

Harry Potter and the Change of Time

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28079745) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28079745>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Underage
Categories:	F/M , M/M
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationship:	Draco Malfoy/Harry Potter
Characters:	Harry Potter , Tom Riddle Voldemort , Sirius Black , Albus Dumbledore , Luna Lovegood , Severus Snape , Ron Weasley , Ginny Weasley , George Weasley , Fred Weasley , Molly Weasley , Arthur Weasley , Draco Malfoy , Lucius Malfoy , Hermione Granger , Neville Longbottom
Additional Tags:	Time Travel Fix-It , Time Travel , Master of Death Harry Potter , BAMF Harry Potter , Smart Harry , Dark Harry , Not So Evil Voldemort (Harry Potter) , Mentioned Onetime Harry/George , I swear just the one time , Necromancy , Eventual Draco Malfoy/Harry Potter , Seer Luna , Harry will do what he needs to do , Slytherin Harry Potter , Slytherin Luna Lovegood , NO villain Draco/Poor Harry Trope , Harryisbaby , Dracoisbaby , Like I promise
Language:	English
Collections:	Harry Potter Goes Away (Time travel/accidents/escapes and others) , dino's library of obsessions , Harry Potter Fics
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-15 Updated: 2023-07-28 Words: 166,393 Chapters: 27/?

Harry Potter and the Change of Time

by [RiddleMeThis1926](#)

Summary

After speaking with Dumbledore at the station he is met by another.

Death.

He is offered a chance to go back and do things again, half convinced its just a joke Harry agrees. Now back in the past with just his memories and some parting information Harry sets out on an mission to correct the wrongs that had been done to him and so many others.

And maybe, he can save a Dark Lord in the process.

Notes

Welcome to my brain child!

The original intent to this work is to give a Do-Over story that is everything I wanted to read in a Do-Over, and it sort of spiraled from there.

Updates will be on Wednesdays at 5pm EST.

Let me know what you think!

Chapter 1

The creature behind them jerked and moaned, and Harry and Dumbledore sat without talking for the longest time yet. The realization of what would happen next settled gradually over Harry in the long minutes, like softly falling snow.

"I've got to go back, haven't I?"

"That is up to you."

"I've got a choice?"

"Oh yes." Dumbledore smiled at him. "We are in King's Cross, you say? I think that if you decided not to go back, you would be able to . . . let's say . . . board a train."

"And where would it take me?"

"On," said Dumbledore simply.

Harry was quiet, he had a choice to make, while it should have been an easy choice Harry still had questions floating in his head.

"Before I make my choice, may I ask you another question Headmaster?"

"Of course."

"Did you know how the Dursleys treated me," Harry asked the question quietly, after all they discussed today the question almost seemed senseless, but he still needed to know.

Dumbledore was quiet for a moment, "The choices I made were for the greater good my boy. Sacrifices needed to be made, they may not have been the best choice for you but they kept you safe."

Harry knew, deep down, that Dumbledore was aware and after their previous conversation he couldn't say he was surprised, but the admission did hurt.

Harry also wondered if there was more to the Master of Death than Dumbledore let on, he was honest with him about the past NOW but the Master of Death would affect his future if there was any truth in it, and he didn't know if he could trust Dumbledore enough to tell him that part of his future.

What if he thought the power would get to Harry if it was true?

What if he was still trying to do what he thought he needed to for the "greater good"?

He didn't ask, but he knew he wouldn't get the answers by staying here.

Harry stood up and faced Dumbledore as he stood up as well.

"Thank you sir, for telling me everything," Harry said quietly after a few moments

"No Harry, thank you for letting me tell you. Thank you for giving me the chance,"

Dumbledore said smiling as the mist came in stronger and started to hide him from view.

Harry watched as Dumbledore fully faded away before the mist started to dissipate once again and he saw a dark figure standing where Dumbledore was.

"Harry Potter, The-Boy-Who-Lived, The Chosen one, Undesirable #1, so many names to chose from," the voice coming from the figure was raspy but smooth. The voice of a politician in the afterlife.

The man the voice belonged too looked like he had been a politician in his old life, His hair was slicked in a way that he had only seen on TV and the suit he was wearing Harry would bet was a few thousand pounds.

It was his eyes that held the most focus for Harry, a clear crystal blue ,that under any other circumstances would have been beautiful, were off.

Possibly not dangerous, but off.

"Who are you," Harry asked, idle wondering if he would be able to finally grasp wandless magic when faced with this unknown man.

"I go by many names, the one you may be most familiar with is Death..Your mastery of the Hallows has allowed me to come to you"

Harry couldn't help but think this had to be a hallucination.

Dumbledore, weird but okay.

Death however?

That had to be a sign of his actual death, or at the very least evidence of a coma.

"You're not in a coma or hallucinating. Dumbledore was to provide you another option however due to his own beliefs he did not. I am here to rectify the situation," Death said with no hint of emotion in his voice.

Harry decided if he was in a Coma or dead it couldn't hurt to find out more information.

"You're here because of the Hallows, and I'm your master," Harry said flatly.

"In a way, you can not control me but it does allow you extra....gifts shall we say. You will live longer than the average wizard, the power of the stone won't call to you as it does others. You will be able to use it sparingly however you won't feel the NEED, you were already the master of the cloak so that will not change," Death said in the same tone.

"Oh," Harry said, "Do you want the Hallows back? I don't need them."

It was true, he didn't need them. He would have missed the cloak of course but other than that the stone and the wand sounded like more trouble than he really believed they were worth.

"Regardless of which option you chose at the end of your life they will leave the mortal plain with you. You may find use for them in the coming time if you don't choose to leave now."

"Did Dumbledore know about this? That the Hallows were real?," Harry asked.

"Yes, the information had been provided to him before he talked to you for various reasons. I obviously kept an eye on him for this exact reason however."

Harry wasn't surprised, if the last 10 minutes had taught him anything it was that Dumbledore even with his guilt of what he did previously had not learned his lesson.

"If you don't mind Harry Potter we need to discuss your options and you need to make your decision, we are running out of time," Death said after a few moments of silence, "as I said, you have a third option. You may go with one of the options Dumbledore told you of, or you can go back in time to when you were a child and re-live the life you have had"

Harry started, "Even if that was possible, why would that be an option?"

"Your fate was meant to be something else, something more. People who were not meant to die, Sirius Black for example, died when they were not meant to. You have the ability to make changes to effect those people. You also have the ability to provide Riddle a second chance, his fate was changed for the worst as well. You won't be able to change anything from before he tried to kill you, but after. After is something you can change."

Sirius....

Could he go back to change everything for just one person?

Hermione mentioned once that no good ever came from messing with time, that one change could severely effect everything else. He could bring back Sirius, but what would that change?

Would the change matter?

Death said going back had the option to not only change his life but also change Riddle's life as well and if this was the case there would already be changes.

But could he chance it?

What if he made everything worse, in theory it already sounded difficult he couldn't imagine

how hard it would actually be to do.

But what if it made it better, what if he could bring peace to the world that has suffered so much death, so much fear. Death said Dumbledore had meddled and changed so many things that would have been different if he had just been honest, or given another chance that he hadn't. Even now in death Dumbledore had kept information from Harry "For the Greater Good", who knows what the information he kept to himself effected everything else while he had been living.

"What about the Horcrux inside of me? Tom had to hit me with the killing curse to remove it, if I go back and try to change him, how would it be removed. Even if he's able to be changed I don't want it," Harry questioned Death.

"There are other options to remove the Horcrux, the goblins if Gringotts could remove it, there is also a spell created to remove the Horcrux from the Vessel, that would have worked to remove it from all of the items with out destroying them. The spell is what you would consider dark and not something Dumbledore would have looked into. This is something you can look into further if you go back. If you go back you would just be replacing your younger self, the Horcrux would already be removed. The effects it had on your magics would be removed as well. You would be stronger."

"Stronger," Harry questioned, "What do you mean stronger?"

"Your magic was using itself to keep the Horcrux contained along with the protection of your mother and Dumbledore. This put a strain on your magic and did not allow you to fully access it. The Horcrux is gone now however the damage has been done to your body and mind. By entering your younger self you will be whole, your magic will be able to travel and grow correctly, you will be stronger. If you have further questions ask them now, your time is almost up to make your choice, if no choice is made you will move to the after regardless of your choice."

Harry didn't need anymore time to make his choice, the chance to be stronger was enticing. Stronger would mean he would have the extra power to keep everyone safe.

.....that is if this wasn't a hallucination that is.

Harry took a deep breath, "I don't need anymore time. I want to go back to my younger self."

Death gave him something Harry thought was meant to be a smile, "One last thing Harry Potter, remember Dumbledore was not the only one keeping secrets. Watch the Weasleys as well, keep track of what they provide you and think fully on how you met them. What they were doing in that station calling out the word muggles loudly for anyone to hear. You will have several years before you are brought back into the world for Hogwarts, think about everything before making any permeate decisions."

Harry's first thought was denial, the Weasleys were nothing but good to him. But with the knowledge that he has gathered in the last several minutes he couldn't be sure of anything.

Harry nodded, "I'll keep that in mind"

"This will hurt."

The final words Harry heard before a searing pain speared him from his chest out and the world went dark.

Chapter Two

Chapter Summary

Harry's childhood is a bit different then it was before.

Chapter Notes

Because this was started so long ago two chapters were already ready, the next will be Wednesday at 5PM EST.

Enjoy!

Waking up Harry noticed three very distinct things.

The first was that he was laying on something hard and cold.

The second and arguably worst, was his Aunt Petunias loud screaming voice from above him.

The third...he was in the bloody past.

The past.

He had almost convinced himself he was just in a coma or the Marauders were having him on before moving him on to what ever was waiting for him.

What the bloody hell did he agree to.

Quickly glancing around and seeing no neighbors Petunia picked him up and carried him swiftly inside. Harry barely managed to keep from making a sound as she dropped him unceremoniously onto the side table in the hallway.

"Vernon, Vernon you need to come here quick."

Harry heard Vernon's large footsteps coming from the kitchen before he heard his voice, "Is everything okay pet?"

The footsteps stopped abruptly, "What is that?"

Harry couldn't see his Uncle, but he could imagine him. Where his aunt petunia was long and skinny, her neck compared to a giraffe, his Uncle was more of an elephant. He was large and blond, his multiple chins moving as he spoke.

"He's my sisters," Petunia said looking up from her letter, "The freak got herself and her no-good husband killed and now they expect us to watch this...this thing!"

Harry couldn't help but wish he was an actual baby; his relatives were almost unbearable the first time around. Now that he was a baby and supposedly helpless but had his 17-year-old mind they were defiantly going to be unbearable.

"I will not have it! Call them and tell them to pick him up IMMEDIATELY, I will drop him off at the nearest orphanage if I must. But I will not have a FREAK in my house!" Vernon spat at Harry as if it was his fault that he was in their house.

“We can’t,” Petunia simpered, “The letter says the person responsible for the deaths will be back, and without him in this house we won’t be safe.”

“I WILL NOT HAVE IT PETUNIA,” Vernon yelled, his face was started to become purple as the anger built up inside of him.

“Wait! Vernon looks here! It says we will get monthly income to watch him, 500 pounds!”

Vernon instantly calmed down as his wife words registered in his mind.

Harrys mind however was confused. 500 pounds?

This had to be a change made in this world, in his previous life the Dursleys weren’t paid.

This would change things even more, if they were being paid to keep him maybe they would treat him better as well.

“That settles it! We will keep the little freak, we don’t need to fuss with him much, just enough to keep him alive I should think,” Vernon said after a few moments.

“Where will we put him? I don’t want his freakishness to infect my Dudders,” Petunia said while casting a worried look into the kitchen where Harry would bet her Dudders was eating a stick of butter.

“When I get home from work ill clean out the cupboard under the stairs and we can put Dudles old cot down there for him,” Vernon said cheerfully.

...Or it would all be just the same, Harry thought ruefully. Maybe they did get money in the previous life, he wouldn’t have known, either way it was looking like it was going to be the same outcome.

He couldn’t help but wonder where the money was coming from, however. It was possible Dumbledore was paying it but somehow, he didn’t think that was very likely, it could be coming from his vault. There was so much in there he wouldn’t have known if any was being taken out. He would have to ask a goblin at the bank, they would know if any money was coming out.

Just another thing to add to his already growing list.

“In the meantime, I’ll move the cot into the spare bedroom, and we can leave him there until I fix up the cupboard,” Vernon said as he started to wattle up the stairs to retrieve the cot.

Petunia waited until Vernon was upstairs before looking the letter in her hands, for a moment Harry saw the devastation that the letter caused before her face cleared and she looked at him.

“You better be a good child. I’m sure your freakiness can help with that,” Petunia nodded to herself before leaving him and going to start breakfast.

Harry looked up at the ceiling from the table they had left him on, this was going to be a long 10 years.

Harry was very wrong.

His patience only lasted 4 years.

It was clear Petunia didn’t want to take care of another child, her neglect of him made that very clear. Feeding him and changing him only once a day, both she managed to do with such minimal touching that he was almost impressed. As soon as he was able, the potty trained himself, this was seen of course as an act of “freakishness” and resulted in them locking him in the cupboard for two days.

He preferred this, it let him focus on something he wasn’t able to in his last life.

His magic.

Whether it was because he was an adult in a child’s body, or that he had more magic with the Horcrux being gone he didn’t know. But he was able to feel it now. Like a current under his skin, constantly there waiting to be used for whatever he needed it for.

His first attempt was simple, LUMOS, light to fill his cupboard when he was stuck in there. It

took weeks for him to be able to do it without passing out right after, but soon the ball of light came easily and quickly with a flex of his small hand.

While he did this, he focused on the next important thing, Occlumency.

He had plenty of memories he didn't need anyone, least of all Dumbledore, to know. This took even longer than the LUMOS did. Multiple times he considered sneaking out and making his way to Diagon alley and seeing if he could get any books on the subject.

It took until he was almost four for him to feel confident, he had some type of basic barrier around his mind, he had no way of testing it however and decided he needed to find a way at some point.

By his fifth Birthday he was able to do many spells all wandless and for the most non-verbal. Day by day being locked by himself he gained more and more control over his magic, spells started becoming easier and started taking less and less time to learn.

Unfortunately, this made him realize how little he actually learned in his first life, his spell repertoire was extremely low outside of offensive and defensive magic. It never failed to send a small pang of failure down his spine. All those years walking through Hogwarts, having access to multiple libraries, the money to buy any book he wanted, and he had wasted it all. He made a vow to himself it would be different this time, he had a second chance. He had things he needed to do, needed to change and he couldn't do it being the ignorant person he was before.

The number of spells he was able to learn however made things for him much easier. The ability to leave his locked cupboard at anytime and sneak into the kitchen for drink and food. He couldn't remember his childhood very well, but he knew he was in much better shape than he had been.

A few weeks after his fifth birthday he sat in his cupboard thinking about Deaths parting message when speaking from the Telle caught his attention.

The main character, a cold and cruel man hired a friend of a women he was in love with to give her all of his good attributes. Soon the women fell in love with a man that didn't really exist, by the time she realized it was too late and she was too far in.

Harrys brow furrowed as he curled up more into his bed and started to ignore the rest of the movie. He refused to think the Weasleys were intentionally cruel, that they had set him up on purpose. But they were very loyal to Dumbledore.

Dumbledore who very well knew how he was raised, how he was treated.

Dumbledore who believes some things needed to be done for the "Greater Good" regardless of who was hurt in the process.

He could easily see Dumbledore telling them that poor Harry Potter needed to make some good friends. That it would be unfortunate if he were to fall in with the wrong crowd, or worse if some children of the dark kind were to take advantage of him and his nativity of the Wizarding world.

Molly would have eaten it up, she would have wanted to help the poor child. Nothing else would have been needed but some sure placed words.

Regardless of the reasons that they were in his life Harry didn't mind, they were his first family. They showed him what it was to be really loved in a family and he would always be thankful for that.

Soon it was time to start primary school and he had several thoughts occupying his mind. The lesser worry was whether or not he does his best in school or flake it off to make his life easier. A larger worry was whether or not he could fully befriend the Weasleys as he did

before. He didn't want much to do with Dumbledore this time around, he wanted to live his own life and didn't want to be under the thumb of anyone else. If the Weasley were under his thumb as he thought, they would make that pretty much impossible.

Already he was thinking of moments that he missed in his past life where he was missing information, such as why Malfoy called his father Lord Malfoy.

Why when asked about his Heir Lord ring, Ron would brush off the conversation and distract him with different questions. Something he did a lot, anytime Lordships or vaults were mentioned Ron was right there to bring his attention somewhere else. It might have been just a coincidence, but Harry had an underlining fear that there was more to it than just that.

And he had no idea what any lordship was, the only people he could go to for answers he wanted to actively avoid for as long as possible.

The most pressing worry however was what to do with Riddle.

He was a wild card.

The child Riddle that Dumbledore met at that orphanage was just that, a child. A child who grew up in a horrible place and who knew how he was even treated growing up. Kids and adults alike could be cruel, wanting and needing to lash out is a normal response.

The excitement of finally knowing what he was being tampered by the cruel act of illusion Dumbledore cast on his wardrobe was the start of something that would be forever tampered by Dumbledore.

For all of the talk about 'changes' and 'second chances' Dumbledore's opinion of a young child and who they would grow up to be was concreated in that very moment. With no other choices, no other paths.

Harry wondered what could have been if someone had been on Toms side from the very beginning, someone to come to bat for him. To help nurture him and show him the error of certain aspects of himself. Outside of the abuse and neglect of the orphanage.

He remembered when he first saw those memories, the remorse he had for the child. Growing up in his first life he never really considered how the Dursleys treated him to be abuse. He was neglected and every once in a while, his aunt or uncle would hit him, but to him it was just a normal part of growing up. A way of punishing a bad child.

The reason Riddle had chosen him was because of their similarities, their blood status and birth. They ended up both being abused orphans but with a large difference. Harry was with actual family, which made it easier to brush things off and push them to the back. Not wanting to lose that last part of family that he had.

That was the main difference, what turned them into the two people they were. He didn't have that driving need to still be loved and wanted by a family that would never want him. He was always alone.

The first time Vernon hit Harry was the last time.

He had already decided to do his best in school, he would not allow himself to look bad for other people anymore. Plus, he was really 22 in a 5-year-old body, and he refused to get fail. When report cards had come out the Dursleys had taken the fact that Harry did better than Dudley as a personal offence and the hit Vernon gave Harry had him stumbling back in the hallway.

The spell came a second after he fixed his footing to keep him from falling on his arse.

Levicorpus

Vernon was instantly flung upside down, an invisible hand holding him by his ankle. His yell of surprise was lost in the shriek that Petunia released as she moved Dudley behind her in an attempt to shield him with her body.

“You freak!” Vernon shouted as his face became even redder with both his anger and the blood rushing to his face, “Let me down this instant!”

“No,” Harry said, the anger taking over his rational thinking. He would NOT go through this again!

Before this moment Harry stayed away from the rest of the Dursleys as much as possible, until primary started, they were not even sure Harry spoke. The first time around he had gotten under foot much more and the hits started much earlier.

“I did not ask for my parents to be murdered and left with you MUGGLES,” he spat the word at them, getting satisfaction as they both paled.

“Now see here boy...” Vernon started before Harry cut him off with words that made his blood run cold.

“I know I’m a wizard,” the words were said quietly but they had the effect he wanted, “It’s sad you thought I wouldn’t know a thing about my heritage. That I wouldn’t feel my magic running through me every moment of the day. That I wouldn’t gain.... Control.”

This pushed Petunia into action.

“Dudley, go to your bedroom now!” Petunia squeaked as she pushed him to the stairs.

“But mom!”

“No! Now!”

With a final push Dudley went up the stairs stomping every moment of the way.

Harry didn’t spare him a glance, keeping his glare on Vernon.

“I’ll let you go but let me assure you. If you EVER lay another hand on me, I’ll show you what magic can really do. I will stay out of your way if you do the same.”

Vernon was turning more purple by the second and spluttered out what sounded like another threat, before he could complete any words Petunia cut him off.

“He won’t touch you.... Harry,” Petunia sounded like she was choking on his name, “Let him down and we can forget this happen”

“I want Vernon to agree,” Harry replied keeping his eyes on Vernon.

He continued to glare but had nodded, his speech capabilities diminishing from being upside for so long.

Vernon let out a curse as he fell to the floor, shaking the house with the land. Harry did nothing to slow Vernon while he dropped, partly because he didn’t think he could and partly because he didn’t care.

Harry said nothing else and with one last glance went into his cuboid.

Later that night Petunia had opened his door and ushered him upstairs to Dudley’s second bedroom.

“We decided you were too big for the cupboard and needed a larger room,” She said stiffly not looking at him.

Harry was honestly surprised, before he didn’t get this cupboard until he got the first Hogwarts letter. It once again drove home how terrified they were of magic.

“Thank you, Aunt Petunia,” He said simply as he went past her to get his meager belongings from the cupboard.

When he turned eight Harry decided he needed to do something about the gaps in his knowledge. He could have just waited until he got to Hogwarts letter and got things then but the month before school was not enough time for him to learn everything he wanted to learn. Over the years he had convinced Petunia a few times to buy him well fitting clothes, nothing

extravagant but something that would last. On the last trip a long coat and hat was included for a trip like the one he was planning.

With a few well-placed threats Petunia agreed to give him some pounds and drop him off at the Leaky Cauldron the next morning. With the pounds he had already been stealing from them he would have enough to purchase quite a few books that would be needed.

The trip the next day was easier than he could have thought. Tom got let him in through the wall, a quick trip to Gringotts to exchange his money. His next trip was to Flourish and Blots, where he had some unexpected help.

Knowing what he did from his past life he knew better than most how fickle and fake anything printed could be. This made finding the right books to learn about Lordships and history a more daunting task, he was trying to avoid mistakes.

"Do you require assistance?" a soft voice asked from his side. Jumping Harry turned quickly and looked down into bright blue eyes. Long blond hair fell around her shoulders and she had a look of complete relaxation to her. Luna Lovegood hadn't changed a bit.

"Yes," He said simply. Luna had never let him down before, something in his gut knew she wouldn't this time.

Luna instantly turned around and started grabbing books while walking down the various isles in the shop. As they walked more and more books gathered into her arms, for a moment Harry regretted asking a future Ravenclaw about book assistance.

"You will need these; they will give you the best information until you go to Gringotts. Make sure you speak to your account head. Daddy can make your bag weightless for your trip back to your family," Luna said as they walked up to the till. Harry could see Xenophilus Lovegood standing to the side, smiling with his hands held in front of his hands.

Harry quickly paid for everything and waited for Xenophilus to charm his bags before he followed them out of the shop.

"Thank you, Luna, Mr. Lovegood," Harry said as they made their way to the Leaky Cauldron.

"Your quiet welcome. My Luna was quite insistent of making the trip out today."

"Yes. I had to help Harry, I told you this Papa," Luna said softly before turning to him, "I'll see you at school Harry. Don't forget."

It wasn't until he was home and reading in bed that he realized they had never exchanged names.

The final years waiting for his Hogwarts letter passed relatively quickly. Mostly spent reading and making plans in various journals he kept around. He also took to doing simple exercises in the mornings, mostly for something to do. With the proper room and food, he found himself in much better shape than he had ever really been.

In the various books Luna had given him one was a book specializing in Animagus, including a spell to force them back to their human forms.

Siris would have been in Prison for 10 years by the time Harry made it to Hogwarts, getting him out earlier was impossible. Not only did Harry have no idea how he would even get started there wasn't anyone he could even reach out to. Not without possibly alerting Dumbledore to him knowing about things that he wasn't suppose. So, he had already decided to figure it out when he got to school, and with the book the plan fell quickly into place. Dumbledore was his last problem.

He had said himself that anything he did for the "greater good" was justified regardless of what it was. Honestly considering what he had tried to accomplish as a teenager it was laughable that he would be the one to spout about any type of good.

What Harry needed fire to fight fire. He needed someone that would be able to help him fight against Dumbledore and what he wanted. Even if he was able to get Sirius free, he highly doubted that Sirius would be that person he needed.

Not only was he a large supporter but he didn't have the political clout that Harry needed. He had an idea, but he needed just the right information, or blackmail to get them to help.

Finally, the day arrived Harry had been anticipating. The arrival of his Hogwarts letter.

Waiting for the couldn't help but think of the differences between who he was now and who he was when he was that helpless child.

He was a 28-year-old man in the body of his 11-year-old self. He knew the good, amazing things of the wizarding world, but he also knew the dark and seedy part as well.

He was more aware of the manipulation that was done to him not only from Dumbledore, but also the Weasleys, Snape, the Wizarding world in general.

The letter would no longer install hope and excitement into him, he was no longer curious about the world outside of Privet drive, no longer eager for friends for the first time. He was no longer that child.

He was jaded.

He was stronger.

He was smarter.

He would bring the changes that were needed, he did not come back to fail.

Chapter Three

Chapter Notes

Little late!

Sorry about that, I threw out my back on Saturday. Which is ridiculous because I'm 27, but it made it harder to type.

Enjoy!

Harry sat on the steps by the front door as he waited for the letters to come through the slot. He was mostly sure that Aunt Petunia or Dudley would give it to him.

It was doubtful that Vernon would do anything other than throw it away or burn it in an attempt to keep it from him.

His relationship with Vernon was simple, they avoided each other at all times. If one entered the room and the other was in it they would leave. Harry had no problem with this.

His relationships with his Aunt and cousin were completely different however. While him and Petunia would never have a loving relationship they didn't avoid each other completely.

Dudley and him however had a slight friendship that he never would have thought possible, especially considering it started from a punch in the face.

Shortly after Dudley was given the order to no longer bother Harry he decided to try his hand at "Harry Hunting", the resulting punch that Harry had given him broke Dudley's Jaw and he had to drink and eat his food from a straw.

Along with some strong words about obesity and death from the Doctor to Petunia had her scared enough for his health that she had him on a diet as soon as the wiring had come off. No longer able to beat up Harry whenever he wanted and no longer being encouraged to do it had changed the relationship.

They weren't best friends by any account but they had conversations and Harry had even been invited to the Zoo for Dudley's birthday earlier in the month. The trip had been much better than the first, and Harry still rescued the snake.

Harry was brought out of his thoughts as the mail slide through the slot and fell to the floor. There under the rubbish bin sat his letter.

Mr. H. Potter

Smallest Bedroom

4 Privet Drive,

Little Whinging

SURREY

The letter was just as he remembered it, made from heavy parchment and adorned with emerald Green ink. The only difference was the bedroom, it didn't bring him the same excitement as the first time but he couldn't help the small smile it brought to his lips.

The family was just starting breakfast when Harry came in, ignoring Vernon he went straight up to Petunia.

"Will you take me to London tomorrow, my school letter came today. I can make my way back."

Petunia was quiet for a moment before nodding, "Yes. We will leave at 9am."

Harry said a quiet thank you and left for his room. He wanted to make sure he something for a disguise.

Just as when he was eight getting through the pub into Diagon Alley was easy.

Diagon alley however was busier then it had been all those years previously.

It was the most life he had seen since before his sixth year. It was bright, airy and loud. The magic filled the air as children ran from shop to shop, parents at vendors buying this and that. He took his time walking to Gringotts this time, taking in the sites and the smells.

He felt a sense of ease as he made his way through the Alley. Previously he needed to get in and get out without someone taking to much notice of a young child being on his own, now at 11 it was would be more common, especially with Hogwarts around the corner.

Giving the goblins a nod as he went into the bank he stood and waited patiently for the goblin to notice him. With a jolt Harry realized it was Bodrog the goblin they had imperiused to get into the vault, and subsequently left him to a dragon.

"Yes," Badrog said after a few moments.

"Good morning, I was wondering if I could speak with someone in regards to my accounts? My aunt told me to come here but did not provide anymore information," Harry said politely.

"And....who....are you," Badrog said, it was a demand.

Harry looked up and let his hair shift from his scar slightly, "Harry Potter."

Badrog eyed his scar and gave a quick nod, "Very well, follow me Mr. Potter."

Harry followed Bodrog around the teller desk to the golden doors that were behind the teller booths, giving a nod to the guards they opened the doors and allowed them through.

Neither said anything as they slowly walked through the hallways. The hallways intrigued Harry, he had never been in this part of the bank before. The hallways followed the same scheme as the main hall did, the floors were marble and shiny, the walls all made of gold, dark wood and marble. All along the walls were different displays that held weapons, jewelry, and other bits and pieces. Some displays were sat on tables and held necklaces, bracelets, broaches and what Harry thought was tiaras. Along the walls were Plaques with daggers, and swords. Some suits of armor were standing in between them, the armor was almost sparkling and looked different than any armor he had ever seen.

Goblin made perhaps.

They stopped outside of an office with a name plate that once again Harry recognized. He waited while Badrog rapped on the door twice and entered.

"Griphook, I have Mr. Potter here. He has questions in regards to his vaults," Badrog said stepping inside and gesturing for Harry to do the same.

Harry kept a clean face as he walked into the room and saw Griphook for the first time since he ran with the sword.

The anger he felt at the moment that Griphook ran was no longer in him. He was surprised for a moment, Griphook had not been a active thought in the last several years. But how Wizards treated creatures had been, wizards as a whole did not treat goblins with the respect that they deserved. He couldn't blame him for not trusting them to keep their word. Especially considering they actually weren't going to.

This was one thing Harry wanted to change this time around, Goblins were in charge of their bank, their money. The wizarding world allowed them the trust with something that they needed very much, but with not much. And that was just goblins, not any of the other creatures that lived in the magical world.

"Mr. Potter, please take a seat." Griphook said.

Harry sat down at the seat that was gestured to.

"Hello Sir, how are you today?"

"Well, Mr. Potter. Badrog said you needed more information on your vaults correct?"

"Yes, I received my letter and knew from my Aunt I needed to come here for funds with my key but I was unaware I had any funds. Neither of us know where my key is," Harry said.

"I see," Griphook said quietly, snapping his fingers a folder appeared in his hands and he took a look, "The last person on record to have your key was your parents, after their death it would have went to your guardian."

"My guardians are my muggle relatives, they did not receive a key," Harry frowned.

"No matter, we can get you a new one and recall the previous. It must have been misplaced after the travesty," Griphook said solemnly.

Harry doubted it. Dumbledore had it before, he probably grabbed it from the house along with the cloak.

The cloak.

Harry wanted to hit himself, he forgot all about the Hallows! He was the master, death said he would be the last master so he would assume he was still the master now. He would need to figure out how to get those back.

"The key is for my....vault?" Harry asked unsurely.

"Yes your vault," Griphook took a pause, "Mr. Potter, if you don't mind me asking, how did you receive your Hogwarts letter?"

"It came through my mail slot. It was quite a surprise I had no idea I was a wizard. My aunt expected it though, she told me some information," Harry said.

Griphook looked at Harry for a moment.

Harry was almost concerned, there was something off about this meeting but he didn't know what. He never had a conversation with the goblins like this before, he just took what he was told at face value. Something in his gut told him he should have had the conversation beforehand.

"You need to understand Mr. Potter that goblins normally do not involve themselves in the wills of wizards. It is not our way. However, your family, especially your mother, had a respect for goblins that most wizards don't have. It is because of this that I am willing to give you some information. Do not make me regret it," Griphook spoke sharply at the end.

To say Harry was surprised was an understatement, he didn't say anything about this before. Maybe it was because of the War or the fact that Harry had never come to see him and build any type of respect between him and the goblins.

Harry sat up straighter, "I understand, Sir."

"I have been the head of the Potter accounts for many a year Mr. Potter. I came into work with your grandfather and have worked loyally on your accounts since. As I said the previous potters had a respect for goblins, they allowed me more information that some account heads are not provided."

Harry just started at Griphook and waited for him to get to the point.

"Your parents wills were sealed by the head of the Wizangot two days after their death. The reason being he was worried that your location would be found by the wrong people. Due to the nature of your parents death this was not contested for your safety, however in the Will it was not listed to have you go to any Muggle relatives. Even with Sirius Black being incarcerated there were several other magical familys you were meant to go to."

"Oh," Harry said.

His mind was whirling, he was never supposed to go to the Dursleys. He knew why he went to them, and why he couldn't leave them. But if he was not meant to it means his family never would have set up a vault for the monthly payments they received, so he really didn't know where that money was from.

But he had a suspicion.

He was also curious as to why Griphook was giving him this information.

"Why are you telling me this?" Harry asked

"Something is not right with your account. It is my duty to ensure that everything is done correctly, I can not do it without your approval however," Griphook said putting the file down and folding his hands on top of it.

Oh, Harry knew.

If something was wrong and Harry figured it out himself it could be bad for the bank. He could pull his vaults and any other vaults he had access too.

"Why do you need my approval?"

"As there is no longer Lord Potter you are the Heir and the ruling of the accounts is in your hands, as much as it can be."

Harry paused, this could solve his knowledge problem.

"I apologize, I don't know what you mean by heir. I wasn't aware my father was a Lord."

"What do you know of your parents ," Griphook frowned.

"Just that they were hit by a car when I was a baby and I was placed with my Aunt and Uncle," Harry said honestly

"That is incorrect. Many of the details are not known about the night fully, but what I can tell you is that your parents were murdered by a Dark Wizard by the name of Voldemort. You will need to find out more information on your own. Before your parents death your father was not able to finish gaining the Lordship title, you as his first born had already been made Heir but he was able to concrete that when here to create his Will. With him no longer being here there is no Lord for your house, because of this you may become Lord at the age of 15 as long as the family magics accept you before your of age. If accepted it would make you an adult in the eyes of the wizarding world and you would have full access to your estate," Griphook said pulling a sheet out and handing it over to Harry.

Taking it in his hand he saw a page titles "Heir Potter" with some information and his parents signature at the bottom.

"This is where things become.....unusual in your account, based on what you have told me no magical guardian was assigned but we do have one assigned on file for you. Normally you would not get one until you start Hogwarts at which point it would be your head of house.

Your paperwork for magical guardian however was sealed with your parents will. With your permission I can do a full audit of your account and possibly find out who it is. The official information will not be able to be released until your parents will is released and that cannot be done until you gain your lordship at which point you can request for it to be released," Griphook stated placing a paper Infront of Harry.

Harry picked it up and read it thoroughly, it was a simple contract that stated it was fine for him to do a complete audit and go through the vaults with a fine picked comb.

Harry didn't hesitate and signed it. He knew the Goblins thought less of Dumbledore for his attitude toward them, his promises of more that he quickly rescinded when the war was over, he couldn't fully trust the goblins but this involved money. He knew he could trust them with money more than he could trust Dumbledore with his life.

"This is your key, I'll have someone take you to your vault. This is your trust vault, the vault is to help you through schooling and will be the only one you have access to until you're the Lord Potter," Griphook said.

Harry took the key from him and gave him a curt nod, "Thank you for all of the information. I appreciate it and I look forward to working with you."

Harry left the room with his key and the goblin that was taking him to his cart.

The journey to his cart was just as fun as it always had been, the whirling and fast movement as they went left, right, up and down. It was almost like flying. Harry couldn't fully enjoy it, his mind still on what Griphook told him.

He could be emancipated at 15. At 15. 15.

It kept circling his mind, this was information that defiantly was not given last time. It was information that was going to change everything.

When they landed at his vault he grabbed a few handfuls of gallons and got back into the cart, they wouldn't be stopping at Vault 713 today, he thought with a smile.

Thanking the goblin for his trouble and exchanging some of gallons into pounds, Harry went straight to Ollivanders to get his wand.

The shop was just as he remembered it. The faded gold letters on the door that showed the store name. If he thought the inside was small before it seemed even smaller to him now. Inside of the store was piled up to the ceiling were what Harry knew to be different wands made of cores and woods. The first time he was in here he felt like there was a secret magic to the shop that was unseen but was strong and well....magical. The feeling was still here but Harry felt it even more.

"Good Afternoon," the soft voice of Mr. Ollivander came from the front of the shop.

"Good Morning," Harry said taking him in fully. He was healthy.

"Mr. Potter, I knew I would be seeing you soon. I remember your parents, you have your mother's eyes but your father's face. I remember her buying her first wand. Ten and a quarter inches, swishy, very good for charms work. Your father's wand on the other hand was eleven inches and pliable it was very good for transfiguration. I wonder what your wand will bring," He said eyeing him.

Harry fought the urge to fidget, he was 27 years old and had fought a war, Ollivander's eyes should not be affecting him so.

"Your wand arm," Ollivander said pulling out a long tape measure.

Harry held out his right hand and stood still as Ollivander measured him. Like before while he measured him he explained the differences between the wands and cores, and the importance of not sharing wands. For the next several minutes afterwards Ollivander would give Harry wands and quickly take them back.

"Tricky customer, eh? Not to worry no one has left without a wand....I wonder..." Ollivander mumbled as he walked away and grabbed a dusty box from the side, "try this, eleven inches, Holly and Phoenix feather..."

Harry was prepared for the wand to warm up, he was prepared for the sparks that would come from it.

He was not prepared for it to blow up.

As soon as the wand was in his hand he felt an intense warmth coming from the wand that felt distinctly wrong. Harry didn't wait and threw the wand away from him as Ollivander put up a shield to protect them.

"That was unexpected Mr. Potter...oh well, let me try again," Ollivander said as he waved the mess away and hurried to the back.

Harry was completely confused. His true wand would be the Elder wand but he had not quite figured out how to get it yet, even without the Horcrux his wand worked well for him in his last life.

What had changed?

The box that Ollivander's had come back with this time looked like a light brown, when Ollivander blew on the box however dust came off in a cloud and it showed the true black of the box.

"Wands do not normally blow up Mr. Potter, but it's not unheard of. It generally happens when the wand picks the wizard but the wizard's power is too powerful for the wand. This wand...I created many years ago, give it a try Mr. Potter," The look Ollivander's was giving him sent chills up his spine.

Grabbing the wand Harry let out a gasp, the warmth traveled up his arm as gold and green sparks shot out of the wand. The feeling was 100 times better than it felt with his Holly and

Phoenix feather wand, he stared at the wand until Ollivanders brought him out of his thoughts.

"The wand in your hand is similar to the previous wand, 11-inches, Holly and ebony wood and a Phoenix feather from a old Phoenix that was said to be around since merlin. He gave me a feather after I helped him avoid some trappers and I made that wand using the tree he was perched on," Ollivanders said lightly touching the end of the wand, "The wand you blew up had a phoenix feather from a phoenix that gave two, the brother wand was the wand that gave you that scar....You exceeded that wand. I think we must expect great things from you, Mr. Potter....After all, He-Who-Must-Be-Named did great things – terrible yes, but great"

Harry left the shop with a new wand, a new holster, and many thoughts. The wand he had attached to his wrist, felt powerful and it seemed to be almost vibrating with wanting to be used. He was to powerful for the holly wand, another thing that didn't happen before in his previous life.

Was it because he started without a Horcrux?

He should have asked more questions to death.

The next store he went to was Wiseacre's Wizarding Equipment, he wanted to see what type of trunk he could get that would work best for his needs.

Inside of the store was larger then it looked on the outside, there were various trunks on the walls in different shapes and sizes. There were shelves of scales of different colors, telescopes of all different materials, glass phials were laid out in a box with what looked like hay, and various other things.

"Welcome to Wiseacre's Wizarding Equipment! How can I help you today?"

Harry turned to the shop keeper that was behind the counter, "Hello, I'm looking for a trunk. I'm going to Hogwarts my first year and I would like it to be able to be shrunken easily if possible and with room."

"Oh yes, yes follow me!," the shop keeper lead him to the end of the trunks, "These trunks are the ones that are most customizable. We can add different compartments as well as light security measures. There is also, with a little more gallons, the option of adding a shrinking spell that can be activated with a touch of your wand."

Harry asked a few more questions before picking a black trunk with silver buckles and his initials onto a name plate. The trunk he chose had 7 different compartments each of a varying size, he had them set a low level protection charm and added the ability to shrink with his wand along with a feather light charm. After paying for it the shop keeper announced it would be ready in two hours, Harry decided to get everything else he needed at the store at that time and made his way next door to Eeylops Owl Emporium, he wanted to wait until later but the urge for his friend was just too powerful.

Opening the door and making his way in he looked around at all of the owls in cages slowly making his way through the shop until he heard a familiar Hoot, glancing up his heart raced

as he saw Hedwig. Walking right up to her cage he stuck a finger and petted her head.

"Hello girl, it's great to see you again," Harry said quietly. Hedwig had been his first friend, her death had hurt him almost more than Sirius did. She was his friend, his familiar.

Taking her cage up to the shop owner he gave her a smile and placed her cage and several snacks on the counter.

"I would like this owl please," Harry said.

"Yes, of course! I was worried about her, not many want a Snowy Owl unfortunately."

"Good for me then," Harry said smiling. Opening the cage and letting her out she flew to his shoulder and started grooming her wings, "Can you shrink this down for me please."

After shrinking down the cage and paying for the extras and food Harry left the shop with a jump in his step.

"I still have some shopping to do girl, can you wait for me outside the shops?"

Giving a small hoot Hedwig flew up to the rafters outside of Sluggs and Jigger's. Going inside Harry quickly gathered two beginners potion ingredients kits and then to the cauldron store for his cauldrons before going across the street to Scribbulus Writing Instruments to get his parchment, quills and ink. Once leaving the shop Harry checked the time, he had a hour until his truck would be ready. He decided to have some ice cream while he finished waiting.

Hedwig met him as he walked out of the shop, giving her a treat he went to have ice cream.

After his favorite ice cream he went back to get his truck where he also purchased his scales, phials and telescope. His next stop was Madam Malkins and purchased his school robes and also some everyday robes. After that he made his way to Flourish and Blotts and spent the better part of an hour looking at everything they had to offer before purchasing not only his school books but also several other books that seemed interesting and a few on the ancient houses and lordships.

He stood outside of the Quidditch supply store for a moment looking at the Nimbus 2000, he had already decided that as much as he loved quidditch he would wait until his second year and try out correctly and hopefully make the team.

After speaking with Tom who gave him permission to leave Hedwig inside the pub for a moment he went into the wizarding world where for the first time he purchased clothes for himself that actually fit. By the time everything was purchased it was late in the afternoon and Harry was feeling hungry so he stopped back into the Leaky for a quick dinner. He sat at a booth in the back of the room quietly and ate as he read one of his new books, it was on Lordships and he was learning quite a lot.

Once he was finished he bid a goodbye to Tom and walked out to the street where he summoned the night bus and took it back to Private drive.

Getting home he walked into the house quietly and went into the kitchen where he could hear his aunt.

"I'm home Aunt Petunia and I ate while I was out. This is my owl Hedwig, I have everything I need for her and she will not be anywhere in the house but my room."

Petunia stared at Hedwig, he could see her internally freaking out, before giving a jerky nod and turning back to dinner.

Going back to his room he organized his purchases before pulling out the book he started that afternoon and reading until bed.

He hoped the next month and a half flew by, he couldn't wait to be at Hogwarts.

Couldn't wait to be Home.

As he did every year on the night of July 30th Harry waited up. It would be his 11th birthday, his last before starting Hogwarts and start working on his plans, to say he was excited would be a understatement.

A few minutes before midnight Harry's head shot up and he stared out the window.

He could have sworn he heard a motorcycle.

Looking out he searched the sky, it was empty of clouds and the stars were shining brightly. Deciding it was just his mind he focused once again on his clock.

12:00

HAPPY BIRTHDAY HARRY

Harry smiled as he unwrapped his cupcake and gave Hedwig her treat.

Before he could properly celebrate however there was a knock at the door so loud that it shook the house. Harry dropped his cupcake in horror and quickly ran out of his bedroom to the front door.

This should not be happening.

He sent in his acceptance, they should not have sent anyone!

Jumping the last few steps Harry quickly unlocked the door and opened it right as Hagrid was ready to knock again.

Harry almost smiled at him, he was just like he remembered. Large, with a bushy main of hair on his head and face, his black eyes sparkling out just above his beard.

"Ah Harry! Las' time I saw ya, you was just a baby," He said booming in the small hallway.

Harry could hear his Uncles footsteps thundering down the stairs followed by his Aunts lighter steps, he needed to do damage control.

"I'm sorry, but who are you," Harry asked politely.

"Names Ruebus Hagrid, keeper of Keys and grounds at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry," Hagrid said chuckling.

Vernon's face looked like it was bound to erupt any moment so Harry quickly turned his attention to him, "I'm sorry Uncle Vernon, you heard him, he's from the school, I will find out why he's here. Go back to bed," Harry said wiggling his fingers slightly.

Vernon's eyes locked on his fingers and he went slightly white, "Keep it down! Its rude enough you come knocking this late at night!"

With the yell he turned around and ushered Petunia with him up the stairs.

Harry would bet he locked the door when he got to the room.

"It's nice to meet you sir, would you like some tea?" Harry asked directing Hagrid to the sitting room and turning on the light.

"Ya, if yer got it," Hagrid said sounding a little unsure at the events and shifting.

Harry nodded and went to the kitchen to make the tea, trying to decide how honest to be with Hagrid. He needed to get him out of the house but didn't want to give Dumbledore anymore information then was needed. Taking the tea back he decided to be as honest as he could be, after all he couldn't buy his school things twice.

"Here you go Sir," Harry said handing Hagrid a cup, "If you don't mind my asking, why are you here? I sent off my acceptance letter two weeks ago."

Hagrid frowned a little and placed his cup down, "We never got yer letter Harry. Headmaster Dumbledore sent me to make sure you got it and take you school shoppin tomorrow."

"I sent it in Sir, and I've already done my school shopping. Should I write another acceptance for you to take with you back to the school?"

Harry was not letting him stay.

"Oh well...er...see I'm suppose to take you to get yer things. Its not normal school things mind, we need to go to a special area to get them," Hagrid said smiling and nodding as if that solved it.

"Diagon Alley, right?"

"Oh...er...ya. You've been there?"

Of all the, Harry mentally rolled his eyes.

"Yes Sir, I have my trunk, books, wand, robes, everything that was in the letter. I don't need to go back sir."

"Well that's great lad! We were concerned when we didn't get your letter but no bother! We can jus' go n get money to repay your relatives what they purchased."

"I paid from money from my vault Mr. Hagrid. I don't need to repay them."

"No Mr. business, tis good to call me Hagrid. I'll just head back and tell them there was a problem with the post. I'll see you at Hogwarts!"

Harry saw Hagrid out and locked the door before leaning against it, Dumbledore received the letter. Why he hid it Harry had no idea but it let him know he needed to be careful.

Update

Chapter Summary

NOICE

The main pairing had been decided-Harry/Draco. I decided to add this for the next week or so just so everyone knows before we continue.

I do not like being surprised with this information as I'm sure plenty of you do not as well. The next few chapters are completed and will most likely be updated, my imposter syndrome and honest fear of criticism has stopped me for a long time from updating this. But I think I'm past that now.

As well as the fact that it just wasn't working to be honest, I finally found a way to continue it the way I like and I hope whoever stumbles onto this or is reading from the bookmarks will like.

That being said, if you don't like Drarry I understand.

It's been a long time since this idea came to mine, since I first posted that chapter. Years. And I'm now at a place where I can fully embrace the fact that this is FANFICTION and I don't have to keep the characters cannon in fear of people not liking it because it is cannon.

I also want to thank Debstheslytherinsnapfan, her work has inspired the hell out of me. And they are amazing in their own right if you haven't read them.

Anyway, for all of you who have bookmarked and waited I hope I don't disappoint.

For all of those who are just now finding this story, I hope I don't disappoint.

To all of those I do disappoint-shit happens.

Next chapter will be up later today-it is 1:27 am on 3/19 where I am.

See you soon!

-Riddle

Going Back Home

Chapter Summary

Harry makes his way back to Hogwarts and gets the surprise of a lifetime.

Chapter Notes

I'm not 100% on this chapter, only because if I had known where I was going I would have added some more into the previous chapters but eh, c'est la vie.

--Also I had to rewrite the entire chapter because i could not access the old as I no longer had access to the program I used. Ooops.

I think it turned out better anyway.

Enjoy!

Harry made one more trip to Gringotts a few weeks ago to pick up his Heir ring and make plans for his accounts. They decided to leave it as it was, Harry didn't want any more attention to it until he was ready for everything to be exposed. The biggest surprise was that he gained not one but three rings, Preverell, Potter and Black. Once placed on his finger they all joined into one, he could separate them at any time but while he got used to the ring he kept it as it is.

The ring sat on his finger invisible to anyone who didn't know about it until the magic was released at his command. It would help protect against things he wasn't expecting as well as allow him to slowly absorb family magics.

The morning of September 1st was crisp and bright. Light wind came through the open window and ruffled the papers that had been taped to the wall. Sitting on the bed ,trunk already made and organized, Harry did a last minute inventory of the memories from his previous life.

This time there would be no confusion about where he would be going, no need for a family of red heads coming to the rescue.

Just him, going home.

The station was quiet, a few families milling around and taking their time saying goodbye before boarding.

Finding a compartment he closed it shut with a click and put his trunk up. Leaning against the back of the seat he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. The overwhelming feeling of going back to Hogwarts was fully hitting him.

Closing his eyes he could still see the ruins it had been, the smell of fire and spells in the air.

He had been so excited about going back to Hogwarts but it hadn't fully hit him until he was sitting on the train.

It had been years for him since the battle, he had spent years mentally recovering from the feelings of that night. Months of nightmares and set backs every time he saw or smelled something that reminded him. It didn't compare to actually going back.

He hoped he didn't do something ridiculous like cry.

By the time the train was moving Harry was so engrossed into his reading the door opening didn't register in his mind until he heard the voice.

"Well, well, well," Draco Malfoys voice had Harry tensing lightly, they didn't meet in Diagon this time, he would only admit to himself he did that on purpose.

Draco had been someone he thought about alot in the last years, never out loud, but in the darkness of his room. Theirfriendship they had for most of fifth year and the beginning of sixth year had been in the back of his mind for a very long time.

"If it isn't Undesirable Number One."

This had Harry snapping his head up to meet his eyes, "What did you say?"

Harrys eyes widen as he saw relief sweep through Draco.

"Thank merlin,"Draco said as he slipped into the door and warded it shut. With a ward no first year should know, even if they grew up magical.

Harry watched him as he sat across the seat from him. This was different, so very different then last time. He wasn't sure he liked it.

"I woke up on my eleventh birthday with memories from another life, a horrible life and I figured you had something to do about it. Daft things always seem to happen around you."

Harry didn't even think about it before launching himself across the compartment to Draco and throwing his arms around Draco. Draco didn't hesitate wrapping his arms around him and holding on tightly.

Harry didn't know what was going on, he had no idea why Draco remembered but he didn't care. He had been so lonely the last several years, but he pushed it off and to the back of his mind. He knew he was going to be lonely no matter what, an adult surrounded by children. He had known his relationships were going to be shallow and unfulfilling until he was old enough to make real connections.

"I'm sorry, that I'm not sorry you remember. I don't know why your here but I am so glad you are," Harry said as he pulled away and sat next to him.

"Do you know why you are here?"

"Voldemorts killed me and I ended up in a station. Had a conversation with Dumbledore and then death. I thought I was dead but he offered to bring me back and I took it. I know it was selfish, but...I-we lost so much. So many people. I had a chance to do it right, I took it. I didn't even know if life for everyone would continue after I left, I haven't let myself think about it, but I had to do it."

Harry stared at Draco, pleading with his eyes, he needed him to understand.

Draco signed and closed his eyes, his head leaned against Harry shoulder, "It continued.

Longbottem killed The Dark Lord with a ruddy sword. Then...life continued. They rebuilt Hogwarts, Diagon Alley, the Ministry. The world mourned The-Boy-Who-Lived, well most of the world."

"Neville killed him? Good for him. I knew he had it in him."

Draco snorted, "I didn't, it was a complete surprise to the rest of us. He became a hero over night, people praised him in flocks. While he was alive."

Harry frowned, "What do you mean, what happen to him?"

“The-Boy-Who-Conquered was found dead in his green house. One of his plants supposedly killed him, I never found out what plant.”

“A plant killed Neville?” Harry said incredulously.

“That’s the story.”

“You don’t believe it,” Harry stated.

Draco bit his lip, “No. I think that some people didn’t want their Hero status in question after the war. People loved Neville, he was every front page everyone wanted a piece of him. It took attention away from the other “heros” and so they fixed it.”

Harry felt his stomach clench, forbidden thoughts popped back into his head. He had to know.

“I think you need to tell me everything.”

Draco was quiet for a moment and Harry didn’t push. He had years to come to terms with everything for Draco it had only been a few months. Harry had no idea what he had gone through in the last few years and he didn’t want to push. But he needed to know.

“The Dark Lord was everywhere. Diagon, The Ministry, Mungos. He was in almost every space of the world. The Boy-who-Lived and The Boy-Who-Conquered were dead and our Ministry had a handful of people who weren’t death eaters or ‘impured’. Kingsley became Minister and started building everything up from scratch. The only ones not suffering were the Weasleys, you were barely in the ground when they were pulling out Wills and...Marriage Contracts.”

Harry choked, “Marriage Contracts! What Marriage Contracts?”

The goblins had said nothing of marriage contracts when he last spoke to them.

Draco scowled, “You and Ginevra Weasley of course. Signed by her parents and your magical guardian, in the event of your death she was left pretty much everything. Anything she didn’t get was given to her family per your will.”

“I didn’t even make a Will,” Harry mumbled. He needed to do that this time, “So everything.”

“Everything. The Potter and Black fortune, anything left to you from people who died in the war. They even tried to claim some of Andromeda’s vaults because they originated from the Blacks.”

“But why?”

“Greed,” Draco shrugged, “It didn’t work. The vaults belonged to her from before they were even born. It was ridiculous to even try and take them. Also..”

