjoy the chapter, but you're probably going to hate me a little at the end..

ENJOY!

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

### ***Flashback to Harry's time in Death's realm;***

When Harry woke up, it was immediately a shock to his system. For a second, he didn't know where he was. He was lying in a strange bed, the walls were not something he recognized, and the magic around him seemed more alive than he had ever felt it.

After that first second, it slammed back into him. He had accepted Death's hand yesterday, and now he was in Death's realm. *Bloody hell*.

For a moment, he was internally panicking. He could remember how Dumbledore had screamed for him to stop, to not go with Lord Death. Should he have listened? Should he have stayed and entered the Tournament as a fourteen-year-old?

Then his resolve came back to him. No, he should have the same opportunities as every other contestant. He didn't even want to be in this crazy Tournament. It was dangerous, and for all

his Gryffindor braveness, he had some self-preservation. He grabbed his glasses from the table next to the bed, where they were thankfully put.

He didn't know how long he had stayed in his bed. To be honest, he doesn't know what to do right now, just thinking about everything that happened in just a short period of time when there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" He replied on a reflex. He wasn't used that people knocked when entering his room. At Hogwarts, he slept with four other boys, and with the Dursleys, well, they didn't knock. They were more the 'if you aren't out of bed within five seconds, I drag you out of it' kind of people.

The person that walked in took his breath away for a moment. Lord Death was imposing in the mortal realm, but it was so more intense in his own realm. You could practically taste the power that surrounded him, and Harry had a couple of moments where he couldn't find the air to breathe.

Lord Death stood in the middle of the room Harry had been sleeping in and let Harry acclimate to his presence. When Harry was breathing calmly again, and when his magic was more settled, Lord Death came closer before settling on the edge of Harry's bed.

"How are you feeling?" Death asked like everything was just completely normal. Maybe it was for him, but Harry suddenly felt the urge to give a manic laugh. He swallowed heavily before responding.

"Fine, I guess, it's- it's a little strange. Everything feels-" He hadn't had the words for it, or so he thought. When his mind settled, it was clear that everything felt like magic, where Hogwarts was a magic castle where you also could feel the magic around you. Here in Death's realm, it was so more suppressing. The magic felt dark. Harry didn't like that very much. The weird thing was that his magic was a-okay with it. It seemed to react to everything around him, and it made Harry even warier.

"You'll get used to it." Death simply responded, and he gave Harry a smile that Harry copied.

They were silent for a moment, and Harry fidgeted a little with the blanket that was thrown over him. It was not weird for him to wake up in a strange place tucked under a blanket. Godric knows how many times he had woken up in the Hospital ward at Hogwarts.

"What are we going to do now?" Harry asked finally in a small voice, hunching in himself, he hoped that he wasn't overstepping, but he was never sure. The smallest things always set off the Dursleys.

A hand settled on his own fidgety one, and Harry looked up again. Death had a calm expression on his face, and it made Harry relax a little.

"What we are going to do first is make sure that you are okay to be in this realm. You are a mortal, and this is no longer the mortal world. If you allow me, I want to make you - resistant to some things. I also want to make sure you are in good health. If you wish, I can heal your bad eyesight-" Before Death could say anything more, Harry already responded. "Yes! Yes, please fix them!"

Harry always cursed his bad eyesight. He was practically blind if he hadn't had his glasses. Something that has been used against him before. He doesn't want to have it happen again.

Death seemed taken aback for a moment before chuckling. He then reached inside his robes and drew a small potion bottle. "Drink this, and after a couple of minutes, you will never need your glasses again."

Harry looked at the potion incredulously. "Don't they have this in the wizarding world? It seems like something that more witches and wizards would want, wouldn't it?"

Harry then sniffed the bottle when Death responded. "Ah, but they have this in the wizarding world. It's nothing special."

Harry blinked a couple of times while mulling this over. He could've been cured of his bad eyesight years ago! Why didn't anybody tell him?!



Death seemed to pick up his suddenly sullen mood. "Harry, drink the potion, please. Then we can do the other things if you agree."

Harry nodded and drank the potion. It tasted rather nasty, and he smacked his lips a couple of times. Then his vision started to blur, and his eyes started to sting. He blinked and started to rub them, but nothing worked. It didn't hurt, but it was rather annoying. When the stinging retreated, he blinked a couple of times and still saw blurry until he noticed he was still wearing his glasses. He took them off and laughed. Everything was so much clearer! He knew the prescription of his glasses weren't right, so he always saw a little blurry, but for the first time since he could remember, everything was clear. He could see the lining on the walls and the details of the art that was on the ceiling. It was beautiful.

"Thank you." He said sincerely, and Death simply replied with a smile.

"Sorry that I interrupted you." Harry then said quickly. He was over the moon that he finally could see clearly that he had forgotten that Death was still talking when he asked for the cure.

"Not a problem. Like I was saying, I want you in good health, and I want to make sure you are safe in this realm."

"Why wouldn't I be safe?" Harry asked curiously. Death didn't seem to mind the question and answered.

"Because it's not your own world, almost everyone who enters here is dead. And there is a reason why religious people call it hell." Death paused for a moment so it could sink in for Harry.

"Are we in hell?"

"As I said, some people call it that. For me, it's my home, my realm,"

Harry nodded. "I don't know much about how religious people see hell. Could you tell me about it?"

Harry was a little afraid of how it would be, but he would listen to Death so he could pass his own judgments. How Death described the realm, it was clear that there were things Harry should stay away from, parts that were dangerous because they represented the seven sins, and the parts where bad people were punished.

Death also explained that Harry would not leave the mansion or garden when he was here, at least the first year, mostly because Death was afraid that it would be too much, and after the first year, he wouldn't be alone, Death would always be with him.

Harry asked questions and Death thankfully answered them all. Harry always liked to learn, but when he was younger and got better grades than Dudley, he was punished for it. So he made sure he would never be better than Dudley in all of his classes. And when he entered Hogwarts, he was a mediocre student, but that was because he was more focused on his friends and the dangerous things that happened around him. He hadn't had a calm year at Hogwarts yet, and it was clear that he wouldn't get one when he got back.

But he could feel that he could learn so much here, and Death replied to all of his questions, so Harry wasn't going to hold back.

Death then asked Harry if he agreed with a couple of enchantments that would help him in the realm and with his magic. He didn't know what that meant exactly, but he agreed. He was a little afraid of what would happen if he hadn't walked straight into a trap and would be trapped here forever.

Death placed his hands on Harry's head, and Harry closed his eyes without a second thought.

He didn't really feel any different at first, but for some reason, it felt like something snapped inside of him that had restricted his breathing without him knowing it. After it snapped, he sucked in a greedy breath, feeling as if he just came up for air after being underwater for too long.

"What was that?" Harry asked in awe. Death looked away for a moment before responding. "I just made it safe for you to be in this realm."

Harry had the feeling that that wasn't the whole story, but for some reason, he trusted Death to tell him more about it at a later date.

After that, Death showed him the mansion they would stay in, the rooms where Harry would get training, and where he could get something to eat whenever he wanted. Death was very adamant that Harry could get everything he wanted before setting him down again for another talk.

This one was very, very, very uncomfortable for Harry.

He knew that how his relatives always had treated him was wrong. That they shouldn't have done anything like that to him, but Harry hated talking about it. He had let snippets shown to the Weasley's and Hermione, but when nothing came of it, he stopped. He felt ashamed of what happened and never wanted to impose on others. He could endure it. When he was seventeen, he could leave, because according to the wizarding world, he would be an adult. And with everything he had in the Potter vaults, he could buy any house he wanted. He was sure of it.

Ron, Fred, and George had saved him in the summer before second year, quite literally, he almost didn't get any food that summer, and he was already too small for his age.

Death explained to him that because of how the Dursleys had always treated him, he was underfed and, with it, malnourished. This was the reason why he was smaller than the other boys his age. Why he looked even younger than he actually was. Unfortunately, Death told him that there wasn't a quick fix for that. Harry needed to eat better, and exercise and hopefully, with patience, Harry would grow more and feel better.

Harry felt small during the whole talk, he didn't want to know how wrong it had been how he had been treated, but Death still confronted him and wasn't taking no for an answer.

At some level, Harry felt good about it because for the first time ever, someone actually took notice and knew about what had happened and wanted to help Harry so he could feel better.

A bell chimed, making Harry jump a little. Death gave him a smile. "Don't be scared of the servants in the mansion. They will stay out of your way unless you need something. Then all you have to do is ask."

Before Harry could ask what Death exactly meant, the door opened, and Harry's eyes grew wide. An entirely black-winged creature came in wearing an apron and carrying a tray with food. Harry was pretty sure his eyebrows had risen to his hair right now.

The creature just placed the tray on the table before settling a plate with food in front of Harry and one in front of Death.

Then he bowed before retreating again. When the door closed, Harry turned back to Death, who had an amused smile on his face.

"What was that?" Harry blurted out.

"A low-level demon, my realm is full of them, they help me with the dead, and help me in the mansion." Death calmly explained.

Harry seemed wary for a moment, but when Death indicated his plate, he started to eat. It tasted good, so Harry ate as much as he could. He felt a little ashamed that he couldn't eat everything, but Death assured him it was not a problem.

Death then told Harry that he should rest for the remainder of the day so they could start with training tomorrow. Harry felt a little restless but still listened. He was also secretly relieved that Death let him be for the rest of the day. One of the demons still brought him food, but Death didn't make another appearance.

The next day they started with magical theory, and Death told him about how magic started in the mortal world. Harry hung on every word until they were suddenly interrupted quite harshly.

"Sweetie, you know that magic isn't your area, so how about I explain it to him." A woman's voice suddenly said, sounding quite condescending.

Harry jumped at the sudden voice, not expecting anyone else. Death cursed, clearly also taken by surprise.

"What are you doing here, Lady?" He finally sighed. Harry was looking around the room wildly but didn't see anyone else, but then the air in front of him shimmered, and a beautiful woman stepped out of thin air.

"I'm here to teach your adopted son, of course," The woman said with a wink before turning to Harry.

"Hello, little one, can I just say that I'm so glad you're here? I told Fate that if she messed with you any more, she would have to deal with me, but did she listen? Of course not-" She scoffed, and Harry was a little lost. What the hell was happening?

"I'm so sorry, sweetie, how rude, I am Lady Magic." She then said with a bow, and Harry could only gape.

This-well, he hadn't expected anything like it. He just started to believe that Lord Death seriously took him from his own world, and here, here was suddenly also Lady Magic, the one that had blessed the mortal world with magic. That created the wizarding world.

"I'm Harry," Harry stumbled out, gaining a giggle from the deity.

"I know, little one, I know all about you." She says it as a fact and with a smile, and Harry ducks his head.

They settle down again, and Death seems to have accepted the fact that Lady Magic is going to meddle in Harry's training. Then Lady starts to talk.

Harry is even in more awe than he had expected. The way Lady talks about magic is like it's her child. And every witch or wizard that is gifted with magic deserves it. Harry found that hard to believe, but he isn't going to speak up to two deity's who are way more powerful than him.

The first couple of months, it goes like this, he wakes up in the morning, does his exercises, eats breakfast, gets taught magic by Death or Lady Magic, eats lunch, discusses his morning lessons, so they are sure he understands, then he reads a little, then diner, and he has the evening for himself.

They aren't practicing magic that first couple of months, and Harry has the feeling that there is a reason for that, and one morning, it becomes clear why.

They had talked in length about the affinities of magic, and Harry thought he knew what his affinity was. It turns out he was wrong.

Finding out he had a Dark affinity did more to Harry than he expected. He felt angry and betrayed but also afraid.

Voldemort had told him that they were so much alike, and Harry didn't want to acknowledge it at the time. He was just 12 when that was said to him, he couldn't deal with that, and here it was.

A Dark affinity, in other words, Harry was a dark wizard, just like the man that had killed his parents.

After he had found out, Death tried to talk to him, but Harry was angry at first, thinking that it was because of Death that he was like this. Then Harry ate less and less, but this time on his own accord. He wasn't hungry. He just didn't want to do anything. He didn't care about

anything, and he didn't want to learn anymore. Lady Magic and Death tried to get him out of it, but it didn't work for a long time.

Then one day, Lady Fate came by. Harry had heard about her but hadn't seen her.

She was a big red-headed woman, and in some way, Harry thought about Mrs. Weasley.

Fate sat with him while he was lying in bed. He knew that Lady Magic and Death were worried about him. He had barely left his bed the last couple of weeks.

"I wanted to tell you I'm sorry."

Harry almost didn't react. He only shifted his eyes to look into her eyes. She seemed apologetic but didn't explain why she was. But Harry seemed to understand on some level.

"But you aren't going to stop?" Harry didn't recognize his own voice, it was raspy from the disuse, but he didn't care.

"I can't." She simply replied, and that simple sentence seemed to get through to Harry.

There was nothing anybody could do about it. His fate had been decided, and he needed to deal with it.

It took a long time for Harry to scramble back to the right health, not only his physical but also his mental health, but Death was there for every step of the way. Even if Harry lashed out in anger or retreated back into himself. Lady Magic also was one of the constants in his life, and it helped a lot.

It was, unfortunately, not the last blow he was given. He thought being a Dark wizard was bad at first. But Lady Magic set him straight. That even if he is a Dark wizard doesn't mean he is a bad man. It just means his magic reacts better to dark magic than light magic, but he's

still capable of light magic. The Patronus charm is the perfect example of that. And even if Harry struggled with it for a while, that doesn't mean it worked less. Hell, he fought off hundreds of Dementors with it.

It did make Harry feel better about it. That was until Lady and Death started telling him about what would happen if the wizarding world, especially wizarding Britain, kept demonizing Dark magic.

There needs to be a balance, and ever since the second world war, and the great war of Grindelwald, people started to be afraid of Dark magic.

Ever since Dumbledore defeated Grindelwald, he talked about how Dark magic needed to go and how it doesn't have a place in the wizarding world. But now Harry heard about it. He could understand that it was a man talking that was afraid. But with it, he did the same as the man he had defeated. He was discriminating against an entire population for something that couldn't be helped.

Then Dumbledore even started to craft laws against Dark magic and Dark creatures. It became even so bad that people were afraid to tell others that they had indeed a Dark affinity, that werewolves and vampires mostly hid away from the wizarding community. Only some pureblooded wizards were unashamed. And that's where Voldemort came in.

Death told him about Tom Riddle and how he was the Dark Lord. This was not a title he had given himself but a title he had earned. He would've been perfect to even out the wizarding world until he lost his way by making Horcruxes.

That had been a shock. At some level, he could understand what they were telling him, but on the other, he couldn't comprehend that Tom Riddle was needed for healing the wizarding world. It seemed wrong somehow.

But then, when he got over the first shock and the second, third, and fourth, he understood.

Tom Riddle shredded his mind with the Horcruxes, and without his mind, he became crazy. The lines blurred with what he could do and couldn't do. Murder was, of course, one of the



things he shouldn't have done. And that was one of the biggest points Harry brought up with Death.

Death explained everything he knew about Tom Riddle and the reasons why Tom committed those murders. He didn't say it was right or wrong. It were just facts for him. But Harry took everything in like a sponge and made his own decisions.

Tom killing Myrtle had been an accident. He hadn't expected anyone to be in the bathroom that day when he came out with the Basilisk. Tom killing his relatives was a personal vendetta for turning his mother away, but Death told Harry that even Tom could see that his mother had been wrong with feeding a love potion to his father. From that moment on, his mind was too shredded to make the right decisions. And he became Voldemort. The man who so many witches and wizards feared.

Harry had thought about it for a long time, he couldn't excuse every murder for Tom, but on some level, he could understand the need to get revenge, even if he himself wouldn't seek out revenge, he knows that if the Dursleys came for him now, he would kick their asses. But he won't seek them out and kill them. That's not the kind of person Harry is.

Harry had made a plan. He needed to fix the wizarding world. Not only for himself as a Dark wizard, but for all the witches and wizards, otherwise the wizarding world would cease to exist because of the imbalance with Dumbledore as the Light Lord and Tom Riddle as the Dark Lord. And Harry would be in the middle of it all.

Tom needed to come back to life. He needed to work with Harry to fix the wizarding world, and even if Harry had hated Voldemort for the last couple of years, he began to understand that he couldn't do this without him. And Harry needed to remind himself that Tom and Voldemort were two whole different people.

Harry needed to fix Tom's mind and body, and with it, he could fix the world. It seemed surreal, but he believed Lady Magic and Death. He talked about it with them, and they gave him the information he needed and discussed everything with him.

Three years he stayed in Death's realm, learning and training, and finding himself and finding a goal for himself. And now, now it was time to return.

*End flashback;*

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*Voldemort's POV;*

The Potter boy was making no sense. Why would the brat want to bring him back? There needed to be another reason. This had to be a trap.

Potter had explained why he wanted to bring him back, but Voldemort couldn't understand. Maybe he didn't want to understand. But how could he explain the figure that was standing guard next to Potter?

Voldemort could feel the power coming from the man, and he tried not to let him show how afraid he was.

There **he** was. The thing that had caused nightmares to return every night. *Death* .

Why was he here? Why was Potter talking to the man fondly? Why did respond Lord Death in kind? It didn't make any sense! And that was something he hated truly.

"So you see, I'm going to make sure you have a functioning body again, and you are going to help me to save the wizarding world. Make Dark magic equal to the Light. It is needed for the balance of it all. And you are the Dark Lord. I can't do it without you."

Ah, there it was. Potter also needed something.

"How can I be sure that you won't kill me as soon as I'm vulnerable?" Voldemort asked the boy, who responded with an eye roll.

"Do you really think that I would go through all this trouble only to kill you after? What kind of moron do you think I am?" The Potter boy replied with a sigh.

"Do you want a serious answer to that question?" He retorted, making Potter scowl.

"You know what, I don't have to do this with your consent. I can just throw you in the potion we brewed." Potter said heatedly.

Voldemort pursed his lips. "Why do you think you can overpower me? I'm the most powerful wizard that has walked the wizarding world! I went above and beyond to-

"To destroy yourself and with it the wizarding world, congratulations," Potter replied with a sarcastic slow clap, making rage course through Voldemort.

"I can kill you even in this form!" He bit out. He hadn't expected the boy to laugh.

"No, you can't because your magic is blocked." He replied simply with a shrug.

Voldemort could only gape. What was the boy talking about?! He couldn't be telling the truth! He already had little to no magic in this body. After the ritual he had planned, it would probably take months before he was back to his former strength, but to have his whole magic blocked?! That wasn't something Voldemort could fathom.

"He's right, love." Came a female voice, making Voldemort almost gasp. Thankfully he could keep it in. He didn't want to look weak in front of these people.

A woman materialized in front of them. She was petite and had light blonde hair, her eyes were a dark gold, and if Voldemort thought that Death had a lot of power, or at least, magic, it was nothing compared to this woman.

"Lady, thank you for being here," Potter said while kissing the woman's cheek.

"Everything for you, little one." She said fondly before turning to Voldemort.

"I'm Lady Magic. I'm the reason that you have magic at all. And now, I've blocked it. Don't worry, you will get it back, but I don't want anything happening to my beloved nephew." The woman was fierce, and Voldemort cowered just a little bit. The deity was too much for him. Not even he could withstand her.

"Lady Magic, it's an honor." He replied in a raspy voice. Hoping that she was telling the truth, that he would get his magic back eventually.

"The honor will be all mine when you're back to your rightful self. Listen to Harry, and never fall as far as you have now."

Voldemort didn't want to look chastised. He was the Dark Lord, for heaven's sake! But to have Lady Magic herself here... Well. It's not something Lord Voldemort ever had expected.

She then stepped back and ruffled Potter's hair. Voldemort swallowed heavily. Knowing he was defeated. Potter had two deities on his side. There was no way for Voldemort to get out of this.

"What is going to happen, Potter?" Voldemort spat.

"I'm going to call some help for the ritual, and then we begin. You will go into the potion with the other parts of your soul and mind, and-"

"You're going to destroy all my Horcruxes?" Voldemort asked, sounding appalled.

Potter glared at him again. "Yes. Because it's necessary."

"No! I - I can't die!" Voldemort knew he sounded desperate, but he didn't care. He made those Horcruxes with care. They were his safeguard. He doesn't think he could live on if they were gone.

"Everybody needs to die someday." Lord Death said solemnly. Making Voldemort swallow heavily.

"But-"

"But you won't die for a long time after tonight." Death seems sure of it, and Voldemort doesn't know why, but he turns to Potter.

"You and he won't kill me?" Voldemort asks, expecting a sarcastic retort, but he needs to know.

But unlike he expected, he gets a solemn nod and response.

"I promise we won't kill you."

It feels like an oath, and Voldemort feels like they are telling the truth.

"Fine." He responds, making Potter smirk.

"Great. Let me call my help."

Potter then walks a bit towards the large cauldron before vanishing the entire potion. Voldemort would like to sputter, but one glare from Lord Death stops him.

Potter then opens his bag and draws out familiar objects. At least, they are familiar to Voldemort.

His ring, Slytherin's locket, Ravenclaw's diadem, and Hufflepuff's cup.

"That are not all of them." He says before he can stop himself. Potter glares at him but then smirks.

"I know. Your diary was already destroyed a couple of years ago, and I need you to call your pet."

Voldemort scowls but does as asked. He can't fight against two deities. He doesn't know how Potter has gotten their attention, but unfortunately, it means that he has to listen.

*"Nagini."* He calls in Parseltongue.

It doesn't take long before the snake comes into view, eyeing all the people with wariness.

Before he can say anything else, he gets a shock because Potter suddenly starts talking in Parseltongue.

*"Nagini, we're going to need your help to restore your Master. Can you come here?"* Potter says, and Nagini eyes him with distrust before turning to Voldemort.

Voldemort smirks but knows it isn't the time. "Will she be safe?" He asks Potter, and Potter raises his eyebrows as if not expecting that but nods.

"Yes. She will survive and will be fine after the ritual."

Voldemort nods. *"Do as he asks, Nagini."*

*"Of course, Master."* She replies and slithers towards the other Horcruxes.

Potter then pulls out something else from the charmed pack and touches the runes on it. Voldemort can't see what it is precisely, but it doesn't take long before he hears three pops of apparition.

"Thank you for coming tonight," Potter says with a bow towards the other men. Voldemort is watching closely and growls when he sees Snape with them.

"Are you betraying me, Snape?!"

The man looks towards him with a stoic face before answering. "Of course not, my Lord, I've brewed the potion that will return you to your body."

Voldemort doesn't trust it but doesn't say anything else.

The other two men aren't even looking at him. They are glaring at Wormtail, who is now whimpering on the ground.

"Do we really need him?" The black-haired wizard asks at no one in particular. When Voldemort watches closer, he knows that it needs to be a Black. Those cheekbones and black hair with grey eyes are recognizable.

He remembers a Black heir in his ranks. He only doesn't know what happened to him.

"If you want to walk around a free man again, I suggest that you put your wand down, Black." Snape sneers, making Black glare at him.

"If you hadn't put your long nose in our business, I would've walked free a year ago." Black snaps back, and the other man next to him places a hand on his shoulder to calm him down.

"No need for this now." The man says, Voldemort doesn't know who he is, but Wormtail had told him about the fourth friend of their group, the reason they are animagus. This has to be the werewolf.

Black seems to calm down, and the smirk on Snape's face says enough that he enjoyed toying with the man.

"Okay, you done?" Potter says rudely. Making all three men look a little ashamed. It's something that Voldemort hadn't expected, but it seems like all three of them have respect for the Potter brat. Something Voldemort is curious about how it became.

Snape then steps up next to Potter and earns a hiss from Nagini. Potter doesn't seem impressed, but Snape takes a step back. Potter then fills the cauldron with water, and Snape takes out a large vial from beneath his robes before pouring it carefully into the water in the cauldron.

They start heating the potion, and Snape gives Potter instructions. Potter follows the instructions without a problem, and they work together seamlessly.

It doesn't take long, but everybody else is silent. The two deities look as if they are carved out of stone. Not a single hair or muscle moves while they are waiting for the potion to be ready.

Black is another story altogether. He is twitchy, and the werewolf tries to calm him down.

"The potion is ready." Snape declares after a couple of minutes.

"What's next?" Voldemort can't help but ask, making Potter turn to him.



"Next, is you going into the potion with your other Horcruxes, and we will finish the ritual."

Voldemort wants to protest, but before he can even utter a word, Potter lifts him and drops him into the potion without another word.

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***Harry's POV;***

"Harry, are you sure?" Remus asks when Harry has just dropped Voldemort into the cauldron without ceremony and with a lot of satisfaction.

"One hundred percent." He replies without a doubt, and Remus sighs and nods.

Harry then picks up the other Horcruxes before dropping them one by one in the cauldron. Nagini is last.

*"You will be okay, but I need you to go into this. Just like your Master."* Harry tells the snake. The snake looks at him as if it's looking into his soul before circling around Harry's arms to be lifted.

*"Make my Master himself again,"* Nagini says before Harry puts her carefully into the cauldron. He is a little confused by her words because he hadn't expected her to understand what they were doing. He shakes it off and steps back from the cauldron.

"Sirius, can you take place on my right? Lady, are you ready?"

Sirius gives one last squeeze in Remus's hand before stepping up to Harry's right. He claps Harry's shoulder and gives him a little smile before taking a deep breath.

When Lady stands in front of him on the other side of the cauldron, they begin.

"We are here to give the Dark Lord a second life. With me today is Harry James Potter-Peverell, Sirius Orion Black, Remus John Lupin, Severus Snape, and Lord Death. Are you all ready?" Lady Magic says in an eternal voice, making Harry shiver.

"Yes, my Lady." They all chorus.

"I ask Sirius Orion Black to step forward-" Sirius does immediately as asked. "-What are you bringing to this ritual today?" She then continues.

"I'm here as a hopeful participant. I'm here to donate a part of my flesh for the new body of our Dark Lord." Sirius's back is straight, and he seems ready for his part in the ritual. Harry feels really proud of his godfather.

"Proceed." Lady Magic says after a moment of deliberation, and Sirius steps up to the cauldron. He pulls out a knife and sets it to his right earlobe. He hisses when he cuts off the lower part and drops it into the cauldron.

"Flesh donated by a hopeful participant." Lady Magic says at the same time. Then Sirius steps back and puts a handkerchief to his ear.

"I ask for assistance from Lord Death for the next part." Lady Magic says, and Lord Death nods before turning to the grave where Tom Riddle Sr. is buried. He raises his hand, and the ground burst open to reveal a bone of Tom Riddle Sr. He picks it up carefully before walking up to the cauldron.

"We thank the dead for giving this sacrifice." Lord Death says before putting the bone into the cauldron. Lady Magic speaks at the same time.

"Bone from the father unknowingly taken."

Harry feels anticipation crawl over his skin. It's his turn next, and the magic that is humming around the kettle is intoxicating. A ritual that is dark but also full of life, it's the biggest ritual Harry has been part of.

"I ask Harry James Potter-Peverell, to step forward." Lady Magic asks with a small smile. Harry steps forward immediately and looks into the cauldron. The potion is swirling, and glowing green before Harry is pulled out of his thoughts by Lady Magic. "What are you bringing to this ritual today?" She asks.

"I'm here to donate my blood willingly as an equal." Harry's heart is pounding. He knows his words are being weighed, checked if they are true. Only Lady Magic can approve of the sacrifice.

It seems like hours tick by before she simply says, "proceed." He wants to sigh with relief, but now he pulls out the ritual knife he had on himself.

He puts the blade to the inside of his right hand and slices quickly. The blood wells up, and Harry holds it above the cauldron. As soon as the first drops fall, the color changes from green to blue. Harry doesn't know if that's a good thing, but he likes to think that it is. He hears Lady Magic say, "blood willingly given from an equal."

He stays like that until he hears, "that's enough." Harry pulls his hand back and wraps it into a cloth. He can heal it later.

Then Lady herself steps up to the kettle and peers into the cauldron. She then puts her hand above the potion before whispering. "And magic from Lady herself."

She then pushes magic into the potion for some time before stepping back. She looks at Harry with a smile.

"It worked. I need to return now because this has taken a lot out of me. I will see you soon, okay little one?" She says, and Harry nods before hugging her. "Thank you." He says sincerely, and Lady kisses his forehead before vanishing on the spot.

Harry knows it will take another minute or so before the potion and cauldron will vanish, and a body will come out.

He is waiting with bated breath when it happens.

The cauldron starts to shake, and steam comes out of the top. Then with a flash of light that blinds Harry for a moment, the cauldron is gone.

He looks down and sees a naked man lying in the middle of where the cauldron was, surrounded by the Horcruxes, who are now devoid of the soul pieces.

Harry takes him in and sees the resemblance to sixteen-year-old Tom Riddle he saw in the diary. The man only seems a little older. If Harry guesses, Tom is about twenty right now.

"Tom?" Harry says carefully, afraid of the response he will get.

Tom just groans and opens his eyes, Harry gasps, Tom in the diary was never entirely there, just an echo of the boy himself, but here and now, this is Tom in his full glory, his eyes are bluish-green, his hair is dark brown, and he's entirely naked. Bloody Hell.

Harry rolls his eyes, more to control himself and to contain his blush. He then holds out his hand for Tom to take. He sees the mistrust in his eyes but takes it. Harry takes a deep breath and keeps his eyes on Tom's eyes instead of letting them wander. He feels a blush rising on his cheeks but ignores it. Thankfully, Snape pulls out his wand to conjure a robe for Tom. He wants to kick himself. Why on earth would he think that Tom is hot? That is seriously not something he can act on.

When Tom is standing, Harry sees the ring lying on the ground and feels joy fill him. He takes it from the ground and puts it on his finger immediately, feeling more himself with the ring back on his finger. The resurrection stone without the soul piece feels right on his hand, and he sighs in relief.

"What on earth are you doing with my ring?" Tom says, and Harry startles from the deep, grave voice that comes out of him until he suddenly remembers what he promised to himself.

"Oh, yes, before I forgot," Harry replies casually before he suddenly punches Tom right in the face.

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### ***Tom's POV;***

Tom blinks open his eyes and groans in pain but also in relief. He can feel that he is himself again, his own body, his perfect handsome self again. And for the first time in a long time, he's not in pain. It is such a relief that he needs a second to anchor himself.

He looks around him and sees Lord Death, Potter, Black, Snape, and the werewolf standing around him. Lady Magic is absent, but Tom doesn't really mind. He tries to access his magic but still feels the block Lady had put on him.

Potter then rolls his eyes and holds out his hand to Tom. Tom eyes him warily for a moment before he takes it. He's suddenly clothed in a robe, and he sees Snape putting his wand away. He gives the man a nod in thanks.

When Tom is on his feet again, he sees that Potter is looking away with a little blush on his cheeks and putting on a ring on his finger. Tom frowns. He knows that ring.

"What on earth are you doing with my ring?" His voice sounds a little unused and grave, but it sounds at least human.

Potter freezes for a moment before his eyes snap to Tom, and a scowl is aimed at him.

"Oh, yes, before I forgot," Potter says casually before he suddenly punches Tom right in the face.

"You-what-you little-!" Tom splutters in rage while claspings his now bleeding and broken nose. And the pain is back, in much less levels than he has become used to the last couple of years, but still. Potter can pack a punch.

Potter seems a lot more satisfied now while shaking out his hand. "You deserved that. Who the fuck puts a Horcrux in one of Death's Hallows? You must be a complete fool!" Potter is screaming at the end of it, and Tom takes a careful step back. He's still weak. He blames it on that, not because Potter feels powerful. **Correction** is powerful. He did find all Tom's Horcruxes, got him a body, blocked his magic, and seems way too close to Lord Death and Lady Magic. Nobody should be close to such powerful beings, and Potter treats them like family.

But admitting out loud that Potter is powerful is something Tom will never admit to, of course.

Tom frowns to himself. It has been a long time that he referred to himself as Tom. But for some reason, Voldemort doesn't fit anymore. It gives him a nasty feeling, and he knows that he isn't that - *thing* - anymore.

Tom is also pretty sure his nose is broken, and hold up, what did the Potter brat say?

"Death's Hallows? You mean from the fairytale?" He sounds like he's talking with a cold, and he feels blood on his face.

Potter rolls his eyes, as does Snape. "Let me, my Lord." Snape drawls before he whispers, "Episkey," Tom groans when his nose snaps back in place but is relieved that he can breathe again. He scrunches up his nose carefully, but it doesn't hurt anymore.

"So, Death's Hallows?" He then asks while looking at Harry. Trying to hold himself up in confidence. He will not cower before Potter or any of the others.

He's watching the Lord Death with interest. He was always interested in that story, Master of Death was something he dreamed of becoming, but all the lore showed it was just a fairytale. How wrong he has been. Well, on multiple accounts. But again, not something he will admit out loud.

"Yes, my invisibility cloak, your family ring, and Dumbledore's wand, together they are the Deathly Hallows, according to Death I was chosen by the Hallows to be the next master, so that's why I'm keeping the ring," Potter tells him in no uncertain tone, Tom would like to protest, but he doesn't really care about the ring. And if the Hallows have chosen Potter, he better doesn't interfere. Otherwise, he will probably be dead before he could say 'Quidditch.'

He does see the opportunity to mess with Potter, though.

"I didn't know that we were in that part of our relationship already, Potter," He drawls with a smirk.

Potter just looks confused, and it's now Tom's time to roll his eyes.

"Isn't it a Muggle thing to exchange rings before they are-" before Tom can finish, he's rudely interrupted, but he sees that Potter got the gist of it because he turns crimson. Tom decides it's a nice color on the brat.

"OKAY! That's enough, you Dark Lordy, don't taunt him. He did help you get you a body." Black says while pointing at him sternly, Sirius, he should call the man Sirius. The man deserves respect for giving him part of his body. Even he can agree to that.

He could feel what was happening while in the potion, and he knows that Sirius has donated flesh just like Harry donated blood. He refuses to call Potter Harry, though.

"You're lucky that I decided to help you," Potter states with a smug look aimed at Tom. Tom glares at Potter. He still feels a little unstable in his new body, especially on his legs. He's glad that Snape at least gave him a robe to wear. It would've been embarrassing to be naked the whole time. He gently touches his nose, but Snape has healed him perfectly. He only doesn't know if he's still covered in blood.

"Oh, and why pray tell me is that, Potter?" Tom drawls, but he's still prodding his nose a little. Bloody Potter.

"Because without me interfering-" Potter starts before Tom starts to mumble. "Meddling with business, you know nothing about." Potter aims another glare at Tom while Tom just smirks at him. He likes how easily Potter is irritated. He is going to have a lot of fun with that. "I was interfering for the sake of wizarding Britain and the world!"

Tom rolls his eyes at Potter's dramatics. Lord Death looks between Potter and Tom, clearly amused while his eyes jump from one man to the other like a tennis match. Snape looks sour, and, together with Sirius and Remus, it's clear they rather want to be somewhere else.

"But, without me interfering, you would probably look like an Albino snake person." Potter then says with a big grin. Tom looks in shock at Potter.

"Albino snake, what now? What the bloody hell, Potter?!" He demands.

Potter shrugs his shoulders like he couldn't be bothered with it, and it enrages Tom. He's just getting up steam to rant to the brat when Potter sighs. "You trusted Wormtail of all people to brew a potion," He waves in Wormtail's general direction on the ground.

Tom looks at the man in question in disgust, something Potter copies.

"I like snakes," Tom replies, he tries not to sound petulant, but he knows he failed when Potter snorts.



"Oh. Really? Couldn't have guessed." Potter replies, sounding utterly sarcastic. Tom wants to stick his tongue out to him, but he knows that is even more embarrassing and petulant. Salazar, what has Potter done with him!? Lord Death snorts out a laugh while Harry waves to Snape.

"Tell him!"

Snape pinches the bridge of his nose, sighing like everything that's wrong with the world is Potter. Something Tom can relate to.

"According to my calculations on the potion Wormtail was using, you would've looked like an Albino snake person after the ritual, my Lord." Snape drawls.

Tom scrunches up his nose in distaste. Potter points at Snape emphatically with a smug look. But Tom isn't one to accept this lying down.

"And now I look like my twenty-year-old self. I'm almost seventy!" He tells them indignantly.

"Well, your diary was stuck as your sixteen-year-old self. You didn't act like an old person back then." Potter tells him with a shrug. "-be glad we didn't use that one because I'm pretty sure you would have been in your sixteen-year-old body if we had."

"And what's that supposed to mean?" Tom asks heatedly.

Potter smirks at him, and Tom swallows harshly, he's furious at Potter, but the boy does look attractive. He shakes himself. Now is not the time! More like NEVER is the right time for that. Ugh. He can't believe his brain thinks Potter is attractive.

"You're acting like a child, *my Lord*," Potter drawls with emphasis on the 'my Lord' part. Tom shivers but covers it with a snarl aimed at Potter.

Before Tom can retort, Lord Death is at Potter's shoulder. Tom takes a step back on a reflex. It doesn't matter what Potter has promised. He's still scared of Lord Death.

Lord Death claps Potter's shoulder, and Potter looks up at the deity. "You should go back before they miss you." Potter nods in response.

"What am I supposed to do now?" Tom doesn't whine. He doesn't! He isn't a child. He points towards a bound Wormtail. "You bound my way out, and I don't think I'm going to get him back."

Wormtail is still whimpering on the ground, and Tom sneers in his direction. Stupid, disgusting follower. He really doesn't understand what his older self thought when he let that vermin join.

He's still reeling from the fact that he has his body back, but he's annoyed that a lot of his memories are gone. It's all just one fussy mess in his head. He really needs to work on his Occlumency so his mind will be back in order.

Sirius kicks Wormtail, earning another whimper.

"Nope, you're not getting this one back. This one is ours. I want my freedom back like a normal person." Sirius tells him with a smirk.

"You're going with Sirius and Remus to Peverell Mansion. When I get home for the end of term, we can work on the next step." Potter tells him dismissively.

"I beg your pardon?!" Tom demands, he's not going to wait in some kind of Mansion until Potter is ready to join him. He wants to take over Wizarding Britain now!

Potter again rolls his eyes. He should've seen his own peanut brain by now by how much he's doing it, Tom thinks. Irritated at the world but mostly annoyed at Potter.

"You-are-going-with-Sirius-and-Remus-to-Peverell-Mansion. We-will-take-the-next-step-when-I'm-home." Potter tells him slowly as if Tom is an imbecile.

Tom snarls at him. "And why would I listen to you?" He grounds out. Barely restraining himself from flinging a fist in Potter's face.

"Because otherwise, you won't get your magic back." Harry simply replies with a dangerous gleam in his eyes that has Tom swallowing harshly, but he's the fucking Dark Lord. He will not be intimidated by this teenager!

"Fuck you, Potter!" He snarls out. If he had had his magic, he would've punished Potter for speaking to him like this.

"Fuck you too, Riddle," Harry replies, seeming more amused than angry, which Tom only angers more.

"This is going to be a long summer, isn't it?" The werewolf, Remus, sighs while rubbing his head.

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*Harry's POV;*

Harry tries not to snort at Remus's remark, but he still gets a glare from Tom. He doesn't try to show how amused he was about the bickering he had with Tom, but he doesn't think he succeeded.

Harry turns towards Death and hugs the man before he vanishes out of existence. When he turns back towards Tom, he sees that he is watching with rapt attention and quickly turns away when he sees that Harry is looking at him.

Harry narrows his eyes before sighing. He needs Tom's cooperation. So before he goes back to Hogwarts, he needs to talk to the man.

He looks at Sirius and Remus, who roll their eyes before they walk a little away, so they don't hear them. Snape sighs and tells him that he will return to Hogwarts. Harry nods, and the man apparates away.

Then it's just him and Tom.

"Listen, I understand that you hate me-" Harry starts, but he's immediately interrupted by a scoff from Tom. "Hate? Hate isn't the word I would use. It doesn't describe the epic debts of my loathing of you." Tom sneers, making Harry groan.

"Will you stop and listen for a second?" He barks out. Tom replies with a grimace but waves his hand as to tell him to proceed.

"I understand that you *loathe* me, whatever-" He waves a dismissive hand. "-but we need each other. I have power in the Wizengamot, and together we can bring Dark magic back again, make it equal to the Light, instead of being shamed and put away." Potter seems excited to do this, and Tom must give it to him. Dark Magic deserves its place back into their world.

"And why would I want to help you?" Tom asks with a scowl while crossing his arms.

"I'm not saying that you should do it for me. Hell, please don't if you hate me so much. Do it for the wizarding world. The wizarding world will fall apart if we don't help it."

Tom raises his hands in the air. "And why would I help other people? I'm the Dark Lord. Everybody is afraid of me!"

"Yes, they are! But do you even want that? From what I understood about you, you wanted to make sure that the wizarding world was equal in every aspect, that even muggle-borns and creatures could live in it without having to be afraid. But you ruined it with your Horcruxes. You lost your goal, and it made you reckless. Do you even know why you hate me? Do you actually have a fucking reason to do so?"

Tom takes a step back from Harry as if he's spitting venom, and Harry knows he has the asshole now.

"You hated me because of a Prophecy. You killed my parents because of a Prophecy you only heard half of. That's how scattered your mind was. If you now think back on that, would you have done the same? Would you have gone through all those lengths to find me and kill me?"

Tom's silence speaks for itself, and Tom looks away.

"People have always been afraid of me," Tom whispers before looking back at Harry. "Why would that change?"

Harry takes a step towards Tom, "Because you have me now, and together we can make this work, and you will be loved after we are done. I can promise you that."

Tom scoffs again, but Harry can see that he's getting through to him.

"Love is underrated, Potter," Tom mutters before walking away towards Sirius and Remus.

"I'm ready to go now." He tells them in no uncertain terms. Remus smiles at him, it's a little strained, but Harry is glad that he's trying.

Sirius scratches his beard for a moment. "Good. We will say our goodbyes then."

He then quickly makes his way to Harry to pull him into a bone-crushing hug. "I'm proud of you, pup. I know this is hard." Sirius whispers before clapping him for the last time on the shoulder when he pulls back. He then holds out his arms for Tom to take. Tom doesn't hesitate to take it so he can get away as quickly as possible.

He does glance one last time at Harry before he is apparating away.

Remus then also hugs Harry before hauling Wormtail to his feet and also apparating away.

Harry doubles over and just breaths for a moment. Bloody buggering hell. What has he gotten into?

When his breathing is back under control, he straightens again.

"Accio cup." He says, and the cup comes flying into his hand. The familiar hook behind his navel pulls him away from the graveyard, and it just takes seconds before he lands on the ground in front of the maze.

The sudden noise of the band and the cheers of the audience slam into him at once. It's so sudden that he stumbles a little before he lifts the cup above his head in victory and grins at the ecstatic spectators.

He gets swept up by different people but notices that the other champions are being picked up from the maze. In between all of the people, his gaze falls on Albus Dumbledore. The narrowing of his eyes tells him enough that Dumbledore suspects something. But he will not find out what. Harry will make sure of that.

Before he knows it, he is in the Great Hall with a loud celebration, getting the prize money handed and giving interviews while smiling for the camera. He hates to do this, but he just smiles and waves.

When the festivities are dying out in the Great Hall, he's being swept up by the Slytherins, an after-party in the dorms follows, and Harry can finally relax a little with his friends. He probably drinks way too much, but he doesn't care. He has multiple reasons for a celebration.

He sees a couple of flashes of Snape, but the man doesn't stop the party, which Harry hadn't expected.

Some random Slytherin girl comes up to him and kisses him full on the mouth, Harry is too shocked at first to do something about it, but thankfully Izzy interferes. She whispers something in the girl's ear as soon as Harry has taken a step back. Harry is watching with a little detached amazement and amusement how the girl turns white before disappearing for the rest of the party.

He may be bisexual, but his preferences are mostly towards guys. He just hasn't had found the one that can hold his attention for long enough, though.

Fred and George had made some advances on him, but Harry hadn't really taken them seriously enough. Convinced it was one of their pranks. Then there was Cedric, a fine first date and kiss, but that just didn't feel like how Harry wanted it to feel like.

Now looking around the room, he suddenly got a little nostalgic. In just a couple of weeks, he will be going away from Hogwarts for the last time.

He maybe had just four years here instead of seven, but it was his first home.

For that reason, he actually wanted to be alone for a while. He made his way to his bed and pulled his invisibility cloak from his trunk.

He wandered the castle, remembering all the things he had gotten up to with Hermione and Ron, and the last year with the other seventh years or the Weasley's.

He was just wandering the seventh corridor when a crash caught his attention. He pulled out his wand, even if he didn't need it, and walked closer to where the noise was coming from.

There he found a frozen in terror Neville Longbottom, a wand in his trembling hand. Staring at a wide-eyed Barty Crouch JR.

"Oh, shit."

## Chapter End Notes

Well,, I'm a little sorry for the dramatic ending. Just a little.

Hope you liked it! Please let me know!! I love comments!

Oh! And please let me know if I'm missing any tags!

xx MBlack93

Update 29-10-2022;

Someone made actual fanart based on a scene in this chapter!! Go look, and again thankyou mtjo!

[Graveyard scene](#)



## Part seven

### Chapter Notes

Hello!

I'm back with another chapter!! There will be a change of POV, but I announce it before it happens!

Have fun!

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

*Harry's POV;*

How could he forget about Barty!? Buggering hell! This is shit! And Harry needs to calm down so he can get a handle on what is happening right now because he can't lose his shit while there is a dangerous criminal in front of him with Neville also right there.

"Oh shit." He says with exasperation before throwing his invisibility cloak off him and stepping into the light. Barty flinches before his eyes go wide, and Neville yelps a little at his sudden appearance.

Then Barty grinds his teeth and looks with a glare full of hatred at Harry, something Harry can understand. Because Barty thinks Harry is his Master's biggest enemy. Bugger.

"Neville, step behind me," Harry says with his eyes and wand still trained on Barty.

"H-Harry he's-" Neville tries, and Harry can understand the struggle Neville must have right now. This is the man that has tortured his parents into insanity. And Harry feels for the guy, he really does, but he really doesn't want anything to happen to Neville, so Neville needs to listen.

"I know, Neville-" Harry interrupts in a soft tone. "And I understand your desire for revenge but step behind me. Right now." Harry commands, and Neville hurries to comply, but because of his movement, Barty has a distraction he was hoping for. He whips out his own wand and sends a killing curse towards Harry. Harry pulls Neville with him out of the line of fire and sends some slightly dark curses himself towards the wizard. He pushes Neville behind him while he duels with Barty. Determined to keep the boy safe.

But Barty is crazy. It's clear in everything he does and every step he takes. As if the manic grin wasn't enough of a sign.

Harry can't keep dueling Barty while also shielding Neville. He's thinking up a plan when he hears a sudden hiss, then a scream and Barty stops his attack, then he cries again in pain.

Harry is confused. What the hell happened? It's too dark to see clearly, so he conjures a couple of balls with light to hover around them. Then he sees a little gruesome sight.

Nagini is attacking Barty, but the venom must've already run his course because Barty isn't moving anymore. The blood on the floor and the swollen flesh from the bites are enough for Harry to know that Barty isn't going to survive this.

" *Nagini* ?" Harry questions in Parseltongue.

The snake whips her head around to look at Harry, and if Harry didn't know any better, he would say that the snake is glaring at him.

" *You worthless two-legs! You left me in the cemetery, and I couldn't follow Master!* " The snake hisses while advancing on Harry. Harry backs up as fast as he can while the angry snake is advancing.

" *Oh! I'm so sorry !*" Harry says in a panic. He really hadn't thought about Nagini after the ritual, figures that the smart snake would follow him to Hogwarts.

Before Harry can step out of her way again, she circles around his legs and climbs up on his body until her head is hovering in front of Harry's face.

" *Never again, two-legs, I demand a lot of mice for an apology.* " She says while narrowing her eyes at Harry as if daring him to disagree, which Harry has absolutely no desire to do.

Harry breathes a sigh of relief. " *Sure, I will give you mice. As many mice as you want. You did help me .* " He tells her, and he reaches his hand out carefully before giving in and stroking her head. She leans into the touch.

" *Of course, I did,* " She replies with a humpf. She doesn't elaborate on why she decided to help, but Harry is glad nonetheless.

"Uh, Harry?" Comes a small voice behind him, he curses himself, he forgot about Neville for a moment. He really is exhausted if he keeps forgetting things that are too important to forget.

He turns around with Nagini still on his shoulders. She tightens around his shoulders but doesn't object. "Neville! Uh- are you okay?"

"U-uh, I don't know." He answers and seems confused for himself. Something Harry can relate to. Neville's eyes are focused on Barty's corpse, and Harry curses himself again.

Harry rubs his hand through his hair and groans. "So- It's probably better for you to forget about all of this," Harry tells him with a pained expression.

"No! No! Please! Please, I don't want to forget." Neville hurries to say. He is looking with pleading eyes, and Harry can understand why he doesn't want to forget in some way. But on the other hand. It's nothing for a fourteen-year-old boy to see.

"Neville-"

"No! He - he deserved this. I'm not going to tell anyone, but I don't want to forget." Neville is still trembling while telling Harry this, and Harry sighs.

"He's dead, Neville, he's been imposing a teacher all year, he's connected to Voldemort-" Harry says plainly, curious about how Neville is going to take this. He should just wipe his memory, make sure the body is gone, and then open the lock on the seventh layer trunk so the real Moody can escape. But he notices how Neville's shoulders relax and how he didn't even flinch at Voldemort's name. "-I need to hide the body. Otherwise, there will be too many questions nobody wants answers to."

At this, Neville looks away from the body and into Harry's eyes. "You're planning something, aren't you?" He muses. It isn't an accusation, just an observation.

Harry debates with himself about what he should do before he decides to go broke.

"I am. It's not going to be pretty for a lot of people. That's why this man can't be found. So let me ask you again. Are you sure you don't want to forget? Because you can't share this with anybody," Harry tells him, and silence falls around him. Harry feels Nagini shifting around his shoulders and sees Neville's eyes fill with determination.

"I don't want to forget. And I will keep your secrets. I trust you, Harry. I know you aren't a bad wizard." He hesitates for a moment before nodding.

"If you ever need any help-" Neville starts but doesn't know how to finish.

Harry smirks. "You're going to be Lord Longbottom in a couple of years, aren't you?"

Neville snorts and shakes his head in amusement, making Harry grin.

"You really have become a Slytherin, haven't you?" He asks with amusement. Making Harry preen a little. "Yes, I will. My grandmother is Regent now. As soon as I turn seventeen, I will go to Gringotts to get the title."

"How will she think about a new alliance with the Potter's?" Harry asks, barely holding back a smirk. Neville snorts again.

"And Peverell's?" Neville adds with his own grin. Making Harry chuckle and shrug.

"She would be ecstatic. If you want, you can already talk about it with her this summer." Neville tells him with a smile.

Harry raises his eyebrows in surprise. "Are you sure? I don't want to impose."

"Believe me, Harry, she would love to talk to you, especially if you share your memory about this evening with her," Neville tells him, and Harry laughs.

"Tell your grandmother to expect my owl," Harry replies, a dismissal clear in his words, and Neville nods. He glances one last time at the body of Barty before turning around and walking away.

" *That was unexpected* ," Harry tells Nagini.

" *If you say so.* "

The snake sounds like she couldn't be bothered, but then she suddenly perks up.

" *Can I eat him?* "

Harry makes a disgusted noise. " *No! You already killed him. You can't eat him. He's too big.* "

" *No, he's not!* "

" *Yes, he is!* "

" *No, he's not!* "

" *Oh my Salazar, you are annoying! You can't eat him. I will dispose of him in another way.* "

Nagini sags, and Harry almost buckles under her weight. " *Mean two-legs.* " He hears her silently hissing, and he rolls his eyes.

"I can't believe that I'm actually bickering with a snake." He mutters while shaking his head. He thinks for a moment about how he can dispose of the body before he remembers Death's lackeys.

Groaning, he tries to remember how to summon them. Summoning a demon to this realm will probably not be the best idea, but Harry doesn't care. Death will forgive him. He quickly checks the Mauraunders map and sees that the coast is clear.

Then he pulls his wand again and draws a small pentagram on the floor with it before chanting in Latin. It goes easier than he expected, especially since he is still this exhausted. But Death always told him that Dark Magic and especially the brand that is used for summoning would be easy for Harry, being the adopted son of Death and, in the future, his Master.

The black creature brings a smell of sulfur with him when he appears.

"Clean up the body and make sure nobody will find it." He orders. He could be polite, but he knows that the demon doesn't care for pleasantries.

The demon doesn't speak, just nods before turning to the body. Shadows erupt around the creature, and Harry feels the temperature rising. When the demon has reached the body, he touches Barty's forehead. The body erupts in flames, and within seconds the body is gone. Not even a scorch mark remains. All the blood is also gone, and Harry breathes a sigh of relief.

The demon turns towards Harry again before bowing, and with a plume of smoke, the demon is gone.

" *You are frightening.* " Nagini hisses, and Harry can't help but feel a little smug.

" *Don't forget it, and make sure your Master doesn't either.* "

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*Tom's POV;*

Tom looks around the mansion they apparated to and feels a little jealous. Of course, Potter has a mansion. Why is he even surprised?

He follows Sirius and the werewolf, Remus, towards one of the wings and tries to take everything in. It's ridiculously big, but it still feels like a home. Mmh, he hadn't expected that. Not that he ever had a real home. Not until Hogwarts, but that's something else.

"-and this is going to be your room," Sirius says before opening a set of doors with a flourish. Tom wants to scoff because certainly, he won't get *this* room. It's really big.

"Funny. Now point me to the dungeon where Potter wants to put me until he can use me for his nefarious scheme." Tom deadpans while crossing his arms.

Remus just raises one eyebrow before waving at the room. "This is the room where you can sleep or do whatever you want. You are free to roam the entire estate, but don't leave. We like to think you aren't a prisoner, and hopefully, it won't feel like that if you have free reign in the mansion."

Tom sees only sincerity in the werewolf's eyes and is stunned for a moment. "You're kidding, right? Potter wouldn't-" Then suddenly something dawns on him. "- where is Potter's room?"

Sirius gives Tom a smirk. "Across the hall. We're a couple of doors down, next to the library. Remus loves his books." Sirius tells him with a fond look at the werewolf. Tom rolls his eyes. So that's why Potter put him here, to keep an eye on him when he's back. That's the reason, surely.

Tom looks around the room, not entirely sure what to do now. He never had this kind of space. And this is just **his** room. Not sharing with anyone else, it's kind of freeing.

"If you want to change the colors on the wall or anything like that, you can ask for Dobby, but be nice to him. He's Harry's friend. Now- we are going to put Wormtail in one of the dungeon rooms, and then we will go to bed. If you want to join us for breakfast tomorrow, you can come to the kitchen in the morning." Remus looks around the room before nodding to himself as if satisfied with everything.

Tom is stunned again that they just left him alone in the room. He feels a little odd about that. Why are they so *civil* ?

He's too tired to do anything else but undress and fall into the bed. It's so soft that he groans in appreciation. He can't remember the last time he had slept in a bed. He was, thankfully, alone in his humiliation for showing a moment of weakness.

It doesn't take long before he falls asleep.



*'Lily! Take Harry and go! It's him! I'll hold him off!'* A booming laugh is heard in response. The monster that blasts the door off its hinges looks at the poor attempt to stop him. The man isn't anything special, and with just one flick of his wand, the man crumples to the floor, unseeing eyes locked on the ceiling above him.

*The monster hears running feet and follows the sound. When he reaches the upstairs landing, he sees a door slamming and a flash of red hair. The witch tried to block the door with a simple locking spell, but the monster rips through it without a second glance.*

*"Please! Please! Not Harry!" The witch sobs, but the monster is undeterred. **But** he did promise something to one of his most loyal followers. "Move." He rasps out. But the witch locks eyes with him. Avada-green-eyes lock with his red ones. She is pleading, but it does nothing for the monster.*

*"No! Please, not my Harry! Take me, but please don't hurt him!"*

*The monster is getting irritated. He wants this over and done with already. He will be unstoppable.*

*"Move. I won't ask again."*

*"Not Harry! Please- have mercy- have mercy- Not Harry! Not Harry! Please — I'll do anything!" The witch begs again, and his lips curl into an irritated sneer.*

*"If you won't move, I will go through you." He grounds out.*

*The witch is trembling but stays in front of the little gremlin that can destroy him. She shakes her head.*

*"Very well. Avada Kadavra!" Green light fills the room, and a high-pitched scream is heard before the woman falls to the floor. There in the bed of the child is the little devil himself. His cheeks are wet from the tears he had shed, but **it** is silent. It is looking with the same Avada-green-eyes as his mudblood mother into the monster's own red ones. For some reason, he doesn't seem frightened. Something the monster is sure that the gremlin should be.*

*"Harry James Potter, prepare to die." The little gremlin doesn't do anything but sit there, and for some reason, it angers the monster even more. Before he can think twice about it, he raises his wand again. And screams the words that will be his downfall. "AVADA KEDAVRA!"*

Tom wakes up gasping, covered in sweat and completely tangled into his sheets. He tries to run for the bathroom, but he doesn't succeed. He empties his stomach next to his bed, the sour taste burning his throat.

He sits there on the edge of his bed, panting and afraid to close his eyes. Bugger. Bugger. Bugger. FUCK! What had he become?! How can Ha-Potter even look at him!?

Tom doesn't know. He knows nothing. How can he go through with all of this? How can he repay all the shit he had put on people? Witches and wizards were still afraid to even utter his name! Why was **he** necessary to come back?

What more can he do to completely wreck the wizarding world?

"You won't wreck it. Not with Harry's help." A voice says suddenly next to him. He startles so bad he falls back into his own sick. He grimaces and looks up into Lady Magic's eyes. He shrinks on himself.

"My Lady, my apologies for - this," He says, waving a pathetic hand to himself, he feels humiliated, but he can't find the energy to be angry. He feels empty after that particular nightmare. He is resentful that he doesn't have his magic. He feels so mundane. Especially next to Lady Magic herself.

Lady Magic rolls her eyes and then waves her hand. The sick is gone from the floor and from Tom's body. He also feels refreshed, like he has just taken a shower.

"Thank you, my Lady," Tom says before standing and bowing to the deity. He's silently freaking out in his head, but he won't show it to the deity. He wants to look calm and collected.

She giggles, and he thinks that she is reading his mind. Something he really doesn't like. He trained forever to be the best Occlumens there is. But he stands no chance against a deity.

"Can I help you?" Tom asks carefully. He doesn't know what time it is, but from the heaviness in his limbs, he would say that it isn't morning yet. He still feels too exhausted for that.

"No, but there is something I want to help you with."

Tom is intrigued, if not wary. What could she possibly help him with? World domination? He doesn't even know if he wants that anymore.

"Ah, and what could you mean for me then, my Lady?" Tom gives her his most disarming smile, and the deity smirks at him.

"Oh, Tom, gentlemen like you, they don't make them anymore like that."

"I'm going to take that as a compliment," Tom replies with a smirk. Lady Magic rolls her eyes.

"You could, for your manners are impeccable. But the psychopathic tendencies are not something to be proud of."

Tom rolls his eyes. "I'm not a psychopath. I am more a machiavellist." He replies with a wave of his hand.

Lady Magic scoffs, "Based on what?"

"That the normal to above average intelligence doesn't apply to me. I'm completely above the average intelligence, thank you very much. I can think rationally, I was trustworthy because you can say what you want, but I did as I promised. I was always a social butterfly-" He is just summing things up, for now, enjoying himself until Lady Magic interrupts him.

"How about your poor judgment or your nonexistent ability to learn from your mistakes? Or the fact that you couldn't feel regular emotions, certainly no self-love. Or how about the fact that you couldn't connect to anyone on a deeper level, or was the impersonal and trivial sex life something you wanted to have for the rest of your life." She says in a drawl.

Tom was gaping at the deity before he blushed. "I really did a number on myself, didn't I?" He finally whispered after about five minutes of silence.

Lady Magic kneels in front of the place he is sitting on the edge of the bed. "You did, but you're here again, with a lot of your emotions intact. That's probably why you feel so scattered. So I want to make you an offer."

Tom is still wary but gives her a sign to go on.

"You heard a little about Harry's stint in Death's realm, didn't you?" She asks, and Tom nods before Lady Magic raises an eyebrow as to say *reply with words* .

"Yes, Lady," Tom quickly amends, making Lady Magic smile at him.

"I want you to go with me, to my realm, and I will try to heal you mentally, so when Harry returns from Hogwarts, you are in a better place, for yourself and for the world you want to help." Lady Magic proposed.

Tom's mouth had fallen open, he didn't want to admit that he was struggling, but he was. And this was just the first night! How was he going to keep up with Potter? How was he supposed to help the wizarding world?

"You would do that for me?" Tom hates how small he sounds, but he feels out of his debt for the first time in his life.

"Of course, Tom. Before you tore yourself apart, you were one of my favorites. I want that back." She tells him with a wink, but her tone is sincere. He feels a little lost. Nobody had ever cared for him. They admired him, sure, they followed him, sure, but cared for him? Nobody had ever done that.

"How long would I be gone?" He asked, feeling a little nervous. Sirius and Remus had told him not to leave the premises. Did Lady Magic's realm count?

"You would be back before they would know you were missing. You will only age a little. I hope I can help you within a year, so it won't be much." She explained, and Tom felt himself getting eager with the idea.

"Fine, I will go with you."

She beamed at him, and before he knew it, they were gone from his room in Peverell manor.

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*Harry's POV;*

Harry stepped off the train with a smile. He said goodbye to his friends before Hermione hurtled herself at him in a bone-crushing hug.

"You will write to me, right? I cannot believe that you aren't going to be at school next year." She choked out, and Harry could feel his neck getting a little wet where she had put her face.

"Of course, I will write you. Hedwig would have my hide if I won't." They stood there for a moment, and it wasn't even awkward. Harry could feel how much it meant that he wouldn't be at school for the next year. He had been at Hermione's side from almost the beginning.

"I'm going to miss you," Harry told her sincerely, and Hermione let out something that sounded like a sob. He gathered that she would feel the same.

They finally extracted from each other when Draco came walking over. He was looking around nervously, clearly avoiding his parents.

"Do they even approve of your choice in witch?" Harry said to him with narrowing eyes.

"No, well, mother wouldn't mind, at least, I think she wouldn't. And let's not talk about my father." Draco was flustered and clearly a little angry, but Hermione didn't seem to mind.

"They will understand it, eventually," Harry said before holding out his hand for Draco to take. Draco stood there looking at the outstretched hand before grasping it. Hermione glanced at Harry, who only shrugged with a smirk.

Hermione and Draco walked away with one last goodbye when Izzy sidled up next to Harry again.

She hugged him tightly, and he did the same. She has been one of his closest friends for the last year. He's sure that without her, he wouldn't have survived even if she could be extremely annoying.

They turned together to the gathered people that came to pick someone up. Remus would be there for Harry, something about that he wanted to show Harry something. Harry hadn't asked questions, but when he spotted Remus, he saw he should have.

Next to Remus was a well-dressed, incredibly good-looking Tom Riddle. Tom had a relaxed smile on his face while talking to Remus. He didn't even seem to be aware of the attention he was getting. Several people's vision seemed to gravitate towards his good looks, but the nonchalant air he exuded pulled them in even more.

Harry could hear some whispers around him, asking who the stranger was. Even Izzy was buzzing next to him with questions. Questions Harry really didn't want to answer right now.

"Oh my Goddess, he's beautiful. You could rub his cheekbones and cut your finger. What is he doing next to Professor Lupin?" She asked in a whisper while grabbing Harry's arm in a painful hold.

Harry focused on the point of contact because he was lost. Especially when Tom looked up and looked straight at him. There was a surprised expression on his face for a moment before a relaxed smile took over, and he waved.

Harry almost choked, but there wasn't enough spit in his mouth to do that. He waved woodenly back and felt like a moron. Salazar, he was making a fool of himself. He knew Tom was hot. He had even seen him naked. Why was he this affected?

Oh, right, this was the first time Tom seemed relaxed and genuinely smiled.

Harry was fucked.

"Oh, Salazar! He's waving at you, Harry James Potter - Peverell! Why didn't you tell me you knew people this beautiful?! I'm your best friend. I deserve to know these things." Izzy hissed in his ear, startling Harry out of his stupor.

"Uh, yeah, I know him. Oh, isn't that Septima? She seems like she wants your attention. Go to your girlfriend." He then pushed her not too harshly in the direction where he had seen Septima. Izzy gave an indignant sound but was soon swallowed by the people walking up and down the platform. Harry chuckled before turning and walking towards Remus and Tom.

When he was within hearing distance, Tom spoke. "Was that a Blackwood? She looks a lot like Elena Blackwood. She was a couple of years older than me."

Harry nodded, "Isabella Blackwood, one of the closest friends I made in Slytherin this year." He responded, still looking at Tom.

Tom nodded, and there was a little blush on his cheeks. Was he getting ill?

"I apologize. I haven't even introduced myself." Tom then said with a smirk before holding out his hand. Harry narrowed his eyes but took the offered hand.

"Thomas Slytherin," He then said with a smile. Harry chuckled. "Of course, you would go with that-" Harry murmured, earning a chuckle. "Harry James Potter - Peverell. Nice to meet you. I hope." He added as an afterthought. He squeezed Tom's hand for emphasis.

Tom nodded, and Harry realized that they hadn't released their hands, so he slowly let go. His hand suddenly felt way too cold.

"Well, with that out of the way, can I get a proper hug, or do you two want to keep staring at each other?" Remus snarked, making them both jump and blush. Harry scratched the back of his head before recovering.

He hugged Remus tightly. "Sirius is probably going out of his mind, right now, isn't he?" Harry asked, earning a laugh from the werewolf.

"You know it. He has missed you terribly." Remus told him with a fond look. Harry grinned.

"Shall we go then?" When he received two nods, they quickly apparated to Peverell mansion, where Harry was immediately jumped by one Sirius Orion Black.



He laughed and stood his ground, clapping his godfather on the shoulder with enthusiasm. He had missed him too.

Dobby was the next one to welcome him back, announcing that dinner was ready and that he and Kreacher had worked really hard on it.

They all talked and had a lot of fun. Harry felt immediately at home and was surprised with how well Tom fit in the picture. He hadn't expected it at all, he had expected a surly, sour man that couldn't be bothered, but he was talking with Remus about some book and sometimes snarked at Sirius.

Harry had been gone for two weeks. How the hell had it changed this drastically?

Then he saw it. Tom waved his hand, and the sauce he wanted flew straight into his hands. Harry dropped his cutlery and stood.

"How on earth do you have your magic?" He demanded before crossing his arms in a defensive stance.

Silence was a heavy thing suddenly at the table, and Harry regretted reacting like this a little, but he needed to know. How could Tom have broken out of the bond on his magic?

"Ah, I thought, Lady would've talked to you," Tom replied easily while wiping his hands on a napkin.

"Clearly not, and what does she have to do with it?" Harry asked with a frown.

Tom let out a sigh but gave Harry a small smile that warmed him. Harry shook the feeling off roughly. Tom then began explaining.

"Lady Magic came on the first night I was here after I had a nightmare about my - past life." He seemed a little pained telling this, but Harry was listening intently. "She offered me the option to go with her to her realm so I could heal. With the goal of being better when you would return so we could make progress to fix the wizarding world." Tom never broke eye contact with Harry while explaining this, and now Harry *really* looked - something in Tom's eyes seemed a little less broken than when he had woken up. His mouth was less tight, and he seemed more relaxed than Harry could've imagined.

Harry sat down again.

"Harry, Tom has been really trying to be better, to feel better. We have talked a lot with him, and you know we wouldn't say anything in his defense unless he had earned it. It's not all okay, of course. But we are getting there." Remus said honestly, and Harry was glad for words from the werewolf. Lady Magic had never told him that this was her plan, so Harry was a little overwhelmed. He had thought he would get some progress with Tom in the summer, but seeing how well-adjusted he was was a shock. He was curious how long Tom had been in Lady's realm. Maybe he could ask Tom that.

"He's still a snarky asshole sometimes. Just so you know." Sirius commented with a smirk making Tom look at him, seemingly outraged.

"Me a snarky asshole? Pot, kettle, Black!" Tom said with narrowed eyes. Sirius laughed in response.

"So, Lady gave you your magic back?" Harry asked, just to interrupt the response his godfather had on the tip of his tongue.

"Yes, she helped me a lot, and when she thought I was ready, she brought me back here. For Sirius and Remus, no time at all had passed. When I told them in the morning what had happened, they didn't believe me." Tom said before sipping his wine. A drop stayed on his lips, and he licked it away. Harry suddenly noticed he was following the tongue with his eyes. He quickly tore his eyes away so he wouldn't stare anymore.

"How did you convince them?" Harry asked curiously. Tom smiled at him.

"I turned Sirius into his dog form," Tom said with a mischievous look aimed at Sirius. And showing magic while Remus and Sirius both knew that Tom couldn't have broken the bonds by himself would be a big clue indeed.

Harry laughed, while Sirius looked a little disgruntled but not mad.

"OH! Wait, I have something for you!" Harry suddenly said before quickly pulling out the minimized trunk from the inside of his robes. Tom was looking curiously at what Harry was doing, but Harry was focusing on the trunk to bring it back to its original size, and then he opened it.

" *You forgot me! AGAIN!* " The hiss came before Harry could pull her out of the trunk.

Harry sighed. " *I know, but your Master is here. You can go bug him.* " Harry responded before lifting Nagini out of the trunk and bringing her to Tom, who looked at the snake with barely contained glee.

" *Master !* " Nagini hissed before wiggling out of Harry's grasp and onto Tom's shoulders.

" *Nagini! You're just as beautiful as I remember.* " Tom replied, stroking Nagini's head with fondness. An expression Harry had never expected to see.

Nagini began to talk to Tom, and he listened intently. Harry wasn't paying attention. That was until Nagini suddenly started talking about Barty.

" *-and then I killed the dirty two legs who smelled of too much potion, and then second Master called a black creature who smelled of death, and he took the body away.'* "

Tom looked sharply at Harry, who grimaced. "Ah, I think I forgot to tell you about that, didn't I? Such a shame." He chuckled while rubbing the back of his neck. He quickly took a sip from his wine to gather his thoughts for a moment. Tom smirked at Harry, and Harry didn't know if he liked that. For some reason, it looked dangerous.

"What haven't you told us? We can't talk snake, so what was the snake saying?" Sirius said while looking between Tom and Harry.

"It seems that Potter had a busy two weeks, why don't you tell us all about it, *Harry*?" Tom purred his name, and Harry felt a shiver go over his spine. This was the first time Tom ever had called him Harry. He was actually distracted for a moment before he remembered that he needed to tell them what had happened.

Harry scraped his throat and told them about the encounter with Barty, he saw Tom clench his fist, but the man kept silent.

"-and then I summoned one of the low-level demons from Death's realm so he could get rid of the body." He then looks up at Tom again, who has a thoughtful expression on his face. "That was what she meant with the black creature that smelled like death."

It was silent for a moment, everyone gathering his thoughts.

Then Tom spoke. "I'm glad you're okay." It's a soft confession, something Harry hadn't expected at all. "I remember Barty, from before he went to Azkaban. He didn't seem so crazy back then. He was quite clever—a Ravenclaw. But I think trauma wrecked him. If I think back to the times from last summer where he planned with Voldemort, he was clearly dangerous. In a way that I feel bad that he went to Hogwarts to impersonate a teacher. It leaves a bad taste in my mouth." Tom takes another sip from his wine before he stands.

"If you'll excuse me, I'm going to my room." He doesn't look at Harry again before he leaves the room, and for some reason, it feels like Harry has done something wrong. While he didn't even do anything.

Nagini slithers after him without a care in the world, clearly not picking up on the tension in her Master's shoulders, too happy to be with him at all.

Harry waits until he hears the door to Tom's room close before looking at Sirius and Remus. They are whispering to each other. Their heads bent together. When they notice they have Harry's attention again, they scrape their throats, and Harry sighs at the pained expressions on their faces.

"I didn't want him dead," Harry says, plain and simple. He didn't. He actually wanted to capture the man and deliver him to the Aurors. That's why he used the imperious curse on him so he would stop taking his potion that night—knowing that Fudge would lose his head over it. And probably give him the Dementor's kiss. He doesn't know which scenario would've been better.

"Harry," Remus sighs. "We don't really care that that man is dead. He did some pretty awful things. And since you told us what your plans were, it was clear that we were going to war. Hopefully, it will be less bloody than the last one, but we just hoped to leave you out of some of the more gruesome things that come with war." Harry sees how Sirius is gripping Remus's hand.

And he understands, Salazar, does he. If he could leave them out of it, he would do it too. You will always try to protect the ones you love.

"But, I'm in the middle of this war. I have been since birth. There is nothing you can keep from me." Harry says to them, and they both nod solemnly.

Harry looks back to the way Tom went. And something in him tells him to go after Tom and apologize, but for what he doesn't know.

Maybe expecting the worst and not knowing how to deal with the best.

"It's late, Harry," Sirius says with a sympathetic smile. As if he was reading Harry's mind.

"Get some rest. Tomorrow will be a new day."

Harry nods and tells them goodnight before making his way to his own room. Nothing has really changed, and he's glad for it. He falls onto his bed after getting into his sleeping clothes and stares at the ceiling, painfully aware of Tom's bedroom just on the other side of the hall.

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*Tom's POV;*

Tom stands in the middle of his room, lost for a moment in thought. He doesn't really know what he's feeling, but he thinks it's remorse. Voldemort planned to do awful things to Harry, Voldemort planned with Barty to infiltrate Hogwarts, a death eater that has been with students, children, and Voldemort thought it was fine.

Tom knows he isn't Voldemort. He goddam knows it! But still, a part of him *was* .

He puts Nagini on the bed, she is looking worried at him, but he ignores her, wanting to get into a shower, get warm, and scrub away the feeling of being a monster.

He puts his clothes on the chair next to his bed, folded. He hates it if something is messy, especially if it's his room. He then walks into the ensuite and lets the warm water cascade over his body, feeling the tension drain out of him. He thinks back to this afternoon when Harry came off the Hogwarts express and seemed genuinely surprised to see him.

He had hoped that they could make progress, but Tom knows that he still needs to do a lot before Harry begins to trust him.

Tom punches the wall, feeling frustrated, he had hoped that it would be easier, but as soon as he saw Harry, he knew everything would be difficult.

Why did his eyes have to be that intense green? It isn't freaking fair.

He shuts off the shower and grabs a towel, roughly drying his hair, before drying his body and putting the towel around his waist.

He walks back into his bedroom and freezes when he sees Harry standing there in a faded t-shirt from some band Sirius is a fan of. Harry probably uses it now as a sleeping shirt now he's living in the mansion again. He's also wearing pants with snitches on them, and Tom wants to snort at the ridiculous outfit, but then he catches Harry's eyes. Well, not exactly.

It seems like Harry is a little distracted by Tom's chest. Then suddenly, Tom remembers that he's standing in only a towel with his hair all mussed from the shower. Oh, dear Salazar.

"Can I help you?" It comes out more snidely than he intended, but he thinks he has a right to be snidely a little. The other boy is standing in his room without knocking!

Potter seems to snap out of his daze and holds up his hands in surrender. How many times would have his other self hoped for this moment? A surrendering Harry Potter.

"I'm sorry! I thought you replied when I knocked, but apparently, it was Nagini, who seems to think this is funny!" Harry replies quickly before glaring at the sniggering snake on the bed.

" *Master should've seen his face!* " Nagini hisses while sounding like a leaking tire.

Tom shakes his head. Nagini clearly has been living with Harry for the last couple of weeks. This level of mischievousness was never a problem before. But- maybe she was too afraid to act like this with Voldemort.

" *You're a pain in the ass.* " Harry hisses back at the still laughing snake, making Tom chuckle.

"It's okay, Harry, but I don't think you came to apologize for barging into my room before you barged into my room. So-?" He waves his hand at Harry, trying not to feel embarrassed by the

fact that he's still practically naked. Especially because while he's naked, Harry is there with him!

Bad thoughts invade his brain immediately, and he tries to shut them down forcefully.

Lady Magic explained that he would be more a twenty-year-old boy/man now, more than he even was when he really was twenty, because back then, he only wanted one thing, and that was more power.

He knows now that how he went for it was completely wrong. With Harry's help now, he could truly become powerful, the rightful Dark Lord everybody needs to balance out the Magical world.

Back then, he never did anything about his carnal desires. Maybe that was one of the reasons he was so frustrated back then, but he knows it was more because homosexuality was not something that was normal back then. Hell, people were killed for it back then, sent to camps. He never truly could get aroused by the female gender, so he mostly never did anything with it. Sure he had sex, but it was never personal and mostly just to relieve some stress, but at some point, that didn't work anymore, so he stopped.

Lady Magic explained that everything he might feel or desire was completely normal. He had admitted to feeling like a freak back then, wanting men but never acting on it because it was *not done*.

But to think about Harry in *that* way is something he really shouldn't do.

He has turned Harry's life into one of torture. Maybe it was Voldemort who did all the bad things, but even Voldemort started with Tom. And Tom can't even forgive himself for that. How could he ever expect Harry to do so? Tom is pulled out of his musings by Harry.

"No, you're right. I came to apologize for what I said during dinner. I'm sorry if I upset you." Harry tells him, looking everywhere but Tom.



"I wasn't upset. It was just a lot to take in." Tom lies smoothly. He will not tell Harry about how he hopes that they can come to trust each other or how he wants Harry by his side, just as friends, **of course**, when they fight back for Dark Magic.

Harry nods and rubs the back of his head. Tom thinks he does it when he feels nervous. Tom wants to cross his arms, close himself off, but Lady Magic told him how he would never come further if he keeps closing himself off. And he's a little afraid to let go of his towel.

"Uh- okay, great, still wanted to apologize though, I should probably go now, sorry for intruding again. Night!" Harry blurts out before practically running out of the room.

Tom waves his hand to close the left open door and sinks down on his bed. Nagini slithers up to him and drapes herself over his shoulders.

" *Are you okay, Master?* " She asks, and Tom gives her a little smile.

" *I am. I think it will be fine. He came to apologize, but I'm not even entirely sure if he knows for what.* " Tom muses.

" *He was an ass, second Master can be like that sometimes, but he mostly feels bad about it. Unless the people really deserve it.* "

Tom laughs. " *Why do you call him second Master?* " Tom can't help but ask when he's finished laughing.

Nagini gives him an incredulous look. " *Because he can speak with me.* " As if that's the most obvious answer. And if Tom thinks about it, she has a point.

He falls on the bed with a sigh. Trying to keep the boy with the intense green eyes out of his mind, but for some reason, pants with snitches attached to narrow hips and rock bands across broad shoulders cross his dreams that night.

But he will never tell a soul about that.

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*Harry's POV;*

Harry walked into the Atrium of the Ministry of Magic with an air of self-confidence. He was there to take his first NEWT's. Unfortunately, he can't take everything in one day. That would be mental torture, according to Remus, Sirius, *and* Tom. The three of them ganging up on him is something Harry is still getting used to, but he can't say he particularly cares.

He walks up to the registry and registers his wand so he can go to the testing location.

When he reaches the correct corridor, he sees a familiar face and smiles. "Cedric! Hey!" He says before giving the other teen a hug and a slap on the back.

"Hi Harry, are you here too for your NEWT's?" Cedric asks with a smile.

"Yes, I have Runes, Transfiguration, and Alchemy today," Harry replies.

"Good luck! I just have Charms and Herbology today." Cedric looks like some sort of puppy with the big smile he's wearing, and Harry tries to hide his amusement.

"Good luck to you too," Harry says before his name is called to enter one of the rooms. He waves over his shoulder to Cedric and steps in for his first exam.

He feels a little brain dead after taking his exams, but he knows he needs to do one last thing. He walks towards the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

When he gets there, he sees a small red-headed witch sitting behind the front desk. She is reading something very intensely, and Harry is afraid of interrupting her, but he needs to talk to the head of this department.

She doesn't even look up when he sidles up to the desk. Harry scrapes his throat, but the witch only holds up one finger as to say one moment. But after two minutes, Harry doesn't think she even remembers he's standing there.

"I'm sorr-" He starts but -

"Just a moment." She replies briskly, irritating Harry even more.

Harry stands there for another minute before he has enough. He releases his magic, knowing how much power he excludes, and the witch goes round-eyed before finally lifting her head and looking at him. Her eyes dart from his green eyes to his black as night hair before settling on his scar.

Her posture shifts into professional, and other than her words, she doesn't even seem sorry for ignoring him for five minutes.

"Mister Potter-Peverell, I'm sorry for the wait. How can I help you?" She says while batting her eyelashes a couple of times too much. She even pushes her shoulders back, so her breasts are more prominent, and Harry does his best to suppress an eye roll.

"Hello, I want to speak with Madam Bones, so could you please let her know?" He says in his most pleasant voice, the woman in front of him melts a little by it, but Harry doesn't really care.

Then she looks a little pained. "I'm sorry, but I can't just let you through without an appointment. Madam Bones is a very busy woman."

"Please just let her know that I'm here for her and that it's very important. I know for a fact that she wants this handled as soon as possible." He gives her his most disarming smirk, and the woman seems torn before penning on a piece of paper. She then taps her wand on the paper, and it folds into an origami bird and flies away.

"Do you want to wait here?" She asks, and Harry shrugs. He's fine with waiting here. He doesn't even know what he should do otherwise. She then asks if he wants something to drink, and he agrees. She quickly gets some tea, and while Harry is sipping his tea, she starts to flirt with him.

Harry can be oblivious, but the flirting is obvious. He doesn't really care about it. It's not that the witch isn't attractive. It's that his mind is elsewhere. He still reacts to every question pleasantly, but he doesn't flirt back with the witch.

After talking for about twenty minutes, the office in the back opens, and a square-jawed witch with blonde hair and a monocle walks out—an air of confidence around her.

Harry straightens, knowing that this is Madam Bones.

"Mister Potter-Peverell, what a surprise, well met." She says as soon as she is within touching distance. She holds out her hand for Harry to take, and Harry shakes her steady and firm hand.

"Madam Bones, I presume. Well met." He responds before turning her hand and kissing her above her knuckles. He hears the witch behind the desk sigh but ignores her, afraid that he will blush because of her.

"What can I do for you today?" She says, instantly getting to business. Harry smirks.

"Maybe it's better to talk about this in your office."

She narrows her eyes at him and seems skeptical. "Why? I can't imagine why that would be necessary." Madam Bones asks, and Harry smirks even broader, he wanted to do this as public as possible, and it seems like he's getting his wish.

"Well, if you insist." He tells her before drawing a miniature trunk from the inside of his robes. He gestures for Madam Bones to tap the trunk to enlarge it so he won't have to draw his wand.

She raises an eyebrow in question but does as told.

"Do you mind if I unlock it, Madam Bones?" Harry is talking a little louder now, knowing he has spectators. A lot of curious heads are poking out of different places.

"Go ahead." She sounds a little dubious, but Harry just smiles and waves his hand as a display of power before the trunk opens.

A rat is squeaking inside, and Madam Bones looks disgusted, and the receptionist shrieks.

"What is the meaning of this Potter-Peverell?" Madam Bones demands, and Harry raises his hands. "Please let me explain."