Draco trailed off and looked out the window, “It came out that they had been helping themselves to your money for years before your death. I don’t know how but you need to keep a better eye on your vault key and ensure they never get a hold of your money. Your bride to be cleaned out the Potter fortune in three years, it was actually kind of impressive.”

Harry snorted, now that he knew what he was worth it was pretty impressive.

“There will be no marriage contracts this time. I was just at Gringotts and they didn’t mention anything so it had to have been done later on. It will not be happening this time. None of that farce will be.”

Draco hummed and kept his gaze out the window.

“It had to have been in my sixth year, probably around the time they started dosing me with Love Potion.”

“Love potion?” Draco said lightly, as if they were talking about the weather.

“It had to have been a love potion. I never had any feelings for her other than friendship and her being Ron’s little sister. And I had feelings for someone else, you know that.”

Draco stayed quiet, they were entering into territory that they stayed far away from before.

They never talked about what they had before when they were friends. Sitting in a dark classroom, the first few times far apart as they argued quietly but after a while they got closer and closer. In the end they would sit just like this against the wall, pressed close with Dracos head on his shoulder. They still argued of course, Draco was really a prick. But he was also funny and smart, a majority of Dracos comments, while mean, never failed to amuse Harry. "I wasn't sure. A part of me hoped but I thought that after what almost happen you decided it was better to no longer be friends. I couldn't walk up and ask, and you never came back." "They kept a close eye on me. I was never truly alone when we came back sixth year. I didn't think anything of it but all of a sudden I was interested in Ginny and nothing else really mattered."

"Do you think they knew?" Draco asked

"About us? Definitely not. If they suspected anything it would have been another girl besides only the twins knew anything and they would have definitely said something to them."

"The TWINS? The Weasley Twins! What part of secret friendship did you not understand Potter!" Draco exclaimed frowning at him.

Their friendship was a secret, A SECRET.

Harry shrugged, "I volunteered to be a guinne pig for one of their products. I didn't know it was a truth serum until it was to late. But they didn't care."

Draco closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose, "One of these days Potter."

Harry grinned and lightly pushed his shoulder, "It doesn't matter anymore and it won't happen again."

A comfortable silence filled the compartment as they sat together before Harry broke it again, desperate for more information, "What about you?"

Dracos face closed off and he looked at his hands fisting in his lap, ""Weasley and Granger took the stand at my trial. Told the entire World I was a true Death Eater, that they had seen it coming since I was a child. They twisted the story of when you guys came to the Manor. Told everyone I said it was you and summoned the Dark Lord, landed me right into Azkaban with my parents."

"Bloody Hell."

"Mother and Father didn't last more then a few months, they said it was sickness. I didn't believe it, even with the Dementors no longer guarded the prison the guards weren't the forgiving type. I was released after four years because there wasn't enough to keep me in longer. I didn't have anything but the Manor, that they couldn't get because it was tied to family magics. Everything else was given as retribution for war crimes."

"I'm sorry."

"It's what it was. I stayed low after that, only kept in contact with Pansy, Blaise and Theo. Made potions under a pseudo name for money."

"What happen to Ron and Hermione? The other Weasleys?"

"They changed the world completely while I was in Azkaban. Granger had made it to undersecretary and Weasley was on track to be the youngest Head Auror that had ever been seen. Together with the Minister they reformed the world. Anyone caught practicing magic or with objects even slightly grey were tossed into Azkaban. Dark Arts had a taboo, people even scared to say the words."

Harry groaned and ran his hand through his hair, "I would like to say I was surprised, but at this point I'm not."

Draco was thoughtful for a moment, "I think they killed me, or at least Weasley. There was a

random raid on the Manor, they were done every few months to make sure I was keeping on track. I turned a corner and was hit with the curse, I didn't see or hear anyone. But he was leading the team and had let me know quiet a few times he was just waiting for a right moment."

"Bloody hell, they will never have that power this time. It's another thing to add to my never ending list."

"Do you even have any actual plans?"

"Not really, I have...outlines and goals of course but I wasn't exactly sure how I was going to make them happen."

Draco groaned, "Bloody Gryffindor. You have been here for how long? And still running in with no plan."

"It's a good time I have a Slytherin with me this time," Harry teased, "Besides there is no way I'll be in Gryffindor this time. I'm not the same person."

"Slytherin?"

"I don't think so," Harry frowned, "I was going to aim for Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff. I don't want Dumbledore suspicious of me."

"Hufflepuff? I don't think so. I would never be friends with a Hufflepuff. Ravenclaw might work, but Slytherin would be best. Think about it, you could build connections that we can use later on. And they know when to keep quiet, I wouldn't trust anyone but what happens in the common room stays in the common room. You could have The Dark Lord on the back of your head and no one would find out. Your probably going to have to prove yourself of course, tonight. Cant have any imbosil thinking your weak."

And wasn't that the truth Harry mused. He had heard from Draco all of the common room drama that never made it out. There were never rumors, no outside fights. They were a united front inside of the school, even the ones who absolutely hated each other. Everything stayed behind the safety of the common rooms.

As for proving himself, if he had to curse a few upper years to get his point across that would be no problem. Most of them deserved it.

"Speaking of the Voldemort on the back of someones head, he's going to be on the back of Qurilles head this year. But don't worry, I have plans for him. I just have to gather all of the pieces."

Draco stared at him in horror, "He's on the back of his head? And your just going to leave him there! POTTER!"

"He can't do much," Harry quickly explained, "He's pretty much a parasite at this point. With the right moves I think we might be able to make him help us instead. He was brilliant at one time, before he went crazy anyway. And if my plan doesn't work I'll just kill him."

"Well this life was nice while it lasted, it was nice to be a kid again. Even if your going to get me killed even younger," Draco joked.

Harry rolled his eyes, "I'm not going to get you killed. Once I have a few more things figured out ill tell you everything."

Draco nodded closing his eyes and relaxing back into the seat, "Okay. So we are agreed then, Slytherin?"

"Slytherin."

Hogwarts felt like home.

Harry followed the other first years into the castle, Draco was ahead of him with his friends.

They decide to keep separate before the sorting, they didn't know what kind of sway Dumbledore had with the ancient hat and didn't want to take any chances. Draco thought he was ridiculous for thinking the hat could be swayed but Harry had enough things happen to him that he wasn't ready to take any chances.

The walls seemed to glitter to Harry as he ran his hand along the wall, the minute he stepped in he felt a warmth welcoming him home. He made a silent promise to the castle to not let her down again, there would be no battle in Hogwarts this time. If anyone tried they would answer to him.

Entering the hall he looked around him, Hermione and Ron were together scanning the hall while talking about Hogwarts a history. Looking for him no doubt, they had tried to come into the compartment a few times before the ward Draco had placed confused them and sent them off. He kept his distance from them since getting off the train, his feelings in regards to them were too mixed up and he wasn't ready to speak to them.

Were they ever really his friends?

Or did something happen later that twisted what they had. He didn't know but he intended to find out.

Looking at the teachers he kept a curious look on his face but on the inside he burned. Seeing Dumbledore sent a bolt of anger through his gut and it took inverting he had to keep the curious look on his face. He wondered for years whether Dumbledore was truly evil or if he got swept up in what he thought was best. Did he truly do what he did for the greater good, or was it an attempt to mold the world into the vision of what he thought was best. He wasn't alive to defend himself against Skeeters book when she published it last time but what could he really defend? Harry read it, read the letters that he exchanged with Grindelwald. The tag line, "For the Greater Good" sacrifices had to be made, hell he had been one of those sacrifices. He did it willingly because of the love he had for the other people in his life. For his love of the Wizarding World. But was it for the greater good?

That's not to mention the possible love potion and marriage contracts that were signed in his name. The money that the Weasleys had gotten even before that, it could only come from one place. His Magical Guardian.

"Draco Malfoy," McGonagall's voice broke through his thoughts and he looked up. They had both been nervous about this part, what all the hat saw-what all the hat could say they didn't know. The hat was on his head a little longer than the instant Slytherin he had previously but after a few moments it was shouted to the room.

"Slytherin!"

The rest of the sorting to his name went by quickly, there were no changes everyone going to their places they had been before. Until..

"Harry Potter," The hall quieted. Dumbledore sat up higher in his seat as he scanned the hall along with everyone else. Harry walked to the hat, the few students left easily making a path for him. He felt his heart beat in his chest, his palms sweaty with nerves as he made the final few steps.

Harry Potter, it's good to see you again. Well for you to see me again, I'm afraid I don't remember our previous interactions. You'll have to forgive me.

Of course, err-sir.

You have nothing to fear, as I told young Malfoy, what goes on in your head stays in your head. Now for your placement. You are correct in your assumption that you would no longer do good in Gryffindor. While you are brave and daring you now look out for yourself more than anyone else. Your ambitions are certainly no longer fit for Gryffindor, or Hufflepuff. While you do have qualities that would help you in Ravenclaw your friend is right, there is no other place for you then...

“SLYTHERIN!”

Silence. Harry had never heard the hall so quiet before whispered questions started, getting off the stool he made his way directly to Draco who moved over and allowed him to sit next to him. Once settled he looked over the hall, Dumbledore had settled them down for the sorting to continue.

Looking past him Harry made eye contact with Severus, a look of displeasure in his dark eyes. He felt a brush to his barriers before he pushed them out, a small smirk making his way to his lips as Snape's eyes widened slightly. Turning away and looked at Draco and tilted his head in a slight nod before watching the rest of the sorting.

The rest of the sorting continued quickly, the only hold up was Ron. The hat was on his head for a few minutes before Gryffindor was called through the hall, Ron tossed the hat down and marched to the table his face as red as his hair.

Draco leaned over and spoke quietly, “What do you think that was?”

“He tried to join me Slytherin I would bet,” Harry mumbled just as quietly. There was no other way, Harry was positive he didn't join them. It really would have defeated the process of going back in the first place, especially if he was under Dumbledore as Harry suspected. A few students at the table glared at Harry from their places at the table, Harry noticed. Most of the younger students glanced at him in confusion before looking away but the older years, the older year had malice in their eyes.

Harry was looking forward to showing them who he really was. Harry was almost horrified for the excitement he felt, almost.

The First Week

Chapter Summary

Harry sets the ground rules in Slytherin and gains some possible allies.

Chapter Notes

What's this?? A new chapter before 2023?

After joining the Weasley twins singing the school song in their funeral procession Harry and Draco followed the prefects to the common room. The rest of the first years trailing behind them exchanging confused glances at the front that Draco and Harry created. They ignored them, they were going to be leaders of Slytherin getting their year mates in line was the first step.

“The password is Salazar, it will be changed bi-weekly and will be placed on the notice board. If you forget to check and do not know the password you will not be allowed entrance until someone with the password comes by,” the prefect stated opening the door and allowing the first years to walk in.

The room was just as Harry remembered it the long room had stone walls and low hanging green lights. High back chairs and tables were sprinkled through out it, pictures of esteemed Slytherins placed in various places complete with a large painting over the fireplace of Salazar Slytherin.

“First years gather around. Our head of house is Professor Snape, he will be here momentarily to provide our house rules. Upper years may go to their dorms.”

The room emptied as the everyone left to their own dorms leaving the first years alone with the single prefect. They only waited a few moments before Severus Snape entered the room, his eyes passing on the new students before settling on Harry, his lip curling briefly before moving past.

“Welcome to Hogwarts. You are the newest Slytherins to pass these sacred walls. The next seven years will be spent in these halls, you will find friends and allies. You will find enemys. This brings us to the rules, any traveling in the castle will be done in at least groups of three. This is not only for safety but deniability as well, you will find that students from other houses will not always be fair in their assessment of situations that may happen. A grade of EE is required in all classes, if you fall below the requirement you will be placed with an older student for tutoring. I will provide you with office times in the next week for a personal meeting that you will attend. And finally, anything that happens within the common room stays in the common room. You will have disagreements with each other, but they will not

leave this room.”

Snape took a moment for them to nod before continuing, “The hallways to the dorms are there, to the left are the boys dorms the girls to the right. You will be two a room, tap the door with your wand and your name will appear on the nameplate outside of it. Choose wisely for this will be your roommate for the next 6 years and you will not be able to change it. I will see you at breakfast tomorrow, promptly at 7am, goodnight.”

Without another word Snape left the room through a passage that Harry didn’t notice until it had opened. As soon as the door was closed behind him the entire house descended into the room, a group of seventh years in the lead. Harry had no idea who they were but he thought the leaders name might have started with a...B?

The rest of the first years backed up several steps, only Draco remaining beside him. Harry had tried to convince him to go with the rest of the students and bring their friendship out in the open slowly but Draco had rejected the plan instantly. He didn’t care what the other students thought and had already sent a letter off to his parents using Hedwig explaining their friendship. They had thought long and hard about the next step to their act. It was imperative that the truth of who they were never came to light, but they couldn’t allow the rest of the students to think that Harry could be beaten down.

So Harry would do what he needed to do to make the rest of the students know he was not to be bothered. Hopefully any suspicion will be borrowed down to Harry receiving something from The Dark Lord that Halloween night.

Harry turned his body to Draco, “Do you think they want to play chess?”

“I’m not sure chess is on the table. And your terrible at it,” Draco drawled, his wand held lightly in his hand. Harry kept his put away, the effect would be so much greater without it.

“I don’t know what the hat was thinking allowing a Mudblood like you into the great house of Salazar Slytherin but it cant be changed,” the seventh years wand appeared into his hand, “We can’t stop you from being in the house but we can show you your proper place.”

Harry grinned at Draco, “Did you hear that Draco? They know my proper place. That is a relief I don’t want to be lost.”

Draco forced his face to stay clear but Harry could see the look of exasperation in his eyes. Harry waited still for the first spell to be thrown. A bone breaking hex shot out of the hand and Harry quickly lifted his left hand threw up a shield. His right hand making a pulling motion causing all of the wands to be thrown at Dracos feet. Draco gathered them into his hands and he took a step back as planned, this was Harrys show.

Harry bounced on his feet and laughed at the dumbstruck look on the faces of the upper years, “You really thought it was going to be that easy? I know your not Ravenclaw but you must have some sense to be here.”

Harry didn’t wait for a reply, folding his hands behind his back he threw a nonverbal “Levicorpus” at them and watched as the students who no longer had wands were thrown into the air by their ankles. A quick sticking charm keeping their robes up around their legs, Harry was trying to embarrass them, not traumatize the rest of the students.

A gasp went through the room as everyone took a collective step back from the scene. Harry felt the thrill of power slither down his spine, it was a heady feeling. Walking toward the students that were hanging upside down he hummed quietly and circled under them. He ignored the rest of the students, knowing Draco would protect his back if needed.

Stopping in the middle he turned his gaze to the main perpetrator and wordlessly dropped him. A loud crack filled silence of the room as the 7th year landed at an awkward angle on his shoulder. Before he could even move Harry bent down and ran his finger down his cheek softly, the 7th year cried out as he felt a wave of pain sweep his body aggravating his already

injured body, "You are confused on a few things. But don't worry, I'll fix the gaps in your knowledge."

Harry stood and the rest of the students dropped to the floor behind him. He ignored the sounds of pain as they landed onto the floor, some on top of the others.

Bouncing on the ball of his feet he smiled, "Firstly, I am not a Mudblood. My mother may have been a muggleborn but my father was a Pureblood which makes me a half blood. Yes?" There was no response. Everyone had frozen with shock and just stared at him with wide and confused eyes. That was okay, Harry thought, he wasn't really expecting a reply.

"Second of all," Harry continued, "the hat placed me in "the Great House of Salazar Slytherin" because my place is here. You can complain to your parents and the school board if you'd ,but as you pointed out there is nothing that can be done. Of course your more then welcome to voice any other concerns you may have."

Harry waited a moment staring out at the rest of the students, no one else came forward. It worked for him, he wasn't trying to actually hurt anyone, just prove his point.

In the silence of the room, he squated infront of the pile of students on the floor, "This is only warning this house is going to get. I am here because I belong here. I dont care if any of you think this is wrong, If you have the need to test my place again I can accommodate you. But not tonight, its been a long day and I'm sure we are all tired from the train ride."

Straightening up he collected the wands from Draco and dropped them into a pile on the floor, "Remember the rules. If anyone, and that includes our esteemed head of house, finds out what happen here tonight you will regret it."

Harry said no other words as he glanced at Draco and they made their way to the dorms.

Harry followed Dracos example and tapped the nameplate outside the door Draco chose and they entered the room, locking the door behind them.

"Holy shit," Draco breathed relaxing for the first time since they left the Greathall that night. "Was that alright?" Harry asked running his hand through his hair. He felt a brief nag of guilt tug at his mind before he pushed it away. He did what he needed to do to keep himself and Draco safe in the house of snakes. But it did make him wonder, and not for the first time, if the trip back to his younger self had addled his brains.

Sure he had anger problems when he was a teenager but he was never violent. Then there was the trill of power he felt when he stood infront of the group of students. He never had moments he truly felt powerful before, and he wondered what it would have felt like before. He shrugged the thought off, he wasn't that same person he used to be. He wasn't even sure he had ever been that person. As long has he didn't develop urges to torture anyone he would worry about it later.

"That was amazing," Draco said, a bright smile on his face, "They are definitely not going to try anything with you for while, if they even do again. You destroyed their pride, and terrified a few of them."

Harry laughed as he sat on the bed that his trunk was placed against before taking a look around the room. It was the same size as the Gryffindor tower room but looked larger as there was only the two beds instead of 5. Next to each bed was a dresser and a desk, there were no windows but artwork decorated the walls. It wasn't the tower, but it felt cozy.

"Good. Lets get some sleep, if I have to deal with the school sleep deprived I might turn into the next Dark Lord."

DUMBLEDORE—

Dumbledore sat in his ostentatious office, his hands folded in front of him, deep in thought.

Harry Potter had been sorted into Slytherin.

He had not been expecting it but knew there was a chance with Harry being raised with the Dursleys. Children of abuse could often become cunning to try and escape punishments or hide infractions. He had seen it plenty of times with other students that had crossed the halls of Hogwarts.

What was concerning however was the way Harry carried himself. Dumbledore expected him to be smaller, more beaten down. He had ensured the wards carried the correct compulsions for the Dursleys in case they decided to properly care for the boy. It had been a few years since he had checked them of course, but they had been strong and working the last time he had checked on the family.

He would need to stop by and check them, if needed he would renew them for the coming summer. For now he would just keep an eye on Harry it wasn't too late to change things if the boy was getting to strong.

HARRY-

The first week of school dragged on as Harry went to his classes. Both him and Draco were trying to maintain a "Gifted but not Prodigy" approach to the classes. That was the easy part. The hard part was staying awake in all of his classes. Relearning first year information in your twenties was it was incredibly boring, Harry had never wanted to nap in class more. That included every history class he had ever been in.

Harry had concerns about bringing too much attention to him but Draco's parents expected perfection and he refused for Harry to do anything that would make people think he was even remotely untalented. The only hiccup in their plan came in their first potions class.

It had started well, they were on time and since Harry was a Slytherin he could partner with Draco easily as he did all of their other classes. The rest of their Slytherin classmates were still scared of Harry and tended to avoid him unless necessary. Draco was convinced they would come around eventually, they just had to wait.

The door leading to Snape's office in the front of the class swung open and he swished into the classroom in all black. Giving his speech before moving to call attendance, pausing briefly on Harry's name.

"Mr. Potter, our newest....celebrity."

Harry raised his eyebrow slightly, it seems not even being in his house would keep Snape from being an arse.

Harry tuned out the rest of the attendance as his thoughts went to the Dark Mark tattooed into Snape's arm.

"Mr. Potter!" Snape's sharp voice broke him out of his thoughts, "What would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?"

"Draught of living death," Harry said clearly and confidently, if Snape wanted to play this game then they would play it.

If anything the correct answer only irritated Snape more, "Correct. Where could I procure a bezoar?"

"The stomach of a goat, a apothecary and I'm assuming your storeroom...Professor."

"There will be no cheating in my classroom Mr. Potter. Switch places with Ms. Granger for today, I will make final seating arrangements for the next class."

Draco tensed slightly and gave Harry a look before Harry gathered his things and switched places with Hermione, keeping a slight distance between him and Ron.

Harry had avoided Ron and Hermione for the last several days. He had seen them a few times try and follow him or corner him to talk. He needed to get his cloak and the map as soon as possible, it would make avoidance so much easier.

“Hey mate, names Ron. You sure surprised everyone when the hat put you in Slytherin,” Ron said as soon as Professor Snape gave them way to start their potions. Harry ignored him as he left to gather ingredients. He had to play this carefully. He still wasn’t sure how he felt about Ron and Hermione, he didn’t know if they had been on Dumbledors payroll from the beginning or if it was something that started later. He had absolutely zero intention of becoming any kind of friends with them but he could be polite.

Harry had the cauldron set up and potion started before Ron spoke again.

“It sucks being surrounded by snakes I bet. Maybe Dumbledore could get you resorted somehow and you can come to Gryffindor instead.”

Harry glanced at Ron, “I’m a Slytherin, wouldn’t that make me a snake as well? Besides, the hat said I wasn’t suited for Gryffindor and I’m happy where I am. Snakes and all.”

Ron turned slightly red at his snake comment, “Your a Slytherin but not a slimy snake like the rest of them. Alot of their parents followed He-who-must-not-be-named you know.”

“I don’t keep track of my classmates parents to be honest. They all seem decent to me,”

Harry turned his full attention back to their potion. Ron hadn’t attempted to help him and Harry wasn’t going to bring attention to it. He couldn’t fail their first potion, Draco would never let him live it down.

The rest of the class passed quietly. Ron made a few other comments about the Slytherins that Harry dismissed and before he knew it Snape was calling an end to class.

“You should come with me up to the Common room. You can meet the rest of the guys,” Ron said as they packed up.

“I’m studying with Draco after class, also I thought other students weren’t allowed in the commons of other houses?” Harry questioned. He watched as Rons ears went completely red, Harry could almost feel the attack that was building up.

“Malfoy,” Ron spat, “Hes the worst of the snakes. You should hang out with us more, you don’t want to get to close to someone the likes of him.”

Finally! An opening that Harry could use to end the conversation.

“Hey that’s rude!,” he snapped, “He’s my friend and has been nothing but nice to me since I was sorted. I’m starting to think your not the type of person I want to friends with. If your going to be rude to my other friends.”

Ron still looked shocked as Harry made his way out of the classroom and to Draco who had waited at the entrence for him. Using all of the shortcuts Harry knew they made their way quickly to their dorm.

“We need to take care of Severus Harry, I will not sit with Granger again. It took every ounce of patience I had to not curse her across the room,” Draco ranted as he threw his stuff on the bed and dropped down with a huff.

“I know,” Harry said running a hand through his hair, “Ron wasn’t as bad, just ranting about dirty Slytherins. But he’s completely useless in potions and I won’t have him ruining my grade.”

“What are we going to do?”

Harry shrugged, “He was my mums best friend, I’ll find a way to use that. If not I’ll scare him until he complies, most of the older students think I’m the dark lord reincarnated anyway. Maybe he can fall for the same line.”

It entertained both of them greatly and they made no effort to disprove the thought.

“So you have no plan,” Draco said dryly before pulling out his homework and getting started on it.

“Hey that is a plan, it has steps,” Harry protested getting his own homework out.

They worked in silence for a while before a thought came to Harry, “Hey do you think Snape would let me onto the Quidditch team as a first year?”

Draco froze before a large smile broke his face and he swung his body to face Harry, “I don’t know but we have to convince him if we can. You on the Slytherin team? We would definitely get the house cup this year.”

“Get that remembrall again, we will do the same thing we did last time. Plus it will make me look good and like I care for other students.”

Before flying classes the next day Harry had a few things he wanted to get done. First up, the Marauders map.

Harry knew the twins got it in their third year but he didn’t exactly know when. While Draco was in the library with the only first years who weren’t scared of him, Zabini, Parkinson, and the terror trio. He was in the middle of making a plan to sneak into Flinches office when he caught sight of the twins sneaking into an abandoned hallway on the 2nd floor. A hallway that he knew for a fact had been abandoned for years and only known on the map.

Harry followed them into the hallway and then to the door of an abandoned classroom. It was the same classroom he and Draco had used all that time ago. Slipping into the door he cleared his throat to get their attention.

Fred and George head snapped up to him and they stuffed their pockets right back up with the products that they were in the process of removing.

“Harry Potter-“

“How can we-“

“Help you?”

Harry almost laughed, he had missed the twins. Draco had said that George was one of the only Weasleys who stood against the Ministry changes and their family when it came out they had been paid before his death. Seeing them together, healthy and whole, warmed him on the inside.

He hoped he could get them on this new path of his, not only were they useful but they were great friends and he had considered them brothers of sorts.

“You have something that belongs to me,” Harry said as he came further into the room.

The twins shared a look of confusion, “We didn’t take”

“Anything from you?”

“Technically no. But that doesn’t mean you don’t have something of mine. It’s a map actually, a map my father and his friends made.”

Fred raised an eyebrow and his hand twitched to his pocket, “What makes you think we have a map your father made?”

“You wouldn’t have known the code to this room without it. They warded it quite well when they were in school in fact.”

Harry flicked his wand and light filled the room before chest opened and a large banner fell from the ceiling.

“Marauders Den, Enter at your own Risk”

Fred and George’s eyes widened as they stared around the room in awe. Old potion equipment

and half done potions littered one side of the room, while the other had books and parchment that were half written.

They shared a look before turning to Harry, Fred pulled the map out of his pocket and they bowed to him.

"Mighty Heir of the Maurders, we bow to their supremacy."

Harry laughed then, and took the map from them.

"You can get up my subjects, no need for formality," He said as pompously as he could,

"Thanks for finding it. I heard it was taken by Filch and was wondering how I would get it before I saw you guys come in here."

He reached out his hand, "Your Fred and George Weasleys right? I have heard alot from the upper years about your pranking ability."

"Why thank you kind sir!" George exclaimed as they bounced up from their bows and smiled at him.

Harry glanced around, "I don't know whats in here really but feel free to take or use whatever you want. In exchange for a few things."

"What do you want," George asked curiously.

"Keep me and Draco out of all of your pranking. Thats more for your benefit though, you do not want to get in a prank war with me. Other then that I may need some help now and then, nothing bad of course, but I may need to call on your assistance."

Once again the twins shared a long look before holding their hands out with a smile, "Deal."

Map acquire he took it out and scanned it quickly, Snape was in his private office alone. Excellent.

Harry knocked and waited for the "Enter" before opening the door and closing it quickly behind him throwing up a quick ward.

"Potter,"Snape spat, "I'm to busy to deal with your childish ramblings. You may come back at your assigned time."

Harry ignored him and took a seat in front of his desk, "You knew my mother."

Snape froze slightly before gaining control, "I believe I told you to leave."

"You were friends with my mother," Harry continued, "You knew my Aunt Petunia, the type of person she was. You had to have known how I would have been treated in her house, despite what you may have been told by others."

"I don't know what your talking about," Snape said firmly but Harry could hear the doubt.

"I also know you tried to save my mother. The Dark Lord asked her to move quite a few times before he killed her. Quite a boon for someone who claimed to be a spy"

Snapes face had lost all color, he opened his mouth but Harry didn't care what he had to say.

"Don't bother to deny anything I already know. I know alot Professor Snape, much more then you would want me to know. Much more then you would want the world to know."

Snape straightened out and cleared his throat, "Your trying to blackmail me?"

"Not trying, I am. I remember things, things my parents talked about late at night when they thought it was sleeping. About raids you were on, potions and poisons you have made. I know what it takes to become a Death Eater, the acts you had to commit to get that mark I know is hidden on your arm."

Severus stared at Harry in horror as Harry finished talking. He decided to wait it out and relaxed back in his chair as Snape took in everything that he said. While he waited he focused onto Snapes Dark Mark. He had wondered for a while if he would be able to do anything

with it, the Horcux was no longer inside of him but he felt the power inside of him sitting and waiting to be used. Draco didn't know it but Harry suspected the Horcux had been adsorbed when he was brought back and had not just been left at the station.

While sitting in his house waiting for school to start Harry read many books, from healing and defense to everything he needed to know about the wizarding world. From the history of the world to how the government fully worked including everything about heir and lordships. His favorite books however were ones that came from owls that found him while he worked outside wrapped in paper with a "L" written on an attached note.

One day he would find out exactly what Luna knew.

Those books were locked in a Gringotts vault that he opened for safety, they were not books that he would want to be caught with. He didn't need to see the banned book list to know those were going to be right at the top.

There was one in particular that he spent weeks reading and re-reading until he had sections memorized. Harry would bet a vault that it was where the Dark Lord got his idea for the Dark Marks, and how it worked as well.

Harry focused his magic on the mark and touched it lightly, the mark pulsed and Snape flinched looking at the mark and then Harry a look of suspicion in his eyes. Harry frowned and bound him to his chair, he needed to keep him still.

Pushing his magic more into the mark he felt a barrier, Harry pushed at it focusing more into it until he finally felt it. The barrier gave and Harry was able to drench his magic into the mark. Severus jerked and let out a scream as the mark absorbed the magic, the mark glowed red for a moment before fading back to the a bright black, as if it was a fresh tattoo.

Harry let out a noise of triumph before hissing, "Keep my secrets."

He felt the vow take inside of the mark and sat back releasing Snape from his bounds. He collapsed into his chair breathing hard and staring at Harry in terror his hand going to grasp over the mark.

"New plan, I wont blackmail you. You will do what I need you to do or regret it."

"My Lord," Severus choked out

Harry smiled, "I'm not the Dark Lord Professor Snape. I wasn't even sure that was going to work, very impulsive of me I know. Salazar Slytherin would be so disappointed, but it did." Harry reached out and touched the mark, Snape let out a low breath as the pain receded from the mark completely.

"I didn't mean to hurt you," Harry said quietly, "I should have assumed it would but I kinda got caught up in it."

"What do you want," Snape asked just as quiet, a slight shiver running through his body.

"I want to be paired with Draco in Potions. I don't want your anger and hate that I do not deserve. I don't want you go to Dumbledore with what happen tonight, other then that I don't want anything. For now, I may need help later but thats for another time."

"Are you sure your not the Dark Lord," Severus asked sitting back up straight and smoothing his features.

"Positive. I'm probably not what everyone expected but I am far from a Dark Lord. I give you my word on that. Speaking of the Dark Lord, he will no longer be able to do anything with your mark. It belongs to me now."

Severus nodded and picked up his quill, "I will do as you ask. Since you are here we can use this for your meeting, the other teachers are impressed with your workmanship. Are you having any problems with the materials or anything you need to talk about?"

What the fuck?

"Uh, no I'm good?" It come out as a question, Harry had expected, more anger or resentment,

something.

Severus placed his quill down and sighed, "I don't know what you are Mr. Potter. I don't want to know where you received the knowledge that you have, frankly I don't think I want to know. But until I see more I will hold my judgment on you."

Did he..did he earn his respect? Or was he thankful that he no longer had a connection with Voldemort and would no longer need to fight against the oath he made Dumbledore?

"Alright. Well I am good Professor, I will let you know if it changes."

"Please do, have a good night Mr. Potter," Severus said dismissing him.

Harry left the room still confused, he would need to tell Draco about it.

But first, Flying class.

"You might be mad at me," were the first words out of Harry's mouth that night as he and Draco prepared for bed.

Flying class was a success. Draco took the remembrall and Harry took off after it and managed to surprise McGonagall in her office. Harry just had to hope that she would pass the information on to the right person. Snape found Harry shortly after dinner and informed him he was now on the team and would need to get a broom. Draco had already ordered it and it was going to be there soon.

Draco stopped what he was doing and crossed his arms, "What did you do Potter?"

Shock crossed Draco's face as Harry explained what happened in Snape's office earlier.

"What were you thinking!" Draco hissed after Harry finished explaining.

Harry felt his face heat, "I wasn't. I got distracted and it just happened! I know it was stupid but at least we don't have to worry about him anymore."

"What were you going to do if it didn't! He could have went to Dumbledore and told him Merlin knows what!" Draco spat, his eyes lit up with anger.

Harry worried his lower lip and held up his hands, "I know. I'm sorry."

Draco sighed, "What's done is done. But no more big things without telling me? One of us needs to be the voice of reason and apparently that's me."

"Will do Capt'n!" Harry saluted and threw himself on his bed, "Have you figured out how to tell your dad about the Rat?"

The plan for Sirius was simple. Draco had already told his father about his friendship with Harry, heavily implying there was something special about him. It worked like a charm and his parents had replied telling him to keep him close. With that in their pocket the next part of the plan was for Draco figure out a way to tell his parents about the animagus.

"No," Draco said frustrated, "I have no idea how to bring it up. Nor do I know what they will do with the information, I don't even know if my parents knew he was a Death Eater. If they did it brings to question what they would do with him if they get him."

"If you can get me alone with him for 5 minutes I can fix that," Harry offered.

"No, you don't even fully know what you did. The risk is too big. We will just have to figure something out," Draco said shaking his head.

Harry nodded, that was fair. He wished that damn book wasn't locked in a vault, he needed to know exactly what he had done to the mark. And what he could fully do with it.

Halloween Magic

Chapter Summary

Something weird starts happening to Harry as the days count down to Halloween and Draco makes a mistake in an attempt for help.

Chapter Notes

The end notes contain some outlook into Harry. Its not necessary to read but may answer some questions I've received about his personality.
Technically its spoilers, but meh, its already in the tags.

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

October brought some changes to Harry and Dracos routine at the school. They had been working on their homework in the common room when the sounds of footsteps caught Harrys attention.

“Do you mind if we join you?” Blaise asked, behind him were the rest of the Slytherin first years all looking as if they wanted to be anywhere else.

“Go ahead,” Harry said gesturing to the table that they were at.

Nothing was said for the next few minutes as everyone got settled and pulled out their work. Harry watched in amusement as they started their work and kept their eyes firmly on their work and far away from Harry.

“I’m not going to bite,” Harry said breaking the silence, a few of them jumped but he noticed Nott and Greengrass stayed firm.

Draco let out a laugh and moved his done homework to the side to dry out, “I told you. He’s not going to do anything unless he has to.”

Harry nodded as he finished his potions essay, “I had to do that for my safety. I promise I’m not a homicidal maniac.”

“Right, then you can you help me with my Defense homework because I have no idea where to go with it. Quirrell is useless,” Blaise said shifting his seat closer.

“Of course,” Harry said bringing Zabini’s work to him, “But I have practice in a hour so I need to leave then.”

After several days of this the rest of the students slowly started relaxing around Harry as well. The general aura of the common room, which had been tense since the first night, relaxed as well.

Quidditch practice was another change in their routine. While Harry practiced Draco would wait in the stands with whoever decided to accompany him. Harry thought it was unnecessary but didn't say anything as he knew it made Draco feel better. It helped Harry as well, surrounded by people they had lost they still sometimes found themselves missing the people they had grown up to be.

Training with the Slytherin team wasn't much different then it had been in Gryffindor. Marcus Flint, a burley sixth year who was team captain, worked them just as hard if not harder then Wood with with less speeches.

Harry found practice to be bitter sweet. He half expected wood to step out of the changing room, speech already started and side stepping whatever prank the twins had set up. The easy camaraderie that the team had, that made even the hardest practices fun.

It wasn't the same for the Slytherin team. Other then the keeper and one of the chasers who were part of the group that attacked him, Harry got along pretty well with the team. But them being older students, didn't have much in common with him and while they were more relaxed there was still an air of fear when he was around them. The first practice he participated in was rough. They didn't want him on the team and saw him as an inconvenience, a first year that had been forced onto the team. When the placement had first been announced the entire team gathered in Snapes office to try and get him removed. Harry didn't blame them of course, they didn't know anything about his flying ability and the cup was important. The first part of practice was all for Harry to show he deserved and belonged on the team. He flew with confidence and ability, catching snitch after snitch showing off his "natural" ability. When the team informed Snape about Harrys capabilities he started coming out and watching them practice. A smug look on his face as his eyes followed Harry in the sky.

Harry didn't care for any of that. All he cared about was being in the air again and playing Quidditch again. While he did miss his old team Harry was now with the Slytherins and he wouldn't allow memories to change that fact that he was going to play to win and catch the snitch.

Along with practicing for Quidditch he and Draco spent time trying to figure out what to do with Quirrell if he attempted to curse him on his broom during that first game.

They were sitting with their backs against the headboard of Harrys bed and he told Draco the complete story of what happen during the game.

"So Professor Snape was trying to counter curse?" Draco asked after Harry finished the story of his first match. They were sitting on Harrys bed with their backs against the headboard notes in their laps.

"Yeah. Didn't find out until later though, we thought it was him. Hermione caught him on fire," Harry said with a grin. It was one of his favorite memories of Hermione, and one of the only ones he didn't allow to be tainted with betrayal.

"We should let her do it again. Maybe it will get her in trouble this time, knock her off her damn pedestal," Draco mumbled.

He wasn't wrong, Harry thought, Hermione was even more annoying this time around. She didn't bother Harry much, other then a few questions here and there. And her insistance that she knew better in almost every they shared.

The same couldn't be said for Ron who made it his mission in school to try and hang out with Harry at every chance he had. Managing to make rude comments about Harrys house and "death eater" friends at every opportunity. Harry let them be, until they started disrupting his day he didn't see it as a large problem.

“So what should we do?” Harry asked.

“Tell Professor Snape, if he is already expecting it we have an advantage.”

Later that night Harry and Draco made their way to Snapes office and knocked, waiting for the sharp “Enter.”

Snape placed his quill down when he saw them, motioning for them to sit, “What can I do for you?”

“Professor Quirrell is going to curse my broom during the first Quidditch match. We thought you could help with that,” Harry stated as he got comfortable.

Snape raised his eyebrow, “And exactly how do you know this?”

Well shit.

Harrys head snapped to Draco, how the hell did they not think of this? How did DRACO not think of this! Harry was putting this directly onto Draco, he was the “planner” and the “strategic” one.

Draco hummed lightly, “Harry don’t let him leave.”

With a flex of his magic Harry locked Severus in place using his mark.

“How did you not think of this?” he asked throwing up a silencing spell around him and Draco.

“Well,” Draco didn’t meet his eyes, “I did, but I thought he could help us.”

Harry frowned, Draco did this on purpose, “Oh.”

Draco must have heard something in his voice because his eyes snapped to him and he spoke in a rush, “I should have said something before coming here but I just thought this would be better.”

“Right,” Harrys voice was curt, he was hurt and angry that Draco did this. Harry thought Draco had understood how he felt about being left out of things, of being forced into situations that where he had no control, “You trust him to help us?”

“Yes,” Draco said, his eyes searching Harrys face, “Harry-“

Dracos mouth snapped shut as the spell around them dropped and Harry turned to Snape.

“Draco trusts that you can help us. So we are going to tell you a story, its not a nice story but it will defiantly intrigue you. The vow of silence I placed on your mark will cover this as well, if you try and tell or betray us you will die. Simple?”

Snape looked to be fighting with himself before he gave a short nod.

Harry didn’t look once at Draco as he told Snape his story, only pausing for Draco to tell his part. It took half an hour and Snape didn’t interrupt once, just listened face his face paling.

“So that's how we know,” Harry finished.

“Time-travel is a better alternative then what I thought was happening,” Snape admitted, “I have a staff meeting in 10 minutes so we will have to finish this conversation later. I should have some ideas by then.”

Harry nodded and excepted the dismissal. Without looking at Draco he got out of his chair and left the room using every shortcut he knew to get to the Room of Requirement. Walking by three times he entered the door into a cozy room that reminded him of the Gryffindor common room.

The room was small with high ceilings, a large fireplace took up one side of the room, a sofa with fluffy chairs on either side, a table in the middle. Kicking his shoes off he curled up into one of the chairs, hugging his knees to himself, and stared into the flames.

Draco had given him so many speeches about how they were in this together, how they couldn’t make big choices without the other if they wanted to make this work. Even the smallest choice could cause everything to fall apart around them and land them in a dungeon

deep inside of the Department of Mysteries.

But there he was, keeping something like this a secret and forcing Harry's hand. Harry didn't think it was a bad idea, having the right person on their side could help with so many things. The handful of people Harry would consider Snape was at the top of the list, he had been a spy for years and was a master of Occlumency. Even if he was able to get around the control Harry had on his mark, which Harry was sure he could, he trusted him enough to not tell his secrets but also keep them safe.

The problem was that Draco went behind his back to do it. Since finding each other things had been relatively peaceful. The only fights they had came from the differences in their personalities. Draco was a colder person than him, he didn't care about the bullies in school or if others were hurt in his way. He knew where he belonged at all times and had no problem doing what he needed to get it. Harry wasn't like that, he didn't care about much other than preventing what happen but he didn't want his path to be paved with the bodies of people he pushed down to get there. Well mostly, sometimes in the dark of night he thought it didn't matter as long as he reached his potential but he pushed those thoughts away and ignored them. Harry knew he would have no problems doing what he needed to get things done, but only when he needed to.

Those aside they got along well and fell easily back into their friendship they had previously. Sometimes late at night while they laid in bed they would talk about the past and what they wanted for the future. They made plans on how they were going to take over Slytherin house at the right time, how they would be fighting for top of the class every year. Things were going well.

Then Draco went and did this!

Harry sighed and ran his hand through his hair, nothing would be solved until they talked about it. Sitting in here by himself was only making him more irritated at the situation and at Draco.

As soon as the thought crossed his mind a door appeared to the outside and Draco pushed his way into the room quickly, the door leaving as soon it was shut. Crossing the room quickly Draco fit himself into the chair next to Harry and grabbed his hands as if to stop him from leaving again.

"I'm sorry," Draco said quietly, his eyes were slightly red and his lip was red from where he had been biting it as he paced outside the door, willing it to open.

"Why did you do it," Harry asked just as quiet.

"I didn't want to fight about it. We needed someone else and I didn't know who else we could have trusted. And well... I wanted to be able to talk to him about anything I needed. I know it's selfish but Uncle Severus had been a second father to me for as long as I could remember, sometimes more than my own father was. I didn't want to take the chance that you would say no."

Harry sighed and rested his head against the back of the chair, "You should have just said something Draco. I wouldn't have fought you on it, it is a good idea and he would have been my first choice."

"Again, I'm sorry."

"You're the one who is always telling me we need to make big choices together, it doesn't just go one way Draco. What's done is done and I'm not mad that you wanted him to know I was upset with the way you handled it. Just don't do it again," Harry said.

"I won't. Promise," Draco smiled at him before getting comfortable in the chair and taking a look around and wrinkling his nose.

"It looks like Gryffindor threw up in here."

Harry started to feel restless the closer to Halloween it got. At first he thought he blamed the monotony of being a first year again and relearning everything. But the more he thought about it, the more he focused on the feeling he started thinking it was something else.

Harry and Draco started flying around the pitch taking turns on his broom. Harry had even convinced Draco to go on runs with him around the lake in the mornings in an effort to stop the feeling. But nothing did, it seemed to continually build up in the back of his head as the days past.

Harry had a feeling Halloween was going to provide some of the answers that he wanted.

Harry decided he wasn't going to try and stop Quirrell from letting the troll in. If played right he and Draco could use the event to get some negative spotlight onto Dumbledore.

The major downside to this plan was that Quirrell was a completely useless professor.

Without the Horcrux in his scare the only headaches Harry had in Defense was from Quirrell's stuttering. He often wondered as he dozed in the class why he used it when he didn't need to.

It was almost enough for Harry to start considering murder, but that was off the table.

Unfortunately.

Much to his and Draco's frustration plans for Quirrell and his companion were at a standstill.

The books Harry needed for research were unavailable while he was at school. Locked up in his vault and inside of the Black family library which they needed Sirius for. Harry really thought things would be easier when he came back, how careful he would be.

The castle was alive with excitement by the time Halloween finally arrived and Harry was almost vibrating out of his skin. His magic seemed to want to jump out of his skin causing most of the spells he cast that day to be over powered. His feather in Charms flew to the ceiling and exploded, showing them in poofs.

Harry stared dumbfounded as his classmates laughed.

"Well done Mr. Potter!," Professor flickwicks squeaky voice was barely heard under the laughter, "I would like you to keep practicing with feathers before moving onto something heavier!"

Harry just nodded and lightly elbowed Draco who was shaking with his held laughter, "It's not funny." Harry hissed a smile tugging at his lips.

He spent the rest of the class ignoring Hermiones attempt to correct the Gryffindor on their pronunciation-"It's Wing-gar-dium Levi-o-sa"-and trying to master the magic that wanted to come flying out of his wand.

Harry and his friends were leaving charms when he overheard Ron telling Dean how annoying Hermione was and watched as she shouldered by them.

To the bathroom on the first floor.

Draco must have felt his tensing because he dragged him to an abandoned alcove.

"What is it?" Draco asked quietly, as soon as the silencing spells were up.

Harry bit his lip before sighing, "Shes going to a bathroom thats going to be in the direct path of the troll. A part of me wants to let someone know but another part of me doesn't care."

Draco blinked, "Which part is bothering you?"

Harry was quiet for a moment, which part was bothering him? The part of him who had been Hermiones friend and survived so many experiences with her wanted to stop her. Wanted to let a teacher know that he saw her go into the bathroom and not come out and give her a solid chance. On the other hand she turned into a horrible adult, she crusaded for horrible prejudices that he thought they were fighting against. She also ended up getting paid from his

vaults for merlin knows what. Maybe her dying early would save him some trouble later on. But didn't he just convince himself earlier that week that he wasn't uncaring about those around him?

"The part that doesn't care," Harry finally answered.

Draco smiled lightly, "That's just your ridiculous Gryffindor sentimentalities. She is not the person you knew Harry, she might never have been. We have more important things to worry about today, like the fact that I can practically feel your magic just standing close to you."

Harry snorted, "You just want her to get killed by a troll."

Draco shrugged, "I wouldn't mind if I never had to hear her voice again. But I'm serious about your magic, it's getting stronger."

"I know. I think I'm going to skip the feast tonight, whatever is happening I don't want to happen in front of the entire school."

Harry had Severus tell the headmaster that Harry avoided Halloween because of his parents and stayed in his dorm while the rest of the students went to the feast.

Sitting on his bed and eating some biscuits he kept an eye on the map. Looking past her he watched as Quirrells dot left the castle briefly before coming back with a dot labeled "Troll" leaving it on the first floor. It ambled around for a while making its way to the bathroom where Hermione was still sitting in. Quirrells dot made it to the Great Hall where it stopped and soon the students were moving around, being ordered back to their dorms. Harry was looking back to Hermione's dot when he noticed three dots heading her way.

Ron, Dean and Seamus.

Raising an eyebrow he watched as the boys made their way to the bathroom right as the Troll was around the corner. A sharp tug of his magic had Harry jolting up straight and focusing on his core. His magic was a frozen sun burning, bright and cold. Whatever he had been waiting for was about to happen and he didn't know if he was excited or worried.

As the magic filled him he caught sight of the Troll entering the bathroom with the four students. The troll moved forward and Harry felt it again, this time stronger. His magic jolted and vibrated inside of his chest before a wave of power swept through his body leaving a trail of cold in its wake. As he lost consciousness the last thing he saw was Dean Thomas dot disappear off the map.

"Harry! WAKE UP!"

Harry woke with a start and shivered. The room was cold, Draco's breath fogging in the air as he knelt on the bed next to him with a worried look on his face.

"Help me up," Harry whispered reaching out for Draco who grasped his hand and pulled him up into a sitting position.

"What happened?"

Harry shook his head slightly, "Warm up the room first, I need to think."

Harry felt like his brain was in a fog as he tried to gather his thoughts. He felt great, the restlessness had disappeared, he could no longer feel his magic vibrating under his skin. Focusing on it he frowned, it was different. Stronger with a cold edge that seemed to flow through it like mercury.

"Well?" Draco asked impatiently, after placing warming charms around the room to help the fire burning bright in the fireplace.

"I don't actually know," Harry admitted, "I was just sitting here and my magic just got

stronger and stronger. Next thing I know I'm passing out and—Shit Dean!"

"Dean?" Draco asked incredulously.

Ignoring him for a moment Harry grabbed the map that had fallen to the side, his eyes scanning for the bathroom. Ron, Hermione and Seamus were no longer in the bathroom, looking quickly he found them in the Hospital Wing with Madam Pomfrey. The headmaster was in the bathroom along with all of the heads of house, they were standing around what looked like an empty space. Harry searched the map for Dean Thomas name, his stomach dropping when he couldn't find it.

"Harry," Draco whined unable to help himself.

Harry rolled his eyes, "Draco you may look like a child but you are 27, don't whine. I had to check something."

"I do not whine!" Draco said affronted, taking a seat next to Harry, "What were you looking for?"

"Dean Thomas, his name disappeared off the map as I was passing out. I can't find it anywhere on the map anymore," Harry said moving the map so Draco could look at it as well.

"What does that mean?"

Harry shrugged, "I don't know. But I can ask."

"What?"

"Mssrs Moony, Padfoot and Prongs, why would a name disappear off of the map? I solemnly swear I am up to no good"

Dracos jaw dropped as the map cleared and messy hand writing appeared.

Prongs would say it means the person is no longer in Hogwarts, by means of travel...or death.

Moony would like to add it is impossible to appropriate through Hogwarts wards so travel is unlikely.

Harry tapped his wand to the map "Mischief Managed"

"I didn't know it could do that," Draco mumbled lightly touching the parchment with his fingers.

"I discovered it when I was on the run before. It doesn't work for everything but I thought I would try it out," Harry said running a hand through his hair.

"So what does this mean?" Draco questioned looking at Harry.

Harry frowned, "It means Dean Thomas is dead and somehow, I felt it."

"But how? I've never heard of anything like that."

Harry hesitated, he had told Draco about Death but had never fully explained the Hollows. He didn't really think he needed to, he didn't have any of them now and Death didn't mention anything else about them when he was brought back.

"There may be something I haven't told you about," Harry said slowly, swallowing when Draco turned hard eyes to him.

"Start talking."

An hour later the dorm was comfortably warm and the boys were laying on Harrys bed from the candy that was dropped off by a house elf.

"So, your the Master of Death. You have no idea what it means but it may have given you some kind of Keening women," Draco said matter-of-factly.

"Keening women?" Harry questioned

“Also known as a Banshee, they scream when someone close to them is going to die or is dying.”

“Oh,” Harry paused, “Yeah I guess so.”

“Interesting, we will need to look into that at some point. After we gather all of the Hallows.”

“What?” Harry sat up and turned to stare at him, “What do you mean after we get the Hallows!”

“Harry,” Draco said seriously looking up at him, “Whatever is happening is because of those damn things. Maybe if we get all of them it will help us figure out what’s going on. Besides, it would make you even more powerful then you already are and we can use that.”

“Fine.” Harry huffed falling back onto the bed, “You only like me for my power.”

“At least until we’re older,” Draco said giving Harry one of his real smiles that only Harry had seen.

At least until we’re older indeed.

Chapter End Notes

****SPOILERS****

So you may think Harry seems a little wishy washy. Is he dark and jaded? Or is he gray but caring. Right now the answer is both, he’s still learning and growing into the person that he will be. His focus growing back up was on getting all the knowledge that he could to be stronger and smarter to fix things, he never really focused on how he would feel being back at Hogwarts. Surrounded by his old teachers and schoolmates, so many are going through some things.

Saving Sirius

Chapter Summary

Harry contemplates his feelings about death while plans to save Sirius go into full motion.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all of the comments, kudos, bookmarks everything that has been left for this story. I was so worried about posting it, for various reasons, but I am thankful I took the plunge.

You are all amazing and I am so thankful.

--Also, Updates won't come as fast as they did before. I don't want to get burned out on this fic, and I have another one up I'm updating as well.

Harry watched from his place at the Slytherin table as the rest of the students filtered in. They were still on a high from the night before, laughing and smiling. They compared left over candy and made jokes and speculations about how the troll got into the school. Some of them were correct, not that anyone would actually believe it.

He scanned the Gryffindor table as it filled and noticed the absence Hermione, Ron and Seamus. Probably traumatized from seeing Deans death, Harry thought. The rest of the Gryffindors were being loud and rambunctious as always.

The hall quieted down as Dumbledore rose from his chair, his normally jovial face drawn into a frown. The rest of the teachers were sitting seriously, not one smile in place as they looked out into the Great Hall.

“Who died?” someone whispered from the Gryffindor table.

Harry and Draco carefully avoided each others eyes as they felt the laughter bubble up, someone was going to regret that comment.

“It is with a heavy heart that I announce the death of one of our esteemed Gryffindors.”

The words were met with silence as the students eyes were drawn to the Gryffindor house table and scanned the table for any missing students.

“Mr. Dean Thomas unfortunately passed away in his brave attempt to save a fellow student from the Trolls path last night. Ms. Granger, Mr. Ronald Weasley and Mr. Finnegan were also there and they survived with no injures. I kindly ask when they come back to classes that they are not bombarded with questions about last night. It was a tragic event that--”

Dumbledore was cut off as the doors to the Great Hall opened. Lucius Malfoy strode into the hall with Amelia Bones and flanked by four aurors.

“Lord Malfoy, Lady Bones I was not expecting you,” Dumbledore said, making his way from the Head table.

“You should have been,” Amelia said, “Mrs. Thomas contacted the DMLE last distraught at the actions that occurred. I contacted the Board of Governors, which is why Lord Malfoy is here.”

“I see! I was going to send a massive after breakfast, but no bother. Lets adorn to my office for further information. Classes will be canceled for the rest of the week.”

Harry looked over at Draco and leaned in close, “Change of plans. I have an idea.”

Hogwarts was sad. The walls had a coldness in them as Harry ran his hand along the walls. A low melody of sadness intimated from the stones as the castle mourned the child lost inside of its walls. Harry once again felt conflicted about the situation. He didn't really care that Thomas had died. Other than being dorm mates and sharing a girlfriend they weren't close before, and his time around they had shared some classes but had never so much as had a conversation. He had no connection to the boy and frankly thought he was an idiot for allowing himself to be drawn into the rescue plan. Sure, he was the reason for the rescue in his last life but it had been his idea, he didn't think Ron would have enough thought to save her. Now Dean Thomas was dead and Harry didn't care, if anything he found it weird that someone had died when no one did before.

But should he have even cared? Draco said no, he thought Harry was balmy for being concerned that he wasn't concerned. And, as Draco had pointed out, they had already started to change things in this time. They couldn't predict anything anymore, being upset didn't change that fact. If Harry spent his entire time worrying about what might happen or the deaths that the changes brought, he wouldn't get anything he needed to do done.

“Potter!” Draco's voice broke him out of his thoughts, turning he saw Draco standing by Snapes office. Harry had been so caught up he walked past it.

“We focus on this first, we can deal with your Gryffindoriness after,” Draco said firmly before knocking on the door.

Harry shook his head, a faint grin pulling at his lips, “Of course.”

“Come in!” Severus said sharply from the inside.

Opening the door Draco and Harry made their way in stopped short at seeing Lucius sitting in front of Snapes desk.

“Father! I thought you would be with the Aurors,” Draco said quickly giving his father a nod.

“I thought I would stop by and have a talk with Severus about things. Mr. Potter, I presume?”

Harry didn't bother responding, instead throwing a quick “STUPEFY”

“Potter!” Draco snapped going to his father, “What did you do that for!”

Harry shrugged, “Sorry, it was a reflex.”

Draco froze from where he was fixing his father and looked at Harry. The minute their eyes met they started laughing.

“Potter! Draco! Control yourselves this instant!,” Severus said sharply, “What do you mean “reflex”?”

Harry coughed a few times trying to maintain his chuckles, “I had a few run ins with Lucius, you know before. Every time I saw that man he was trying to curse me. So I cursed first. Reflex.”

Severus pinched the bridge of his nose, "Am I going to have to worry that you will curse everyone who "used" to curse you before?"

"Nah," Harry waved off the question with a hand, "that would take too much time. Lucy is a special case."

"I see," Severus drawled.

Harry clapped his hands together, "So, what should we do? We need to talk, and he's going to know I stunned him. How handy are you with memory charms?"

The question was directed at Severus who raised an eyebrow and thought for a moment.

"I'm proficient enough to remove the last few minutes. I wonder however, why you don't take over his mark as you did mine?"

"Draco doesn't want me to because we don't actually know what I did to your make," Harry explained.

"Well actually..." Harry and Severus turned to Draco, "It would be helpful to have father in the know so to speak. He does have great sway in the Ministry and could prevent any... accidents."

Draco turned to Severus, "Have you felt anything... weird? Since Harry took your mark?"

"No," Severus said shaking his head, "It actually feels better than it had since I received it. I no longer feel a drain on my magic as I did before and it feels cleaner I would say. If I were to compare it I would say it feels more like a fidelity bond based on my readings."

"Harry?"

Harry thought for a moment reaching into his magic for the bond with Severus. It was strong but he didn't feel anything else, his magic was fully sustaining it. Was Voldemort using the marks to sustain himself?

"My magic is fully sustaining the bond. I couldn't tell you what kind of bond it feels like. What did your bond with The Dark Lord feel like?"

"Ownership," Severus answered grimly. Harry decided not to push it.

"Could you hold another one Harry?" Draco questioned.

"Sure. Could hold thousands probably, it's like an ant compared to my magic," Harry said and frowned when Draco and Severus both sucked in deep breaths, "What?"

"That's not normal Harry. Most people can only hold a few bonds without pulling magic from the bonded," Draco said, "Have I mentioned how cute you are as a child?"

Harry grinned at him, "Why no you haven't, I thought I looked pretty strapping myself."

"Merlin save us," Severus muttered under his breath.

"So you want me to fix Lucius' mark as well?"

Draco nodded, "I think that would be best."

"Alrighty. Keep him asleep, best he doesn't try and fight me," Harry said as he made his way over and placed his hand over the Dark Mark. Now that Harry knew what to do it was much easier to push his magic into the mark. Lucius's mark put up more of a fight than Severus did but with one final push Harry felt his magic take and the bond settle into his core. Giving the mark one last brush to remove any lingering pain and a command to keep his secrets, Harry stepped away almost giddy.

"That's a bit of a rush you know."

"We will take your word for it Mr. Potter. Now if you would please wake him up."

"Right!"

Harry flicked his wand and Lucius started to come through, they knew the moment he realized he had been stunned when his wand snapped into his hand and he had it pointed at Harry.

"What do you think you're doing Boy!" He snapped at him, ignoring the others in the room.

Harry just grinned at him and wiggled his fingers. Lucius sucked in a breath, grabbing his forearm as a pain laced through him.

“Harry,” Draco said from behind him, “Stop hurting my father.”

Harry threw him a glance, “He was going to start it! He had his wand pointed at me. I was just protecting myself.”

“Harry.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Harry summoned a chair and sat in it, pulling one next to him for Draco, “Do you want to know the story of a lifetime Lord Malfoy?”

Lucius interrupted much more than Severus did, but stayed quiet as Draco told his part. His eyes showing the pain he felt from allowing such horrors to happen to his son.

“Me and your mother were concerned for you after your Birthday. You were different, over night. It was part of the reason I came to speak with Severus,” Lucius said softly as the story came to a close, “Your mother had always told me you weren’t to be involved, I find it distressing I allowed my mind to be swayed.”

Draco gave his father a smile, “It’s okay father. You did not have a choice by the time I took my mark. It was the Mark or death for all of us.”

“Your trying to stop this future?” Lucius questioned, looking between the boys.

“We are going to stop this future Lord Malfoy,” Harry said seriously, “I will not allow any of that to happen again. If I have to go and kill every single death eater up the line to the Dark Lord I will to ensure it doesn’t happen.”

Lucius nodded.

“Oh, I also took over your Dark Mark. If you attempt to tell or talk about the secret to anyone, including your wife, it will kill you. I think,” Harry added as an after thought.

“You think?” Lucius questioned, holding his hand to his mark.

“Yeah, I’m not entirely sure to be honest. I’ll find out at winter break and let you know.”

Lucius shared a look with Severus, “I will endeavor not to.”

“Great! Now, onto the plan. I am going to reveal Pettigrew in the great hall. Your going to ensure he gets a trial and admits to everything he did. Once Sirius is free get him somewhere safe, not Mungos, for treatment.”

“Excuse me?” Lucius and Severus said at the same time, looking at him like he was daft.

“Was I speaking in another language?” Harry asked looking between them.

“What Harry means,” Draco interrupted, giving him a look, “Peter Pettigrew is masquerading as a pet rat. Harry knows the revelio spell and is going to use it at Dinner. When he appears as himself we would like one, or both, of you to throw a stunner. We are concerned with what might happen to him at the ministry to save face. Father if you could convince them it would be best to go through with it and get Sirius out we would appreciate it. In regards to Sirius, Harry would like the best treatment we can get. Before anyone can get their hands on him and possibly convince him of something we don’t want.”

“If you can get him to show I can get him I can work the Ministry. The Aurors will be here for the rest of the day, if you could do it sooner, while Dumbledore is distracted it would be best,” Lucius said after a few minutes of thought.

“Will Weasley be at lunch professor?” Harry asked Severus.

“He has been released from the Hospital Wing.”

“Then he will definitely be at lunch then. Severus can you help me practice the revelio spell? I have actually never cast it,” Harry asked standing up. Draco needed to have a conversation with his father, and Harry wanted to make sure he had the right spell.

Draco found Harry shortly before lunch began, his eyes were slightly red but he seemed to hold himself stronger.

"You okay?" Harry asked quietly as they sat at the Slytherin table.

Draco gave him a small smile, more of a tilt of the lips, "Yes. I'll tell you about it later."

Harry nodded, his eyes scanned the Gryffindor table. Lunch wasn't officially for 5 more minutes but Ron was always early for any food related events.

There.

Harry glanced to the head table and caught Lucius and Severus eye, Dumbledore was still talking to the Aurors with McGonagall. Keeping his wand under the table Harry cast the spell at Ron, he should have made sure Pettigrew was with him. Oh well.

Harry didn't need to worry, Ron jumped slightly before letting out a scream as Peter Pettigrew fell onto his lap. Before anyone could move two stuners came from the head table and Pettigrew fell into the isle between the tables.

"What the bloody hell!" Ron yelled scrambling up from his seat, "What happen to Scabbers!"

Severus strode from the Head table Lucius behind him, "Twenty points form Gryffindor for language Mr. Weasley. That is an animagus."

"And a dead man," Lucius said from his side, "Thats Peter Pettigrew."

Lucius bound the man and levitated him, "I'm going to take him directly to the ministry. Let Madam Bones know for me."

Lucius left the hall with Severus behind him and at once voices picked up. Ron was red still standing next to the table and looking at the ground where Peter had been. The twins and Percy got up from the table and directed him out of the room, Hermione going with them.

"Was that Weasleys pet rat?" Pansy asked in disgust as everyone sat back down to eat.

"Looks like it. I hope they didn't sleep in the same bed," Draco said airily taking a drink from his cup.

Harry laughed and raised his glass to him, "I hope they did."

When Severus came in to collect Harry for a meeting in Dumbledore office he wasn't only a little surprised. Asking Draco to put his bags in their room he followed Severus to the office. Harry didn't ask any questions on the way so it was a silent walk, until they got to the stairs.

"As my head of house I'm requesting you stay with me during this meeting," Harry asked after Severus gave the password. Severus gave a nod and made his way up.

"Come in!" was said before they could knock, Harry rolled his eyes and then schooled his face into confused awe.

"Harry, Severus! Thank you for joining me tonight, have a seat," Dumbledore said with a smile, blue eyes twinkling in the light. He either heard them in the hall or wasn't worried about Severus, considering he thought they hated each other it wasn't much of a surprise.

"Would you like a lemon drop Harry? They are my favorite,"Dumbledore asked guetsting to the sweets on his desk.

"No thank you headmaster," Harry said politely.

"No one ever wants them. Oh well, more for me," Dumbledore chuckled.

"I'm sorry sir, maybe people would like some chocolate instead," Harry smiled at him before continuing hesitantly, "Di-did I do something wrong?"

"Oh! No my boy of course not. I have heard great things about your classes, you certainty take after your mother in that regard."

The effort Harry put into not rolling his eyes was herculean.

"I just brought you up for a chat. Now, you were in the great hall at lunch correct?"

"When that man appeared? Yes, that was weird. Is Ron okay?"

"He's okay, a little confused of course but no lasting harm done of course. Now, the man who appeared. His name is Peter Pettigrew, he was a friend of your parents, along with a man named Sirius Black."

Harry nodded, a confused frown pulling at his face.

"After your parents untimely death Sirius was arrested for helping Voldemort in his plans and the murder of Peter. It turns out that was not the case. Peter had a trial today and admitted to being the person that betrayed your parents and framed Sirius Black."

"What happen to Mr. Black?"

"He was in our prison Azkaban. He has been released and is currently under the care of healers to get better."

"That's good Headmaster. I hope he gets better fast," Harry smiled at him.

"I am sure he will. I've been informed he is with the best Healers. I haven't had a chance to see him but I have heard good things."

Lucy you doll.

"Will I get to meet him?" Harry asked

"I do believe so. He is your Godfather after all," Dumbledore said.

"My Godfather? I have a godfather?" Harry asked, awe in his voice.

"Yes, I'm sure once he is fully healed he will be excited to meet you. It will take some time, closer to summer I would say," Dumbledore said, Harry now knew exactly what this conversation was about.

"I will get to see him at Summer then?" Harry asked, Dumbledore was a king at skirting around conversations and Harry wished he would get to the point.

"I'm sure we can find a way for you to visit him. Now I know that it may be exciting to have a Godfather my boy but I need to tell you that you will have to stay with the Dursleys. There are protections around the house that are very important for you to remain there."

"Why?"

"Voldemort had alot of enemies Harry, I fear they may come after you. So its imperative that you stay safe," Dumbledore said seriously, folding his hands in front of him and staring at Harry closely.

"But I didn't do anything!" Harry protested, fear in his voice.

"I know my dear boy but I'm sure you have been informed of what happen. It's just a precaution but one we need to make sure you stay safe," Dumbledore reassured him.

Harry relaxed in his seat and smiled, "Okay Headmaster. As long as I can visit my Godfather, I don't mind staying with my relatives."

"Good. Now you can run along, Severus will guide you back to the common room," Dumbledore dismissed them.

"So what did you talk to Dumbledore about?" Draco asked later that night as they were readying for bed.

"Just wanted to make sure I stayed with the Dursleys this summer and didn't run away with Sirius."

"Oh, are you going to run away with Sirius?" Draco questioned, he was turned onto his side, a hand under his head the other drumming silently on the bed.

"No, I'll stay with the Dursleys mostly. I can visit anyone I want though, he can't say anything about that," Harry said, unlike Draco Harry was sitting up on his bed, sketchpad in

lap. He had always liked art, being at the Dursleys he never fully embraced it and he had always been too busy at Hogwarts with Ron and Hermione to have any time to practice. He decided it was time to embrace it this time around, he was pretty good if he said so himself.

"You know he will if you spent too much time away," Draco warned

"Probably," Harry shrugged.

They were quiet for a few minutes before Draco broke the silence, "Do you still feel bad about Thomas?"

Harry frowned, "I didn't feel bad about Thomas per se, I felt bad that I didn't feel..bad. I guess. I was more concerned about who would take over Lee's commentary."

"Oh that's a good point. Thomas was good at it," Draco thought out loud, "But you shouldn't feel bad for how you feel about it Harry. You were never particularly close to Thomas, in either life, not everyone feels heartbreak and responsibility for the death of others. You were made to feel that way before, like it was your responsibility to help save everyone. You know that's not true anymore. This is a new life for us, don't let the old one affect this one."

"That's true," Harry said quietly, "How about you? Did you have a good talk with your father?"

Draco frowned and flopped onto his back, very undignified for a Malfoy Heir, Harry thought.

"Yeah. It was..hard. He wanted more information about what it was like. I thought I had worked through most of it but I was wrong," Draco said whispering by the end of it, his voice full of pain.

Harry put the pad aside and went to Draco, scooting him over and slipping into his bed.

"Why do your sheets feel better than mine? Is this silk?" Harry asked incredulously staring at them.

Draco let out a laugh, "Only the best for a Malfoy, Potter. And why are you in my bed?"

Harry rolled his eyes and got comfortable, waving a hand and turning the lights off.

"Nightmares are better with company."

Neither had nightmares that night.

Christmas at Hogwarts

Chapter Summary

Its Christmas time at Hogwarts and Harry is reintroduced to his Godfather.

Chapter Notes

Hello Friends!!

It's been a few days, moving took more work than I thought it did.

Thank you for everyone who has commented, kudos, bookmarked it. I am so happy people are finding this and loving it.

Until next time Friends!

Consciousness slowly came to Sirius. His body felt heavy, his body was heavy and slow, as though he was slowly being pulled through a vat of molasses.

Sirius blinked slowly as he fully came to consciousness. The room he was in was dim, the large bay windows were covered by thick blue velvet curtains, light only coming from the few candles lit around the room and the large fireplace on the other side of the bed. A low hum of voices came from the people sitting on the large couch in front of the fireplace. Sirius frowned as he tried to remember who the people were, his memories and thoughts were coming slow, as if moving through molasses not giving names to the voices.

"Hello?" Sirius attempted to call out, his voice rough from non use.

The conversation stopped and a woman stood up and made her way over to him quickly, two men following after with a sedated pace.

"Sirius, we weren't expecting you to be awake for a while longer," the woman said as she made her way to him.

She was beautiful, tall and pale with flowing blonde hair and ice blue eyes. He remembered her eyes, a younger version of her giving him a flower, "It's called a narcissus Siri. Maman said I was named after it."

“Cissy?” Sirius questioned

Narcissa eyes softened slightly as she came closer to the bed and after a moments hesitation reached out and grabbed his hand softly, making a small sound of surprise when he grasped her back as tight as he could.

“Its me Siri. How are you feeling?” Narcissa asked softly leaning closer to him.

The men stayed in the back and exchanged a glance, Sirius hadn’t called Narcissa “Cissy” since his first year in Hogwarts.

“Fine. Just...confused,” Sirius frowned, “My memories are....not right.”

“Here drink some water, Lucius, Severus help him sit up,” Narcissa ordered before grabbing the glass of water from the side table.

Lucius and Severus gently grabbed Sirius and helped him into a sitting position. Narcissa gave him water and helped him drink some before he shook his head and leaned against the pillowed behind him.

“You have been in Azakaban for ten years. Peter Pettigrew framed you for the murder of ten muggles and betraying the Potters before going into hiding. He was caught and confessed. Lucius was able to get you when you came out and we got you the best help we could. They put you into a healing sleep which you have been in for over a month,” Narcissa explained slowly. Placing him into the healing sleep was the only option, he had been ravaged by his time in Azkaban and they had not wanted to risk him doing anything foolish, or causing more stress to his body.

“Azkaban,” Sirius said slowly, his eyes were focused on the picture above the fireplace. A young girl was standing infront of a large apple tree, acres of country side behind her. Her hair was a fair blond, grey eyes stood out behind thick lashes. A Malfoy if he had ever seen one. Oh right, Sirius thought his eyes turning to the blonde man standing to the side. Cissy had married Lucius Malfoy right after Hogwarts didn’t she? He faintly remembered the wedding. It was extravagant, only the top tier of society had been invited but he...he didn’t want to be there. He remembered being furious he had been forced to attend.

“I didn’t want to attend your wedding?” Sirius questioned, turning his eyes to his favorite cousin.

“Oh,” Narcissa looked taken aback, “No, you didn’t. You fought Aunt Walburga for weeks about it before you finally agreed to be on good behavior and come.”

“That’s not right,” Sirius mumbled, his eyes were on Narcissa but far away, “You were my Cissy, I would want to be at your wedding. I would never want to miss it.”

Narcissa glanced at Lucius and suddenly Sirius remembered, “I hated Lucius, I didn’t want to attend because you were marrying him.”

“Yes,” Narcissa hesitated slightly before continuing, “I think you need to rest some more Sirius, you seem very confused.”

“Oh I am confused,” Sirius nodded, “I’m confused as to why I wanted to miss my favorite cousins wedding. Especially for such an advantageous match, a love match at that.”

Sirius turned hard eyes to Narcissa, “I need a Master of Legilimency.”

Narcissa looked back and raised an eyebrow, “Severus is a Master.”

To the surprise of everyone in residence Sirius quickly agreed to let Severus into his mind.

“Legilimens!”

Severus fell into Sirius mind with no resistance. Sirius had released every barrier he had created, allowing him free reign.

Severus ignored everything from Azkaban, reaching deeper, past the post Hogwarts years, deeper, past Sirius fighting with his parents and running away. He kept going, further into Sirius memories until he fell into one sometimes from Sirius first year of Hogwarts.

They were in Dumbledore office. Sirius was annoyed that he was in the office, sure he had played a prank on some other Gryffindors but it didn’t warrant this.

“Mr.Black, while pranks can be made in good fun Gryffindor is your home while in Hogwarts. You wouldn’t want to alienate anyone would you?”

Severus didn’t see Dumbledores wand but he saw the effect of the spell that was placed on Sirius at that moment.

A Compulsion, pulling the spell closer Severus examined it. It was only a few simple commands. Gryffindor as your home. Slytherins are your enemy. James Potter is the brother you never knew you wanted. Severus watched as they wrapped around Sirius will, quickly breaking it and fitting into the missing pieces.

“Your right Headmaster,”Sirius said ashamed looking down at his hands, “I will do better.”

“I believe you my boy. I know things can be hard but we must always rise above,”
Dumbledore smiled, the twinkle in his eye bright and smug.

Severus left Sirius mind after that, he didn’t need to see more.

“He placed compulsions,” Severus said as soon as he had gathered his bearings, “Just three, for him to think of Gryffindor as his home, hate Slytherins, and to be as close as possible to

James Potter. Harmless to a point however they festered and he probably reenforced them as often as he could.”

“Are they still there?” Sirius asked, no one bothered asking why Dumbledore would do such a thing, they all knew.

“No, most were completely broken by your time in Azkaban. Anything left I removed before I ended the spell,” Severus said leaning against the bed frame.

“Right,” Sirius said clapping his hands together, “First things first. Severus, I am truly sorry for everything that happen in Hogwarts. It was beyond the pale and I should have been expelled and sent to Azkaban for what I did to you. It was not right and I am ashamed of every action I had.”

Severus stood tall and tilted his head, “Apology accepted, unless you start acting like a mutt again.”

Sirius set out a loud barking laugh, “Deal. Now let's work on getting me out of the damn bed and caught up to what’s been going on.”

~~*

Harrys thought his decision to stay at Hogwarts for Christmas as an obvious one. Draco however, disagreed.

Harry was sitting on his bed, drawing pad in lap pencils surrounding him as he sketched out Dracos final present. Draco had told him in passing his favorite place was a small magical garden that was hidden in their French manor. Full of willows and flowers, a small path circled around and connected into a pavilion in the middle. Harry used Severus to get a picture of the area to make a painting of it.

The door shut with a sharp clip and Harry found Draco standing infront of him with his arms crossed a frown on his face.

“Yes Draco?” Harry asked when it became apparent that Draco was not going to start a conversation, preferring to just stand and glare at Harry.

“Your name isn’t down for leaving at Christmas. My parents have invited you to spend it with us, as you well know. So why is your name not on the list,” Draco demanded.

Ah.

“I know they did, I will spend the next ones with you but this one I need to be at Hogwarts.”

“Why?”

Harry put his things away, keeping the drawing from Dracos eyes that were following his actions. Sitting on the edge of the bed Harry sighed and rubbed his face before leaning back on his hands.

“Dumbledore. He has been keeping an eye on me since Sirius was released, if I’m not here he might try something. And he has my fathers cloak, he gave it to me at Christmas last time, I’m hoping he will do it again this year if he thinks it might give me a push to explore.”

Draco dropped his hands and bit his lip lightly before nodding, “Okay fine. But this is the only time you're staying here for the holidays. It’s plebeian.”

Harry smiled, “Promise. I will spend every Christmas with you after this one.”

Draco blushed lightly, “I will hold you to it.”

Harry couldn’t work on his present anymore with Draco in his room, instead he pulled out his recent letter from Sirius and read over it.

“Is that from the Hall or Severus?” Draco asked from his desk. He was working on his Arithmacy. He couldn’t take the class for two years but he refused to let his skills get rusty.

“Severus,” Harry answered. He placed the letter down and rubbed his hands together. He was receiving multiple letters from Sirius, both from Severus and ones that were delivered to him during breakfast. Letter from breakfast were just smoke screens, basic letters that showed the beginning of a cordial and hesitant relationship between the two. The letters from Severus however were the true letters. Harry wasn’t sure how much of himself he really wanted to show Sirius after knowing him before. He was an adamant Dumbledore fan and a Gryffindor through and through, while he cared about Harry is main thoughts were never on what was best for Harry. Harry told Severus of his worries and was assured that without the compulsions Sirius was a completely different person than the Sirius that had been described to Severus beforehand.

Harry was still trying to work through how he felt about Sirius being under compulsions, they were placed before Harry had ever been born so they must have been there in his previous life as well. Harry already had trust issues in regards to Dumbledore but he didn’t really think the man was throwing compulsions around. The thought of who else might have had similar spells on them caused a shiver of unease to go down Harrys spine.

Was he ever compelled?

The Weasleys?

His parents?

He would never know, but it colored so many interactions he had before.

“He’s reconnecting with your mum. They have been speaking about the past a lot and making new memories. He’s doing good,” Harry informed Draco.

“That’s good. I had no idea they were so close before, but I do remember maman was sad when he died before. It was the only time I heard her yell at Aunt Bellatrix when she was running around bragging about it,” Draco said thoughtfully.

“The things you know,” Harry mumbled.

Draco tried a few more times to convince Harry to change his mind about coming home. With a final pout, Draco left Hogwarts on the train to go home for the Holidays and Harry was left alone in Slytherin. Most of Hogwarts had left home and only a few students remained, including the Weasleys. Harry’s relationship with the Twins had grown in the last few months, even after the Slytherins demolished Gryffindor during the first Quidditch match of the year. Thankfully there was no swallowing of the snitch this time. Severus had protected Harry’s broom before the match and if Quirrell i.e Voldemort tried anything they didn’t notice. That’s not to say the Twins didn’t attempt to get payback, unfortunately they learned just why Harry suggested they didn’t try and prank him. They were only just able to regain access to the Marauders Den, and only after they begged for forgiveness and admitted Harry was the master. Ron however, along with Hermione, Harry took to avoiding as much as possible.

After getting over the trauma that was Dean dying and Pettigrew falling out of his pocket he seemed to think that due to his new popularity he would be a great friend for Harry. It started slowly, a few comments here and there, stopping for small conversations before class and if they ran into each other in the hallways. Harry took these in stride, maintaining an interested facade and never being rude. It soon turned into attempting to talk to or partner with him during every class, Harry let Draco handle those moments with sharp words that tended to offend both of them. Recently they had started to hint to the classroom on the third floor, after a quick look in the library Harry was able to confirm the book with the information on Nicolas Flamel was checked out.

Harry really needed to figure out his plans for the stone, after he found a good time to steal it of course. Before they tried to look into it further.

Without Draco he spent most of his time finishing Draco’s gift and doing watching the Marauders Map to see who was going in and out of the room on the third floor. He also spent time with the twins helping them with their experiments and getting to know them better than he had before.

Before he knew it it was Christmas morning.

Waking up to a pile of presents on his bed he smiled as he ruefully thought back to his first Christmas he spent in Hogwarts before. No sock from the Dursleys this year. Shifting through the presents he separated the gifts given to him by the other Slytherins and more personal

ones from Draco, Sirius and Severus. Near the end of the pile was a familiarly hazard wrapped lumpy present, frowning he opened it up and stared in shock at the Weasley sweater that was in-front of him. Emerald with a gold "H" in front, he reached for the note it came with.

Harry, I feel as if I know you. My Ron has told me so many great things about you! I'm looking forward to meeting you during Summer.

-Mrs. Wealsey

Harry raised an eyebrow, meeting him during summer? What exactly was Ron telling his parents? He knew the twins were keeping their friendship a secret, a mutual decision, but he didn't have anything that would construed as a friendship with Ron. Throwing the present to the side he shifted presents again until he reached the very bottom on the pile.

There is was.

Harry ignored the note on the wrapping and quickly unwrapped his cloak. Like water, Fluid and silvery, he cloak slide into his lap. A sense of warmth spread through Harry, his magic surged forward briefly, cold and sharp, before falling back and humming with contentment. Wrapping his hands around the cloak he held it close to himself and savored the feeling for a moment. Since Halloween he could feel the difference in his magic but it made no changes in anything else. His power level was the same and there was no obvious changes, just the cold edge that seemed to be permanent now. Would he have a similar feeling when he gathered the rest of the Hallows? He had been on the fence before, not even sure he wanted them all in this life but holding this cloak in his hands he knew he had no choice. The hallows were his, he was getting them back.

Harry sat between the twins for Christmas dinner, Ron across from him with Percy on his side.

"Mum said she sent something mate, did you get it?" Ron asked in-between bits of roast chicken and potatoes.

Harry raised an eyebrow, "Yes I did. I didn't expect anything from her so I hope she's not offended by the lack of present. I will make it up to her after the holiday of course."

"Nah it's okay. She won't be expecting anything," Ron said, ears turning pink.

"It's extremely rude to not return presents given. I have already ordered her something," Harry said waving off Rons decline, Harry wasn't sure how he felt about the wedding but he was not setting a bad president because Ron was uncomfortable with is money.

"What did-"

"Our mum send you?" The twins asked looking between Ron and Harry.

"A lovely sweater and some fudge," Harry replied taking a drink of his pumpkin juice.

“Why aren’t you wearing your sweater?”

The better question was why did Ron feel like he needed any information about Harrys actions.

“It’s too informal for Christmas dinner. I only wear such clothing in private,” Harry answered shortly. He himself was wearing nice robes for dinner, while most of the others were wearing their every day clothing.

“Why? It’s just a dinner? Is this a stupid pureblood thing?” Ron asked, making a disgusted face as he always did. Did he forget he was a stupid pureblood?

“No it’s a stupid etiquette thing, even muggles follow it,” Harry answered before turning to Dumbledore.

“Headmaster if you don’t mind I would like a few moments to talk after dinner?” Harry asked respectfully.

“Of course my boy! Meet me in the office after, Severus may accompany you,” Dumbledore smiled.

“Thank you sir,” Harry nodded going back to his dinner and light conversation with the twins.

After dinner Harry and Severus made their way to Dumbledores office.

“Why do you need to speak with the headmaster?” Severus questioned on the trek up to the office.

“Sirius said he sent a notice to Dumbledore for getting a day pass tomorrow to visit him. I’m going to ask if you can accompany me.”

“Ah.”

Walking into Dumbledores office Harry and Severus made themselves comfortable in the chairs, declining the offer of sweets.

Fawkes chirped from his spot and Harry smiled, “Hello Fawkes, did you enjoy my gift?”

“He did,” Dumbledore smiled, “It was very kind of you. I myself enjoyed the socks, they are my favorite.”

“I’m glad. I wasn’t sure what you would like but they reminded me of you Sir,” Harry replied. They really did, gaudy and multicolored Harry had seen them shopping and knew they would be perfect for the Headmaster.

“Did you get anything Severus?” Dumbledore asked cheerfully.

“Some Potion ingredients,” he answered shortly. Some very expensive hard to get potions ingredients, but Dumbledore didn’t need to know that part.

“Lovely! Now, what did you need from me my boy?” Dumbledore asked bringing his attention to Harry.

“I received a letter from Sirius telling me you okayed a day visit for us to meet. I was just wondering how I would get there?”

“Oh yes! Such a lovely thing getting to meet! You will be using my Floo in the morning to make your way to Malfoy Manor where he is located. I would like Severus to accompany you,”Dumbledore said popping a lemon drop into his mouth.

Perfect. “No problem sire, I’ll see you in the morning,” Harry smiled. His magic twinged in warning just as a compulsion hit his shield, capturing it for later examination he took his leave.

Once safely back into his room he pulled it up and looked at it. A distrust into the Malfoy, especially Lucius and to be cautious and wary of Sirius. Interesting. Harry frowned in thought, if he distrusted the Malfoys that would eventually move onto Draco as well. Dumbeldore was cracked if he thought that would work. Harry would never allow that to happen, nor would Draco for that matter. If Harry even hinted of distrusting Draco he would drag him to a mind healer.

Waiting till around midnight Harry grabbed the cloak and slipped it around his shoulders. He knew what Dumbledore intended with the cloak and Harry was curious as to what he would see this time around. His greatest desire had defiantly changed since last time. He missed his parents of course, or missed what they could have been at least, but he also knew they were at peace.

Making his way to the classroom he knew held the Mirror he made perfect time, Dumbeldore was already there waiting disillusioned in the corner of the room. Harry wondered what spell he was using, he couldn’t see a hint of him, but he could feel his magic saturating a corner of the room. Slipping the hood off the cloak Harry cautiously made his way to the mirror.

“Mirror of Erised,” He mumbled quietly, confusion saturating his voice.

Harry stood infront of the mirror for a moment, the vision infront of him brought a smile to his face. Without another word he made his way from the room, both of their curiosity had been met and Harry had no other reason to look at the mirror. He didn’t need to see his desire anymore, he knew it would be reality.

The next morning Harry was positively bouncing in excitement as he waited for Severus to collect him from the common room. He had been so bored the last week without Draco, he didn't realize how much he would miss the prat while he was gone. He knew he would miss him, but actually experiencing it was unpleasant. He needed to find a way to get around the Summer with the Dursleys as much as possible, he wouldn't be alone there for long if he had anything to say about it.

"Lets go," Severus voice was curt as they made their way to the office. Giving a quick goodbye Harry stepped into the Floo and called out his destination, "Malfoy Manor."

Stepping out of the Floo and thanking Merlin he didn't tumble he didn't hesitate giving Draco a hug, who had been standing impatiently on the other side of the Floo for him.

"Thank Merlin, a sane person. You can never leave me alone with Weasley again," Harry mumbled into Dracos hair.

Draco laughed and tightened his arms around Draco, "I will remind you that was completely your fault. But I promise non the less."

Harry pulled away and lightly punched Dracos shoulder, "Don't throw my own choices in my face. It's rude."

"Hello Uncle Severus," Draco greeted Severus, ignoring Harry.

"Good morning Draco. If you will excuse me, I will leave Harry in your hands and make my way to my potions room," Severus said giving them a nod and making this way out through a door Harry hadn't noticed before.

"Did you like your present?" Harry asked as they were left alone.

Draco smiled, "I loved it. How did you even know what it looked like?"

"I made Severus get me a photo, it wasn't the greatest but it made due. I love the cloak, it was beautiful."

"Did you get the other cloak?"

"Yes and I have to tell you something later," Harry said.

"Later, you have to meet Sirius. He's...interesting," Draco said grabbing Harrys hand and leading him out.

Harry shivered as they walked through the entrance hall, he swore he could hear Hermione screaming as Bellatrix tortured her. Echoing around the large hall, he couldn't help but glance

around for them. Sometimes he thought the memories of the war would never fully leave him, no matter how long ago it had been. Nightmares still plagued him occasionally, he was sure tonight would be no different.

“Okay?” Draco asked concerned as he felt Harry tighten his grasp on his hand.

“Memories,” Harry said quietly, he didn’t need to explain further.

“Oh. I still avoid the Dinning room as much as possible,” Draco said quietly, eyes darting to the side to the double doors that Harry assumed lead to the dinning room.

Harry grimaced, “I don’t blame you. Shit was terrifying.”

“Did you see?”

“Unfortunately. I don’t know if it was on purpose at that point but the worst tended to make it through,” Harry said.

The rest of the walk was quiet. Harry took a better look around as they walked, the manor really was beautiful once you got past the..well past. Large and opulent as he had always thought, no wonder Draco had such a big head.

Entering the Sun room Harry came to an abrupt stop as he got his first look at Sirius. His last real memory of Sirius was him falling through the veil, gaunt and miserable form being stuck at Grimmauld Place. Taking the first chance at escape to rescue his godson from Voldemort, trying to protect him the best he could in the circumstance. Calling him James before battling Bellatrix. He had never fully recovered from Azkaban before, his mind stuck in his teens. It wasn’t the first time he called Harry by his fathers name, he would sometimes forget where he was, what time he was in. He always had an air of desperation and depression around him, only brightening slightly when they were alone and talking.

This Sirius was completely different.

Standing tall by the fireplace, he was looked healthy. His skin flushed, body filled out and no longer emancipated by his time in Azkaban, his hair was thick and curly falling just above his shoulders. His robes were expensive and seemed to flow with his movements and he gestured in his conversation with Narcissa Malfoy. Sirius turned to them as they walked through the door, as if he had a beaten to Harrys position. His Silver eyes seemed too soak in Harry, tracing his features, his face held a hint of hesitation, as if he was unsure of his next actions. That wouldn’t do.

Harry didn’t hesitate, making his way to his godfather he threw his arms around him tightly and held on, holding his face into Sirius chest. Sirius arms wrapped around him and held him just as tightly. Harry could feel Sirius shaking slightly, Harry knew he was the same and didn’t bother trying to hide his watery eyes.

“It’s good to see you Padfoot,” Harry whispered horsely against Sirius chest.

Sirius let out a weak chuckle and pulled away, holding Harry's shoulders as he took a long look at him.

"I was told you look just like James. But those eyes, those eyes are all Lily," Sirius said quietly, "You have grown Pronglet."

"That tends to happen to children. Azkaban didn't take the rest of your wits did it," Harry said with a smile.

"I see you have Lily's attitude as well, hopefully not her temper," Sirius said smiling back.

"I admit to nothing."

Sirius threw his head back and laughed, more carefree than Harry had ever heard. His heart jolted with sorrow that his Sirius had never felt this again before his death.

"Come sit," Narcissa said with a smile as she directed them to the couches.

"My apologies Lady Malfoy, you look as beautiful as the daylight," Harry said with a bow of his head, a bouquet of roses appearing in his hands.

"He has the black charm!" Sirius cheered, "That will help with the ladies." He added with a wink to Harry.

Harry just smiled, he heard Draco's small huff behind him quite so only Harry could hear.

They sat down and readied their tea, Sirius once again seemed hesitant as to what to say.

"So how is school going?" He finally asked.

"Good. I'm top of Charms, Transfiguration and Defence against the dark art. Behind Draco is the rest, except Herbology. Neville Longbottom is holding that spot strong," Harry answered fixing Draco's tea before handing it to him.

Sirius followed the motion with his eyes and shared a look with Narcissa whose eyes had also followed the motion. Harry ignored them, sooner they learned the better. Even if him and Draco hadn't exactly talked about it.

"Neville, he's Alice's and Frank's isn't he?" Sirius asked, making a mental note to talk to Narcissa later.

"Yes, he's an ace at Herbology. He struggles in other classes though, I think it's his wand," Harry said.

"His wand?" Narcissa questioned.

"Yeah. It was his dad's but doesn't seem to work. He has power I can sense it but his wand work doesn't match it," Harry answered.

"You can..sense his magic?" Sirius asked raising an eyebrow.

“Yep. I can sense everyones magic, since I stepped foot in Diagon Alley,” Harry answered truthfully. He assumed the power came from the hallows because he defiantly wasn’t able to do it before.

“That’s an extremely rare gift, you're incredibly lucky,” Narcissa said softly, Harry could hear the plans she was making in her mind from his seat.

“That’s what Draco said as well,” Harry nodded.

“Do you have any other gifts? The Potters haven’t had a magic sensor in many generations,” Sirius asked.

“Parseltongue,” Harry said.

Sirius and Narcissa coughed on their tea before giving him the same look.

“The family resemblance is uncanny,” Harry said looking at them closely, “Do you all look alike?”

“Most of us. Cissy sisters are almost twins,” Sirius said.

“What about you and Regulus?” Harry questioned without thinking. He knew the minute he made mistake when he felt Draco tense and Sirius looked at him closer. Bollocks.

“We were very alike,” Sirius said slowly, “I wasn’t aware you knew the family tree.”

Harry signed and looked up to the sky before looking to Draco who shrugged minutely as if to say “Your choice”. Unhelpful.

“The err..goblins showed me?” It came out as a question, what was wrong with him?

“The Goblins,” Sirius said, his tone showing his disbelief.

“Yep. Goblins,” Harry nodded, more confident this time.

“Right. I don’t believe you but I’ll let it go,” Sirius said brightly, “What else has been going on at Hogwarts? Have you pranked anyone yet? Used to enjoy that myself.”

“Not personally no. I have helped the Fred and George Weasley in some of their pranks but they do them themselves. Deniability and all. They found the den actually.”

“Did they? We're the spells still up?”

“Yes. They didn’t know what it was originally though, I showed them when they gave me the map,” Harry said.

“You have the map?” Sirius asked excitedly, “Pettigrew got it confiscated our seventh year. I’m glad it fell into the right hands.”

“They nicked it from filch in their first year apparently. Honestly they're brilliant, they will be going places,” Harry said as he accepted a new tea from Draco, thanking him with a smile.

“Are you close to any of the others?” Sirius asked, his eyes tightening a little.

“Not really. Percy is a prefect so I haven't had a reason to really speak with him, I avoid Ron as much as possible. He's a bit of a prat,” Harry said honestly.

“Met him as a baby a few times. He was very fussy,” Sirius said rubbing his chin in thought, “Have you met Molly or Arthur?”

“No, I was sent a sweater and some fudge by Mrs. Weasley for Christmas though. Apparently Ron has been talking about our “great friendship”, she did mention going to theirs for Summer. I will not be doing that.”

“I see. I'm going to be frank with you Harry, you don't want to get too close to them. They might seem like a trustworthy family but they aren't the sort you want to be too involved with,” Sirius said seriously.

“There blood traitors you mean,” Draco said from Harry's side, “You don't need to mince words with Harry, he is well aware of the type of people they are.”

Harry nodded in agreement, “Draco's right. I am well versed in pureblood politics Sirius.”

“I was told you were raised by Lily's sister. Even spending some months learning from Draco may not have been enough,” Sirius defended himself.

“I read a lot,” Harry said, “Once I realized my place in the world I refused to let myself be ignorant of the traditions. I've read several tomes along with Draco's help.”

Harry listed the books he had read at Narcissa's inquiry, both adults nodded in satisfaction at the titles.

“Do you mind if I give Harry a tour?” Draco asked.

With permission the boys left and Draco started explaining the history of the manor and his family as soon as they started leaving the room. Harry made sure to nod in the right places looked at Draco in fond amusement.

“Do you see what I do Siri?” Narcissa asked Sirius as soon as the doors shut and they could no longer hear the boys.

“James looked at Lily the same way,” Sirius said, lips turning up in a sad smile, “Should we set up a contract?”

“It's too early for that. Maybe in a few years if they still seem as interested,” Narcissa said after a thought.

“Do you believe him about the goblins?” Sirius asked.

“Not at all. There is something going on with them, Lucius and I'm sure Severus know what it is. They have been tight lipped to all of my questions however,” Narcissa frowned, “Draco changed during the summer, right after his birthday.”

“How?”

“He became more aware of his surroundings I suppose. He was hesitant going into rooms, especially the dinning room in fact he had started to avoid it. And...he wasn't as care free as he was, overnight he seemed to mature.”

“Any ideas?” Sirius asked frowning.

“Oh several, everyone more farfetched than the last.”

“What is wrong with you?” Draco asked ask they left the room and went on the tour.

“I have no idea,” Harry said thoughtfully, “I thought I was a much better liar than that.”

“Do you want to tell him?”

“I dunno. Maybe? I don't know him really but I feel like I can trust him,” Harry said, his eyes taking in the paintings that hung on the walls. Most of them frowned at him in disdain, some however offered smiles and waves, “You have some snobby ancestors.”

“I know. Some of them even hate me, and I'm the heir,” Draco rolled his eyes and pulled Harry down another hallway.

This hallway had more portraits but these ones had a distinct differences. They had the same background and as Harry looked he saw the same nose, eyes, hair. The styles of robes changed but he could tell they were all of expensive quality, each man had their hands resting on a cane and stared at them various expressions.

“Past Lords?” Harry asked.

“Yes. Every Malfoy Lord gets a portrait on these hallways when they die for 20 generations or so. At some point they get transferred to another room to make way for a new Lord when needed. This one is my Grandfather,” Draco gestured to a man who looked remarkably like Lucius, or did Lucius look like him? His face was set into a cruel sneer as he stared down at them.

“Looks like a nice man,” Harry mumbled to Draco before giving the portrait a large smile and wave.

Draco didn't comment. Stopping at the large double doors at the end of the hall with the Malfoy Crest, “This is the family wing. Normally only family is allowed past the doors, but my parents gave me permission to allow you through. Father said he would add to the wards at a later time.”

“Already adding me to family wards? I'm flattered,” Harry teased Draco before taking his hand and allowing himself to be pulled through.

“Shut up. And my Grandfather was an arse,” Draco laughed as the doors shut, “Have to be careful what I say around them, they can't do anything but they can be very annoying.”

“I'm sure,” Harry said thinking of the portrait of Wallberga that he knew was still up in Grimmauld place.

“Uncle Severus has a room in this hall, as does Sirius. I'm sure my parents will give you one as well.”

“Can't I just share with you? I am getting added to the family wards after all,” Harry quipped walking forward with a small bounce.

“Not without a contract. If I would even want one with you,” Draco huffed leading them to another door that Harry assumed was his room.

“You wound me. I'm gutted.”

Dracos room was exactly as Harry had thought it would be. Over the top. The door opened to a small sitting room with a fire to the side, large bay windows opened to a balcony that looked over a quidditch pitch. The double doors to the left, what was it with old houses and double doors, were open and Harry could see a large bed that took up the middle of the room with two more doors against the far wall.

“Nice,” Harry commented as he made his way around the room. Stopping at the bedroom door took a better look and caught site of the ceiling.

“Is your ceiling made of *glass*?” Harry asked surprised taking a further step into the room looking at the clouds as they moved peacefully through the sky.

“Yes. I have always loved the sky and stars, mother wanted me to never forget my Black heritage,” Draco said fondly as he stood next to Harry and looked up.

“I am so staying the night in this room. I'll set up a sleeping bag on the floor if I have to but I have to see this at night,” Harry said eyes transfixed not he ceiling.

“What's a sleeping bag?”

Harry looked over at Draco and stared at him for a moment before laughing.

“Harry stop laughing! What’s a sleeping bag!”

Christmas with the Malfoys

Chapter Summary

Harry officially meets Sirius and spends some quality time with the Malfoys.

Chapter Notes

Hello Friends! Happy Easter..Passover..Sunday..or any other religion that may fall on this day I am not aware of! I hope it was a good one!

I know it's been a bit but I found it hard to post the last couple weeks. Im working through why but it might be a little slow.

I also have been completely obsessed with Dying Light 2, thanks ADHD and spent a week in bed because of depression. But who hasn't really.

Thank you to everyone who has reviewed, bookmarked or left Kudos, this ones for you.
:)

Sirius and Narcissa knew they were missing something. When the boys finally came down from the tour Harry was still laughing at the sleeping bag incident, while Draco was slightly red in embarrassment. In his defense he never had to use a sleeping bag before, he was a pureblood for bloody sake. Lucius had been home by that point and his greeting of Harry was...strange. He was kind, as any proper host would be but there was a level of respect that he had shown that had both Sirius and Narcissa raising an eyebrow to each other.

"Do you think he's the Dark Lord in disguise?" Sirius asked Narcissa quietly. They were still enjoying tea while Lucius was getting caught up by Draco and Harry on how the year had gone.

"Of course not," Narcissa said before hesitating and adding, "At least I hope not. Him and Draco are close and you know I want Draco to have nothing to do with the Dark Lord."

Sirius nodded. He had spent the last several weeks getting to know his cousin again, her abhorrence for what the Dark Lord had become was a hot topic.

"How are you feeling? I know you were concerned of your meeting,"Narcissa asked Sirius.

For the last two days he had been pacing his bedroom waiting for the day to come. What would Harry be like? Sirius knew he was brilliant and did well in school, he was the youngest seeker in the century and that he had friends in all houses. But who was he really? Was he arrogant and hotheaded like James? Or did he have the quiet viciousness that Lily possessed? His most pressing question was where Harry had grown up, he knew it was in the muggle world. He had gone to none of his godparents or anyone that would have been considered close family in the Wizarding world. Any questions were ignored or directed somewhere else in their private letters however. Sirius had a suspicion that he was not going to like the answer, as it was he had no idea who Harry could have gone too. He knew it had to have been with Lily's family, but he couldn't remember.

His memories were still foggy and most of them were confusing. It was as if he was watching from an outside perspective, as a stranger. Things that were said, things that were done that he would never have thought of doing. Sure his relationship with his mother wasn't the best, she raised him in a dark household, just as she had been raised. Sirius wouldn't lie to himself, there was contention. He wanted to be more than a "Black", he never wanted the label that he had been born with. There was a reason he chose Gryffindor during his sorting after all, it was incredibly brave to want to be outside the norm of one's family. But his relationship with his Father? Regulus? Those relationships were strong when he went to school. His father was always strong and silent with him, but kind and taught him everything he ever wanted to know. How to hold a wand, ride a broom, gave him books and lessons on being an heir that weren't incredibly boring as so many were. His brother was his favorite person, from the moment he was born Sirius vowed to protect him from anything that would hurt him. Even their mother if her learnings went too far into the dark.

That summer after his first year of Hogwarts a change started, he wasn't as close to his brother. He spent more time ignoring his parents and wrote letter after letter to James. It was slow, but the damage was done by the beginning of his third year, the first year he spent with Regulus at the school. Sorted into Slytherin as expected Sirius took to ignoring his little brother. Avoided him in corridors, ignored him when he would ask questions or try and spend time with him. James, Remus and Peter were his family now, they were the correct sort of people he wanted to be with. Not anyone from his dark family.

"Good. I don't think he hates me for abandoning him," Sirius finally said.

"Draco did tell you not to worry. There is more than meets the eye to that boy," Narcissa said.

A small house elf popped in next to her.

"Dobby!" Harry said happily from his seat, turning his body to face the small elf.

"Great Harry Potter knows Dobby?" The house elf large green eyes were wide as it stared in awe at Harry.

Draco sighed from behind Harry and mumbled something to his father, Lucius thought for a moment before nodding to whatever was said.

“Er yeah. Of course I do,” Harry said internally cursing himself, “Draco has mentioned you a few times.”

“Yes,” Draco nodded from behind him, “It was when I was telling him about house elves.”

“Right,” Harry said nodding as well.

“I raised you to be a better liar Draco,” Lucius said quietly for only the boys to hear.

“I know,” Draco whispered back, “Blame the bloody boy wonder.”

Harry turned to them and glared, “Shut up,” He hissed before turning back to Dobby.

He needed to control himself better when he was surprised with people he still cared about from before or he was going to get himself placed in the Janus Thickery Ward. It was hard seeing his friend again, Dobby had been undyingly loyal to him before. He always tried to save him, sure some of his methods were not the best but it was the thought that counted.

“Did you need something Dobby,” Narcissa asked.

“Yes Mistress, dinner is ready.”

“Very good. We will head there now, return to your duties Dobby,” Narcissa said standing up and straightening her robes.

“Let us adjourn to the Dinning room.”

Allowing Sirius to escort her they made their way out with the rest following them. As they got closer to the Dinning room Draco started to tense, Harry stepped closer to him and brushed his arm with his, “Can we not eat anywhere else?” He questioned quietly.

“No its traditional with first time guest, next time yes,” Draco said just as quiet, a shiver working through him as they entered to room.

Harry froze at the doorway looking at the table. Memories assaulted him.

The dark lord holding house, the muggle studies teacher...Burbage..falling to the table begging Snape for help. Nagini.

Nope. Harry was out.

“No. I won’t eat in this room,” Harry said backing out, the scene of Nagini eating the begging witch playing over and over in his mind, “I apologize but it will not be happening.”

Sirius and Narcissa looked at him confused, Lucius had a knowing sad look in his eyes and Draco was looking at him with wide eyes.

“Listen. There are some things you don’t know,” Harry said looking at Sirius and Narcissa dropping all pretenses, “You know this, we know this. You will find out soon but for now I need you to understand I will not eat in this room. Especially not at that table.”

“It is tradition...”Narcissa trailed off glancing between her husband, child and guest.

“Nope. Not doing it. Sirius is your cousin, I am his heir which means I am family. So what’s the tradition for family?”

“The family dinning room but-“

Harry nodded and took another step back, “Excellent. Draco let's go.”

Draco was still shocked but started to lead Harry to the family dinning room, “Your going to have to apologize to my mother.”

“Tell me what to do and I will do it. If I need to buy something ridiculously expensive as a gift I will. But I will not eat in that room and I will not allow you to eat in it as well. Frankly if I had stood there looking at that room any longer I would have put the Fiendfyre to test.”

“Can you cast that?”

“Never tired but no time like the present I like to say,” Harry sent Draco a small smile.

Draco blanched, “Not in my house, you could destroy my room.”

“Oh that would be an atrocity. I promise to not cast until I know I can control it,” Harry promised as they came to a room that was much smaller and dare Harry think cozier?

The elves were already at work setting the room up for dinner, Harry didn’t know who had them do this but was thankful.

“You sit here on the left of father. Sirius will be next to you, mother across from you and I will be across from Sirius,”Draco explained as they stood behind their chairs.

“I remember. When we come back me and Sirius will be switched right? As I will no longer be the “guest”?”

“Yes,” Draco answered.

The rest filled into the room and waited for Harry to take his seat before the rest of them followed suit.

“I would like to apologize to you Lady Malfoy, I was rude before and it was inexcusable,” Harry said to Narcissa with a slight frown, “I will make it up to you.”

“Thank you Harry but please call me Narcissa and do not bother yourself with a gift. I don’t know what the cause of that was but I believe you would have not done it without a good reason.”

“Thank you Narcissa but I will still find a way,” Harry smiled at her.

The tenseness of dinner slowly started to fade as they ate and made small talk around the table. Harry gladly filled Sirius in on how school was going, he skillfully avoided his

Homelife. Sirius expressed his concerns on how the other Slytherins took him being sorted into his house, knowing full well how inductions could go.

“Oh no they are fine with it. There were some problems on the first night but they were handled and everyone gets along now. I’m even friends with quite a few upper years,” Harry told him.

“That’s good. Your parents would have been proud of you Harry, just as I am. Regardless of which house you were in there are great friends that can be made,” Sirius said.

Harry smiled. He no longer strived for his parents pride, he knew regardless of his path they would have supported him, but it was nice to hear.

“Thank you Padfoot.”

~~*

After dinner they once again made their way to the sitting room Harry had seen when he first arrived. Tea and cookies were already waiting. Harry was sad he was going to leave soon, he wanted more time to get to know this new Sirius. He was happier than Harry had ever known him, his eyes that always held such pain and shadows were bright and warm. He hadn’t once called him James or really mentioned his parents, instead focusing on Harry and his life actually getting to know him as a real person and not a left over of his best friend. His attitude was different as well, he didn’t seem so quick to anger or like he would allow Molly Weasley to destroy his house again. He took pride being a member of the house of Black, even if he admitted to wanting to change some things about it. Harry knew, of course, about the compulsions but the difference in the way Sirius spoke about his family was more than Harry could have imagined.

“Severus! So nice of you to join us,” Lucius said with a smile, patting Severus on the back and inviting him to have a seat next to him, “You missed dinner of course.”

“My apologies, my potion was at a level I could not leave it. I assumed you would have been a decent host and would not have needed me to watch over Harry shoulder,” Severus said dryly as he accepted his drink.