He gets a small nod from Madam Bones, and he starts speaking. "Fourteen years ago, my parents were betrayed and killed. Everybody thought my godfather Sirius Black was responsible. But he wasn't the secret-keeper."

Madam Bones is frowning, and the receptionist is gaping. Other Aurors are gathering around them, wanting to see what is happening.

"What are you talking about? He confessed-" Madam Bones starts, but Harry interrupts her.

"Did he? Did he even receive a trial?" Harry asks, and Madam Bones frowns.

"I wasn't in office back then, so I don't know, but I assume-"

"You assume? Aren't there records for these things?" Harry demands, and Madam Bones seems irritated from being interrupted.

"Of course, there are-" She turns to the gaping receptionist. "Lydia, please dig up the records for the trial of Sirius Orion Black."

The receptionist, Lydia, immediately walks to the wall where it seems like there is some kind of vault door. She then draws her wand and murmurs a spell Harry can't hear. It doesn't take long before the door opens and a single file flies into her hands. She closes the door again before turning back to her desk. She then hands the file to Madam Bones, who takes it with a frown. She immediately opens up the file, and her face goes white as a sheet.

Madam Bones closes the file again.

"He-he hasn't gotten a trial." She says gasps sound all around the Aurors, and Lydia joins them.

"Who cares! He betrayed them! He was a Death Eater!" Someone in the back yells, making Harry scowl.

"He deserved everything he got!" Another voice yells, but Harry can't pinpoint the men the voices came from.

"No, he didn't. Because like I just said, Sirius wasn't the secret-keeper." Harry then pulls out an envelope from his robe and hands it to Madam Bones.

"This is a letter from my mother to me for when I became of age. Because of my stint in Death's realm, I am of age earlier than expected and only just received the letter from

Gringotts."

That isn't entirely true, but Harry thinks this lie is necessary. It is a letter from Lily Potter, true, and it describes the secret-keeper, but Harry had it from the moment he turned seventeen in Death's realm because Death thought he would like it.

"What's in the letter?" Madam Bones asks before opening the letter, she holds it gingerly, and Harry is glad for it.

"The real identity of the secret-keeper," Harry says, and Madam Bones quickly reads through the letter. She gasps when she finally gets to the name.

"This isn't possible! He died because Black killed him!" She says with wide eyes.

Harry shakes his head.

"Sirius didn't kill him, tell me Madam Bones, what did they find of Peter Pettigrew?"

"A finger, only his finger, everybody assumed because the explosion started with him." She replies instantly.

Harry nods. "But isn't it curious that twelve muggles also died but are all whole, nobody missing anything from the blast, while nothing was left from Peter?" Harry says with narrowed eyes, hoping that Madam Bones will work with him and believing that he's telling the truth.

Amelia Bones frowns, and Harry sees the wheels turning in her head.

"That is curious." She finally replies, and Harry sighs in relief.

"And could you tell me, Madam Bones, if this rat is missing a toe on his right paw?"

Madam Bones' sharp eyes find Harry's, and he indicates his head to the still squeaking rat. He hears voices of denial behind him, but he ignores them.

Madam Bones peaks into the trunk, and her eyes grow wide again when she sees that the rat is indeed missing a toe on the right paw. The rat starts squeaking even more, but Harry doesn't mind. It's almost at an end.

"You're telling me that this *rat* is Peter Pettigrew?" Madam Bones demands, and Harry nods.

"Yes. He is an illegal animagus, just like my dad was, and Sirius Black is." Harry replied while carefully looking at how Bones would react.

Madam Bones turns sharply to Harry again. "Sirius Black is an animagus? Is that the reason we still haven't found him, and you talk about him as if you know him, are you hiding an escaped convict Harry James Potter-Peverell?" She asked sternly.

"Are you really focusing on that fact, or are you going to see for yourself that Peter Pettigrew is, in fact, alive-" Harry asks, irritated. He understands why she asks, but really?!

Madam Bones seems to struggle with herself for a moment before nodding. She calls two Aurors to stand guard on both sides of the trunk.

"Wands ready!" Madam Bones exclaims, and Harry takes a step back. Lydia, the receptionist, sidles up next to him, and Harry leans to the other way when she tries to get closer to him.

The Aurors take a fighting stance, and then Madam Bones casts the spell to reveal the person out of their Animagus form. The instant she utters the spell, the rat deforms and squeaks in pain until a panting and frightened Peter Pettigrew is in their midst.



For a moment, everybody freezes, then chaos erupts.

Madam Bones and the two Aurors who stood guard immediately conjure ropes to bind Pettigrew. He resembles more a mummy than a wizard after just a minute. And Harry holds in his snort.

Lydia jumped a foot in the air before wrapping almost her whole body around Harry's right arm. He is afraid that the circulation is cut off for a moment, but he only rolls her eyes. If she feels safer with him, it's okay, but when she starts rubbing his bicep, he slowly tries to pull his arm away.

Madam Bones is reading Peter his rights, and the man is only gaping at her. Harry knows for sure that it's only good that they fixed his memory, so he won't remember anything about Tom.

Then she asks for a trial immediately, the other Aurors and, thank Godric, Lydia, go to work, calling the whole Wizengamot for the trial, and Harry tries to hide his glee.

Just when Madam Bones is ready to march to the trial, Harry interrupts her. It was clear she had forgotten him in the mess.

"Madam Bones, I know I'm not an official member of the Wizengamot just yet-" He will be later this summer, but not just yet. "-but he betrayed my parents. Is-is it possible to come with you?" Harry puts on his biggest eyes, hoping that the stern woman will let him. She seems to scrutinize him before nodding.

"Of course, Lord Potter-Peverell, you have the most right to be there."

Harry barely holds in a fist pump and only rightens his robes, trying to look serious, before striding after Madam Bones to the trial room.

This is going to be fun!

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading another chapter!

Note: I know Nagini traveled freaking fast to Hogwarts, and it probably shouldn't be possible, but you know. \*shrugs\* She's magic. Everything is fucking magic, so you should probably just let me. \*whips hair over shoulder\*

I hope you liked it!

xxMBlack93

# Part eight

## Chapter Notes

Hi all!!

I hope you all had a good Christmas!!

Enjoy the new chapter!

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

### *Harry's POV;*

Harry had never expected that so many old men (and a couple of women) could gather this quickly. It had just been fifteen minutes, and while Harry was sitting there looking like the perfect little Potter heir, he had seen the Wizengamot fill up relatively fast.

He was watching the old men he knew were Death Eaters extra closely, not that they would know that he was watching them for that reason. But still, he saw them glancing at him multiple times. He wished that Lady Magic and Death were with him. They had become his support system the last couple of years. Of course, Sirius and Remus and even Tom were doing their best, but Harry wasn't going to forget his adopted father and 'aunt'.

He looked around the room and couldn't wait to introduce Tom to the Wizengamot when they both would take their seats. He quickly suppressed a grin at the thought.

Almost every seat in the chamber was taken, all of them in dark or black Wizengamot robes. Only one person stood out like a sore thumb. Harry didn't know who she was, but the toadlike woman was dressed completely in pink and wore a shit-eating grin while tittering here and there. She was sitting very closely next to Fudge, and Harry immediately got a bad feeling about the witch. He was going to ask Sirius, Remus, and Tom if they knew the witch.

Then Dumbledore walked in, his hands behind his back and a grandfatherly smile on his features. He hadn't seen Harry just yet, but that would change soon enough. He took place on

the dais in the center of it all. Correction, now two members stood out like a sore thumb in the middle of all the dark robes. Dumbledore was wearing something like a yellow with blue striped monstrosity. Tom would probably have a heart attack with just looking at him. The thought of Tom brought a smile to Harry's face. When he caught himself smiling, he quickly scraped his throat and frowned.

Harry didn't know what was happening, but the last couple of weeks have been - *pleasant* - with Tom also in the house. He didn't know what he had expected, but bantering, learning from Tom, and reading together had not been it.

Tom was still walking a little on eggshells around him, but Harry was getting to know him better and better, the dry wit and the sarcasm were something Harry could admire, and the relationship Tom had with Remus and Sirius was something Harry knew came from far but would be strong. He hoped he could have the same with Tom at some point. But flashes of a half-naked Tom wandered through his head more often than not, and the sense of heat he got from it was something that made him feel guilty.

He couldn't get together with Tom. Not ever. Not because Tom was, in fact, Voldemort, only the not-crazy version of him. But because Tom was brilliant. Tom was beautiful, smart, cunning, powerful, and everything Harry *wanted* .

But Tom could never want Harry like that.

Harry was powerful, loyal, mischievous, and mediocre at best. Tom wouldn't want that. Tom needs someone that complements him, that can push back and pull when he needs it.

Harry sighs and rubs the bridge of his nose, he has had this train of thought for the last two weeks, and it's getting more annoying every time.

He focuses back on the room and sees that the trial is about to start.

When he looks at Dumbledore, he sees that the man has finally seen Harry. Harry just winks at him before focusing on the chair that is coming up from the ground. A panicked Wormtail

is pulling on his bonds but is not making any progress. When he finally notices he has an audience, he squeaks in fear.

Multiple people look in disgust at Wormtail, but Harry also notices the ones that are looking in fear at him. Wizards that Harry knows are Death Eaters. *Brilliant* .

"I'm innocent! I haven't done anything!" Peter starts yelling, and Harry rolls his eyes.

The chamber door opens again, and Madam Bones walks in with two other Aurors. She's holding a small vial of Veritaserum, and Harry schools his features in a neutral look. Knowing that if he looks too eager or gleeful, Dumbledore will get suspicious. Even if Harry knows for sure that he will be suspicious of Harry's behavior nonetheless.

Madam Bones takes the stand next to Dumbledore and nods at Fudge, who is looking more purple in the face than a regular wizard. Fudge scrapes his throat before standing and slamming a hammer a couple of times.

"Silence! Silence! We are here today because new evidence has come to light in addition to the Potter case of 31 October 1981. Madam Bones, if you please?" Fudge sounds like he would rather be anywhere else.

Madam Bones nods and stands again.

"Today, Peter Pettigrew, presumed dead, was delivered to us. Harry James Potter - Peverell has brought Peter Pettigrew to us in his animagus form. Pettigrew's animagus form is that of a rat. Mister Potter - Peverell brought Peter to us after he had received a letter from Gringotts originating from his mother, Lily Potter nee Evans. This letter is in our evidence. In this letter, she describes the person they asked to be their secret keeper for the fidelius spell. According to her letter, this person is Peter Pettigrew instead of Sirius Black." Madam Bones states in a regal voice.

Multiple murmurs are heard through the chamber, and almost every member of the Wizengamot is looking at Harry with wariness. Harry doesn't really care. He's here to see Wormtail get the trial he deserved. **No** , the punishment he deserves. Something in Harry

tells him that he should kill Wormtail, but he pushes it down. Violence and revenge are not something he should indulge in if he wants to make progress in the wizarding world.

Silence returns when Madam Bones holds up her hands.

"We are here today to question Peter Pettigrew and trial him for the betrayal of the Potter family, the killing of twelve muggles, and for conspiring with You-know-who."

The murmurs are getting louder again, and Harry suppresses a yawn. This is still a little boring. He hopes something is going to happen soon.

"Please administer the Veritaserum for questioning." Madam Bones orders, and Harry can't help but smile a little. It's a vindictive little smile, and he quickly schools it. Hoping nobody saw it.

"No! No! I refuse!" Wormtail shrieks, but the two Aurors are having none of it. They immobilize him and open up his mouth before dropping three drops of Veritaserum in it. They force his mouth closed again and make sure he swallows.

He gets a distant stare in his eyes and the Aurors nod at Madam Bones.

"What is your name?"

"Peter Pettigrew."

"Please note that under Veritaserum, the suspect has claimed to be someone we all thought was dead for fourteen years." She states regally.

Harry knows why she states this fact extra after already telling the Wizengamot. This is so nobody can deny that this isn't Peter. Nobody can claim that this is some imposter. Then Madam Bones starts her questioning.

"Are you a Death Eater?"

"Yes."

"Were you the secret keeper of the Potters?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell You-know-who of their location, causing their death?"

"Yes."

There are no emotions from Peter while he states this, but outrage is heard through the Wizengamot. Harry looks stoically at Peter. He knew this already, of course. Peter is the reason he didn't get a childhood with two loving parents and with his Godfather.

Even if Voldemort killed them, it started with Peter. Without Peter, nobody would've known where they were hiding. And without Snape, Voldemort wouldn't have gone after Harry at *all*.

"Why did you do this!? They were your friends!" Some woman cries out in the stands. Harry doesn't know her, but interfering with a questioning is never a smart thing to do.

"I only serve my master and Lord," Peter responds in a robotic voice. Fudge slams the hammer. "Silence! The next one to interrupt will be suspended from this hearing!"

When silence is back in the chamber again, Madam Bones asks her next question. The question Harry has been waiting for.

"Was Sirius Orion Black involved with your plans?"

"No."

"Was Sirius Orion Black a Death Eater?"

"No."

"Did you kill twelve muggles on 31 October 1981?"

"Yes."

"Why did you do that?"

"Because every muggle deserves to die."

Scoffing and gasps are heard through most of the light and grey sections of the Wizengamot. Some of the dark section is looking in disgust at Wormtail, but some just look on stoically.

"Did you use Sirius Orion Black for your escape? And if your answer is yes, what did you do?"

"Yes. I hit him with a cheering charm so he would laugh and look manic. I screamed at him that he had betrayed the Potters, then I blew up a part of the street, killing twelve Muggles. Then I cut off my finger before fleeing into the sewer."



It's again silent in the chamber, and Harry is watching a couple of people's reactions to this story. He sees Lucius Malfoy grimace at the story, and Augusta Longbottom seems ready to tear him apart.

Dumbledore is frowning at Peter, and Harry can't decide why that is. Maybe it's just to keep appearances, something that is entirely possible, of course.

"Where have you gone into hiding after You-know-who died?"

"I turned into my rat animagus and went into hiding as a pet with a family."

"Which family?" Madam Bones asks with a frown.

"The Weasley's."

Harry grimaces at this. He knows that Percy had found 'Scabbers' almost directly after the events of Halloween 1981, but none of the Weasley's had known what happened with 'Scabbers' after last year. Dumbledore had forbidden Harry, Hermione, and Ron to ever talk about it after they had rescued Sirius.

"Can you describe how your life was as a pet?" Madam Bones asks. Harry doesn't know why she is asking this until Peter starts talking.

"I first was Percy Weasley's pet rat. He took me with him to Hogwarts. After a couple of years, I went to Ron Weasley, they fed me, and they let me sleep without a cage."

"Where did you sleep?" Madam Bones asks, narrowing her eyes at Peter, and Peter answers, not registering the fact that he is digging an even bigger hole for himself.

"In their beds with them."

Now everyone in the chamber exclaims in disgust and outrage.

"You slept with underage boys in their beds in your animagus form? You slept in a dorm with multiple other underage boys where you could watch them undress and sleep?" The tone of voice is enough to tell Harry exactly what Madam Bones thinks of this.

"Yes, and yes."

Harry is suddenly glad that he always was wary in the Gryffindor dorms with undressing. He only undressed when he was in the bathroom, not wanting anyone to see his underfed body. He clenches his jaw when he sees Madam Bones and multiple others look at him with pity. Augusta Longbottom is almost foaming at the mouth. Harry can't blame her. Neville has shared a bedroom with Ron since the first day.

"Did you ever get -" This is the first time Madam Bones looks unsure. She glances again at Harry before barreling through. "-excited, with seeing these boys undress."

"Yes," Wormtail answers, and this is too much for Augusta Longbottom. Harry swallows back bile. But he knows he turns a little green around the gills. Augusta Longbottom jumps up and raises her wand at Wormtail. "You sick waste of space of a man! *No*, you don't deserve to be called a man! RAT! You deserve death!" She shrieks. The formidable lady gone from her features, in her place standing a woman who would go through hell for her loved ones, and everyone would step aside to get out of her way in fear of her wrath.

Multiple people 'attempt' to hold her back, but it's clear that most of the people agree wholeheartedly with her. So Harry stands and immobilizes her with just a flick of his hand. The whole Wizengamot is staring in shock at Harry from the wandless and wordless magic he easily performs. Harry doesn't look at Dumbledore, knowing that Dumbledore knows now that Harry's bindings are broken. Mh, he still needs to talk to Death about that.

"My sincere apologies, Madam Longbottom. I understand completely why you would want this *rat* dead. But let me remind you that I was one of the boys that stayed in that room together with this **rat**. Let me remind you that it were my parents who died because of his betrayal. And I want to see this man tossed into Azkaban without the possibility to get out. I

want to see my Godfather free. So please, let us sit again and let Madam Bones finish her questioning." Harry states with authority in his voice.

He cancels the spell that held her and sits again before crossing his left ankle on his right knee. The whole room is stunned from what happened, and Harry is a little afraid that he blew any chance of an alliance, but then Augusta Longbottom speaks again after watching him like a hawk.

"It's me that should apologize Lord Potter - Peverell. I also apologize to you, Madam Bones. I would like to remain for the trial if you're alright with that."

Madam Bones just nods before turning questioning eyes to Harry, who only waves at her to continue.

"Well, let us rest that line of questioning for now. Peter Pettigrew. Can you tell us how Harry James Potter - Peverell captured you?"

Harry bites his lip a bit. He knows that Snape and Tom did perfect work with Peter's memories, but he's still a little anxious about this.

"Last year, I escaped from Hogwarts after Sirius Black had found me at Hogwarts. Harry Potter, Ron Weasley, Hermione Granger, and Remus Lupin had found out that I was still alive. But it was a full moon, and Remus Lupin is a werewolf. I escaped from them in the middle of the chaos, and the Auror's took Sirius back into custody. I don't know what happened, but I heard that Sirius escaped again, and I knew he was coming for me. I was in London when Sirius caught up to me. I escaped him again, only to walk straight into the trap they had set for me. Harry captured me and took me here."

Madam Bones nods, and everybody seems to buy this. Only Dumbledore is looking with suspicion at Harry. Harry does his best to ignore the old goat as much as possible.

"I have no further questions at this moment. Please supply him with the antidote," The Auror's do as asked while Madam Bones turns to Harry. He had expected this already, of course, and he's ready.

"Mister Potter - Peverell, can I ask for your side of the story?"

"Of course, Madam Bones." He stands and walks down. He waves his hand in a display of power, and a comfy chair erupts in the middle of the room. He ignores the rushed whispers from the Wizengamot. He wants to see how powerful he is at just seventeen.

He has his back towards Wormtail, but he's only sobbing right now and not a threat at all. One of the Auror's even silenced him so nobody would be disturbed by his sobbing.

Harry takes a seat and looks up at Madam Bones so she can start her questioning.

"Mister Potter - Peve-"

"Wait! Doesn't the lad need to get Veritaserum?" Fudge demands. Multiple people are looking around a little dubious.

But then another voice speaks up. "You're quite right Cornelius, we shouldn't just assume the boy will speak the truth." The pink witch that looks like a toad says with a smug smile. Harry feels a little irked at being called a boy and a possible liar, but this couldn't have gone better in his book.

Harry bites his lip again, afraid that a grin will break out on his face.

Madam Bones frowns. "He isn't a suspect. Does anyone else demand this?" She asks the Wizengamot, and a couple of Death Eaters, the pink lady toad, and Fudge raise their hands.

"I don't mind, Madam Bones. If everyone believes my story with Veritaserum, I'll gladly take it." Harry states smoothly.

Dumbledore grimaces, knowing he will be fucked after this. Harry barely contains his delight.

"Please administer Veritaserum to Mister Potter - Peverell." Madam Bones asks the Auror's with a sigh.

Harry opens his mouth when asked and feels three drops land on his tongue. It tastes a little bitter, but he ignores it and swallows.

He feels the potion take, but he knows that the potion he took earlier will cancel this potion. For every look of it, it seems like Harry is under the influence of Veritaserum, but he still can lie. Tom is an absolute genius when it comes to potions, even more so than Snape is.

"What is your name?" Madam Bones starts with.

"Harry James Potter - Peverell - Black," He answers honestly, he didn't officially take the Black name, but he still is part Black, the potion still gives him the urge to speak the truth, but he can bend it easily in his head.

More whispers sound around the room, but nobody yells at him.

"Can you tell us what happened the night Peter Pettigrew escaped from Hogwarts?" Madam Bones asks while looking around the room in irritation because of the noise.

"My friend Ron Weasley had just found his rat again after losing him for a couple of months. We were at the cabin of our friend Hagrid when Dumbledore came down with the Minister and an executioner to behead a Hippogriff. We didn't want to be found, so we ran outside. There we were attacked by a big black dog. The dog bit my friend Ron Weasley on the leg and dragged him to a hidden place between the roots of the Whomping Willow."

Harry sees multiple people wince when he tells them about the Whomping Willow, which is pretty funny.

"After some time, we, me and my other friend Hermione, got into the hidden place only to find a tunnel. We followed it, determined to free our friend. We ended up in the Shrieking Shack. There we found Ron on the bed with a broken leg and still holding on to his rat 'Scabbers.' We then found out about Sirius trying to capture Peter so he could be put to justice. We didn't believe him at first until Remus Lupin found us. Sirius told us what really happened, and together with Remus Lupin, they performed the spell to force an Animagus into his human form. Peter begged me to let him go, but I was determined to get him to the Auror's."

He leaves the bit about Snape out of the whole story, and with a glance at Dumbledore, he sees that he has noticed it.

"When we were on our way back to the castle, the full moon came out, and Remus Lupin hadn't had his Wolfsbane potion. Sirius distracted him, but in the scuffle, Peter escaped."

"We all know that Sirius Black was captured that night, sentenced to the Dementor's kiss with no escape from the room we put him in, but- he still escaped. Can you tell us how?" Madam Bones' eyes are hard as stone, but something in them tells Harry that he doesn't have to worry about the truth.

Harry tries to look stoic, knowing he needs to act like he's still under the Veritaserum, even if he wants to look a little sheepish.

"Hermione and I used a Time-Turner after Albus Dumbledore told us it would save Sirius and maybe someone else. We went back in time, freed the Hippogriff that would be sentenced to death, and used him to free Sirius from the tower he was put in."

Gasps are sound around the room, and Harry thinks he has put on a great show for the whole Wizengamot. He doesn't dare to glance at Dumbledore, knowing that the man will be fuming.

Madam Bones is silent for a moment, clearly conflicted like earlier today. Harry broke laws by helping Sirius escape, but he did it to save an innocent man. And if Harry can read the

look on her face right, she's also conflicted to not demand immediately from Dumbledore what the hell is happening at Hogwarts.

"Right. And why didn't you, your friends, or Remus Lupin tell us the truth?" Madam Bones grits out through her teeth. Harry wants to do a little dance but remains stoic.

"We tried, but Minister Fudge didn't believe us. We were just children, according to him. My potion professor also told Fudge that we were delusional." He doesn't even need to say Snape's name, but anyone still knows who he's talking about. And according to the frowns he sees on multiple faces, it's clear that they have heard from their children or even grandchildren what kind of teacher Snape is. Ah, Snape doesn't like teaching anyway. He already told Harry that he would rather be away from Hogwarts but that Dumbledore asks him to stay from some kind of old obligation to him every year.

A lot of people are glaring at Fudge, who is again purple in the face, this time with rage aimed at Harry. The pink toad lady also looks like she wants to demand vengeance against Harry. *Huh*, weird reaction, or the witch is incredibly loyal, or too stupid to see that she should abandon a sinking ship.

"And Remus Lupin?" Madam Bones asks again, trying to silence the whispers that had started yet again.

"He's a werewolf. Unfortunately, nobody would believe him, and everybody would judge him and say that he endangered multiple children while teaching at Hogwarts, but if you ask your children or grandchildren, you will hear that he was the best Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher there has been in the last years."

Making a statement while under the influence of Veritaserum is a little extra, but Harry can't help it.

"How did you capture Peter Pettigrew?" She asks, and Harry is impressed by how professional she's staying in all of this.

"Sirius had found him in London and asked me through a letter for help. I went to meet him last week, and while he chased Peter into a tunnel, I waited on the other end. I stunned the rat as soon as I saw him and put him in the trunk I brought earlier today to Madam Bones."

Madam Bones nods and asks the Auror's to give Harry the antidote. He shakes his head to get rid of the feeling of the potion before looking back at Madam Bones.

"Will I get in trouble for my help with Sirius?" He asks with wide innocent eyes. He knows some of the people in attendance wouldn't believe shit of the innocent act, but most will.

Protests from the whole Wizengamot erupt from the stands, and Madam Bones shakes her head. If Harry isn't mistaken, she seems a little amused and even impressed, but she tries to remain stoic. Fudge seems ready to blow. Dumbledore is still silent and watching Harry. His eyes are boring into the side of his head, but Harry ignores it.

He has named Dumbledore in the story, and he didn't lie, but this is probably not going to go over well with anyone else.

"Please get ready for a vote." Madam Bones asks the Wizengamot while Harry takes his former place in the stands.

"Everybody who thinks Peter Pettigrew is guilty of being a Death Eater, a murderer of twelve people, an accomplice of the murder on James Potter and Lily Potter nee Evans, please light your wands."

Every wand in the room lights up, even the Death Eaters in the Dark section. Harry grins and can't wait to show Remus, Sirius, and Tom the memory of this.

"Peter Pettigrew, we hereby sentence you to life in Azkaban, get him out of here." She demands, and the Auror's immediately hoist him up. Peter is yelling and blubbering all over his robes, but he's still silenced, so it's only a disgusting sight. Something in Harry wanted that they would administer the kiss to Peter, but he also wanted Peter to have the same treatment as Sirius had been through for 12 years.



"I hereby close this tri-" Madam Bones starts before looking at Harry when he interrupts her.

"Hold on! What about Sirius?" Harry blurts out. He's so fucking close, no way that Sirius doesn't deserve his freedom and retributions.

Madam Bones seems annoyed for a moment but nods. "My apologies Lord Potter - Peverell - Black, Sirius Black will be exonerated and repaid 120.000 galleons for his undeserved stay in Azkaban. Could you please let him know this?" Madam Bones asks with a raised eyebrow, definitely knowing Harry is still in contact with the man.

Harry beams and nods. "Of course, thank you, Madam." He bows to her as is polite according to wizarding customs and then leaves the chamber as quickly as possible, noticing how Dumbledore made a beeline towards him and wanting to evade him no matter what.

As soon as he's back in the Atrium, he sees Rita Skeeter walking to him with a photographer on her heels.

"Mister Potter - Peverell, what a coincidence, what are you doing at the Ministry?" She simpers with a smirk.

Harry rolls his eyes. As if he hadn't sent a message to her as soon as he made his way to the Wizengamot.

"I had to take a couple of my NEWT's before I witnessed a trial." He replies honestly.

"Oh! Which trial?" She asks with a twinkle in her eyes. She can practically smell the scoop. Well, this was the reason Harry 'hired' her.

"The trial of Peter Pettigrew," Harry responds, the gasp she lets out, and the greedy look isn't played. Harry tells her the whole story.

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***Extra POV;***

Cornelius Fudge isn't a man that angers quickly, but the last 24 hours have made it clear that rage isn't a stranger within his emotions. He storms into his office after batting away the vultures of the press for the thousand time that day.

Inside his office, a tense feeling is all around, which isn't strange when you have Dolores Umbridge and Albus Dumbledore together in a room. That these two hate each other is clear, or at least, it's clear that Dolores hates Albus. But it's also clear that Albus doesn't think that Dolores is any threat to him.

The man is sitting in a chair, slowly reading a magazine, while Dolores is fuming in a corner.

As soon as the door is closed behind him, he locks it. "This is terrible! Terrible Albus! Everybody knows what happened with the trial yesterday! Everybody knows how Sirius has been in Azkaban for 12 years while innocent! It's all thanks to that little Potter brat!" He fumes.

"I know Cornelius." Albus answers calmly, how the man is still calm is lost on Cornelius.

"You know? You know?! I'm getting howlers every minute! I wasn't even Minister back then! But because I'm now, I still am seen as responsible! And how dare you! You made it happen that the Potter brat broke out his Godfather last year!" Cornelius rubs a hand over his mouth after feeling the spit fleeing out of his mouth.

"That is the risk of the job, unfortunately," Albus replies with a stoic look, making Cornelius fume. Ignoring the question about his influence on Black's second escape at Hogwarts.

"You can't speak like that to the Minister!" Comes a screech from the corner. Cornelius wants to ask her to shut her trap, but he knows it is futile.

"I can, and I will. It's the reason why I declined the position multiple times." Dumbledore declares as if it's just easy like that.

Cornelius grits his teeth and sits down heavily.

"You aren't getting out of this unscathed either, Albus. You had two unregistered Animagus's on school grounds without you knowing of it. You even helped an escaped convict escape again! People are talking that you are clearly not on top of your game anymore."

Cornelius feels a little flare of vindictive glee to be the reason behind the scowl on Dumbledore's face.

"I know." The older wizard grumbles.

"So? What are we going to do?" Cornelius finally asks after ten minutes of silence.

"We?" Albus asks with an arched eyebrow.

"Yes! We! If I'm going down, I'm taking you with me, and you will probably do the same!" He snarls in response, making Albus nod.

"You're correct. We need something, so people will think that we are working on this. Working on making Wizarding Britain better."

It's like a light has gone off behind Dumbledore's eyes after a moment, and Cornelius demands answers.

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***Harry's POV;***

"You're dragging your right foot!"

"I'm not dragging anything!"

"You are, especially with that big head of yours."

Harry groans but can't help the little smile that's playing on his lips. He's dueling with Tom for training, and it's *fun* . Not something he ever expected.

Tom is already taking his stance again while smirking cockily at Harry.

"Don't pull that face. You seem way too smug." Harry grumbles before also taking his stance.

"Uh, what was that? You sound way too fond to be really irritated. Should I comment on that?" Tom asks, sounding innocent, like the infuriating little shit he is.

"As if you could keep your running commentary to yourself," Harry replies before firing the first spell at Tom. Tom sidesteps flawlessly, and Harry hates him a little for it.

They go at it for a while before their wands lock up together **again** .

"Arggh! In this tempo, I will never win from you." Harry whines when he breaks the spell that has caused the merge of spells. Tom is panting and walks to him to give him a hand. Harry had stumbled after their wands broke out of the prior incantatum. The brother wands clearly don't want to battle each other, so each time they are used at the same time they lock up.

Harry grasps the offered hand, and Tom pulls him from the floor. Harry is pleased to see that Tom is sweating and out of breath too.

He follows a drop of sweat that rolls from behind Tom's ear to the collarbone of his collarbone when he suddenly realizes that he's still holding Tom's hand. He quickly lets it go and fake coughs. Tom seems distracted too by something, Harry follows his eyes down and sees that his collar is showing, but surely Tom won't be distracted by Harry? Tom scrapes his throat and shakes his head, Harry doesn't see what distracted him, but Tom does blush.

"Are you nervous for tomorrow?" Harry asks Tom, but Tom shakes his head with a smile.

"No, we are prepared. We will wipe the floor with every single member in the Wizengamot." The way Tom bites his lip as if he holds back a smile makes Harry's heart skip a beat.

Tomorrow is the first time Harry will enter the Wizengamot as a member, but he won't be alone. Sirius will be with him, and so will Tom. They are finally going to announce Tom to the wizarding world. He already has all the documents from Gringotts. They only need to introduce him to the Wizengamot.

Because it's Harry's first time, he can't do it, but Sirius can. He only has been to one meeting and stuck to the outer circles. Not ready to be in the spotlight yet, but that will change tomorrow too.

"Well, you're right, when you're right," Harry replies with a smile.

Tom scoffs.

"I'm always right."

"No, you're not," Harry answers with a chuckle, enjoying the banter between them. Tom makes an affronted noise.

"When wasn't I right?" He asks while they start walking out of the dueling chamber. He sounds so offended that Harry wants to coo at him.

"Oh, I don't know, maybe last week, when you were sure that Fudge would step down after all the articles."

Tom frowns at that. "I still don't know why he didn't. Almost all of Wizarding Britain is demanding it after the Black fiasco."

Rita had done an amazing job with the article about Peter's trial and Sirius's exoneration. Fudge was trying to do damage control, but not many people believed him or his sincerity.

Sirius was finally again a free man. The first time he went out, he was flocked by wizards and witches telling him how sorry they were for always accusing him. And by the press, of course. He even made it to the cover of Witch Weekly, much to his own glee and to Remus's chagrin. Their relationship wasn't public, and he had been announced as an eligible *handsome* bachelor of all things.

Sirius thankfully exclaimed that there was no one else but Remus for him when he read it (Tom and Harry quickly fled the dining room after that declaration), but he did gloat a little about the fact that witches and wizards called him the ultimate handsome bad boy with a soft heart.

Harry shrugs. "Oh! And that discussion you had with Hermione two days ago, I have no idea on what it was, but Hermione was right in the end." Harry points out with a beaming grin, enjoying Tom's scowl.

"Hermione is the brightest witch of her age. I have no shame of losing a discussion to her." Tom replies through gritted teeth. Clearly embarrassed to have lost a discussion to Hermione.

"Ah, that's why you looked like someone killed your puppy." Harry teases, and Tom rolls his eyes. They have made their way to the kitchens both of them are hungry for a snack.

The first meeting between Tom and Hermione was stilted and awkward until they got into a discussion about magical laws. Hermione is the only one outside of Sirius, Remus, and Snape who really knows who Tom is. So Harry had been worried about their meeting a lot.

But Tom was pleasantly surprised by Hermione's intelligence, and they are slowly becoming something like friends. Also, something Harry would've never expected. He also feared it with his life.

They were both extremely brilliant in their own way. They could take over the world if they wanted, but thankfully, Tom hadn't had those urges anymore, and Hermione was glad to just better the world she was in.

"I do not look like someone killed my puppy. Besides, Sirius doesn't like it to be called puppy," Tom responded with a smirk the moment Sirius walked through the door. Clearly wanting to be overheard to tease Sirius.

"I heard that! I'm not a puppy. Harry is the pup of the family." Sirius responded seriously. Making Tom snort without a hint of elegance he normally possessed.

"Hey! Leave me out of this." Harry grumbles, but he's grinning on the inside. It took a long time for him to feel like this, this unbothered and genuinely happy.

Thanks to Lord Death and Lady Magic he was already on his way to feel better, but with Sirius, Remus, and Tom, everything falls more into place.

"I will not. You're my Godson, and I reserve the right to use you at my advantage when in an argument with this tosser." Sirius replies before ducking away from the hex Tom throws his way.

"Dammit, I should stop training you if you are expecting my hexes." Tom sniffs. Making Harry snort out a laugh when Sirius preens at the compliment.

Harry leaves the kitchen when Tom and Sirius start talking about the next day with the Wizengamot. He has been over the plan so many times that he can't hear it anymore, so he goes to the ritual room so he can summon Death and talk to him.

It doesn't take long for Death to appear, and Harry quickly hugs his adopted father.

"What can I do for you, child?" Death asks him as soon as Harry releases him from his grip.

"I wanted to talk to you about what I found out at Gringotts, I know it's been a while, but there was so much going on that I didn't think to ask you about it sooner." Harry rambles while taking a seat with Death joining him. Dobby appears with some tea and biscuits before popping away again.

"What is on your mind?" Death asks while taking his cup of tea.

"Well, according to the inheritance test at Gringotts, my magical core was bound, as was my ability to use wandless and wordless magic. It also said that it was broken in Death's realm, but you never told me anything about it." Harry tries not to sound like he is accusing Death, but he doesn't really succeed.

Death grimaces. "I didn't tell you because I didn't want to hurt you anymore. Your trust was already on a slippery slope, and you were acting out because your world view was shifting, which was understandable-" Death adds when he sees that Harry wants to apologize like he already tried a couple of hundred times. "-it was understandable then, and it is now, everything changed for you, Harry. You suddenly had someone who wanted to help you, and train you, and be there for you, only to have them tell you that everything you thought in the world was wrong. You needed to accept heavy stuff that most people don't have to deal with in their whole lives, and you were still young. Hell, you are still young." Death says with a teasing push against Harry's shoulder. Making Harry smile a little.



"But who bound my core? And how much was bound? Did my magic suffer because of that?" Harry asks, not wanting to go into a deep discussion about his feelings.

"I think you already know who bound your core and abilities. And do you really think Lady would have trained you if your magic was not at its top?" Death hedges, and Harry grimaces but nods. Magic was sacred to Lady, which isn't strange, of course. He knows his magic is safe as long as he will live with Lady watching over him.

"Dumbledore." He only replies, and Death nods.

"If Dumbledore was already punished enough, I would gladly take him to my realm, but alas, it's not his time yet." Death sighs like it's really a hardship not to kill Dumbledore and Harry chuckles at Death's antics.

Harry quickly sobers again. "So why did he bound my core?" Harry questions again.

"For the same reason, he left you at the Dursley's Harry. He wanted to control you. If you thought you were weak, you would rely on him more," Death tells him, and Harry sees him clench his jaw and hands. Death is struggling with how Dumbledore treated Harry, and it warms him that Lord Death thinks he's worth it.

"Dumbledore is really a bastard," Harry tells Death, making him chuckle.

"He is, but he will get what he deserves." Death tells him ominously, Harry just raises his eyebrow, but of course, Death will not elaborate.

They talk for a while longer, and Harry relaxes because of it. He was a little nervous for the next day. It will be his first day in the Wizengamot too. Madam Longbottom will introduce him because Sirius needs to introduce Tom. They have come to an alliance, much to Harry's relief. Tom's family seats had been forgotten. He is a 'surprise child' for everyone tomorrow. Most people thought that the Slytherin seat would go to Harry after his 'defeat' of the Dark Lord, but they will be surprised tomorrow.

Death needs to go back after an hour of talking and gives Harry a hug goodbye and wishes him good luck.

Harry wanders a little through the manor before he walks into Tom's room after knocking.

"Hey, what should I wear tomorrow?" He asks, completely serious. Tom snorts and rolls his eyes.

"Potter, how can you be so hopeless?" Tom teases.

"I'm only hopeless around you," Harry replies with a wink, making Tom stumble. When Harry abruptly realizes what he said, he chokes a little and quickly turns away from Tom. Shit. He hadn't meant to flirt with Tom! But this definitely counted as flirting. O Salazar, it's Tom for magic's sake! He can't.

"Uh- so, clothes, wearing, tomorrow!" He quickly says to masque the awkwardness. Only to scold himself for sounding like a total idiot.

Tom seems to shake himself before stalking past Harry to Harry's room to go through his clothes. Tom is much better at dressing formally, but Harry is a disaster, so it really isn't hard to be better than him.

Tom pulls out a set of formal robes in dark green. "Wear this. It brings out your eyes, and do something about your hair."

"I can't do anything about my hair because my hair is a natural disaster," Harry replies, emphasizing his assessment by bringing his hands through his hair.

"You're so dramatic," Tom grumbles before stepping into Harry's personal space without warning. Harry freezes, but Tom ignores that. He only focuses on Harry's hair.

Tom then combs his hands through Harry's hair. Harry could've sworn that he did the same with his own hands, but it never felt like this.

Harry quickly bites his lip when a groan wants to escape his lips. He really likes the feeling of Tom's fingers in his hair. When he takes a deep breath, he also breathes in the scent of Tom, and his mouth waters. He would love to have a taste.

The hands are suddenly out of his hair, and it feels like the world tilts a little, and nothing is right anymore. Harry swallows before opening his eyes. When had he closed them? Bugger. He should've left them open because after he opens them, he looks straight into Tom's beautiful eyes. He's sorry he missed it.

"There, that's better, just come to me tomorrow, and I will do it again," Tom sounds smug before he steps away and leaves Harry cold and small for some reason.

"Uh- thank you," Harry replies with a blush. He wants to be in Tom's bubble again, but before he can move, the moment is broken, and Tom strides out of the door. Harry closes his eyes and groans in embarrassment.

"He doesn't want you like that, you dolt. You were his nemesis just a couple of months ago. You shouldn't want this." Harry chides himself, but it's clear that the rest of his body doesn't agree with his head.

He decides to take a cold shower.

When Harry looks into the mirror, he is shocked by how nice his hair looks. No way that it will hold though, what a shame to go through Tom touching his hair again in the morning.

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***Tom's POV;***

Tom looks appraisingly into the mirror. The dark blue robes he's wearing compliments his eyes, and his hair is neatly arranged. He shifts the Slytherin locket under his robes and feels glad to have the locket around his neck.

He's going to the Wizengamot today with Sirius and Harry. And secretly, he's pretty excited. He will introduce himself to the Wizengamot as Thomas Ellis Slytherin, and it will be the first step to get equality back into the Wizarding World.

It's necessary. He knows it is. After his sessions with Lady, he is, thankfully, not obsessed anymore to rule the world. Ruling the Wizarding World with Harry on his side will be enough for him. And wow. Since when does he only want to have Harry on his side?

He shakes his head and looks back into the mirror. "Get yourself together, Riddle." He murmurs before walking out of his room to Harry's door. He knocks, and he hears someone stumbling inside. He rolls his eyes. Harry is a walking disaster sometimes, and other times he is the most regal of them all in all his Master of Death glory.

Harry janks open the door, and he seems to have just woken up. If Tom guesses, his eyes are still half-closed, and he has buttoned the wrong holes of his dress shirt.

Tom can't help but tease him. "You truly are hopeless around me, aren't you, Harry?"

Harry's eyes grow wide, and he sees Harry swallow before turning a lovely shade of red.

"Uh-"

Tom rolls his eyes. He knows Harry doesn't want him like that. He couldn't. Harry deserves the world, not some Dark Lord that messed with his own mind and soul.

Tom pushes Harry back a little, and his hand burns from the touch, but he refuses to pull it away too quickly. Afraid that Harry will notice how much he affects Tom.

He scrapes his throat before raising an eyebrow and looking Harry up and down. "Shouldn't you be getting ready?"

"I was!"

"You were sleeping just now, admit it," Tom says with a smirk.

"Oi! How can you think that? I would never-" Harry starts indignantly, but Tom interrupts him.

"You still have wrinkles in your face from your pillow."

Harry colors again and quickly looks in the mirror to see that Tom is right. He has sleep wrinkles on his face. The pout Harry releases when he realizes that he isn't getting out of this is something Tom doesn't want to think too hard on. Afraid that something else will get hard.

"Fuck you, Riddle. Why do you enjoy my pain?" Harry asks petulantly while rubbing his face, so hopefully, the pillow creases will disappear.

"Because you rise to the bait each and every time," Tom can't help to respond, laughing when he gets a middle finger for his troubles. Harry is straightening his dress shirt when Tom points out that he missed a hole.

A knock is sound at the door, and Sirius peaks his head in. His hair is already tamed and in a ponytail.

"We leave in five minutes. Tom, you look dashing. Harry, I'm sure you will too when you finally wear your robes." Sirius teases, ducking out of the room laughing when Harry sends a

tickling hex his way.

A minute or so later, Tom walks around Harry, scrutinizing his robes and just looking at Harry while he can. He looks amazing.

"That will do, now, stand still and let me tame your hair." Tom steps up to Harry again, just like last night, and he hears Harry suck in a breath. Tom holds back a grimace. It's clear that Harry still isn't comfortable with Tom in his personal space. Something he can understand of course. He works as quickly as he can on Harry's hair, using a wordless and wandless spell to make sure that Harry's hair will stay like this until the gathering is over.

Tom likes Harry much more with his untamed hair and wild looks, but alas, he needs to look like the perfect Lord. Harry has several titles he needs to honor, something Death, Lady Magic, and Tom had drilled into him.

Sirius would've helped, but he is still on the wild side himself.

He steps back and sees that Harry has closed his eyes again. He grimaces and conjures a mirror. He needs to control himself. He is Tom Marvolo Riddle! He was always the best in control, and *one* teenager is completely ruining his image.

"Finished, take a look," Tom says while holding the mirror up, so Harry doesn't see his face.

"One day, you should teach me how you do my hair because I'm completely and utterly useless with it," Harry says, and Tom hears the smirk in his voice. He lowers the mirror and looks unimpressed at Harry, who is just looking at him as a smiling puppy.

"Even if I taught you, you would be useless," Tom responds, making Harry dramatically grab his chest.

"Sir, you wound me! Useless? I am bloody brilliant!" Harry jokes.

*Yes, yes, you are* . Tom thinks to himself, but on the outside, he rolls his eyes before dragging Harry out of his room to the floo.

"Finally, there you are," Sirius tells them. Sirius is wearing black robes with the Black crest on them.

Harry has the Potter and Peverell crest on his robes. Dobby is truly a miracle worker because Tom picked out Harry's clothes just yesterday.

Tom is thankful that his robes are dark blue because with the Slytherin crest, it's almost like his school uniform.

All three look like proper Lords, and they are ready to make the Wizarding world realize how much power they have.

Sirius grabs the floo powder first. Tom can see that he is a little nervous, but when Sirius shakes his head, the pureblood mask is in place, and anxiety is something that nobody will claim Sirius is.

"Ministry atrium!" He bellows before stepping into the floo. Harry follows him, and Tom goes after that.

As soon as he steps out of the floo, he is hit with a cleaning spell from Harry. He gives Harry a smile in thanks and steps up beside him while Sirius walks in front of them.

"Showtime, ladies," Sirius mutters before stalking towards the Wizengamot meeting room. Followed by Harry and Tom. Tom is amused when multiple people jump out of their way, their eyes round while they all look at them.

Whispers are heard all around them—something they had expected. Sirius had not made a great entrance the last time with the Wizengamot, and everybody knows who he is.

The same goes for Harry, most people are looking at him with awe, but he can see sneers too. With the great public figure that Harry is, everybody will have judgments.

And then himself. Nobody knows who he is, but after today it will all be public.

They are going to pretend like he is Voldemort's son and that his mother got pregnant with Voldemort in 1974 and ran away after finding out. She went to the United States, where Thomas was born as Thomas Ellis Barrows. Elise Barrows was a Death Eater and died in 1975, and she **did** run away from Voldemort ranks, but nobody other than Tom knows this. He went looking for her when she ran, intent on killing her for betraying him, but he didn't kill her. She died in a Nundu attack.

She was one of Voldemort's most trusted followers. Tom knows that back then there were rumors about the two of them, but they both didn't confirm nor deny a relationship between them. Because Tom didn't want a woman and because Elise wanted to stay alive.

She was the perfect scapegoat in this because she was the last in her line, and nobody even knew she had died.

They will explain that Thomas got back to Britain a year ago because he wanted to find out who his father was, only to find out what kind of horrible man he was and that he had a title to his name.

The Goblins helped them get the fake documents.

For the right sum, they will do anything.

Thomas then met a certain Remus Lupin when he hired Lupin for a small job to make sense of the finances his father had left, who after some time introduced him to his friend Sirius



Black.

And that's how they are here today.

Tom is shaken out of his reverie when they reach the Wizengamot. He takes a deep breath. Showtime indeed.

Sirius enters the room without hesitation, quickly followed by Harry and Tom. Harry and Tom need to take place on the 'guest' seats until they are introduced by someone and acknowledged by their rightful seats.

The room fills up slowly, and when Harry sees Madam Longbottom, he stands and bows to her before placing a kiss on her hand. Tom quickly follows.

"Madam Longbottom. I've heard so much about you. My name is Thomas Ellis Slytherin. I thank you for introducing Harry today so we can join the Wizengamot on the same date." Tom says, introducing himself. Madam Longbottom narrows her eyes at him before looking at Harry.

"I hope you know what you're doing, Lord Potter - Peverell." She tells him.

"I am, Madam," Harry responds resolutely.

"Then the Longbottom's will support you." She nods her head at Harry and then at Tom before making her way to the other side where her seats are.

"I understand why Neville was so afraid of her when he was younger," Harry mumbles to Tom, making him smirk in reply.

"Why Lord Potter - Peverell, are you afraid of an old lady?" He teases. Harry turns towards him so nobody can see his response before rolling his eyes.

"You would be too if-" Before Harry can finish, the hammer is sound to silence the room.

Dumbledore is Chief Warlock and is here to open the session of today. Tom also recognizes the pink toad lady Harry described, but he doesn't know her personally, but he does understand what Harry meant with the nasty feeling he got from her.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for attending today. We are here today for another meeting and to review and vote for two new laws. But first- are there any new introductions to join the Wizengamot today?" Dumbledore asks the room.

Tom knows this is the standard question and that for the last couple of years, nobody has been introduced. Usually, someone new is being introduced when the old Lord or Lady steps down from their title, but Tom and Harry don't have that because their seats have been empty.

Madam Longbottom and Sirius stand. There are immediate whispers through the whole room. Some had already seen Tom and Harry, but not everybody.

Sirius waves to Madam Longbottom to let her go first, and she scrapes her throat.

"It's my honor to introduce today an old family back into our folds. Witches and Wizards from the Wizengamot, I hereby introduce Lord Potter - Peverell for his seats." Madam Longbottom states regally, and Harry stands. He is still blocking Dumbledore's view on Tom, but that will be over soon.

"I, Harry James Potter - Peverell, hereby accept my introduction. I will claim the Potter and Peverell seats today." Harry replies with his hands behind his back. There is a light glow from a couple of seats in the neutral and light area of the Wizengamot. The seats recognize and accept Harry's claim and magic.

Dumbledore seems stunned for a moment before he scrapes his throat.

"Welcome, my boy-" Tom clenches his jaw, he knows how much Harry hates to be called like that. "-please take one of the seats, with the next point of action you can change the alliance of your seats if you wish this."

"Thank you, Chief Warlock." Harry then turns and starts walking to the neutral section, whispers follow him, and Tom smirks.

Dumbledore slams his hammer again and asks for silence.

"Lord Black, you wanted to make an introduction too?" Dumbledore asks with doubt in his voice, clearly expecting that Harry would be Sirius's introduction.

"Indeed, Chief Warlock. I hereby want to introduce someone whose seat was almost lost because of his father's crimes. Seats that were nearly lost but have been part of the Wizengamot since the start of the Wizengamot in 1500. Witches and Wizards, I hereby want to introduce Thomas Ellis Slytherin. *Lord Slytherin.*"

Gasps are sound through the whole room, and Tom stands regally, making eye contact with Dumbledore. Dumbledore's eyes are wide and frightened, but Tom doesn't show any recognition.

"I, Thomas-" Before he can even finish his acceptance of the introduction, the seats of Slytherin are already glowing in the dark section of the Wizengamot, and he smiles. More murmurs start around the room, whispering that Lady Magic herself accepts him already as a member of the most important part of the British Wizarding government.

"I, Thomas Ellis Slytherin, hereby accept my introduction. I will claim the Slytherin seats today." He knows that the magic in the room only lets him speak the truth, but he's one of Lady Magic's favorites, so thankfully, he can get around the truth, even if the lie is only his name. That his accent is also fake as hell doesn't matter. Thank Salazar for some potions, now he sounds like an American instead of an Englishman.

Fudge jumps up from his seat behind Dumbledore, who is still rooted to the spot. Staring intensely at Tom, and Tom knows that Dumbledore doesn't believe shit about him.

"The last Lord Slytherin was Voldemort! Are you telling us that you're his son?!" Fudge asks frantically. Murmurs erupt around the room and Tom barely refrains from rolling his eyes.

"I have never known my father, and my mother died when I was just a babe. I only came to the UK last year when I wanted to know more about where my mother came from and at first, I hoped to find my father. What I did find is not something I'm proud of, but it gave me a purpose. I'm here today not as the son of Voldemort-" Gasps and shivers go through the room because of the name. "-I'm here like myself, I'm here today to hopefully right the wrongs my father made. I'm here because I have seen that the British Wizarding World is suffering because of something my **deranged** father started. And I hope that you all don't hold my heritage against me because of some sperm donor."

He finishes his speech and glances at Harry, who is biting his lip to hold back a smirk.

Dumbledore is still watching him, and it almost looks like his eye is twitching.

Silence reigns through the room for several minutes before Sirius opens his mouth.

"Lady Magic already accepted Lord Slytherin into the Wizengamot, so maybe we should let him take his seat before we deserve her wrath for disobeying her." Sirius drawls and murmurs go through the room again, but Dumbledore is at least shaken out of his staring.

"Please take a seat," He says, and Tom nods before making his way to the Slytherin seats. Everybody's eyes follow him, and he sees multiple Death Eaters almost salivating when he gets closer. Ugh. Disgusting. He knows that some will be useful, but most of them only want free reign to hurt others and gain supremacy for the purebloods. And that's not what Tom is here for, not any more not since he got his mind back, not since he knows Harry and got *better*.

That doesn't mean he will not use everything to his full advantage.

"Next, we will ask if anyone wants to change alliances," Dumbledore states, and he starts asking the Lords and Ladies if they want to change from their respective seats in Dark, Neutral, or Light to another.

It's pretty boring because nobody changes his alliance, well, almost nobody.

"Lord Potter - Peverell, do you wish to change alliance?" Dumbledore asks. Tom sees him getting ready to go to the next name, expecting a no, but...

"Yes, I wish to change the Potter alliance from the Light to Neutral." Harry states.

Silence for one second, two, three, then - **chaos**.

Let the games begin.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!! ♥♥

And I want to wish you all a happy new year and a lovely 2022!

xxMBlack93

# Part nine

## Chapter Notes

So this chapter grew legs and ran away with me...

There will be a bit of sexy times in this chapter!

ENJOY!

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

*Harry's POV;*

Harry wants to laugh at the reactions he gets from everyone now he changed the Potter seats to Neutral instead of keeping them in the Light section. But he keeps his face impassive, looking around the bumbling set of baboons that are yelling at each other.

The Potter seats have been in the Light section since the moment they joined the Wizengamot. He hopes that his ancestors understand why he needed to change that.

Dumbledore seems flabbergasted at his declaration, and Harry feels a tingle of glee inside of him. The Light section is mostly demanding answers and pleading for him to leave his seats. The Neutral section is divided by placating the Light section and calming the Dark section. Because *they* are demanding that the Peverell seats need to be in the Dark section, something Harry had thought about, but he needs to be Neutral. He can't be in the Light or Dark section with his beliefs and his title as Master of Death.

It also is a huge deliberate distraction from Tom. Being introduced as the son of the former Dark Lord is something that will be huge news. With the Potter's changing their alliance, the people will not hone in on Tom. Hopefully.

The chaos is still not over, and Harry is getting annoyed. He glances at Tom and sees him subtly rolling his eyes when he meets Harry's emerald green eyes.

Harry stands and uses his magic to silence everyone around him. Witches and Wizards are looking around them, demanding answers to why they are silenced, only to see an annoyed Harry Potter.

"I am aware that I'm young, but I'm more than capable of making decisions on my own. I don't want or need your opinion on the matter of my family seats changing alliance. I am also disappointed in how you all reacted to my own family business. Can we please act like civilized people and continue the meeting?" Harry looks around and sees multiple people looking contrite and ashamed, but a lot of them are glaring daggers at him for calling them out on their behavior. Well, Harry isn't there to make friends. When he looks at Tom and Sirius, he sees them both smirking.

"Thank you for your attention." He drawls sarcastically before retaking his seat. It doesn't take long for the seats from the Potter's to be merged with the Peverell seats.

He then looks at Dumbledore, who still hasn't said anything but is still looking at Harry, probably pondering where all his plans have gone wrong. "Chief Warlock, is there a problem?" He asks innocently. He ignores the snort he hears. He knows it's Sirius.

Dumbledore straightens, and Harry can almost see his Occlumency shields coming up to control his emotions.

"Not at all, my boy," Dumbledore says. The only way how Harry reacts to his old name from Vernon Dursley is the clenching of his fist.

He hates the name because, for the first five years of his life, he seriously thought *freak* or *boy* was his name. The Dursleys never used his regular name. They never called him Harry. He knew what his name was only because he went to school and only after the teacher used it for the first time.

But he can't let it show how it affects him. He nods at Dumbledore and waves his hand in a 'please continue' motion.

Dumbledore goes through the rest of the names, but all the other families stay with their current sections.

The rest of the meeting is pretty boring. The pink toad keeps smirking for some reason at Harry, and every time he sees it, he wants to shiver in disgust. He doesn't trust her intentions at all.

There are also two bills to pass, and the Wizengamot needs to vote for them. Unfortunately, they aren't really important, something about cauldrons and a law about a dangerous potion ingredient, but one that is used in a lot of healing potions.

Because the potion ingredient is seen as Dark, the whole Light section is against it. But it is actually very useful, and the healing potions are essential for St. Mungo's.

Harry votes in favor of the potion ingredient. Gaining a few incredulous looks. The bill is still passed because of the votes against it, and it doesn't sit well with Harry, so he stands to show people he wants to say something.

"Chief warlock, I ask permission to give the Wizengamot something to think about for the next meeting." He asks politely, ignoring the murmurs around him.

Dumbledore narrows his eyes but nods. "Permission granted, Lord Potter - Peverell."

"I'm going to ask you all a blunt question." Harry starts while looking around the room, most of the people are intrigued, but most of the Dark side seems suspicious. "Are you against the ingredient because it's labeled as 'Dark' or because you're afraid of the consequences the ingredient can bring?" He asks the Wizengamot in general.

An older man from the Light section, Hodge? Or Podge or something? Stands and asks permission to speak.



"I'm against it because it's dangerous in use. Witches and Wizards have been hurt using this particular ingredient." He says, and Harry nods, not believing the man at all. He sees how the man glances at Dumbledore as if asking for a pat on the shoulder.

"Were those people Potion masters?" Harry asks. The man seems confused. "What does that have to do with it?" He asks with a frown.

Harry raises his eyebrow. "It has everything to do with it. Yes, the ingredient is dangerous in use, but only if you don't know how to use it. A true Potion master knows how to handle the ingredient safely. People who only dabble in potions can often forget and get hurt."

"Are you calling people who make their own potions incapable?" A woman asks with a glare. She seemed a lot friendlier when the Potter seats were still in the Light section.

"No, I'm not calling anyone incapable. I just think that most of you voted against it because the ingredient is labeled as Dark magic." He states simply, earning whispers of outrage.

"Dark Magic is labeled illegal, so we should **always** vote against Dark ingredients!" A man with a walrus mustache says promptly.

"But this ingredient is used in multiple healing potions. It will be a serious loss to St. Mungo's if this ingredient isn't usable anymore." Harry really can't understand why the people don't look any further than the words 'Dark Magic'. It's completely ridiculous. Murmurs start all around him, and Harry glances at Tom, who then also stands to add to the discussion. Just with standing and looking the way he does, he asks for silence, everybody quiets down, and when Harry glances at Dumbledore, he sees that he is seriously annoyed.

"I am a Potion master," Tom starts, and everyone is drawn to his voice like moths to a flame. Harry can't help but be pulled in as well.

"And I know that to handle this type of dragon scales means that you need silver gloves dipped in thyme-based oil. How many of the people in attendance have those lying around?"

Nobody raises their hands or speaks up.

"How many of you **knew** that you needed those specific gloves to handle the ingredient?"

Again nobody reacts.

"I think Lord Potter - Peverell, indeed called those who make their own potions with this ingredient incapable, with good reason," Tom states before looking at the rest of the audience again.

"I can understand that we prohibit the sale of these ingredients for commercial use, but why would we prohibit the sale for professional use? The healing potions that are made with this ingredient are crucial for many sick people in St. Mungo's. It would be a disaster to forbid it for any hospital. They have professional Potion masters on staff and should be capable of handling these. Are we truly banning an ingredient that can help multiple people because it's labeled Dark Magic? Are you willing to risk human lives for your own satisfaction for stopping something that's Dark Magic?" He looked around the room and was met with smirking faces from the Dark section, which almost all had voted against the new bill, contrite thinking faces from the other sections, and one beaming Harry James Potter. Harry sees Tom bite his lip for a second when they look at each other, but the moment is over before Harry can fully register it.

This is the first step. He knows that Dumbledore made Dark Magic sound like it's always evil, but this - this is just what they needed, just to show the people of the Wizengamot that not everything labeled as 'Dark Magic' is *evil*.

"I'm sorry, Lord *Slytherin* -" Harry can almost hear the disdain in Dumbledore's voice, and he turns to glare at the man. "-but a re-vote is unheard of. So if you're done, we want to go to the next point."

Harry grits his teeth. Tom hadn't done anything wrong, only backing up Harry. He knew that it would cause trouble with Dumbledore as soon as Tom was introduced to the public, but it's insulting to dismiss him like this in front of the whole Wizengamot.

Harry is just about to open his mouth to retort when he's beaten to the punch by Sirius.

"I think it's good to have more information in every bill we want to pass. I mean, with just a little more *information*, I wouldn't have been in Azkaban for twelve years. As you sure know, *Chief Warlock*." The tension in the whole room rises up to almost unbearable heights. But Harry doesn't care about that.

The Slytherin seats are nearby the Blacks, and Tom claps Sirius on the shoulder in thanks. A very un-Tom thing to do. Harry knows that Tom does it, so people see him as more approachable, not the rigid monster his 'father' was. And with just one glance at Dumbledore, he seems to register the strange behavior too, if Harry can read Dumbledore's frown well enough.

"I just hope, Chief Warlock, that we can think about our actions and the consequences that follow. Maybe we can have another vote in the next meeting?" Tom proposes while looking around the room. Harry is impressed with how people (already) hang on to his every word.

Harry can easily see how Tom got so much support the first time around, and he shivers with the thought of what Tom can achieve now he's completely in his right mind. It's a pleasant shiver.

Most of them are Death Eaters, and Harry has the feeling that they see a new Dark Lord rising, well, they're not exactly wrong.

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*Tom's POV;*

Tom looks around the room and feels almost comfortable to be there, socializing with the Lords and Ladies. Everybody wants to meet the new Lord. Well, everybody but the Light section.

Oh, Tom knows that the whole Light section is avoiding him like the plague, afraid that he is indeed his 'father's' son.

But he doesn't care, he is surrounded by a couple of brown nosers, and it's clear who are Death Eaters and expect Tom to be like Voldemort and who are looking at him like the new fresh meat he is—trying to waver him to their side.

He loves this game, and it's one he excels at.

The meeting was over for about an hour, and Tom is in the middle of a conversation with Lord Greengrass, Lord Nott, and Lady Darkthorn about the ingredient they debated over today.

He knows that Nott was a Death Eater, but Greengrass was neutral and still is, so it seems. He doesn't know anything about Lady Darkthorn, but the greedy look she's giving him is giving him chills.

The talk about the ingredient dwindles down, and Lady Darkthorn clearly sees her chance.

"So, Lord Slytherin, is there anybody special in your life at the moment?" She simpers while spinning a lock of her hair around her finger. It's clear that she's new in the whole Wizengamot and social circles of the Houses, probably only a Noble House, certainly not an ancient one.

Tom smiles even if he wants to scowl. Sirius had warned him that he would get propositioned as soon as he was seen. He wasn't wrong, and now Tom owes Sirius ten galleons. He darts his eyes towards Harry and sees that Harry's ears are a bit pink. That's the only sign Tom sees that Harry is uncomfortable while probably also getting propositioned left, right, and center.

Because who wouldn't want to have two additional titles in the family? Maybe three because Harry is also the Black heir. And that's without the riches that would follow Harry. Harry will be for some time the richest bachelor in Britain, well, until he settles down, of course, but Tom hopes that that doesn't happen for quite some time. The thought alone makes him want

to frown, but alas, he's in circles where he can't show any weaknesses. He turns back to Lady Darkthorn.

"I'm afraid not, Lady Darkthorn, I just hadn't found the time." He replies pleasantly, and the twinkle in her eyes doesn't calm Tom down at all.

"Oh!? A handsome young Lord like yourself, still single? How *special* ." She purrs.

Tom suppresses a shiver at her voice and words while outwardly, he just smiles and ignores the desire to run away.

"Special is something it really isn't. In the states, I haven't found anyone who could hold my eye, and in Britain, I haven't had the time," He answers with a friendly smile. His cheeks hurt already with how much he's smiling.

"Then I must insist on coming to my Lughnasadh celebration. My daughter would love to meet you." She says with a giggle, and Tom barely holds back a grimace.

A Lughnasadh celebration is nothing more than a harvest festival. He has been to one or two before and mostly thought they were boring apart from the rituals they performed during those festivals. It's mostly a party to show everyone how well off you are—something Tom always had despised.

"I would love to come, but is it possible to extend the invitation to Lord Potter - Peverell? We quite hit it off an-" But before Tom can ask for more and to make sure Harry is invited too so he won't suffer alone, the woman blurts out, "YES!" before turning scarlet.

She scrapes her throat when Tom just raises his eyebrow at her. Clearly not an Ancient house, no, they would have had better manners.

"I mean, of course, Lord Potter - Peverell is welcome too, my apologies for my exuberant answer, Lord Slytherin, I would love to have the two of you as my guests." She then excuses

herself after promising a formal invite per owl. Tom is pretty sure she just walked away to celebrate inviting two young rich lords to her party.

Lord Greengrass has a scowl on his face, and Nott only seems amused.

"You do know that she will throw her daughter at you, right?"

"Probably," Tom replies readily. Greengrass seems amused but schools his features.

"Then I feel obliged to warn you, her daughter is twenty-six, and her last two courtships ended suddenly and without a public reason," He says, clearly trying to sound not like a gossip but failing miserably.

"You don't say, well, now I'm even curious to attend the party. Will you be there as well, Lord Greengrass, Lord Nott?" He asks, not wanting to commit to anything about a courtship whatsoever.

Seriously, ending up with a woman of all things will be the last on his mind. It's almost as unthinkable as ending up with Harry. As long as there will be an heir, it will all be fine.

But he doesn't need a witch or marriage for that.

He glances at Harry again and suppresses a sigh. It's not that he will have any chance with Harry, and probably because Harry is now close in his age, and close to him in general, that he can't imagine anyone else in his life than Harry.

"Yes, we will be in attendance too, as will my two daughters," Lord Greengrass replies, clearly hinting at more. But if Tom remembers correctly, Harry had a Greengrass in his original class, so the girl will be only fourteen, maybe fifteen at this moment.

Tom wants to scowl, but he can't show what he really thinks about Greengrass right about now.

"Then I will probably see you there, and your daughters-" Tom sees Harry walking towards him and quickly bids the Lord's goodbye, ready to leave as soon as possible.

When Harry is within hearing distance, Tom starts talking. "We are invited to Lady Darkthorne's Lughnasadh celebration, but Lord Greengrass thought it appropriate to warn me for the daughter who seems in need of a nice husband," Tom explains with a smirk. Harry snorts and shakes his head.

"Good to know, I got us an invitation to the bonding ceremony of one Lord Pudgemore and his lovely *fifth* wife," Tom can see that Harry wants to gag or roll his eyes, maybe both, but he refrains himself. But Harry is also a little smug because this was part of the plan.

"Mh, Lord Pudgemore is the owner of the Daily Prophet, isn't he? Miss Skeeters's boss?" He asks even if he knows the answer is yes.

Harry has that glint in his eyes before he nods. "Yes, indeed, now Lord Slytherin, if you don't mind, I have a certain 'pest' I can't seem to get rid of. Care to come with me?" Harry asks while glancing behind him, Tom follows his eyes and sees Dumbledore coming towards them, and he chuckles.

"That seems quite a 'pest' indeed. I would love to accompany you, Lord Potter - Peverell," Together, they quickly walk out of the Wizengamot meeting room before Dumbledore can stop them.

Sirius will follow them later. Tom saw him in discussion with someone with a large nose, but he forgot who the wizard was exactly.

They make their way to the floo, chatting about nothing special while walking through the enormous entrance hall of the Ministry. When Tom glances back, he sees that Dumbledore is still following them, but thankfully he can't hear them say the Floo address.

When Tom steps after Harry into their safe haven in the Peverell mansion, he suddenly finds him with two arms full of wizard.

"You were amazing!" Harry gushes while still hugging Tom tightly, this is the first time they ever hugged, and Tom reacts on instinct by circling his arms around Harry's waist.

Hugging is surprisingly nice. Tom can't even remember if he has ever been hugged before. The thought alone is a sad realization.

He doesn't dare to pull away, but he doesn't know what is regular with hugs. Why aren't there any books about this?!

He moves his right hand in an upwards stroke over Harry's back and knows immediately that he made the wrong move because Harry stiffens in his arms.

Harry pulls back and grips Tom's underarms while ducking his head a little. "Uh, sorry, I got a little excited. I - well, you were bloody brilliant." He then claps Tom on the shoulder while Tom is still reeling from what just happened.

"Ah, thank you, you were adequate." He gives Harry a smirk when the tension drops, and Harry scoffs.

"I was more than adequate," Harry replies indignantly, Tom is thankful for the distraction, but he can still feel a phantom press of Harry against his body.

At that moment, Remus walks into the room, clearly distracted by his book but still sharp enough to register words around him. "Of course you're adequate, Harry. You shouldn't believe anyone who talks you down." Remus says in his professor voice as Harry and Sirius like to call it.

Making Tom burst out in laughter while Harry scowls at Remus.



"I'm going to call Death," Harry says with a humpf before walking out of the room. Tom watches him go with what he knows is a longing look. He turns around to go to his room for some reading when he suddenly sees that Remus is giving him a knowing look.

Tom feels flustered, "what?" He asks the werewolf.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all." Remus just replies while smirking.

Tom narrows his eyes before walking away. He doesn't like to be observed like this.

Two weeks later, it's time for Lord Pudgemore's bonding ceremony, and Tom wants to die about five minutes in, which is probably a record.

He and Harry had split up, but now Tom is grimacing through the brown-nosing of one Lord Malfoy.

"-what I want to say is that it was truly wonderful work in the Wizengamot, Lord Slytherin. No one ever stands up for the Dark labeled magicks in this world anymore, something that should be changed. Of course, your father started a campaign for that-"

Tom decides to interrupt the already five-minute rant Malfoy is giving.

Tom can't help but feel a little bitter towards the man, knowing he denied everything as soon as Voldemort was defeated. It's time he shows the man what he's made off. He quickly casts a muffliato around the two of them so nobody can listen in. "My 'father' was a megalomaniac that only wanted power. In search of that power, he found it more than reasonable to try to kill a one-year-old baby. And that's without all the other murders he found 'justified' because some people weren't, according to him, entitled to the magic they were born with. In his craziness, he scared the whole wizarding world, but mostly the Britain branch. I can see in your eyes that you were one of his followers, Lord Malfoy-"

Malfoy swallows harshly and tries to protest, but Tom continues in a harsh whisper, not giving him the chance. "are you trying to deny this claim? Because I can feel the Dark magic that oozes from your mark, I also know that you pleaded for the Imperius curse after the war, but I know after reading the Slytherin tomes that the mark could only be placed on someone *willing* . Not even an Imperius curse could tamper with that magic." Tom finishes with a scoff before glancing at the hidden mark beneath Malfoy's robes. "I do wonder what my 'father' would say about your insolence."

Malfoy has gone completely white, almost as white as his hair. He stands there gaping like a fish, and Tom feels vindictive enough to push a little more. He takes a step closer to Lucius and smirks when he sees the man flinch a little.

"But, my 'father' is no longer here, and **I** am. I know what type of man you are, Lord Malfoy. You're someone that always stands behind the person with the most power, trying to whisper in their ears about the correct path they should take, a path that would profit you most. Maybe I will be the next, and that's why you try to weasel your way into my good graces, but I can assure you that the one with the most power is someone you don't want to follow because of your 'former' beliefs. So let me advise you-" Tom is smirking now, and Malfoy gulps at the sight. "I am not looking for followers or brown-nosers, but I am looking for someone with connections, someone that can advise others to support the things that are going to change, and I hope you're the right person for that task, Lord Malfoy, are you?" Tom asks while tilting his head.

"Y-yes, my *Lord* ." Malfoy stammers.

Tom sneers at Malfoy. "I'm nobody's *Lord* . Not yet, anyway," He waves away the surprised look on Malfoy's face.

"Are you the person who can make connections, Lord Malfoy? And can I expect you not to stab me in the back as soon as it's turned?" Tom raises his eyebrows in question, and when Malfoy starts to answer, Tom stops him.

"Think about it, as I said, I don't want followers, but I do want someone that will help to make the wizarding world better if you know what I mean."

Malfoy is nodding without a hint of doubt, and Tom gives the man a condescending smile.

"Good man, now if you will excuse me, I want to talk to others who aren't trying to compare me to my deranged father and hopefully want an alliance so we can better the world wizzarding world." Tom then walks away, leaving a gaping Lord Malfoy behind him.

Tom almost immediately bumps into Harry and grabs him by the shoulders so the younger wizard won't fall.

"You truly are one of a kind, didn't you see me?" Tom asks, sounding amused when Harry glares a little at him after finding his balance again.

"Why were you talking to Malfoy?" Harry asks while still scowling over Tom's shoulder towards where he left the blonde man.

"Because he wanted to check if my beliefs were like my 'father's,'" Tom explains while rolling his eyes. He rubs Harry's shoulder with his thumb before noticing that he's still holding Harry. He quickly releases him and crosses his arms, hoping that Harry hadn't noticed.

Harry pulls a face at Tom's explanation. "I hate that man." Harry then murmurs, and Tom raises his eyebrow in question.

"He was a Death Eater, and he's a bigot. He's also the one that abused Dobby." Harry rants, still glaring at Malfoy over Tom's shoulder.

"Most Death Eater's were bigot's Harry, it's not that strange, and I didn't know that Dobby came from Malfoy, I thought he was a free elf?" Tom asks with a frown.

"He was after I freed him from the Malfoy's," Harry grumbles.

Tom chuckles. "How did you manage that?" He asks, amused.

Harry actually blushes at that and rubs the back of his neck. He looks gorgeous, and Tom bites his lip at the gesture. Harry looks divine in his formal robes. The dark green makes his eyes really pop, they always seem to glow, but if he wears green, it's even more obvious.

"I put my sock in the diary before giving it to Malfoy, who threw it at Dobby." Harry rushes out while avoiding Tom's eyes.

Tom can't help but burst into laughter. Harry seems very pleased with himself, the prat.

"You put your sock in the diary?" He says finally after calming down.

"I did," The smug grin doesn't leave Harry's face, and his eyes truly seem to sparkle.

"You are a menace, Potter." He replies fondly. They look at each other for a moment, both content in the silence.

Unfortunately, the silence is rudely broken by Lord Pudgemore. "Lord Potter - Peverell, Lord Slytherin, thank you for coming to my bonding ceremony!" He exclaims, and Tom gives him his most pleasant fake smile. They are here with a mission, of course.

Lord Pudgemore, the owner of the Daily Prophet, is a heavy-set man that is already sweating from the walk to them. Tom doesn't know if he can count two or three chins on the man. The man also has crumbs in his beard that Tom suspects are from his breakfast that morning. When he glances at the newlywed witch, he sees that she's staring far away and not playing the part of happily newlywed. Tom has heard that Lord Pudgemore is on his fifth bonding, the last four were golddiggers, and it seems like the last one is already regretting her choice.

"Thank you for inviting us, Lord Pudgemore," Harry replies with a smile. If Tom didn't know Harry this well, he wouldn't have known it was a fake one.

"You are very welcome. I have heard only good things from miss Skeeter about you," Pudgemore says with a specific glint in his eyes.

The smirk that Harry gives the man in reply is sharp enough to cut glass.

"Oh, I'm sure that she is positively **buzzing** with stories about me," Harry replies, and Tom schools his face at the awful pun Harry just made. By the way Pudgemore swallows, and his eyes grow wide, it's clear that he's in on her little secret as well.

"Lord Pudgemore, Lord Potter - Peverell, and I may have a business proposition for you. Is it possible to discuss this in a more-" Tom looks around him and sees the newly bonded witch drinking herself to an early death a couple of feet away, clearly already mourning her choice of husband, so he probably won't be missed. "-private setting?"

The greedy look that overcomes Pudgemore wouldn't look out of place on a Goblin in the middle of a golden room.

"Of course, gentlemen, please, follow me!" The man ushers them inside his mansion and into his office. There he takes place behind a firm mahogany desk that has seen better times.

"Please have a seat, can my house-elf bring you some refreshments?" The man asks to which Tom and Harry agree. An old house-elf pops in with three glasses and an expensive bottle of fire whiskey.

Lord Pudgemore is suddenly a lot more professional, and Tom can respect that, even if the man is disgusting in every other way.

"So, what can I do for the two of you?" Lord Pudgemore asks after the three have gotten their drinks.

"Well-" Tom starts while crossing his right leg over his left one. "-It's not so much as what you can do for us, Lord Pudgemore, but more what we can do for each other."

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*Harry's POV;*

"Do we really need to go to that stupid celebration?" Harry grumbled while trying to fix his hair like Tom always does, it's still a mess, but Harry is also not really trying. He knows Tom will take over when he sees what kind of disaster Harry is making of it. He secretly loves the feeling of Tom's hands in his hair, so he only half complains when Tom rolls his eyes exasperatedly and steps up in his personal space.

"Yes, not only because we already accepted the invitation and it would be rude not to show, but also because it would be great for networking-" Tom responds before signing. Harry bites his lip to stop his smile when he feels Tom step up to him.

Hermione and Izzy both know about his crush on Tom, and both tell him to go for it, but he doesn't dare. Knowing that he will be rejected is something he doesn't want.

Even if Death tells him that rejection is normal for growing up, Harry doesn't want to see Tom every fucking day and knows that he made a fool out of himself. So he just takes the little things, like Tom's hands in his hair and his scent surrounding him because he's that close.

He swallows harshly when Tom's hands connect with his scalp, suppressing an embarrassing noise.

"Who are the targets today?" Harry asks, trying to sound detached while all he wants to do is melt in a puddle.

Tom snorts, and Harry drinks in the small smile that forms on his lips before he talks again.

"You sound like you are going to take them out. This is not one of those muggle movies, Harry,"

Harry rolls his eyes. "They are kind of targets though,"

Tom nods, "you're right." Tom then steps back to check Harry's hair again, and Harry already misses the touches and warmth.

"Tonight, we need to talk to Lord Greengrass. You probably have the most chance with him. One of his daughters was in your year before you went to Death's realm, and he's in the Neutral section."

Harry frowns. He remembers Daphne Greengrass, she was mostly silent and in Slytherin, but that is all he knows. Draco drew too much attention to him from the Slytherin group.

"You already talked to him, right? Why do you think I have more sway with him?" Harry asks when Tom deems him ready enough for the party.

"Because the man disgusts me, after his warning against Darkthorn's daughter, he practically shoved his own daughters at me after I asked him if he would be attending the celebration too," Tom explains with a grimace, Harry can't help but copy the emotion.

Daphne was pretty, but now three years younger than Harry, so it just felt wrong. And her sister was even younger.

"If he starts about a marriage contract, I'm running the other way," Harry tells Tom seriously. The smile that breaks out on Tom's face is small but genuine.

"Oi! Are you two wankers finally ready?" Sirius asks while walking in with a critical eye.

Harry is still sometimes amazed at how Sirius seems so much better since his stay in the Peverell Mansion. A lot is thanks to Remus and even Dobby and Kreacher, but Harry can't help but feel proud of his godfather.

Sirius has embraced the Lord Black title with all the grace a true Black heir requires. Oh, he's still sticking it to his family in the background by saving house-elves and muggle-borns by giving them jobs wherever he can. But in the Wizengamot and at the parties they go to, he's the perfect Lord Black. Ruthless, decent, and regal.

But Sirius also can't wait to announce his engagement to Remus Lupin, Werewolf extraordinaire. But that has to wait until a couple of new laws have been accepted in the Wizengamot.

"Yeah, you impatient dog, we're ready," Harry grumbles before walking in step with Tom towards the floo.

"So, Lord Greengrass is for me, who is your target?" Harry asks.

"We ruled out Diggory because the man was rude to you, and he hates all Dark Magic and creatures, so I'm talking to Lady Monroe, she is in the Dark section, and a couple of her family died in the last war, they never supported Voldemort, that's why they were killed," Tom responds while looking at Harry and Harry nods in response.

"And I will be talking to Bones if she shows. Otherwise, I will speak with Augusta Longbottom." Sirius says before kissing Remus goodbye and stepping into the floo.

"Darkthorn mansion," He says clearly before the flames turn green and Sirius disappears.

Tom and Harry follow him with just a couple of seconds in between.

Harry plasters his best smile on his face while accepting a glass of wine from one of the house-elves. Harry knows what the ritual will be and truly can't understand why it's labeled as 'Dark Magic.' That's the reason they don't know for sure if Madam Bones will be there. She is the head of the DMLE, so probably not, but still, it would be great to have her on their side.



The wine tastes really sweet and somehow a little like Treacle tart, and Harry's glass is empty before he really registers it. He's immediately filled up and starts talking with a couple of the guests until it's time for the ritual.

"This wine is amazing. We must ask Lady Darkthorn where it's from." Tom suddenly says directly in his ear, a little closer than Harry expected, but Harry doesn't care; Tom's right, this wine is amazing. He nods his head and chuckles.

He then turns his head and looks into Tom's beautiful blue-green eyes. They seem to glitter in the light of the burning stakes around them. People are dancing and chanting the ritual, sacrificing the fruit and grain they got inside.

Harry doesn't know why but he can't help himself. He grabs Tom's wrist and pulls him towards the dancing. "You want to dance with me?" Harry asks, still pulling Tom along.

"Of course!" Tom replies before spinning Harry in a circle and placing his hands on his waist.

They dance and laugh, mostly focused on each other, others try to break in their dancing, but Harry and Tom don't release each other. Somewhere in the back of his mind, Harry knows that this is not right.

Oh, it feels good, way too good, perfect even, but he would never dance with Tom in public. They had a mission- right? Harry can't remember, but it shouldn't be too important if he forgot.

He gets thirsty again, and they quickly get something to drink, the glasses are full one moment but empty the other, and Harry lets out a laugh when he sees Tom's disappointed face. He doesn't know how much he had to drink, but he doesn't care. He is having a lot of fun with Tom, and touching Tom is the best feeling in the world.

Tom looks at him, and something changes in his expression. Harry was already warm, but the heat that courses through him now could be only described as scorching. Tom's eyes don't leave Harry's face. They only wander to his lips before looking back into his eyes.

Harry hopes that he doesn't imagine the hunger he sees in the dark eyes.

Tom steps closer, and Harry doesn't know what is happening, but he knows that the barriers usually in place are blown out of the way. He should be scared, he was scared before tonight whenever Tom stepped closer to him, but at the moment, he only feels excited.

"Maybe we should go home," Tom whispers directly in his ear, and Harry is already nodding before the sentence is finished, ready to agree to everything Tom would say.

"Let's," Harry replies. He doesn't know why his voice sounds so deep, but the way Tom swallows it seems as if he likes it.

They make their way inside and see Lady Darkthorn. She is giggling and hanging against some Lord. When she sees them ready to leave, she makes her way to them. Harry gives her a beaming smile.

"Lady Darkthorn, the celebration was lovely, thank you so much for inviting us."

"You're very welcome, Lord Potter - Peverell, are you leaving already?" She asks with a pout.

Harry nods in sympathy. "We are, there are things we need to do-" At this, he glances at Tom with a smirk. Tom licks his lips, and Harry can't help with how his eyes wander. "Oh, could you maybe tell me what kind of wine you served? It was truly delicious." He remembers to ask. Lady Darkthorne beams at him.