“They have been amazing professor,” Harry smiled over at him before glancing at Sirius who still sat with a lazy smile on his face. That was another change, Sirius and Severus could never be in the same room before for longer than two minutes before one was at the others neck. Getting Sirius the proper help after Azkaban worked miracles.

“Is it time to leave professor?” Harry asked getting ready to stand and say his goodbyes.

“No, I received a massive from Headmaster Dumbledore. He has graciously decided to allow you more time with your Godfather and you may stay until tomorrow at dinner,” Severus said

with a roll of his eyes.

Harry snorted, “Graciously. Right.”

Harry caught Sirius look out curiosity out of the corner of his eye. The topic of Dumbledore had largely been avoided through out their letters and conversations at dinner. Severus had been the one to tell Harry about the compulsions and he wasn’t sure Sirius even knew that Harry had become aware of that fact.

“You don’t think it was gracious of him to allow you to stay?” Sirius questioned.

Harry hesitated. Did he tell him the truth?

Harry had no way of making sure Sirius wouldn’t betray him, and in turn Draco. Unlike the others there was no brand that he could just take over to ensure silence, which reminded him, he really needed to look into those brands and what he actually did. But he had been practicing “Obliviate”, he could probably pull it off if he really needed to. Maybe Lucius or Severus had a type of binding spell or something that they could use?

He really needed to start planning things out more.

“Give me one moment and I’ll answer that,” Harry said before standing and calling out to Lucius and Severus, “Can I speak with you outside for a moment? Draco too.”

“What do you need?” Lucius asked as soon as the door was shut behind them, Harry threw out a few privacy spells to ensure they couldn’t eavesdrop from the other side.

“Is there a way of making sure they can’t speak on what I tell them? I remember reading something about it in a book at one point but I don’t remember specifics,” Harry asked quickly.

“There are a few. The best option will be a secrecy orb but I don’t have one on hand,” Lucius said after thinking about it.

“Can we make one?”

“They are very complex Harry. It takes immense magic power and is a complex spell. It also takes quite a bit of arithmacy,” Severus said, he knew Harry was powerful but not this powerful.

Harry turned too Draco, “Could you figure out the Arithmacy?”

Draco raised an eyebrow, “From what I remember about it defiantly.”

“Excellent,” Harry clapped his hand together, “Severus you go in and distract. Lucius if you could find me a book on it I would appreciate it.”

Severus raised an eyebrow and went back into the room, if the boy wanted to fail what was it to him.

“Follow me,” Lucius said before leading them down the opposite hallway of the family wing and up the stairs to the next floor and down another hallway to another set of double doors.

“Why are there so many double doors?” Harry asked, “Is it to make it look pretentious because it does.”

“The doors act as a barrier to sounds and light from the hallway. It was also common in more affluent homes as a sign of wealth, it was very common when the manor was built,” Lucius answered as he directed them to the back of the library and pressed his cane into a small groove on the wall. The wall of books before them shimmered before disappearing and was replaced with a smaller door. It was made of dark wood with golden hinges and hardware reaching from the sides of the door and swirling into the middle.

“So I was right, it was to make it look more pretentious,” Harry said as they entered the private library. The manor library had floor to ceiling book cases with ladders on every other wall, large bookcases took up a large part of the back of the library with a sitting area in front of a fireplace in front of the front doors. It reminded Harry of the scene from *Beauty and the Beast* that he had seen as a child. This library was smaller, from the door around the room was bookcases that were about ten feet high. There were cases with weapons around the room, in the center of the room as a podium with a large book laying across.

“This is the family library. We have a few library hidden in the manor, each one directed to a singular branch of magic. This one however is where we hold the most important and valuable toms. This book,” Lucius stopped by the podium and placed a hand on top, “This is the family Grimoire. Only those of Malfoy blood may touch it, a curse is placed for everyone else so do keep your hands away.”

“What kind of curse?” Harry asked, he walked close to the Grimoire and ran his hand over the top of it. The magic felt warm and dark, he could feel tendrils of something hot and sharp lightly touching his palm as it went over, “It feels dark.”

Lucius watched him with sharp calculating eyes, “I have never seen it in action personally but I have heard those who have fallen to it had long painful deaths.”

“Interesting,” Harry mumbled swiping his hand over the book again, this time closer. He let his hand hover close to the pages feeling those sharp tendrils connect to his magic. Harry closed his eyes as he felt the magic against his, it felt as if it was pulling his magic in before pushing and pulling it back.

“Harry?” Draco questioned stepping closer to him, ready to pull him away if needed.

“Draco stay back,” Lucius warned, “You remember the book testing you as a child yes?”

“Yes but why-,” Draco stopped and let out a sound of confusion, “How could he have Malfoy blood!”

“I do not know,” Lucius admitted, “There have been squibs in previous generations that were disowned. Some of our ancestors were cads as well, there could have been bastard children that were hidden.”

“Wouldn’t a bastard child appear on the family tapestry?” Draco looked to the other side of the room where a large tapestry was placed along the wall.

“There are rituals to hide it, it could have been from a generation that we can not currently see.”

“So he’s not going to be a cousin or anything,” Draco asked.

“If he is it wouldn’t be a direct cousin.”

Harry’s eyes snapped open as the magic gave one last pull and his hand smacked against the book. He snatched his hand away quickly, stumbling back a few steps and holding it close to his chest, “Oh Merlin, I’m going to die. Again.”

Draco snorted before placing a hand over his mouth.

“Do not fear young Harry, your life will still be long. The book tests all Malfoy blood before allowing them to be able to use the book. Congratulations, you passed,” Lucius said.

Harry stared at him with his jaw dropped slightly. He had Malfoy blood? Merlin he better not be Draco’s cousin.

“I’m not Draco’s cousin or anything am I?”

Draco dropped his hand and laughed, Harry looked at him in annoyance, “This isn’t a laughing matter Draco! Are we cousins?”

“You may be, but it would be several generations removed. We haven’t had a squib or bastard child at least four generations,” Lucius assured him.

“Okay good. Now where the bloody hell did the blood come from?” Harry questioned as he started flipping through the family Grimoire, he made a note of a few of the spells. Most of the book was filled with Arithmacy and equations that Harry couldn’t even see where it started.

“Your family specialty is Arithmacy?” Harry asked looking up. Most ancient families had specialties, areas of magic that they found came easier to them and was the most natural for them to perform. The Potter specialty was Transfiguration, it was rumored to be dueling but the duelers they did have used heavy transfiguration in their duels. The family has always allowed the rumors of course, it made it harder for people to really know.

“Yes. Are you any good?”

“I have no idea. Never tried,” Harry shrugged, “Where is the book on the orb so we can get started.”

Severus wasn't lying. The secrecy orb was an intense piece of magic. The spell itself read more as a chant that was cast over a glass orb that was scribed with the correct Arithmancy.

"Merlin," Harry said as he was reading over the chant, "You good over there Draco?"

"Of course. It's not nearly as hard as I thought it might be. You?"

"Yep. Lucius had to help with a couple words but seems easy enough."

Draco had the orb etched quickly and they made their way through door that was hidden behind the tapestry and into a ritual room. Placing the orb down on the table in the middle of the ritual circle Draco went to his father's side and waited for Harry.

"If I mess this up will you guys be in danger?" Harry asked as he stretched his shoulders and cracked his knuckles.

"A shield should stand to any backlash as long as you're channeling your magic correctly," Lucius said before erecting the shield in question. He wanted to have Draco leave the room for his safety. Better trained wizards than them have failed creating an Orb and none of them had been children. He didn't know one wizard that could create one, except maybe the Dark Lord and Dumbledore.

Harry stood in front of the orb and rubbed his hands together, he was ninety percent sure he could do this.

Okay like eighty percent.

But like he told Draco, no time like the present.

Flashing Lucius a quick smile he turned to the orb and took a deep breath. Letting his magic flow through him, warm and happy with an ice edge, he lifted his hands and started the chant.

"Where is his wand?" Lucius asked Draco urgently, "He needs the wand to properly channel."

"Harry only uses his wand for show in class. He says it feels too restrictive," Draco said.

Lucius' eyes widened and he turned back to Harry. Merlin, this was not going to work.

Harry ignored them as he focused on his magic on the orb, twisting his magic to work to his advantage in the chant. He didn't know how long he was chanting for before the orb levitated and the etchings were observed into the orb with his magic. It lowered gently to the table, the clear orb was now glowing a soft white with silver swirling gently inside.

Harry let out a "Whoop" and punched his hand into the air.

"That's what it's supposed to look like right?" Harry asked grinning from ear to ear.

"Yes Mr. Potter it is," Lucius said faintly, he couldn't believe they had done it.

“That was pretty easy actual, you had me concerned. Let’s get back to the others.”

Harry picked up the orb and placed it into his pocket, they quickly made their way back to the sitting room.

Narcissa and Sirius were tense as they talked quietly while Severus was reading a book in his normal chair.

Harry placed the orb on the table, “If you guys can please place your hands on the orb and swear to secrecy.”

“Where did you get one of those?” Sirius questioned as he did as asked.

“I’ll tell you in a bit,” Harry answered.

Harry sat in the love seat with Draco once they had took the vow and looked Sirius in the eye, “I think Dumbledore is only “gracious” when it will benefit him and there is a chance I will be thankful or grateful for him.”

Sirius blinked, he was not expecting that, “Why do you think that?”

“Because he wants me to be grateful for him. To look up at him as a mentor and friend so when the Dark Lord comes back he will have the perfect weapon to use against him. As stated in the prophecy.”

“How do you know about that,” Sirius whispered leaning forward. There was absolutely no way Harry could know about the prophecy. Dumbledore would never have told him hell even Sirius didn’t know what it fully contained.

Harry took a deep breath, “Me and Draco are from the future. Kind of.”

Sirius and Narcissa shared a look of disbelief.

“From the future?”

“Kind of?”

“We didn’t exactly come back in time any normal way you could think of. We died and were sent back,” Harry explained. Harry and Draco had decided to leave out the death part for now.

“That-that’s not possible,” Narcissa whispered.

“Believe me it is. I lived until I was killed at seventeen and woke up in my body the night my parents were killed,” Harry said meeting her eyes, “I know it sounds insane, but I promise its the truth.”

“And you Draco?” Narcissa said in almost a whisper staring at her son, dread filled her gut like a stone. She recognized the feeling, she would never be a proper seer like her Great Aunt Cassiopeia but just enough was in her blood to give her a hint.

“I made it to twenty two. I was killed in a manor raid then it was the day after my eleventh birthday,” Draco confirmed reaching over and grasping her hand, squeezing it when he felt the slight tremor.

“The day you changed,” She whispered, her eyes closing.

Draco got up and drew her into a tight hug, he was whispering in her ear. Harry turned to Sirius who still staring at him, Harry didn’t know what the look was but he suspected it was shock.

“Sirius? Do you need anything?” Harry asked catching his attention.

“Are you sure? What if someone put the thoughts into your head to confuse you? Or maybe you hit your head?”

Harry knelt in front of Sirius chair and grasped his forearms, “I am positive Sirius. I died and came back to make things better. To make them right.”

“That explains why you speak like you're an adult,” Sirius said.

“Yeah. I’m much better at being child at school though. No one suspects me, I have Severus keeping an ear out of that.”

Sirius looked over to Lucius and Severus who were sitting quietly, not at all surprised.

“They knew?”

“Yeah but I kinda control their mark now. So they couldn’t really say anything even if they wanted to.”

“What?”

Narcissa pulled from Draco and stared at Harry.

Harry grimaced slightly, “It was honestly an accident. I didn’t know what I was doing when I did it to Severus, it just kinda...happened. Lucius happen later because we knew we needed more help to make our changes happen.”

“I need a drink. A strong one,” Sirius announced, Lucius instantly summoned some very old whiskey and gave him two fingers worth. Sirius drank it and held out the cup for more which he took a small sip of. He didn’t know what to think. Maybe it was a dream? He pinched himself, it hurt. Not a dream then, he didn’t even think he could have dreamed this up.

“I’m not saying I don’t believe you. Either of you, it's just....alot,” Sirius said taking another sip, fighting the urge to drink the entire cup. Or the bottle.

“I could show you my memories? I can lower my barriers for you,” Harry offered not offended in the least.

“Maybe we should put some memories into a pensive? So anyone who wants to see can look?” Draco questioned from his mothers side.

Harry glanced up at him, “That’s actually a great idea. My shield would take forever to get back up.”

“Do you guys have one?” Harry asked Lucius.

“In my study. Shall we?”

Draco guided his mother out of the room with the men following. Lucius study was beautiful, dark Mahogany furniture fit in the room perfectly. His desk was in front of large book cases, with a sitting area on the opposite side in front of yet another fireplace.

“Do all wizarding houses have so many fireplaces? I only remember Grimmauld and the Burrow having one.” Harry asked.

“When did you see Grimmauld-Right. Never mind. Manors usually do, both to keep things warm but also for multiple options for visitors. Some business will be done in specific rooms and such. Grimmauld actually has three-the kitchen, main entrance room and my fathers study,” Sirius answered for him.

“Huh. I only saw the one in the kitchen, I never even knew there was a main entrance room and I spent a bit of time there,” Harry said.

“Some manors have hidden rooms that can only be opened or shown by the Lord of the house. Was I not the Lord?” Sirius asked confused.

“Well...we will get to that. Yeah?”

Lucius made his way to a painting of a large field that was on the wall by the window and placed his hand on the painting. The painting disappeared and a large hole appeared in the wall, several antics piled inside. He pulled the pensive from his wall and placed it on the table, everyone took their places around it.

“I’m only going to show you a few memories, to prove we aren’t crazy. The rest we can explain after. So where do we start?” Harry asked Draco.

“First year?” Draco suggested

“My eleventh birthday it is.”

~~*

“Where are we?” Sirius asked as they landed in the pensieve.

The shack was worse than Harry remembered it. Dark and dank it creaked and shook with the harsh winds that hit it.

“I’m going to explain a bit, but I would like to point out that this is my old life. None of this happen this time, my childhood was completely different. Okay?” Harry said, he started the memory a bit before Hagrid would appear to give him time. Draco moved to Harry side, giving him comfort in his warmth.

“I grew up with my Aunt Petunia and her husband, Vernon Dursley. Dumbledore placed me with them the night my parents died. They spent my entire childhood trying to beat the magic out of me, any accidental magic done was met with violence and hatred. I never knew it was real or that I was a wizard until I received my letter. When the letters started Vernon absolutely lost it, we ended up here after a week of trying to dodge the letters that were growing every day.”

“If you grew up with muggles a teacher should have delivered the letter,” Lucius said.

“Eventually someone did but only after I didn’t reply, I have no idea why Dumbledore didn’t send someone before. I used to think it was because he assumed Petunia would have told me about magic. I have a different suspicion but I’ll get to that later.”

“Merlin Harry, you were so small,” Draco whispered as they made their way over to where he was laying on the hard floor, his small hands making a cake out of the dirt on the floor. The difference in them was staggering, even to Harry. Memory Harry was at least five inches shorter than him now, thin and gaunt, even laying there he was trying to make himself seem smaller. Nothing like the confident eleven year old standing in front of them now.

“I know. They liked to pretend I wasn’t there, shoving me in a small cupboard under the stairs for as long as they could. I didn’t get my first room until I came back from Diagon Alley, fully aware of who I was.”

“Harry,” Sirius whispered harshly, “I am so sorry.”

“It’s not your fault Padfoot. Even if you weren’t in Azkaban I wouldn’t be with you, Dumbledore would never have allowed it,” Harry assured him, he shuddered to think what Dumbledore could have done to get him out of the way. Compulsions were harder to place on adults with strong shields, Harry didn’t know how far Dumbledore would have gone but his death probably would have been better.

The door banging down stopped all other conversation as they watched Harry and Hagrid first meeting. Sirius and Draco laughed when Dudley was given a tail and Narcissa cooed when Harry received his cake, his happiness bringing a smile to her face.

“It was my first Birthday cake,” Harry revealed, smiling at the scene.

“You had birthday cake this time right?” Narcissa asked

“Not really. The Dursleys ignore me for the most part now.”

Narcissa frowned, a glint appearing in her eye, “Well, that will not happen anymore. I will make sure you have birthdays for now on.”

“I feel like I should be scared,” Harry staged whispered to Draco, getting a laugh from everyone else.

“You should be,” Draco said.

The memory ended with Harry and Hagrid going to sleep and the next one started. This time they reformed in the Great Hall for Harry's first sorting, Harry's name was called and he made his way up the the chair accepting the hat and starting his stall.

“Hat stall?”

“The hat wanted me in Slytherin, said I would do great but I had been told horrible things. So I convinced it to give me to the other house, which was-“

“Gryffindor!”

“That explains some things,” Sirius said.

“What is that suppose too mean?” Harry asked affronted.

“You have slipped up twice in the last 12 hours, not to mention this trip down memory lane doesn't seem planned out completely,” Sirius answered honestly.

“I'm working on getting those Gryffindor tendencies out of him, but you know he's stubborn.” Draco said smiling and dodging out of Harry's swiping hand.

“Alright alright, I get it. I need to work on being more Slytherin, it's normally much easier.”

“That's because we are surrounded by children and over worked adults, no one is paying that much attention,” Draco said dryly, “Your persona completely breaks down around competent adults.”

“Dumbledore doesn't suspect me,” Harry shot back

“I said competent. He's two bertti bots beans from an empty back,” Draco said back.

“Yeah, yeah,” Harry waved it off and they were shot out of the Pensive.

“Is that good? Or did you need to see more?” Harry asked Sirius and Narcissa.

“I think we would like to hear the full story now,” Sirius said after a glance at Narcissa.

They all gathered around the table, Draco was in-between his parents and Harry sat across from him between Sirius and Severus.

“I can only give you until I died, Draco will continue from there for what he knows happen after the war,” Harry started.

“The war did start up again then?” Sirius asked from his side.

“Oh yeah, the war started again,” Harry said darkly.

It was easier to talk about now that he had given his story multiple times. He focused on the important parts, the challenges Dumbledore set up for Harry every school year. How he found who they thought were great friends, how Dumbledore became a mentor and grandfather. His hatred of all things Slytherin, especially Lucius, who apologized profusely when Narcissa started at him.

As he talked the room became more tense, outburst started happening as he spoke of his fourth year and Voldemort being reborn. Sirius death hit them both Sirius and Harry hard, Harry knew of course that it wasn't his fault but the sadness of losing Sirius never fully went away. Narcissa left the room completely to gain composure when she found out Draco had been forced to take the mark to save her family. At one point she would have seen Draco taking the mark as an amazing thing, proof that her family was moving up in ranks. That they were working toward helping make the world a better place where wizards and witches could be free. Before his death she knew that was no longer the truth and she wanted to keep her son as far from the Dark Lord ranks as she could. The knowledge that he came back, worse than he had been when he died and her family was in the middle was just too much.

By the time Narcissa had made it back to the room more tea had been delivered, hers dosed with calming draft which she gratefully took. The story continued, Dracos mission, Dumbledores death, the fall of the Ministry to The Dark Lord. Harry spoke of his hunt for the Horcuxs not fully knowing what he had been getting into. Finally he talked bout the final battle, the death of his friends and people he considered family. Severus death and receiving the memories, walking to his death.

They took a break at that point, more calming drafts were handed out, liquor for those who needed it.

“I am so sorry you had to go through that,” Sirius said, his hand grasping Harrys as it had been for most of the story, “That should never have been placed on your shoulders.”

“I know that now. But then? Sirius I thought I was doing the best for “the greater good”,” Harry sneered the last words, “I had no regrets dying for everyone. I died believing I was making a difference. I wasn't scared, angry yes but not scared.”

“It will not be happening again. I don't care what we need to do, you will never walk to your death,” Sirius said fiercely, agreements coming from around the table.

“I won't,” Harry promised, “I needed to do it to get rid of the last Horcrux, I didn't come back with it.”

“Good.”

Draco picked up the story from there, his story much shorter but no less heartbreaking. Only the calming drafts keeping the adult Malfoys from losing themselves in their pain of what had happen.

“You think a Weasley killed you?” Lucius asked.

“Yeah. It could have been someone else but I’m willing to bet the family name that it was him. Even now he sees me as some great enemy,” Draco rolled his eyes, the weasel had made it very clear how he viewed Draco. Not only for his family history but for being close to Harry, accusing him more than once of using some nefarious means of getting his friendship.

“I think we have said enough for tonight. Let's go to bed and finish tomorrow?” Harry said, he was tired. Mentally and physically.

“Of course! There is a room next to Dracos, the green room. I’m sure he will be happy to show it to you,” Narcissa said from Lucius side, his hand was being held tightly in his, her nails digging into his hand lightly. Lucius showed no evidence of the pain in his hand, his wife comfort coming before anything.

“It’s okay I’ll have Sirius show me. You know where it’s at?” He quested, turning to Sirius.

“Yeah, come on,” Sirius leaded Harry from the room, leaving Draco alone with his parents and Severus.

~~*

The green room was very green. Two large windows faced out onto the Malfoy grounds, albino peacocks glinted in the moonlight as they walked across hedges and grounds. The large bed was centered in the room, dark silk green blanket and sheets decorated it, a corresponding shade were tied up to the four posters of the bed.

Harry was laying in the middle, his arms behind his head as he stared at the top of the canopy. It had been hours since him and Draco had told their story and he couldn’t seem to stop. His mind once again creating a checklist of everything he wanted to change, events that he was most scared of happening regardless of things he tries. Draco was the one who had brought up concrete points that may not be able to be changed regardless of their actions, so far they had come across one but Harry still wondered.

Death had made it seem as if anything he did had the ability to change events and save lives, but Harry should have asked more questions.

Harry heard his door open, sitting up on his elbows he saw Draco come in quietly and made his way to Harry. Without hesitation Harry pulled back the covers and allowed him to get in the bed. It wasn't unusual to see them sharing a bed anymore, since that first night they had found their way into each others bed when nightmares became too much for either of them.

"Will your parents be mad if you're found here in the morning?" Harry asked as they got comfortable, his body relaxing further into the sheets. They faced each other as they laid on their sides, arms tucked under their heads.

"I don't know but I don't care, I don't want to be alone," Draco whispered.

A quick nox had the room bathed in darkness. Their breath evened out as sleep took over.

The door opened silently, Narcissa stood in the door way watching the boys sleep. Her red rimmed eyes stood out against her pale skin, her silk robe wrapped tightly around her body. She was furious and heartbroken at what she had been told. If she could she would pack up and take Draco as far from England as possible. She wanted him nowhere near the schemes of old men in the middle of a future war. In so many ways he was an adult, but he was still her child and his protection would always be first.

He would never allow it, especially without Harry. Narcissa couldn't imagine with they had been through, what it was like coming back and having to do it all over again. Their closeness since Harry arrived had been impossible to miss, both gravitated toward each other whenever they were in the same room. Going to each others sides when the other was upset, standing close in solidarity. After the boys went to bed Severus had told them more about how they were at school. They were constantly together in classes and around the grounds, they hung out with other people as well but almost always as a unit. Severus suspected there was something that had been left out in their explanation before, after all, according to them, they died as almost enemies. Maybe it was being together in the past that caused it but Narcissa didn't think so. Call it mothers intuition but she knew there was much more to the story of them.

Shutting the door quietly she made her way back to her room, Lucius was sitting in bed reading a book the candle by his bedside the only light in the room.

"Did you find him?" Lucius asked, they had both jumped out of bed when the wards around Dracos room sounded, alerting them to the fact that he had left his room.

"He's in Mr. Potters room, sound asleep."

Lucius lowered his book, "On the couch?"

"No dear, they were both in the bed," Narcissa said.

"Cissy it is completely unacceptable for them to share a bed. We must move one of them at once!" Lucius said getting ready to rise out of bed and fix what he saw as a lack of propriety.

“We will do no such thing Lucius. They are eleven and they are just sleeping, something I would like to get back to as well.”

Lucius recognized her tone, he had learned in their many years of marriage all of the nuances of her voice, this one meant her word was final.

“Tonight only, it wont be happening again,” Lucius said.

“Of course Dear.”

They both knew it would probably be happening again, just as they knew that it would be allowed for as long as Narcissa deemed it was okay.

Sirius was sitting in a chair by the fire, leaned over his crossed leg, his head being held up by his fist as he stared into the fire. He had heard “ignorance is bliss” a few times in his life, he never understood the saying until now. Ignorance *was* bliss, three hours ago he was excited to be with his godson, happy that he seemed open to truly get to know Sirius and didn’t blame him for giving him to Hagrid. He had plans and ideas, all of the things he could do to help raise Harry into an adult, being available for awkward puberty, merlin he was even excited to have the chance to give Harry the talk. But Harry didn’t need any of that. He already grew up and experienced awkward teenage years, he wasn’t going to go to Sirius for questions. He already knew the answers. Although, Sirius thought with a snort, based off his story telling him about the birds and bees may not be off the table.

Since leaving Azkaban all Sirius wanted was to get his life together so he could give Harry the best life he could. He wanted to be the a good godfather, maybe it would be in a different way than he originally thought. But he would do it.

Severus lab was quiet. The only sound coming from the gentle bubbling of the three cauldrons that were on a desk against the wall. Severus sat in a chair close by, a cup of tea in his hand. A few more steps and he would be able to leave the potions alone and get some much needed sleep. That was, of course, if sleep would come to him tonight. He was the first one to know the boys secret. When Harry told him he was shocked and confused, he didn’t want to believe him but it made sense. His and Dracos instant friendship, the impressive way he handled the upper years when they tried to “teach him his place”. Harry was smart in having them keep their mouth shut, unfortunately a few upper years had extremely flimsy shields and Severus had used that to his advantage when he noticed how his house acted around Harry in private. Severus knew he grew up in a muggle household but his grasp on magic and potion theory was impressive. His essays were perfectly written, even the penmanship impeccable. Most Muggleborns struggled for the first term as they learned how to use the quill properly but not him.

To Severus the worst part was knowing his part in Harrys past. Harry forgave him, he had assured him he understood, but Severus had a hard time forgiving himself for playing his part. He swore to protect Lilys child, against everything and everyone. To know that in

another life he gave that up for Dumbledores scheme disgusted him. He made his vow to protect the last piece of Lily he had, not to set him up for slaughter.

Wait, Severus sat up straight as if shocked by a wire, Harry told them Voldemort was in the back of Quirrells head his first year. Harry just sailed past that part in his stories, all of the other details after made it easy to forget what lead up to his first act of bravery. Severus suspected something had been off about that man, he knew he was after the stone but was it really the Dark Lord that wanted the stone and was using him to get it? Harry had gone to him for help about the possibility of his broom being Jinxed but Severus had, he couldn't believe this, forgotten about the Dark Lord. Obviously Harry wasn't concerned about him, was that because there was no reason to be concerned or did he have a plan in place for him? Harry and Draco only told them the truth for help with their cover and for other things that only actual adults could do, no one really knew any plans that they had cocked up in their heads.

Severus would ask in the morning.

~~*

Harry and Draco made their way to the breakfast room, "You have a whole room for breakfast?" Harry had asked when Draco first mentioned it before joking about a lunch room. No wonder Manors had so many rooms.

Everyone was already seated when they made their way and took their seats, Harry still next to Lucius.

"Good morning!" Harry chirped happily. He slept peacefully last night after Draco joined him and woke up in a great mood.

"Good morning dears," Narcissa said with a smile, "Did you sleep well?"

"Yep!"

After a few moments Severus couldn't wait any longer, "You mentioned that in your first year the Dark Lord was in the back of Quirrells head your original first year. Is he there this time as well?"

Conversation stopped and everyone started at Severus before snapping their attention to Harry and Draco.

"As far as I know he is. I don't sense him anymore but the Dark Lord convinced him to help while he was in Albania. Didn't I tell you? When I asked for help with my broom."

"You did, I'm afraid it slipped my mind with all of the other information that was provided," Severus admitted.

“That’s fair,” Harry said, “His main concern is getting the Philosopher’s stone this year, he’s not a danger to anyone in the school, except for me. But only if I get in his way.”

“So you’re not going to try and get in his way?” Sirius asked from his side in surprise. He had the impression that they were going to change things for the better. The Dark Lord getting the stone didn’t seem like it would be better.

“Of course I am. I’m going to steal the stone first and that is defiantly getting in his way,” Harry said taking a bite of his toast.

“What are you going to do with the stone?” Sirius and Severus asked at the same time.

“No idea yet. Maybe use it for a battering tool, maybe I want to make gold with it, it could be very interesting to see all the uses for it.”

“Bartering tool for what?” Sirius asked with hesitation.

“The Dark Lord of course. He wants it and I will have it, I could easily get a boon for it,” Harry said as if it was obvious, Draco signed from his side of the table and shook his head when his mother looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

“You want to bring him back?” Sirius said in shock. That was defiantly not expected.

“Not yet. I’m going to put him together first, which reminds me I need to look into the library for books some books Lucius,” Harry said, directing the end toward Lucius who nodded his acceptance.

“I’m going to regret asking this. What do you mean put him together first?” Sirius asked staring at him.

“He tore his soul apart creating so many Horcruxes. What ever his original plans were they fell apart as he fell deeper into insanity, I want to put him together and see if that changes him a bit.”

“And if it doesn’t?” This question came from Severus.

“I’ll kill him. I won’t allow another war to happen, if it doesn’t work and he’s still mental there is no reason for him to be alive,” Harry answered honestly.

“Don’t try and talk him out of it, I’ve already tried,” Draco broke in

“Do you truly believe it will change him?” Lucius asked from the head of the table, breakfast had come to a stand still at this point, all appetites had disappeared.

“Maybe. He was a force when he was younger, there was a reason so many people vowed themselves to him. From my understanding his original plans and goals were reasonable, he tried to go through the ministry even but Dumbledore had put a stop to it. I hate to admit it but that was probably for the best, he wouldn’t have stopped creating his Horcrux so either way he would have went insane but the fact was that in the beginning he tried to do it the

right way. It stands to reason that if I fix him up he will go back to his original plans. If he doesn't, well like I said I'll just kill him."

~~*

The rest of the day went by normally. Sirius and Harry spent several hours talking and getting to know each other more, both keeping all mentions of The Dark Lord away from their conversations. Draco pulled Harry away midday to get some flying done on the pitch, the adults having tea below watching them.

Soon it was time to go back to Hogwarts, after some teary goodbyes and a promise from Lucius to find the books Harry needed he stepped into the fire place and called out for Dumbledores office.

"Harry! How was your visit?" Dumbledore asked from his desk with a smile.

"It was so nice Headmaster. Sirius seems cool, he told me all about Hogwarts and my dad!" Harry said excitedly stepping away from the fireplace so Severus could make his way through.

"I'm happy you had a good time. Did the Malfoys treat you well?"

"I only saw them for meals but they were nice," Harry replied.

"Good to hear my boy. Go ahead and make your way to your dorms, you still have time before curfew."

"Thank you Headmaster, have a good night!" Harry called as he made his way out of the office.

Getting the Stone

Chapter Summary

Harry finally makes his play for the stone..and finds a secret.

Chapter Notes

Hello Friends!

I hope you are all having an amazing week! Thank you for all of your comments, book marks and kudos!

I tried to hit 50k with this chapter but alas it was not meant to be.

I hope you all enjoy!

Lets join Harry and crew and see what's in store :)

“You are never leaving me here alone again,” Harry said as soon as he met Draco at the carriages.

“You told me that already,” Draco said with a smile.

“Then I came back and had to spend an evening with Weasley. *Weasley*. He caught me in the library and would not let me leave,” Harry said with a groan. He had been studying some books on Defence when he ambushed him. He deeply regretting leaving the privacy of the Slytherin Common room, but he had needed a break from the quiet dark room. The library was open and warm, it had sounded like a good idea.

“What did he want?” Draco asked as they made their way to the dorms.

“To talk to me about Nicolas Flamel,” Harry said with a frown. That was the problem with no longer being friends with Ron and Hermione, he didn't know what they were doing. It seemed like they weren't getting into as much trouble, no attempted midnight duel and Harry hadn't heard anything about the Dragon egg. In fact since Halloween Hermione was keeping her down further than he had ever seen. While Ron used it as a bid for more attention Hermione had shunned all questions that came across her way, only really talking to and spending time with Ron. The troll, it seemed, had the same effect it had before. Hermione and Ron were actual friends now, the power of shared trauma and all.

But it lead to the question of what did they actual know about the stone? Harry couldn't remember the full circumstance that lead them to going into the third floor corridor that first

time, so he didn't know if they had seen Fluffy or not yet. Harry hadn't seen them on the map of course, but he didn't watch it 24/7.

"Really? What did he say?"

"Nothing really. Just asked if I had ever heard of him and what he was famous for. He also wanted me to go "exploring" with him," Harry said. They sat down at their normal place in Slytherin, giving nods to the students that settled around them.

"You should have went. Maybe that beast would have ate him," Draco said quietly as the spaces around them filled.

"Fluffy is not a beast," Harry said back, "And I would never feed him Ron, he would probably get sick."

Draco snorted and they quieted down with innocent small talk as they ate their lunch.

"How was your Christmas Harry?" Blaise asked from his seat across. Blaise was really the only first year who seemed to actually enjoy his presence. The others tolerated him but didn't tend to start conversations unless it involved school work.

"Mostly boring. There wasn't much to do in the castle other than study and walk the grounds," Harry answered, "You?"

"Good. I was in Italy with maman and her new husband. He's alright, gave good presents," Blaise said. Harry knew the rumors of Blaise's mother, Draco had told him before. The Black Widow of the wizarding world.

"Good presents is always nice," Harry said, "Did you like the book I sent?"

Harry had sent a newer history book on Italian magic that Blaise had mentioned a few times. Blaise had a knack for History and was one of the main reasons Harry was passing it if he was honest. Binns was even more boring than he had been before.

"I did. I didn't know it was even out yet, I was expecting it out after the new year."

Harry shrugged slightly, "It's not but they didn't say no to me."

Blaise laughed, "Well thank you. It was an enlightening read and I enjoyed it."

"Good."

"What did you get Harry?" Daphne asked from the other side of Blaise. As Harry expected presents soon became the hot topic of the table. Giving and Receiving gifts in Slytherin was a novel experience for Harry. He never received presents before meeting the Weasleys and those were, supposedly, given out of love and just to give them. In Slytherin it was for bragging rights, depending on the level of acquaintanceship directly determined the type of gift to give. The more personal, or expensive, the more you "cared" about the person. Draco screened all of Hadrian's gifts before he sent them out, to ensure he didn't give the wrong gift to the wrong person. Hadrian hadn't been concerned, most of the gifts he gave were books of

some kind, or sweets for Crabb and Goyle. Draco was the only person Harry had given a person gift too, a fact that apparently made him strut around the manor for days after Christmas according to Sirius.

The rest of the day was spent with the other Slytherins running around to finish their break work. Harry and Draco, who had already finished theirs, helped the others with their work. Deciding to go to the library the Slytherins took their normal table and got to work. Harry was doodling when a comment from the a table full of Gryffindors caught his attention.

“What ever you're working on it better be potions. You stink at those mate,” Ron was saying to a down looking Longbottom. Harry watched as every word had him bowing his head lower, until he was almost face first into the book he was currently trying to read. Harry shook his head slightly, Ron had no room to talk considering his cauldron mishap had them evacuating the room before break. Nevilles skill just wasn't potions, it never would be. It also didn't help the kid was terrified of Severus. Harry looked at Neville closely, he was powerful though, once he gained confidence he started to excel in the practical. Harry remembered teaching him in their fifth year, with the right encouragement he became one of the best in class. Not to mention he was a herbology prodigy, according to Draco he went to apprentice under Sprout and was on his way of being the youngest teacher in Hogwarts outside of Severus. He was also an heir to a very powerful family.

“Where are you going?” Draco asked as Harry stood up.

“Possibly making a mistake. Everyone shift, I need an open seat by me,” Harry directed to the rest of the table. Blaise who had been sitting by him instantly got up and started shifting everyone over to make the room.

Draco looked over to where Harry had been staring and nodded, “Smart. Get him.”

Harry flashed him a smile and made his way over to the Gryffindor table. Ron was the first to notice him and almost knocked his chair over to stand up, “Harry mate! Right move studying with us instead of the snakes, here you can have my seat,” Ron said gesturing to his seat.

Harry smiled slightly, “Oh no thank you Ron. I'm still studying with the *snakes* since you know, I am one.”

Rons ears turned red and he started stuttering out an excuse that Harry had no interest in hearing, instead he turned his attention to Neville.

“Longbottom, you're excellent in Herbology right?” Harry asked.

“Y-y-yes,” Neville stuttered out, staring at him with wide eyes, slightly fearful eyes. Harry didn't hold it against him, the other Slytherins were prats and made an appoint to mock the kid whenever he was in ear distance.

“Excellent! I'm pants at herbology and was wondering if you could take a look at my essay?,” Harry asked him smiling, in what he hoped was a non-threatening way.

“Uh-,”Neville said looking at the Slytherin table behind him, “I don't-“

“Don’t worry about them. If they don’t like it they can leave,” Harry said confidently, he would make them leave, “Please? I only scored an A on my last essay and I’m trying to beat Draco and be top of our house.”

“Well I-I guess I can come over and help,” Neville said hesitantly.

“Great let me help you with your things,” Harry said, quickly they packed him up and were walking over. Harry ignored the dumbstruck, and Rons slightly angry, look on the faces of the Gryffindors as they left the table.

“Here you go, next to me if that’s okay?” Harry asked.

“Y-yes,” Neville said, he was even more quiet as they sat down. The Slytherins were looking between them surprised, Blaise went to say something and a glare from Harry had him snapping his mouth shut.

“Neville is here to help me with Herbology,” Harry told them all, reaching out and grabbing his paper. He had intentionally wrote it to get a lower grade, but Neville would never know that.

“Not even Longbottom could help you get a passing grade, Herbology is mine Potter,” Draco said with a smirk.

Harry pointed at Draco, “Do you see what I have to deal with? Save me.”

Neville smiled a little and reached for Harrys essay, “I-i will try my best.”

The other were unsure of Neville but quickly warmed up when they realized just how good he was at Herbology. Quickly pulling out their homework they started copying his words as if they were gospel. It seemed Herbology wasn’t a favorite subject of any Slytherin, imagine that.

~~*

“Why Longbottom?” Draco asked as when they were finally alone in their room.

“He’s magically pretty strong. His confidence is shot because of his family but we can help him with that, plus he’s an heir. If we get him on our side it will be good,” Harry told him.

“True,” Draco said before flicking Harry on the head, “Now what’s the real reason scared?”

Harry looked down,” He was probably the only true friend I had. I ignored him for Ron and Hermione but he still came to help at the Ministry. He brought back the DA in your seventh year even surrounded by enemies, all to help. And...I regret how I treated him.”

Draco sighed exaggerated, “Still a Gryffindor at heart, I guess I can put up with him then. At least you recognize how much use he can be later maybe there is some luck for you after all.”

Harry laughed.

Later in bed however Harry couldn’t stop thinking. Dracos words rang in his head, “*You recognized how much use he can be later...*”

Harrys first instinct when he saw Neville hadn’t been a friend done wrong, it had been that he had the potential to be useful to him. Not even helpful, *useful*.

Was that who he was now?

Someone who didn’t see people for who they were and just what they could give him?

And how did he even feel about that?

Sometimes Harry wished he actually was eleven.

~~*

“The trial is today,” Draco told him the next day after classes. They were sitting out by the lake on an enchanted blanket, Harry had thrown up a privacy dome to keep the snow and cold away. A full picnic basket between them given to them by an excited Dobby.

“I know but I’m not expecting anything from it,” Harry replied.

Dumbledore had successfully pushed back his trial for as long as possible. His reasoning that there was so much work to be done before the Christmas holidays, he couldn’t possibly take the time to appear at a trial. Even if that trial was for child endangerment.

“You think he’s going to get away with it?” Draco asked.

“Of course. The forbidden forest is full of different creatures and its already in the wards. He wouldn’t get a notification of anything if it “came” from the forbidden forest. When he did find out he took the proper steps to get students away from danger,” Harry said.

“Damn,” Draco said with a frown.

“It’s not all bad. It will do some damage, especially the fact he hadn’t even told Mrs. Thomas about it when the Aurors showed up,” Harry said taking a drink and staring out at the water. It was quiet outside, the coldness keeping most people inside where it was warm and cozy.

“Wood is behind that rock with the Hufflepuff chaser,” Harry said pointing to the rock in question.

“Wood? Really,” Draco said craning his neck a to try and get a glimpse, “I heard stories about him from the other students but never took much stock in them.”

“Oh yeah. He worked his way through most of the quidditch teams before he left school,” Harry said.

“*Really.*”

“Yep. Caught him and George in the changing room once,” Harry said with a laugh, “Wood actually dropped George he was so surprised to see me. I was pretty traumatized actually.”

“Why? They are both fit. I wouldn’t mind seeing it actually, when exactly was this?”

Harry punched Dracos shoulder, “Git. If you must know they were at it for most of my third year, just pick a day and try. I grew up in the muggle world remember? Most muggles consider it sodomy and if anyone is “like that” it’s kept as a dirty secret. The most I knew about it was what Dursley said, and he thinks they are dirty shirt lifters. So naturally with it thrown in my face like that my reaction wasn’t the best.”

Draco stared at Harry, “Do I even want to know what you did?”

“I ran and avoided both of them for three days. George and Fred finally caught me in on of their traps and made me talk to them. They were horrified when I finally told them.”

“What did they do?”

Harry leaned back on his hands and looked out over the lake, “They let me know it didn’t matter who you loved or were attracted to. That it didn’t change anything about yourself and it was okay. Then they gave a *very* detailed talk.”

“How detailed?” Draco asked, laughter bubbling at his lips.

“George brought out a picture book,” Harry said dryly.

Draco couldn’t contain his laughter at that, with Dracos laughter in his ears Harry felt his lips twitch before he also lost the battle and joined him in laughter.

“Can I ask you something?” Draco asked when they had calmed down and were laying on the blanket attempted to cloud watch.

“Of course,” Harry replied.

“Did you die a virgin?”

Harry sat up quickly and looked down at Draco with disbelieving eyes, “Did you really just ask me that?”

“Is that a yes?”

“Erm, well no,” Harry rubbed the back of his neck.

“Ginny?” Draco said with distant.

“Er..no,” Harry said looking anywhere but Draco.

Draco sat up quickly, “Who!” He demanded.

“Does it really matter?” Harry asked desperately. He wasn’t ashamed who he had lost his virginity to, he just didn’t think Draco would appreciate it.

“Yes it does. Now who was it,” Draco said seriously.

Harry sighed, he wasn’t getting out of this, “George.”

“George *Weasley*?” Draco exclaimed, “When the bloody hell did that happen!”

“Summer after sixth year. There was so much anger and pain in everyone after Dumbledore died. I had already broken up with Ginny and spent a few weeks at my relatives, whatever love potion was very low at that point. I was with them drinking and it just..happen.”

“So you weren’t optioned anymore and didn’t think of me?,” Draco said heatedly before pausing, “Not that we would have done anything of course. We are just friends.”

Harry paused and frowned, “I would have remembered you.”

Harry was ignoring the friend comment, they both knew what was going on. Draco just needed time to come to terms with it.

“I just said that scar-head.”

“No Draco, I *would* have remembered you. It never would have happened if I did remember you but I didn’t.”

Draco stopped his pacing and looked at him, “At all?”

Harry shook his head, “No. I stalked you with the map while I was on the run but I thought I was doing it to keep an eye on you. Get proof that you were evil and all.”

“You remembered when you came back,” Draco said.

“I did but I came back a clean slate. No Horcrux, no binds, no compulsions and defiantly no memory charms.”

“You think you were charmed?” Draco said sitting down. Hopefully the conversation of Harrys first time was forgotten, he wondered who Dracos was though.

“I had to have been. I’m assuming they stopped giving them to me when Dumbledore died, I wouldn’t have been able to break up with Ginny otherwise. On the run I defiantly wasn’t given them. I only thought about her when I was very lonely and she was the only person I knew I cared about,” Harry said. He never thought about the fact that he forgot Draco. He remembered him when he came back and with everything else he didn’t really think about

when they ran much. At this point it was years ago, most of those memories were blurred with time.

“Bloody Hell. We were so careful how did anyone find out?”

“Who knows but someone did and they went straight to Dumbledore,” Harry said.

“You can’t be alone with him. Ever,” Draco said heatedly, fury shining in his eyes.

“I’m not. Sirius has already sent notification to the board of Governors that any meetings Dumbledore request he must be present,” Harry assured him. Harry could fight off anything Dumbledore tried but no normal eleven year old could fight off the mind magic of a wizard as old as Dumbledore.

“So,” Draco said after a time, “George Weasley? How was it?”

Harry laughed and threw a biscuit at Draco, he was not answering that.

~~*

By the end of January plans for the stone were in full effect.

Harry had been monitoring the third floor on the map for a few weeks. Hagrid went into the room once a day to feed Fluffy, but other than that there was no activity in the room. Outside of the room was a different story. Every couple days Quirrell would walk up and down the hallway, stopping briefly in front of the door before going back to his quarters. His actions were made clear after a quick trip to the hallway itself. The hallway was clear but the door itself had a few wards. Harry was only able to scan it before bringing the results to Draco.

Harry had learned a lot about wards during his self study but there was only so much you can learn without the practical aspect. Draco however knew wards very well. Learning them came naturally with his work in Arithmancy and he had spent years learning and working with them. Together they worked on figuring out the wards before Draco taught Harry how to break them down without triggering the caster. Draco also taught Harry how to reset the wards and hide his magical signature while doing it.

It would have been easier for Draco to do this part but Harry absolutely refused to allow Draco to be involved with actually getting the stone. Any plan can go array, the chance of something going wrong was too much and Harry refused to let him be in danger if he could help it. With Draco sitting out it also gave them an alibi and a way to get help if something went wrong.

They had decided to make their move when Dumbledore had been called to the ministry for his monthly meeting. He had escaped any punishment for the Halloween debacle, a mixture of what Harry assumed he would say and a lost owl as his excuse. Some parents were upset but overall it was swept under a rug, if Dean had been a pureblood it might have been

different. As it was he was a half-blood from a family that didn't hold much weight in the world and no one was willing to fight the battle for him.

Early in the morning on the first Saturday of February Harry made his way to the hallway under his cloak. It was just after seven am and most of the students were still asleep in bed, just a couple here or there making their way to the Great Hall. Standing in front of the door Harry concentrated and moved his hands in sweeping motions, up and down, keeping his left hand aloft his right swept out to the side and made a large circle before stopping at dead high. Taking a deep breath Harry concentrated his magic and slashed his hand down, the wards falling away.

Harry backed away from the door and waited in a small alcove for a few minutes, on the look out for any teacher or Dumbledore. When there was no movement he made his way inside the room. Fluffy was bigger than he remembered, he was slumbering with all three heads resting on his large paws. Harry reached into his jacket to pull out the Harp Draco had given him when Fluffy let out a large snort. He stumbled back, the cloak falling off his head and dropped the harp, the crashing sound of the harp on the stone floors echoed loudly in Harry's ears.

Fluffy's left and right head shook and the middle head lifted up and looked out. Harry stayed frozen, he glanced down at the harp, could he enchant it from here?

Fluffy rose to his knees with a growl as he caught sight of Harry's floating head. The hand that had been out to enchant the instrument froze.

Merlin, he was going to die.

Fluffy started sniffing the air before letting out a small yap and leaping to Harry. Harry fell back and raised his arms in front of his face as if to ward off the dog, he mentally apologized to Draco for leaving him here alone and waited for the attack.

Fluffy let out a small whine and Harry jumped when he felt, not the sharp teeth he had expected but a large tongue licking his arms. Confused and slightly wary Harry moved his arms away from his face and looked at the large dog. Fluffy was sitting on his hunches, his tail wagging hitting the stone rhythmically, all three heads were looking at him with their tongue hanging out.

What. The. Fuck.

Harry cautiously got up and held out a hand, "Good boy?" He whispered hesitantly.

Fluffy let out a small bark and pitched forward into Harry's waiting hand, his head fighting to take their places in front of him. Harry stroked fluffy head amazed. Hagrid had told Harry once that Fluffy was a good dog and didn't mean harm but generally didn't like people. Hagrid he tolerated on some occasions but for most feedings Hagrid kept him asleep after a close call with his arm. Harry's own memories of Fluffy were defiantly not very nice, snapping of large teeth distinctly rang in his memories. But now Fluffy was acting as if he was a normal dog excited to see his owner after a day of work. Harry transfigured the harp

into a large chicken and sent it off, Fluffy ears perked up as it caught the sound of the chicken before giving a happy bark and chasing after it.

Harry would wonder about his new found animal affinity after he got the stone. Harry quickly scanned the trap door for any wards, not finding any he opened it and jumped inside. The Devils Snare quickly wrapped around him, taking a breath Harry relaxed and felt it dropping him down. Landing on his feet he made his way to the first door and went into the room, the winged keys. The down sloping room was full of keys, flying quickly around. He glanced at the brooms by the door before discarding them, he wasn't going to fly this time. Looking at the flying keys Harry saw the large key he needed, casting a quick summoning spell he caught the key and quickly went through the next door.

The Chessmen were going to be a little more complicated. Harry was pants at chess, Draco had been trying to teach him but it was never going to work. So Harry did the next best thing. He stepped onto the middle of the board and waited for the pieces to activate, without a word he cast "*Bombarda*" on the queen. The piece blew up, pieces falling around him he looked around at the other pieces.

"Checkmate?" He asked.

The pieces quivered slightly before falling still and silent. He knew that would work. Take that Draco! Running to the next door Harry sent a quick "*Reparo*" to the downed queen. The chess pieces came back to life, righting themselves into their proper places waiting for the next opponent. Glad to see that it worked Harry made his way into the next room.

Casting a bubblehead charm over his head to avoid the stench he watched as the troll lumbered around the room, groaning and grunting. Harry cast the levitating charm on his bat, lifting it up and dropping it on the trolls head. The troll let out a large grunt and swayed on his feet before dropping to the ground. No sense in changing a good tactic.

Quickly making his way past in case the troll woke up Harry made it to the next room. Black flames quickly rose up behind him against the door, across the room purple flames were in front of the next, the small table in front held the seven potions and the riddle. Ignoring the riddle Harry grabbed the correct potion and drank it. Giving his body a small shake he made his way through the purple flames and the last door.

As soon as he stepped foot past the door the sound of wind went through the room, crossing the candles and lighting them. The large circular chamber was empty, except for a large gold mirror sitting in the middle of the room. Making his way to the chamber Harry stood in front of the mirror, the previous image he had seen was no longer there. The image of Harry standing in front of his parents took its place, Harry smiled slightly. That hadn't been his greatest desire for a long time, but with enough magic anything could be changed he supposed. Harry watched the mirror for a moment thinking about the stone, he wanted it but he had no intention of using it. It wasn't a trick or a lie, the stone would stay in his possession, unused until figured out what exactly to do with it.

Mirror Harry smiled and Harry felt the stone fall into his pocket. Excellent. Before he turned to leave Harry smiled and quickly pulled out parchment and a quill, leaving a nice note for Quirrell when he arrived.

It was only after that he realized he had no idea how to get out of the chamber. Well no, Harry thought, looking at the door behind him. He could get out the same way he came in. But..

Harry took a glance around the room, he never got a chance to really explore before. Maybe there was another entrance.

Deciding to ignore the door out for a moment Harry took his way looking around the chamber. At first glance it looked like a large circular room with pillars every few feet, the more he looked however the more he saw. Portraits sat empty on the walls, a broken bookshelf sat next to an old chair. All of the walls were smoothed down stone, except one section on the other end of the hall. The stone looked correct but when Harry got closer it shimmered slightly. Reaching out Harry ran his hand against the wall and felt the rough pattern of a door, "Bingo" he whispered. He gave the door a push and frowned when nothing happened.

"Alohamora?"

Nothing. Harry tried a few more unlocking spells that he knew but the door did not budge.

"Open Sesame?" He said in a last ditch effort.

Harry let out a sound of frustration and kicked the door as it stayed closed. Leaning against the pillar across from it he frowned at the door before he got an idea, he was in the dungeons. Standing up he stood in front of the door, "*open*" he hissed.

The door gave a creak before swinging open. Harry did a small victory dance, thankful Draco wasn't there to see it before walking through the door and closing it behind him. One by one lights turned on and lead down a long hallway. Harry followed the lights and down the hallway. The hallway was narrow, its walls were damp and if Harry looked closely he could see water in small streams going down the stones.

At the end of the hallway was a small room with doors on every wall. The doors were slightly worn but still looked like most of the doors in the castle.

Now which door did he try?

Making a choice and walking to the door directly in front of him he went to open it when a glint of gold caught his eyes. Next to the door was a plaque, using his sleeve to clean it off he read the word, "Chamber."

Moving to the next doors he cleaned off their plaque, office and entrance.

Harry thought for a moment, chamber was probably the Chamber of Secrets, a place he had no intention on going to today. That left entrance and office. The office was most likely in the dungeons somewhere but where would the entrance be?

To the school?

To another office or class?

To another chamber?

Harry weighed the pros and cons of each door before deciding on the office. It seemed like the safest choice, if he was wrong he could just double back.

Nodding his head he pushed the door open and made his way into another hallway, the door slammed shut behind him and once again lights flickered before lighting up the hallway.

Right. Not creepy at all.

Harry quickly made his way through the hallway, it had a slight slope upwards that had him breathing a little harder as he made his way to the top. That's it, he was going to start working out. Merlin.

Finally reaching the door at the end of the hallway he made sure his cloak was properly on before slowly opening the door.

"Where am I?" Harry mumbled to himself as he got a look at the room he found himself in.