"Of course, it's elven made wine, a special request I asked of them, it's one that-" At that moment, Lady Blackthorn is called away by someone else, and Harry shrugs, he turns back to

Tom and grasps his hand while walking towards the floo.

As soon as they step out of the floo, Harry stumbles, mmh, he's drunker than he thought, but Tom's hand reaches out and catches him. Then Tom backs him up against the wall and looks hard in his eyes.

Tom opens his mouth, but Harry doesn't want to talk. He rushes forward before crushing his mouth against Tom's, and he tangles his hands into Tom's hair. The groan he gets in response is enough to encourage him even more.

He licks into Tom's mouth and explores his mouth. Tom is fisting the back of Harry's robes, pushing or pulling him closer and closer. It's like he's holding onto Harry like he's afraid that if he lets go, Harry will disappear.

Harry pulls back a little to breathe before placing kisses against that sharp cheekbone. He then ducks his head down and licks over Tom's pulse point.

"Fuck - Harry," Tom breaths out, and Harry groans in response. He grinds his hips against Tom's and hisses when he feels Tom's bulge pressing back.

"Your bed or mine?" Harry asks breathlessly, feeling like he's slurring a little but not caring at all.

"Mine," Tom responds immediately with a bit of growl in his voice, before claiming Harry's mouth again, Harry has the feeling it was not only his bed Tom was talking about and he shivers.

They stay kissing for a couple of moments more before they hear a door slam somewhere in the mansion. They part for a moment, panting heavily, before almost running towards Tom's bedroom.

They never lose contact and stop several times in between because they just can't help it. At some point, a painting falls down the wall after he pushes Tom harshly against it. But it doesn't register in his mind to pick it up and hang back. At the moment, the only thing on his mind is Tom.

Finally, they have reached Tom's bedroom, and Harry pulls Tom against him while walking towards Tom's bed. He just wants to push Tom down onto it when he feels himself falling against the bed. Tom crawls on top of him after shrugging out of his outer robe. Harry kicks out his shoes while Tom helps him unbutton his robes.

"You have no idea how many times I imagined this," Tom whispers like a confession.

"Stop imagining and get us naked," Harry responds before tugging Tom down again, missing his lips.

Tom chuckles against his lips, and Harry wants to grumble. He puts one of his feet on the mattress and flips their positions, so he is on top of Tom.

Tom throws his head back with a groan when Harry grinds his hips against his. Harry immediately ducks his head down to kiss that beautiful long neck.

They're still half-dressed, and Harry quickly sits up so he can tug off his shirt. Tom grabs Harry's ass before latching onto Harry's collarbone with his wicked mouth.

Harry moans with his head tipped towards the ceiling. This is the most he has ever done sexually, and he should feel awkward and nervous, but those are emotions that are not in his repertoire right now. Could it be because he's drunk?

He feels sexy and on top of the world, even if he's only on top of Tom.

"Beautiful," Tom whispers against his neck while rolling up his hips. Harry doesn't know if he should've heard that, but he doesn't care. He only moans harder.

He needs to be out of his pants, like yesterday.

Tom seems to have the same idea and turns them over again, so Harry lies in the middle of the bed on his back.

"Take off your pants, or they are forfeit." Tom threatens before unbuckling his own belt. Harry scrambles to comply, and it's only seconds after he has finally untangled himself from the evil, evil pants when Tom is on him again, kissing him hungrily while grinding his erection against Harry's. They still have their underwear on, but Harry doesn't know if he will last long enough to take them off. He feels like he's on a hair-trigger, something that isn't really strange, he's still a teenager after all, and this is his first sexual encounter.

"Tom," He groans while bucking his hips, seriously he's on the verge of coming in his underwear.

"What is it, sweetheart? What do you want?" Tom asks in a sultry voice while placing kisses on Harry's mouth, cheek, and neck.

Harry shudders because of the nickname, he hadn't expected to enjoy being called sweetheart, but of course, Tom is the exception to the rule.

"I-I'm... almost-" Harry is panting and knows for sure he's done for in just a couple of moments.

"Me too, sweetheart, me too, let go, Harry,-" Tom replies with a groan. It's the groan that undoes him, and Harry comes with a shout, Tom following him closely after.

They are panting, and Harry grimaces when he feels his own climax cooling rapidly in his boxers. Tom rolls off him and whispers a spell before moving his hand over his own and Harry's crotch areas.

Harry grunts but feels a lot cleaner when the spell is done. He feels his eyes starting to close and rolls on his side to Tom, who is already looking at him through half-lidded eyes.

They are looking at each other but not saying anything, both afraid to break the heavy silence around them.

Tom shuffles closer and puts them both under the blanket, pulling Harry as close as physically possible.

Harry goes with it, feeling like this is the best dream he has ever had about Tom.

His arms are around Tom's neck, their legs are tangled together, and Tom's arms are around his waist. Just when Harry falls asleep, he hears Tom whisper, but he's too tired to respond.

"This is the best thing I have ever imagined."

Harry can't help but agree.

## Chapter End Notes

You probably can guess what will happen when they are going to wake up, can't you?

HAH! There will be so much angst in the next chapter because of course the boys will not suddenly admit their feelings.

I hope you enjoyed the chapter!

I had a day off today and have written this today. The chapter is a little shorter than the others, but I really wanted the panic because of what happened in a new chapter!

Thank you for reading!



# Part ten

## Chapter Notes

HI!

I'm back with another chapter!!

There will be a little angst, but - well, I don't wanna spoil anything... Just read it!

ENJOY!

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

*Harry's POV;*

He creeps out of bed, leaving a still sleeping Tom in the room before walking downstairs. He sees Sirius sitting in the kitchen with the Daily Prophet, the regular breakfast stalled out in front of him and a cup of coffee. As soon as Sirius sees Harry, his eyes glow up, and Harry can see he's dying to say something, but Harry promptly pushes a croissant in his open mouth. He doesn't want to hear it. He just knows that Sirius must have seen what happened yesterday.

"Sirius, the Black's still have an island somewhere, right?" He asks like nothing is the matter while taking a sip from the tea Dobby just put in front of him. His head is killing him right now. He needs tea and food.

Sirius looks confused but nods while trying to swallow a bite of croissant. Harry claps his hands and fakes a grin. "Great! I'm going to live there in a cabin in the jungle, don't write unless it's an emergency. Bye now!" He stands and almost sprints out of the kitchen when he hears Sirius scrambling after him.

But before he can leave the kitchen, Remus walks in, grabs his arm to pull him back to the kitchen island, and pushes him into a seat. Harry is definitely not pouting while he's being manhandled back to his seat.



Harry tumps his head on the granite and groans. "I'm so stupid."

"Now, Harry, you couldn't know that Darkthorn's daughter was that desperate and would roffie the wine." Remus tries to console him, he even adds a head pat, but it only adds to Harry's panic.

"SHE DID WHAT?!" He shrieks. He can admit to shrieking. It was the only description for the high-pitched yell that came out of him.

Remus flinches, and Harry pats his wrist in consolement, he forgot that it's almost the full moon. Remus's hearing is even better during that time of the month.

*Oh-oh Godric.* Remus may have heard them... Harry remembers a door slamming...

"What the hell did she want to achieve?" Harry hisses with a beet red head, not wanting to look Remus in the eye right now. It was bad enough that Sirius probably saw a lot more than he bargained for yesterday.

"Line theft," Sirius replies with a dark look.

Harry looks at his godfather and sees the twist in his lips. "Was she arrested?" Harry asks with a glint in his eyes.

"Not yet, but my contact in the Ministry just sent me an owl that she wasn't at home when they came looking for her." Sirius stirred his coffee.

"What about your other contacts?" Harry asked in an air of nonchalance, but everybody in the kitchen knew he was seething in rage. They also knew that with 'other contacts,' Harry meant the wizards in attending yesterday, in other words, the witches and wizards who are on the darker side of the spectrum.

"You know that they don't spill the beans if something like this happens. If she's found by the end of the day, it would be quick, especially because she didn't limit herself to just one house. She spiked almost everyone's drink. Even asked the house-elves for help, who were too afraid to say no." Sirius muttered darkly.

Harry's anger cooled down significantly. But a question was still jumping around in his mind. "Were Tom and I the primary targets?" He asked in almost a whisper. They were the youngest Lords in attendance yesterday, and the heirs in attendance were minors.

Sirius looks sympathetically. "Yes, you were, from what I've heard. She made a deal with a couple of her friends who are single or not yet pregnant by their own spouses." Sirius's face twisted at that, and he gripped Remus's hand while stroking his thumb over Remus's knuckles.

Harry feels sick to his stomach. They wanted to rape Tom, try to get in his pants so they could get pregnant from him, try to steal his riches and name only for their own benefit. Yeah, Harry understood that they wanted to do the same to him, but in his mind, Tom was more important.

Tom had been through enough.

"But thankfully, you both weren't interested in any of the advances thrown at you," Sirius said in an amused voice, making Harry's head snap up and see red.

"No-" Harry spat. Making Sirius and Remus both take a step back at the vehemence. "- **no** , Tom and I both were so drunk on the drugs she shoved at us that we jumped each other. Something we both didn't want." He declares while seething in rage.

Harry is breathing hard in through his nose. He needs to get out of here. He turns around and freezes when he sees Tom in the doorway, looking at him with a blank face.

"You're right-" Tom says in a calm voice, and somehow it feels like a punch to the gut, but Harry keeps it together and doesn't show anything on his face. "-So who was it that drugged us?" Tom asks casually, but Harry can't stand to stay here anymore. He hears Remus and

Sirius describing what happened again, and he walks out of the kitchen while only half-listening to the others talking.

He makes his way to his bedroom before ripping off the clothes he had pulled on in a rush just an hour ago when he woke up with Tom still in his arms.

Harry had taken about five minutes for himself to look at the man in his arms after he woke up. Wondering if he could ever have anything like it again. It felt amazing to have Tom in his arms, but after his talk in the kitchen, it was clear that Tom hadn't wanted it. That he was only drugged and Harry was the one nearest to him.

Tom hadn't wanted Harry the same way Harry had wanted Tom, and it hurt. At first, he already thought that he had made a mistake. He didn't want to lose the friendship he had with Tom, even if he hoped that Tom wouldn't mind, that Tom would want to do it again, and again, and again.

But then Sirius told him about the drugged drinks, and he knew that Tom hadn't wanted this.

He was just as bad as the daughter of Lady Darkthorn and her friends. He had taken something from Tom that Tom hadn't wanted to give.

Harry stumbled to his bathroom before falling to his knees next to the toilet and retching.

After his stomach was empty, he stepped under the shower, glad for the magic that made the temperature just like he needed. Scalding hot.

He probably lost some time, and his skin was starting to prune, but he did feel better when he finally left the shower.

Harry needed to get out of the house. A hiss grabbed his attention when he came back into his room only to find Nagini lounging on his bed.

*"What are you doing here?"* Harry hissed in Parseltongue. A little bit wary of the snake at the moment. He didn't want to think about Tom for a while, and having Nagini here was not helping.

*"Master is being an ass."* She hissed back but didn't elaborate anymore, so Harry just shrugged.

*"I'm leaving the house for today. You are free to lounge on the bed."* He said before changing into muggle clothing.

Nagini didn't respond, but Harry hadn't expected her to. After looking into the mirror, he deemed himself fine before apparating from his bedroom to the alley behind Hermione's house.

He knocked on the door politely and was met with a beaming Hermione. She hugged him tight before pulling back and narrowing her eyes at him. She had to be smart, didn't she?

"Harry! What are you doing here?"

"Kidnapping my best friend for a muggle day without talking about certain members of the wizarding society. You in or out?" He responded, making Hermione purse her lips before smiling.

"Fine, I'm in, so which ones need to be ignored today?" She said, pulling Harry into the house so she could write a note to her parents.

"Every member that's living with me at the manor and the high-class asses of the Wizengamot." Harry decided on, he nodded to himself, he could live with everything else.

Hermione rolled her eyes but agreed. Then Harry apparated them to the wizarding district in Italy. He was done with Britain for today. Lady had shown him the wizarding district there, and it was beautiful.

Hermione was too enraptured with the wizarding district and the fact that they were in Italy to really question anything that had made Harry run away for the day.

They stayed the whole day and even had dinner in Italy before Hermione asked Harry to take her home before her parents would get worried.

Harry thanked Hermione by hugging her tight and wishing her good luck in her first week at school because Hogwarts would start the following week already.

He then apparated home. All the thoughts he had blocked out for the day came crashing back in. He sighed when he stood in front of his wardrobe again before turning around while pulling his shirt over his head.

Only to freeze when he saw that he wasn't alone in his bedroom.

"Tom?" He asked in an unsure voice. He wasn't completely ready to talk to Tom right now. The day away had helped Harry, but facing Tom right now made him sick again.

Tom stood from the bed he had been lounging on with Nagini, vanishing the book he had been reading.

"I wanted to talk about yesterday," Tom said in a no-nonsense tone. Harry knew that he had no chance of escaping whatsoever. Tom had probably waited for Harry in his room for that exact reason.

Harry swallowed back bile but nodded. "Yes, we should probably talk about what happened."

Tom shook his head and made a gesture with his hand to wave the conversation away.

"We know what happened. We were drugged, and we don't need to talk about that. We need to talk about putting a lid on anything that could leak after our *indiscretions* ." His face twisted in a sneer as if remembering what happened between them disgusted him.

Harry looks away from Tom, not wanting to give away how he thought about what had happened.

"Yes, of course. What do you propose?" Harry asked in his most detached voice. He could handle this as long as he had time for himself when Tom was out of his room. Salazar... Tom had been lying on his bed. He was torturing Harry right now.

"I handled it with Pudgemore and Skeeter. There will be no article mentioning us, but they are publishing a story about the attempted line theft and discrediting the Darkthorne family. It will surprise me if Lady Darkthorne isn't kicked out of the Wizengamot at the next meeting." Tom told Harry.

Harry frowned but nodded. It was what they deserved.

"It seems to me like you have it handled already," Harry replied, noticing he was still in only jeans. He fiddled a little with the shirt he had been wearing.

"We only need to make sure that no one saw us together. If I remember correctly, we didn't do anything discriminating until we left the party, but we -" Tom paused for a moment, and Harry glanced at him, only to see that Tom was looking outside, not at Harry. "-were close while dancing. It was improper, and if anyone has ill will against us, we need to take action." Tom explained, and Harry nodded.

"I don't remember much, mostly - mostly you. And Sirius said that almost everyone had fallen victim to the drugged wine. So maybe no one noticed what happened between us." Harry said, feeling like the words left a sour taste in his mouth.

Tom was silent for a moment. "That could be, but I think we need more action, so I was thinking we need to answer some courting proposals that have been sent our way. Make it clear that we are searching for proper wives and ready for marriage. It should take the heat off us for anything others might think are improper." Tom says in almost a cheery voice, but Harry sees right through it. Tom didn't want to respond to any proposals, just like Harry didn't want to. But he couldn't tell Tom that.

"Fine. I will start looking at it with Sirius tomorrow. I will also take it up with Death when I have a selection. He wants to approve anyone because of the secrets around me and the Master of Death thing." Harry replied, wanting this conversation to be over so he could crash to his bed and not wake up until absolutely necessary.

Tom's face twitched, and a dark look crossed his face.

"I will do the same, but I will take it up with Remus and Lady Magic. Because of my reincarnation, it will be tough to find someone - **sane** - to agree to everything that involves me." Tom said with a frown.

Harry nodded in understanding. Yes, it would be a bitch to explain to anyone that Tom was Voldemort, but now sane and not twisted like he had been, everyone will probably go running and screaming for the hills after hearing that. There was no reason to lie to Tom. "Yes, it will, but if we start courting witches now, we still have a couple of years for them to come to terms,"

Tom looked Harry in the eye before nodding. The gaze was full of suppressed emotions, something Harry couldn't deal with right now.

Harry looked away. "I'm going to bed."

"Right. Goodnight, Harry," Tom said softly before walking towards the door.

Harry couldn't help but watch him go before he blurted out. "I'm sorry."

Tom's posture went rigid. He didn't look back at Harry before he nodded and whispered, "me too."

Before Harry could ask what Tom was sorry for, he was already out of the door.

Harry groaned and fell onto his bed only to startle by a hiss.

*"Idiots. I'm surrounded by idiots,"* Nagini hissed before slithering out of bed and out of the door.

Harry used wandless magic to close the door with a bang after her.

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*Tom's POV;*

Sleep doesn't take Tom as easy as yesterday. He was moving restlessly in his bed, feeling torn by the events of the day.

He woke up peacefully, now, this was not a new thing since he got therapy with Lady Magic, but the dreams he had that night had made him feel amazing, invincible, on top of the world, only to have that feeling crushed as soon as he entered the kitchen.

Hearing Harry rant about how they both hadn't wanted what had happened to them had made Tom want to protest. He wanted everything that had happened, even if he had thought it was a dream at first. To know it hadn't been a dream was at first wonderful, but hearing Harry say that he hadn't wanted what happened between them had taken Tom's breath away. And not in a good way.

He remembered everything from the night before, and Harry had participated just as enthusiastically as Tom had. But it was clear that it was only the drugged drink talking on Harry's side.



Tom knew that Harry hadn't done anything sexual with anyone in his life. So Tom had yet again taken something from Harry that he couldn't return. His first experience with someone would be forever tainted by what Tom had done.

He jumped out of bed, terrorized by his own thoughts. He wanted to hurt something, let his magic go, and bring pain to something or someone. Everything he had with Harry was ruined! Everything he was building up was imploding around him.

Harry had run during the day, but Tom had stayed and fixed the biggest fallout. Now it was his time to run.

He was ready to apparate to the Malfoy mansion before he was stopped by a hand on his shoulder. He turned to see Lady Magic stopping him. He hadn't heard her appear, but if Lady didn't want to be noticed, there was nothing you could do about it.

"You can't go and hurt someone, Tom." She stated calmly.

He bared his teeth at the deity. "Why the bloody hell not?! Malfoy probably knows where the Blackthorne welp is. She will deserve anything that is coming to her!" He thundered.

"She is already getting what she deserves. You need to step away from this." The deity said in a level-headed voice.

"I can't!" Tom put his hands in his hair and ran his fingers through it. Looking probably unhinged.

She cupped the back of his head before speaking again. "You weren't the only one who was hurt-"

Tom snapped his glare to her and ripped himself out of her soft comfort. "I don't care what she did to me! She hurt Harry! She made **ME** hurt Harry!" He roared.

Lady stood for a moment, too stunned to speak.

"I already hurt him enough. I promised him and myself that I wouldn't hurt him again! And now, because of some bitch that only wants a name and some riches, I hurt him again. He doesn't deserve any of this!" Tom yelled, now panting from the rage he felt in himself.

Lady Magic was still rooted to the floor before holding out a hand as if to touch Tom, but Tom pulled out of her reach, not done with ranting just yet.

"I used him, and at first, I didn't even care because it was everything I wanted, but he didn't want it! **Harry didn't want me!** " At the last exclamation, his voice broke, and he fell to his knees.

"He didn't want me." He whispered brokenly only to find himself in the arms of Lady Magic. Tom's last resolve broke, and he let out a sob against Lady Magic's shoulder. Unbelievably glad that nobody could hear him due to the silence wards on every room.

Lady Magic held him tightly, and Tom let tears fall against her, but he didn't make any sounds anymore.

He didn't know when he had fallen asleep, but he felt at least a little rested when he woke up. There was no evidence of his breakdown in Lady Magic's arms, and he woke up in his own bed. Alone.

\*\*\*\*

Tom knocked on the banister of the door to Harry's office. He and Harry hadn't exactly avoided each other since the Blackthorne's fiasco, but they haven't been back to the same easy companionship they had before.

They both had multiple conversations with Sirius, Remus, Death, and Lady Magic and had found a couple of suitable witches. Tom was repulsed, and Lady told him he could also ask for courting proposals from wizards instead of witches, but he needed to make sure the Slytherin line continued. He didn't want to disappoint anyone anymore.

He knew that same-sex wizarding marriages were possible now, but that didn't mean it wasn't frowned upon. That was one of the reasons why Remus and Sirius hadn't been public. Well, that and the fact that Remus was a werewolf and Sirius was an inbred pureblood. It will kick up a giant storm when they finally came out.

Harry couldn't wait until it came out. The little mischief-maker.

Tom shook himself when Harry gave him permission to enter.

"Have you received any letters from Hermione?" Tom asked, deciding to not dance around the subject. He didn't really want to see any pity in Harry's eyes, and he had a courting date later, so a little hurry was appropriate. Even if he would rather stab himself than marry a witch. Well. Those were his own concerns.

Harry seemed to still be in the middle of his work because his eyes were a little glazed. He shook his head as if to get his thoughts straight.

"Not that I can remember. I think the last time I received one was last week, but this is her OWL year, and we both know that Hermione will be already stressed. Even if it's just October." Harry said with a chuckle.

Tom frowned. He knew that Harry was right, but still, something felt off.

"Mh, last week was the last time I heard from her too. I asked her for her opinion on the new creature agreement we want to propose. I know how passionate she is about it. So it just seems strange that she hasn't responded." Tom mused.

That got Harry's attention, and he finally looked Tom in the eye. "That is nothing like her indeed. Could it be that her letters can't reach us? Maybe it's Dumbledore's plan to stop our correspondence, making it seem like I don't care about her. With the recent alliances I got in the Wizengamot, it could seem like I wouldn't want a muggle-born friend." Harry said while walking around his desk and planting his hip against the desk. Harry had made new alliances with some of the darker families. Bonding over the fact of what the Darkthorne's had done.

Tom licked his lips. Harry looked amazing when he was all professional-like.

He then thought Harry's words over, and it could be possible.

"We can check Hogwarts for letter wards. I have the right to be on the premises without invitation with me being a Hogwarts heir." Tom said with a smirk. Harry chuckled, and Tom took a deep breath before swallowing. He loved hearing Harry laugh. The last couple of weeks had been hard for him.

"And would you like a tour through Hogwarts while you're there?" Harry asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I would be honored to be led through Hogwarts by last year's Triwizarding Champion and proclaimed Dragon King!" Tom exclaimed with a mischievous wink. It would help his story that it will seem like he didn't know Hogwarts.

"Oh bloody hell, please don't say that name again." Harry groaned, earning only laughter in response. It felt good to joke with each other again.

Tom turned serious again. "When do you have the time to go there?"

Harry casted a tempus to see what time it was. "I have time now."

Tom contemplated if he should go to Hogwarts today and cancel his courting date or go to his date and go to Hogwarts tomorrow. The choice wasn't that hard.

"I need to send off a letter first, but after I'm free," Tom responded.

Harry nodded with a smile, seeming almost giddy to go to Hogwarts. Tom could relate, Hogwarts had been his first home, and from Harry's stories, it had the same meaning to him.

Tom made his way to his own office and quickly sent a letter to heiress Eastvine. This would have been their first courting date, but Tom didn't mind canceling it.

He may have canceled a couple of his dates. All with good reasons, of course.

When he entered Harry's office again, he saw that Harry had changed his clothes. Less official wizarding robes and more mundane muggle suits. Tom's breath caught when he saw Harry was wearing Slytherin colors.

They matched his eyes and raven hair. That Harry had ever been sorted in Gryffindor was truly a travesty for the human eye.

"Good idea," Tom said, and he waved his hand in an elegant motion to change his own clothes. It was a little more old-fashioned, but Tom liked the old-fashioned suits more. Probably because he was born in another time. Tom straightened out his colbert before looking at Harry again.

Harry's pupils were a little dilated, which Tom only could see because they were pretty close to each other without him noticing.

"Are you ready, Harry?"

Harry looked away from Tom and coughed before nodding. Tom held out his hand, and Harry rolled his eyes but still accepted Tom's hand. Tom suppressed a shiver when he felt Harry's warm hand in his. He quickly apparated them both to Hogsmeade and mourned the loss of Harry's hand when they broke apart.

They silently made their way to the gates, deciding without words that they would walk to Hogwarts from the Hogsmeade village.

Tom enjoyed the walk and smiled at the sight of his old school. They walked closely by the lake, and Tom saw one of the nymphs wave at them.

What they didn't see, however, were students. Like none at all. Which was strange for a Saturday. It was still pleasant outside, so Tom expected to see lots of students at the lake, maybe studying or goofing around, maybe there was a Quidditch game or something, but when he looked towards the Quidditch pitch, the stands were empty, as was the field.

He stopped Harry with a hand on his arm. "Where is everyone?"

It seemed like he had pulled Harry out of his own head because Harry looked around with a surprised expression.

"I have no idea," Harry mumbled. They looked at each other and decided to make haste towards the castle.

Even the entrance hall was empty. They both didn't want to deal with teachers, so they cast notice me not charms on themselves.

It was not time for dinner just yet, so the Great Hall was empty too, but Tom could remember that there always was someone in the Great Hall, sometimes teachers but always one or two students playing a game if their own common room was full or something.

"I don't like this," Harry said, and Tom could hear the worry.

"Me neither. Let's go to Snape. Talk to him." Tom whispered, but when he turned around, he was surprised by a wall **full** of frames with rules.

He took a couple of steps closer to read a couple.

*Decree no. 32* - All students Need To Report To High Inquisitor When Gaining Detention.

*Decree no. 2* - Any Literature By Non-Wizards Or Half Breeds Is Banned Forthwith.

Decree no. 14 - Any Student Found In Possession Of A Spell-Check Charmed Quill Will Be Severely Punished.

*Decree no. 92* - Any Student Found In Possession Of Sweets From Unauthorized Suppliers Will Be Expelled.

*Decree no. 55* - All Weasley Products Will Be Banned Immediately.

*Decree no. 121* - Wands To Be Confiscated From Students Casting Recreational Spells. All Magical Objects To Be Held By High Inquisitor Until Further Notice.

And it went on and on.

"What the actual fuck." He heard Harry hiss. He looked to the other wizard, or at least where his voice sounded from. He gasped when he felt Harry's magic surround him. Harry mostly had a tight leash on his magic. With the extra powers he had, it was necessary, but it was clear that Harry was emotional. It was when his control slipped sometimes.

"What is it, Harry?" Tom asked. He reached out his hand and felt his hand connect to Harry's shoulder. It was also when Harry's notice me not charm fell. Harry just pointed towards one

of the decrees.

*Decree no. 7 - Students Must Consent To Have Their Post Checked For Illegal Contraband.*

"That High Inquisitor is using this decree as an excuse to check students their post," Tom said in understanding after reading the decree.

"I think Hermione is in trouble," Harry said through gritted teeth.

Tom squeezed Harry's shoulder. "We will fix it, come on. Let's find Snape. He will know more about this."

Harry nodded and casted his notice me not charm again. They quickly made their way to Snape's office.

They knocked on Snape's office door after checking if the coast was clear. It didn't take long for Snape to open the door. He sneered when he saw no one. They both took that as an invitation to cancel their charms. Snape blanched for a moment, and Tom knew that he was smirking in response to startling Snape.

"Get in." Snape hissed before rechecking the corridor if it was really empty and closing the door, immediately warding it.

"What are you two imbeciles doing here?" Snape said with a scowl.

"Now, now, Severus, we thought we were friends," Harry said in a dark voice. Tom shivered in response. He loved it when Harry got a little dark. Mostly because Tom was so open to Dark magic, he needed to feel it sometimes. Not bad Dark magic, of course. He was done with that. But he was the Dark Lord or would be again soon enough. Dark magic was something that made him feel good.



"Potter -" Snape started to growl.

"Severus. What is happening in the school?" Tom intercepted. He didn't want Harry to kill Snape. He was still of use.

Snape seemed to sigh with his whole body before gesturing to two seats.

They both took one and were surprised when Snape floated timber glasses with Fire Whiskey towards them.

"The High Inquisitor-" Snape sneered even more than they were used to. "-is taking over the school, Dumbledore isn't doing anything, and she is dictating the entire school. She is handing out detentions left and right, students are scared of her, they won't even talk to their Heads of house. She is doing something to them, but we can't prove anything. And again, Dumbledore isn't doing anything!" Snape sneered, clearly distraught with whatever was happening.

"Handing out detentions and students being scared of a teacher is not something new, now is it, Severus?" Harry said in response with a glare. Snape rubbed his face with both his hands.

"Potter - Peverell, *Harry*, I know I was wrong, I am bettering myself, but she is even worse than I was," Snape said, and Tom was inclined to believe him.

Harry sat back in the chair while swirling his drink.

"You said you can't prove anything. What are the suspicions of what she's doing to the students?" Harry asked.

"We think she is threatening the students to keep silent, and we think that she's using a blood quill on them," Snape said. Tom went rigid, and Harry seemed to freeze next to him.

"We came here today because Hermione isn't responding to our letters and we were worried. Are you telling me my best friend, **my sister**, is being tortured inside this school?" Harry asked in a voice that could freeze hell.

"Harry-" Snape tried, but Harry slashed his hand through the air to silence Snape.

**"Were. Is. Hermione?"** Harry seethed. Tom put a hand over his mouth because the smile he had on his face was not appropriate for the current situation. It's just that he secretly loved it if Harry lost a little control.

"She has detention today with the Weasley twins, Luna Lovegood and Lavender Brown, Draco would have had detention too, but she's not strong enough to go after a Dark, pureblood family." Snape quickly explained.

Tom narrowed his eyes.

"Who is she? Who is the High Inquisitor?" Tom asked.

"Dolores Umbridge."

"The pink toad." Harry and Tom said at the same time.

\*\*\*\*

*Harry's POV;*

Harry was ready to get some heads rolling, especially if something was happening to Hermione. He stormed out of Snape's office, making his way to the Defense Against the Dark Arts office. Tom ran up behind him.

"Harry-"

But Harry didn't stop. Tom had been avoiding him. He knew he had, Tom knew he was doing it, and Harry had had enough. Finding out that someone was probably hurting Hermione was the icing on the cake. The anger and helplessness he had felt the last couple of weeks came to a boiling point.

He started walking faster, wanting to help his sister in all but blood.

"Harry!" Tom whisper-shouted, not wanting to gain any attention from other teachers while they were there.

Again Harry didn't react. He was seeing red. Suddenly a hand came down on his arm and pulled him to a stop. Tom was a little flushed when he stepped in front of Harry.

"You can't just go in and kill the woman!" Tom hissed in his face.

"Watch me-"

But before Harry could step around Tom, Tom stopped him. "No, I'm not going to watch you. You will end up in Azkaban, and what about all those plans you had for us? What about those? You are willing to throw everything away because-"

"Because she's hurting Hermione! I couldn't protect you, but I can protect her, so let me go!" Harry roared, satisfied when Tom seemed shocked by the turn of events.

When Harry wanted to step around Tom again, he found himself blocked again. He groaned in annoyance, but then Tom started speaking.

"From what exactly did you feel the need to protect me from?" Tom asked in a steady voice. Harry shivered from the detached voice Tom used.

Harry threw up his hands and sighed. "Darkthorne, she wanted to use you, and I couldn't stop it, even worse because of her *I* used you. And now you can't even stand to see my face-" Harry knew he was starting to ramble, but he just couldn't stop.

"Harry-"

"-and now you hate me because you didn't want me-"

"Harry!"

"-And I'm so fucking sorry, Tom, I know you didn't want it, but it was the best fucking thing that ever happened to me-"

"Potter!"

"I even can put some distance between us, if you want that after this, but I can't let anything happen to Hermione, she's like my sister-" Words faltered him when Tom's lips interrupted his rambling. Harry was completely shocked and didn't move until Tom pulled away. He then made an embarrassing sound before grabbing Tom's jacket and pulling him back in.

Tom let himself be pulled and sighed when their lips connected again. Harry didn't know how long they stood standing there, but that was fair. He was finally kissing Tom, completely sober! He reveled in the warm feeling that spread through his entire body. He opened his mouth and licked the seem of Tom's lips, asking for entrance, groaning when Tom let him in.

Tom then pulled back, again, and chuckled when Harry didn't want to let go. Tom put his hand on Harry's cheek, and Harry's breath hitched when he looked in those dark blue eyes.

"*I* thought you didn't want me, and I couldn't bear it to see you the whole time when I couldn't touch or taste you again," Tom whispered the confession.

Harry was stunned before a moment, cursing himself because of the lack of communication. They could've done this for ages! "Bloody hell, okay, we're going to stop that bitch from hurting Hermione, and then we're going back home, and we will not leave my room for the next two days." Harry breathed out. Tom grinned and quickly moved towards the Defense Against the Dark Arts office.

Harry's anger was gone, way too happy with the fact that Tom wanted him! Oh, bloody hell, Death had given him clues. Hell, Remus and Sirius had also given hints that he was doing something wrong. They had told him that he was being stupid and that he needed to talk to Tom about it, but Harry didn't want to make it even more awkward.

They finally reached the classroom, and Harry and Tom saw a pale blonde girl coming from the office. She was cradling her hand, and Harry could see that she was holding back tears.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked immediately, canceling their notice me not charms while striding over to the girl. He looked at her but held his hands back a little, asking for permission to touch her without words. She gave him a dreamy smile before holding out her hands.

"Hello, Lord Potter - Peverell, Lord Slytherin, it seems that she was right." The girl hummed, making Harry frown.

"Uhm, what? And who are you?" Harry asked. He received a dreamy smile again before she pulled her hand back and curtsied, "my name is Luna Lovegood, and the only one who could've told me you were coming is Lady Magic, of course," She told them with absolute certainty.

Harry glanced at Tom, and he saw that they both had raised their eyebrows in question. Lady Magic didn't 'just' communicate with regular witches and wizards. If this girl got messages from Lady herself, she was special.

"Well, nice to meet you, Miss Lovegood. Are we correct to assume that Miss Granger and other students are still inside the office?" Tom said because Harry was still too stunned to speak.

A sad look came over Luna's face, and Harry stepped forward again, taking her hand again and now seeing the letters that were engraved in angry red wounds. He clenched his jaw, the rage that had calmed down reared up again when he read, '*I must not dream.*'

"Go to Madam Pomfrey. She will have Murtlap essence. It will help with the scarring and the cursed wounds." Harry told her and waited until she nodded before letting go. She turned back to them with another dreamy smile. "I'm glad you two found each other. You both seem happy." Stunning the two wizards again before she made her way out of the classroom.

Harry shook his head, clearing his thoughts before pulling out his wand and cursed the fact that Dumbledore still had the Elder wand, but he still needed to wait before he could get the wand from the older wizard.

He tipped his head in the direction of the door, and Tom immediately copied and followed him.

They waited at the door for a moment, but they didn't hear anything, so Tom used a spell that most people had forgotten over time, a spell that was undetectable by most wards. It made a window with sound on a door or wall so you could see and hear what was happening inside that room. The people inside the room would not see anything wrong with the place the window spell was used on.

Inside they saw the pink toad standing in front of the room, looking quite smug while looking down on the students who were bent over the desks.

Harry saw Hermione's bushy hairs immediately. She was hunched over her desk, writing and clenching her other hand before shaking it as if to get rid of a cramp.

He also saw Fred and George in two other seats. They were both glaring at the witch in front, clearly wishing they could do anything to get out of this. Harry also saw Lavender. She was crying and wiping her face before hissing at the sting of her wounds because of the blood quill.

"Raise your hands. I will check if the message has **sunk** in this time." Umbridge said in a fake sweet tone with a smile on her face.

They all stopped writing and held out their hands for Umbridge to inspect. She first went to Fred, declaring he wasn't ready yet, before doing the same to George. They both were almost frothing at the mouth in rage, but Harry could see they were anchoring each other to not lose it. Harry couldn't make out the words that were now etched on their hands. Dear Godric, if Molly would find out about this... Hogwarts would be too small.

Umbridge then made her way to Lavender, who was still crying, silently, but still crying. "Ah, dear, it seems like you've finally got the message. You can go, but I don't want to find any other magazines ever again, am I clear?" Umbridge demanded, making Harry clench his teeth. She was punishing Lavender for a simple magazine? What the bloody hell did she think she was doing?!

Lavender scrambled out of her seat gathered her things before looking at Hermione, clearly hoping that she would come with her, but Umbridge was now standing next to Hermione and inspecting her hand.

Umbridge clicked her tongue in disapproval before smiling indulgently at Hermione. "It seems like you haven't had learned your lesson. I need another twenty lines with 'I am not as smart as I think I am.' Miss Brown, you were dismissed." Umbridge said with a cool look at Lavender. Hermione also looked at Lavender and nodded at her that it was okay. But Harry saw red.

He stepped out of the way so Lavender could make her way out of the door. Tom stopped Lavender and silently ordered her to go to Madam Pomfrey. But Harry barely heard it. She seemed afraid but nodded and bolted out of the classroom. Then Harry made his way inside the room with Tom on his heels.

"Madam Umbridge. Care to explain what the bloody hell you're doing?" Harry demanded, barely restraining himself from throwing a crucio at the witch.

"What are you doing here! You cannot be on Hogwarts grounds! It's illegal for w-"

"Oh shut up, you stupid old hag!" Harry declared, earning a whoop from Fred and George.

Hermione watched with fear and relief etched on her face, and Tom quickly made his way towards her. She smiled at him when he carefully took her hand in his and drained her pain with a simple spell, he couldn't heal it because the wound was cursed, but he could take the pain away.

"You cannot talk to me like that! I'm the High Inquisitor! I am appointed by the Minister himself!" Umbridge shrieked with wild eyes, aiming her wand at Harry.

Harry narrowed his eyes, so Fudge had also something to do with this, he couldn't see their endgame just yet, but he will find out.

"I can, and I will talk to you like this. You are torturing innocent students!" Harry snapped.

Umbridge began to go red in the face, but Harry didn't care. "You should listen to me, you filthy half-blood!" Umbridge declared before shooting a spell at Harry, which was a grave mistake on her part of course.

Harry could've easily stopped the spell, but it wasn't necessary because Tom was now in front of Harry and blocked the spell with a look on his face that made it clear that Umbridge would get what was coming to her.

"Why don't we take this to the Great Hall? I think the students deserve some closure after being tortured and harassed for the past month." Tom declared coolly before binding Umbridge with just a flick of his wand and spinning her upside down. She was shrieking like a pig at the sudden change of events, but nobody in the room seemed to care.

"Oh! Just in time for dinner!" Fred declared gleefully.

"Can we make it a dinner show?!" George added with a grin. Harry rolled his eyes but chuckled. He waved his wand to silence the shrieking pink witch before dragging Hermione



into a crushing hug.

"Are you okay, Mione?" Harry whispered in her hair. Hermione shook her head and held on tight to him. They stood there for a moment, and Harry saw that Tom was having a little too much fun. He was waving his wand this way and that way, making Umbridge bounce all over the room. Of course, he was being encouraged by the twins.

"Fred, George, could you bring Hermione to Madam Pomfrey? We have already sent Luna and Lavender to her." Harry asked while pulling away from Hermione and smiling softly at her, hoping that he could show her that it would be okay.

The twins nodded but also pouted, not wanting to miss a thing of what was going to happen to Umbridge.

Harry sighed, "I will get you the memory of what happens, deal?"

"Then, of course, we will-" Fred started, and Harry groaned, already knowing this would become of their twin speak tangents.

"-escort, Miss Granger to the wonderful-"

"-helpful, amazing healer-"

"-but, we would like to give our thanks-"

"-to our two wonderful saviors-"

"-little Harri-kins is all grown up-" George started to faux choke up at that, making Harry roll his eyes.

"-and such a handsome bloke he-" Tom frowned at this, and Harry barely suppressed a laugh.

"-has become!" They ended together. Hermione rolled her eyes before pecking Harry on the cheek. "Be careful, Harry. I think Dumbledore also has something to do with this." She whispered, and he nodded in understanding.

She then made her way to Tom before also pecking him on the cheek, making him look surprised at her. She just smiled and shook her head in amusement. Hermione and Tom had become friends, but they didn't share hugs or anything the like. She was also one of the only ones that knew Tom's true identity.

At first, she had a hard deal with it, and it was extremely awkward, but after she had talked a couple of times with Tom, read had heated discussions with the man, she accepted the fact that he had changed for the better.

"Am I not getting a warning to be careful?" Tom asked, sounding amused, but Hermione shook her head. "No, just give her hell." She replied with a twinkle in her eye before making her way out of the office with Fred and George on her heels, acting like her personal bodyguards.

Harry turned to look at the toad again. It seemed like she was becoming green from all the bouncing around and screaming without a sound. He gave her a disgusted sneer.

"Let's go. I want to bring *this* -" indicating Umbridge with a wave of his hand. "-to the Aurors as soon as possible, and make sure the Prophet is aware, maybe they can even print an evening edition," He mused the last part with a smirk.

"Good thinking, Harry," Tom purred. Harry shot him a heated look, not having forgotten what he had promised as soon as they were back home.

Tom smirked knowingly before making his way out of the classroom with a bouncing Umbridge behind him. Harry quickly called upon his Patronus to call Madam Bones to Hogwarts with a couple of Aurors so they could hand Umbridge to them.

When they were in the entrance hall before the Great Hall, they saw multiple students make their way to dinner, all in perfect formation until they spotted the pink abomination behind the two wizards.

Whispers started, and yells of glee were heard, but Harry and Tom ignored them, still making their way to the Great Hall. All the students quickly followed, too curious about what was happening.

Most of the staff were already at the dining table, and Harry barely suppressed a sneer aimed at Dumbledore.

Dumbledore's eyes widened when he saw Tom and Harry enter with a bound and shouting Umbridge. Even if she was silenced, it was clear that she was screaming herself raw.

Tom practically threw Umbridge on the floor in front of the staff table, not caring in the least if she was hurt in the process. Dumbledore stood and frowned at the young men.

"What are you doing? You can't just walk into this castle and hurt one of our teachers! I can and will make sure you are arrested for your crimes-" Dumbledore started to demand, but Harry interrupted him.