It was defiantly a room in the dungeon, long tables lined the walls and center of the room. Cauldrons were placed on the tables and in spaces on the walls, in other spaces were what looked like ingredients.

Harry crept closer to the jars to get a better look, they were defiantly ingredients. Fresh ones too.

Was this Severus's personal brewing room?

He heard a door open and froze. Footsteps echoed from the hallway as someone entered the room and stopped short at the door.

"Whom ever is in this room reveal yourselves, now," Severus dark voice came from the side.

Thank Merlin.

Harry dropped his hood and spun around with a smile, "Hey Professor!"

"Potter?" Severus raised an eyebrow, "What are you doing in my private labs?"

"I thought that's were I was, looks nice in here. As for how I got in here well...that doesn't really matter. How do I get out?"

Severus looked at him, Harry could practically see the questions he wanted to ask him but he remained silent.

"That door will take you to my office, you know the way from there," Severus finally said.

"Thank you!" Harry said before going to leave, "Oh wait. I need you to listen for any activity in regards to the Stone you guys had hidden."

“Had hidden?”

“Just let me know if Dumbledore says anything and don’t worry about the rest. I’ll explain later,” Harry said before walking out the door.

~~*

Draco was waiting for him, map in hand when Harry opened the door to their room.

“Thank Merlin! You were gone forever, did you get it?” Draco asked.

“Of course I did. I also found something,” Harry said before explaining to Draco just what had been found.

“So let me get this straight. Instead of going back the way you came, the way you knew would get you out, you went looking for a different way. You then went down a mastery hallway, came across mystery doors and just picked one and hoped for the best,” Draco said flatly.

Harry then realized it might not have been the best idea to go through the mystery doors, or tell Draco that he had done it.

“Er..Yes. But I could have doubled back so I figured why not?” Harrys answer trailing off into an uncertain question.

Draco sighed, “Next time let me know and take someone with you please? I’m not surprised there is hidden tunnels under the school, the founds placed alot of hidden places in the school that no one has reached. But that’s dangerous, I know your powerful but you don’t know everything. You can’t fight everything, if there were curses or hidden wards, who knows what Slytherin put down there. If you don’t take me at least take Severus.”

Harry hugged Draco and pulled him close, “I’m sorry I didn’t think. We will find a time to go explore.”

“Me?” Draco asked muffled, his face pressed into Harrys shoulder, his own arms wrapped tightly around him.

“Of course. You know more than I do, if we hit something that’s too much you will be able to tell. Besides, I want you to be the first Slytherin to explore anything the original Slytherin placed in this castle.”

Draco pulled away and smiled up at him, “Your the first Slytherin to explore those chambers.”

“Nah, I’m just a Gryffindor in green robes. Proved that today,” Harry said proudly.

“For now. I will eventual get the Gryffindor out of you completely, you're to dangerous other wise,” Draco said with a laugh.

“Dangerous? How?” Harry asked confused, that made absolutely no sense.

“You have no self preservation, you're courageous, and you have immense power and are making strong alliances. That could lead to alot of different situations that I would like to avoid.”

Oh. Yeah that was a good point.

“I’ll try my best,” Harry promised.

“That’s all we can hope for.”

~~*

Harry and Draco met with Severus later that week under the guise of help with school work. Once in Severus office they properly warded it against intrusion and eavesdropping.

Harry dropped a stone on Severuss' desk and smirked at him.

Severus pinched his nose, “Please tell me that’s not what I think it is.”

“Of course not, it's just a rock I picked up outside. Pretty isn’t it?” Harry said smiling at Severus innocently.

“Merlin. Is this how you ended up in my private lab last week?”

“Yes. I took a different exit out of the room and ended up in there.”

“There is no different exit. The chamber only has one door,” Severus said confused. They had done a full inspection of the room before they placed the stone and nothing had been found.

“There is. It’s on the wall behind the mirror, it's hidden of course. You have to be a Parseltounge to use it though, maybe to see it as well,” Harry said thoughtfully.

“Of course. Makes perfect sense,” Severus said flatly.

“Anyway. I need you to take this to Gringotts and speak with Griphook, only Griphook. He will handle the stone directly, he already knows what to do,” Harry told him before pulling out a box and placing the stone inside.

“Your hiding it in Gringotts?”

“I have no idea where he’s going to put it, but he knows what will happen if it's not kept safe,” Harry shrugged. Griphook had assured him Goblins had their own ways of hiding

things, he kept a few things for Harry that he wanted to make sure stayed hidden. Harry never asked where they were, and they were always available when needed.

“May I ask how you gained the respect of the goblin?” Severus asked before placing the box in his robes.

“I was nice? Goblins are important to this society, they handle all of our money and are powerful in their own right. I wouldn’t dream of pissing them off, I even learned the proper greetings and everything. It just happen,” Harry shrugged. He had only been too Gringotts a few times really, but he made sure to give them whatever he could to let him know he viewed them as humans and not dirty creatures. It was small but went far with the Goblins.

“I want you to still keep an eye out. I haven’t seen anyone go into the room except for Hagrid but if anyone gets suspicious let me know,” Harry advised.

“Do you know when The Dark Lord will try and steal the stone?” Severus asked.

“Not until the end of school, it was the beginning of June. Dumbledore had to leave the school for something and he took the chance,” Harry told him after a thought. He would need to check his notes for the exact date.

“Okay, I will let you know.”

~

Harry and Draco were sitting in the courtyard enjoying the sun and working on Charms when they were visited by their favorite Gryffindors.

“Hey mate!,” Harry groaned quietly when Rons voice carried over to them, looking up he saw Ron and Hermione quickly making their way over.

“Every time we leave the common room,” Harry muttered too Draco.

“Hello Ron, Hermione,” Harry said politely.

“You want to go play chess mate? Get some better company,” Ron asked excitedly. Harry mentally rolled his eyes, someone really needed to teach Ron how to make friends. Constantly talking badly about Harrys very obvious best friend was not the way to go. Hermione must have known Rons plan wasn't going to work and decided to change the tactic.

She snatched Harrys homework out of his hands and looked at it, Harry didn’t stop her instead sharing a look with Draco.

“Oh this is all wrong Harry. Here come with us to the library and I can help you correct it,” Hermione said in a bossy tone. Harry wished for the days she was still too traumatized to talk

to him, those were a good couple months. According to Severus, Hermione parents had insisted she go to a mind healer for the trauma she suffered from seeing Deans death. It was a good idea really, she spent months after the fact quiet, even in class her exuberance to be the best had toned down. Winter break seemed to help her alot, but in the last few weeks she had done a complete 180 and was right back to her annoying extra self.

Harry took his essay back, “No thank you. This isn’t the final essay and I don’t need your help to write the final.”

“Your writing more than on essay? Why?” Ron asked in distaste, the thought of anyone doing more than one form of homework sounded boring.

“I write two, the rough draft and the final. A lot of students do it,” Harry said putting his work away.

“That’s not necessary as long as you do it the correct way the first time. This is why you need my help Harry, so you can learn the proper way of doing it,” Hermione said strongly.

“No thank you. Like I said I don’t need your help with my essays,” Harry said finally, “Let’s go Draco, I told Neville we would meet him at the greenhouses for Herbology help.”

“Longbottom? He’s pretty useless mate, he keeps forgetting the password to the room. Gets locked out all the time,” Ron said with a laugh.

“He’s ace at Herbology and its not nice to make fun of him for forgetting things,” Harry said with a frown before standing with Draco, “Let’s go.”

Without another word they left, Harry smiled when he heard the sound of Hermione hand hitting Rons shoulder and his yelp. Serves him right.

“The Weasel really thinks he can make you hate me doesn’t he?” Draco said as they made their way to the greenhouse Sprout had given them use of.

“Apparently. Too bad most of his comments are about “dirty snakes” even though I myself am a “dirty snake”,” Harry said rolling his eyes.

“He’s using Gryffindor tactics on a Slytherin,” Draco stated.

“He’s thinks I’m suppose to a Gryffindor, he told the twins my placement was a mistake and I will eventually appreciate his “help”.”

“You would think being on Dumbledores payroll he would give them some advice,” Draco said.

“He probably thinks whatever they are doing is working enough since I’m not fighting with them directly. Who knows. Hey Neville!” Harry shouted out with a wave as they got closer to the green house.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in the green house with Neville as he helped them learn how to tend to their baby Devil Snare plants. And teasing Draco for the fact that his baby

plant absolutely hated him.

The End of First Year

Chapter Summary

It's the end of Harry's first year, but not without some Drama.

Chapter Notes

Hello Friends!

I hope you all enjoyed your week!

I would like to start by apologizing for mistagging the fic, I did not mean to throw the George/Harry thing at you all like that.

I will say that originally it was suppose to be Blaise so I mean...that's something right? George and Harry do not have any feelings for each other and will not in this Fic. AT ALL.

Thank you again for everything!

The rest of the term flew by for Harry and Draco. Their classes were still boring, their homework was done in record time, and they were neck to neck for top of the class. They were tied in almost every class, except for Transfiguration which Harry was the leader in and Charms which had Draco at the top and neither of them were first in Herbology. That spot was held by Neville and Harry didn't see that changing. Now they were just fighting for second place, it was getting a little heated as well.

"For merlins sake! We are 28 years old and we can't handle a devils snare?" Draco burst out one afternoon while they were studying for their Herbology test the next day.

"I was never good at Herbology. I think the first time my plant died in like the second week," Harry admitted as he ran a hand through his hair in aggravation.

"Mine lasted till the end of the school year before it gave up," Draco said with a frown, "Do you feel like we forgot things coming back?"

Harry shrugged, "I don't think so. Draco think about it we haven't had a first year Herbology class in what seventeen years? And I never paid much attention in Herbology anyway. Did you?"

“Well no,” Draco admitted sheepishly, “Father didn’t care much for my Herbology skill as long as it was proficient enough for potions.”

“Exactly. Besides we remember everything else from school, if we came back with missing memories I don’t think Herbology would be one,” Harry said.

Draco groaned, “It would be so much less embarrassing if it was.”

Harry laughed and threw his quill down, “You have a point there. Come on, Neville is doing that thing with Sprout but the twins could probably help us with this.”

“Good idea,” Draco agreed.

They quickly packed up and with a quick glance at the map that showed the twins in their classroom they made their way there.

“Fred, George, is this a bad time?” Harry asked as they entered the room.

“Course not, we just finished. What’s up?” George asked.

“We need help in Herbology,” Harry told them holding up his herbology book.

“What? Our school prodigies needing help in the simple art of Herbology?” Fred teased as he cleared off a table for them to use.

“Yeah, yeah laugh it up. It’s not our fault that class is out to get us,” Harry grumbled as they took their seats.

Fred was a horrible teacher really, he didn’t properly explain anything and tended to jump forward before anything was truly learned. George thankfully was much better and could actually help them. They ended up shooing Fred away one headache and a hour later.

“Thanks George,” Harry said gratefully a few hours later, “I can’t wait to drop this bloody subject.”

“Agreed,” Draco said as he finished his essay.

“Well young ones always remember-“

Georges words were cut off as a loud bell echoed through the school and the door to the room sealed shut before melting into the wall.

“What the bloody hell happen?” Harry said staring at the wall in confusion. As the alarm sounded he felt the school give a great shiver and something that felt like a warning rush over him.

“I have no idea, it’s never happened before,” George said as he and Fred went inspect the wall.

Harry shared a look with Draco who shook his head, he had no idea either.

A bright light flooded into the room and Severus doe appeared in front of them giving them a short message, "If you are not in a classroom or the dorms get there quickly, if you are in them stay where you are. The wards have been activated and the school has shut down."

"Bloody hell," Fred said as he gaped at the patronus.

"Why didn't that happen with the troll?" George said in confusion.

"The troll was inside the wards remember? He came from the forest so the school know to activate them," Harry reminded them before shrugging, "Looks like it's going to be a minute. You guys working on anything interesting?"

They ended up being locked in the room for three hours before Harry felt the tenseness in the school relax and the door reappeared. The next instant a large dog patronus was in front of them, "Harry, Draco where are you?"

Harry glanced at the twins, did he cast his? Or would that be too much?

Draco took the decision out of his hands, "Dobby!"

The house elf appeared in front of him instantly, his small hands clutching his apron, "Master Draco! Master Harry! We is looking everywhere for you!"

"We are okay Dobby," Harry soothed the distressed elf, "Can you tell Sirius that we are in Maunders den? He knows where it is."

"Of course! Dobby be right back!"

"Interesting house elf you got there," George said, Fred nodded his head in agreement.

"You have no idea," Harry told them before the elf popped back into the room.

"They be on their way! I will stay and protect until they get here," Dobby said seriously before posturing himself in front of the door.

"Well, ready to meet Padfoot?" Harry asked the twins with a large grin.

The twins eyes widened before they looked at each other in panic and started running around the room.

"What are *you doing*?" Draco asked as he watched them.

"Cleaning! Padfoot is coming!"

"It needs to be cleaned!"

"Dobby will help!"

Harry and Draco shared a look before laughter erupted from them. They were still giggling when the door opened and Sirius came in with Severus and Lucius directly behind him.

“Thank Merlin you guys are okay,” Sirius said before giving each boy a hug and moving aside for Lucius to do the same. Dobby gave Harry a how before disappearing and going back to what he had been doing before.

“Yeah were fine. We just finished homework when the school went crazy,” Harry told them, “What even happen?”

Sirius glanced to the twins before doing a double take. The twins were staring at him, their mouths moving but no words coming out.

“Are they okay?” He asked in concern.

Harry looked at them, “Yeah, give them a minute.”

Their words seemed to snap the twins out of their stupor and they fell to their knees and bowed, “It is an honor to meet the great Marauder Padfoot. We are but humble servants to your greatness.”

“Merlin,” Severus muttered behind them.

Sirius barked out a laugh, “Of course! The Weasley twins, I’ve been wanting to meet you for a while.”

“He wanted to meet us-“Fred said excitedly to George.

“Us lower beings,” George said back with the same excitement.

“This is great and all but we did come here for a reason Sirius,” Lucius said from Dracos side, his hand tight on Dracos shoulder.

“Oh right. Sorry bout that,” Sirius said, “We will talk later but for now we need to get you all to your dorms. Your head of house will explain the situation.”

“I’ll escort them to the tower, you two take the boys to Slytherin,” Severus said before sweeping out of the room. Fred and George scrambled up, throwing one last look at Sirius and followed him out of the room.

“Let’s go. We will explain in Severus office,” Lucius said before steering Draco from the room.

Sirius placed his hand on Harrys shoulder and they followed them quickly through the hallways of the school. Harry felt caught site of Aurors and teachers escorting other students to their dorms. Harry reached out a hand and ran it along the walls, they were warm and almost vibrating. It took Harry a few moments to recognize what he was feeling. Anger.

They made it to Severus office is record time and settled around his desk, wards flaring with a flick of Sirius wand.

“What the bloody hell happen,” Harry demanded as soon as he felt them settle.

“The Dark Lord went for the stone. When he didn’t find it he tore himself from Quirrell and we assume may have went looking for a new host. The school wards instantly activated and shut the school down. As far as we can tell he fled,” Sirius said leaning back in his chair finally relaxing.

The fear he felt when they received Severus’ patronus brought him right back to that Halloween night when he lost everything. It only intensified when he got to the school and Severus told them that they had no idea where Harry and Draco were.

“But it’s only March,” Harry said with a frown, “He didn’t try anything until June last time.”

“You said he was under much more scrutiny last time. Severus was watching him closely and giving the information to Dumbledore. He had to wait until the perfect moment, he was more confident this time,” Draco said with a thoughtful frown.

“Who’s going to teach Defense now?” Harry asked.

Lucius and Sirius stared at him.

“It’s a valid question,” Harry defended, “We can’t do anything about the Dark Lord taking off and I have a pretty good idea of where he’s going. As of right now we’re putting him on the back burner. My concern is the school.”

“We don’t know right now but I’m sure the students won’t be left to fend for themselves,” Sirius assured him.

“Good. Now about the school, something... weird is happening,” Harry told them, he had never felt the school like this before and frankly he was getting freaked out.

“What?” Sirius and Lucius asked concerned.

“I can feel how the school is feeling,” Harry told them before explaining the different instances that he felt changes.

“It sounds like you're connected to the school wards,” Lucius said with a frown, “You don’t currently hold any wards but when you do it’s their job to alert you and know the status of what they are holding.”

“Okay but why?”

“You didn’t feel them before?” Sirius asked.

“The only time I felt them was when they fell during the final battle,” Harry told them, “But I think everyone did.”

“It was everyone,” Draco confirmed.

“Who else would hold the wards other than the Headmaster?” Harry asked Lucius.

“The Heirs,” Severus said as he walked into the room, “At least theoretically, we haven’t actually had an heir that we know of. Other than the Dark Lord and he didn’t feel the wards while he was here.”

“How do you know?” Harry questioned.

“He would have gloated about it,” Severus said dryly, “Why are you asking?”

“I can feel the wards,” Harry informed him.

Severus paused for a moment before sitting in his seat, “Since when?”

“Since school started,” Harry said before reiterating what he had already told the other two.

“Have you taken a legacy test at Gringotts?”

“Er no. It wasn’t needed,” Harry told them honestly.

“It is now. We will take you during the summer to find out,” Sirius told him.

“You think I’m an heir? Wouldn’t I have felt it before?” Harry asked confused.

“Possibly because you weren’t as in tune with your magic before or something was stopping it,” Severus told him.

“Like the Horcrux in my head?” Harry asked, “When I came back without it my magic was much stronger and easier to control.”

Death had also told Harry he was using a lot of magic to keep it contained, but they didn’t need to know that.

“Or magical ties,” Draco said from his side, “Did anyone tie your magic before?”

“Err..I don’t know actually,” Harry said running a hand through his hair.

“I find it very concerning the information you don’t know,” Lucius said, “You told us you didn’t know as much before but even the basics of magic were kept from you.”

“I didn’t search them out,” Harry said, “I also didn’t know the information was readily available. I just assumed the basics would be covered in school I guess.”

“It was at one point,” Severus said.

“One point?” Draco asked.

“There used to be a muggleborn introduction class that was required for all Muggleborns until third year. It introduced them to the culture, traditions and gave them the tools for further research.”

“What happen to it?” Harry asked in surprise. That sounded amazing, could he get a private tutor for Hermione? Maybe then she would shut up.

“It was removed by Dumbledore when he was appointed Headmaster,” Lucius told them.

“Of course it was,” Harry said flatly. The more he learned about Dumbledore the more Harry questioned everything the man did. His excuse of “greater good” was getting flimsier with every new revelation and Harry was getting tired of it. What was the point of removing a muggleborn introduction class when he claimed to be all about creating an inclusive culture.

“For someone who wants everyone to get along and no longer have prejudices between us he sure makes it hard,” Harry said out loud.

“I wonder if that’s what he even wants,” Draco said thoughtfully, “Remember the first time? He greatly favored the Gryffindors, to the extreme really. He never said anything to bullying or unfair treatment of teachers for Slytherins and anything serious he brushed off as school yard discretions.”

“True. So then what’s his endgame?” Harry asked the room at large.

No one had the answer.

~~*

“I have to admit, Dumbledore isn’t a bad defense teacher,” Harry said as he sat in the library revising with Neville, Blaise and Daphne. They got along best with Neville, treating him with more indifference than anything. But not after a few warnings from Harry about behavior. Neville was his friend and they would deal with it or Harry wouldn’t deal with them.

It had been a few weeks since Quirrell death and things had finally calmed down, well for the most part. The official story was that there was a horrible accident that led to his death, unfortunately for Dumbledore it was the second death that year. The trust that the public had in the administration had diminished greatly with the deaths and in response many students had been pulled from their school by angry and scared parents.

After many speeches and a promise to have the wards checked and upgraded over summer many of the students would be returning the next year. Some parents however declined the option and their children would be going somewhere else the next year. Privately Harry thought they were the lucky ones.

“Except for the blatant favoritism to Gryffindors yes,” Draco sneered. He glanced at Neville, “No offense.”

“None taken,” Neville said with a grimace, “It’s obvious isn’t it?”

“Yes,” answers came from all parts of the table.

“Granger incoming,” Blaise muttered to the rest.

Daphne pursed her lips, "I'm going back to the common room. Can I borrow your defense notes Harry?"

"Yeah they are on my desk. Blaise you can have my charms notes if I can have your history notes," Harry told them.

"No problem I'm going with Daphne. See you later," Blaise said. He left his history notes, they quickly made their way from the table to escape from Hermione.

"Lucky prats," Draco said quietly. Harry and Neville snorted keeping their eyes firmly on their papers.

"Harry, Neville, I thought I would find you here," Hermione said. Ignoring Draco she sat her book bag down and pulled out her work, "Are you ready to revise? I made schedules to keep us on track."

"No thank you. We don't need help with revising. We're almost done actually," Harry told her, pulling his essay closer to him and away from her grabbing hands.

"Harry it's okay to need help," Hermione said gently, "I know you're struggling in Defense and I just want to help you get a good grade."

"What?" Harry asked incredulously.

Draco snorted and threw his quill down, "Granger is saying you're failing defense because her esteemed Headmaster hasn't let you answer questions."

"Nobody asked you Malfoy," Hermione shot back.

"No body asked you to ruin my table with your filth but you're here anyway," Draco said in a bored tone.

Hermione looked to Harry and Neville and waved a hand to Draco, "Are you going to let him say that to me?"

Harry sighed, "I can't control what he says Hermione and you were rude first."

"I was not rude!" Hermione exclaimed, "I came to help you revise."

"You were rude to him when you ignored him. Now if you excuse us we have plans and like I said we don't need help," Harry said with finality.

Neville who had been quiet the entire time was already packed and quickly got up with Harry and Draco.

"Neville where are you going? You can't go into the Slytherin common room," Hermione said.

"I never said we were going to the common room," Harry said before walking away, the other two following closely behind him.

“I’m sorry,”Neville said quietly.

“Why?” Draco asked looking back at him, “You didn’t do anything.”

“I should have said something,” Neville said.

Harry stopped and turned to look at him, “Why do you think that?”

“You’re my friends...I should have stood up for you. A true Gryffindor would have,” Neville said sadly.

Harry placed a hand on Nevilles shoulder, “Neville you are a true Gryffindor. The sorting hat wouldn’t have placed you in Gryffindor if you weren’t, bravery isn’t required in every situation.”

“Who has been telling you you're not a true Gryffindor?” Draco asked from Harrys side with a frown.

“Some of my house because I don’t stop the Slytherins from being mean,” Neville explained looked at the floor.

Harry huffed, “That’s stupid. You only talk to me and Draco really and neither of us start stuff with the Gryffindors.”

“We have ended a few things,” Draco said with a smirk.

“Well yes..but they started it,”Harry admitted, “But you aren’t responsible for another house. It’s stupid. In fact...come with us, I’m going to see what’s going on.”

“How?” Neville asked nervously, he didn’t want the house to know he complained, it would get even worse.

“Just come,”Harry said before starting back down the hallway.

Neville looked at Draco for assistance. Draco just shrugged, “He’s probably thinking about the twins.”

“Fred and George?” Neville squeaked.

“Yep. Have they been picking on you?”Draco asked with a raised eyebrow. If the twins had been picking on Neville they were going to greatly regret it. Harry would go spare.

“Not really. They are just scary,”Neville whispered with a glance around.

“Don’t worry. They wouldn’t dare do anything with Harry around,”Draco assured him, grabbing his arm and dragging I'm down the hallway.

They caught up with Harry outside the door, Neville looked around confusedly and tried to turn around.

“That answers the question about repelling wards,” Harry commented before grabbing Nevilles arm and pushing him into he room.

Nevilles eyes widened as soon as they entered the room. It was even messier than it had been at the beginning of the year, more couches and tables had been added and there were some extra paper and books scattered around the room. As always Fred as at the potions station working on something and George was casting spells on something that looked like a small toy. They both looked up when the door opened and stared at Neville in confusion.

“I have a bone to pick with you,” Harry said firmly as he let go of Neville and marched closer to the twins.

The twins shared a look and vanished their projects, “What’s up?”

“Is your house picking on Neville?”Harry demanded.

“Not that we know of-“George started to say before Fred cut him off.

“Are you getting picked on Neville?” Fred asked.

All eyes turned to Neville who looked at his shoe and rubbed it on the floor a few times before answering, “Kind of.”

“Who?” Fred and George demanded.

“My dorm,” Neville said quietly.

“Ron?” Harry asked, not in the least surprised.

Neville nodded.

Harry looked at the twins, “Neville is under our protection. You will watch out for him in the dorm, if it starts to go outside of just their dorm room you *will* handle it.”

Fred and George saluted, “Will do-“

“-Captain.”

Harry nodded, “Good. Now come on we have to finish revising.”

~~*

“Who was second?” Draco asked as he and Harry made their way to the common room board. The students split instantly for them as they made their way, giving them an easy

passage. Harry had made a lot of headway this year to show that the other students didn't need to be scared of him, but they still had a healthy respect for him.

"We both did," Harry said surprised.

They were tied for second in Herbology, both at a E.

Harry and Draco looked at each other, "So are we ranked second all over?"

Harry had ranked first in Transfiguration, DADA, and second in History of Magic. Draco had conquered Charms, Astronomy, and Potions, third in History of magic. Herbology had been the tie breaker for them.

"No," Blaise said amused, "Look at Potions."

Harry and Draco instantly looked at the score.

"This is all your fault," Draco complained, "Dumbledore likes you more."

"Severus is the potions professor not Dumbledore," Harry said but he was frowning. Dumbledore had to have something to do with it. Draco was the best in potions out of them and had been ahead of him since the beginning of the year with Harry in second.

"We need to go see Professor Snape," Harry said before grabbing Draco's arm and leading him to the portrait.

"Harry it's not that big of a deal," Draco tried to say placating but Harry shushed him.

"Come in," Severus's annoyed voice came from inside his office.

Harry rushed in pulling a protesting Draco with him. Severus didn't look surprised to see them, placing his quill down he leaned back into his seat and looked at them with dark eyes.

"I take it you saw the final scores," He said.

"Why am I ahead of Draco?" Harry demanded.

Severus pinched his nose, "In your final Draco made a mistake in his last step. While his potion looked correct it congealed shortly after class ended."

"Lacewings," Draco said with a frown, "I added too many lacewings."

Severus nodded, "I would also say you did an extra stir to the left."

"Wait...so I actually scored higher than him?" Harry asked surprised.

"Of course. I wouldn't change a score, not even for a celebrity," Severus sneered offered.

"We thought it was Dumbledores hand actually," Harry said with a pleased smile. He bet Draco.

“Not even the headmaster can tough my scores Potter. Now if you will excuse me I have work that I need to get to,” Severus said dismissing them.

“Congratulations Harry,” Draco said with a smile.

“I can’t believe I did it,” Harry said still surprised as they made their way outside.

“I can. I told you that your skill had greatly improved I’m not surprised at all,” Draco said in a matter of fact tone.

“I think I’m more surprised you messed up. You’ve made that potion a million times,” Harry said looking over at Draco.

Draco blushed, “I was distracted to be honest.”

Harry raised an eyebrow.

“It doesn’t matter,” Draco said waving a hand.

Harry let it go, Draco would tell him eventually. Probably after he bugged him a million times.

“I can’t believe we go home tomorrow,” Harry said with a sad sigh as he dropped down by the bank of the river and laid back. He closed his eyes and breathed in the smell of sharp grass and blossoming flowers. He could hear the Giant Squid in the lake gently hitting the water with his tentacles. The sounds of students enjoying their last days at a sunny school in faintly in the background. He would have to leave this all to go back to the Dursleys this summer. Leave Draco.

“Come to the manor,” Draco said quietly as he sat next to Harry, holding his knees to himself, “You can’t spend the summer with those muggles. I know they won’t do anything but you should be with your people.”

“I can’t,” Harry said just as quiet. He wanted to go to the Manor more than anything but he needed to abide by Dumbledores rules, just for a little longer, “I will be visiting of course. I only need to really be there for a couple weeks to refuel the wards then I can leave all I want.”

“I’m holding you to that. You can’t leave me alone in a house with your demented Godfather for the entire summer,” Draco said.

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” Harry promised.

The last school year had gone by fast and Harry was glad for it really. With every passing year it brought him closer to his real age and being able to actually start his real goals. This last year he hadn’t done much, with Draco and Sirius help he learned more magic that had previously eluded him, he was finally able to practice the magic that he learned from those books while he waited for his eleventh year. He was slowly making alliances with the

students, and in turn their parents, honestly he knew more students this year than he had in any of his other school years.

He wasn't close to any of them but he had acquaintance with students from all the houses, no longer focusing just on Gryffindor, Ron and Hermione. In fact he avoided the Gryffindor House except for the twins and Neville, mostly because he couldn't stand a majority of them who acted as if he betrayed them by not being in their house. Neville had informed him it was because of Ron, how he would stir them up with Seamus in the common room, while acting like Harry was a great friend outside of their house.

Spending the last year in Slytherin had also taught Harry something important. He was told that your house would be your home, you would find family and friends within your dorm walls. Gryffindors were so back and forth that Harry had never really had that, one day they loved him and the next they hated him. The entire school would know by lunch any transgression he had committed that had the house mad at him, the goblet and Chamber being the worst of the two. In Slytherin it was different. Like Draco had said anything in the common room did stay in the common room. Nasty break ups, friends fighting, the students you saw as enemies, it never left the room. Ever.

In fact if the student body did know some of what had transpired Slytherin would probably be the most popular for the gossip mill. A break up anywhere else in the school was gossip but had no lasting effects. A break up in Slytherin was intense, and usually involved a broken marriage contract which caused shock waves and division throughout the house. Friends falling out had the same effects. Without having to back up Draco Crabbe and Goyle had fallen directly to the bottom of the totem pole and no one really interacted with them. Pansy was slightly above them as she had a cordial relationship with the boys but a majority of the other students were indifferent to her. Harry personally couldn't stand her, he had tried for the sake of diplomacy but her level of immaturity was worse than most of the other children and pulled at his known temper. Rumors swirled shortly after Christmas that the Greengrasses had cut all business ties with the Parkinsons in response to Daphne's information on the comings and goings of the common room.

The rumors were true, and it was more than just the Greengrasses.

While Harry didn't really trust anyone in the house other than Draco it was nice to have people around who wouldn't spill your secrets to the entire school.

"HARRY!"

Harry groaned and cursed under his breath, ignoring Draco's chuckles, he sat up and looked out as Ron and Hermione made their way quickly to him.

"Honestly they could be worse," Draco commented as he too sat up.

Harry agreed with him. They had been a bit pushy, Ron with their "friendship" and Hermione with schoolwork but they hadn't been nearly as bad as Harry feared they would be.

"Hello, are you ready to leave?" Harry asked them, always as polite as he needed to be.

“Of course,” Hermione said, her spine straight as if it was a point of pride.

“Nah, I got all day and the morning to pack,” Ron said with a roll of his eyes, “I came to tell you I talked to my mum and you can come spend the summer with us in a few weeks.”

“Uh, that’s nice of her and all but why would I go to your house?” Harry asked.

“To hang out of course. She’s getting Charlies room ready for you but its going to be great,” Ron said before going off about all of the fun things they would be doing.

“Ron I’m not going to your house,” Harry said slowly.

“Of course you are mate. I just need your address so we can go get you,” Ron said happily.

Harry shared a look with Draco.

“I’m not giving you my address. Regardless of what you told your mother I’m not going, if I was going to visit anyone during the summer it would be Draco,” Harry said with a wave toward the boy.

“You can’t go to his house! Who knows what sort of dark things the Malfoys keep,” Ron said with a shiver.

“Excuse you?” Draco said irritated.

“It’s the truth. You have Harry confused but as soon as he spends time with the decent sort he will see you for what a slimy Slytherin you are,” Ron spat at him, his ears turning red.

“Okay. That’s enough,” Harry said firmly, standing up and facing Ron directly, “I. Am. A. Slytherin. I have been for 10 months, I will be for the next 6 years. I’m not ‘confused’ about anything. I’m friends with people from all houses not just my house, even some Gryffindors. I’m just not friends with you and it has absolutely nothing to do with Draco its because of you.”

“Me?” Ron asked confused.

“Yes you. You are rude to all of my friends and my house. Why would I want to be friends with someone like that?” Harry asked him.

“Mate you just don’t-“

Harry cut him off, “No. Unless you make some serious changes to get along with my friends then we won’t ever be friends.”

Ron’s ears where completely red and with a glare at Malfoy he turned and stomped away.

Hermione had been watching the exchange with wide eyes and looked to Rons retreated back before back at Harry.

“Yes?” Harry asked tiredly. If this was about the damn class lists.

“I just wanted to make sure there were no hard feelings for not being top of the class. If we studied together this year like I tried to you could have scored better.”

Harry had no time for this, “Go ask Professor McGonagall for the first year list, not the main list in the common room. That’s only for your house.”

“No it isn’t,” Hermione said.

“Did you see anyone’s name on the list that didn’t belong in your house?” Harry asked her.

“I only looked at first place. I’m sorry you didn’t make it but you don’t need to make up excuses. I can help you next year,” Hermione said.

“Go ask Professor McGonagall,” Harry said before dropping back to the ground and laying down with his eyes over his head.

Hermione huffed and leave mumbling under her breath in irritation.

Draco laughed, “I spoke too soon.”

“You completely jinxed me you Prat,” Harry mumbled, his arm still covering his face.

“Do you think Dumbledore knows about the Weasleys plan?”

“Probably. But if he tries to make me go to their house I’m going to your house. I refuse to spend even a couple hours at the burrow and be trapped in that house with Ron and Ginny. In fact I don’t want to see her until I absolutely have to.”

“Ah yes, Weaslette. I forgot she will be here next year, how nice,” Draco said lightly.

Harry looked at Draco out of the corner of his eye, “You can’t bully her as soon as she gets here Draco.”

“Why not?” Draco demanded.

“Other than the fact that she will be eleven?”

“If she doesn’t start anything then I won’t,” Draco said with a shrug.

Harry rolled his eyes, “Okay but watch out for her bat boogie, she’s been able to do that since she was seven.”

“Your not concerned at all about her? She had you under an illegal contract remember?”

“Yeah of course. But she probably won’t even be able to look at me for a good few years. Plus with Sirius there is no way that Dumbledore could put my name on any contract without this say so and I don’t have one right now,” Harry explained, “Now come relax with me before the sun goes down. You’re ruining my zen.”

~~*

Harry and Draco sat quietly in their compartment on the Hogwarts Express. The moment the door was shut they had it warded and sat next to each other quietly. The leaving feast had been one of the best Harry had been too. Slytherin won the house cup, no last minute points to had out this time, that long with the quidditch cup Severus was in very high spirits and didn't even care that the sixth and seventh years stayed up until dawn partying with pilfered Fire Whiskey. Harry had made quite a few gallons getting it for them as well.

"It's going to be weird," Draco finally said breaking the silence.

Harry wrapped his arm around Draco and pulled him against him, Draco laid his head on his shoulder. Harry was reminded of when Draco found him on the train at the beginning of the year. Harry had been nervous, he had no idea how to get started with anything he needed to do but Draco had came in and all of a sudden it fell inline.

"It's going to be horrible. Worst then Christmas I imagine," Harry agreed, "But it's just for this summer. Once Siri becomes more involved with the Wizengamot and gains status we can stop following Dumbledores rules. Right now he has too much power and people are still too wary of Sirius."

"Your going to visit right?"

"I already promised Draco. I already spent eleven years with the Dursleys, I won't spend anymore time then I have to," Harry said.

"Good. It will be so boring at the Manor. My parents know the truth but they still treat me like I'm eleven. Father even got mad at me for reading one of the dark toms from the library at Christmas, said it was 'to advanced' for me," Draco said.

Harry laughed, "To him you are still eleven Draco. Our brains aren't but our bodies are, it's going to be a while until he can see you for your true age. Actually he might never, some parents always see their children as little kids."

"If he tries it again you're going to curse him to remind him that we aren't children," Draco informed Harry.

"Me? Why don't you do it?"

"Because he's my father. I could never curse my father," Draco said shaking his head, "Honestly."

"Well I have no problem cursing your father. I still owe him," Harry said with a large grin.

"You can't keep score from before Harry," Draco said with a small laugh.

“You are,” Harry teased.

“That’s the weaslette. That’s different,” Draco sniffed.

“Whatever you say Draco.”

The rest of the train ride was spent in silence as they took last minute comfort from each other. At least Draco would be with family during the summer, he could have actual conversations with them. Harry wasn’t so lucky.

Harry watched as the Train entered the station and let out a sigh. He was already ready for summer to be over.

Beginning of Summer

Chapter Summary

The summer of boredom starts for Harry..until a surprise visitor changes everything.

Chapter Notes

Hello Friends!

I had a couple questions about why Harry went to the Dursleys when Sirius is his guardian. The easiest answer is that Harry is playing the long game. Dumbledore is under the impression that he is still in charge of Harry and his choices, that isn't something they want changed right now. So Harry has to do things he doesn't want to to hopefully get the ending that he wants.

Thank you!

The beginning of summer was unbearably boring.

The Dursleys were at the station to pick up Harry but ignored him the moment they got into the car. Harry didn't mind this, he didn't really want to talk to them, but after being around people to have conversations with it really brought to home how lonely being at the Dursleys was.

Harry was laying on his bed with a practice snitch, letting it go and quickly catching it from his position. His homework laying on his desk finished and drying, his defense book was laying next to him open to a random chapter that he had been reading before his boredom took over.

He missed Hogwarts, he missed classes, he missed *Draco*.

The plan to stay under radar was quickly losing its appeal. What good was it to make Dumbledore think he was winning if the result was this never ending purgatory of muggledom.

Harry was brought out of his thoughts by a loud "POP" from outside his window. Quickly getting out of bed he went to the window and let out a silent cheer, Sirius was quickly making his way up the pathway to the door of Number four. His hair was tied up with ribbon and he was wearing an expensive looking suit, looking right at home in the Muggle world.

Harry tore his way out of the room and ran down the steps, his loud footsteps echoed through the house. A knock sounded through the house as his feet hit the landing, "I got it!" He said to his aunt Petunia who had just left the kitchen to open the door, Vernon's head poking out of the doorway behind her.

"Sirius!" Harry cheered as he threw the door open and gave the man a hug, "Please tell me we are going somewhere!"

Sirius let out a laugh and hugged him back, "We are. I just have to speak with your aunt and uncle first."

Harry grinned, "Right this way."

Petunia and Vernon had already made their way back into the kitchen and were having tea at the table when Harry opened the door. They tensed lightly as they watched him walk in with Sirius. Harry smirked slightly, they ignored each other as a general rule. Harry because they annoyed him, the Dursleys because they were terrified of making him angry.

"Hello Tuney," Sirius said cheerfully.

"S-sirius?" Petunia stutters looking between the two of them fearfully.

"Yep! I have some papers for you to sign," Sirius said, bringing the papers out with a flourish, "Harry will come every summer and spend two weeks with you, after that he will be with me. These are custody papers, from your government, that states as much."

"Only two weeks?" Petunia asked, hope coming into her eyes.

"Only two weeks," Sirius said.

Petunia and Vernon shared a look. They didn't want Harry in their house, even for two weeks, but the letter said they had to take care of him. If he wasn't in the house what would it mean for them? For the money that they get?

"Sign the papers," Harry snapped, he had no patience for them.

"Right-o," Vernon said before quickly picking up the pen and signing them, passing it to Petunia to sign next.

Sirius provided them a copy of the paper and stuck the signed ones in his jacket pocket, "We will take our leave once Harry collects his things."

Harry turned without a word and started making his way up the stairs to his room, Sirius followed whistling a pleasant tune.

"They are terrified of you," He said as he waved his wand to pack Harry's things.

"Vernon got a little handsy with me when I was younger. I made it very clear it wouldn't happen again," Harry said with a shrug.

“Good for you,” Sirius said with a nod, “Let’s go. Draco has been pacing the foray for the last hour waiting for me to leave.”

“Let’s go!”

“Finally!” Draco said as he ran to Harry and they hugged.

“I went as fast as I could,” Sirius said dryly, “I had to stop at the Lawyers office first.”

“You should have left earlier then,” Draco said before pulling on Harrys arm, “Come on. The pitch is already set up, your stuff will be sent to your room.”

Leaving his things and Sirius in the foray Harry and Draco ran away. Sirius watched them with a small smile, turning to Narcissa as he felt her hand on his arm.

“Thank Merlin. I feared I would have to lock Draco in his room until you returned,” Narcissa said with a small shake of her head.

“You should have. He’s been bugging me since last week about bring Harry over,” Sirius said.

“Hard to believe they are adults,” Narcissa commented as they made their way to the window. The boys had already made it to the pitch and were flying around, doing stunts that made her flinch.

“Harry didn’t get a real childhood before and Dracos was drastically cut short. I don’t blame them for getting joy out of everything they can,” Sirius said with a shrug.

“I don’t either. Lets go have some tea, I can’t watch this anymore,” Narcissa said with a frown out the window, “They are going to break their necks.”

Sirius laughed and guided her away.

“How was it there?” Draco asked as they flew around.

“Boring. I finished the homework in like two days,” Harry groaned.

Draco frowned, “You should have just came here.”

“Draco you already know why I couldn’t come,” Harry said. Draco had been very vocal about this displeasure and while Harry understood it didn’t mean it wasn’t getting annoying.

“I know,” Draco said quietly.

“I’m here now. Let’s have some fun before we get down to business,” Harry said bumping his shoulder with his.

“What business? It’s summer!” Draco whined.

“Honestly. We need to make sure all of the horcruxs are where they are suppose to be. With things changed I don’t know if I trust he won’t try and get them early,” Harry told him.

“Oh right. After this game!” Draco said before taking a dive after the snitch.

“You cheat!” Harry called out driving right after him.

They played for a few more hours, each taking the advantage every other game until Harry finally caught the last snitch and took the winning point.

“You cheated,” Draco pouted as they made their way back into the house.

“How?” Harry asked with a laugh. No matter how many times they played Draco would never admit defeat.

“I don’t know yet. But I will figure it out,” Draco declared.

Harry rolled his eyes and followed him into the house.

“Hello Harry, how was the beginning of your summer?” Narcissa asked as the boys came into the family room for dinner.

“Boring but I finished all of my summer work,” Harry said brushing a kiss over her cheek as they took their seats.

“Well I’m glad one of you have taken your studies seriously,” Narcissa said giving Draco a disapproving look.

“I’ll get it done tomorrow mother,” Draco promised.

“Good,” Narcissa nodded.

“I was wondering if you would be willing to help train us this summer?” Harry asked Sirius and Lucius, “I know a lot of theory but my practical is extremely behind.”

“Of course,” Lucius said, “Did you have anything you wanted to focus on?”

“Dueling, Warding, ancient runes and arithmacy mostly. Some transfiguration and charms as well but they aren’t as important,” Harry said.

“And you Draco?”

“Just Dueling. Refreshing on the rest,” Draco said.

“That’s it?” Sirius asked rinsing an eyebrow.

“Yes. I died later than Harry and had a better magical education than him as well, what you will teach him I already know until you get further into the subjects,” Draco explained.

“Sounds good,” Sirius said rubbing his palms together, “This will be so fun!”

Harry shook his head and took a sip of his water, now onto the not fun plans.

“Another thing. We need to track down the Horcuxs this summer and find a way to place wards on them. I don’t want to move them from their locations yet but I want to be able to tell if they are moved,” Harry said.

“Why not just move them?” Sirius asked confused.

“I don’t know what The Dark Lord will do if he is unable to find them. I don’t want to risk him finding them gone and making a new one,” Harry told them truthfully. Before he turned Nagini into one, but Harry was sure that was because he wanted seven, not because he felt like he needed to.

“We can do that,” Sirius said looking over at Lucius, “We will need to get into the Malfoy warding books.”

“I will get the ones we need,” Lucius agreed.

“Uh Harry?” Draco asked after a few minutes.

“Yeah?”

“Isn’t there a Horcrux here?” Draco asked, flicking his eyes to his parents.

Harry froze, bite halfway to his mouth. Bloody Hell. How did he forget?

“What are you talking about?” Lucius asked sitting up straighter.

“The Dark Lord gave you a small black book during the first war. Where is it?” Harry asked already standing from his seat.

Lucius looked at him confused, “I never received any book from the Dark Lord.”

“You did. It’s just a plain black book,” Harry said looking at Draco confused.

“No Harry I didn’t,” Lucius said confidently.

Harry and Draco looked at each other before looking at Lucius, “I’m going to need to take a look into your mind Lucius,” Harry told him.

Lucius nodded, “After dinner.”

The rest of dinner was silent. Harry was worried. Lucius had the Horcrux before, he gave it too Ginny. Why didn’t he remember it now? Did Voldemort already come and get it from him? Is he using it now to build a new body? But that didn’t make any sense. Voldemort

would need help to get the Diary and use it to get a new body. Pettigrew was in Azkaban, Crouch Sr. was still moving about the Ministry so his son had to still be locked in the house.

So what was going on?

They met in Lucius private study after dinner and sat around his sitting area in front of the fire.

“Quick question,” Sirius said as Harry and Lucius got ready, “If you didn’t get a lot of practice then how exactly do you know how to do this?”

Harry shrugged, “I wouldn’t say I exactly know how to do it. But I studied Legitimacy..a lot when I was stuck at the Dursleys. On them a bit as well, it was the easiest magic to do without a wand. I also control the mark, if anything I can use that to direct me where I need to go.”

“So you might break his mind?” Sirius said.

“Of course he won’t. I wouldn’t let him if I thought he would fail,” Draco said with a sneer.

“I trust him,” Lucius said with finality looking at Harry directly, “I only ask that you will stop if you feel unsure.”

“I won’t break your mind, I promise,” Harry promised, ignoring the part of him that wanted the information regardless of the cost.

What can he say, Lucius grew on him.

Harry placed his finger tips on Lucius temples and took a deep breath as he looked directly into his eyes.

Harry felt himself falling into an abyss. Colors swirled around him, smoke swirled around forming shapes before evaporating into nothing, light flashed out of the corner of Harry’s eye as he finally stopped. Being on the inside of a mind was a strange thing, like floating in a large bowl of just set jello. Without moving you were suspended, unable to fall but able to move with little effort. Memories surrounded him in bright balls of all sizes. Large ones frozen in place unmoving, smaller ones moving around sluggishly, tiny ones speeding by hard to catch.

Each memory had a footprint and while you were inside the mind of another you had a connection to each and every one. This is why Legitimacy was so dangerous, while minds are connected it was easy to lose yourself and confuse memories for yours. With too much force you could break their memories into your will and without enough force you could lose yourself.

Severus had explained to Harry his method was focusing on those footprints and allowing himself to simply fall through the memories until he found the one he was looking for. The

downside to his method was that you ended up seeing many different memories and not just the one you were looking for.

Harry frowned as he carefully took in the different balls. They are all bright and glowing strongly, reaching out he quickly grabbed one of the small balls and fell into a memory.

Harry looked around in interest, he was in an old manor. It would have been beautiful at one time but now was decrepit. The banners and tapestries were ripped and dirty, the floor cracked and covered in dirt, some of the furniture was broken while others were dirty and covered in something Harry didn't want to look too closely at.

Voldemort was standing on a Dias in front of the room. He was older than he had been in the diary but younger than Harry had ever seen him. Harry walked closer to him and tilted his head as he studied him, he was actually pretty attractive. Harry shook his head, he gave up his looks for an attempt at immortality, that was a damn shame.

In front of him were a group of unmasked men, standing tall with their hands held behind their back. Harry walked around them, he didn't recognize any of them but a few looked familiar. The man in the middle, icy blue eyes and long blond hair spilling over the back of his robes, Abraxas Malfoy. A man next to him with sharp grey eyes and curly hair falling softly at his shoulders, Orion Black. Next to him was a man that looked remarkably like one of the Lestranger brothers.

Bloody Hell, this must have been the first generation Death Eaters.

Harry looked behind them at the next set of Death Eaters. A young Lucius Malfoy was kneeling on the floor, with a group of other boys, all with their robes pulled up showing their bare left arm. Harry felt a stone in the pit of his stomach, this was the memory of Lucius marking.

Harry shook his head, nope. Not going to watch this.

Harry dropped the memory and was back to where he started. Harry focused on the Diary, frowning as nothing happened. Reaching out a little more he checked the memories one last time, all were bright and full. Memories that had been tampered with were always cracked or dim, obviously tampered with.

Lucius had none of those.

Harry came back to himself with a gasp, he swayed on the chair he was sitting in. Sirius grabbed his shoulders keeping him steady as Draco was doing the same for his father.

"You good?" Sirius asked looking at him with concern.

"Yeah I'm good. Lucius you good?" Harry asked the man.

"Yes," he rasped before coughing, "I'm good."

"How is your head?" Narcissa asked, placing the back of her hand on his head.

“Fine actually, not even a headache,” Lucius said looking at Harry in surprise.

Harry smirked at him, “I told you I knew what I was doing. Your mind was wide open, probably because of the mark.”

“Did you find anything?” Draco asked.

Harry frowned, “Nothing. Not even tampered memories, Lucius really never had the diary.”

“How is that possible?” Draco asked.

“No idea,” Harry admitted.

“So what do we do?” Draco asked.

Harry ran a hand through his hair, “I have absolutely no idea.”

Harry found himself sneaking into Dracos room after everyone had gone to bed. Draco was awake and waiting for him, a lumos floating in the air to light the book he was reading.

“You okay?” Draco asked in concern. He lifted the blanket and shifted slightly over to allow Harry to get comfortable. Harry glanced up as he got into the bed, the fabric of the canopy was removed from the top allowing a full view of the glass roof.

“No,” Harry said, “Are we sure your dad had the diary before?”

Draco frowned in thought, “I think so? It seemed like it..but..”

“But what?”

“He was never punished for it,” Draco said staring out into the darkness of the room, “When the Dark Lord came back he tore through the mind of everyone. My father was in bed for days. He could barely move or talk, mother was terrified.”

“Maybe that was punishment enough?” Harry suggested.

“I watched that man curcio someone for 10 minutes because they were ten seconds late coming into the room,” Draco said shortly, “He would have killed my father if he knew.”

“So who had the diary before?”

“Why did you think it was my father?” Draco asked.

“Dobby. Dobby warned me he was doing something, he couldn’t tell me of course but he tried to tell me something bad was going to happen,” Harry told him thinking back on that year, “I didn’t know who he belonged to until after I escaped the chamber and saw him with your father.”

Draco frowned and pulled at the blanket, "Dobby has always been an odd one, we avoid using him as much as possible really. He's too excitable and often messes up whatever job we have assigned him. But he shouldn't have been able to go against father."

"I always thought it was because of how he was treated," Harry said before frowning, "Now that I think about it none of your other elf are treated like he was."

"What do you mean?"

"He was always..in pain I guess. His always seemed to have some kind of punishment when I saw him, hands in stoves, smashing his head with my lamp, things like that."

"Oh," Draco bit his lip and let out a deep sigh, "Most of our elves have a strict rule about punishments, we can't stop them but we prefer they don't do things truly harmful to themselves if they make mistakes. Dobby however does things differently, unless we specifically say to not do something he will always find the worst punishments."

"Why?" Harry asked confused. Dobby was so happy when he was free and no longer being punished, he told Harry as much. If there were other options then why did he not choose them?

"Most of the elves we have are new to the family and were given the rules when they arrived. Dobby however has been in the family for a while, his parents belonged to my great-grandfather originally and passed at the end of my Grandfathers reign. My Grandfathers were very cruel men, they gave the elves horrible punishments for even the smallest transgression. Dobby was taught by his parents the 'right' way to be a Malfoy elf, no matter what we say it has stuck to him."

Harry looked at him in horror, "That's horrible! Is there anything we can do?"

Harry was heartbroken for the small elf, he was one of his greatest friends and the fact that his punishments were..ingrained in him was devastating.

Draco frowned for a moment in thought before nodding to himself, "I think so. Let me ask my father about it."

"Do it as soon as possible, please," Harry asked him.

"Tomorrow," Draco promised, " But back to the problem. Dobby should not have been able to go to your house and warn you. He shouldn't have even known where you were, I wouldn't be surprise if it had some kind of misdirect wards on it."

"Then how..."

Harry and Draco looked at each other, they both had the same person in mind, "Dumbledore!"

"The Dark Lord left one Horcrux in Hogwarts when he came back to apply for DADA. The Diary was his first, he could have easily left it there as well," Harry said, his mind was working a mile a minute. He was in Hogwarts when he did it, leaving it in a safe place in

Hogwarts would have been easy. Especially if it was out of the way, but where would he have left it?

“It would have been easy to give it to the Weaslette at any time during the summer,” Draco said.

“How would he have gotten Dobby thought?”

“Dobby main duty is to send emergency notices because he can’t really mess that up. He has sent a few to Dumbledore and it’s not unusual for others to call for him to deliver notes to Father,” Draco said.

“Bloody Hell. Well we can’t do anything about this until next school year, we need to keep a close eye on the Ginny. We can have the twins help us with that as well,” Harry said.

“Keeping a close eye from a distance right? Don’t go stalking her like you did me in sixth year,” Draco teased.

Harry groaned and hit Draco with the pillow, “I didn’t stalk you. I was keeping an eye on the enemy.”

“You were keeping an eye on my arse,” Draco said, dodging the pillow that came to his face.

“Well that too. It was a nice arse,” Harry said, his mind flashing back to said arse.

“Are you saying my arse isn’t nice now?” Draco asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Your twelve Draco, I haven’t even looked at your arse. I promise I will keep a close eye on it in a few years,” Harry said with a smile and wink.

Draco blushed pink and flipped onto his side facing away from Harry, “Go to bed Scarhead.”

Harry laughed and got comfortable on his back, laying his arm under his head. The stars shined bright in the clear night sky, his eyes tracing different constellations he knew. There in the sky, seeming to shine brighter than any of the others was Draco. Harry stared at it for a moment before looking over at the sleeping Draco next to him.