"Oh, save it, Dumbledore." Harry sneered, making the whole hall go silent.

"You can't-" Dumbledore started again, but Harry raised his hand in demand of silence, and Dumbledore stopped talking.

"We found out today that one of *your* teachers was dictating and torturing students of Hogwarts. We caught her in the act, and within a couple of minutes, Aurors will come here to arrest Madam Umbridge. We demand her immediate dismissal, or we will hold you responsible for her actions. We hope you weren't aware of any of her crimes; otherwise, we will bring you to justice too, Dumbledore." Tom declared, sounding at least a little official while Harry was a little too emotional for that right now.

"But we won't have a teacher for Defense Against the Dark Arts anymore," Dumbledore demanded, earning outraged cries from all over the room. It was McGonagall that stood now.

"Seriously, Albus! What that woman was doing could hardly be considered teaching! The students are better off without her, especially if the accusations are true!" The woman declared with fire in her eyes. Harry couldn't suppress the feeling of disgust for Dumbledore that he only cared about the DADA post and not about the students themselves.

"They are. We have sent five students today to Madam Pomfrey, who will also verify this." Harry declared before turning to the other students that were now watching the spectacle.

"Please raise your hands if you have served detention from Umbridge and were hurt during those times."

Two-thirds of the students raised their hands, no longer afraid of the consequences of tattling on the most hated teacher. Most of them had bandages on their hands.

Harry growls before turning back to the staff table. "If you're so afraid that you're missing your Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, then I will take the position gladly!" He declared heatedly.

The staff table seemed shocked for a moment, but the students (mostly the girls) cheered.

"You don't have a teacher's license," Dumbledore spluttered in protest.

Tom chuckles darkly before responding to Dumbledore's protest. "I can't imagine that the pink stain in front of us had one. And she was appointed by our dear Minister."

"But Harry doesn't have that, and I will not employ him!" Dumbledore then says with a glare aimed at Tom.

"If you won't, I will raise it with the Board of Governors. I'm sure they will all gladly accept him as a teacher for their children," Tom replies with a smirk, enjoying the spluttering of the old fool.

"You can't do that! You have no rights-" As soon as Dumbledore stated that Tom had no rights, the enchanted ceiling thundered, making Tom smirk. Dumbledore froze and looked at the ceiling in regretful understanding but mostly disappointment.

"Actually, because I'm the only living descendant of the Hogwarts founders, I do **have** the rights. Even more so, I can appoint him right here right now, and it seems like Hogwarts agrees with **me**, Dumbledore. Not you." Tom sneers, making Harry duck his head with a smile. It seems like he has a new job.

They had plans for Hogwarts, but they wanted to make some progress in the Ministry before they would start those. But now they will start those plans sooner, not that it is a hardship, they only want the best with Hogwarts.

There is some ruckus behind them, and Harry turns to see Madam Bones and three Aurors making their way towards them through the students.

"What is going on here, Lord Potter - Peverell?" She asks with a stoic look after seeing all the students gathered and the two Lords that have started a lot of her recent headaches with everything they were changing in the Ministry. All good things, thank the Gods, she seriously doubted that she could stop them if they started other businesses, but still, many, many headaches.

Harry bows to her before pointing at the pink stain on the floor, "Madam Bones, we want you to arrest Madam Umbridge on the grounds of torturing minors. We have witnesses and evidence, but if you want to administer Veritaserum, we should go to the Wizengamot. I'm sure they would like to hear what Madam Umbridge has done to their children and others." He sneered.

Madam Bones seemed shocked for a moment before glaring at the witch in question. She then looked frantically around her until she found her niece, who was looking regretfully at

her before stepping forward.

"Auntie, he's speaking the truth-" Susan Bones then walked towards her aunt and showed her hand without the bandage. "-I tried writing to you when it became bad, but when I didn't receive any answers, I figured out she was also blocking the mail." She told her aunt with a trembling lip.

Madam Bones inspected the almost closed wounds with flaring nostrils before turning a heated glare at Umbridge.

"You dared to torture my niece?!" She hissed, all composure gone. Harry glanced at Tom and saw him suppressing a smirk.

Umbridge actually flinched at her tone but was still screaming under the silence spell. Not able to break it without her wand.

"I would ask if I should break the silence spell, but I'm afraid that everything she has to say will scar the students." Harry hummed, not even hiding his amusement.

Bones wordlessly waved her Aurors forward to arrest the pink bitch.

"I will see you in the Wizengamot in one hour." Bones declared before turning back to her niece, whispering to her.

Tom scraped his throat, getting her attention again. "I'm sorry to interrupt you, Madam Bones, I understand that you're worried about your niece, but a lot of the students have been hurt by Madam Umbridge. So many that I think that Madam Pomfrey will be overwhelmed if they now all go to the hospital wing. Shall I ask assistance from St. Mungos?" He proposed.

"Yes, Lord Slytherin, that would be much appreciated. But make sure they document every wound." Tom nodded, and Harry refrained from kissing the man again for such a good idea.

The healers from St. Mungos will definitely not be influenced by Dumbledore, which with Pomfrey, it was still debatable if she was loyal to Dumbledore or the students.

Tom then asked McGonagall if he could use her floo for the call to St. Mungos, something she was happy to assist in. While the Aurors took Umbridge away and Tom went with McGonagall, Bones turned back to the staff table with narrowed eyes.

"Why has none of the staff noticed this? While two Lords who were just visiting saw and took action within hours?" It was clear that Madam Bones took this very seriously, and she was a little terrifying.

Dumbledore was dumbfounded with how quickly everything was spinning out of his control, and Harry tried not to look too smug.

It was Professor Flitwick that spoke with a glare aimed at Dumbledore. "The students never came to us directly, and while we did question all the decrees Umbridge was starting, our complaints were not heard by the Headmaster, because according to *him*, the Ministry would know what they were doing," Flitwick said in a mocking tone, and the other teachers nodded in agreement.

You could really see the resemblance to his next of kin, the Goblins, at that moment because Professor Flitwick was livid.

"She also threatened to fire us when we did try to step in with detentions." Hagrid declared with a snuffle. Harry felt for his old friend. He was still deeply in Dumbledore's pocket, but Harry could see that Hagrid felt terrible for the students.

"Madam Bones, would this be a good time to add that Umbridge was named Head Inquisitor by the Minister? A position that made it so that she would have almost as much power as the Headmaster?" Harry added innocently. He looked back at the students when he heard some sniggering, seeing that the older Slytherin students clearly saw straight through him and what he was doing.

Madam Bones hummed in acknowledgment. "It would. Dumbledore, I assume you will be present with the hearing in an hour?" She asked with narrowed eyes. Dumbledore could only nod, but his eyes shifted, and he glared at the person who walked in. When Harry turned, he saw that Dumbledore's glare was aimed at Tom, who had just come back into the Great Hall with multiple Healers.

They did quick work with setting up a little field hospital for the students that had fallen victim to the pink witch, making sure to document everything for the hearing of Umbridge.

Tom then asked the house-elves to serve dinner in the common rooms so the students could eat in the comfort of their own houses. He also took the Head of houses apart to propose mind healers for all the students. McGonagall had tears in her eyes but nodded determined, replying that they would take care of it and of the mail ward so the students could contact their families.

Tom and Harry then left together. They made their way to the hospital wing to update Hermione and the twins before walking back to Hogsmeade to apparate home for their official Wizengamot robes.

As soon as they stood in the entrance hall of Peverell manor, Harry had his hands full of Tom's clothes and pulled him closer to kiss him senselessly.

"You were fucking amazing," Harry breathed in between kisses. Tom bit his lip, and a blush spread over his cheeks.

"You were too. I wanted to tear your clothes off when you went all dark. I love it when you go all dark," Tom admitted, making Harry groan.

Harry dropped his head on Tom's shoulder. "Why did you tell me that?! We don't have time to do anything right now!"

Tom chuckled and placed a kiss on Harry's temple, making Harry feel warm inside his chest.



He pulled back before kissing Tom again, putting his desire in the kiss, only stopping when they heard someone scrape his throat.

When they turn around, they see a smirking Sirius. It was silent for about two seconds before Sirius threw up his hand and "FINALLY!" screamed at the top of his lungs before throwing himself at the two men. Harry grunted from the impact but laughed when Sirius seemed genuinely happy for them.

When Sirius pulled back, he narrowed his eyes at them. "Are you two the reason there is another Wizengamot meeting by any chance?"

"Well-" Tom started more amused than anything else, "-we are, the pink toad will get what she deserves today."

Sirius beamed at them. "Bloody awesome, do I wanna know-?"

Harry shook his head with a severe expression. "No, it's bad, but you will hear soon enough. I rather have your genuine reaction to it all in the meeting."

Sirius nodded easily at that before clapping them both on the back.

"Okay, get ready, we need to leave in a few,"

Harry and Tom quickly made their way to their rooms before they heard Sirius yell after them. "And no funny business! My Moony will know if you try anything!"

Harry groaned while Tom pulled him along. Tom then leaned in to whisper in Harry's ear. "Don't worry, we have plenty enough time later,"

Harry blushed but was very pleased with the implications. He couldn't wait.

## Chapter End Notes

Author's note:

I made it so that Umbridge did her shit a lot sooner because she had permission from Fudge and Dumbledore, but that will become more apparent in the next chapter!

I hope you liked it! Please let me know!

I love kudos and comments! So if you have the time please leave one! ♥♥

xxMBlack93

# Part eleven

## Chapter Notes

I'm back! Whoo! I think this is going to be my longest story to date...

To be honest I really didn't think it would become this long.

But I got so many awesome replies and so much kudos I just can't help it! So bear with me, and keep following the story!

And please leave comments because I love those so much!

Thank you all!

Enjoy the new chapter!

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

*Tom's POV;*

Tom had no idea a hearing could be this fun. Just the anticipation alone is enough to have him chuckling. They have enough evidence to give Umbridge the kiss, and if her ranting earlier meant anything, it will mean she will drag Fudge and Dumbledore down with her.

They are waiting for Fudge and Madam Bones to enter the Wizengamot. Dumbledore is already in his place as Chief Warlock because no one had sent him away just yet, and Umbridge is already chained and silenced in the middle of the room. Purple in the face from all the screaming she's doing. Salazar, he hopes she will get the kiss.

Tom leans a little to his right, looking to the neutral part of the stands, looking at Harry. When he finds him in the middle of the rest of the witches and wizards, he can't help but smirk, seeing that Harry is already looking back at him.

Not being able to touch him is already torture, and unfortunately, he doesn't know how long the trial will take.

He really wants to go home and devour Harry, kiss, lick and bite his lithe body until Harry can't take it anymore. Tom shifts a little to adjust himself, and Harry puts a hand for his mouth to hide a smile, seemingly aware of what he's doing to Tom's mind and at the moment to Tom's pants.

Both their eyes are drawn to the entrance when Madam Bones walks in with Fudge and six Aurors. Fudge is looking afraid and makes himself as small as possible. When his eyes find Umbridge shrieking in the middle of the room, he pales rapidly.

"W-what's this?! What's the m-meaning of this!?" Fudge tries to demand, only to shrink under Bones' glare.

"Take a seat, Minister-" Bones sneers, all pleasantries are gone from her face, and Tom almost wiggles in his seat because of it. He really likes a little chaos. "-you will find out soon enough."

Fudge protests some more, blabbering about how he's the Minister and a lot of other gibberish, but Tom doesn't really pay attention. He leans a little back before looking behind him to whisper to Sirius.

"Prepare. This is going to be nasty." He whispers, and Sirius nods solemnly. Tom sees some others are listening in, but he ignores them for now. It's clear that most of the Dark magic section has chosen him as the leader, pulled in by his magic and his confidence. Since he joined the Wizengamot, he has already gained the most powerful allies from the Neutral and Dark sections. He already kind of is the Dark Lord again, but now political.

"Today, we are going to do things a little different." Madam Bones declares, getting the attention of everyone in the room. She looks around the room with narrowed eyes before continuing.

"Because of recent discoveries, I shall lead this hearing, after the facts are revealed of this case, we shall give our verdict with a vote if Minister Fudge is suitable to continue his ministership, and if Albus Dumbledore will continue as Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot. Most of you will have questions, and I ask for you to wait until the end because most questions will be answered during this hearing." The no-nonsense tone Madam Bones uses makes it clear that she isn't in the mood to be messed with.

Whispers start immediately, but the crowd keeps their initial shock to themselves. Tom hears multiple whispers around him say, 'good riddance' and 'never trusted the old fool'. When Tom glances at the Chief Warlock he barely represses his smirk because Dumbledore is absolutely fuming in his seat. But he keeps silent. The control he shows is remarkable.

" **Silence** !" Madam Bones demands. The wizards and witches quiet down quickly. "Today, we are here for the critical trial of Dolores Jane Umbridge. She stands to trial because she is accused of torturing children inside Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Dictating their freedom and blocking their correspondence from the outside world through post wards." Madam Bones recites with absolute coldness in her tone.

The pandemonium that breaks out is astounding. It was expected, of course, but it's memorable with how passionate everybody reacts. Most of them do have family members at Hogwarts, to hear that they were tortured and that their freedom has been taken away is something most of them will not take kindly to.

Curses even start flying towards Umbridge, but the protective ward around her stops them. Umbridge is still shrieking and looks more afraid with the second.

"Order! Order!" Madam Bones demands, it takes a while, but finally, everybody is relatively silent again.

"Today at 5.34 PM we received a Patronus from Lord Harry James Potter - Peverell with a request to come to Hogwarts as soon as possible." Tom sees almost every eye in the room turn towards Harry, but he remains stoic and determined.

"When I arrived with three other Aurors, we came upon most of the students of Hogwarts, almost all of the teachers, Lord Potter - Peverell, Lord Slytherin, and Madam Dolores Jane Umbridge in the Great Hall. There we saw Madam Umbridge on the ground while Lord Potter - Peverell and Lord Slytherin were in discussion with Headmaster Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore."

Tom sees multiple people shift uncomfortable, most of them in the Light section, all still sickly loyal to Dumbledore.

"When we asked why we were summoned, Lord Potter - Peverell requested that we arrest Madam Umbridge on the ground of the torture of students. He promised there was more than enough evidence, and there was." Madam Bones stopped talking and paused in her talking, and Tom secretly loved the drama.

Madam Bones flicked her wand, and note after note flew in front of wizards and witches of the Wizengamot. All of them were reports from the healers who helped the students in the last hour. Photo's and texts of all the 'messages' Umbridge wanted to sink in. Tom was disgusted, and he wasn't the only one.

"These are examples. And yes, these are all students of Hogwarts, minor witches, and wizards who thought to be safe inside those halls."

Ohohoooo, someone missed their calling in Slytherin. Tom thought while hiding his smirk behind his hand.

Yells and curses were thrown through the hall. Madam Bones didn't even try to get the Wizengamot back in control, only glaring at Umbridge, who was sinking further and further in her chair. Tom is pretty sure that if terror or fear had a scent, she would reek of it.

It was Harry who took back control of the audience, standing in his silent power until, within minutes, everybody calmed down.

"Please continue, Madam Bones." Harry politely said, before throwing Tom a raised eyebrow, knowing that Tom could've calmed everybody down too. Tom just shrugged. He was enjoying the chaos. But he agreed with Harry. He wanted this done as soon as possible too.

"Thank you, Lord Potter - Peverell, please raise your wand if you agree with the application of Veritaserum." Madam Bones asked the Wizengamot.

There wasn't a single wand not raised. Something Tom was grateful for. They needed the Veritaserum. They needed it so Fudge and Dumbledore would be in trouble too.

Within moments Umbridge calmed down after the Veritaserum was applied, then Madam Bones started her questioning.

"What is your full name?"

"Dolores Jane Umbridge."

"What was your position at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry?"

"I was appointed as a teacher for the class Defense Against the Dark Arts, and I was appointed High Inquisitor by Minister Fudge."

Madam Bones nodded and glared at Fudge, who was almost under his chair if he sunk down any further.

"Please note that Madam Umbridge had been appointed as a teacher and a position that didn't even exist until this year by our own Minister." Madam Bones stated. Earning murmurs through the hall.

She turns back to the Pink toad.

"What was your job as High Inquisitor?"

"There was no job description. I was given free reign over the school." Umbridge stated.

"Free reign? What about the Headmaster?"

"He had no say." The answer was not what Harry and Tom needed, but it was something.

There were a couple of other questions asked that weren't that important, but then Tom's attention was pulled back when Madam Bones asked what kind of torture Umbridge did to the students.

"I didn't torture the students." The witch stated.

The answer was so out of nowhere that Tom shook himself. Did she really say that? What the actual fuck? He was shocked, and when he glanced at Harry, he saw that Harry was getting angry again.

Madam Bones seemed equally shocked. She was silent for a moment, a pensive thought on her face before she asked another question.

"Can you tell us what you did to the students during their detentions?"

"I let them write lines."

Murmurs were again all heard through the hall. Tom could understand some of them because that didn't sound like torture at all.

"And did you provide their writing materials?"

"Yes, I did."

"What kind of quill did you give to the students?"

"A Blood Quill."



"If you let the students write with a Blood Quill, that counts as torture." Madam Bones stated matter of factly.

"It wasn't torture. They are just weak-minded imbeciles or dirty mud- and half-bloods," A slight sneer came through Umbitch's dazed expression.

Tom sat back in his chair. Bloody hell, she was even worse than Voldemort. At least Voldemort knew that he was torturing people, and it had never been children. She didn't even realize that she was hurting children and didn't see anything wrong with it.

Madam Bones' nostrils flared in anger, but she had herself in control even when the whole Wizengamot was demanding blood from the pink toad.

"I demand to know which students were targeted!" Some wizard in the Light section ordered. Tom studied him and saw that it was Lord Diggory if he remembers correctly, Harry had been on a date with his son. Mh, what a prick.

Multiple witches and wizards wanted to know who had been targeted as well, and Madam Bones conceded.

"Madam Umbridge, who did you target with these detentions? And why?"

"Because **they** were a threat against the Ministry." She simply replied. Her answer made everyone silent for a change.

Madam Bones saw gold and struck like a Niffler.

"Who are they? And a threat against the Ministry? Or a threat against your boss, Minister Fudge?" She asked with a slight glance towards the Minister.

" **They** were a threat against Minister Fudge, those mudbloods and half-bloods in the lead! **They** wanted change! And I was the only one that saw straight through them! One minute they would read magazines with half-naked witches, and the next, they would demand that jeans were proper work clothing when working in the Ministry because the Muggles do it! They would undermine the Ministry and Minister Fudge! They would come with liberal ideas that have no place in the Ministry! They should be cut down!" Umbridge became almost hysterical, and Tom looked around to see everyone gape at the pink witch.

When he looked at Fudge, he saw that the man was hiding his face in his bowler hat.

Tom didn't dare look at Harry, knowing he would burst out in laughter.

"The reports have been distributed to you all. The students were no name has been reported wanted to keep their anonymity. If you have children at Hogwarts at this moment, the post wards are functioning like normal again, so you can write them, and they can answer truthfully." Madam Bones declared in the silence, ensuring that the witches and wizards knew they could check up on their children when this was over.

Murmurs in approval were made around the room.

"Does anyone else have any questions for Madam Umbridge?" She then asked while looking around the room.

Nobody spoke, and Tom was glad for it. He was done listening to the toad.

"Then we will discuss our verdict. There is no doubt about it that Madam Umbridge has tortured and harmed underage children and dictated the school for the last month and a half. I propose the kiss as punishment for her actions. If you agree, raise your wand."

Tom was impressed with the declaration, and when he raised his wand and looked around, it was clear that nobody disagreed with Madam Bones. There wasn't a single wand not raised in the Wizengamot. Umbridge had just received the antidote for Veritaserum and heard her verdict. She was now sobbing in silence because the guards had put another silencing spell on her.

The chair on which Umbridge had been bound, disappeared in the ground, and Tom smirked. But the day wasn't over just yet.

The whole Wizengamot was discussing with each other what had happened and the cases that had presented, and Tom stood. They were forgetting a couple of important notes, and Tom is glad to help them remember.

It didn't take long before the whole room quieted, their focus on him. He saw curious looks about what the new young Lord, the 'son' of Voldemort, could demand right now, and he rolled his shoulders.

"Madam Bones, I want to thank you for this quick trial and the correct handling of this atrocity. But I don't think we are quite finished yet." He looked around the room and found those emerald-green eyes that gave him even more strength before turning back to Madam Bones.

He could feel every set of eyes in the Wizengamot on him.

"I think we need to discuss what needs to happen to Minister Fudge and Albus Dumbledore. Because of their neglect and blindness, multiple students have been abused, mistreated, and downright terrorized at a place most call a second home. I demand repercussions." He stated with his head held high.

He smirked when most of the attendants gasped in shock. Then multiple people began to demand the same (mainly the Neutral section) or defend Fudge (a couple in the Dark section, I am looking at you Malfoy) or Dumbledore (mostly the Light section).

Madam Bones shot sparks in the air to demand silence, and it took about ten minutes before everyone settled down.

She then turned to Tom with amusement in her eyes but also sharpness that Tom could respect.

"You are right, Lord Slytherin. We should demand answers from both and see for ourselves if they still suit in their current roles." Madam Bones declared, and Tom could see the little vindictive streak in her. Madam Bones is fair, but if you mess with her niece...

"I'm not going on trial! It's preposterous! I haven't done anything wrong! That woman is mad!" Fudge immediately sputtered, gaining only glares from most of the witches and wizards in attendance.

"Keep silent, you blubbering fool! You clearly knew that Umbridge was unhinged, and still you sent her to our children!" Augusta Longbottom states, glaring Fudge down.

This did help shut Fudge up. He saw that he was losing because even his 'supporters' were sneering at him. Tom knew that Fudge's supporters would jump ship as soon as it looked like a lost cause and because most of them only supported him for their own agenda.

"We will start with Minister Fudge, all in favor of him being stripped from his title as Minister, please raise your wands." No trial, no nothing. It was clear he had been guilty of negligence.

Tom hadn't expected things to go this fast, but he's glad for it. He can't wait to get home with Harry.

There is no surprise that almost the whole Wizengamot again raises their wands.

Bones turns to Fudge, who seems on the edge of crying. "Cornelius Fudge, you are hereby fired as Minister of Magical Britain. We kindly ask you to remove yourself from the hall,"

There would possibly be more repercussions, but at the moment, being stripped from his title was enough. Fudge was just a simple man who wanted power that he didn't know how to wield.

Cornelius shakily stands and makes his way out of the hall with three Aurors flanking him. Some are whispering that he still gets off easy, but Tom is glad that he is at least gone.

"We need a new Minister. We can't go without one." Sirius demands from behind Tom. Tom schools his features. This is going exactly according to plan.

"Indeed-" Harry stands now and gets the attention of the entire room. "I vote for Madam Bones. We know she will be fair and just, something we clearly need."

Tom hears some whispers in the Dark section, but nobody objects to the claim. They wouldn't dare. Madam Bones seems shocked and a little flustered before she clears her throat.

"Thank you, Lord Potter-Peverell, for your generous nomination. Is there someone who wants to nominate themselves or anyone else?" She looks around the room, and Tom tenses when Lord Nott stands.

"I nominate Lord Slytherin, he has a clear head, and he may be new to the Wizengamot, but from what I've seen so far, he supports all sides, not just the one that suits him the most."

There are murmurs in agreement, and even Madam Bones inclines her head to him. Tom is shocked by the nomination and stands.

He just knows that this is some scheme to kiss his ass from Nott, but he doesn't let it deter him.

"Thank you so much for the nomination, Lord Nott. Unfortunately, I don't have the right mindset at this moment to focus on being Minister. I do agree with Lord Potter-Peverell. Madam Bones should be Minister." Tom sits back down and sees Dumbledore eyeing him warily. The old goat probably had expected Tom to jump at the opportunity.

Tom does his best not to sneer at the man.

Harry stands again and shoots Tom a small smile before turning to Madam Bones again. "Everyone in favor of Madam Bones, please raise your wands."

Everyone in the Wizengamot raises their wands again, even Nott, after nominating Tom.

"Then it's settled, welcome, Minister Bones," Harry declares with a small bow, immediately there is a glow that goes through the entire room. Tom feels the magic settling in acceptance of the new Minister.

Finally, someone that is capable of doing her job.

"Thank you for the trust you've put upon me." She declares solemnly before rightening her shoulders again and turning to Dumbledore. "Now to the last point of business, Albus Dumbledore, were you or were you not informed by the wards at Hogwarts about what Madam Umbridge was doing?"

"I was not informed, and I would never put any child in danger like that." Dumbledore states and Tom hears Harry snort. He bites his lip to suppress his own laugh.

Dumbledore isn't deterred and just smiles at Madam Bones with his eyes twinkling. Tom can't stand it.

"So were your wards failing? Didn't you get notified when she brought a Blood Quill inside, a Dark artifact?" Madam Bones inquires.

"She had free reign as she herself put it, which meant that she could change the wards, I assume that's how she also changed the mail wards on Hogwarts so certain letters could get out or in." Dumbledore doesn't seem worried at all. Tom glances at Harry and sees that Harry is looking with narrowed eyes at Dumbledore.

"Am I understanding correctly that you weren't informed about Madam Umbridge's detentions? Weren't the other teachers worried?" Madam Bones asks with fire in her eyes.

"There were some complaints from my staff, but nothing that could be proven until today."

Tom is starting to feel nervous. The Wizengamot is clearly eating up Dumbledore's words. They just immediately believe him because he saved them all those years ago against Grindelwald. And because they all know that Voldemort was afraid of him, of his power. Thankfully, Tom isn't.

It's maddening, but Tom can't interfere. He hasn't got any proof! Only what Umbridge declared, but it isn't enough to incriminate Dumbledore.

Madam Bones is nodding. "So you have never put any students in harm's way?" She asks, and Dumbledore shakes his head.

"Of course not. I would never harm a child." Dumbledore tells the audience again, who all believe him immediately.

"You liar!" Harry suddenly declares, and Tom gapes at the rude interruption of the trial.

Harry is standing and glaring at Dumbledore, his magic pouring out of him in waves, and Tom swallows heavily.

Oh, Lord. Harry is mad.

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*Harry's POV;*

"Of course not. I would never harm a child." Dumbledore declares, maintaining the standard image of a concerned grandfather as if he can't believe the accusations that are being made against him.

That lying son of a bitch! Harry can't believe Dumbledore is lying this easily like he hasn't hurt a fly, while he manipulated Harry's life since his parents had been killed! Maybe even before because Dumbledore was the one telling them about the Prophecy, making them move around and advising them to use the Fidelius charm.

"You liar!" He yells, he can't hold it back anymore, he hates it that he can see how Dumbledore thinks he can get away with it.

"Lord Potter-Peverell, you can't just-" Minister Bones starts, but Harry interrupts him again.

"I have proof of Dumbledore harming a child, a baby even, and he fully was aware of what he was doing!"

This shuts everyone up.

"What kind of proof?" Bones asks with narrowed eyes.

Harry bites his lip, he wasn't really thinking at first when he started yelling, but he can't let Dumbledore get away with it. He needs to tell everyone what happened to him. He rolls his shoulders and doesn't dare to look at Tom or Sirius.

"I have an inheritance test where has been detected that my magical core was bound and with it also my ability to use wandless and wordless magic. This all happened on Samhain 1981. After that, I was left on the doorstep of my muggle family, a muggle family who hated everything magic. I have a witness that Dumbledore was the one that put the bindings on me and a witness that Dumbledore was the one that left me in an abusive household for ten years." Harry tries to rein in his emotions and magic, but it's difficult. He's just so worked up about this. He can't let Dumbledore go back to Hogwarts. He has done too much harm there. They need a competent Headmaster or Headmistress.



Silence had never been quite this loud, but Harry stood his ground. He needs Dumbledore away from Hogwarts and, if possible, in prison.

"These-these are some serious accusations, Lord Potter-Peverell." Madam Bones starts slowly after minutes of silence.

"I know, and as I just said, I have witnesses and a Gringotts inheritance test to prove it," Harry says determinedly.

"Please call on your witnesses and inheritance test from Gringotts. I want to get to the bottom of this." Madam Bones says with a nod. Harry can see it in her eyes that she believes him. Thank Salazar for that.

Harry nods his head and steps down to the middle of the Wizengamot before calling Dobby.

"Dobby, please go to Gringotts, and ask for master Gobblyrock. He has my inheritance test."

"Of course, Master Harry, sir!" Dobby says with a salute before popping away again. Harry glances at the Dark section to see Malfoy gaping at the spot his old house-elf just vanished from. Harry suppresses the desire to laugh.

"The first witness I will call is Professor McGonagall, she was with Dumbledore when he dropped me as a one-year-old on my families doorstep in a basket, please also note that it was the first of November, and I wasn't found until the next morning in just a basket with a letter," Harry tells the Wizengamot. He sees Dumbledore starting to panic in his seat, but Harry doesn't care. Harry is not pulling any punches.

Dumbledore needs to go down.

It takes Dobby about five minutes to get the inheritance test, and thankfully his title as Master of Death has been glamoured. Harry thinks Lady Magic is helping him a hand at the moment, and he doesn't mind at all.

He presents the document to Madam Bones, who quickly reads through it.

"Named Dragon king by a Hungarian Horntail?" She says while raising her eyebrows, her monocle falls promptly from her eye.

Harry ducks his head to look shy. "Ah, yes, I battled the Hungarian Horntail during the Triwizard Tournament. She was impressed and named me Dragon king," Harry tells her with amusement, ignoring the excited murmurs that go through the Wizengamot.

It doesn't take long for McGonagall to show up. She has been told what is happening and is standing before the Wizengamot with a stern expression.

"Professor McGonagall, could you tell the Wizengamot what happened after James Potter and Lily Potter, née Evans, were killed by Lord Voldemort?"

The gasps that follow Voldemort's name make Harry roll his eyes.

McGonagall just nods before glancing at Dumbledore. Then her expression hardened, and she looked back at Bones.

"Albus told me through a Patronus that it was all over, that the Dark Lord was gone and that Lily and James had been killed-"

Harry glances towards the Dark section and sees a pale Sirius holding his knees. Harry knows that talking about that day still hurts Sirius.

In a way, it's easier for Harry because he doesn't remember his parents at all. He was just too young.

"-then he told me that Hagrid was getting little Harry and that he would be dropped off at his only family. I knew about Lily's sister, she had been in my house for years, and I knew that Lily and her sister weren't close." McGonagall tells the Wizengamot.

"I apparated to Little Whining and kept an eye on the house in my animagus form." She makes a face before continuing. "They were the worst kind of muggles. I didn't want to leave little Harry there, but Albus overruled me. Saying that it was what Lily wanted. Something I truly can't entertain even for a moment." She tells them all with a huff.

Harry nods along, "My mother didn't want me with her sister, as a matter of fact, in their will was described that I should never go to my aunt and uncle." Harry tells them all with a grimace.

They don't have any more questions for McGonagall, and Harry thanks her warmly for her time.

"I hope you know what you're doing, Potter," McGonagall tells him silently before leaving the room.

Harry then turns back to Madam Bones, Dumbledore, and the rest of the Wizengamot. Dumbledore's eye is twitching, but Harry doesn't care.

"For my second witness, I want to call up on Lord Death."

Chaos starts again through the whole room, frightened voices and incredulous declarations.

Madam Bones' eyes have gone wide.

"Ar-Are you sure, Lord Potter-Peverell?"

"Yes, I'm quite sure. Just give me a moment." Harry tells them before walking in a circle and chanting. He doesn't let anyone hear what he's chanting, but the room fills with his magic, and everyone can feel it. Mostly how much power comes off him.

He bows his head, and when he looks up, he sees the face of his adoptive father. He smiles at him.

"Thank you for coming, dad," Harry says softly before bowing slightly and turning back to Madam Bones. He sees a lot of pale faces staring at Death. He even hears a couple of whimpers. He's used to Death's presence, and he can imagine it being overwhelming if you feel it for the first time.

"You're welcome, little one." Death tells him warmly.

"Lord Death will answer your questions about my inheritance test," Harry states, making it clear that Death will not answer any other questions.

Madam Bones is pale and looks with wide eyes at the deity in front of her. But then she rights herself and starts speaking.

"Well, uh, welcome Lord Death, could you tell us about the inheritance test about Harry James Potter-Peverell?" Madam Bones starts, immediately getting to the point.

"Of course-" The whole room was so silent you could hear a pin drop, Harry is pretty sure that some witches and wizards had stopped breathing, just to make sure that they wouldn't be noticed by Lord Death. "-When Harry entered my realm, I felt the bounds that were on his Magical core and others. I wanted him as healthy as possible, so I gave him a potion that would help with his eyesight and would heal other ailments. I then proposed a ritual that ended any bindings on him." Death states with a regal tone of voice.

"Can you tell us if you could track down the applicator of the binding spells?" Bones then asked, clearly intrigued with the whole story.

"I could. I could tell that they had been placed by Albus Dumbledore. I broke them as quickly as I could with the ritual, and Harry could recover from everything he had been through in his first fourteen years in my realm while learning more about being a wizard."

Harry glanced around the room and saw only stunned faces. He was glad that everybody seemed to believe him and Death. Or maybe they were too afraid of Death not to believe him.

Harry then looked at Bones, asking with his eyebrows if she had any more questions. Death could stay longer in this realm, but he rather not.

"Thank you for this information, Lord Death." Bones stated officially. Death nodded at her before turning to Harry.

"I will see you next week, regular time?" Death asked softly, making sure that no one could hear them.

"Yes, I have quite some things to tell you, as you probably noticed," Harry says with a fond smile.

Death then looked to the Dark section, and Harry could only guess at who he was looking.

"Bring your boyfriend. I want to make him sweat a little." Death then suddenly stated, making Harry blush. "Dad! What the fuck!?" Harry hissed, completely embarrassed.

Death just chuckled and clapped Harry on the shoulder before the shadows erupted around him again and pulled him back to his own realm.

Harry turns back to Madam Bones.

"Now you have learned the truth. Dumbledore had bound my magic when I was just one year old. According to Gringotts, this is a Class A offense." Harry states officially with his arms behind his back. He feels a little like a reporting officer or something.

"Thank you, Lord Potter-Peverell," Bones says, dismissing Harry from the floor so he can make his way back to his regular spot. Harry sees the Light section with incredulous faces, completely at a loss how their Light Lord could do this to a child, the savior of their world. He could see how shocked they were that he could even do such things.

Harry finally looks at the Dark section and sees sympathetic eyes from Sirius and Tom. He can't wait until he's out of here. He really wants to go home and be with Tom. And later maybe drink some hot chocolate with Sirius and Remus, but first Tom in his bed, preferably naked. Talking could come later.

"Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, you are hereby found guilty on the following charges-" Before Bones can state what Dumbledore has done wrong, he jumps up, startling the Aurors who had been standing around him as guards. He stuns the Aurors with a quick swipe of his wand, and Harry jumps up with his wand at the ready. He also sees multiple witches and wizards follow his example, but he can't take a clear shot just yet.

Dumbledore may be a manipulative bastard, but he's also a very powerful wizard, something they have forgotten at the moment.

Dumbledore stands in front of the Wizengamot with a crazy expression. Clearly not wanting to go quietly. He sneers at the Dark section before uttering words Harry will never forget.

"Bombarda Maxima!" Dumbledore bellows, aiming for the base of the Dark section. Harry sees with growing horror in slow motion how the base explodes, and the stand starts to collapse. He has lost Dumbledore in the chaos—only focussing on the Dark section, which contains Sirius and Tom!

"Tom! Sirius!" He yells before running to the collapsed stand. Everywhere he looks, he sees debris, and he hears multiple pained groans and cries from witches and wizards. More people start to help, clearing away the debris and helping hurt witches and wizards. Harry levitates as much as possible out of the way, helping everyone he sees until he finally sees Sirius.

Sirius has his hands on someone's stomach, and Harry's insides twist, but thankfully it isn't Tom.

"Healer! I need a Healer!" Harry declares before making his way to Sirius. Sirius doesn't seem hurt, but he's caked with grime and dust from the explosion. He does have a small snick on his cheek, but nothing life-threatening.

"Where is Tom?!" Harry asks as soon as a Healer has taken over from Sirius. Sirius's eyes are wide, and Harry feels guilty, but he needs to know where Tom is!

"He should be over there-" Sirius says while pointing at the section that was in front of him until it all collapsed. "-Come on, pup, let's find our asshole." Sirius tries to joke, but Harry is too wired. He needs to know if Tom is okay.

Together they step over more debris and see more witches and wizards helping each other get out of the blast zone and flee the room.

"Harry!"

The shout immediately gets Harry's attention, and he sees a bloodied Tom make his way to him. He's holding his stomach, and his hands are coated in blood. He's also limping, but those are the only wounds Harry can detect from a distance. He rushes towards him and quickly checks Tom while also calling for a healer.

Thankfully it doesn't take long for the Healer to assess Tom.

"You have gotten lucky, lad, the wounds you got didn't puncture anything important, but you should get to St. Mungos to get the proper potions so you can heal fully."

Tom nods in agreement, but Harry doesn't want Tom away from him, and he knows that St. Mungos will not agree to let Harry near Tom while he's recovering.

"Which potions does he need? Could you make a list? We know a very qualified Potioneer. If it's possible to heal him with only potions, then I trust his potions the most." Harry states a determined tone of voice.

The Healer just nods before listing the potions Tom needs for recovery.

"Possessive, are we?" Tom says with a smirk as soon as the Healer is gone. Harry just glares in response before grabbing Tom's waist and pulling him close. He doesn't care what everybody else sees at the moment.

"You're coming home with me. Sirius, call Severus to come to the mansion as soon as possible with the potions requested by the Healer, please."

Sirius nods before frowning, "Harry, how are you going to take Tom back? He can't apparate himself now."

"He's coming with me." Harry declares before apparating promptly from the hall, breaking through the wards of the Wizengamot like it isn't a big deal.

Tom stumbles as soon as they land, but Harry still has a tight hold on his waist.

"You - you just apparated out of the Wizengamot! That shouldn't be possible!" Tom says in awe, flinching when Harry lowers him to the bed.



Harry just shrugs like it isn't a big deal. Making him lie down so he can rest until Snape is there with the potions.

"Dobby!" Harry calls when Tom is lying down.

"Master Harry called Dobby, how can Dobby help?" Dobby says before his eyes grow wide at the sight of a bloody Tom. "Master Tom! You hurt!"

His eyes already start growing wet, and Harry quickly shushes him before telling him, "can you get some pain relief potions from the potion lab? And could you ask Kreacher for his signature soup? Tom needs something to eat after he has had his potions."

Dobby nods his head frantically before popping away.

"Harry-"

Harry focuses back on Tom and brushes a lock of hair out of his face.

"You just showed the whole Wizengamot how powerful you are. You need to be more careful. I would've survived the trip to the designated apparation point." Tom tells him fondly. Scrunching up his nose in pain when he moves a little.

"I wanted you home as soon as possible. This seemed the fastest way." Harry tells him before kissing Tom's forehead. He then stands and waves his hand over Tom, cleaning the debris off Tom and making sure that the wounds are clean so they can heal fully.

Dobby pops back in with the pain relief potion, and Tom groans when the pain disappears after swallowing.

Harry stays at Tom's bedside until Snape appears with Sirius and the potions. Remus is now also in the room, and Harry was telling him the story about what happened during the hours

they had been in Hogwarts and the Wizengamot.

"Then Dumbledore blasted the Dark section stand, and it collapsed. I don't know how everyone is fairing at the moment, but there were more people hurt." Harry tells them while Snape starts giving Tom the potions. One of them needs to be dripped directly into the wound, but thanks to the pain relief potion, Tom barely notices it.

Dobby popped back in the room with soup for Tom, and Harry helped him sit up to eat. The wounds were now all closed, but Harry could see the strain it had on Tom.

"There is a letter for Master Harry, Master Tom, and Master Godwoofy," Dobby declared before handing out the letters. They were from Madam Bones, a brief update about what happened after they were gone.

Harry opened the letter and read it to the room.

*Dear Wizengamot members,*

*Today multiple members have been hurt during the attack Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore unleashed on the stand of the Dark section.*

*Thankfully nobody perished, but multiple members have been moved to St. Mungos for healing. We wish them all a quick and healthy recovery.*

*Furthermore, the Ministry has declared Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore an enemy of the Ministry. Our Aurors will do their best to bring justice to those who have been hurt during the attack. We will bring you an update as soon as possible.*

*He's also relieved of his duty as Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot and as Headmaster of Hogwarts.*

*Sincerely,*  
*Amelia Bones*  
*Minister of Magic*

"Do we need to make another trip to Hogwarts to make sure that McGonagall can take the mantel?" Tom asked Harry, and Harry nodded.

"Hogwarts already reacted to you today, it wouldn't surprise me that if you state it in the Great Hall that Dumbledore is no longer Headmaster and McGonagall is now appointed as his replacement that the wards accept her immediately," Harry replied with conviction.

"What about the wards? Is Dumbledore still able to enter at the moment?" Remus asked no one in particular.

"No, McGonagall came back from the hearing and immediately changed the wards and informed the staff. She will make a declaration about Dumbledore tomorrow morning at breakfast. If you are at Hogwarts then, you could appoint her as Headmistress." Snape stated.

Tom nodded, and Harry took a seat next to him on the bed. "We didn't ask McGonagall if she even wants to be Headmistress, and there will be a Transfiguration teacher necessary as her replacement." Harry thought out loud.

"Minnie would love to be Headmistress. I think she already did most of the work if we're being honest." Sirius said.

Snape nodded in agreement. "She did, she only needs a Deputy to help her, but she would want to appoint someone herself, probably Flitwick."