In a few years he was going to do more than keep a close eye on his arse, he just had to get Draco on the same page.

Severus joined them the next morning for breakfast and brought bad news.

“He’s going to do what,” Harry asked staring at Severus with his eyebrows raised.

“He will pick you up the last month of school to spend it with the Weasleys,” Severus said, “So you have time with your friends before school starts. Granger will be there as well.”

Harry looked at Draco, "Will you visit me in Azkaban?"

"Of course," Draco answered smoothly, "I'll see if I can bring you school books, keep your studies up."

"Boys," Narcissa said giving them a look, "I know it's an....unpleasant situation but it won't be for a long time."

"Any time longer than five minutes with Weasley is a long time," Draco muttered.

"I can always spend most of my time with the twins," Harry mused, "Just because I'm there doesn't mean I have to actual spend time with them."

"Do you think they will make you share a room with Weasley?" Draco asked, "They did before."

Harry frowned, "They can try. I will bring a tent and sleep in it if I have to, or sneak into the twins room. I can bunk with them."

Draco looked at him sharply, "Not George."

Harry grimaced, he knew that would come back and bit him in the ass. Draco hadn't mentioned anything since Harry originally told him but Harry caught looks Draco gave when Harry and George talked a little too long, or stood a little too close.

"I was thinking of kicking one of them to the floor actually. I have no desire to sleep with either of them in their beds," Harry told him.

The adults in the room looked between them and then at each other, did they ask?

"Why not George?" Sirius asked, the others might have been unsure about asking but he wanted to know why.

"It doesn't matter," Harry said waving the question away with his knife.

Sirius pouted and sat back in his chair, "Fine. Keep your secrets."

"We will," Harry and Draco said at the same time.

"Anyway," Draco said before Sirius could get started again, "We have a problem."

"What?" Lucius asked.

"We were talking last night," Harry said ignoring the glare Lucius gave him, "Lucius defiantly never had the diary, which means he didn't before. So we had to think about who else would have the diary, and it only left one conclusion."

"Dumbledore," Severus said with a frown, making the obvious conclusion.

“Exactly. Draco said Dobby often goes to calls to collect emergency massive for Lucius. Dumbledore could have called him and compelled him to come to me and plant the seed in my head. I didn’t make the connection until after the fact and I saw Dobby with Lucius.”

“Can you compel house-elves like that?” Sirius asked with a frown, “I would have thought he family magic would have fought against it.”

“Even the most loyal elves can be compelled if the caster is strong enough,” Harry said thinking about Hepzibah Smiths poor house elf.

“I never knew that,” Sirius said.

“Not many do. But most wizards don’t think of house elves past what they can do for them,” Harry said with a shrug, “Some people are decent to their elves but for the most part we all know how they are treated.”

The adults at the table nodded in agreement before Sirius asked his next question, “So we think that Dumbledore has the diary?”

“Yes. Which means we can’t do anything about it until the new school year and we need to spend our focus on the ones we can get too,” Harry said as the table was cleared of breakfast.

“Alright,” Sirius agreed, “What’s the next step?”

“Going to the library,” Harry said.

“We will catch up, I need to talk to father about something,” Draco said looking at Lucius.

Lucius nodded, “We will go to my study.”

The group split up and Harry, Sirius, and Severus made their way to the library as Narcissa followed her son and husband.

Harry brought out a piece of parchment and laid it out on a table in the library, “Okay so as of right now he has five Horcruxs. The Slytherins Locket, the Gaunt Ring, Hufflepuffs goblet, and Ravenclaws diadem. The goblet should be in Bellatrix vault in Gringotts and the diadem is at Hogwarts so those two are the easiest to keep track of. I already spoke to Griphook about the Goblet and they have put their own wards on it to keep it safe. I know the exact location of the Diadem and can place the wards myself.”

Harry wrote each horcrux on the parchment and their locations, “The Locket we can actually get because there is already a decoy in its place. Sirius will need to get that.”

“Why me?” Sirius asked looking at the parchment.

Harry hesitated for a moment, “The locket is at Grimmauld place.”

“What?” Sirius looked up shocked, “What do you mean?”

“Regulus found out what Voldemort was doing and stole the locket to destroy it. He was able to end Kreacher away with it but didn’t make it out of where it was held,” Harry told him gently.

Sirius fell into the chair behind him and rubbed a hand over his face, “Reggie did that?”

Harry kneeled next to him, “Yes he was very brave Siri.”

“Where was the locket,” Severus asked quietly.

“In a cave full of inferi outside of Cardiff,” Harry told them.

“So he’s an inferi,” Sirius said quietly, sadness coating his voice.

“I don’t know. Is that what happens when you are killed by them?” Harry asked looking between them.

“Yes,” Sirius said, “In some situation you will just be killed, but if they are being held like that he would have become one.”

“I’m sorry Sirius,” Harry said giving the man a hug. Sirius held onto him tightly for a few minutes, deep shivers wracking through his frame before he pulled away.

“It’s good to know,” Sirius said finally, “To know he died doing something so brave.”

Harry smiled, “I agree.”

Harry stood up and made some notes on the parchment while giving Sirius time to come to terms with what he just learned.

“So,” Sirius said standing up and clapping his hands together, “What about the Ring?”

“It’s in the old Gaunt shack outside of Little Hangleton. We will go tomorrow after Gringotts,” Harry said marking it on the parchment.

“And you are sure you don’t want to move them?”

“Positive. We are already taking a chance with the necklace being fake, I don’t want to do it with the others,” Harry said confidently.

Harry was banking on the fact that since it was actually Slytherins Locket it would be one of the last ones Voldemort would try and use since using it destroyed the vessel.

“Alright. So tomorrow before Gringotts, are you excited about the test?” Sirius asked.

“Kinda. I’m more curious about what’s going to be found. I never bothered with this before so it’s kinda like a surprise. A nice surprise,” Harry told him. Reliving your life was pretty boring, other than small changes it all flows the same. This will be a new experience.

“True. Well I’m excited for you, also we can make sure your set as my heir as well,” Sirius said.

“I thought it was already official?” Harry asked him.

“On paper but you need to claim the heirship for it too officially be..official,” Sirius told him.

“Oh makes sense. We’ll add it to the list of new experiences,” Harry said with a grin.

“Hey Scar-head!” Draco called out happily as he sauntered into the room with his parents.

Harry rolled his eyes, “Yes daddys boy?”

Draco stopped in his tracks, “I am not!”

“My father will hear about this,” Harry said in a pitched voice imitating Draco.

Draco blushed lightly, “I have not said that even once this year. And I *don’t* sound like that!”

Harry laughed and dodged the book Draco threw at his head before making a decision and dashing at him. Draco squeaked and ran away from him, dodging him and hiding behind bookshelves as he tried to escape.

“Boys,” Narcissa called with a smile on her face, “You can chase each other later. We have things to discuss.”

“Yes Mum!” They called, instantly calling a truce and making their way back over. Both were breathing hard from exertion and had large smiles on their faces.

“We have got to get into shape,” Harry groaned as he flopped onto a chair by the table.

“Speak for yourself. I am in perfect shape,” Draco huffed sitting in another chair, the shortness of his breath giving away just how out of shape he was.

“Fine then. I need to get into shape, starting tomorrow,” Harry declared.

“That sounds like a fabulous idea! You can run in the garden, there is a small clearing right out side of it you can use as well,” Narcissa said with a smile. Harrys small frame of his last life still gave her nightmares. She would never allow Harry to be that small again, would never allow him to starve or be abused in anyway. He was hers now, and she would protect him as she would protect Draco.

“Thanks mum,” Harry said sending her a smile.

“I have a surprise!” Draco said jumping in his seat lightly.

“A good surprise?” Harry asked raising an eyebrow at Draco. Draco was very excited about something and to be honest it concerned him.

“Dobby!” Draco called out.

Dobby popped in, his ears downcast and large green eyes looking up, “Master Draco called Dobby?”

“How would you like to be Harrys house elf Dobby?” Draco asked with a soft smile.

Harry looked at him in surprise, “Really?”

Dobby looked between them, his face caught between emotions. He was excited for the chance to belong to Master Harry but terrified it was because he did something wrong.

“You didn’t do anything Dobby,”Narcissa told the small elf, “You have been a great elf for us. But Harry doesn’t have an elf and needs one to help him and watch him of course. He isn’t as careful as he needs to be.”

Harry disagreed with this, he was much more careful than he ever had been.

“Does Master Harry want Dobby?” Dobby asked hesitantly.

“Of course! I would love no other elf!” Harry said enthusiastically.

“Then its all settled! Now we will do the ritual after Gringotts. Go continue your normal duties Dobby but do not leave the manor until further notice. If anyone but one of us calls you ignore it and come to us,” Lucius said seriously to the small elf.

“Yes Master Malfoy,”Dobby said with a serious nod and he popped away.

“Thank you,” Harry said to the Malfoys.

“Draco told us of your concerns and this was his solutions. The ritual to switch Dobby to your family will connect him to your family magic instead of ours and any old commands that were there will no longer effect him,”Lucius told him.

“So I can make sure his punishments aren’t barbaric?”Harry asked.

“Exactly,”Draco said with a smile, “Plus he’s enamored with ‘the great Harry Potter’ and will be much happier with you than he ever was with us.”

“Thank you,” Harry told him sincerely.

“Your welcome,”Draco said with a smile before frowning, “You have to bind him Harry. You can’t leave him a free elf.”

“Why would he leave him a free elf?” Sirius asked in horror.

“Granger,” Draco said with a sneer, “She decided elves were slaves and started a whole ridiculous crusade to free them all.”

“What’s wrong with leaving him a free elf?” Harry asked looking between them.

“Free elf are dead elves. They need our magic to maintain their magic,” Sirius said.

“Dobby was free for years,” Harry said with a frown, “He seemed fine.”

“That’s because Hogwarts is a magical center point. He could tap into the ambient magic at anytime, if he had been anywhere else his magic would have combusted at anytime.”

“Combusted?” Harry asked with a hard swallow.

“Combusted. His magic would have swelled until he could no longer fit in and it would have escaped in anyway it could,” Sirius said.

“Merlin. That needs to be in a manual or something,” Harry said, “I didn’t read that in any of the muggleborn books.”

“Most muggleborns would never have house elves. Those books are for making sure you understand the world in general,” Lucius told him.

“Right. Well Dobby will be bound to me so that’s not an issue. Someone needs to make sure Granger gets that information though, she’s going to be a menace.”

“No one gave her any attention the first time she started her ridiculous tirade, it won’t change this time,” Draco said dismissively.

Harry shrugged in agreement. Only he and Ron were in S.P.E.W with her and even they didn’t take her very seriously.

“Granger sounds annoying,” Sirius announced.

Harry, Draco and Severus, who had been sitting quietly reading a book, all nodded in agreement.

“She’s a muggleborn who never learned anything about the magical world,” Harry told them, “She was always more set in the way muggles did things and how we needed to change things to make muggleborns more comfortable instead of them adapting to their new world.”

“After the war she was even worse believe it or not. She even tried to abolish lordship status and make the Wizmagot all muggleborns,” Draco said.

“Merlin. Maybe we should just kill her,” Sirius joked before frowning.

Harry and Draco turned to each other as if they were seriously considering it.

“I was joking,” Sirius said.

“Its a thought,”Harry said, Draco nodded next to him.

“I agree,”Severus said placing his book down, “I’ve met alot of annoying muggleborns but she is the worst I’ve ever dealt with.”

“She can’t be that bad,”Sirius tried.

“You didn’t have to listen to her complaints when she ranked three for the first years instead of first as she had originally assumed,”Severus said with a sneer.

“Oh I was wondering if she actually asked Mcgonagall,”Harry said, “What happen?”

“She interrupted the staff meeting demanding we do a regrade. When that didn’t work she said it wasn’t fair because Draco was a pureblood and had more time to learn things then she did,”Severus told them, annoyance coating his voice.

“But I was ranked first so how does that work?” Harry asked, “I certainly didn’t have extra help, well as far as she knows.”

“I have far better things to do with my time than try and understand the mind of a dunderhead,”Severus said told him with a sneer.

“Fair enough,”Harry agreed.

“Enough of talking about Granger. Let’s go play some Quidditch,”Draco said standing up and looking at Harry expectantly.

“Enjoy your day. Tomorrow we will have a schedule for training set up, it will start the day after tomorrow,”Lucius told them.

“Will do!”