"So we only need a last-minute teacher for Transfiguration, and we're set with Hogwarts?" Tom asked, and he got nods in agreement.

"Why don't you take the mantle?" Snape asked Tom, and Harry couldn't hide his laugh.

The others looked at him funny before Tom rolled his eyes and explained, "Transfiguration was never my favorite subject. I wanted to become Defense Against the Dark Arts professor when I was younger so I could teach the young minds that not every Dark magic is bad, but I was declined by Dumbledore for ever getting the job."

"And now Harry has that job thanks to you," Sirius smirked.

"Indeed he has, and we have talked about it already. Harry in the position as Defense teacher is the best place, with him being the 'savior' and Triwizard champion-" Tom rolled his eyes, and Harry poked him in the side in annoyance. Tom just smirked at him in response. "- Especially if we are going to reveal at the end of the term that he's a Dark wizard, all the current students then have had a chance to see that Dark doesn't equal Evil. And that even Dark wizards can teach you all the proper Defense you need."

"Those are some big plans you two have," Snape stated with a wary look.

"Oh, believe me, that's not the end of it," Harry told them with a smirk.

"We also want to make the affinity ritual mandatory for every student at the start of next school year. After everyone has had the ritual, it should give everyone the chance to become more themselves. We even could start new lessons that focus on their affinity, so students know the history and possibilities."

"Wow," Remus said while sitting back in his seat in wonder.

Harry beamed at them, feeling proud of their plans.

"Coming back to the Transfiguration professor. After I declare McGonagall the new Headmistress tomorrow, I want to propose Sirius as Transfiguration professor," Tom told them all making Harry chuckle at the expressions on Snape and Sirius's faces.

"You're serious?" Sirius said while staring at the duo in gaping awe.

"No, you are," Harry immediately responded, earning groans from the older men.

"But-" Tom said while pushing Harry on his side while he was laughing. "-we are serious, Sirius, you became an Animagus at the age of fourteen, you are clearly the most suited for the position, and you have respect for McGonagall. It will also help that you are also a Dark wizard for when we all 'come out' if there are already three wizards on staff with a Dark affinity."

"But Remus is a better teacher!" Sirius protested hotly.

"He is, and we also want him to teach at Hogwarts, but unfortunately, that will only be possible if we get an agreement on the new law in the Wizengamot. With Bones now in place as Minister, we have more chance to get that through, and after, we wanted to ask Remus if he wants to be the History of Magic professor because Binns truly needs to go." Harry explained calmly, placating Sirius, who grudgingly admitted that that was a good plan.

"I can help you with your lesson plans, Padfoot," Remus told Sirius fondly, already knowing about the plans Tom and Harry wanted to execute.

Snape was rubbing the bridge of his nose, and Harry waited calmly before he interrupted Snape's thinking.

"I genuinely don't understand how you could've been sorted in Gryffindor when these kinds of plans have formed in your head." Snape eventually said, making Harry burst out in laughter.

"Because I asked the hat, but I'm more than thankful that I was resorted after my brief stint in Death's realm, believe me," Harry told them all.

"Well-" Snape stood from the chair he had conjured earlier. "-Thank you for the update. Tom-" He grimaced at using Tom's first name, still not used to calling his old Lord that. "-get well soon, I will see you two tomorrow morning at breakfast." He then nodded and left the room.

Sirius stretched himself a few moments later and also told them goodnight, being closely followed by Remus.

Harry basked a moment in the silence until Tom shifted next to him. He turned to look at him and smiled.

"How are you feeling?"

Tom rolled his eyes. "I'm fine. I will be as good as new tomorrow morning." He told Harry before yawning widely.

"I should let you sleep," Harry said hastily, starting to stand up from the bed, but before he could go far, Tom grabbed his wrist and pulled him back.

"Stay, we both know that if Dumbledore didn't go completely crazy and hurt me, we would've ended up in a bed together," Tom tells him with a smirk.

Harry ducks his head and blushes. He knows Tom is right.

"Fine, do you need any help with getting changed?" Harry asked, smirking when Tom scoffed.

"I think I can handle myself,"

Harry shrugged and stood to get rid of the suit he was still wearing. He had his back turned to Tom when he heard a hiss coming from Tom.

He saw that Tom had gone a little paler and gritted his teeth while unbuttoning his shirt when he turned around.

"You idiot, just ask for help," Harry snapped halfheartedly. Harry put one of his knees on the bed next to Tom's body. Tom scowled at his own body as if it was betraying him.

Harry slowly and with soft touches started to help Tom undress. He didn't like the fact that Tom was still pretty bruised up, but he tried to ignore it while helping Tom.

"You could've just vanished the clothes," Tom told him with an amused tone.

"I could-" Harry stopped to look Tom in the eye while slowly sliding the shirt off Tom's shoulders. Tom's pupils dilated, and Harry needed to hold himself back for a moment, not wanting to hurt Tom anymore. "-but where is the fun in that."

Tom snorted and gave Harry a slight smile.

Harry let his fingers graze over Tom's torso until he reached the top of Tom's trousers. He swallowed when his throat began to get dry.

He slowly unbuttoned and dragged the zipper down. He could hear Tom take a deep breath.

"I imagined us getting naked together to go a whole lot differently," Tom said to the ceiling. He didn't dare to look to the compromising position they were in.

"But you did imagine it," Harry stated with a smirk.

"You're a little shit," Tom hissed, and Harry laughed, finally done with dragging Tom's trousers down.

He then put the blanket over Tom in a caring fashion before undressing himself further. He got in the bed in just his boxer briefs, not bothering with pajamas.

He then shuffled closer to Tom, putting his arm around him in a way so he wouldn't hurt Tom. Harry looked at Tom and saw that he struggled to keep his eyes open.

He placed a soft kiss on Tom's lips before settling down again. "Goodnight, Tom."

"The next time we're in bed together, we better not be hurt," Tom grumbled, but Harry took it as the goodnight it was.

\*\*\*

The following morning Harry woke pretty early. He was ready to get out of bed and do his regular morning exercises when Tom pulled him back into bed.

Before Harry could ask what was wrong, he was on his back with Tom straddling him.

"I'm all better," Tom whispered against Harry's lips before dipping his head lower and slothing their mouths together.

Harry groaned in appreciation before combing his fingers through Tom's hair. He reveled that he could do this now and rolled his hips up to seek more friction against Tom.

Tom hissed in response and bit Harry's lower lip. Harry was ready to devour him, but-

"Master Harry and Tom, sirs! IEK!"



The voice of Dobby in the room was like a bucket of cold water thrown over them.

"Dobby!" Harry yelped, scrambling up while still holding on to Tom's hips so he wouldn't fall with the sudden movement.

Harry was too embarrassed to burst out in laughter, but it still was close. Dobby was standing rigid with his hands clamped tightly over his eyes. His ears tipped pink from what he had just seen.

"Sorry, sirs! Dobby is sorry! But Godwoofy asked to get you-"

Tom had his face hidden in Harry's neck, and Harry could feel him shaking with laughter. Harry retaliated with a pinch in his side, earning a hiss from the man on top of him.

"It's okay, Dobby, we will be down soon,"

Dobby didn't even respond. He just popped away.

Harry lied back down, groaning. "This is so unfair."

"It certainly is, but apparently, *your* Godfather wants us downstairs. I wonder why?" Tom replied, still seeming amused by what just happened.

"Because we need to go to Hogwarts today, make sure that McGonagall is going to be Headmistress, and Sirius the Transfiguration professor, and so I can become the Defense Against the Dark Arts professor," Harry replied deadpan.

This time it was Tom who groaned. "Why do we have so much to do?"

"Because we are trying to change Wizarding Britain?"

"-it was a rhetorical question."

Harry just brought Tom down again so their lips could meet, but he kept it brief. He stroked Tom's torso and looked Tom in the eye before declaring: "Seriously, as soon as we're done, you will be in my bed for a week."

"Didn't you say two days yesterday?" Tom asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes, but it doesn't seem enough anymore," Harry said with a pout.

Tom pushed himself off Harry and the bed before making his way to the door in only his boxer shorts. Harry followed him with his eyes while leaning on his elbows.

"Get dressed. The sooner we're done, the sooner we will be back home." Tom said with a wink walking shamelessly out of the bedroom door.

Harry lay on his bed for just a few moments more before deciding that Tom was right. He needs to be back home as soon as possible, and lying around isn't going to help.

He just hoped that today wouldn't be as long as yesterday.

Harry also knew that it was wishful thinking.

## Chapter End Notes

Author's note: So.. I completely got stuck on a sex scene. Don't worry, there will be smut between the boys, but in a later chapter.

Thank you again for reading! Please leave a comment or kudo!

<3<3

xx MBlack93

# Part twelve

## Chapter Notes

Hello Lovelies!

So, this chapter is a little all over the place, but I promised smut and smut is what you get!

Also a little reminder, I don't own Harry Potter, and this story is just stuff I liked and wanted in my story, a lot of the 'magic' in it doesn't exist in the Potter world, so don't eat me!

Enjoy!!

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

*Harry's POV;*

Harry followed Headmistress McGonagall into her new office, feeling incredibly amused. Tom brushed his arms against him before taking a seat in the chair in front of the desk. Harry quickly took the other one. Sirius made an indignant sound when there wasn't a chair for him left.

When he saw McGonagall's unimpressed stare, he quickly transfigured a chair and sat down next to the other two men.

"Well, that was quite the morning, don't you all agree?" McGonagall asked them with a raised eyebrow.

Harry snorted. He couldn't help it. It was quite the scene this morning.

When they entered the Great Hall, McGonagall had just announced that Dumbledore had been fired. She had wanted to inform the students about the dismissal before the morning Prophet came flying through the Hall.

As soon as Harry and Tom, with Sirius by their side, stepped into the Great Hall, the entire student population burst out in clapping and cheering. Thanking them for their work of getting rid of the Pink Toad.

Hermione had flown Harry around the neck and, after a crushing hug, attacked Tom in a tight embrace, making it known to everyone that she knew him already with the fond look they shared.

After that hug, Tom had cleared his throat and turned to the student population before promptly declaring that Hogwarts needed a Headmaster that would be loyal to the students and only wanted what was best for them. When he proposed to Hogwarts that McGonagall should take the mantle, everybody burst into cheers again, and Hogwarts set off fireworks on the enchanted ceiling—agreeing with Slytherin's descendant.

To say McGonagall was shocked was an understatement. Flitwick had poked her until she unfroze from her seat and firmly demanded Harry, Tom, and Sirius go with her to her 'new' office.

Fred and George had started the Hogwarts song while McGonagall marched from the head table towards the three men, blushing all the way while all four houses started singing along in some kind of tribute.

"You could say that, but you are the best for the job, Minnie," Sirius stated with a wink.

"Sirius Orion Black, if you call me Minnie again—"

"Dully noted, professor, I mean, Headmistress," the teasing tone in Sirius's voice was there for everybody to hear.

McGonagall ducked her head again before leveling Tom and Harry with a hard stare.

"Now, boys, I think you should start explaining what you are planning and why Tom Marvolo Riddle is in my office with Harry James Potter when it's clear they are lovers instead of enemies." She asked with a sharp look and a no-nonsense tone.

If Harry wanted to run the moment those words had left McGonagall's mouth, he's the only one to know. He practically choked in his saliva, not knowing what to do or say for a moment.

"Well, I think Harry can better explain the why about that," Tom started with a pleasant tone, but Harry could see how tense he was holding himself in the chair. Tom was ready to bolt at a moment's notice.

"How did you know they were lovers that quickly?" Sirius demanded, not surprised that his old favorite teacher had figured out who Tom really was.

"You can see it in their eyes, mister Black. It's the same way how you would look at mister Lupin when you were younger."

Sirius blushed and leaned back in his chair to refrain himself from asking more.

"Mister Potter-Peverell, I'm quite curious about this tale. Why don't you start explaining?" She then looked over her glasses, pinning him with that stern look.

Harry swallowed and waved his hand to summon Fire Whiskey and glasses.

"You're going to need that," Harry said while nodding to the glass with whiskey. McGonagall took the glass and started sipping, waving her hand to Harry to indicate he could start.

It took some time for Harry to find the right words, but soon he was telling the whole story, about his time in Death's realm, about Tom's resurrection, him gaining his sanity back from Lady Magic, all their plans, and the future he desired for the wizarding world.

McGonagall was silent for a long time, looking at nobody in particular but watching them still.

After about three minutes, one of the portraits coughed, startling her, and she started cursing in Gaelic.

Tom quietly filled her glass again and pushed the now full glass towards the older woman.

"Fifty points from Gryffindor!" McGonagall finally stated after she was done cursing.

Harry gaped at her, "I'm not even a student anymore!"

"You were when you did all those stupid things, mister Potter-Peverell,"

"I wasn't even in Gryffindor anymore!" Harry then stated incredulously again.

"You're going to be the new Gryffindor head, so it doesn't matter," McGonagall said with a wave of her hand.

"I'm going to be what?!" Harry asked while gaping at the Headmistress. Had she gone completely gone mad?!

"Head of Gryffindor, lad, you have been in the house for four years, so you know what to expect, even if you were a Slytherin the last year."

"I'm just a year older than the students-"

"Sweetheart, please stop protesting. You're not going to win." Tom said, sounding amused before rubbing Harry's back in a comforting matter.

Harry was not prepared to become Head of Gryffindor, but-

"It is actually a pretty good idea, especially to get rid of the irritation between Slytherin and Gryffindor," Sirius stated with a big grin, and Harry was just thinking the same thing. It would be good for the inner house relations. A Slytherin/Gryffindor who teaches Defense Against the Dark Arts and is labeled as a Dark wizard. Dear lord, he will get a lot of shit for all of this later.

"Fine! I will become Head of Gryffindor," Harry grumbles.

"Like you had a choice," McGonagall snorted.

"Sirius should be the new Transfigurations professor." Harry then told them, and Harry saw a flash of panic over McGonagall's face before she schooled her features.

"That is agreeable, but you will discuss every plan you have for the school with me. I will not be blindsided,"

"That was never the plan, professor," Tom said with his head held high. McGonagall turned an icy glare to him.

"I can see that you are not the same megalomaniac as you were, mister Riddle. But if you hurt anyone, especially Harry, I will make sure that you will be killed in a way that you don't even **want** to return." She said with a huff. The threat made Harry feel a little warm on the inside. Knowing that McGonagall truly cared for him.

Tom just nodded at her solemnly. Even Tom knew not to mess with McGonagall.



"Now, I expect that you both don't want chambers here but will travel home after a school day?" She asked, returning to her professional attitude.

Sirius and Harry nodded in agreement.

"You will get the roster and the rest of the information tomorrow morning. We will meet with the other teachers before breakfast and before classes will start. Harry, you can ask the other Heads of houses, or me, for tips on the Head of House duties. Please take good care of my lions."

Harry nodded his head with a smile. Suddenly he couldn't wait to start teaching and his other duties.

"Now, according to Albus, you, Tom, have put a curse on the Defense Against the Dark Arts position. Is this true? And if it is, please cancel the curse so we can keep Harry as long as he wants." McGonagall asked with narrowed eyes.

Tom squirmed a little on his seat, something Harry had never seen because Tom seemed genuinely nervous.

"I kind of forgot about that curse, but yes, of course, I will take Harry to the classroom after this meeting, and we will get rid of it." He said with a nod and a slight blush.

McGonagall waved her hand dismissively. "Please take care of it now. We will discuss more at another time."

Tom nods again in respect to the woman before pulling Harry out of his chair and walking out of the office, Sirius on their heels.

Tom then pulls them suddenly into an alcove Harry didn't even know existed, but Sirius doesn't seem surprised, so it's possible Harry just didn't know about it.

"You trust her, right Harry?"

"With my life," Harry responds without hesitation, and Tom's shoulders seem to sag a little in relief.

"Thank Salazar, you didn't ask for a secrecy vow, so-"

Harry could hit himself, he didn't even think to ask for a vow!

"Ah, you're right, but if someone can keep this secret, it's McGonagall. You saw how she reacted. She will be fine with almost all of our plans." Harry tells him while grabbing Tom's hands and squeezing, understanding why Tom was panicking a little.

"I'm going home to Remus to prepare for tomorrow," Sirius tells them with a smirk, and Harry can see that he's practically bouncing on his feet.

"We'll handle the curse and be home soon after," Harry replies. When Sirius is out of sight, he quickly kisses Tom.

"I'll never be sick of that," Tom groans against his mouth, making Harry chuckle.

"Come on, you have a curse to break because you were stupid enough to create one."

"I have you know that I wasn't in my right mind when I put that curse on the position."

Harry snorts, and it doesn't take long for them to enter the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom. Harry is looking around, trying to guess where the curse is located, when Tom sinks down to his knees in the middle of the room and uses his wand to lift a stone out of the floor.

Harry walks closer while Tom turns the stone so you can see the bottom of it. There are runes sketched in the stone, and Harry's eyebrows rise to his hairline.

"You used runes to curse the position?"

"Kind off, it's actually kind of stupid, the position isn't cursed, it's the classroom," Tom gives Harry a little nervous grin at that. "If they would've switched classrooms, the curse would've been gone."

Harry snorts at that. "Wasn't Dumbledore seen as one of the smartest wizards in Britain?"

"Not the smartest, but he was one of the most powerful, he defeated Grindelwald, and he was very well versed in Alchemy, his magical powers are truly great-" Tom wrinkles his nose a little in disgust. "-I really don't like to compliment the old goat."

"Me neither," Harry says with a laugh. He's watching while Tom is erasing the runes.

Harry lets his magic roam through the room, feeling the dark tendrils that are coming from the runes vanish slowly while Tom is working. After about five minutes, Harry feels that the dark tendrils are gone, and Tom lifts the stone back into place. You can't even see that it had been removed.

"That's done. You can now teach DADA for however long you want without getting hurt." Tom says with a flourish while grinning at Harry.

Harry just rolls his eyes before turning to his soon-to-be office. "You want to destroy the pink atrocity that is on the walls in there?" He asks while pointing over his shoulder with his thumb to the office with a mischievous grin. Tom's eyes gleam in amusement, and he follows Harry immediately.

They step into the office and both grimace at the pink room with the cat pictures everywhere. The kittens are whining pitifully, trying to get attention.

"Dobby!"

A pop later and the small house-elf is in front of them, beaming at the pair. "Master Harry and Tom, sirs! What can Dobby do for you?"

"Could you get all the kitten pictures out of here? And I don't know- sell them or something to someone who will like them?" Harry says with a wave of his hand. It's not that Umbridge will know what happened to her precious kitten plates.

Dobby is nodding and snaps his fingers, making all the cat pictures disappear. "Yes, sir, Master Harry, sir!" Dobby replies before popping away.

It's a lot more silent now inside, and Harry sighs in relief.

"They were creeping me out."

Tom chuckles, "so what do you want to do with all that pink?" Harry grins again. "We should redecorate. Pink isn't my color,"

"No, green is more your color," Tom says in a whisper, suddenly a whole lot closer than Harry expected. Harry doesn't jump, but he shivers a little with want.

He turns, puts his hands on Tom's hips, and pulls him in a bit. Not looking away from those blueish-green eyes. "Want to know what our magic looks like together?" Harry whispers against Tom's lips, already closing his own eyes.

"What do you mean, sweetheart?"

A shiver wracks Harry's frame again, and he swallows heavily. "Close your eyes, and let your magic go," Is Harry's response before he claims Tom's lips, doing the same with his own magic.

Tom moans against his lips, but Harry swallows it down. He feels their magic swirl around them. It almost seems to dance together. Harry lets himself go. He pushes Tom against the wall, Tom gasps when his back collides with the stone surface, but Harry doesn't relent with his lips.

He licks into Tom's mouth, moaning while he tries to get closer, trying to become one with Tom.

He grinds his hips and feels Tom's hard cock through their robes. Harry groans and cups Tom's bulge. Tom bucks into his hand and hisses.

With just a thought, Harry feels naked skin. He pulls back, panting but still doesn't open his eyes. He steps even closer, feeling his own leaking cock rub against Tom's. Tom moans, and Harry puts his hands on Tom's cheeks. He feels with his thumbs if Tom's eyes are still closed. He smiles when he feels that Tom is still trusting him.

"Keep your eyes closed and your magic open." He whispers again. Talking louder feels like a sin.

"W-what are you going to do, Harry?" Tom asks, sounding a little breathless.

Harry kisses him again before placing kisses against Tom's cheek, then he goes lower to Tom's chin, neck, collarbone, and he keeps going down until he's kneeling in front of Tom and puts a hand on Tom's hard cock. He leans in and licks all over the cock in front of him, making it wetter and easier for Harry to put the cock in his mouth and bob his head.

Tom is moaning above him, and he fists a hand in Harry's hair. He hisses in response at first, but the pressure on his scalp feels amazing, and Harry's head empties a little. His thoughts

buzz a little around his head, but he's mostly focusing on Tom's cock. He's sucking and trying to put Tom's cock further and further in his mouth, but unfortunately, he needs to back off a couple of times because he starts to choke. Tom's hand doesn't relent and pushes a couple of times, making Harry moan each time the hand puts more pressure on his head.

"Sweetheart-" How Tom still sounds so composed is something Harry almost pouts about because **he** feels like he's falling apart by the seams. "-I'm close," The words send a thrill through Harry, and he only moans and sucks harder, not even wanting to pull off while Tom starts bucking his hips a little with a loud moan. Harry feels the muscles in Tom's thighs tense, and another low groan rips itself from Tom's throat before Harry tastes salty spurts on his tongue and in the back of his throat. The taste is a bit tacky, but Harry still swallows after pulling away from Tom.

Tom pulls Harry's hair again, making him hiss, but he follows the hand obediently up. His knees ache a little from kneeling on the hard floor, but when he's standing again, it's worth it, Tom almost attacks his mouth, and he forgets that his knees are hurting.

"You were perfect, sweetheart," Tom whispers against him, and Harry squeezes his hands harder around Tom's biceps. Feeling incredibly turned on, and the little endearment is something Harry really starts to love.

Tom turns them around and guides Harry, so he's with his face to the wall and leaning on it with his hands. Harry frowns a little, almost wanting to open his eyes and ask what Tom is doing, but before he gets the chance, Tom's hand is getting lower and lower on Harry's body.

"Put your feet a little more apart, sweetheart," Tom whispers, and Harry obeys immediately, not knowing what Tom is planning but entirely on board with it.

Tom whispers a spell, and Harry yelps when he feels something cold rushing through the most private part of himself.

"Sorry about that," Tom says, but Harry can hear he's amused, not sorry at all. "Asshole," Harry hisses back before choking a little when he feels Tom's breath on his hole. He hadn't even heard Tom sink to his knees. Tom then licks over Harry's hole, and if Harry's eyes weren't still closed, his eyes would've rolled back in his head.

Tom starts licking him with vigor, and Harry's knees begin to tremble after just a few minutes. "T-Tom," Harry moans out, not knowing how he can let know that he wants more, so much more, but he can't even find regular words at the moment.

"Shh, I got you, sweetheart," Tom murmurs. Harry hears another whisper of a spell and then feels wet substance enter him with a finger of Tom's.

The intrusion is something that feels weird, and Harry thought it would hurt, but he's relaxed enough from the rimming Tom's given him to not feel any pain at all with the first finger.

Tom's other hand is stroking Harry's back, mapping his lithe body with rough fingers with a soft touch. Tom uses a second finger now, and Harry hisses at the burn, but then Tom touches something inside of him that sets his body on fire.

He moans loudly and lets his head fall between his arms. He's panting and trying to feel everything Tom is doing to him and wanting yet again more.

"What do you want, Harry?" Tom is practically purring at this point, and Harry moans again, he doesn't know what he wants, but he really wants to come so badly.

"Do you want me to rim you again?" Tom whispers in his ear, nipping at his earlobe. Harry groans again, can't find the words, he's only feeling what Tom is doing to him, and it feels amazing.

"Do you want to come down my throat?" This time he sucks at Harry's neck, and Harry's head lolls to the side, so Tom has more room. Harry is fucking himself on Tom's fingers, he feels filled and stretched so good, but he starts to think he wants even more.

"Ah, sweetheart, do you want me to fuck you against the wall?"

Harry didn't even know he could make this sound, and before he fully registers it, his orgasm rushes through him, and he comes messily against the wall. Tom moves his fingers lazily to let him come down from his high slowly. Kissing all over his shoulder and neck, everywhere he can reach while still having two fingers buried in Harry's ass

His other arm is around Harry's waist, holding him up because his knees have become weak after that orgasm.

Harry starts to turn around, and Tom meets him in the middle. They kiss lazily for a moment before Harry pulls back to breathe.

"Next time, you're fucking me against the wall,"

Tom laughs and touches Harry's face, "can we open our eyes now?"

Harry nods in response and opens his eyes slowly. He sees that Tom felt the nod and is also opening his eyes. Harry can't help himself and kisses Tom again, slowly and deeply. A promise that he wants this for a long time.

When they open their eyes again, they finally look around the room. Their magic has worked together to change the office, and Harry gasps.

"It's beautiful," Tom murmurs, and Harry just nods.

The pink is all gone. The old desk and knick-knacks around the room are all gone. The walls are painted dark blue and green, almost black, and all over the walls are stars. Harry recognizes constellations all over the wall and is amazed by the display.

Harry still needs to fill the space with stuff for the actual work he needs to do, but the whole office feels good around him. His magic is humming in glee around him, and he feels remnants of Tom's magic too. It feels like the office is completely his now. And his magic approves.



He glances at Tom and sees Tom smiling while also looking around the room.

"You're going to be one of the best teachers here."

"You don't know that," Harry scolds half-heartedly.

"I do know, especially because every time you go to your office, and you see this, you remember the first time where you were on your knees for me and I for you,"

Harry groans and waves his hand, dressing them both again before turning to Tom, who is now pouting while looking at his robes.

"We are going home first, and then you can talk about sex again, but we are not going to defile my office anymore."

"Spoilsport," Tom grumbles, but he grabs Harry's hand and rubs his thumb over his knuckles, letting Harry know he doesn't mean any of it.

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*Sirius's POV;*

"They did it! They did it!" He yells as soon as he steps out of the flames of the floo. He locates his future hubby, who clearly was worrying all over the place.

"It worked?" Remus chokes out, and Sirius can't help himself. He launches himself at the werewolf. Remus's arms circle around him in reflex and hold on to him with everything he has.

"It worked!" He hears Harry reply behind him, a laugh in his Godson's voice.

When he looks around and pulls back out of Remus's hold, still beaming and wanting to celebrate until the late hours, he sees a thrilled Harry. Tom isn't far behind him. He smiles at them and looks fondly at Harry. Their relationship is still secret to the outside world, but inside the mansion, well, Tom doesn't hold back any emotions there. Nobody had even noticed Harry apparating out of the Wizengamot chamber all those months ago. There was just too much happening. Well, nobody but Bones had noticed, but she is now informed about everything Harry and Tom want to do in the Wizarding world. At first, she hesitated, but she is now seeing the whole picture and picking the fruits of their labor.

"All the creatures that can function as human are at this moment no longer seen as dangerous to society and can get an education or job in the wizarding world as long as they make sure they are taking the correct potions to suppress the dangerous side of their creature heritage." Harry declares, practically dancing with Tom but more dragging him in circles. Tom just let it happen but is laughing too.

"The potions I have made with Snape will be available for vampires, werewolves, and hags. But they will be seen as human subspecies instead of creatures, just like centaurs and merpeople. Everyone who wants to get into the wizarding society will be welcome. Nobody will be pushed if they want to keep things like they are now. If our numbers are correct, it will be mostly vampires and werewolves who will want the potions, mostly so they won't suffer from moon sickness or bloodlust." Tom explains again, dipping Harry deep down, earning a loud laugh from his Godson. Sirius can't believe the change he sees in Harry, he knows he has Lord Death to thank for that, but a lot is also thanks to Tom.

Sirius was afraid that Tom hadn't changed at first, but it's clear that Tom and Voldemort are two completely different people. Tom truly wants to change the wizarding world for the good of it, together with Harry and with a little help from others.

Sirius can't see Voldemort in Tom anymore. Maybe it's because Tom seems genuinely happy.

"I demand drinks for the entire household!" He exclaims, making Remus laugh behind him. Kreacher immediately pops in with champagne and multiple glasses.

"Master Black called for drinks," He says with a grin aimed at Sirius. Something Sirius had never expected but doesn't mind, not since he has made his peace with the house-elf.

The glasses are passed around and filled quickly. "I toast to Harry James Potter - Peverell, and Tom Marvolo Riddle, but let's call him Thomas Slytherin, the two wizards who almost single-handedly are changing the British wizarding world! What's next on the agenda, boys?"

Harry rolls his eyes, of course, but replies nonetheless. "Next are the affinity rituals,"

Sirius puts his arm around Harry's shoulder and pulls him against him until he can whisper in his ear.

"Remus and I are so proud of you, and I just know that James and Lily are as well."

Harry stiffens first before relaxing against Sirius. "Thank you, Padfoot,"

Sirius claps him on the back before pulling back, '*feelings*' time is over. It's time for booze.

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*Harry's POV;*

Harry is biting in an apple while walking through the corridors of Hogwarts, it's his turn in patrolling, and he's a little bored. Fred and George don't prank on the nights he's patrolling. Something about being their favorite and hottest professor, Harry isn't sure. He was a bit flustered when they were talking to him.

It's almost the end of term, and he's proud of how the year has gone. He knows that almost every student of his will get at least an A for their OWL's or NEWT's.

Hermione was frantic and bordering on a burnout, but thankfully she got through with help of Ginny, Luna, Lavender, and Draco. Harry helped too, of course, but every time they talked, she tried to maneuver it to DADA. She did the same to Sirius with Transfiguration and Remus with History of Magic. Remus had taken over from Binns as soon as the new laws had gone through. He needed to work exceptionally hard to get his students up to speed, but every student loves his lessons.

Harry tosses the apple core in the air right to him, and it disappears into Brutus's mouth. The Hellhound is trotting happily next to him. Apparently, the Hellhound missed Harry too much and was whining continually to Death. Who got sick of it eventually and sent Brutus to Harry as a pet.

Brutus has a special charm around his neck, like a collar, so it won't cost any magic for him to be in the wizarding world. It had been a hassle for McGonagall to accept a dog in the halls, and when Harry told her that it was a Hellhound, she refused, right up until she met the Hellhound.

Because Brutus is like a puppy, the hound won't hurt anyone until ordered to do so. And he will only listen to Harry or Death. Not even to Tom, Sirius or Remus.

So McGonagall finally relented and let Brutus into Hogwarts, he still goes home with Harry every evening, but he likes walking through Hogwarts, loves the attention from the students, and the belly scratches.

And Brutus enjoys scaring the living shit out of Snape. Harry and Sirius approve, even if they have been hexed a couple of times by the potions teacher in retaliation.

Hellhounds can shadow travel, and in the dungeons are a lot of shadows. That's all Harry has to say about that.

Brutus suddenly yips happily, and Harry raises his eyebrow. Brutus looks at an alcove just ahead and wags his tail in excitement.

"Please step out, and tell me why you aren't in bed, and I will see if I'm going to dock points," Harry tells the student who is probably hiding from him.

The air shimmers, and Tom suddenly appears, his notice-me-not charm canceled. "Using Brutus is unfair, I only wanted to surprise you," Tom says with a sigh.

Harry grins and steps closer. Brutus runs to Tom and starts begging for attention.

"Yeah, yeah, you're cute, go home to Nagini. She asked where you've been," Tom says to the Hellhound. He barks in response and runs into the shadow in the corner, traveling to the Peverell estate without any issue.

Harry looks around and sees no one, so he darts forward and kisses Tom quickly.

"What kind of surprise did you have for me?" Harry asks with a smile.

"We have received an invitation for the Wizengamot ball, and your darling friend Izzy has claimed you as her date," Tom replies with a smirk. Harry groans. He hates social gatherings, especially if he needs to be the perfect Lord the whole night while he actually wants to have fun with Izzy. Because of his job as DADA professor, they don't see each other very often, but because Izzy is an heiress of a pureblood family, she is sometimes at the balls the Wizengamot organizes.

Since the attack of Dumbledore on the Wizengamot, the Dark and Light sections are communicating better and mellowing out, which means there are suddenly a lot of parties, and everyone is inviting everyone, just to boast about how much money they have. But they are rallied together to find and punish Dumbledore, who has been in the wind since the attack.

Sirius and Tom want to throw their own party at the Peverell manor, but Harry refuses.

"That is not a nice surprise. I was hoping for something fun, not a ball I need to get to, while I cannot even go with my own boyfriend."

Tom brushes his hand over Harry's cheekbone. "That wasn't the surprise," Tom tells him, and Harry narrows his eyes.

"Then what is?" Harry asks while Tom smirks at him.

He starts pulling Harry along into the next corridor and then starts pacing in front of a wall. Harry looks around and suddenly realizes he's on the seventh floor, in front of the Room of Requirement. He smiles at his own memories of the place, but Tom's hand on his wrist brings him out of his head. He smiles at Tom before he starts pulling him towards the door.

"Close your eyes."

Harry obeys easily, and Tom's breath hitches for a moment before he brings Harry's hand to his mouth and kisses his knuckles. Harry blushes and lets himself be guided through the door and into the room.

"We have been busy the last couple of weeks,"

Harry nods in response. It had been hectic, Harry was preparing his students for the exams, and Tom was making sure everything was ready for the next step in their plan. Getting approval from Bones for a pers conference for Harry and Dark magic and meeting with the Board of Governors, trying to let them see how much the affinity ritual could help all those students. Making them feel more safe and comfortable with their magic.

They had barely any time together, they did fall asleep next to each other each night, but anything more was just not possible.

Tom pushes him down onto a soft surface, and Harry laughs. "So your surprise is ravishing me while I'm still working?"

Tom crawls on top of Harry, and Harry groans when he feels that Tom is already naked above him.

He grabs Tom's hips, and it's a struggle not to open his eyes already.

Tom leans down and captures Harry's lips before he pulls back again after a few moments and whispers against Harry. "I thought it would be a good time for you to ravish me,"

Harry opens his eyes without being told and lunges at Tom, flipping them quickly, so he's on top.

"Yessss," Harry says in Parseltongue, knowing that Tom loves it when he speaks in a language which only **he** can understand.

Harry has until now always bottomed, but he has talked with Tom about switching, Tom wasn't ready at first, but he seems ready now. His pupils are blown wide, and he's flushed already. Harry kisses his face all over before sucking on Tom's neck until Tom bats him away.

"No hickeys I can't explain," He hisses a little, so Harry settles down a little lower, a place that is always covered by Tom's clothes.

He touches and licks Tom all over until Tom is shaking apart in his arms.

Harry already feels on edge just watching and hearing Tom react. He quickly uses a couple of charms to make Tom ready for him. He still uses his fingers with enough lube to make sure. Tom is panting and seems at a loss for words. He lets out a moan, and Harry chuckles dryly while pulling his fingers out of Tom.

"Mhh, are you ready, baby?" He murmurs, not knowing why the endearment rolls out of his mouth that easily. Normally he shies away from them, but he loves it how Tom uses them. He hopes he isn't overstepping anything.

Tom pulls at Harry's shoulders, and Harry gets the hint. He guides himself slowly into Tom, biting his lip because it just feels so warm and good. It's incredibly tight, a feeling he has never felt before. He waits for Tom to adjust, and it takes a couple of moments, but then Tom slowly but surely moves his hips, and Harry takes over.

Slowly he starts to pull out before thrusting back in. He builds the rhythm and intensity of his thrusts gradually. Tom throws his head back on the bed, and he's moaning loudly, spurring Harry on even more. Harry seriously doesn't know how long he can hold it. He's already on edge, but he wants Tom to come first.

He leans back a little to take Tom's cock in his hand and starts the same rhythm he has with his hips.

"You feel amazing like this," Harry tells him while thrusting even harder.

Tom cries out with each thrust, and Harry thinks he's rubbing Tom's prostate with each thrust. At least he hopes he is. "Come for me, baby, please," Harry asks in a breathless voice.

Tom arches his back and shoots all over Harry's hand and his own stomach. It takes Harry two extra thrusts to tumble into his own orgasm, it rushes through him, and his hearing stops, and for a moment, he only hears a buzzing in his ears.

He's panting harshly when he slowly pulls out of Tom. He places multiple kisses over Tom's chest and collarbone before slowly kissing him on the mouth while he pulls out.

He lies down next to Tom and uses his magic to clean them both. He then pulls the comforter over them so they won't get cold.



He pulls Tom closer and kisses the side of Tom's head. Tom is almost asleep when he talks. "We're doing that again,"

Harry hums in agreement in reply before he feels Tom going boneless in his arms and hears his breathing slowing.

Harry is awake for a couple of moments longer before he whispers, "I love you," to Tom. Knowing the man wouldn't have heard them and doesn't feel compelled to reply to the words.

Harry falls asleep with a smile on his face.

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*Tom's POV;*

Tom is standing backstage, watching the press conference with hawk-like eyes. He hopes that nobody is stupid enough to attack Harry, but you'll never know.

It's going pretty well. Tom listens to how Harry is explaining to everyone what having an affinity means exactly and how it helped him with finding himself. Tom tries not to roll his eyes, but it's hard work.

"-maybe some of you already know what your affinity is, but there are a lot of confused children who don't. The general feeling about affinity is that it's your political standing, which we all know isn't correct. Another popular opinion is that all Dark magic is bad. But if Dark magic would be bad, or evil like some people call it, why do we use it every day?"

Tom loves this part of the speech, and he's looking at the crowd who is hanging on Harry's every word. Rita Skeeter doesn't miss a beat, already knowing which questions she needs to ask.

"Every day? Lord Potter - Peverell, what on earth do you mean by that?" She can barely contain her little smirk, and Tom absolutely loathes the way she is eyeing Harry.

"What I mean is that we use Dark magic every day. Because did you know that by withdrawing money from your pouch you have gotten at Gringotts, you are actually using Dark magic? Or that if you use the cleaning spell, or the repair spell, or even a healing spell, that those are invented by wizards who are Dark according to their affinity?"

Tom grins when he hears confused murmurs all around.

"You probably didn't know that because nobody has taught you. Well, I have been, by Lady Magic and Lord Death themselves. And now some of you are going to think, '**oh, Lord Death, the epitome of Dark magic has taught you, of course, you're biased,**' and yes, probably, and yes, Lord Death is practically made out of Dark magic, but Death is also a thing you need in your everyday life. Even if it's awful and tragic, it's there to keep *balance*."

Harry rolls his shoulders, and Tom watches him with every move he makes. He couldn't keep his eyes away if he tried. He was captivated by Harry long before tonight, but Harry seems to sometimes just hit him in the right way that knocks the breath out of him.

"Just like Death, there needs to be balance in magic, a balance that is sorely lacking at the moment because witches and wizards in Britain are shying away from Dark magic. We are the only country that is on the verge of collapsing because we don't acknowledge and even forbid Dark magic. Witches and Wizards are no longer performing the old rituals that kept that balance. Most of you don't even know their affinity. It was also seen in how we treated people like werewolves and vampires. We treated them like scum and only creatures that couldn't think for themselves. While one of the most amazing wizards I know is a werewolf. A Dark creature that, without the new laws, couldn't hold a job but is a fantastic teacher." Harry takes a deep breath, and Tom feels so proud of him.

There is stunned silence, everybody here respects Harry and knows that he is powerful, but they don't even know that nobody in this room can't even hold a candle to how strong he truly is.

They know how much their children love his teachings. They know how passionate he is in the Wizengamot, fighting for what is right. And they can see that he's trying to change history, right here, right now.

Tom can see in their eyes that they want a piece of it. A piece of the man Harry has become and will continue to become. They want to be a part of the power that Harry excludes.

Too bad it is not for them to take. Not even for Tom himself, but he can bask in it.

"What I'm trying to say here is that we need more balance in Wizarding Britain, and I think - no, I know, that we need to use Dark magic again, there is a difference between Dark magic and Black magic. And I just mean Dark magic. But mostly what I - what we want, is to give a piece of everyone's identity back to them. An identity you didn't even know you were missing. That's why we, Lord Slytherin, Lord Black, and Lady McGonagall want affinity rituals back at Hogwarts. And yes, you did hear me correctly because affinity rituals were mandatory at Hogwarts until 1926. They only stopped after the rise of Grindelwald. Because he used Black magic for most of his campaign, and everybody confused it with Dark magic."

It seemed like nobody really knew how to react. Tom could see a lot of doubt in the audience. He could see them thinking that Harry Potter had gone mad. Because he is preaching about Dark magic, and Dark magic is evil. Right?

Oh, yes, Tom could see it in detail playing out on their faces. They doubted everything they had been taught. Some of them were nodding along with Harry, believing him instantly. This was mostly the older generation.

"Dark magic doesn't mean it's evil. The only thing that makes it evil is the intent behind the spell. For example, and this one I use when I'm explaining myself about intent to students-" He told the audience with a smirk, some chuckles and giggles were heard, but mostly it was still silent. "-A cutting curse can be used very simply to help you in the household. You use it maybe every day to cut your meat and vegetables. Maybe it has been used on you to cut your hair, or maybe it has been used on your clothes when you were little, and your trousers were too long-"

Many people are murmuring and nodding as if agreeing with what Harry is saying.

"But the cutting curse can be seen as Dark magic because if you want to do someone harm, how easy is it to use that cutting curse? And just cut in the opponent's body?"

The audience falls silent again, and Tom sees some witches stiffen or gasp as if scandalized. Tom could almost see them remembering how they have maybe used it on their children and saw no harm.