With that the boys ran out of the library. The yells of excitement and threats carried them ll the way to the pitch.

~~~

“Hello Griphook,”Harry said with a bow as he entered the large office with Sirius.

“Mr.Potter,”Griphook said with an incline of his head, “What do I owe this pleasure?”

“I need a legacy test, I also want to take up the heirship for the Blacks,”Harry said as he sat infront of the desk. Sirius sat next to him as tea appeared on the table infront of them.

“We can do that for you. It will be best if we do the test first, if you have any other heirships it would be best to take them up at the same time,”Griphook said.

With a snap of his fingers a large blank parchment appeared in front of him, a blood quill sitting next to the paper.

Harry stared at the quill warily, he rubbed the back of his right hand feeling the phantom pain, "Do I have to use the quill?"

"Yes," Griphook said staring at him closely, "Have you used one before?"

"No," Harry said with a shake of his head.

"Hmm...", it was obvious Griphook didn't believe him but he didn't call him out on it, "You will write your name in the middle of the paper. It will take approximately five minutes before the test is complete. It will create a family tree directly connected to you, any heirships that you are due will appear as well."

"Alright," Harry said taking up the quill. He took a deep breath and quickly signed his name on the paper, *Harry James Potter*.

They watched in silence as lines appeared from his name and flowed across the paper in all directions. Harry's eyebrows raised as he watched the names appear on the paper, lines intersecting and connecting as his family tree appeared.

Harry met Sirius's shocked face with his own, "Well that was unexpected."

The Legacy Test.

Chapter Summary

Harry takes a test and gets some answers.

Chapter Notes

Happy Mothers/Birth Givers day! You are all amazing and I am genuinely amazing by all of you.

Now I have no idea how cousins work, but I looked at ALOT of graphs so hopefully I didn't mess it up to bad, if I did let me know!

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

“So me and Draco are cousins but not cousins-cousins right?” Harry asked looking over at Sirius who was still staring at the parchment with side eyes.

He turned an incredulous look to him, “*That’s* your question?”

“Yes,” Harry said, as if it was the only obvious question.

Sirius chuckled and rolled his eyes, “Yes your not ‘cousins-cousins’, you would be his third cousin once removed. Quite the distance.”

“Okay good,” Harry said.

His fathers lineage was what they expected, all the way up to Godric Gryffindor. His mothers however...now that line was interesting. His mother had been birthed by Charles and Rose Evens, nee.Jones. Roses father John Jones was the son of John Jones Sr, his mother was Elizabeth Malloy. Elizabeths father was a man named Lucius Malloy who had no other parentage.

“Lucius seems like a familiar name,” Harry said pointing it out, “He also has no other family but his wife Belinda continues.”

“Lucius is a Malfoy family name,” Sirius said with a frown, “We will have to ask our Lucius where this one would have fit. The last Lucius his family had is his great-great-grandfather I think.”

Griphook looked at the name closely, "If he was magically disowned from the family then he would have been completely stripped of his family history. It would explain why there is no other family from him."

"Seems like something the Malfoys would do," Harry mused, "Squib you think?"

"Definably a squib. If it was a simple transgression he wouldn't have been magically disowned," Sirius confirmed.

"That answers one question," Harry said.

They had been wondering since Christmas why he was able to touch the book. Draco and Lucius had gone over their family tapestry for generations looking for a connection to the Potters and had been unable to find out. Harry had mentioned his mother but neither of them actually thought that it was a possibility.

Harry raised his eyes to the top of the paper, Godric Gryffindor's parentage was listed as unknown and didn't continue past him but it did show a brother, "Did anyone know Gryffindor and Slytherin were brothers?"

Sirius shook his head, "No. History states they came together from all corners of Europe and built the school."

"Interesting," Harry said, "So how do I know what I'm the heir of?"

"If you will allow me I can tell you," Griphook said.

"Of course," Harry said pushing the parchment to the man.

Griphook tapped the parchment, several names glowed a bright white light. Griphook ran his finger over the name and then down the lines all the way to Harry's name. He continued this several times until Harry's name was connected to four names in bright light.

"Gryffindor, Slytherin, Peverell and Potter," Griphook announced, "and of course Black but it's not shown here as it's not a familial connection."

"Wouldn't Voldemort be the heir of Peverell and Slytherin? Since he's from the older of both families?" Harry asked confused.

Voldemort was defiantly Slytherin's heir and according to this Harry's ancestor was Ignotus and he knew Voldemort's ancestor was Cadmus the middle brother.

"Normally yes however both families have an important clause in them that negates that," Griphook said. With another snap of his fingers two worn parchments appeared on the desk. Opening both of them to the top he highlighted a small section.

"The Peverell lordship will only go to one who has gathered all three of the family heirlooms and who has shown the ability to welcome death. Voldemort as we know has taken great strides to avoid his death, nor has he gathered the heirlooms. For Slytherin, only those of

righteous of hearts who show cunning and courage can take his Lordship,” Griphook announced.

Harry felt a shiver go down his spine, “I haven’t gathered all of the heirlooms.”

Griphook gave him a sharp smile and taped his finger to Harry’s name, under his in brilliant script formed the words that Harry dreaded, “*Master of Death.*”

“Maybe not in this world, but in another you have.”

Harry stared at the words and cursed before looking up at Griphook, “You knew.”

“Of course. The minute you walked into the bank the Peverell vaults unlocked and several scrolls appeared on my desk. It was not my place to mention it until you did, it does not change anything of course. Your secrets as always are my secrets,” Griphook vowed to him.

“What does Master of Death mean?” Sirius asked looking between the two of them with a confused look.

Harry signed and touched the words gently, “I will explain at the house with the others.”

“Okay,” Sirius said, dropping the subject.

“Am I to assume you do not know the extent of your abilities?” Griphook asked.

“Er..yeah,” Harry told him running a hand through his hair, “Weird things have happened and I assumed it had something to do with it. But nothing definite.”

Griphook reached into his desk and pulled out several blank journals as well as a few scrolls, “When you said you were coming in for the test I took the liberty of removing these from the family vault. They will explain what you are capable of much better than anything else in this world.”

“Thank you,” Harry said with a smile. After the incident at Halloween both he and Draco were worried about what all his status entailed. The fact that he sensed death and his magic changed was confusing and honestly scary to Harry. He didn’t want to live his life feeling everyone close to him die, family or stranger. The change in his magic concerned him as well, he could still feel it, that cold edge that had never gone away.

“Now, you stated that you have been able to feel the school wards. That is explained here, “He pointed to a different highlighted part of the scroll he had brought out that Harry had initially missed, “One can be a heir to the school and feel nothing at all. At this point it is more of a badge then anything as the founders did not know what would happen after their deaths. As it stands there is no Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff heir, regardless of what others may think.”

“The Smiths are convinced they are the Hufflepuff heirs,” Harry said with a raised eyebrow.

“The smiths come from a side branch of the original Hufflepuff family and believe it constitutes a status that they don’t deserve,” Griphook said with amusement, “They come in

with every new child to be tested. We have yet to tell them the truth.”

“Why?” Harry asked in amusement.

“It’s amusing the way they keep trying,” Griphook said with a chuckle.

Harry and Sirius laughed. Harry didn’t blame them in the slightest, Zacharias Smith was the most annoying student Harry had ever met. In this life and in the past, he shuddered thinking about what the rest of his family was like.

“Now,” Griphook continued when the laughter subsided, “The founders all joined together when building their family charters, as well as the Hogwarts charter. Only an heir of two or more may claim the heir and lordships of the families and in return feel the inherent magic and wards of the school.”

“Okay but that doesn’t explain how I’m the Slytherin heir,” Harry said still confused on that aspect.

“You come from the same Sire line as Gryffindor. While Slytherin was the older brother they still shared the same father and in such share the same family magic. If you were to say have a cousin from the Gryffindor line and you were found to be unfit the lordship would go to them instead of you. It’s normal in magical families,” Griphook told him.

Harry nodded, that made sense. He already knew that some families had strict rules about who was able to take their Lordships and had heard of younger brothers taking it when the older sibling failed in some way. Or if the older sibling was female and it could only be passed down to a son.

“So if I’m declared unfit when I put on the rings who does it go too?” Harry asked nervously.

“Your son possibly, if he does not fit the criteria then it would go dormant until one of your descendants did,” Griphook told him.

Harry breathed a sigh of relieve, he didn’t want it to completely die with him. It would have been a travesty.

“Does this mean I have to have five kids?” Harry asked him. Harry wanted a large family and all but that was a lot of pressure for anyone.

“No,” Griphook said, the things that humans found concerning never failed to amuse him, “The founders heir will always be the same person and the Peverell is might hard to actually get. You will technically only need two for the Black and Potter.”

Sirius coughed beside Harry that sounded suspiciously like, “Malfoy.”

Griphook raised an eyebrow but didn’t comment, it was not his concern if Harry decided to marry the Malfoy heir. It would certainly be an interesting turn of events.

Harry ignored him, “Cool. Two is much less pressure than four. Is there anything in the family charters about adopted children?”

“They would need to be formally blood adopted but other than that no.,” Griphook told him with an incline of his head. It was a common question that he received as quite a few magical families had trouble conceiving heirs. Griphook suddenly smirked, “The Malfoy family does however. Their heir must be of Malfoy blood. Adoption is not an option.”

Harry blushed, “I’ll pass that onto Draco then.”

Sirius burst into laughter a few tears escaping his eyes as he held onto the arms of his chair, “I like you Griphook. I want you to be my family manager, immediately.”

“It will be done,” Griphook said with a smirk and an incline of his head. Getting the Black family books would officially push his family into the upper Echelon of his tribe and beneficial in many ways.

“Okay, okay,” Harry said pushing Sirius causing him to flail and almost fall out of his seat, just barely catching himself on the chair, “What should I do? I would like to claim them but I don’t want Dumbledore to know anything.”

“He is only watching the Potter heirship. I would still wait until you are fifteen to claim the Lordship but he will have no knowledge of the others,” Griphook told him.

“Even Hogwarts? He is the headmaster,” Harry said.

“The Headmaster has nothing to do with the founders. He is connected to the school wards but Hogwarts wards go much deeper than even he can reach. The founders made sure that their heirs would not be affected by the climate of the current school,” Griphook assured him.

“Great. So how do we do this?” Harry asked.

Griphook snapped his fingers and two rings appeared onto his desk. A silver ring with a diamond in the center the words *Toujours Pur* underneath, a gold ring with the Hogwarts crest in the center with the words *Draco Dormiens Nunquam Titillandus* wrapped around it, “The Peverell ring was passed down the family line and never returned to Gringotts. I believe you know where it is,” Griphook told them.

Harry groaned, “Of course it is.”

“Will it be a problem to get it?” Griphook asked with a raised eyebrow.

“No but it is the holder of a Horcrux. I planned to leave it where it was for right now, plus I don’t want to destroy the stone,” Harry said with a frown.

Griphook frowned, “It would be impossible to put a horcrux into the stone. The band yes but the stone will have protections on it to keep that from happening.”

Harry thought back to the ring that was sitting on Dumbledores desk. The stone was cracked but the setting was completely melted, was it possible that Dumbledore was wrong and

cracked the stone for no reason?

Wait, Harry thought, it was Dumbledore, of course he was wrong.

“Do you know how I could get the stone from the band?” Harry asked sitting forward in his seat. There had to be a way and if anyone knew it would be a Goblin.

“I can make a new band for the ring, we have a ritual that will move the stone from the old to the new. It’s done every few generations when the older rings are no longer fashionable,” Griphook told him.

“How long would it take to get the new setting?” Harry asked.

“I can get one within thirty minutes but it will cost,” Griphook told him already writing out the massive.

“Take whatever you need from the vault you have access to, extra for the rush as well,” Harry told him.

“You aren’t going to ask the cost?” Sirius asked him with a raised eyebrow. Goblin creations very expensive as it was, adding a rush to anything would at least triple the cost.

“Griphook knows what’s in my vaults. He wouldn’t offer something that would severely dent them,” Harry said brushing off the concern.

“Mr. Potter is correct,” Griphook confirmed.

Both of Sirius eyebrows raised, there weren’t many people who would trust a goblin that much. Even Sirius, who respected the creatures, would never allow them that much leeway in his vaults.

“It’s rare a wizard gives that much trust,” Sirius told Harry.

Harry snorted, “Wizards are idiots. The goblins control our money, we make money they make money. It’s not in their best interest to drain our vaults, plus Griphook is my man. I trust him.”

Griphook gave a rare smile and snapped his fingers, a full tea set up appeared on the table in front of them, “Mr. Potter is a rare wizard Lord Black.”

“I agree,” Sirius said with a smile.

“Are you ever going to tell me how you do that snapping thing?” Harry asked getting some tea for himself.

“It has been many years since we have shown a Wizard our magic. It was actually Ignotus Peverell, he showed great respect for us and became a Patron of the goblin nation,” Griphook told him seriously, “With that being said we can revise this topic in a few years. You must be sixteen.”

“Awesome,” Harry grinned.

Sirius looked at the Goblin in surprise. He had never heard of anyone learning about Goblin magic, he didn't even know they had magic that was worth knowing.

Small talk flowed between the three while they waited for the band to be completed. A small bell sounded in the room before the door opened and another Goblin entered the room, “Master Griphook I have the band.”

“Thank you Ironhand,” Griphook said taking the box from the goblin.

Ironhand bowed to them before making his way out of the room. Griphook placed the band on the desk allowing Harry and Sirius to take a look. It was beautiful, made of gold with etchings of vines around it with a perfect spot in the middle ready for the stone.

“How do we do the next part?” Harry asked.

“Blood,” Griphook said with a sharp smile, “You will bleed into the center and chant the family motto. The stone will set automatically.”

“Perfect,” Harry said with a grimace, “What is it with you and blood. I'm starting to get concerned.”

Griphook laughed, “Blood has immense amounts of your magic inside of it. It's the magic that does the rest.”

“Makes sense. Now give me the dagger so I can get this over with,” Harry said reaching a hand out, “Err...whites the family motto?”

“*Mors autem vêtus amicus*,” Griphook said holding out the dagger.

“Death is but an old friend,” Harry said quietly, “Fitting.”

“Very,” Sirius said quietly.

Harry cut his hand quickly and held it over the band, allowing his blood to pool in the center, “*Mors autem vêtus amicus!*”

They all shielded their eyes as a bright black light emerged from the ring, the cry of a thestral was heard and Harry felt cold bony hands grip his shoulders. His magic surged, the cold edge once again becoming sharp causing him to shiver. The light faded and they opened their eyes, there it was. Whole and black, the resurrection ring sat in the band.

“What a rush!” Harry said jumping to his toes.

“I'll say,” Sirius said weakly, “Your magic is quite impressive Harry. Training was a very good idea.”

“I know,” Harry said smugly.

It had taken a while to come to terms with his power levels. Draco took to hitting the back of his head every time Harry tried to downplay his capabilities until Harry stopped arguing back. He was powerful, there was no reason to deny it. Draco promised to end him if he started getting delusions of grandeur about it though.

“You will put the rings on in order of age. Hogwarts, Peverell and lastly Black,” Griphook told him pushing the rings forward.

“If I’m not accepted what happens?” Harry asked reaching for the first ring.

“You scream and the ring appears back in its vault,” Griphook told him calmly.

“I scream?” Harry asked looking up at him, “What do you mean I scream?”

“In response to the magic rejecting, it's very uncomfortable. Or so I’ve been told,” Sirius said from his side, “I don’t think it’s going to be a problem. You feel the Hogwarts wards and you were able to summon the Stone for the ring, two of the three houses have already accepted you. Trust me when I tell you, from what I just felt from you the Black magic will accept you.”

“Sounds good,” Harry said.

Picking up the Hogwarts ring he slipped it on and gasped as warmth filled his body, settling in quickly. Harry felt a calmness emanating from the ring and what felt like a greeting of old powerful magic.

Picking up the Peverell ring next Harry stared into the stone, he knew the power it contained but unlike last time he felt no need to use the stone. Slipping the ring on his finger his power surged for the second time that day, but felt different. The cold edge that previously had been sharp and almost separate seemed to merge fully into his magic, it was still cold and he could feel the distinct difference but it seemed to flow better with his innate magic.

Last was the Black ring, and the only one that truly concerned Harry. Quickly slipping on the ring he grimaced as something dark and powerful filled his veins. His magic wrapped around it and it sunk in easily without a fight.

“Well,” Harry said waving the hand around, “I’m alive. What the hell is wrong with your family magic Sirius? It felt darker than anything I’ve ever experienced.”

Sirius barked out a laugh, “The Black magic is as dark as it can get Harry. I would have been curious if it felt any other way. How did the others feel?”

“Hogwarts was warm, it felt like a welcome,” Harry said looking down at the stone.

“And Peverell?”

“I’ll explain at home,” Harry said before glancing at Griphook, “I’ll explain to you fully at another time.”

Griphook inclined his head, “Of course Heir Peverell-Gry-“

Harry cut him off, "Oh no we aren't doing that. Heir Potter-Black works just fine, in fact can I make it that permanently?"

"We can put your heirships under a secrecy contract. Only us and people you allow to know will be exempt. You may go by whatever name you would like even if we do not," Griphook said.

"Excellent let's do that," Harry said.

The contract was set up, only the Malfoys and Severuss added outside of them. After a goodbyes Harry and Sirius used the private Floo to get back to the Malfoys.

"Well?" Draco asked as soon as they exited the Floo.

"Harry is pretty much a king," Sirius said with a laugh, "He has some serious bloodlines flowing through him."

"Really?" Draco asked intrigued.

"Oh yeah. He's going to get marriage contracts by the dozen," Sirius said nodding.

Draco frowned, "My parents are in the library. We can talk about it more then."

Harry gave Sirius a droll look and they followed after Draco. Sirius shrugged, as if to say it wasn't his fault Draco was so easy to irritate.

"They are back," Draco said as they entered the room.

Lucius and Narcissa were having tea in the sitting area, they got comfortable before Harry launched into his story.

"Merlin," Narcissa said, her hand resting on her chest, "I never expected..well I knew it would be something but that is..."

"Impressive," Lucius said, "Very impressive."

"I agree," Sirius said before turning to Harry and looking at him intently, "Now what's this 'Master of Death' thing?"

"Master of Death? Like the fairy tale?" Lucius asked with a raised eyebrow.

"It's more than just a fairy tale," Harry said, "It is based in fact. When all three hallows are gathered and you are of peverell decent you gain the title."

"So..if you have the title..you did it? Before?" Narcissa asked.

"Yeah. It was an accidentally really. The cloak has been passed down my family for generations, I was left the ring by Dumbledore who got it when gathering the Horcruxs and I

gained the allegiance of the wand by disarming Draco who had it by disarming Dumbledore,"Harry listed on his fingers.

"Did anything happen when you had them all?" Sirius asked intrigued.

"Well...",Harry looked at Draco who gave him an encouraging nod, "It's actually how I came back. I didn't know at first I held their power, when I died I welcomed death. I didn't care I was dying because it was going to save everyone else. When I died I met..well death. He's the one who gave me the option to come back and I took it."

The room was silent as everyones eyes were wide on Harry. Since the boys admitted they came back they had all wondered how it happen. Whether it was a work of fate or magic that they didn't want to admit, no one expected this.

"So then how did Draco come back?" Lucius asked.

"I don't know,"Harry admitted, "It was only suppose to be me."

"Did you ask for him to come back? In anyway?" Lucius urged, obviously coming to a conclusion that they hadn't.

Harry opened his mouth to deny before pausing. Did he ask for Draco to come back? Not in so many words, but in thoughts and feelings? Those lonely nights when he would think of him, remember the nights they spent together, mourning the fact that the Draco of this world would never really be his Draco. Mourning the fact that in so many ways...he would always be alone.

"I don't know,"Harry said softly, "I...wished for him I guess. So I wouldn't be alone and on nights I was especially lonely. It was the only time I really allowed myself to think about it."

"You have no idea the power you hold,"Lucius said fiercely, "No idea of your abilities. If you wished it, wanted it, and you were already brought back by Deaths favor then Draco could have very easily been brought back as well."

Harry jolted back from the anger in Lucius voice, his mouth went dry, "I...I guess. But I didn't *know*."

"It doesn't matter. You did it, you brought him back to relive a life that has potential to be horrible. A potential for him to suffer and have to fight another war that he was free from," Lucius said angrily. He knew that he shouldn't be putting the blame on Harry. It was his choices, his actions that brought down his family, that caused Draco so much pain. But he wasn't thinking about that, his only concern was that Draco had finally been free and this boy brought him back. There was no guarantee of his safety, at any point they could be discovered and who knows what could happen to Draco then. There was no guarantee that any plan with the Dark Lord would work and they wouldn't have another war on their hands that Draco would need to fight.

"Father,"Draco said softly, his eyes locked onto Harrys face.

Harry who was flinching back with every word Lucius said, his eyes never leaving the angry man.

“No Draco, you should never have been brought back by this boy!” Lucius said sharply to his son, pointing a finger at Harry.

“Harry..” Draco said reaching out for him as he watched Harrys frame shudder. Harry looked at him and Draco saw it in his eyes, “No! Harry!”

Without another word Harrys magic pushed from his body in a fiercely causing a wave of destruction. Shields were quickly thrown up as glass shattered around them, fire all around the room rose up in great flames, books flew from shelves, some catching in the flames and turning into ashes, all tumbling around them while the room gave a great shudder. When the room finally cleared Harry was no where to be found.

The adults looked at each other in disbelief before turning eyes to Draco who’s shield was glowing a bright cold, outside of any of their shields.

And Draco was *pissed*.

The shield around his disappeared as the stood up and glared at his father, “What in Merlins name is wrong with you! Do you think for a MOMENT that he would willingly bring me here?” Draco shouted at his father. Lucius opened his mouth to defend himself but Draco was faster. Whipping out his wand a spell flew at his father, Lucius mouth was sealed shut and he looked at his son with wide eyes.

“Even if he did bring me on purpose I don’t bloody care! He was going to be here all alone! I thought I was alone for *two months* before school started and it was a horrible feeling. Harry lived with that for eleven years! How dare you say any of those horrible things to him! I will not speak to you until he is found and brought back safe! So help me father if something horrible happens to him you will need to find a new bloody heir because I will disinherit myself!”

With those words Draco cast the counter on his father and left the room, slamming the door on his way out, leaving three stunned adults and a destroyed room in his wake.

“Lucius,” Narcissa said, staring at her husband in anger, “I understand your worry but that was completely uncalled for. Until Harry is brought home you will not be staying in my room.”

“Cissy..” Lucius said, “You know..”

“No Lucius! I know that those boys suffered terribly! I know that Harry is a good boy and man! I know that he risked *everything* to come back and try and make things right! I know that Draco is inlove with him even if he does not want to admit it yet! I know that Harry would die for Draco! I know that Harry is as good as my son and what you said crossed so many lines I don’t even have enough parchment. You will find him Lucius Abraxas Malfoy and you will get him home or so help me sleeping in a different room will be the last of your concern!” Narcissa turned and left the room to quickly make her way to her sons room.

Lucius looked to Sirius hesitantly, his family was angry at him but he knew Blacks reaction would be even worse.

He was right.

Sirius punched him in the face, feeling the satisfying crack as he broke Lucius nose before casting him into the air by his ankle and looking up at him with fury. Lucius did his best to swallow as he got an even better look at the Black temper than his wife gave him.

“I should kill you,” Sirius said too far calm, his wand tapping his thigh, “But it would hurt Cissy, Draco and even Harry so I’ll refrain. The situation is a difficult, I still don’t know how to handle everything the boys came from but I know blaming either of them will solve nothing. We will find my godson and you will bring him back. But so help me Lucius, if you ever say anything like that to him again I will forget my dear cousin and find the most creative spell my dear mother gave me to end your life. Do you understand?”

Lucius nodded fervently from his position, a trail of blood dripping down his head into his hair.

Sirius waved his wand and Lucius crashed to the floor with a painful groan, “You have five minutes to clean up before we go look. I’m going to ask Draco if he has any idea where Harry might be. Stay down here,” Sirius said before leaving the room with a flare and making his way to Dracos room.

Every step closer to Dracos magic felt stronger. Wherein Harrys magic was hot and fiery, Dracos was icy and cold. The hallway leading to his room was almost ice cold, Siriuss’ breath fogging in front of him and he shivered. He never wanted to be on the wrong side of either of these kids. Merlin.

Sirius knocked briefly on the door before entering and taking in the scene. Draco was sitting in the middle of the bed, his arms wrapped around his legs as his mother spoke softly to him. Narcissa had him in her arms tightly, her glare fading as she saw it was Sirius and not Lucius at the door.

“Draco,” Sirius said softy, he went to the bed and sat on the edge. Reaching out a hand he placed it on one of Dracos and gave it a squeeze, “Do you have any idea where he might be?”

Draco shook his head and sniffed, “No. He...he always said Hogwarts was his home but he wouldn’t go there. I don’t know anywhere else he would have went to. Other then here of course.”

Sirius face fell slightly. Bloody hell.

A pop interrupted them and Sirius looked down and raised an eyebrow at the house elf at his feet.

“Kreacher?” He asked surprised.

“Master Black there is a boy at the house. I think he be the Potter boy,” Kreacher said.

Kreacher had come along way since Sirius had come back from Azkaban. After a few well placed threats and the realization that the old Sirius was back the elf changed his tune completely. Even though Sirius still caught him talking to his mothers portrait and crying over his fathers socks.

“Thank you Kreacher, I will be there in a moment,” Sirius said relieved, “Give him whatever he needs.”

“Of course Master Black,” Kreacher said with a bow before leaving back to Grimmauld.

“Found him,” Sirius said with a small smile, “We will bring him back Draco.”

Draco nodded looking relieved and relaxed into his mothers arms, his magic pulling back.

Sirius made his way into the library where Lucius was waiting for him cleaned up, only his wrinkled robes showing the evidence of what had just happen.

“He’s at Grimmauld,” Sirius said before heading to the Floo.

Lucius sighed and watched him disappear. Having your entire family mad at you, your son threatening to disinherit himself, and your wife threatening divorce really put things into perspective. Not to mention being upside down, Sirius was so uncouth. But Lucius knew he should have handled it better, but it was just too much. To have all of his fears and questions answered, he panicked and let his anger take over.

He only hoped he could make things better.

~~*

Harry didn’t know where he was going until he landed in the sitting room of Grimmauld place.

The force of his landing shook the house, sending items from the tables and mantle to the ground. Harry stood there for a moment before the sound of Wallberga Black screaming brought him back to reality.

Oh he was not dealing with that banshee this time!

Stalking to the hallway he stared at the portrait that was permanently on the wall. Before they could never get her off, no matter what they tried she stayed on the hallway, screaming obscenities and slurs every chance she could get.

“Who are you!” She screamed when she saw him, “Who is my good for nothing son bringing into this house! Blood trait-“

Harry didn't bother with the painting, holding out his hands he focused all of his magic and pushed forward. Wallberga screamed as the wall around her crumbled, her painting landing in the rubble of the destroyed wall. Harry gave her a look of loathing, "You an evil despicable Wife, Mother, and Lady, your children ran from you the moment they had. Your husband, who you probably killed, was probably thank full to be away from your harping you bloody banshee."

Harry savored the look on her face before casting Fiendfyre and catching the painting and rubble on fire. The moment it was nothing more than dust he stopped the spell and turned, walking up the stairs until he reached Sirius old bedroom. Walking up to the photo of his father and Sirius on the wall he pulled it off, using his magic to melt the unstuck-able charm until it was in his hand. Harry sat cross-legged on the bed and stared at the photo.

Was Lucius right?

There were moments...when Draco had nightmares, or stared off into the distance, when he looked at his friends as if checking for injuries, carefully avoiding corridors in Hogwarts and rooms in the manor. Harry saw them all and wondered deep down if Draco regretted being stuck with him in the past. Would it have been better if Draco was happy and safe, in whatever afterlife he was owed?

Harry tried not to think of it, pretending that he never caught those moments. Pretending that he didn't feel guilty when Draco would make a comment about their past. Pretending that he didn't wish it was different, that they were really kids and didn't have this pressure on them. Pretending that he felt relieved that he wasn't alone and Draco was with him even if there was the slightest chance that he hated it. Pretending that what they had was nothing more than friendship, that he wasn't completely in love with Draco and savoring every moment they had. Pretending he wasn't terrified that Draco would never fully return his feelings.

He did so much pretending.

In their original life, when they *were* just students. When Harry had the weight of the world on his young shoulders and was so angry at everything...Draco was the only thing that made things bearable. When Harry would sneak out to meet him in that dark classroom he truly felt happy. Harry told him about his fears, his regrets, his family. He told him he never had friends and family until he started Hogwarts and how sometimes he wondered if it was all for naught. If it was worth it if he was putting all of his friends in so much danger all the time. He told him how helpless he felt watching Cedric die, how scared he was now that Voldemort was really back.

Draco told him things too. The pressure to be Malfoy heir, to be perfect at school, to be the son his father dreamed of. His fear of being stuck in the Dark Lords service and his crazy aunt who had taken up residence in his home. How he didn't really like Crabbe, Goyle and Pansy but he was forced to put up with them for appearances sake. It didn't matter if they had an argument that day, if spells flew, if words were exchanged, they never failed to meet up on their nights. Sometimes it was just to continue their fight from earlier until one gave in and apologized, sometimes it was to just sit and talk.

Harry didn't know he was in love with Draco until it was too late. Until he was willing to spill his secrets, bare his soul to someone he shouldn't, someone who couldn't reciprocate his feelings. There were times that he thought..maybe..that Draco felt the same, but they went faster than he could catch. Draco always held him at an arms length, always held some distance between them that Harry could never cross. They would joke around, even now, but Draco always ignored or changed the subject. The blush staining his cheeks the only indication that it might mean something, but Draco blushed at a lot of things.

When it came down to it...Harry didn't know.

Now that he was thinking about it Lucius was probably right. Harry's love and need for Draco is what brought him back. But was it a mistake?

Was he bound to watch the boy, man, he loved fall in love with some girl and get married off into the sunset?

Or worse, was he bound to get the first person he truly love die in this life because he couldn't protect him?

The sounds of footsteps pounding up the stairs brought Harry out of his melancholy thoughts. Brushing the tears from his eyes he watched as Sirius burst in through the door.

"I hope you don't mind, I decided on a more open floor plan," Harry said giving Sirius a weak smile.

Sirius said nothing. Making his way to Harry he wrapped him in his arms and held him tightly against his chest, "Lucius was so very wrong Harry," He said into Harry's hair, "You deserve to have someone with you in this. You will always have us, but Draco is different. So very different. Regardless of what was said there is nothing wrong with wanting someone with you who knows."

Harry closed his eyes tightly and held onto Sirius just as tightly, "What if I made a mistake Siri?"

"You didn't Harry. Draco doesn't think so, I don't think so, Cissy doesn't think so. Lucius doesn't even think so, he just...got overwhelmed. It doesn't make what he said the least bit okay, but he didn't really mean it," Sirius said quietly.

Harry nodded and held up the photo, "Can I have this?"

Sirius took it from him and smiled, "How did you even get this down?"

"I'm powerful remember? Your weak magic was no match," Harry said with a smile.

Sirius chuckled, "If you can just take it down then why redesign my hallway? Not that I'm complaining mind you, I've spend days trying to get her off that wall."

"Didn't think about it honestly," Harry shrugged, "Plus it felt amazing to burn her too ashes."

“Good for you then!” Sirius said. He stood up and pulled Harry up, “Lets go. Someone wants to talk to you before we head back.”

Harry tensed, he had a pretty good idea who wanted to talk to him and he wasn't sure he wanted to be apart of the conversation.

Lucius was waiting in the sitting room, standing stiffly when they arrived. Harry raised an eyebrow as he took a slight step back when he made eye contact with Sirius, he would need to get the story for that.

“Harry,” Lucius said nervously before letting out a breath, “I’m sorry. I should not have said what I did, it was uncalled for.”

Harry looked at him, “I didn’t mean to bring Draco into all this. I swear I was very surprised when I saw him.”

“I know you didn’t Harry,” Lucius said, remorse clear on his face, “Draco suffered because of my choices and actions. It’s hard to live with the knowledge of my failings as a father and husband. When I saw the opportunity to blame you I took it and I shouldn’t have. I’ve seen enough to know that you would never purposely put Draco in any danger.”

“I wouldn’t,” Harry swore, “I would give my life for him in a heartbeat if it came down to it.”

Lucius looked at him closely for a moment, “Would you kill for him?”

Sirius raised his eyebrows behind Harry, what kind of question was that?

“Even Sirius,” Harry said without hesitation.

“Well I never,” Sirius mumbled behind him, “Getting tossed over for a blonde. You know my first girlfriend left me for a blonde, really is a sore spot.”

Harry rolled his eyes at his godfather and looked at Lucius, “I would kill anyone for Draco. In any manor I deem necessary.”

Lucius heard his words for what they were. Harry would not only kill for his son, but he would torture anyone who brought him harm. What more could a father ask for.

“I truly am sorry Harry,” Lucius said.

“I accept your apology Lucius,” Harry said with a smile before giving the surprised father a hug, “I get the anger. Trust me.”

Lucius returned the hug, thankful for Harry's forgiveness. He knew it would be some time before their relationship was back to it was but Lucius was ready to prove himself.

“This is sweet but we gotta go before Draco turns the manor into an ice pop,” Sirius said happily from behind them.

“Before Draco does what?” Harry asked with wide eyes.

“Before I left his hallway was almost ice, seems he was upset about something,” Sirius said.

Harry hurried to the Floo and was flooing to the manor without another word.

Sirius clapped Lucius on the shoulder, “You’re an idiot. But you love your kid, just don’t do it again. Yeah?”

“I won’t,” Lucius swore to him.

“Good! Because it would make their wedding very awkward if not.”

Lucius groaned, “Can we not talk about that? We don’t know that’s going to happen.”

“Harry just told you he would torture someone for Draco. It’s going to happen. As soon as your son pulls his head out of his arse of course,” Sirius told him with a chuckle.

“He unfortunately takes after me in that regard. Cissy had to practically beat me over the head before I went to her father with a contract,” Lucius said with a shake of his head.

Sirius nodded his head, “Commitment issues?”

Lucius gave Sirius a glare, “From you? Really?”

Sirius shrugged and gave a smile, “What can I say? Everyone wanted a piece and I do love to share.”

“Get in the fireplace before I lose my lunch,” Lucius said pushing him to the Floo.

Sirius’ laugh followed him as he flooed away. Lucius raised his eyes to the ceiling, bemoaning the fact that he was related to Black before following him through.

~~*

Harry stumbled through the Floo and ran. As he ran through hallways getting closer to Draco’s room he felt what Sirius was talking about. There was a level of cold that hadn’t been there before, letting his magic out lightly he felt the moment it touched Draco’s. The magic melted together as he ran to him.

Harry burst into Draco’s room, not bothering to knock. Draco was already running to him, throwing himself into Harry’s arms. Harry tightened his arms around Draco and buried his head into Draco’s hair.

“Don’t you ever do that again you prat! I was worried sick!” Draco said not moving his position but using his foot to kick Harry’s shin.

Harry laughed, "I'm sorry. I didn't know I was going to until it was already doing it. My magic kinda took over."

"You will need to start training immediately," Narcissa said as she came up to the boys. Draco let go for his mother and Narcissa wrapped her arms around Harry, "Lucius is an imbecile sometimes. No one believes what he said, I promise you."

"I know mum," Harry said giving her a tight hug back, "He already apologized and explained."

"Your not going to forgive him," Draco said from the side, his face set in anger, "Not yet anyway."

"I already forgave him Draco," Harry said with a laugh.

Draco gave a sigh and threw his hands up, "Gryffindor! You have to let them wallow in their guilt."

"I'm sorry. Next time I promise I will make them beg for forgiveness," Harry told him with a smile.

"Good!"

"Alright boys. I think we all deserve some cake," Narcissa said smiling at them.

"Before dinner?" Draco asked her.

"For dinner," Narcissa said with a small laugh, "Come on."

Harry's smile fell off his face as he watched them leave. The others may not think he truly did anything wrong but the nagging feeling that he did wouldn't leave his mind. Harry patted the pocket of his cloak that had his family journals, he needed to know if he brought Draco back or not. He also needed to find out exactly how Draco feels about being back, no more ignoring it to save his feelings. Now he just had to pull every ounce of Gryffindor courage to actually ask.

But until he did, back to pretending it was.

Chapter End Notes

Poor oblivious Harry.

He has some serious things to work through, good thing he has time.

Also is anyone surprised Lucius was the one to break from the knowledge that the kids gave?

Until next time Friends!

Much needed conversations

Chapter Summary

Harry finally gets his answers.

Chapter Notes

Hello Friends!

I hope you all have an amazing weekend!

I already said this in another work but updates will be changing. I will be focusing on one fic for two weeks or so at a time. Just depending on which one I want to work on more so if there will be a longer wait between updates every couple weeks.

Until next time!

The next couple days were....awkward.

It was obvious that Harry's mind was still on the words that Lucius said. He still laughed with Draco, had tea with Narcissa, trained with Sirius and Lucius but he was more stoic than any of them had seen him. He had his head in his family journals every free moment he had, not letting even Quidditch distract him. They watched as he wandered around the manor, reserved and lost when he thought no one was looking. Draco tried his best to get him out of these moods but without fail they always came back and Harry would go right back to his journals.

Lucius perhaps watched him more than anyone else in the family, a strange feeling he didn't recognize in his chest. He was a Malfoy. Malfoys didn't say please, they didn't double think their actions or words, they took what they wanted and needed without looking back and they never apologized. Harry was the only person, other than Narcissa and Severus, who had received an apology from Lucius. While he had initially done it as a way to satisfy his wife and son it became clear to him that he actually meant the words he said to Harry. He was driven by fear and the need to protect his son, something he failed at tremendously.

So it took Lucius a while to realize what exactly that feeling was, remorse. His words had caused something in Harry to shift, caused him to reevaluate his actions he had taken thus far. He didn't need to see his wife worried expression, his son's anger or Sirius's unnaturally serious face to know he had well and truly messed up.

They still didn't know what else was found out at the bank, Harry wouldn't speak on it and Sirius was tight lipped. Dobby took to guarding his new master as a dog would a bone, even though they had yet to undergo the official ritual. If Harry wanted to be alone, Dobby ensured no one could go near him. None of the Malfoys commented on this not wanting the elf to punish himself for going against them.

All they could do is wait until whatever had fallen over Harry settled and he found his answers.

Throughout it all Lucius felt guilt.

Draco was angry with his father but more than that he was worried about Harry.

Harry who had barely spoken to him since he got back to the Manor. Draco had tried to talk to him, but when it was mentioned Harry would disappear for hours, wherever he found himself guarded fiercely by Dobby.

Draco knew it was about him. His father brought to life feelings and thoughts that Harry pushed away into the deepest pits of his mind. Draco had thought that his feelings on the matter were clear, that Harry had nothing to doubt but he had obviously been wrong. In hindsight Draco should have known. Harry had the ability to be oblivious about the important things.

Draco had no regret about the situation, had no doubts that he was right where he needed to be. He felt so alone those two months between his birthday and school, so scared. Even if he was angry about being back he wouldn't change anything, he wouldn't leave Harry to figure it out himself. This gave them a second chance at life, at happiness, something Draco was eternally grateful for. It didn't matter what brought Draco back, all that mattered was that he *was* back. But Harry wouldn't let Draco tell him that!

The others thought he just needed time, that Harry would bounce back to himself once he had his answers but Draco knew better. Harry could have all the answers in the world but he would still wonder if the right choice had been made. Ignoring the fact that neither of them had any choice in Draco coming back.

So Draco did what he could. He followed Harry, he pulled him away to play quidditch when he could, he dragged him into conversation, he snuck into his room and slept next to him. He stayed in the background waiting for Harry to break and when he did Draco would be there to put him back together.

Narcissa was heartbroken for Harry.

She would be the first to admit she was worried about him when Draco first started writing them about him. The boy-who-lived, lights symbol of hope in Slytherin and sharing a dorm with her son. Slytherin was a vicious playing field, one wrong step and it was like landing on a bombarda. Her son being friends with this boy had the ability to be dangerous for him. But then Lucius came back from his visit, calm and collected, no longer worried about the friendship. She still had her doubts. But then Draco came home for Christmas. He was all smiles and laughter, her Draco had come back from wherever he went after his birthday. Harry was the topic of almost every conversation and she would indulge him as he told her story after story. Her worry for him slowly left, whatever they had done during introduction and worked and Draco was in his proper place in the Slytherin hierarchy.

Then she met him, Harry Potter.

He was poised and polite, he was gracious and courteous, he was brave but kind. He surprised them all by his reaction to Sirius, the pure relief and happiness that shined in his face. He surprised her when he stopped Draco from entering the dinning room and telling them they would be eating somewhere else. His form protective as he stood by Draco, daring them to try and object, in their own home non the less. The night they were shown his past Narcissa cried in Lucius arms for half the night before falling into a fitful sleep. It took days for her to come to terms with what she had learned. More than one room had been destroyed in her rage, more than one night had been spent crying for the abuse Harry had suffered, more than one screaming argument with Lucius for his actions.

She insisted Harry write her when he went back to Hogwarts already half inlove with the soul that wondered into her home. She immediately set out to mother him, knowing she could never replace Lily but offering whatever she could to him. Him calling her mum had been a surprise but not an unwelcome one, one she relished in.

And now her Harry wondered the halls like a ghost, lost and confused. She knew Lucius regretting his hasty words and she forgave him for them. After he spent a few nights on the couch of course. She was lost in what to offer him, what words he needed to hear. So she did what she could. She made him have tea with her in the garden, she talked about flowers and gave him stories of his parents. She let him know in her own way that he was loved. And she prayed, she prayed to every god and goddess she knew that Harry would find whatever answer he needed to bring him peace.

Sirius was watchful.

He watched as Draco followed Harry around when he could, as Cissy dragged him into the garden for tea and conversation, as Lucius tried extra in training showing Harry spells and techniques that he would normally keep close to the belt. He watched as they all tried their best to let Harry know that they were there for him.

But Sirius watched.

Harry looked like James, he loved like Lily, he forgave like Fleamont, but in this he was all Euphemia. Sirius didn't have enough hands to count the number of times she would do this, forget everything around her until whatever mystery that caught her attention had been solved. Those days she would wander around, disappear into books and scrolls, work herself dead until she had her answers.

Harry also shared her temperament. James had his moments of anger as a young teen but as he grew he became more like his father, calm and steady. His anger reserved but righteous when needed.

Lily had an intense temper, when she was angry you knew it. Her normal happy disposition would fade into nothing when she was truly upset.

Euphemia however just had an explosive temperament. Happy, sad, mad, angry, passionate, whatever her emotion it would exclude from her and effect those around her. She could change the entire atmosphere of a room with her presence. Harry shared this quality with her and like her Sirius knew he would eventually find what he needed and then he would give in to his emotions. Whether they good or bad. Draco seemed to know this as well, Sirius saw him looking at Harry with a calculated expression, just waiting for the moment.

So Sirius did the same. He watched and he waited.

Harry was lost.

He played quidditch and chess with Draco. He had tea with Narcissa and soaked in all of her words and stories of his parents. He trained with Sirius and Lucius, giving his all make himself stronger.

But the words Lucius threw at him wouldn't leave his head.

So he read. He read the words of the journals, the scrips, the books that were delivered by a strange owl signed by L. He also read her letters but they just made him more confused than anything. He had an idea of who the Dark Owl was but didn't understand how he could ask him anything. So those he put aside and went back to his books. He learned a lot about his powers and what he would eventually be able to do. But he had no answers to how Draco got there with him.

Draco wanted to talk to him about it, but Harry was fearful about what he would say. He didn't want to hear that Draco would have rather have gone on with his parents and that he didn't want to relive his life. He wished he could have stayed in his ignorance, where everything was okay and he didn't constantly wonder if he ruined Dracos chance at peace.

Who would willingly want to be stuck in the past with him anyway?

His best friends that he gave his life for weren't even his real friends. His found family had just been using him, before and after his death.

Draco was the only person he had left from that life, the only person he fully trusted in this life and he was terrified that Draco felt differently.

Maybe he was being a little over dramatic but he honestly didn't care.

He was halfway through the third journal when he was smacked in the face with a wing.

"What the-Persephone!" Harry shouted as he caught Lunas owl, "You could have just hooted or something. You didn't need to smack me in the face."

Persephone gave a hoot and held out her leg.

"Bloody menace you are," Harry mumbled as he took the massive to from her and allowed her to fly off to Hedwigs perch for rest.

"More riddles Luna?" Harry said to himself as he opened the letter.

You're looking in the wrong place.

You have the answers at hand, Lord Peverell.

-L

"Answer in hand?" Harry said confused. In hand?

Setting the letter down he looked at his hand, there was nothing there. Just his rings-it hit him like a train.

Bloody Hell.

Harry stood up quickly, his eyes locked on the resurrection stone. It could not be that easy, could it?

Was it worth the risk?

Harry thought of Draco. Draco who had been following him around the manor, trying to talk to him, looking at him with worried gray eyes.

For Draco it was.

Harry took the ring off and held it in his hand, Merlin he hoped this didn't backfire somehow.

Turning the ring in his hand three times Harry closed his eyes and thought of the dark entity that met him at the station.

“Master,” a deep voice intoned.

Harry yelped and stumbled back, staring at Death in shock, “Bloody hell. Don’t sneak up on a bloke.”

“You called me,” Death said.

“Right,” Harry said running a hand through his hair, “I just didn’t think it would actually work.”

“The ring has many uses for the Master of Death.”

“I’ll keep that in mind. I need to know if I brought Draco here,” Harry said after his heart calmed and he gathered his thoughts.

“In a way,” Death said, his pale hand brushed the air and an image of Dracos last moments flashed before Harrys eyes, “You wished for him many times in the past as you waited. But he wished for you as well. His last thoughts were of you. I simply gave you both what you wished for.”

“Oh,” Harry said in surprise, “Hypothetically...could you bring anyone else back?”

“Only if they were dying and agreed to have their soul moved,” Death told him.

“Draco didn’t agree though,” Harry said with a frown.

“He agreed enough,” Death said, his shoulders making an odd movement.

Harry stared in bewilderment, was he trying to shrug? Cheeky bastard.

“Does he regret it?” Harry asked.

“I’m afraid I do not know Master. You will need to ask him yourself.”

“Right. Figured. Well...thank you? I’m sorry if I took you from something important.”

Death stared at him with his eerie eyes, “So much like Igneous. I look forward to see what you do with your powers. I will take my leave now if that is all?”

“That was it. Thanks,” Harry said with an awkward wave.

Death vanished into a puff of smoke and Harry let go of the breath he was holding. He wasn’t going to be doing that again, creepy bloke.

Harry looked at the letter from Luna still sitting on his bed. He should have listened to her a lot more before, he also needed to get her something really nice.

Harry sighed and fell back on the bed. So he did bring Draco back, inadvertently, and Draco also brought himself back, kinda. It was an answer but it didn't help. He had to speak with Draco..but Death did give him some hope. Maybe Draco didn't regret being here as much as he thought.

~~*

“Can I talk to you?”

Draco dropped the book he was holding and sat up in his bed quickly. Harry had gone to dinner but was even quieter then he had been the last few days and didn't eat much. Draco thought it would be a few more days before Harry said anything.

“Of course!”

Harry came in and sat on the edge of the bed, crossing his legs as he played with the edge of Dracos quilt. Draco stayed quiet, he wanted Harry to start the conversation.

“How do you feel about being here?” Harry asked after a few minutes.

“I don't regret it “Draco said confidently. He knew the question was coming and had spent hours really thinking about it. He needed to make Harry understand,“Let me finish. When I first came back I was scared and confused. I was in the past and the thought of being back here and reliving everything was terrifying. I didn't know what to do or who I could go to for anything. I mean normally time travel meant a lengthy visit with the Unspeakables and who knows what they even do. So when I was brought back? I can honestly say I did not like it and just wanted to go to wherever I was suppose to be when I was killed. But then I found you and you knew what was going on, you had plans ready to change things. I realized I wasn't alone and we had a chance to change things, to fix things.”

Harry looked at him quietly and Draco continued, “Sometimes it's hard. I look at my friends and all I can see is them getting the mark. I see them tortured and dead. I see my parents walking the halls and I remember what it was like being terrified and watching every footstep to avoid the Dark Lord. But then I remember what we are doing. Things won't be the same now, my friends won't follow me into ruin. My parents won't die screaming in Azkaban. I don't care how it happen I'm just thankful I'm here.”

“I brought you back,”Harry said quietly, “Well we both kinda brought you back but it was my fault.”

“I don't care,”Draco said, “I *don't* care Harry.”

Draco didn't wait anymore, he threw himself into Harrys arms and wrapped his arms around him. Harry closed his eyes and hugged him back tightly.

“I'm back with you. That's all that matters,”Draco whispered.

They sat holding each other for what seemed like a life time, neither willing to let the other go for even a moment. Harry felt relief crashing over him and he vowed to keep the Malfoys safe. Whatever it took he would never allow Dracos past to become his future.

“Are you okay?” Draco asked as he pulled away slightly.

“I’m okay now,” Harry said with a gentle smile. He brushed Dracos hair from his forehead, “I just...”

“I know Harry. You were just being a stupid Gryffindor. I’ll forgive you for it this time,” Draco finished with a grin.

Harry laughed and pushed Draco away, “Prat.”

Draco laughed and tugged Harry down to lay next to him, “So how did you find out anyway?”

“Death told me,” Harry said looking over to see Dracos reaction. It didn’t disappoint.

Draco was staring at him with wide eyes, his jaw hanging, “W-what did you say?”

“Death,” Harry said slowly. This was fun, he couldn’t wait to tell the others.

“How the bloody hell did you talk to death!” Draco exclaimed

“The resurrection ring. Apparently I can use it to call death to me and I asked him.”

“What else can it do?” Draco asked distracted for a moment.

“I’m actually not sure. He said it has several uses for the Master of Death but he didn’t elaborate,” Harry said with a frown. He made the ring visible so they could both see it, “Luna said the answer was in hand and it made me remember the ring. I don’t really want to test it further though. It’s honestly creepy.”

“You might have too if we can’t figure out why you a banshee,” Draco said studying the ring.

“Oh I know why that’s happening,” Harry said, “It’s because I’m a necromancer.”

Dracos head turned to him too quick Harry thought he heard a pop, “Come again?”

“Well I have the ability to become a necromancer. That’s why I feel deaths,” Harry amended.

“You’re becoming a necromancer,” Draco breathed.

“Err..I didn’t say that,” Harry said. He wasn’t really keen on the idea if he were being honest. The idea of playing around with Death wasn’t something that peaked his interest. Plus dead bodies were...well gross.

“You have too!” Draco said.

“Why?”

“There hasn’t been a true necromancer in ages Harry! It’s a practically untapped power that not many, if anyone, can fight,” Draco said, “Plus its bloody cool.”

“Huh. Well when you put it that way...I guess there will be no harm in *looking* into it. But no promises,” Harry said before getting comfortable in the bed.

“I’m tired and we have to finish telling everyone what happen at the bank,” Harry said with a yawn, his favorite pillow under his head and the night sky shinning on them.

“You haven’t even told me what you found out yet,” Draco said with a pout.

Harry rolled his eyes, “I know but you will have to find out with everyone else. I’m exhausted.”

Dracos eyes softened, “Of course you are. Who knows how much you have even slept in the last week. Just one thing...are we cousins?”

“Yes but not close enough to count for anything. Third cousins once removed or something,” Harry said with a yawn, his eyes fluttering closed.

“Okay,” Draco said quietly. He watched Harry for a moment, a soft smile coming to his face before falling into the best sleep he had that week.

The table breathed a sigh of relieve when Harrys smiling face met them at the breakfast table the next morning.

“Good morning!” Harry chirped already digging into his breakfast.

“Good morning dear,” Narcissa said giving him a kiss on his forehead.

“You figured it out then?” Sirius asked sitting across from him.

“Yep. I’ll explain after breakfast,” Harry told them as a group.

“We need to talk about sleeping arrangements,” Lucius announced after a few moments.

Harry and Draco shared a look before looking at Lucius. Sirius was smirking behind his tea as Narcissa glanced at her husband.

“What about them?” Harry asked.

“I would appreciate it if no one slept in someone else’s room. We all have our own rooms for a reason,” Lucius said as nonchalantly as he could. Narcissa and Sirius both didn’t see a problem with the boys sharing a room, but adult children or not it was not proper.

“Alright,” Draco said with a nod, “We won’t go into each others room anymore.”

Lucius relaxed in his seat, he had expected an argument, “Thank you son.”

“Of course father,” Draco said with a smile.

Sirius looked at Narcissa and discretely held up ten fingers, she shook her head and held up a “V” made with her index and middle finger.

Sirius nodded, “So is everyone done? I would like to know what Harry found out.”

Harry rolled his eyes, “You know the most out of everyone here Sirius. You didn’t look up anything?”

Sirius gave him a look of distaste, “Research? As an adult? No thank you.”

“Sirius never did like research,” Narcissa mused, “I’m convinced his essays were only completed because of Mr. Lupin.”

Sirius snorted, “Probably.”

Harry paused in his eating, Remus. He forgot all about Remus with everything else going on but that brought up another question. Where was Remus?

“Have you contacted him,” Harry asked Sirius.

“I sent a letter but never received a reply,” Sirius said with a frown. The anger he felt for Remus for him thinking that Sirius had anything to do with betraying James and Lily had faded. It was now replaced with a lonely wistful feeling.

“I’m not surprised,” Draco sneered

“Draco,” Harry warned.

“What? This has nothing to do with him being a wolf,” Draco defended, “He hasn’t even tried to contact you. At all.”

Harry shrugged, “He didn’t before either. I didn’t even know who he was until the end of my third year.”

“What happen your third year?” Sirius asked confused.

“You broke out of prison and he was our defense teacher that year,” Harry explained, “Didn’t I tell you?”

“You gave us a lot of information Harry,” Sirius said, “I only remember the important bits. Like when I died.”

“Fair,” Harry said with a shrug, “He was our professor, even taught me the patronus but never told me who he was. I didn’t know until you found Pettigrew and found out on accident pretty much.”

“That’s not right,” Sirius said with a frown, “You were part of his pack.”

Harry frowned a bit, “Sirius he..he’s not the person you remember. I have no idea who the Remus Lupin you knew was but it isn’t this one. If you ever get in contact with him just remember that.”

“I will,” Sirius promised.

“Let’s go to the tea room,” Narcissa said as everyone finished up their breakfast.

“Excellent idea! I am dying to know what Harry found out,” Sirius said with a grin before it morphed into a frown of confusion, “What’s funny?”

Draco had broke into laughter at his statement, “You will find out.”

“I’m scared now,” Sirius mumbled as they made their way through the halls. Draco and Harry walked slightly behind them. Harry had a slight frown on his face. He was worried about the others reactions to his new found information, Draco was excited about the idea of him being a Necromancer but not everyone would feel that way.

“Right,” Harry said as he paced in front of the others, “So..uh..well...”

“Start at the bank Harry,” Draco said from his seat.

“Bank! Right. My Malfoy blood comes from my mother, her great-great grandfather was a member of the Malfoy family. His name was Lucius but we have no idea where he really fits in your family line,” Harry said looking at Lucius.

“Hmm..” Lucius frowned before getting up and picking up a large book from the desk in the back, “The last Lucius our family was my Great-great grandfather. He tried very hard to be a suitor of Queen Elizabeth I, he failed spectacularly.”

“A muggle?” Harry asked confused.

“Elizabeth I was a half-blood witch. Her mother Anne Boleyn was a pureblood,” Lucius said off handily as he scanned the book.

“Wait what?” Harry asked staring at him, “She really was a witch? I thought that was made up.”

Draco stared at him, “You spent years doing research and never looked into the British royal family?”

“I had more pressing things to learn Draco. I didn’t think it mattered really,” Harry said in his defense.

“Prince Harry is a wizard. The first in the family since Queen Elizabeth actually,” Draco told him with a grin.

Harry's jaw dropped, "Your taking the Micky."

"You really don't know anything do you," Sirius asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I know that the current Royal family didn't come from Elizabeth I, they came from a sister or something of Henry VIII," Harry told them, "So where did the magic come from?"

Draco shrugged, "Who knows. Back then most magical weren't registered, they kept it close to the chest. Especially during all the religious movements that were happening, one way ticket to the bonfire."

"Is there a book I can read on this?" Harry asked. His history was severely lacking apparently.

"There is one in the library I will get it for you later. I found something," Lucius said, "As I said my Great-great grandfather was Lucius, but there is something weird about this birth. Journal entries on his life start five years after his birthday, but he was still a baby."

"What does that mean?" Harry asked confused.

"It means the original Lucius was a squib. When they realized they did a ritual disowning and had a new son," Sirius said, "It was a common practice back then. They did it a few times in my family as well."

"That is horrible," Harry said in disgust.

"It isn't done anymore," Sirius assured him, "Now if squibs are born they are disowned but are given stipends to live on."

Harry gave him a look, "That's still horrible. Squib or not no child of mine will be going anywhere."

Sirius raised up his hands, "Noted."

Lucius closed the book with a snap, "Welcome to the family Harry."

"Thank you Uncle Lucy," Harry said with a grin.

Lucius grimaced, "If you insist Uncle Lucius will be fine."

"I like Lucy," Harry said with a shrug, "Now for Hogwarts, Slytherin and Gryffindor were brothers apparently. I am naturally the Gryffindor heir and the Dark Lord was Slytherins but because he was unfit I was given both."

"No. I refuse to acknowledge that," Draco said.

"Refuse all you want that's what happen," Harry said with a roll of his eyes.

"Do you have any other lordships?" Narcissa asked interrupting them before they could start and argument.

“Peverell as well. The Dark Lord was also in the running for that one but he doesn’t value death and never gathered the hallows. So,” Harry shrugged, “It’s mine as well.”

“So you pretty much took two Lordships from The Dark Lord?” Sirius asked with a raised eyebrow, “If you thought he hated you before that will be nothing if he finds that out.”

“He knows I’m his downfall, I don’t think he can hate me more,” Harry said dryly.

“Four Lordships?” Narcissa said quietly, “That will need to be kept hidden Harry.”

“Five. I also have Black,” Harry said gesturing to Sirius.

“Contracts are going to be thrown at you by the dozen when that comes out,” Narcissa said, “You will not be accepting any until I have seen them.”

Harry raised an eyebrow, “Of course. Any and all I will send to you directly.”

“Harry is a necromancer,” Draco announced to the room, shooting his mother an annoyed look.

“He’s a what!”

Harry gave him a bored look, “Really Draco?”

Draco shrugged, “I thought you would need help getting it out.”

“What do you mean he’s a necromancer?” Sirius broke through, “There hasn’t been a necromancer for ages.”

“The Peverell historical were necromancers,” Lucius said staring at Harry with a glint in his eyes, “the last known necromancer was a Peverell, when the line merged with Potter it was said the gift died out.”

“It did until I became the Master of Death,” Harry informed him, he raised his hand and the ring appeared, “Gathering all of the hallows and greeting Death as a friend is what made me eligible for the Peverell Lordship. Even if the Dark Lord gathered all of the hallows he would not have received the title because of his horcruxs.”

“So you're a necromancer?” Sirius asked rubbing his temples.

“I have the ability to become one. Some aspects I already have, sensing death and all but the other magics I would have to learn and nurture,” Harry told him, “I’m not entirely sure I want to do it.”

“You have too!” Lucius exclaimed, Narcissa and Sirius nodding behind him.

Harry raised an eyebrow at them, “Why?”

“You don’t realize what it would mean for the dark Harry,” Sirius said quietly, “When necromancers died out it caused a large shift in magics. Wizard and witches turned to Black

Magic to try and mimic the effects..the results weren't pretty. Fear and horror erupted through the country when they lost control of what they were doing. Soon people started to forget that black magic wasn't dark magic, it all became one in the minds of people. It was the true start of the power struggle between light and dark magic. If you bring it back, show it for what it really is it can cause a shift back to what we should be. Equal in all magics."

"Not to mention it would give you a large boost in magic, something that no other wizard in this world would be able to match," Lucius said.

Harry did not know any of that. He looking into some dark magic, only books provided by Luna and only theory, he never looked further into the history of it. Harry knew it wasn't evil as he had been made to believe before, but he was still hesitant to use it.

"I need to know more about it before I make a choice," Harry finally said, "I need to know more about dark magic in general. I know some, and we talked about it in training but I need to know more."

"It would be my pleasure to teach you the finer aspects of Dark Magic," Lucius offered.

"I will as well," Sirius said, "My family is further into the dark than even the Malfoys."

Harry nodded, "Excellent. We can do it before or after training, which ever you guys decide."

"For now it will be before training. There is a lot we need to teach you before you can start using it," Lucius told him, "Draco you will join as well. I'm sure you know already but a refresher would be good."

"Okay father," Draco agreed.

Lucius hesitated on his next question, "If I may ask Harry...did you find out how Draco got here?"

"You were kinda right," Harry told him, "I did bring him back, inadvertently *but* he brought himself back as well."

"How does that work?" Sirius asked.

"So don't freak out," Harry started.

"Oh Merlin," Sirius mumbled.

Harry ignored him, "So you know how I'm the Master of Death?" Harry waited for everyone to nod, "Well I was looking for the answer and I couldn't find anything. I found out loads about the family magic and all but nothing that would have brought Draco here. While I was researching I was playing with the ring and Death appeared in my bedroom."

"Bloody Hell," Sirius said hoarsely. Lucius and Narcissa went white, their hands grasping each other tightly, her nails making marks in his skin from her grip.

“I said not to freak out! Its okay I promise. I was only able to do it because of the Master of Death thing, he’s not going to just pop up whenever he wants and he’s not a danger to me. I think,” Seeing that his words weren’t calming them down he quickly carried on, “He told me that it was because of that I was able to bring Draco back but he was only able to come back because his soul agreed to come back.”

“I need a drink!” Sirius announced. Dobby quickly popped in with a bottle of scotch and three glasses, “Handy elf,” Sirius mumbled pouring himself and the others a large drink.

“I don’t remember that,” Draco said with a frown, “Wouldn’t I remember that?”

Harry shrugged, “Honestly I think he may have bent the rules a bit. He said you agreed enough.”

“What does that mean?”

“I’m not really sure,” Harry admitted.

“What else can you do?” Draco asked intrigued.

“I don’t know. He said the ring had many uses for me but I didn’t ask and he didn’t offer.”

“How could you not ask?” Lucius asked.

“It didn’t seem important at the time. I’m sure I can get him back and ask him later though,” Harry told him.

“Please don’t,” Narcissa said softly, “Or at least warn us first.”

“I don’t have any plans on it but I will let you know,” Harry agreed. The look on her face made him never want to do it again. The men had flushed slightly due to the alcohol but she was still white, her grasp still tight on Lucius.

Harry kneeled infront of her and prayed her hands away from Lucius, holding them in his, “I promise I’m okay. I didn’t think he would show up and I will be much more careful for now on.”

Narcissa gave him a small smile, “I believe you Harry. It’s just...concerning.”

“I agree,” Harry said with a nod, “I almost wet myself when I heard him. Very embarrassing.”

Narcissa let out a small laugh, “Well I’m glad you didn’t.”

Harry kissed her hands before standing up, “Any other questions?”

“Give us sometime to digest this information Harry,” Sirius said taking another drink, “I’m sure we can think of some later.

Harry nodded, "That's fine. So change of subject, were you guys able to find out what wards are needed for the horcruxes?"

"Yes. You will need to cast them, neither of us are strong enough to cast them," Lucius said with a grimace. He was still smarting over that fact.

"Day after next," Harry told them with a yawn, "I'm still tired."

"Of course you are darling!," Narcissa said, "You will be resting for the next two days. I don't want you to do anything strenuous."

"I won't," Harry promised giving her a hug, "I'm sorry I worried you," He whispered into her ear.

Narcissa smiled and kissed his forehead, "Don't be love. We all understand."

"Come with me Harry, I want to talk to you about something," Sirius said.

"Okay. I'll see you guys later," Harry said waving at them as he followed Sirius out of the room.

Sirius led them out to the garden and sat on a bench in front of the pond. Small fish were swimming, trying to avoid the beaks of the swans that were lazily floating. Large lily pads were surrounded by common arrowheads and blue flag iris, dragon flies landing on them before flying away.

"Your grandmother Euphemia loved ponds," Sirius said. His eyes staring at the pond, his thoughts lost in the water.

"Did she?" Harry asked quietly sitting next to Sirius.

"If she could have put a pond in the middle of Potter manor she would have," Sirius said with a chuckle, "She thought they were calming, you would often find her sitting near them when she was stressed or angry about something."

Harry stayed quiet, his eyes following a frog that was jumping from pad to pad.

"Most people thought she was just a proper housewife but she was so much more. She hated parties, especially posh ones, she avoided weekly teas with other women unless she had too. Any dinner parties or balls that were thrown were put together by Fleamont and the elves. She was also the best dueler I had ever met, kicked my arse more times than I could count."

"She sounds wicked," Harry admitted.

"She was very wicked," Sirius said throwing him a grin, "I see so much of her inside of you Harry. You may look like James but you're nothing like how he was, which is great because honestly he was a bit of a prick as a teenager."

“He was,” Harry said with a shake of his head, “I don’t know everything of course but from what I do know..I don’t think I would have liked to be like him.”

“Nothing wrong with that Harry, you are your own person. A person you should be proud of,” Sirius said. He coughed slightly before turning to Harry and picking up his hands, “Your grandmother was an amazing women. She had the ability to brighten a room with just her smile, her presence always filled the any room she was in with love and laughter. She also had the ability to clear a room faster than I had ever seen when upset. I tell you this because as amazing as she was she did have her faults. When she had something she wanted to know nothing stopped her from finding it, she would lock herself away, much like you did ,until she had her answer. I didn’t realize until much later how much this effected your grandfather and father. I think they felt helpless knowing that she was in another world until she decided she wasn’t. I don’t want you to do that. You are not alone in any of this Harry, I just want you to remember that.”

Harry wasn’t ashamed of the tears that were escaping his eyes, reaching forward he hugged Sirius tightly around his waist, “I’m sorry for worrying all of you. I’ll try not to do it again.”

“You do that,” Sirius said hugging him back just as strong.

“Will you tell me more about my grandparents?” Harry asked moving away slightly so he could lay his head on Sirius shoulder.

“Of course.”

Start of the Summer with the Weasleys

Chapter Summary

Harry arrives at the Weasleys to begin his summer but unexpected news changes things.

Chapter Notes

Hello Friends!

I know I haven't updated in a bit but I had a incident with my computer and had to restore it. Which meant I lost, not only all of my notes but my original manuscript. So I haven't been in a writing mood.

That being said I'm not 100 percent on this chapter and it may have more mistakes like normal. Sorry about that!

I hope you all enjoy your weekend!

Until next time!

Harry's time with the Malfoys seemed to go by in a flash. Harry spent every morning working out before spending hours with Sirius, Lucius and Draco training. They taught him dueling and Dark Magic. They tutored him in subjects that he had previously been lacking in, and realized the Malfoy gift of Arithmancy did *not* pass onto Harry. He would be leaving that strictly to Draco.

Harry and Draco spent their afternoons playing quidditch and wizarding chess, Harry was still atrocious at it. He learned stories of his family from Narcissa and Sirius over tea and biscuits and spent evenings with Lucius learning about history.

"I can't believe you're leaving tomorrow for a hovel," Draco said with disgust. He and Harry were laying in bed in a room down the hall from Draco's normal room. They were following Lucius' rules to a 'T', neither of them were in the other's room. Earlier in the day Harry had one of the best birthday celebrations he could remember. Just the family, though Harry did invite Griphook who turned down the invitations due to work. His gifts were mostly books and clothing, but it was everything Harry could have wanted. Draco was keeping them safe for him until they met up at Hogwarts to avoid any suspicion.

Tomorrow Harry would make his way to the Dursleys and the day after, on his actual birthday, Dumbledore would be there to pick him up and take him to the Weasleys for “his birthday party”. Personally Harry thought it would be an amazing person to not go, but he couldn’t exactly tell the headmaster that.

“I know,” Harry groaned, “Don’t get me wrong I love the burrow, it looks questionable but it really is wicked. But spending the month with them? And Granger? Torture.”

“Maybe he’s trying to kill you before the Dark Lord can,” Draco said with a snort.

“Wouldn’t surprise me,” Harry said warily before sighing, “This has been the best summer Draco.”

“It has,” Draco agreed, “and I have had some very amazing Summers so you should take that as a very high compliment.”

“I do,” Harry said with a smile.

“Your going to ruin Weasley life right?” Draco asked.

“Of course. I’m going to make him regret ever inviting me to his house. His mother too,” Harry sneered. If they thought Harry was going to be a good little boy in a house he was forced into they had another thing coming.

“Make sure you call Dobby for all of your food and drink,” Draco said, “I don’t trust anyone in that house.”

“I already gave him the order. He was more than pleased,” Harry agreed.

They had finally done the same night Harry told the others what was found out at Gringotts and Dobby had taken to his new master like bees to honey. Harry found himself very pleased and very annoyed at the same time, but it didn’t matter. This Dobby wasn’t his Dobby exactly but damn if he wasn’t close enough.

“I’m going to miss you,” Draco said quietly a few moments later.

“I’m going to miss you as well but we have every summer after this,” Harry told him just as quiet.

~~*

Draco was sulking as Harry gathered his things to take back to the Dursleys and the burrow.

“If you don’t go back they won’t know where you are. You can just stay here,” Draco said for the fifth time that day.

Harry rolled his eyes, “Draco we have talked about this. I have to go. Besides it won’t be you stuck with the idiots it will be me.”

“I get you for Christmas,” Draco said firmly.

“You will get me for Christmas,” Harry promised, “Now please let it go.”

“Fine. Do you need anything else?”

“No I have it all,” Harry told him.

Harry felt a ping in his heart as he looked around the place that had been his room for the last two months. He barely remembered the summer times he spent with the Weasleys but he remembered feeling carefree and happy, summers of hanging out with his friends, playing in the orchard, tossing gnomes. He thought they had been the best times of his life but he had been so very wrong.

Those feelings were nothing compared to what he had felt and experienced in Malfoy Manor. Narcissa had become something of an adoptive mum to him but she was so different than Molly had ever been. She supported Draco in anything he wanted to do or try, a trait she shared in both lives according to Draco. He never heard her raise her voice, when she was displeased she explained her reasoning in calm tones. She took Harry in quickly but never tried to really mother him or make him feel like she was taking Lily’s place. Molly would smother him, make him feel like he needed to accept her as his mother. At the time her overbearing attitude would frustrate him sometimes but he thought it was normal for mothers. Narcissa showed him he had been mistaken.

Lucius was more of an Uncle. One that Harry took great pleasure in annoying at every opportunity. Lucius it turned out was a bit of a history buff and was eager to share his knowledge with Harry. Lucius would spend the evenings telling Harry about the Malfoy family history, letting him read the family books. Harry learned how the Malfoys came from France and used magic to build their fortune and prestige. He learns about the original Lucius’ attempted to woo the Queen of England who found his attempts charming and humored him longer than most of her other suitors.

Harry also learned that the current Malfoys, even in his past life, were the best ones out of the bunch. Lucius didn’t spare him when telling him about his father and past generations. He spoke of a family filled with cruel and vengeful people who taught and raised their children as they were raised. With an iron fist and torture for those who didn’t behave in just the right way. Lucius mother was who saved him from that, she was sweet and kind. She did her best to shield Lucius away from his violent father, unfortunately nothing she did could save him from the Dark Lord.

Sirius was so much like his Sirius that sometimes it hurt, but at the same time he was a completely different person. He didn’t rise to anger quickly, didn’t constantly talk down about Slytherins and Harry hadn’t heard him call Severus ‘Snivellus’ even once. Harry had a feeling this Sirius wouldn’t have allowed Molly Weasley to take over his ancestral home and throw away valuable heirlooms. Harry also learned that Sirius really liked to duel and there was a very good reason he was one of the top Aurors back in the day. He had left Harry and

Draco panting in pain on the floor on more than one occasion. Harry thought he always seemed a little too pleased with this, obviously the black madness didn't completely miss him. When Harry told him this Sirius threw his head back and laughed until tears streamed down his face, proving Harry right.

Harry was not looking forward to leaving the manor and being stuck with the Weasleys for the rest of the summer. At all.