"Magic is about *intent* . Dark magic isn't *evil* . Light magic isn't *good* . Nothing is just black and white. There are so many grey areas. And it's time that Britain knew that and was acting like it. We need Dark magic; otherwise, magic on its whole will start to disappear. This is something I know as a fact. Because Lady Magic herself has told me so. We have the opportunity to change, to help the wizarding world. And I say we should take it. We should all take affinity rituals, and from the start of next school year, there will be mandatory affinity rituals again in Hogwarts. And classes that will help the students with their affinity. We will make them understand what it all means and how to use their affinity safely. Thank you for your attention." Harry says with a nod, finishing his speech.

There is loud applause, and Harry smiles friendly at the audience.

Rita is practically jumping up and down, waving her hand to get Harry's attention.

"Yes, miss Skeeter?" Harry says, acting like they haven't talked about this already.

"Thank you so much, Lord Potter - Peverell, for your inspiring speech-"

Laying it on thick, Rita. Stick to the plan. Tom can't help but think while narrowing his eyes at the flirting witch.

"-Could you maybe tell us if you have done the ritual?" She simpers, and again everyone's attention is back on Harry.

"I have indeed when I was in Death's realm," Harry tells them with a nod.

"Could you maybe share with everyone here which affinity you have?" Rita is blinking so fast that Tom starts to think her whimpers will fall off if she keeps it up like this. And maybe a little hex from Tom is going to help.

"Of course, I am not ashamed of my affinity," Harry tells them seriously and stands even a little taller.

Tom puts his hand over his mouth to hide his grin. He's ridiculously proud of his boyfriend.

"I am a Dark wizard because I have a Dark affinity. But I'm not evil. Hell, I even teach Defense against the Dark Arts at the moment. And let me tell you that this is the first year where more than 89% of the students have passed with at least an A." He tells them proudly, and Rita starts clapping. It doesn't take long before everyone in the audience follows. Even Tom starts clapping from backstage.

Harry seems a little flustered but pleased. He answers several other questions before thanking the crowd and making his way backstage.

Tom nods at him in greeting with a little smile. They give each other a hand because they know they are public right now.

"Are you going to be at the ball tonight, Lord Slytherin?" Harry asks innocently.

"Of course, I wouldn't miss it," Tom replies easily with a nod before making his way towards the fireplaces.

They will see each other in a couple of moments, of course, but nobody knows that fact just yet.

Tom doesn't know why they haven't made it known to the rest of Britain that they are a couple. But maybe it would be a bit much with also declaring that Dark magic is actually fine.

When Tom enters the mansion, he sees a nervous McGonagall, Snape, and Sirius.

"How did it go?" Sirius asks like a puppy seeing its master again, with barely contained energy.

"It went great. Skeeter helped a lot, making sure she was the one asking the most questions." Tom responded easily.

They all sighed in relief.

"I just hope that parents will understand their children next year when they are tested. It would hurt my heart to think that some may shun their children because they have an affinity they don't like." McGonagall huffs before drinking her scotch.

"There are going to be safe places for children that are not going to be accepted by their family. We will make sure that every child has a home with help for them and understanding." Remus declared, making his presence known after just entering the room.

Just then, Harry entered through the floo, looking a bit ruffled and frowning.

"Are you okay? Did someone harass you?" Tom asked immediately, scanning Harry to see if he was hurt or not.

"I'm fine. Just-" He sighed and rubbed his hand through his hair. Making it stick up in all directions. "-Lydia found me again." He told them with a grimace, making Tom growl in frustration.

The witch was getting insufferable. It was clear she had the biggest crush on Harry, but it bordered on stalking.

"Can't you file a complaint with Scrimgeour? She's her boss, right?" Sirius asked with a frown.

Harry sighed smiled gratefully at Snape when he handed over a glass of whiskey and took a big sip. "I would, but I don't want her to get in trouble for just a crush."

"She's stalking you, Harry. It's not just a crush. It could become dangerous." Remus told him seriously.

"I know, if it makes you feel better, if it has not stopped next week, I'll go to Scrimgeour. She backed off just now after I told her I have a date for tonight after she heavily hinted that she wanted to go with me." Harry told them with a roll of his eyes.

They talked for a little while longer, Harry changing the subject because he truly didn't want to talk about Lydia.

Tom pulls Harry from the room to get ready for the Wizengamot ball. Harry still needed to pick up Isabella Blackwood for the ball, so he needed to haste.

Tom eyes Harry openly, licking his lips and hoping that the ball would be over soon so they could come back to their home and room to ravish each other.

"I can practically feel your eyes on me," Harry murmurs, not even bothering to turn around to look at Tom.

Tom sidles up to him and plasters himself to Harry's back, encircling Harry's waist and kissing the back of Harry's neck before nuzzling a little.

"Are you bothered by me looking at you?" Tom asks Harry looking at him in the mirror they are in front of now.

Harry's green emerald eyes meet his. Clearly amused.

"No, but I was hoping we were wearing fewer clothes."

Tom groans and presses his forehead against the top of Harry's spine. It wasn't a comfortable position, but Tom didn't want to let go.

"I want that too. You have no idea what I want to do to you right now."

"Then tell me,"

Harry's voice has turned a little husky, and Tom revels in it.

"Are you sure, sweetheart-" Tom doesn't hold his smirk when he feels Harry bodily react to the name. "-because it could turn into a problem, and Isabella will not be pleased if you leave her waiting."

Harry turns around to face Tom and pulls him into a heated kiss. When he pulls back, Tom is a little disorientated and breathless.

"Let that be a promise for tonight," Harry murmurs against Tom's lips before pulling away, smirking.

"You little minx," Tom snaps, more amused and obviously not irritated.

Harry laughs, and Tom can't help but join him.



Salazar. He's so gone for this man.

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*Harry's POV;*

"I spy, with my little eye - ego problems, a toupet, and a see me being rich attitude,"

Harry snorts and quickly hides his laugh in a cough glaring without heat at Izzy. She smirks back at him. "That's rude, miss Blackwood, and the answer is - all of the men and some women,"

"Lord Potter - Peverell, don't be ridiculous-" Izzy says seriously before continuing. "-the women don't wear toupets. They were wigs or extensions, I read it in a muggle magazine,"

Harry turns away to 'cough' again. "You are the absolute worst. Why did I even take you?" He whispers when she is just smiling mischievously at him.

"Because your boy-toy-"

"He's older than me, Izz-"

"-wouldn't take you, and I'm clearly the life of the party," She continues as if he didn't speak at all.

Harry just shakes his head amused. He didn't expect to have fun tonight, and the first two hours, he didn't, not really. He was stuck talking to people and putting on his 'pretty heir face,' as Izzy likes to call it.

But Izzy made it bearable and a little fun as soon as they were out of hearing shot of anyone.

"Incoming," Izzy whispered, and Harry barely suppressed a groan only to smile when he saw Tom walking towards them.

"Lord Slytherin, good to see you here tonight. Are you having fun?" Harry asked politely.

Tom rolled his eyes, knowing for sure that nobody saw it.

"Lord Potter - Peverell, Heiress Blackwood-" Tom gave them both a nod that Harry returned, and Izzy curtsied, "-it's a lovely evening, I just talked with Lord Diggory," Tom gave them a grimace. Harry chuckled behind his hand, knowing that dealing with Diggory senior was a pain in the ass.

They talked a while before they were interrupted by Lord Greengrass. They spoke a little about politics until they were yet again interrupted, but this time with drinks.

Harry thought he saw a little glimmer beneath the waitress's face but put it out of his mind. He accepted the drink and started talking again with Lord Greengrass about a new bill they would propose in the next meeting when Harry's attention was suddenly pulled to Izzy.

Izzy gasped, and when Harry looked at her, her eyes rolled back in her head. He was just in time to catch her when she started to collapse.

"Izzy?! Izzy!" He started frantically, not knowing what was wrong with her.

Tom crashed next to them on the floor after Harry had lowered Izzy carefully to the ground. She was writhing in his grasp, and foam was starting to come out of her mouth.

He turned her to the side, hoping that everything that needed to come out came out quickly.

Harry was panicking, and he knew it, but Harry's brain was frozen for a moment. He couldn't comprehend what was happening to his friend and was afraid of what **could** happen.

"She's been poisoned! Call a healer!" Harry heard Tom call, but Harry just knew it would be too late. They needed action **now** .

Harry had never been so glad for Severus Snape when his first-ever potion class came to mind.

"Accio Bezoar!" He roared, noting absently the silence that followed until a whizzing sound filled it within seconds.

Multiple bezoars flew towards him, but with his Seeker reflexes, he caught one and banished the others without a second glance. He then saw that Tom had already pulled Izzy's mouth open as wide as it could so he could push the Bezoar in her mouth.

As soon as the Bezoar was in her mouth, the thrashing stopped, and her body seemed to sigh in relief.

Lord Greengrass was holding people back until a healer rushed through the crowd and started diagnostic charms on Izzy. Meanwhile, Harry's mind was going wild.

As Tom said, it was poison, and it had probably been in the drinks, but had it been meant for Izzy? Or was it meant for Tom, Harry, or Lord Greengrass? Was the culprit already gone?

Harry couldn't leave Izzy's side and went with the healer to St. Mungo's when she activated the Portkey to it. Harry had absentmindedly noted that Tom had the situation under control. He would find out what was happening and who had done it. Harry only knew that he would never forgive himself if he was the original target and Izzy had been caught in the crossfire.

Harry was pacing the corridor in St. Mungo's when Izzy's parents and Septima Rosier came bursting in. Septima immediately hugged him tightly with tears all over her face.

"How is she?" Septima asked, and Harry turned to Izzy's parents before answering.

"Lord and Lady Blackwood, my sincere apologies that this happened tonight. What we know for sure at the moment is that Izzy had been poisoned. I gave her a bezoar as soon as I thought about it, and after we came to St. Mungo's I haven't gotten an update. I'm so sorry." Harry told the three sincerely.

"No apologies needed, Lord Potter - Peverell, you weren't the one poisoning her. We know that for a fact. Thank you for your quick thinking with the bezoar." Lady Blackwood tells him before pulling him into a quick but firm motherly hug.

Harry clears his throat, feeling a little choked up because of Lady Blackwood. Lord Blackwood is a man of few words and only claps him on the shoulder with a sincere expression.

Septima stays close to Harry, their hands not letting go while they wait for more information on Izzy.

After three hours, a healer finally finds them and gives them some news.

"Lord and Lady Blackwood, Lord Potter - Peverell, heiress Rosier-" The healer already seems tired with just naming all the titles, "-heiress Blackwood is going to make a full recovery, she hasn't woken up yet, but we suspect that it won't take long." They are all relieved and smile a little at the healer. "But she has been poisoned with a rare potion. It was a potion that had been banned for a couple of centuries. That's why it took so long for her to stabilize. The book the potion was in is extremely rare, but thankfully one of our healers had it at home." The healer seems a little frustrated about this.

Harry frowns. "What were the potion and book called?"

"Bottled Jealousy, and it can be found in The Black Grimoire, the name was given to the potion because jealous witches and wizards used it on others. It makes the drinker feel like their insides were burning up while they also can't breathe because the fluids in their lungs expand. It-it is truly a torturous potion. That's why it has been banned." The healer gives them all a sympathetic look.

"But thankfully, the bezoar Lord Potter - Peverell used helped heiress Blackwood fight the poison quite quickly."

Harry ducks his head. He doesn't want to receive praise while he froze when Izzy had collapsed.

"Thank you for the update, healer Simmons." Lady Blackwood replies regally. The healer nods.

"You can see her if you want. We think she will wake up within the hour." Healer Simmons tells them before he goes to one of the other rooms.

Harry holds himself back, not wanting to impose, but Septima is having none of it and pulls him forcefully into the room.

He glares at her for a moment before mouthing 'rude' at her, and she gives him a small smile.

They wait in silence for a long time, and it's Izzy who breaks the silence when she wakes up. She groans loudly, Septima is on her right, grabbing her hand immediately, and Lady Blackwood is doing the same on Izzy's other side.

Izzy opens her eyes groggily, looks around the room, and groans again.

"I didn't even get to eat Hors d' oeuvres." She rasps out, startling a laugh out of everyone, even her stoic father.

"I'm glad you're okay, Izz," Harry says sincerely.

"Me too," She responds with a small smile.

Her mother brushes her hair out of her face, and Harry feels like he should leave.

"Please let me know when you're home again, I'm going to check on the investigation, and I will see you as soon as you're feeling better, okay?" Harry tells Izzy, and she gives him a small nod.

He then says his goodbye to Lord and Lady Blackwood and Septima before leaving St. Mungos.

Harry has no idea if the investigation is still going or if it will continue tomorrow because it's already pretty late. He apparates home, hoping to find Tom.

As soon as he lands in the foyer, he sees Tom pacing. When Tom hears the crack, he looks at Harry and hurries to him to pull him into his arms.

Harry doesn't sob, but he does let some tears fall. He had been so afraid he would lose Izzy tonight. Tom just holds him and strokes his back. It calms him down slowly, and Harry all but sags in Tom's hold.

"Have they found the culprit?"

"No, not yet, but they're close. The last update I got was that they had identified the potion that had been used. They will check tomorrow who was on the list of purchasing the ingredients."

Harry nods against Tom's shoulder. He feels drained, and Tom seems to know it. He apparates them to their room and uses wandless and wordless magic to undress Harry. Tom then helps Harry to bed and undresses himself quickly before joining Harry.

Harry lets himself be held by Tom and tries to get some sleep. It takes a while before he finally falls asleep.

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Harry and Tom are awake early. They eat something Dobby has made and make their way to the Ministry to talk with the Aurors at the DMLE.

Harry almost groans out loud when he sees Lydia behind the desk. She perks up immediately when she sees Harry but frowns when her eyes fall on Tom.

They are walking closely together, and Harry catches himself leaning into Tom's warmth. But they are in public, so he can't lean completely on Tom right now.

Harry gives Lydia a small smile. "Hello Lydia, I just came to check if there was more information about the current investigation about the poisoning from heiress Blackwood, do you know?"

"Oh, Harry! I'm so sorry about your girlfriend, but I can't give you any details-" She simpers until Tom cuts her off.

"Girlfriend?" He asks with a frown. He then looks at Harry with an incredulous expression, but Harry is at a loss, too, so he just shrugs.

"Yes, his girlfriend, Lord Slytherin, the girl with the long black hair, blue eyes, and the red dress?"

Harry frowns again, but now about Lydia's choice of words because he hadn't seen Lydia at the ball yesterday. And he is sure that she would've found him to talk to him.

"Isabella Blackwood isn't his girlfriend," Tom says slowly. Lydia sputters for a moment, her face turning almost as red as her hair.

"But she was all over him! She was whispering in his ear, and holding his arm, and making him laugh-"

"Were you at the ball, Lydia? I didn't think I saw you," Harry asks suddenly as nonchalant as possible, but he has a sinking feeling in his gut.

"Y-No! No, I wasn't invited, my name isn't in the sacred 28, and my family doesn't have a Wizengamot seat." She says surly, but she is avoiding his eyes now.

Harry glances at Tom, and Tom is also frowning. Harry then leans forward on Lydia's desk and gives her a smile. Tom stiffens next to him, but Harry hears him sigh. Probably already knowing what is going to happen. "Too bad that you weren't. You would've probably looked great in a green dress," He even winks at her, and she gulps, practically turning into goo. She leans forward, too, as if she doesn't have another choice.

"I have the prettiest green dress. I would love to show it to you some time." She replies breathlessly. Harry gives her another smile. "I would like that. I have a quick question, how are your potion skills?"

"They're great. I had the highest scores in my class," She replies with an excited glint in her eyes. Tom pretends to hurl out of her sight, but Harry sees it and his smile becomes more genuine because of Tom.

"Truly? That's amazing. Then you probably also have a lot of potion books. My family has a lot in their library, but I still miss a couple, like Advanced Brews, Herbal potions volume 19, and what was it called, black something-" He snaps his fingers as if he's thinking.



"The Black Grimoire?! I have that! You could borrow it, or you know what, I don't need it anymore, you can have it! If you want!" Lydia says eagerly.

"You truly have The Black Grimoire?" Harry asks in a tone as if he's taken aback. He glances at Tom, and Tom looks livid before he quickly turns and storms to the Auror offices. Lydia is thankfully ignorant of Tom's quick departure.

"Yes! I have made a couple of potions from that one, and they are so difficult, but I had no problem with that at all." She gushes, trying so hard to impress Harry.

"Mh, really? What is the most challenging potion you've made?" He asks, leaning even further on her desk.

"Felix Fortunatis, but it's only challenging because it takes six months to brew," She answers immediately. Harry nods eagerly before he sees Scrimgeour coming their way with Tom and a couple of Aurors.

"And do you know the Bottled Jealousy potion? I always had difficulties with that one." Harry says, fishing for the last straw.

Lydia doesn't even notice how she is digging her own grave, completely captivated by talking to Harry. She nods rapidly in response to Harry's question.

"I didn't have any difficulties. You only need to use a silver spoon when stirring, but otherwise, the potion is easy to make!"

Harry's smile falls off his face, and he leans back with a sneer aimed at Lydia.

"Lydia, did you use Bottled Jealousy on my **friend** heiress Isabella Blackwood?"

Lydia's face goes white, and she stumbles unattractively. "No! Of course not, I would never-"

"Could you repeat that statement with Veritaserum?" Tom asks behind her, and she whips around to see Scrimgeour and Aurors standing there with narrowed eyes.

"I-I have rights! I don't have to defend myse-" She starts, but she is interrupted by Scrimgeour.

"You are on the list of buyers of the ingredients. We are going to question you, and we will apply Veritaserum like is regular with attempted murder, especially that of an heir of a noble house."

Panic flashes over Lydia's face, and Harry feels a little delight because of it. Lydia then turns back to Harry.

"You deserve someone so much better! I could be that! But you never saw me! You never gave me a chance!" She shrieks.

"Because I wasn't attracted to you, Lydia. And now you've hurt one of my best friends, almost *killed* her. You are going to Azkaban for a long time." He then steps closer so he can whisper to her.

"Be glad it's Azkaban because if I would've had my way, you would have suffered so much more before I gave you the relief of Death. But don't forget *Lydia* -" He sneers at this but keeps his voice low so the Aurors won't hear his threats. "-My father is Lord **Death**. As soon as you let out your last breath, he will be there, and he will make sure you suffer. And when he's done with you, I will take his place,"

Harry leans back to see the terror on her face. She's as pale as snow, making her hair seem like flames around her.

"Besides, I already have someone better," Harry then tells her on a normal level before looking at Tom and holding out his hand.

Tom takes it and places a kiss on Harry's cheek before he turns to smirk at the gobsmacked girl. She seems too stunned to reply, only looking with a mounting horror that Harry and Tom are together.

"You poisoned the wrong person, but be glad, because if you had hurt Tom-" Harry shakes his head and closes his eyes. "-it would be so much worse."

"Take her away, Scrimgeour," Tom says simply, and Harry takes delight at how she is dragged away.

He leans back into Tom's hold, closing his eyes for a moment. He knows he just came out to the Auror corps. He just hopes that-

"Lord Potter - Peverell, Lord Slytherin!"

Harry groans and pushes his face into Tom's shoulder, hoping that the shrieking voice goes away.

"Miss Skeeter," Tom drawls, seemingly bored.

"Can I get the scoop of the century? Are you truly together? What about all the courtships that were started? What-"

Harry raises his head and glares at the blonde woman making her fall silent. "That's enough, **Rita**, yes we are together, no we are not going to court any others, and if you let us go now, I will send you information by owl about our relationship because for Godric's sake, woman, does it seem like I want to give an interview right now?"

Tom chuckles next to him and pulls him closer. Rita is positively beaming at them with a greedy look, and Harry decides that that's enough excitement for today.

"Expect my owl, Rita," Harry says before pulling Tom away and towards the floo network in the Atrium. He is going home and will probably sleep for a couple of days.

Lord knows, he deserves it.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading this chapter!

I hope you enjoyed it! The next chapter is unfortunately going to be the last one!!

Please leave a comment or a kudo!

xxMBlack93

# Part thirteen

## Chapter Notes

Okay... As soon as I knew that this would be the last chapter, my entire writing motivation stopped.

That's why it has been so long. So I'm sorry guys! But- there is smut in this chapter!!

This is the shortest chapter in this story, but I like it as the last chapter, and I hope you like it too. This story is the biggest one I have ever written and I loved all the comments and kudos I got!!

Thank you so much for following this story and I hope you like the last chapter!

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

# Dark Magic no longer banned!

*By Rita Skeeter*

Who would've ever thought that two wizards could change the Wizarding World like this?  
Let me tell you, dear readers, it wasn't me.

Harry James Potter - Peverell and Thomas Slytherin are still extremely young for wizarding standards, but they don't let their age stop them. No! The incredibly powerful **couple** has been active in the Wizengamot for just a little more than a year, but the change has been absolutely shocking.

After the new law for creatures, or human subspecies as they like to be called, they decided that it wasn't enough. No, my dear readers, they decided to head straight into the war against Dark magic to advocate for the 'dark side' and won!

It has been clear that Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, supposed Leader of the Light, has been lying to everyone for almost 80 years. And now, thanks to Lord Slytherin and Lord Potter - Peverell, Dark magic has been accepted again in the British Wizarding World, as it already was everywhere else.

Lord Thomas Slytherin, son of he-who-shall-not-be-named, has risen in the political spectrum and can now call himself the new Dark Lord. He is adamant that he will not be like his father and will only-

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The paper goes up in flames after Albus has read most of the article. He cannot believe that the whole Wizarding World believes the filth that Voldemort is feeding them.

He sneers at the picture that peeks through the flames, a laughing Harry and Tom standing next to each other, clearly in love if the look between them is about to believe.

Albus shakes his head. He can't understand why Harry would do this, that he even wants to touch the man that had killed his parents, hurt him, and put something vile in him when he was just a baby.

Oh, yes, Albus knows that Harry is a Horcrux, but with his current relationship with Tom Riddle, he knows for sure that Harry won't try to kill him. It's probably a love potion or something.

Even if Albus can catch Harry by surprise and get the potion out of his system, he would not do Albus any favors in the end.

No, because Lord Death stole the opportunity to have Harry meek and playable.

Because of Lord Death, the British Wizarding World will cease to exist. Albus is sure of it.

Well, not as long as Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore can still take a breath.

"I rather would've done it in another way, but alas-" He flicks his wand out and admires the Elder wand for a moment. "-I need to stop him."

He then apparates out of the old shell of a cabin he has been staying in. He pulls his hood up and steps into the busy street of Diagon Alley.

The two men he knew would be there are laughing in front of him. It's time.

"Tom Marvolo Riddle-" He sees the man stiffen, and Harry grabs Voldemort's arm before turning around with a withering look.

"-I challenge you for a duel."

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*Tom's POV;*

"Harry, you still have about a month before classes start up again. Can you please calm down?" Tom asks his boyfriend with a tired smile. He has been quite busy the last month, but it has been worth it. He is now Dark Lord again. Hogwarts is ready to start again and will take the affinity rituals when everyone returns. Dark Magic is legal again, and you can already see it reflected in Diagon Alley. Life has been extremely good with Harry by his side.

"I will calm down when I know for sure that there are enough books for every student." Harry is browsing the stacks, and Tom sees him slide a couple of books into his pile to take home and can only smile fondly at Harry. "-We probably also should do something with families that don't have enough money for all the books or potion supplies. Maybe something like a scholarship?"

"And you don't have a certain family in your mind now, right?" Tom asks while steering Harry a little to the right when a kid is standing in his way, and Harry is still browsing through a book. Tom winks at the kid, and the boy smiles shyly before bolting back to his parents.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Harry huffs, but Tom knows enough. He sighs and taps his wand against the books in Harry's pile to send them to the cash register.

"We will look into it during the meeting with Minerva later this week," Tom promises before putting his hand on the small of Harry's back, pushing him a little to the front of the store so they can go after they have paid.



It doesn't take long before they are walking through the busy street of Diagon Alley again. Tom is contemplating getting an owl. But he knows Hedwig will be insulted if he dares to do that.

"How long will Hedwig be angry if I buy my own owl?"

Harry starts to laugh, "You're kidding, right? She will peck your fingers raw,"

"But she is almost every day at Hogwarts with you. I need to send my post too," He sighs while rubbing his forehead.

Harry pats him condescendingly on the shoulder, and Tom can't help but chuckle a little.

"Okay, so no owl, maybe-"

"Tom Marvolo Riddle," He freezes at the words and swallows heavily. Harry grabs his arm, anchoring him again and he takes a slow breath. He wants to turn around incredulously to demand that his old name will not be used again. But then the man speaks again.

"I challenge you for a duel." Those words he hadn't expected, and he turns around with a frown. When he spots Dumbledore, of all people with a hood, he snorts incredulously.

"I am not my father, Dumbledore, nor am I interested in dueling you when you are a wanted man. You should be glad that the Aurors haven't arrived yet to take you to Azkaban." Tom replies, feeling his heart hammer in his chest.

"The Aurors will not be here on time to help you, *Tom*."

Harry squeezes his arm, and when Tom looks at him, Harry speaks. "There are anti apparation wards up."

"Dumbledore, what do you want?" Tom sighs, grabbing his wand inside his robe tightly.

"I want to save the Wizarding World. You are poisoning it, and you are poisoning Harry. I will defeat you, and everyone will know that I saved them-"

Tom snorts and looks at Harry. "He's crazy, isn't he?"

"Probably," Harry murmurs back with a frown on his face, his eyes never leaving Dumbledore.

*"If you win, you will be the master of the Elder wand,"* Harry tells him in Parseltongue with a contemplating look.

"Not going to happen," Tom replies instantly, looking Harry in the eyes.

Tom then turns back to Dumbledore. "Harry James Potter - Peverell will be my second." Dumbledore seems taken aback, and the bystanders start to whisper.

Tom takes out his wand and points it to the sky. He erupts a dueling shield so no one will be hurt in Diagon Alley. The Aurors will come when they can. But he needs to stop Dumbledore. The old goat is clearly unstable.

*"I'm going to lose on purpose, then you can step in. You can win the Elder wand, and you will be the Master of Death."* Tom tells Harry resolutely in Parseltongue before kissing Harry quickly when the man only stares at him completely dumbfounded.

Tom chokes a little on the emotions he feels swirling inside himself. He truly loves Harry so much, but he has never said the words aloud. To be fair, Harry hasn't either. But he is sure that the man feels the same.

Tom believed he would never love anyone. And here, in front of him, is the man he knows is the only one he will ever love.

He squeezes Harry's hand again, the words stuck in his throat, and turns to Dumbledore.

"I'm ready. Let's end this."

Dumbledore nods and bows and Tom follows. When he's up again, he flicks his wand to stop a red spell that was hurtling towards him. Tom narrows his eyes and starts throwing his own spells.

They are both silent in their casting, taking any advantage they can possibly have. Because even if Tom is going to lose, he wants to put up a good fight.

When he was still Voldemort, he would've taunted Dumbledore with every strike they would make, but being Thomas Slytherin, he knows he won't do that.

Time seems to slip away from him, but he keeps dueling Dumbledore, transfiguring stones into dragons, holding his breath when he's locked into a dome of water for a short time, ducking when spikes fly over his head.

He remembers how Voldemort had been afraid of Dumbledore. He always knew that Dumbledore was powerful. But even Voldemort knew that Dumbledore would never use Dark magic.

*Oh*, how he was wrong.

Tom is already anticipating the spell that Dumbledore is preparing, ready to give in and let his wand fly. Two seconds later, it's exactly what happens. His wand falls down, and he smirks.

"Well, now my lovely second will st-" But Tom doesn't get the chance to say something witty.

Because a bolt of green is rushing towards him. The same green that he loves to see in Harry's eyes.

He doesn't have the time to even look at Harry, something he will forever regret, but the anguished scream Harry bellows out is something that will haunt him in the afterlife.

When the green bolt connects with his sternum, everything turns black.

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*Harry's POV;*

Harry knows that Tom has changed. He knows, okay? But he's still surprised when Tom tells him about his plan. Tom is going to lose on purpose, so Harry can step in and win the Elder wand.

Dear Salazar, he loves Tom so much. He should probably finally man up and just tell him. He's pretty sure that Tom will not reject him.

When Tom and Dumbles start to duel, Harry is everything but calm. Sure, he looks calm and collected, ready at a moment's notice, but something is wrong. He doesn't know what, but something just is.

He just knows that this will end badly, but he can't put his finger on what exactly.

Harry follows the duel with hawk-like eyes. He makes sure not to miss a single thing.

After about thirty minutes, he sees Tom reacting to Dumbles and knows that Tom will be stepping away from the fight.

His wand bounced on the stones, and Tom smirked. Already knowing that Harry will win the duel, Harry takes a step forward, ready to take over.

He hears Tom speak before his whole world seems to stop for a moment. The glint in Dumbledore's eyes is something Harry hadn't expected, and it gives him chills down his spine. He feels cold when an emerald green spell rushes from the Elder wand to Tom. It all happens so fast that Harry can only scream.

His magic immediately reacts in horror when Tom's words cut off mid-sentence, and he falls down with an empty look in his eyes.

Harry can't even remember taking a step, but now he's kneeling next to Tom's fallen body. "No, no, no, no, no, **no, no!**"

He looks back to Dumbledore, ready to tear him apart for killing Tom when he sees that his magic has already reacted.

Dumbledore is kneeling on the ground, with his arms spread wide and the Elder wand on the ground in front of him. Stone pillars have trapped his arms and feet. Dumbledore can't break out of those and seems to be in agony.

"Harry-" Dumbledore starts in a pained voice. "-It's for the greater good,"

"You killed him!" Harry's voice is hoarse and broken, and he refuses to talk to Dumbledore anymore. He will not acknowledge the man that has hurt him so much. He flicks his wrist, and the Elder wand flies in his hand. He then aims the wand at Dumbledore and sees the fear in the man's eyes before he flicks his wand, and Dumbledore disappears from sight. Leaving the stone in which he was trapped cracked. Blood smears are around the holes in the stone, but Harry doesn't care.

Tears are streaming down his face, and when he looks down at the body in his arms, he feels himself crumble.

"I can't do this without you-" He buries his face in Tom's shoulder while clasping Tom's body against him. "You can't leave me-" Harry whispers, already knowing it's untrue, because Tom isn't waking up, isn't talking to him, isn't holding him while Harry falls completely apart.

Harry feels a chill run over his spine and knows that Death has come.

When he lifts his head, he chokes on another sob. Death is standing with his hand on Tom's shoulder. Tom's soul is cracked a little, still from the Horcruxes, and he looks devastated.

Harry glances around and sees that time seems to have stopped. The people outside the dome seem to watch with terror as to what happened during the duel, but Harry can't focus on that now.

"Are you here to reap him?" Harry chokes out, clinging to Tom's body while his eyes never leave the soul next to Lord Death.

"I was," Death responds, and Harry pushes a hand on his mouth to stop the sobbing that is wrecking his body.

He can't believe that after everything, he will lose Tom. For some reason, he has always seemed bigger than life. Since they have been in each other's lives, Tom just seemed *immortal* to Harry.

But that just has been wishful thinking for Harry, because Harry knows as Master of Death he will be the one that's immortal. How is he supposed to survive that without Tom by his side?

"Dad, I-I can't-" Harry chokes on his words again, his eyes still focused on Tom's soul, afraid that it will disappear in seconds.

Tom's soul seems to be crying, but body-less souls can't talk, so even if his mouth is moving, Harry doesn't understand him. If they were in Death's realm, he could've understood the soul. But at this moment, he can't.

Harry reaches out with his hand, hoping to feel his soul, Tom's spirit, and Tom's magic one more time.

"I know, Little one. He'll need a tether to the mortal realm,"

Harry shakes his head mournfully and his eyes full of tears. "All the Horcruxes. They're gone." He whispers, grasping Tom's soul fingers even if they feel like smoke.

"Not all." Death simply replies. Looking steadily at Harry, willing him to understand the implication of his words.

Harry looks at him warily before suddenly gasping. Because *he* is the tether for Tom, *he* never gave up on the soul shard in his scar. The Horcrux that he's had since he was one year old is still in the Wizarding world.

Tom's soul seems to understand the implication too, and hope is brimming in his eyes.

"Is it enough?" Harry whispers, not daring to hope.

"It is." Death replies before reaching out and touching Harry's head.

Harry feels pain increasing in his head, something seems to unravel in his magic, and he grits his teeth while still holding on to Tom's body.

Death then pulls a thread of something out of Harry's head, and Harry sags, sweating and panting, while Death pushes the thread into Tom's body. He then turns back to Tom's soul and grasps his shoulder again before also pushing it into the body.

For a moment, Harry doesn't think it worked. Because nothing changes about Tom's body. Harry is still cradling it to himself. He doesn't feel Tom's beating heart nor his breathing.

"Dad, he- he isn't-" Harry's eyes are once again full of tears before he finally feels Tom's chest expand. He stops talking immediately before leaning down to listen to Tom's breathing.

Harry hears Tom gasp and leans back while he puts his hands on Tom's cheeks. Then Tom's eyes open again, and Harry starts to laugh through the tears.

"You're here! You're back!" Harry rushes out while kissing Tom's forehead. He looks back at Death and sees the man smiling at him.

"Thank you,"

"Anything for you, Little one." Death tells him before ruffling his hair. Then Death disappears, and Harry focuses back on Tom.

"Harry-" Tom whispers. Tom shakes his head as if he can't believe what he's seeing. "-I love you so much."

Harry freezes at the words. He can't believe them for a moment. But then anger twists his gut.

The utter and idiotic git!

"I love you? *I love you?! You freaking asshole! Why would you wait until you're dying before declaring your fucking love to me!?*" Harry shrieks, already trying to pull away from



Tom. He can't believe this!

But Tom pulls him back with a laugh, and when Harry meets his eyes again, he sees the emotions swirling in Tom's eyes.

"I will tell you I love you every day, for the rest of our lives if you'll have me," Tom whispers seriously.

Harry freezes for a moment before leaning his head against Tom's.

"I was so scared to lose you," Harry shakes his head a little before pulling back, wiping his thumb over Tom's cheekbone. "I love you too."

Tom smiles and pulls Harry in for a searing kiss. Harry lets out a noise of surprise before melting into the perfection of Tom's lips.

They both startle when suddenly applause and cheers erupt around them. Both not having noticed that time had started again.

"You know what, I think we should go home," Harry tells Tom warily. Tom nods enthusiastically before pulling Harry even closer. Harry feels the telltale sign of apparating in his stomach and breathes a sigh of relief when they land in their own bedroom at the mansion.

He's still holding Tom close, but Tom doesn't seem to mind. He just twists in Harry's hold and starts kissing Harry's cheek, nibbles on his jaw, and sucks a mark on his neck.

Harry groans loudly before waving his hand and removing both their clothes quickly. He then twists them again, so Tom falls back on their bed.

Tom smiles wickedly at him and rubs his hands over Harry's hips, where Harry is straddling him.

"What do you want, Sweetheart?" Tom whispers. Harry bites his lip to hold in a moan. He loves it when Tom calls him sweetheart.

"At this moment, I just want you, hard and fast, and after I will take hours to take you apart, I want to bury myself so deep beneath your skin that you will never be rid of me-" Harry tells him breathlessly, blushing because he feels exposed in his honesty.

Tom is silent for a moment before almost attacking Harry's lips.

"I'm going to make it so good for you, Sweetheart. I love you. I love you so much," Tom says in a whisper before whispering two spells. Harry jolts a little on top of him when he feels he's being cleaned and slicked up.

Harry moved his hips, wanting more friction and groaning when his member lined up with Tom's. Tom's fingers began probing his ass a little, and Harry leaned into the touch. Moaning when Tom's finger breached him.

"Want to feel your hands all over me," Harry says in Tom's ear before groaning when Tom pushes another finger in.

"I can't wait to feel you filling me up again. I love that feeling, love you," Harry is babbling. He knows he is, but he doesn't care, and if he reads Tom's frantic movements correctly, he doesn't mind either.

Tom is fucking him with his fingers, moaning loudly and bucking his hips. Eager and impatient to be in Harry again.

"Yeah, like this, fuck, you feel so good, Tom-Baby," Harry chokes out with closed eyes.

Tom's control snapped, and he twists them. Harry is now staring at the ceiling before moaning loudly when Tom leans down to take Harry's cock in his mouth while still fucking him with his fingers.

Harry throws his head back on the bed, lost in the pleasure.

"Feels amazing. You're perfect for me, baby, so perfect-" Harry groans out, trying to hold on while he's being taken apart by Tom's mouth and fingers. He doesn't want to finish already. He wants to come when Tom is buried inside of him.

"Fucking Salazar... Sweetheart," Tom groans before pulling out his fingers and slicking up his cock.

He's a little sloppy in his eagerness to sink into Harry's heat, but Harry doesn't care.

They both groan loudly when Tom bottoms out. He keeps still for a couple of moments until Harry twists his hips a little. Tom takes it as a declaration that he's ready and starts slowly, but that only lasts for about two or three thrusts.

Because then Harry is talking again.

"Please, baby, harder, want to feel you, please-" Harry chokes out a cry when Tom does exactly as Harry asked.

"Yes, yes, yes, just like that,"

Tom is panting above him, and Harry pulls him a little down so he can kiss him again. However, it's more sliding their lips together and breathing each other in.

"I love you," Harry says again, finding Tom's eyes to let him show he means it. Tom starts fucking harder, and Harry moans, feeling his orgasm rapidly approaching in the warmth he

feels in his stomach.

Tom starts to shake, and Harry reaches out to grab Tom's shoulders.

"Harry-" Tom groans before he reaches down and takes Harry's cock in his hand. Tom seems almost lost. His expression is open, and his eyes are sincere. Harry shivers from the emotions that swirl in those blue depths.

"Come for me, Sweetheart, please," Tom asks huskily, and Harry can't do anything else but obey. He clenches down on Tom's cock that is still pounding inside him, and Harry revels in the feeling of Tom freezing above him with a deep groan before he feels Tom's cock pulsing inside of him.

Everything goes silent around him for a moment. The tip of his fingers tingle, and when Harry opens his eyes again, he sees the top of Tom's head on his chest.

He leans down and starts placing kisses everywhere he can reach.

"Love you too," Tom tells him, sounding a little sleepy, and Harry smiles while his whole body warms up on the inside.

Harry's fingers dance over Tom's spine, only wanting to touch and not wanting to move at all now Tom is warm in his arms again.

He almost lost Tom today, and it's something that goes in a loop through his head.

The green spell connecting with Tom's chest and Tom falling down. Then thankfully, Death who came to save the day.

"I meant it, you know," Tom whispers, and Harry frowns for a moment, not knowing what Tom means.

Tom lifts his head and kisses Harry softly.

"If you'll have me, I will tell you every day how much I love you," Tom tells him, and Harry smiles.

"We're already in this together. And I'm not ready to let you go." Harry tells him honestly.

Tom lets out an irritated sigh. "Not what I meant, Sweetheart."

This time Harry frowns. Tom pulls slowly out of him, and he hisses before Tom cleans them up with a muttered spell.

He then sits on his knees and pulls at Harry's hand so he will sit up with him.

"It was more of a question, Harry," Tom tells him, sounding amused.

"I didn't hear a question in that," Harry snarks back, making Tom roll his eyes. Harry can't help but smile at the sight.

"Harry-" Tom shifts a little and holds Harry's hand in both of his now. "-do you want to be with me for the rest of our lives?"

"Are you asking me to marry you?" Harry asks, and it almost seems like the words have been pushed out of him.

"I am, and if you want to be my bonded, marrying is such a muggle say-" Tom can't even finish his fond exasperation when he's tackled to the bed again by Harry.

"Yes! Of course, you idiot!"

They stay in bed for a long time, and when Sirius opens the door, demanding what happened with Dumbledore, he sees a lot more than he was ready for.

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### **Itty bitty tiny epilogue:**

"I never expected to have this." Death says to Harry.

"What didn't you expect?" Harry replies with a frown, they are still walking, and he leans a little closer to Death to whisper. Not wanting to be overheard.

"This-" Death waves a hand around to embody what he means. "-I think this is the closest I have ever become to happiness." Death says with a small smile. Harry chuckles and looks around him. He looks at all his friends and family that have gathered for his bonding.

And there, at the end of the aisle, Tom is waiting for him.

"So you're telling me that you're happy because I'm happy?" Harry asks a little incredulously but also full of fondness and amusement.

"Yes, because my adopted child is marrying a man that would have become his enemy in another life, but here you are, choosing him above all others, and I see how you two are with each other. You know each other, all the good things and all the bad. You will choose him day after day, and you will choose him until the end of time until you die and don't want to come back to this life anymore." Death tells him with a sigh.

"Because of that, I'm hopeful for the future, for the first time in a long time."

Harry can see what it means to Death, and he can't help but grin at the deity next to him, who is giving him away to his soon-to-be husband / bonded.

"And it all started because you chose me," Harry replies with a chuckle.

Death laughs softly. "Death's chosen child, they will talk about you for eons-"

"Dammit, I was hoping for some peace." Harry groans, but he can't help but smile, too happy for anything to bring him down.

Death snorts before waving his hand in Tom's general direction. Tom seems excited and nervous but is smiling broadly.

"You will never have peace with the man you chose. He will keep you on your toes." Death says, and he sounds amused, though, something Harry wouldn't have expected from Death.

Harry grins when his green eyes meet Tom's blue ones at the other end of the aisle. "I don't want it any other way."

**The End!**

Chapter End Notes

That's it! The end!

I know, I know, a sappy ending, but I couldn't help it! They were so cuteeeee together!

I hope you all liked it, and please leave a comment! I love those!

I already have a new idea for a fic in my head, but I want to finish two other stories first.

But after, I'm going to write a crossover between Teen Wolf and the Avengers because I both love those.

Thank you so much for reading this story.

Love you all!! xxx MBlack93



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