The Burrow was just as Harry remembered it several stories high and crooked with five chimneys and a red roof. Harry glanced around the yard, several boots were placed by the door, a few chickens walking around the yard occasionally pecking at the gnomes that were sticking their heads out of their holes.

Harry sighed to himself it was a big change going from the Manor to the burrow. He almost wished he could have stayed at the Dursleys, at least they would have left him alone.

"I'll leave you here my boy. Molly is already aware of you coming today,"Dumbledore said with a smile down at him with his ever twinkling eye.

"Thank you sir. I will see you next school year,"Harry said politely. As soon as Dumbledore left Harry took a deep breath and squared his shoulders. It was just one month, he could do this. No problem.

Harry felt his wand hand twitch as he felt a pair of eyes on him from a window higher up. Glancing up he saw a flash of long red hair before the window slammed shut.

Ginny was already being creepy, great.

The door was thrown open as Harry went to knock, Molly Weasley in all her glory stood there smiling.

"Harry! It's so good to meet you!"Molly enthused, her arms were out as she went to give him a hug.

Harry took several quick steps back causing her to stumble slightly before catching herself, "I don't like being touched,"Harry told her shortly.

Harry and Draco had debated how Harry would handle the Dursleys. Harry maintained a polite demeanor to all adults he had met so far but the Weasleys were different. They had betrayed him in so many ways and the knowledge would forever change the way he reacted to them. Eventually they decided that Harry wouldn't be needlessly polite, he didn't want to be with them and he was going to make that known.

"Oh,"Molly said patting her apron down and gave him a sad look, "Well..of course I don't imagine you do."

“By strangers,” Harry clarified.

“Well we aren’t strangers!,” Molly said with a small laugh, “I’ve known you since you were a baby.”

“I don’t remember you,” Harry said with a shrug.

“Why don’t you come in? Breakfast just finished but I can whip you up something,” Molly said with a smile. She stepped back from the door and Harry made his way into the house. The kitchen was in shambles as it always was, a long table taking up a majority of the space.

“Your home is lovely,” Harry said. That wasn’t a lie, he always thought the inside of the burrow was comforting, if a mess.

“Thank you,” Molly said flustered, “Go ahead and take a seat, I’ll have breakfast in a moment.”

“No thank you I’ve already ate,” Harry told her before gesturing to his things, “Where can I put my things?”

“If you change your mind let me know dear. Now you will be sharing a room with Ron, he was so excited to have you here,” Molly said with a smile.

“I won’t share a room with Ron,” Harry told her with a frown, “I brought a wizarding tent, I can use that if you don’t have any other room.”

Molly’s face dropped, “That won’t be necessary, Ron’s room is large enough for the both of you.”

“I’m sure it would but I still won’t stay with him,” Harry told her fighting the urge to roll his eyes, “We don’t really get along and I don’t want to spend the summer sharing a room with him.”

“Oh well...I suppose you can sleep in Charlie’s old room,” Molly said glancing up the stairs, “He’s a dragon handler in Romania and won’t be here this summer.”

“Excellent,” Harry said giving her a smile.

“We can show-“

“Harry his room,” The twins said as they popped their head out from the staircase.

“Okay but no funny business,” Molly said brandishing a wooden spoon, “Harry is our guest.”

Fred and George raised their hands, “We wouldn’t dare.”

Harry laughed and gave them both hugs, “Good to see you. Show me where to go.”

Molly frowned as she watched them go. Was he close to the twins?

They stayed quiet until they were in Charlies room with the door locked and warded.

“I can’t believe you came mate,” Fred commented throwing himself onto the bed.

“We thought for sure you would tell them to shove it,” George added pushing Freds legs off the bed and sitting on the edge.

“I didn’t have a choice,” Harry said dryly, “The headmaster told me what I was doing.”

“Bloody mental that one,” Fred said shaking his head.

“I agree. On the bright side I have plenty of plans for us,” Harry said with a grin.

“Oooo,” George said leaning closer, “Are you looking to cause havoc Harrikins?”

“Your mother will regret ever inviting me into this house,” Harry confirmed before pausing and giving them an apologetic look, “No offense to your mum or anything.”

Fred waved him off, “She’s been talking all summer about you coming and how great it will be-“

“We told her you didn’t care much for Ron or Hermione-“

“But she said we didn’t know anything and to be quiet-“

“So do whatever you want,” George finished.

Harry stared at them, “Your mums a bit of a..”

“We know,” Fred and George said together.

Harry shook his head, “So who is all here?”

“Us of course and Ron-“

“Hermione is suppose to be here later today-“

“Percy but he never leaves his room-“

“And our sister Ginny-“

“Your gonna want to watch out for her-“

“She’s obsessed with you,” Fred said with a snort.

“Obsessed with me?” Harry asked, “Why?”

“Your the boy-who-lived mate-“

“She spent hours reading those books about you.”

Harry frowned, “I need to sue who ever wrote those blasted books.”

Fred and George snorted.

“I think I saw her when I was coming up the walk way. Does her room face the front?” Harry asked them

“No but she could have been looking at you through a different window,” Fred said.

“Lovely,” Harry said with a grimace, “Oh well. Want to see what I brought with me?”

“Yes!”

Harry was upstairs going over plans with the twins when Hermione arrived. Ron must have been waiting for her to confront Harry because he didn't come find Harry until she had arrived.

“There you are!” Hermione said as she shoved the door open, “We've been looking for you.”

Harry gave her a bored look, “Why?”

“To get started on summer work of course! I already wrote out a plan for the summer,” Hermione told him, “Now come up to Rons room and we can get started.”

“Yeah mate. We can help you move your stuff, I don't know why mum put you in Charlies old room,” Ron said his nose wrinkled.

“I told her I didn't want to spend the rest of the summer in your room. And my summer work is already done,” Harry told them.

“Why?”

“It couldn't have been done to standards,” Hermione said cutting Ron off, “I'll go over it for you and correct your mistakes.”

“I don't have mistakes. I finished first remember,” Harry said with a smile. His smile widened as he saw the anger form in Hermiones eyes at the reminder.

“You only got that because you're a Slytherin,” Ron declared.

“What does that have to do with anything?” Harry asked.

“Snape obviously changed your grade to something better because he's your head of class,” Ron spat.

“Even if *Professor* Snape changed my grades it doesn’t change the fact that I scored higher in all of my other classes,” Harry said with a snort, “and if he was going to do that for anyone it would be Draco. Not me.”

“Dinners ready!” Molly called up the stairs stopping the rest of the conversation.

“We can do work after dinner then,” Hermione said before leaving the room with a huff, Ron following close behind her.

Harry groaned, “And I’m here for a *month*.”

Fred and George chuckled, “Don’t worry we will save you from them.”

“Thank Merlin!” Harry said throwing his hands up, “Let’s go before she yells again. Does she do that a lot?”

“Oh yeah,” Fred said with George nodding next to him.

“Lovely,” Harry mumbled.

The table was full when they finally made it down. Harry sat down with Fred and George on either side of him preventing Ron from sitting next to Harry.

“Fred switch seats with Harry so he can sit next to his friend,” Molly said with a frown, pointing her wooden spoon at them once again.

“I’m sitting next to my friends Mrs. Weasley,” Harry told her.

Looking over the table his eyes paused briefly on Ginny. Sitting besides Percy, her long curtain of red hair mostly blocking her from view. The surge of anger Harry felt at seeing her took him by surprise. She was young now, just eleven but Harry only saw her for the sixteen year old who drugged him and used his death to take his vaults. It wasn’t exactly fair, Harry supposed, she was a child and had years to change. Maybe she wouldn’t be as bad. Ginny glanced at him and squeaked moving quickly her elbow hit her bowl, sending her soup crashing to the floor.

Or she would be worse.

“Hello Harry,” Mr. Weasley said with a smile holding out his hand, “I’m Arthur Weasley. Glad to have you in my home!”

“Hello Mr. Weasley,” Harry said politely shaking his hand. He felt no need to return the sentiment.

“I must ask you, do you know the function of a rubber duck?” Arthur asked curiously leaning forward slightly.

“Honestly Arthur!” Molly said with a scowl, “Don’t bother Harry with such nonsense.”

Harry glanced at her with wide eyes before turning back to Arthur, “It’s a toy used in baths mostly. It doesn’t really do anything else.”

What did Arthur think of everything that happen after the war? Was he in on it? Or just going along to what Molly wanted like always? A part of Harry hoped not.

Arthur gave him a pleased smile, “Thank you Mr. Potter!”

“Call me Harry. If you have any other questions I would be more than happy to answer them,” Harry told him with a smile.

Arthur opened his mouth, no doubt to ask another question before glancing at his wife, “Maybe later lad.”

“You know where to find me,” Harry told him.

Molly was displeased as she looked at her husband before giving Harry a large smile, “Dig in everyone!”

Harry glanced over the table, Molly had gone all out. Roast Beef sat on a bed of vegetables, Yorkshire pudding, stuffing, more vegetables and gravy laid across the table.

“Looks great Mrs. Weasley but I’m afraid I’m on a special diet,” Harry told her apologetically.

“Dobby!” Harry called.

Molly stared at him confused, “W-“

“Dobby is here Master Harry! I bring your dinner and drink!” Dobby said appearing with a plate and a jug of water.

“Thank you Dobby,” Harry told the small elf, “You may go back to the Manor.”

“Dobby thanks master,” Dobby said before disappearing with a small pop.

“What was that?” Hermione asked staring at the spot Dobby had been.

“House elf,” Harry told her taking a drink of water.

“What is a house elf?” Hermione asked looking around the table.

“A creature that has a symbiotic relationship with a wizard or witch,” Harry answered her, he was going to stop that S.P.E.W nonsense before it even got started, “They are basically butlers, maids, footmen, etc. In return our magic keeps their magic stable.”

“So they are slaves?” Hermione asked horrified.

“No,” Harry said sharply, “It’s a *symbiotic* relationship, meaning they get something from us and we get something from them.”

“What if they don’t want to do something?” Hermione asked.

“They are required to do it if their Master asks them,”Percy answered, “If they fail to do it they have punish themselves.”

Harry wanted to face plant, what a big mouth.

“What!”Hermione screeched, “Punish themselves!”

“Yes. They can’t say no, their magic won’t allow it,”Percy said before going back to his book.

Hermione looked at Harry accusingly“And you have one!”

Harry shrugged, “Dobby was a birthday present. He’s a great little elf and he’s been instructed to not punish himself.”

“Did you get him from the Malfoys?” Ron asked with a sneer.

Harry stared at him, “Yes. Draco gave him to me for my birthday.”

“It’s barbaric! You will call him back and release him at once!”Hermione said slapping her hand down on the table.

“If I free him he will die horribly,”Harry told her, “His magic will become unstable and tear him apart. I won’t do that to him.”

Hermione went green, “What?”

“I’ll give you a book,”Harry told her.

Hermione opened her mouth but was cut off by Molly, “You can continue this conversation after dinner. But really Harry I’m not sure you should trust a elf given to you by the Malfoys. It would be much better if we vanished that food and you ate here dear.”

“No thank you. As I said, I’m on a proper diet and Dobby is aware of what I need,”Harry told her before taking a bite out of his food.

“I must insist you eat here Harry,”Molly said with a gentle smile.

“Molly,”Arthur said looking at her, “Let the kids eat. If Harry has to eat certain things it’s alright.”

Molly looked like she wanted to argue but sat down with a huff. Everyone else grabbed food from around the table and it was quiet for a few moments while they got their food and settled to eat.

“Why are you on a diet?” Fred asked him.

“I’m working out a lot so I have to watch what I eat or I’ll get sick,” Harry told them truthfully.

When he started to truly work out in the mornings, along with dueling, fatty rich foods felt like lead in his stomach.

“Your working out?” George asked, “Why?”

“Because I want to,” Harry said, “That reminds me, I run five miles everyday. Where can I do that here?”

Fred and George looked at each other mouthing ‘five miles’.

“Oh you don’t need to do that here dear,” Molly said.

“I like doing it Mrs. Weasley,” Harry told her, “I do it every morning.”

“You can run around the orchard a few times,” Arthur said, “I would say three times might do it.”

“Thank you Mr. Weasley,” Harry said.

The minute dinner was over and Harry was sitting with the twins in the living room Hermione attacked.

“Ron told me all about house elf during dinner. They are slaves!”

Harry sighed, “The only similarity they have is that House Elf does have to do what they are ordered but that is it. Most people who own them will not be asking for anything harmful from their elfs, most just clean and cook.”

“But some are abused,” Hermione argued, “You can’t deny that.”

“I bet the Malfoys abuse their elf,” Ron mumbled.

“The Malfoys do not abuse their elf,” Harry told Ron harshly before turning to Hermione, “I won’t deny it because some do but you can’t judge everyone on the action of some.”

“You shouldn’t have one,” Hermione said crossing her arms, “It’s not right. You should let him go.”

“I’m not fighting you on this. I can give you a book that better explains but that’s it,” Harry told her with finality.

“Fine,” Hermione said.

“I’ll have it for you tomorrow,” Harry told her.

Molly shuffled into the room, "Harry I'm afraid we are going to have to move you with Ron after all. Ginnys room is too small for her and Hermione."

Harry knew that was a lie, they had shared a room plenty of times in the past.

"I'll sleep in my tent then," Harry said.

"No that won't do. You can share with Ron," Molly said. Harry recognized her tone, it was the one that meant there would be no further discussion. To bad for her Harry wasn't going to just sit down and deal with it.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Weasley but I won't share a room with Ron," Harry told her.

Fred, George, Percy and Ron all stared at him with their mouths open in surprise, no one had ever gone against their mum like this.

Molly flushed, "It is the only room available dear."

"I have no problem sleeping in my tent Mrs. Weasley. It's fully set up for me, it will be no bother," Harry assured her.

"You can't sleep outside by yourself dear," Molly said with a shake of her head, "It wouldn't be safe."

"The twins can share my tent with me," Harry told her with a shrug.

"If the twins are using the tent I want to use the tent!" Ron said, "You my friend not theirs anyway."

"That is a great idea!" Molly exclaimed, "You and Ron can share the tent in the back. That would be so fun!"

Harry sighed and ran his hand through his hair as he got an idea, "Can I go home then? I'm uncomfortable and would rather be home," Harry said sadly.

Take that you cow.

"What's going on?" Arthur asked stepping into the room after Percy who had slipped out to go get him.

"I wan't to go home," Harry told him, "I don't want to share a room with Ron and offered to sleep in my tent with the twins but Mrs. Weasley keeps trying to make me share with Ron."

Arthur frowned, "I don't see why you can't share a tent with the twins as long as you stay within the wards of the back yard."

"But dad I want to share a room with Harry!" Ron whined from Hermione side. Hermione who had been quiet up until now nodded in agreement.

“If Harry doesn’t want to share a room with you he doesn’t have to Ron,” Arthur told him sternly.

“You have enough room in your tent for the three of you?” Arthur asked him.

Harry nodded, “It has three rooms and is fully set up.”

“Splendid!” Arthur said with a smile, “Let’s get it now and I’ll help you set it up.”

Harry gave the twins a wink and ran to get it from his things before following Arthur outside with the twins. Harry smiled as they stepped into the back yard, his last memories of the back yard coming to him. Bill and Fleur’s wedding was beautiful and Fleur practically floated down the island to Bill. Harry had to make sure that still happen, he liked them together.

“Here you go Mr. Weasley,” Harry said holding out the tent.

Arthur placed the tent down and gave his wand a quick flick, the tent unfolded itself instantly.

“Would you like to see the inside?” Harry asked him.

“Thank you,” Arthur said before stepping in with the twins following him. Harry smiled when he heard the low whistle from the twins as they took in the tent.

Sirius had been the one to provide him the tent and it was perfect. Three bedrooms with two bathrooms, one connected to the master and the other connecting the other two rooms in a Jack and Jill style. Open floor kitchen and living room with a dining room in front of the bedroom doors. The best part, to Harry, was the large library that was entered through a door in the living room.

“It’s very nice,” Arthur said with a nod, “I still expect to see you guys in the house during the day and for meals.”

“Of course Mr. Weasley,” Harry said.

“I’ll leave you boys to it. See you for breakfast,” Arthur said clapping the boys on the back.

“Bloody Hell Harry,” Fred said, “*This* is a tent.”

“Thanks. Sirius got it for me just in case,” Harry told them throwing himself on the arm chair. Dobby popped in and placed tea on the table between the chair and the sofa before popping away again.

“Handy elf he is,” George said getting himself some tea, “Sirius suspected mum might do this?”

Harry hesitated. How much to tell the twins was a confusing spot for him. They didn’t have the same connection they did before and he didn’t want to upset them with his views on their

family.

“Sirius had his concerns,” Harry finally said, “He knew your mum from before and was afraid she would try and push me into what she wanted.”

Fred grimaced, “Mums good at that. We have seen anyone push back at her the way you did tonight to be honest.”

Harry shrugged, “I won’t be forced to do something I don’t want to do.”

“Good on you mate!” Fred said holding his butterbeer in salute. Harry grinned and taped his glass with his own.

“So did you really spend the entire summer at the Dursleys?” George asked a while later.

Harry gave them a look of affront, “Are you suggesting that I,” Harry gusted to himself, “Model student Harry Potter disobeyed my headmaster and spent my summer in a manor secluded in Wiltshire?”

Fred and George grinned, “Of course not-“

“Never.”

“Good. I would hate for you to think of me as a troublemaker,” Harry said innocently. They lasted a moment before all breaking into laughter.

“So how does summer work around here any?” Harry asked when they were able to calm down.

“Chores in the morning-“

“Doubt you will have to do them though-“

“Then we can do pretty much whatever we want.”

“Magic?” Harry asked.

“Nope. Not ‘allowed’ remember?” Fred said with a wave of his hand.

“This is the only pureblood household that doesn’t allow it,” Harry said dryly, “Good thing this tent had wards.”

Fred and George sat up quickly, “We can do magic in here?”

“Yep,” Harry said popping the ‘P’, “I train every day during summer being here isn’t going to stop that.”

“Wicked,” Fred said with an excited grin.

“Can we set up a potions lab?” George asked.

“Sure you guys can use the second bedroom and turn it into a workroom. Just make sure it’s fully cleaned up before we close the tent,” Harry told them. He already questioned about adding a potions lab but Severus told him it would be too unstable to be in the tent.

“We will do it tomorrow,” Fred said.

“Excellent idea. I’m going to bed, I wake up at five every morning,” Harry said standing up and stretching.

“Why?” Fred asked looking at him in horror.

“I run, work out, then train,” Harry said with a laugh, “It takes a few hours.”

“Your barking,” George said with a shake of his head.

Harry laughed, “I know. Night.”

“Goodnight!”

~~*

It turned out being stuck at the Burrow wasn’t as bad as Harry thought it would be. Meals were a bit of a pain with Molly insisting that Harry eat her food but other than that he was pretty much left alone. His days were mostly spent in his tent reading while the twins did their chores and then spending the rest of the day researching and experimenting with them. As long as he was in the tent the wards kept everyone else away, except for Mr. Weasley.

“Mum make him hang out with us,” Ron whined to his mother as she was preparing dinner.

Harry motioned for the twins to stop and they leaned against the door to listen.

“He hasn’t spent any time with you?” Molly asked setting her spoon down.

“No the twins won’t let him,” Ron said with a roll of his eyes, “as if he would really be their friends.”

Harry and the twins looked at each other and rolled their eyes.

“Those boys,” Molly said with a shake of her head, “Harrys probably just being nice to them but he shouldn’t be ignoring his best friend. I thought he would have been more polite, Albus said he was a kind child.”

“I bet it’s Malfoys fault mum. He’s been brainwashing Harry all year,” Ron told her in a whisper.

“Don’t worry dear I’ll handle it,” Molly told him, “Go while I finish up dinner.”

Harry grabbed the twins wrists to keep them hidden as they watched Ron leave the room. They twins looked at him in confusion but Harry ignored them and kept his eyes on Molly. Molly glanced around the kitchen before reaching into a cabinet and pulling out a small bottle. Fred and George tensed as they watched with wide eyes. Molly took a glass and put a few drops in and swirled them around the cup before placing the cup to the side and putting the potion back into the cabinet.

Harry kept a firm grasp on the twins and dragged them back into the tent. Still shocked by what they witnessed they stumbled slightly as Harry pushed them into the tent and dragged his wand down the seam locking them inside.

“What-“ George said before looking beseechingly at Fred who just looked back just as confused and shocked.

Harry paced in front of the tent, his hand running through his hair in aggravation. He should have just let the twins go inside, what the bloody hell was he thinking?

“Harry?” George said, “What’s going on?”

Harry cursed before pulling out his wand and looking at them. As one they took a step back and pulled their hands up in surrender, “Hey mate don’t-“

“Do whatever your planning on doing-“

“We won’t say anything-“ Fred and George quickly said.

“She’s your mum,” Harry said keeping his wand aloft.

Fred and George shared a look before George nodded. Harry’s eyes went to each of them and raised an eyebrow, “Do you guys have some kind of weird twin thing?”

“Kinda,” Fred said.

“It’s more vague impressions than actual words,” George told him.

“Wicked,” Harry mumbled, “But still..”

“Before you scramble our brains-“

“Kill us-“

“Or whatever your going to do-“

“Hear us out.”

“Go on,” Harry said motioning them with his wand.

“We know there’s something with you and Draco-“ George started.

“You guys always seem to know more then you should-“

“You didn’t seemed concerned about Quirrell or even when the school wards activated-“

“So you had to have known something-“

“You do wandless magic like it’s nothing-“

“Both of you are more mature then any eleven year old we have ever met-“

Harry frowned, “When did you see me do wandless magic?”

“In the Den, not a lot but when your really concentrating on something you will summon things to you-“

“And we kinda peaked when you were training-“

“Very impressive magic there mate.”

Harry lowered his wand and sighed, “Draco is going to *murder* me.”

“We won’t say anything,” Fred said, “Swear.”

“I believe you but I should have been more careful,” Harry explained.

George shook his head, “We thought we were going crazy until this summer-“

“-Outside of the Den you guys are like every other kid in the school.”

“Completely different people.”

“Merlin,” Harry mumbled, “Both of us you said?”

“Oh yeah,” George said nodding, “Draco gets serious, to serious-“

“And he starts mumbling some intense Arithmancy under his breath,” Fred finished.

“So what does this mean?” Harry asked them. At least Draco couldn’t get mad at him, he was just as guilty.

“You both have spent the entire school year helping us-“

“Giving us more support then our entire family has our entire lives-“

“Cept Charlie and Bill of course but even they don’t know what we fully get up to-“

“So?” Harry asked losing his patience a bit. Normally he didn’t mind the twin speak but this was important.

“Whatever is going on we want in,” Fred said.

“I could be planning on killing your entire family and taking over the wizarding world,” Harry said flatly, “You guys have no idea what you want into.”

George shrugged, “We have a good instincts-“

“We always follow our instincts-”

“And if you were going to kill our family you would have already done so.”

“Bloody Gryffindors,” Harry mumbled, “I need to talk to Draco before anything else is said. In the mean time,” Harry summoned some basic books on Occlumency, “Read these and learn.”

“Occlumency?” Fred mumbled flipping through one of the books.

“It protects your mind from Legilimency,” Harry told them.

“Legilimency? Bill mentioned that once,” George said thoughtfully.

“Bills a curse breaker, it’s required for him to learn it because of the contracts he has. It’s to protect your mind from outside intrusions,” Harry said.

“We never told you what Bill did,” Fred said.

“I know,” Harry said with a smirk, “Just read and practice. You can’t know anything until you do, if we decide to tell you. Oh and don’t look anyone, especially Dumbledore in the eyes until then.”

“Wait! Outside intrusions?” George said, “Like mind reading?”

“Yep!” Harry said, “Now let’s go to dinner.”

When they made it back into the room the seats they had been in were changed. Ginny had been moved to the side with Fred and George and the only other available seat was between Ron and Hermione. Harry felt his eye twitch in annoyance, by the end of this summer they were going to regret all of this ridiculousness. If their goal was to make him like them more and like Draco less they were failing miserably. The only thing they were doing was making him more homicidal.

“Take your seats boys! I hope you don’t mind but Ginny wanted to sit by her brothers,” Molly said with a smile.

“Of course not Mrs. Weasley,” Harry said easily. He sat between Ron and Hermione and winked at the twins.

On time Dobby appeared and handed Harry his food before giving a bow and going back to his duties. As the water was placed on the table it teetered before falling off the edge onto the floor.

“Oh no bother,” Molly said before vanishing it, “We have plenty of water and juice here dear.”

Harry glanced at the cup in front of him and snapped his fingers for Dobby. Dobby appeared instantly, “Yes Master Harry.”

“Can you bring me a new water Dobby?”

“Of course Master!” Dobby said before leaving and coming back a moment later with new water.

“Thank you Dobby,” Harry told the small elf. Dobby beamed at him before disappeared.

Harry gave Molly a smile, “Sorry this is just my preferred drink. No idea where he gets it from but it’s very refreshing.”

Harry handed her back the cup, “Thank you though.”

“Of course,” Molly said, her voice a little high. Harry noticed her cheeks were slightly flushed.

“Are you feeling okay Mrs. Weasley?” Harry asked her concerned.

“Of course dear! Let’s eat everyone,” Molly said before taking her seat.

Harry waited for Ron and Hermione to start getting their food before flicking his wrist under the desk. Their drinks glowed for a brief moment before going back to normal.

“You really should give that elf up Harry. It’s not right,” Hermione said.

“No,” Harry said shortly. She had been arguing with him about Dobby since she first saw him. She read the book Harry gave her and was now on a mission to make him give Dobby to a new home instead. Because it was best “morally” or some such.

“But you know it’s wrong!” Hermione exclaimed, “Slavery is wrong!”

“It’s not slavery,” Harry said patiently, “The elves like what they are doing.”

“They don’t know any better!” Hermione said angrily, “If they knew their options they wouldn’t agree to it!”

“No fighting at the table please children,” Molly said, “I will say however that I agree with Hermione. Having house elves are not appropriate.”

“Because your magic isn’t strong enough,” Harry said shortly. The table froze, Mr. Weasley stopped his fork to his mouth and all the Weasley boys stared at him in shock. Molly’s face became a splotchy red, “Excuse me?”

“Your magic isn’t strong enough to have a house elf,” Harry said, “It’s nothing to be ashamed of, of course. I didn’t mean to offend you.”

Mr. Weasley coughed a few times, “It’s okay son. Just not something normally brought up. No harm done.”

“Arthur-“Molly started.

Arthur cut her off. “Molly he didn’t mean anything by it.”

“Why wouldn’t their magic be strong enough?” Hermione asked confused, “Everyones magic is the same.”

Harry stared at her, “No it’s not. Everyone has their own magical strength.”

“That’s not true,”Hermione said with a shake of her head.

“It is true, “Arthur said, “There are a lot of factors that go into it of course.”

“Like what?” Hermione asked him.

Everyone turned their eyes to Arthur, dinner forgotten for a moment. The other kids knew about power differences but had never been fully taught what could affect it. Except for maybe Percy but even he was looking at Arthur.

“Family magic is the most important one. Some families are very old and have very strong family magic, that will give your own magic a boost. Some are just born stronger as well,”Arthur explained.

“Family magic?” Hermione said confused.

“We really need a muggleborn introduction class,”Harry mumbled. Percy and the twins nodded in agreement.

“Magic that is passed on through out families. It’s where family gifts and specialties come from,”Arthur told her.

“Who can have family magic?”

“Purebloods,”Ron sneered.

“No,”Arthur told him sharply, “Anyone from a magical family has the ability to tap into their family magic. Not just pureblood.”

“What about muggleborns?” Hermione asked.

“I’m afraid I don’t know. Because they come from muggles it’s assumed they don’t and all testing that has been done hasn’t shown anything,”Arthur said thoughtfully.

“That’s not fair!”Hermione cried, “What are family gifts?”

“Some families have abilities that others don’t or a branch of magic they excel in,”Percy told her.

“What’s yours?” Hermione asked looking around the table.

Harry winced, “You can’t ask Hermione. It’s rude.”

“Why?”

“It’s private to the family,” Harry told her. He took a drink of his water and watched as she got more worked up by the minute. This was fun.

“That’s not fair though. All magic should be shared,” Hermione said, “What’s the Potter family gift?”

Harry stared at her, “I’m not telling you. It’s *private*. ”

Hermione looked at Ron who shrugged, “I don’t know what our family gift is.”

Hermione then looked at Arthur, “What is it?”

Arthur frowned at her, “I’m afraid I won’t be telling you. Harry was correct it is a private thing within families.”

“But that’s not fair!” Hermione whined.

“I can tell you the Black family gift,” Harry offered her.

Molly and Arthur both looked at him.

“I’m the Heir and Sirius won’t care if I just tell her the gift and not the talent. It’s common knowledge anyway,” Harry told them assuredly.

“What is it?” Hermione asked sitting up.

“They were Metamorphmagus,” Harry told her.

“What’s that?”

“They had the ability to change their features. Like shape shifters,” Harry told her.

“Wicked,” Fred and George said sharing a look. Harry smiled behind his cup.

“How do you become one?” Hermione asked already taking notes in her head.

“You can’t,” Harry told her with a shrug, “It’s a gift your born with. There hasn’t been one in the black family for generations.”

“If it’s private how is it common knowledge?” Percy asked.

“Kinda hard to hide a bunch of Blacks running around with different faces,” Harry said.

Percy nodded.

“Okay enough of this conversation,” Molly said shooting Arthur a look.

“Molly right children. I will be more than happy to answer questions after dinner.”

The table was quiet as dinner went on. Harry waited patiently for Ron and Hermione to take a drink. He found the potion in a prank book of his parents and had been dying for an excuse to use it. As luck would have it they took a drink at the same time. The twins who had been taking their own drinks spit them out as they stared at Ron and Hermione in shock.

It caught the attention of the rest of the table who looked at the two in shock.

“What?” Hermione asked before shrieking as a long tendril of hair reached to her fork and picked it up.

On Harry's other side Ron yelled as his hair reached out and took his cup.

Their hair had turned into a dark green almost black color and grown down their backs. Clumping together into thick tendrils they waved back and forth like long snakes.

The twins started laughing, holding onto each other as the hair kept trying to grab items from the table. Harry helped and gave it his fork holding in his laughter.

“This isn't funny boys! Fix it now!” Molly shouted at the twins.

“It wasn't us,” Fred said in-between chuckles, “But I want to know what did it.”

“Don't lie to me!” Molly shouted at them pulling out her wand.

“They aren't lying Molly,” Arthur said examining their hair before turning to Harry and quirking a smile, “I'd recognize a James Potter potion anywhere.”

Harry grinned back, “Guilty.”

Molly stared at him with wide eyes, “You did this?”

“I thought the table could use some lightening up,” Harry told her innocently, “It will fade in an hour.”

“Make it stop now!” Hermione screeched.

“I can't,” Harry said with a shrug, “I don't have the counter potion.”

Hermione let out another small scream before running from the table and up the stairs with Ron quickly following her.

“I think dinner is done for tonight,” Molly said stiffly, “Everyone back to your rooms.”

Harry got up and the twins went to follow him when they were stopped by Molly, “Not you. Fred, George you will be staying in your room for the rest of the summer. Harry you will be sharing with Ron.”

“No,” Harry said simply before turning to face her completely.

Arthur frowned at Molly, “We already said they could stay in the tent Molly.”

“Them sharing a tent is obviously a bad idea Arthur. Look at what happen tonight!” Molly said gesturing to the table.

“Boys go to the tent while your mother and I talk,” Arthur said shooving them into the back.

“How did you do that?” George asked.

“I’ll show you the notebook. Sirius gave it to me to pass onto you guys,” Harry said. Harry yelped as the twins grabbed his arms and pulled him quicker to the tent.

Summer with the Weasleys Pt. 2

Chapter Summary

Harry and co go to Diagon to shop for school supplies and make an unfortunate discovery.

Chapter Notes

When I write I keep what was my Plot Outline open so I don't forget what my main points were. Fun story, we were suppose to be on Ch. 10 at this point in the story. This will be Ch. 17. I have almost doubled what this story was originally suppose to be.

Ooops

Also, I've been taking some creative writing classes as well so hopefully we will see some changes in the writing. It's very exciting!

"Molly tried to potion me," Harry announced into his two way mirror the next morning.

Since coming to the burrow Harry and the others made sure to get together using their mirrors every morning. It was mostly just to keep up with their days tasks but also for situations as this one.

"With what?" Sirius asked leaning forward a little. Draco, Narcissa and Lucius all looked at him with frowns.

"I have no idea. I went to steal the vial last night but it was no longer where she put it," Harry told them. Breaking through the Weasley wards ended up being much easier than he thought it would be. They were years old, probably from when Molly and Arthur first built the borrow, and were severally worn down by time.

"It's strange she would try and potion you so quickly," Draco said with a frown.

"We don't know when they actively started to potion me," Harry reminded him, "I would never had been able to tell before."

"True," Draco said, "Do you know why she tried?"

“Ron was complaining that I wouldn’t hang out with him and she told him she would take care of it. ‘Somehow’ my drink fell off the table last night as she was pretty insistent on me drinking from the cup she put it in,” Harry said. He ran his hand through his hair and leaned back into his seat.

“Your going to have to be even more careful for the next two weeks,” Sirius told him, “Your rings will protect you from anything they can do but they don’t know that.”

Harry nodded, “I know. Something else happen.”

“What?”

Harry grimaced, “The twins.”

“What about them?” Draco said sitting straighter and leaning into the mirror, “What happen?”

“They know we aren’t normal kids. But they don’t know why,” Harry explained and waited for the outburst he knew was coming.

“What did you do!” Draco said throwing this hands in the air.

“What *we* did dear,” Harry corrected him.

“I didn’t do anything!” Draco denied.

“You mumble complex arithmancy under your breath,” Harry told him with a grin, “Arithmancy that no child should know.”

“Oh,” Draco turned pink, “What did you do?”

“Wandless magic apparently and they snuck into my training and saw some of that,” Harry said.

“Did you Oblivate them?” Sirius asked suspiciously as he leaned more into the mirrors view.

“Uh..not exactly,” Harry hedged.

“What do you mean not exactly?” Draco asked pushing Sirius out of the mirror.

“Well I was going to but they begged to let me explain. So I did,” Harry said with a shrug, “Other than what I already said they also told me we are to mature when it’s just us in the Den.”

Draco scowled, “Bloody twins. Were they this smart before?”

“Yes,” Harry laughed, “They were always very observing but no one suspected them to be because of how they act. I didn’t think we would have a problem until they were older though.”

“I don’t understand why we are even having this conversation,” Lucius interrupted, “Do you need to go over the spell again?”

“Uh-“

“He’s not going to obliviate them,” Draco said with a roll of his eyes.

“Why not?” Lucius asked shocked, his eyes went between Draco and the mirror quickly. Narcissa looked curious but not worried and Sirius just collapsed back into his chair and put his face in his hand.

“They can be useful,” Harry said, “You were all useful because we are just kids and you can keep eyes out on the outside of Hogwarts but the twins are inside of Hogwarts. If students start to suspect something the Twins will know faster than anyone else.”

“Severus is in the school,” Lucius pointed out.

“Funnily enough most students tend to avoid Severus,” Harry said dryly, “I know it’s a surprise with his sunny demeanor and all.”

“He has a point,” Draco muttered, “The twins do know a lot about the students and they have friends in all houses.”

“They will be able to keep us up to what the students are thinking and saying,” Harry agreed.

“Do you need another orb?” Draco asked.

“I’m going to teach them occlumency. If it doesn’t work then we will do another orb,” Harry told them.

“You think they will be able to shield their minds enough by the time school starts?” Lucius asked with a raised eyebrow. Learning Occlumency was a struggle for most people let alone children who couldn’t maintain their attention for longer than ten minutes.

“If they try hard enough they can get decent shields by the time school starts. Good enough to know when someone is trying to read their minds at least,” Harry said with a shrug.

“It won’t help if someone breaks through their shields,” Draco pointed out.

“We can’t make an orb until we get back to Hogwarts either way. Might as well let them try,” Harry said.

“Fine but I’m going to test them on the train if they don’t pass you’re going to Obliviate them until we can get an orb,” Draco said with finality.

“Deal,” Harry told him with a nod, “I have to go too breakfast now. Wish me luck.”

“I’ll see you Saturday at Diagon right?” Draco asked before they disconnected the call.

“Yep,” Harry told him. With a wave to everyone else he ended the call and sat back into his chair.

Removing the memories from the twins would be exceedingly difficult. Harry had no idea what they had seen all those times they were in the classes together. It wasn't impossible but it ran a very high risk of him demolishing their memories. Harry shook his head. He had trust in the twins, they could do this.

~~*

“Mr. Weasley could I talk to you?” Harry asked Arthur later that day when he came home from work.

After his prank the night before Ron and Hermione had left him alone. Any room he entered they quickly left, throwing glares and snide remarks about “dirty Slytherins” at him. He's taken to waving cheerfully at them basking in their anger.

“Of course! Let's head out to my shed,” Arthur said with a smile.

Harry had been to the shed quite a few times the last couple weeks. Arthur had many questions and Harry had no problem explaining anything to him, he made a mental note to pick up a muggle encyclopedia at some point before he left. The shed was small and filled to the brim with muggle appliances and children's toys. Harry took a seat on the stools next to the work bench and started wringing his hands together.

“I'm sorry about what I said last night. I didn't mean to upset anyone,” Harry told him with a small frown.

“Oh don't worry about that,” Arthur said with a wave of his hand, “You only spoke the truth after all. It was just...unexpected.”

“That's good. I learned a lot from the Slytherins but they didn't tell me that it was rude. I should have guessed,” Harry said with a small smile.

Arthur laughed, “Probably but no harm no foul. I hope you're enjoying your time here Harry. I know there is some tension of course but you seem to be getting on with the twins.”

“I'm having a nice time. Anything beats being with the Dursleys and the twins are great,” Harry said enthusiastically.

“I'm glad for that! I will admit we were under the impression that you and Ron were close friends,” Arthur told him.

“I thought we could be friends but he's mean to my friends and wanted to make me choose.”

“Yes I’ve heard. I don’t know where he got those thoughts from, I knew plenty of Slytherins in my time that were great people,” Arthur told him.

“Really?”

“Oh yes. Your godfather, Sirius, he has an older cousin Andromeda. She was a Slytherin but one of the nicest people I know,” Arthur said.

“Did you know my parents?” Harry asked him curious to what Arthur would say.

“I did,” Arthur said with a smile, “Your father was a bit of a prankster and your mother was very kind.”

“Would they be mad at me?”

“No,” Arthur said after a few moments of thought, “Your parents loved you more than anything. Your house wouldn’t have mattered as long as you were happy.”

“Thank you Mr. Weasley,” Harry said quietly.

Glancing around the shop he picked up a random toy and held it up, “Want me to tell you what this is?”

Harry spent the rest of the afternoon until dinner with Arthur talking everything muggle.

Harry wasn’t sure how he felt about Arthur. He had always been there and was a parental type person to Harry but never as pushy as Molly. In fact Harry mostly remembered him being pretty subservient to Molly and never arguing with her. At least not in public. Harry liked this Arthur a lot more and the temptations to pick about his mind was very strong. It didn’t seem like he knew what his wife was planning but without proof Harry wouldn’t know.

~~*

“Have you used the Floo before?” Molly asked Harry as she flittered around the kitchen and making sure everyone was ready to go. She was still stiff around him, obviously still upset her potion plan didn’t work. Or that Harry pranked her darling ‘Ronnie’.

“Yes ma’am,” Harry told her.

“You go first then,” Molly told him pushing him to the fireplace.

“Knockturn Alley!” Harry shouted throwing the powder down. His last vision of the Weasleys was their shocked faces before his world turned into an emerald field.

Strong hands caught him as he stumbled out of the Floo at Borgin and Burkes.

“Thank you,” Harry told Lucius as he brushed off his clothes.

“Of course,” Lucius told him with a nod of his head.

“What took you so long? We have been waiting for twenty minutes,” Draco said as they made their way out of the dark dank shop.

“Weasleys are never on time. I told you I’d probably be late,” Harry said with a roll of his eyes.

Knockturn Alley was just as Harry remembered it. Dark and with a weird smell. The hags and hunched over men quickly scurried away from the group as Lucius looked at them with his sneer. Harry did his own share of glaring as eyes lingered a little too long on Draco. Draco must have sensed his popularity as he walked closer to Harry and wrapped his hand around his wrist.

“I’ll kill them if Lucius doesn’t get to them first,” Harry whispered to Draco.

“I know,” Draco whispered back.

Walking into Diagon from Knockturn was a shocking experience. Knockturn was dark and in many ways terrifying. Hags and creatures hiding in dark alleys and spaces, eyes followed your every move, shrunken heads were for sale from venders, signs for poisons and other dangerous items were put up in windows. The entire place sent shivers up Harry spine, even as his eyes caught site of an interesting looking medallion in one of the windows.

“Lucius,” Harry said getting the mans attention.

Lucius didn’t look down at him instead tilted his head lightly in his direction.

“I want that medallion in that window. Get it for me,” Harry told him gesturing with his head to the medallion in question.

“Tonight,” Lucius said with a nod of his head.

The light of Diagon Alley was just ahead of them and Draco pulled Harry quickly through into the new alley. Draco shivered lightly, “I hate that place.”

“I find it interesting,” Harry told him with a glance.

“Yes well you have no sense of self preservation” Draco said promptly, “Let’s go get our robes first.”

The twins were the first ones to run into Harry, “Harrikins! You left my parents in quite a flutter.”

“Absolutely panicked,” Fred said with a laugh.

Harry shrugged, “It was easier to meet at knock turn then try and explain anything to your mother.”

“Air-Stop that!” George said rubbing his head and sending Draco a glare.

“I was just testing,” Draco said innocently, “Can’t be too careful of course.”

“They have been working on it for like four days Draco” Harry told him with a roll of his eyes before pausing and eyeing the twins, “You guys could feel him?”

“We have been practicing a lot,” Fred said with a shrug, “It’s honestly not that hard.”

“Sometimes magical twins have natural defenses,” Lucius said with a hum, “Can you converse in your thoughts with each other?”

“Yeah,” George said eyeing Lucius hesitantly.

“I will look into it,” Lucius said with a nod to Harry.

“Excellent! Now where did your family go so I can avoid them?” Harry asked glancing up the alley.

“They separated. Mum took Ginny to get her wand and dad took the others to get potion and writing supplies and we were sent to look for you,” Fred said as they started their way to Madam Malkins.

“Great so we can get robes first,” Harry told them.

“We don’t need robes,” Fred said with a confused frown. Their old robes were a bit short but they were fitting into Bills pretty well.

“Yes you do,” Draco said sneering at their outfit, “I won’t be seen with you in such appalling apparel.”

“What Draco means,” Harry said elbowing Draco, “Is that you guys deserve new clothes and we would like to get you them for a late birthday present.”

“I don’t know,” Fred said trailing off before looking at George.

“If you don’t agree Draco will complain non-stop and I refuse to put myself through that,” Harry told them.

Fred and George laughed, “Okay.”

“You have got to be kidding me,” Harry said flatly as they made their way to Flourish and Blotts. There was a line of women out of the door to the shop. The flustered women were primping themselves while they waited, talking excitedly to each other while waving around book that Harry unfortunately recognized.

“Lockhart,” Harry said in disgust.

“Blimey I forgot about him,” Draco said with a shake of his head.

“Is there anyway we can get him fired before school starts?” Harry asked Lucius hopefully.

“No,” Lucius said looking at them curiously.

“Merlin,” Harry mumbled, “At least the year will be entertaining?”

“Why don’t you guys like him?” Fred asked.

“Mum loves him and his books,” George said.

“I’ll tell you later,” Harry said.

“Boys!” Arthur called from the doorway, “There you are!”

“Hello Mr. Weasley,” Harry said politely, “You know Lord Malfoy,” Harry gestured to Lucius, “This is my best friend Draco.”

“Nice to meet you Mr. Weasley,” Draco said politely shaking the mans hand.

“Nice to meet you Mr. Malfoy,” Arthur said kindly before stiffing, “Lucius.”

“Arthur,” Lucius said silkily.

“How is work?” Arthur asked him.

Harry looked between them carefully, he was very much trying to avoid the fight that occurred last time. Even though it was one of the funniest things he’s seen.

“Good. You?”

“Let’s go get our books,” Harry said pulling Draco inside of the shop. The twins followed and they fought their way through the crowd of women at the front of the shop to get their school books.

“Daft birds,” Harry said as they finally squeezed their way to the counter.

“Hogwarts?” The assistant asked.

“Two second year and two fourth year,” Harry told the girl.

“Here you go,” She said handing the books over.

“Thank you,” Harry said passing over payment for all of their books.

“You can’t buy your books,” Fred argued trying to push the books back.

“I already did,” Harry said waving his hand, “You guys are my friends and have helped me immensely and I know you will be helping me later. I want to do this for you but if it bothers you that much we will set a tab and you can pay me later.”

“Deal,” George said for them both. They placed their books in the cauldron.

“Let’s get out of here before anyone sees me,” Harry mumbled before he felt a hand grip his arm.

“Bloody hell!” Harry exclaimed as the arm pulled him closer.

“Harry Potter!” Lockhart exclaimed, “Smile big,” He mumbled quietly as a photographer went to take their picture.

Harry threw his elbow back, slamming it into Lockhart stomach. Lockhart grunted and let Harry go, his body bending over as he attempted to take his breath. The flash of the camera let Harry know that they had caught the picture at the right time.

“How dare you!” Harry said loudly, “I don’t know you. Don’t touch me you creep!”

The crowd quieted down, the women looked on with large eyes.

“Do you always touch children?” Harry said loudly as he backed away quickly looking at Lockhart with frightened eyes.

“What is the meaning of this?” Lucius asked as he rushed in with Arthur quickly behind. They had been in a tense standoff to the side as the children went into the shop, neither saying anything they wished in an attempt to stay neutral for the children.

“That man tried to touch me,” Harry said pointing at Lockhart, who at this point was turning pasty as the words echoed around the shop.

“I was not!” Lockhart said panicked before giving a large smile, “I thought you would like a photo with me! One celebrity to another!”

“I have no bloody idea who you are,” Harry said. Lucius had come up behind him at this time with Arthur standing next to him. Both of them glaring at Lockhart.

Lockhart let out a loud laugh, “What a jokester you are! I can’t wait to have you in my class. That’s right ladies and gentlemen! I have been asked to join Hogwarts as the new Defense teacher a post I have graciously accepted!”

The shop shook from the cheers that were let out by the crowd. Harry rolled his eyes, “He’s not even that attractive,” He mumbled to the others.

Fred, George, Draco and Arthur snorted in agreement. Lucius made no motion but Harry thought he saw the corner of his lip twitch. He was taking that as a win.

“Harry dear!” Harry held in his groan as he heard Mollys voice, “I’m so glad you were found. We were so worried!”

Molly once again attempted to give him a hug, as Harry had been doing he side stepped her and smiled.

"I'm okay. I'm almost done with my shopping actually," Harry told her.

"Oh well that's good," Molly said fusing with her hair as she glanced at Lockhart.

"What do you have left?" Arthur asked as Molly took out her book to be signed and got inline for Lockhart.

Ron, Hermione and Ginny all stood where she left them. Ginnys hair was blocking her face as she held a cauldron close to her chest. Ron and Hermione were glaring at Draco and Lucius forgetting their anger at Harry for the moment.

"Malfoy," Ron spat at him.

"Weasley," Draco said with a sneer.

"I bet you loved that Harry. All of the attention," Ron spat at him with a glare. Hermione bit her lip lightly as she looked between the boys.

"Oh yeah. Being touched by a creep. Fun," Harry said with a shake of his head before tuning to Arthur.

"We just have to get potion supplies and parchment," Harry told him.

"Do you need your books boys?" Arthur asked Fred and George as he gestured the other children to the counter to get their sets.

"Er-" George looked at Harry.

"I got them books sir. They have been so nice to me I wanted to thank them," Harry told Arthur giving him an Ernest look.

Arthur looked surprised, "Well thank you Harry that was very kind of you. Here," Arthur gave them a small bag, "Go and get the rest of your supplies all of you. I will meet you out front."

"Actually I was wondering if we could go visit Draco for a bit?" Harry asked hesitantly, "Me and the twins. I haven't seen him all summer."

"I don't know, it could be dangerous," Arthur said with a slight frown.

Harrys face dropped, "You think the Malfoys are dangerous too? I promise they have been nothing but kind to me! My godfather is there too."

Arthur looked torn between his hatred for Malfoy and his guilt for making Harry feel bad, "I suppose it will be okay. Just make sure your back by nine?"

"Yes Mr. Weasley! Thank you!" Harry said hugging the man around the waist.

Arthur chuckled and patted his shoulder, "Have fun and behave," The last words directed to the twins.

"Of--"

"Course!" Fred and George said giving their father a salut.

"Let's go before they get back," Harry said quietly. He gave Arthur a wave as they left the shop.

"Let's go now. We have everything else at the house," Draco said.

"Harry!" Narcissa said giving him a big hug, "I didn't think we would see you today!"

"It was a last minute idea. I'm surprised it worked," Harry said with a laugh, "Oh this is Fred and George Weasley. They will be on their best behavior."

"Nice to meet--"

"You ma'am!"

"Welcome to my home! Oh, you two are the spitting image of Fabian and Gideon" Narcissa said, her eyes scanning their faces completely, "I always liked your uncles. I take their graves flowers on their birthday every year."

Fred and George looked at her surprised, "Thank you Mrs. Malfoy."

Narcissa gave them a small smile, "I know our families haven't always gotten along but I hope you can feel comfortable in my home. If you would like I do have some stories of Fabian and Gideon that I would be glad to tell you. Including a time they pranked Lucius."

"Sure!" Fred said with a bright smile, George nodding next to them.

"If we can't get to it this trip feel free to owls me," Narcissa told them, "I'll leave you boys to be now. Sirius is in the library."

"Thanks mum," Draco said giving her a kiss on the cheek.

Narcissa kissed him and Harry on the cheek before taking Lucius offered arm and leaving the room with him.

"Your mum--"

"Isn't what we expected," Fred said. Growing up they had heard so many stories about how evil and wrong the Malfoys were. Lucius hadn't been so bad but that was in public, going to the manor they expected it to be a tense atmosphere.

“Yeah she’s amazing,” Harry said with a smile, “Well let’s go. Sirius is probably pacing a hole into the floor.”

Draco laughed and they made their way down the hallway.

“Blimey,” Fred whistled as they got a look around the manor.

“No wonder you’re a prat,” George added.

“It is a bit much,” Harry said with a grin at the offended look on Draco’s face.

“It’s fit for wizards of our standards,” Draco said with a huff.

Harry rolled his eyes at the twins. It was fit for King Midas.

“Don’t go to the back of the library without us,” Harry warned them, “the books down there are....rude.”

“Rude?” George asked with a tilt of his head.

“They are picky about who is allowed to touch them,” Draco corrected, “Which ever of my family members put them in the library had some very strong views on magical affinity.”

“Oh..we will be careful,” Fred promised. He and George shared a queasy look, who put curses on books? Suddenly the need to touch random objects in the manor quickly left and the boys stuck their hands in their pockets.

“Padfoot!” Harry called out as they entered the library.

Sirius had been pacing around in front of the fireplace, his hands moving about quickly as if he was having an argument with someone. As always he was dressed in his best, his deep Burgundy robes flowing around him.

“Harry! I didn’t know you were coming!” Sirius said with a chuckle giving him and Draco a hug.

“It was last minute, you remember the twins?” Harry told him tilting his head slightly to the twins.

“Of course! Welcome boys! I hear you’ve been keeping Harry sane,” Sirius chuckled. He motioned them all to sit down and snapped his fingers, a full tea appeared in front of them.

“We tr- Bloody Hell! Will all of you be doing that then?” Fred asked. Him and George rubbed their heads and sent Sirius baleful glares.

Sirius raised an eyebrow, “It was just a test. One I must admit I did not think you would pass. Do you share minds?”

“Er-,” George said looking at Fred, “We share..impressions?”

“You will get there,” Sirius assured them.

“What do you know about it Padfoot?” Harry asked Sirius. He knew from Sirius he had been pretty close to the Prewett twins, sometimes Harry thought it was more than close but never cared to ask.

“Fab and Gid could talk to each other in their minds. They could also combine certain spells for greater power, not all magical twins can do it but it was part of the Prewett gift,” Sirius told them.

“The Prewett gift?” Fred and George echoed at the same time. They shifted forward into their seats and almost leaned over the table to get closer to Sirius, “You know what the gift was?”

Sirius gave them a soft smile, “Twins of the line were the gift. Every generation had a set of twins, one or both of you will also have a set of twins. The twins always had a bond with the other, Gideon and Fabian could talk to each other in their minds, had immersive power together, and used each other to occlude.”

“Exactly how close were you with the twins?” Draco asked with a raised eyebrow. Harry innerly thanked him.

Sirius gave a wistful smile, “Very close.”

“Like together?” Harry asked for clarification. Was that done in the Wizarding World? He never heard of Padma and Pavarti sharing anyone.

“It’s not unheard of,” Draco told him, “Especially with magical twins and their bond.”

“Uh,” Harry said looking at Sirius thoughtfully.

“I don’t know what you’re imagining but stop it,” Sirius told him with a smirk.

“So do you think the twin thing is why they are able to pick up occlumency so fast?” Draco asked changing the subject. Whether or not he was thinking the same as Harry he wouldn’t tell, but he did want to track down what the twins looked like.

“Yes,” Sirius nodded before summoning a large blue book to him, “They already are doing it with each other, the ability to speak to each other is a form of Legilimency and Occlumency. Because they already have the natural connection between them it makes learning the ability much easier.”

“Wicked,” Fred said.

“Wicked,” Sirius laughed before sobering up, “If you have the ability I would suggest going to Gringotts soon. The heirship would have opened up for you the moment you turned eleven, your guardian would have access to everything inside of your trust until you turn seventeen.”

“What?” Fred and George said at the same time. They straighten quickly, their knees hit the table causing the china to wobble, “What do you mean Heirship?”

“The Prewett Heirship,” Sirius informed them, “Only the magical twins of the family can become the Lords. Fabian and Gideon were the last.”

“Mum said the heirship was gone because she married dad,” Fred mumbled.

“Under normal circumstances that’s how it would be put the Prewetts are special a fact your mother was well aware of. Because there was no way of knowing which child would give birth to twins, it wasn’t always one of the twins, they allowed children from all marriages to be eligible to take the Lordships.”

“Why would mum lie to us about it?” George said sadly.

“Why would she potion Harry,” Draco said with a shrug, “She wants things her way.”

Harry elbowed Draco and gave him a look. She may be a hag but she was their mother.

“Unfortunately Draco would be right. Molly has always liked things the way she thought was best,” Sirius admitted to the boys. Ever since he had known the women she had been pushy and not afraid to get conformational if it was needed.

“How did Arthur end up with her?” Harry asked, all eyes turned to him, Draco in agreement and the others looking at him in astonishment, “What? He’s way more chill,” Harry defended.

“He loved her,” Sirius said simply, “Arthurs mother, my Aunt Cedilla , was a bit of a pushy women herself. He was pretty used to it by the time he met Molly. It wasn’t forced by anyway if that’s what you thinking, they had a pretty strict betrothal contract.”

“Mum has always said she doesn’t believe in contracts,” Fred said, “Said you should only marry for love and that they were a pureblood idiocracy.”

Draco snorted.

“What?” George asked giving Draco a curious look.

“Oh she doesn’t,” Sirius said breezily, “She picked up a right fuss when it was brought up. But Cendrella was a Black before she was a Weasley and no Black has ever not had a contract. She insisted or there would be no wedding.”

“Does that mean I have to get a contract as well?” Harry asked with a frown. There wasn’t anything wrong with a contract but he wasn’t really sure he wanted one.

“Yep,” Sirius said popping his ‘P’, “It’s required for the Lordship, besides whoever you marry might have the same requirement.”

Did Malfoys have that requirement?

“It’s normal with older families. I think we have the same rule,” Draco said unknowingly confirming Harrys thoughts.

“Oh well don’t lock me up with a hag,”Harry told Sirius with a laugh.

“Don’t tempt me,”Sirius shot back. Sirius and Narcissa were already working on the contract actually, but Sirius had another plan up his sleeve, one that he hadn’t even shared with Narcissa. He just had to find the damn bracelet.

“I want to know why Draco thought it was funny,”George interrupted them.

“Once your shields are fully strong we will tell you,”Harry assured him.

“Now enough with business talk! Tell me what you’ve been up to!”Sirius said excitedly, he was dying to know what the twins had been thinking of since he last saw them.

Harry and Draco rolled their eyes and summed the books they had been reading before Harry had been taking to the Wealseys. They didn’t mind pranks but it wasn’t their forte.

“There you are!”Molly said worriedly as she rushed out her door to greet them as they appeared with Sirius, “I was so worried about you! I don’t know what your father was thinking letting you go with *them*.”

“Hello Molly,”Sirius said pleasantly, “Nice night you're having.”

“Sirius,”Molly said a bit stiffly, “It would have been better if I had my children with me.”

Sirius held up his hands, “I had no idea the boys were coming until they showed up.”

“Boys go inside,”Molly said pushing the boys to the door, “I’m going to have a talk with Sirius.”

“Yes mum.”

“Yes Mrs. Weasley.”

The boys went into the house but stayed by the door, Harry cast an eavesdropping spell and they all sat and waited.

“You should have brought them right home Sirius Black! Who knows what could have happen to them in that house!”Molly spat at Sirius. She put her hands on her hips, her hair seemed to tingle with energy as she glared at him.

“Nothing would have happen to them,”Sirius said resisting the urge to roll his eyes, “I was there and there is nothing wrong with the manor.”

“I won’t have my children be surrounded by Death Eaters!”Molly said loudly throwing her hands up, “I will be telling Albus about this!”

“Go ahead,”Sirius said with a wave of his hand, “Arthur agreed to it and Albus has already said I can see Harry whenever I want.”

“Your impossible! You have to see what’s going on Sirius! That *boy* is turning Harry against his family! His friends! He has been nothing but rude to Ron since he arrived and I believe it’s Malfoys influence!”

“Your not his family Molly, he doesn’t even know you! And he’s not friends with Ron he never has been,” Sirius told her sternly.

“I’m as good as family as he’s ever going to get! “Molly said pointing her finger at Sirius, “You will never be capable of raising him right. You need to do the right thing and give us guardianship of the boy. It’s not to late to fix him.”

“Good night Molly,” Sirius said throwing a glance over her shoulder where he knew the boys were hidden.

“Don’t you walk away from me Sirius Black!”

Sirius ignored her and Disapparated away.

Molly huffed in frustration before turning and making her way back into the house mumbling about rude men.

The boys quickly made their way to the living room and sat down, George pulled out a pack of exploding snap and they started a game.

“All three of you are grounded until school starts!” Molly announced as she came into the room. Ron and Hermione stared at them with smirks and smug looks, they had been anxiously awaiting this moment since Arthur told Molly what happen.

“You can’t ground me,” Harry pointed out, “I’m a guest.”

“I can and I will!” Molly shouted, “I will not have anymore disrespect. This is my home and you will adhere to my rules. That means no more games, no more sneaking off in the middle of the day to do whatever you're doing in your tent! You will stay in the house and be apart of this family and I will not hear another word of it!”

With the final word Molly left the living room and started making something in the kitchen. The loud sounds of pots and pans echoed through the house as she threw her tantrum.

“Serves you right,” Hermione said with her nose in the air, “I can’t believe you would be so disrespectful to Mrs. Weasley. I hope you learned your lesson!”

Harry gave her a droll look, “Your barking if you think I’m going to listen to anything she just said. The twins might have to but I don’t.”

“You have to listen to my mum!” Ron said, “She’s the boss here.”

“Where is your dad anyway?” Harry asked him ignoring his words. No one was Harrys boss, especially not a daft controlling women like Molly Weasley.

“In his garage,” Hermione said with a huff.

“Right,” Harry said before getting up.

“Where are you going?” Ron said standing up with Hermione, “We are coming with you.”

“Suit yourself,” Harry said with a shrug. He quickly left the house and made his way to Arthurs garage, ignoring the leeches following him.

“Mr. Weasley? May I come in?” Harry asked with a knock on the door.

“Of course!” Arthurs muffled voice came from inside.

Harry went inside and couldn’t stop the laugh that escaped him. Arthur had managed to get two Chinese finger traps attached to his fingers. He was in the middle of violently attempting to pull them apart.

“Let me help you Mr. Weasley,” Harry said with a chuckle. Arthur stopped and held his hands out, Harry gently pressed his fingers together releasing the trap from his fingers. Harry took the trap and flexed it, “It seems much stronger then normal ones.”

“It’s been magically modified to be stronger,” Arthur told him, “A wizard was selling them in some alleyway to unsuspecting muggles.”

“Rude,” Harry said before giving them back, “The secret is push together it makes them bigger and your fingers can slip out.”

“Thank you,” Arthur told him with a smile. Harry was a fountain of muggle information and he appreciated it. Most of his family thought him daft for his interest, “So how can I help you?”

“I just wanted to apologize if I got you in trouble for going to Dracos. Mrs. Weasley was very upset when we came back,” Harry said with a frown.

“Oh that,” Arthur frowned. He placed the finger trap down and sat on his stool, “Ron, Hermione can you leave us for a moment?”

Ron and Hermione looked like they were going to argue but with a look from Arthur they shut up and stomped out of the room. The door to the shed slammed shut behind them as they marched back up to the house.

“Take a seat Harry,” Arthur said cleaning some old instruction manuals from his other stool.

Harry sat down, his legs just short enough to swing as he waited for Arthur to start talking.

“I feel like I need to make something clear to you Harry,” Arthur said with a heavy sigh. He took his glasses off and cleaned them before placing them back on, “Mollys upset is in no way your fault. She has her notions but they are not because of you or anything you have done. The first war was very hard on all of us and it has caused problems amongst many families. No only that but the Weasleys and Malfoys have had a feud for many many years.”

“Can I ask what caused it?” Harry edged. He had always wondered what caused the feud but never thought to ask Draco or Lucius.

“It was a failed business venture I’m afraid. Many generations ago the Malfoy and Weasleys were going to open a business together, I don’t remember what it was, but my ancestor backed out and it caused some very big problems with the Malfoys,” Arthur told him with a frown, “I didn’t find out until I was much older than you and by then the war had started. I will tell you I very much disagree with what happen.”

“Would you be willing to end the feud?” Harry asked curiously.

“Possibly but I would need to know what they would claim. The feud is based on money, to end it money will need to be given,” Arthur told him, “That may not be something we could do. But I do think it has gone on long enough.”

“Right,” Harry said. Arthur was right about not having the money but, Harry thought, If it was from so long ago how much could it really be?

“Er..Mrs. Weasley told me I was grounded. I think I may have made her mad when I told her she couldn’t ground me,” Harry admitted to Arthur.

Arthur shook his head, “I will handle it. Now I received this box from , uh, a friend. Would you like to help me figure them out?”

“Oh yeah!” Harry said excitedly already digging into the box.

Wizards did some very entertaining things with muggle products.

Start of Second Year

Chapter Summary

Harry is starting his second year with a bang!
and a moran for a DADA teacher.
Merlin help him.

Chapter Notes

My wife gave me covid y'all. I didn't get it for two years and in the last six months I've had it twice, merlin save me.
Anyway! I'm on the mend and all of you stay safe!

ALSO WE HAVE HIT 100K ON THIS STORY!
.....and it's only in the beginning.
Thank you to everyone who has loved it. Now excuse me as i cry.

“Sweet Merlin! I have never been so excited to see the Hogwarts Express in my *life!*” Harry said loudly as he met with Sirius and the Malfoys on crowded platform nine-three quarters. As always the burrow was moving extremely behind, only Harrys threat of leaving without them really got their arses moving.

The last week at the Burrow had been nothing short of torture. Ron and Hermione decided that Mollys threats meant that Harry had to spend every moment awake with them. They followed him everywhere. EVERYWHERE. Hermione was a constant stream of beratement about House elves, offers to help with school work, pestering about his family magic and gift and how unfair it was that he was keeping magical information from her because she was a Muggleborn. Rons topics were mostly about Quidditch and what Harry could do to get Ron on the Quidditch team for Gryffindor, or let go of his own position so it would be fair.

At this point Harry was going to wake up the Basilisk himself to eat both of them.

The only good thing about the rest of the summer was hanging out with Arthur in his shed, the only place outside of his tent that the other two didn't follow him into. Somehow they also helped solidify Harrys thoughts about the people around him, and not for the best.

Wizarding England was going to be in for a shock when Harry was through with them.

“The rest of your summer wasn’t great?” Draco asked with a smirk.

Harry pointed his wand at him, “I will curse you.”

“No you won’t,” Draco sang, “You would upset mum.”

Harry scowled, “You can’t always use her as an excuse.

“But it’s true,” Narcissa said interrupting them and giving Harry a tight hug. Molly watched with heated eyes, Harry rebuffed her at every turn but was willing to hug that..that..*women!*

“I won’t curse him,” Harry told her with a smile. The yet was unsaid but judging the laughter around him they all knew it.

“Harry, dear, come and say goodbye,” Molly called from the side. She refused to get any closer to the group that Harry had made a direct beeline towards.

“Goodbye, thank you for having me,” Harry told her with a tilt of his head, “I hope you appreciate the gift.”

Draco had reminded him last minute he was suppose to give a gift to his host when he left, well technically the gift was suppose to be given before but Harry didn’t know. He gave Arthur a set of encyclopedias that detailed many muggle toys and devices and told him to owl him at anytime. Molly was more difficult. To be frank Harry would rather give Dumbledore a gift than her after spending a month in her presence but he thought he chose something good. A new cloak and voucher for a new wardrobe. She had not been pleased at the reminder that she was shabby and couldn’t afford even a basic cloak, hers was at least twenty years old and had obviously been patched multiple times.

“Have a good year pup,” Sirius said quietly giving him a tight hug. It was a very bittersweet moment for him. He had dreamed of waving Harry off to Hogwarts for years in Azkaban, the only thing missing was James and Lily, “You will spend next summer with me. I insist.”

“That or I’m committing homicide and you will have to break *me* out,” Harry whispered back.

Sirius let out a barking laugh and slapped him on the back, “Anytime.”

“Are you ready? Do you all have everything?” Narcissa asked the boys.

Draco and Harry nodded.

Narcissa looked past them, “Fred! George! Come her dears.”

Fred and George came over curiously.

“Do you have everything you need?” Narcissa asked them softly.

“Yes Ma-am,” Fred said for both of them.

“Excellent! Here take this for the trip,” Narcissa said handing them a bag, “It has your lunch and a few gallons for sweets.”

“We can’t-“

“Accept this Lady Malfoy!”

“You can and you will. Or do you not want them?” Narcissa asked them a small frown pulling at her face.

“Of course we want them!” Fred said hurriedly.

“We love it, thank you!” George said just as quick.

Narcissa gave them a large smile and hugged them both, “Remember to write me at least once a month. I want to know everything.”

“We will!” Fred and George said with salutes before going back to their mother who had been calling their name. Her tone getting more frustrated with every word.

“Let’s get on the train,” Harry said after a quick scan of the windows. A small blonde head briefly poked out of the window and gave him a look before the window closed with a snap.

“Bye!” Draco and Harry said, giving everyone a last hug before quickly hopping on the train.

“We already have a compartment,” Harry told Draco as they started their walk to the back of the train.

“Alright,” Draco said.

They quickly made their way to the back, their trunks floating behind them until they came across a door on the left.

“Hello,” Luna said looking up at them with large gray eyes from the top of her upside down Quibbler.

“Hello Luna,” Harry said warmly, “It’s good to see you again.”

“And I you,” Luna said before turning her eyes too Draco, “Hello Draco.”

“Luna,” Draco said giving her a nod.

Harry and Draco put their trunks up and took seats across from her.

“Are you excited for Hogwarts?” Harry asked her getting comfortable in her seat. Draco pulled out a large toad from his pocket and opened it to his spot, determined to finish his chapter.

“Oh yes but it will be different,”Luna said.

“How?” Harry asked warily, he was very much over ‘different’.

“The raven will lose its wings,”Luna said.

“Luna,”Harry said warningly.

“It’s already been decided by the stars,”Luna told him with a shrug, “There will be no fighting it.”

“What is she saying?” Draco asked Harry from the corner of his mouth. He never could understand Lovegood.

“Luna will be joining us in Slytherin,”Harry told him with a huff. His arms crossed about his chest.

“Interesting,”Draco said with a hum, “Will you fit into the house?”

“I have the qualities,”Luna said giving him a side eye, “Harry will protect me as well.”

“Damn right I will,”Harry mumbled, “If anyone even glances at her last year will look like a birthday party.”

Luna hummed, “I will be okay the first night.”

“Good to know. I’m tired and can’t wait to be in my bed,”Harry said relieved. The tent wasn’t bad but he missed his four poster bed.

“You won’t find it by the way,”Luna said going back to her magazine, “Some things are fate.”

Harry groaned, “Your kidding.”

“Of course not,”Luna said offended, “I would never lead you astray.”

“Any idea who has it?”

“No. The nargles are silent,”Luna said before putting her magazine completely in her face.

“What was that?” Draco asked confused.

“The Diary,”Harry said quietly.

“Bloody Hell,”Draco sighed.

“I know. I was kinda hoping she would know what was going on,”Harry admitted.

“Fate,”Luna sang from behind the paper.

“Yeah, yeah, bloody fate,”Harry mumbled.

“On the bright side me and Luna are purebloods and you know what the monster is,” Draco pointed out.

“True,” Harry mused, “But what about everyone else?”

Draco shrugged, “Bloody idiots the lot of them. Most of them didn’t do anything after the war, half of them were cheering at my trial.”

“They are still kids,” Harry argued.

“Harry,” Draco looked at him, “I’m not saying we should just let the beast kill everyone but I won’t worry about people who hate me and hate you.”

Harry hesitated.

Draco wasn’t wrong. Most of Hogwarts gave him a pretty wide berth, he did get along with some kids from other houses but it was a passing acquaintanceships at best. Harry wanted to give them leeway because they are kids but it was incredibly annoying.

“You know I’m right,” Draco said, “Don’t think like a Gryffindor, gather all of your Slytherin tendencies right now and ask yourself. Do you really care?”

“Self-preservation doesn’t make you a bad person,” Luna said, her large gray eyes peering at him.

“Is that really self preservation?” Harry questioned.

“Yes,” Draco said leaning against his shoulder, “My main goal at all times is to keep myself and my family safe. I would let all of Wizarding Britain fall before any of you.”

Harry leaned his head against Draco’s and glanced down at him. Harry could agree with that, “Okay I won’t worry about it but we will be looking for the diary.”

“Deal,” Draco agreed.

Luna watched them with a soft smile hidden behind her magazine. She had been dreaming of them for as long as she could remember. They fought in a lot of her dreams, as children and older, but sometimes they didn’t fight. They sat in a dark room close and spoke, she never understood the words they said but she felt the love that saturated the dreams. Maman told her there would be no fighting this time around but it may take some time for them to reach those rooms again. Luna wasn’t sure what she meant by that but she always trusted her maman.

The train lurched slightly as the horn sounded ready for the take off. Harry and Draco stood up and waved to their parents. A tearful Ginny jumped onto the train last minute, Ron and Hermione waiting for her at the entrance.

“Green leaf with be joining us,” Luna said with a low hum. She tilted her head slightly, “Terrors will also be joining us with their friend.”

Draco looked at Harry confused and mouthed, “Green leaf? Terrors?”

Harry laughed, “You will get it soon. She means Neville and the twins.”

“Does she know their names?” Draco whispered to Harry. He didn’t want to offend the girl but he was also very confused. He never spent a lot of time with Luna and certainly didn’t talk to the chit.

“Course she doesn’t,” Harry told him with a shrug, “I think she just finds it entertaining to confuse others.”

“I do,” Lunas soft voice said with a light giggle.

“Can I ask you a question?” Draco asked Luna.

“Of course,” Luna said lowering her magazine and giving him her full attention.

Harry cast a light attention ward on the door to alert him if anyone came close.

“Are you a seer?” Draco asked her curiously.

“Not exactly,” Luna told him, “The nargles tell me things but I will never have real visions or prophecies.”

“Nargles?” Draco asked confused.

“Spirits,” Harry told him before looking confused himself, “Spirits? How did I know that?”

Luna giggled, “Now that you have connected with your powers nargles will speak to you as well.”

Harry shook his head, he wasn’t sure he liked that. He needed to find a way to tell that the spirits talked to him and not just let them speak for him. Because that was just creepy.

“I’m confused,” Draco announced, “Your not a seer but spirits talk to you so are you a baby necromancer as well?”

“Oh no, my magic isn’t that delicate,” Luna told him.

“Harry,” Draco said looking at him imploringly. He had no idea how to talk to Luna without being rude.

“She’s a spirit seer,” Harry told him before frowning, “That is very weird. Luna how can I tell what they are telling me before it comes out of my mouth?”

“You just need to connect with them more,” Luna assured him before turning to Draco, “I’m sorry Draco I didn’t mean to confuse you. I’m a spirit seer so the spirits will talk to me and tell me things but I don’t have the connection to the future.”

Draco nodded slowly, "I have read of other seers but I could never find what other kinds there was."

"It's not known," Luna told him quietly, "It's dangerous for them to be possibly found out."

Harry felt his ward give a warning to him, "Someones coming," Harry said quietly.

A knock came from the door before I opened and Neville stood there unsure his trunk dragging behind him.

"Hey Neville!" Harry told him happily, "Need help with your trunk?"

"If that's okay," Neville said shyly glancing at Luna.

"Of course!" Harry told him.

Harry and Neville pulled his trunk in and together they lifted it into the overhead bins before taking their seats. Harry next to Draco, who shifted over slightly leaving more distance between them. Neville took his seat next to Luna, blushing slightly as she greeted him before going back to her magazine.

"That's Luna," Harry told him, "She's starting her first year."

"Oh a-are you excited?" Neville asked her hesitantly. Harry smiled in approval, it was slow but Neville was breaking out of his hesitant nature much faster than he did before.

"Oh yes. I heard thestral are on the grounds," Luna told him, "I do hope they will let me pet them."

"Thestrals," Neville asked turning pale.

"They pull the carriages," Harry told him, "They are kind creatures just misunderstood."

"I'll take your word for it," Neville told him still looking pale.

"What is your favorite subject?" Luna asked him to distract him from the thought of death horses.

"Herbology," Neville told her. His voice was stronger with excitement.

"I like herbology. My mother taught me a lot," Luna said softly, "Whats your favorite plant?"

Harry leaned back into his seat pleased. Luna was doing a great job distracting Neville and making him comfortable. At this rate Neville will be out of his shell by Christmas.

Draco was back into his book complete absorbed into some complicated Arithmancy that Harry couldn't make heads or tails of. The train chugged along the slow movement and sounds of wheels against the tracks soothed Harry. He closed his eyes and leaned his head against the seat. Going back to Hogwarts felt so comforting. He had spent some time during the summer focusing on his heir rings, the soothing presence of Hogwarts surrounding him.

“Hello!”

The door slid open and was filled with twin smiling redheads and a boy with dreads behind them.

“Hello Fred, George, Lee,” Harry said nodding his head to each, “Want to join?”

“For a mo,” Fred said as they came in and took seats. Fred and George next to Draco and Lee on the other side next to Neville.

“Hello Luna! Nice to see you,” George said smiling at the young girl.

“Hello George,” Luna said back.

“Luna is included in the truce by the way,” Harry told them seriously.

Fred and George raised their hands, “Of course.”

“Thank you Harry,” Luna said brightly.

“How was your summer Lee?” Harry asked him.

Lee lowered the sketchbook he had been working on and offered him a smile, “Pretty good. We went to France for most of it saw a lot of different art Galleries.”

“Nice,” Harry told him, “I want to go to the Louve sometime.”

“Next summer we can go to France,” Draco told him, “Mother is already planning it.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Harry told him.

The twins and Lee stayed with them for a while as they talked about their summers and school plans. A game of exploding snap was already underway with Harry losing spectacular to the twins when the door slide open again.

“Oh there you are Harry! Come to our compartment we left room for you mate,” Ron said as him and Hermione budged their way into Harrys filled compartment.

“I’m fine here,” Harry told them shortly.

Ron wrinkled his nose, “Our compartment is better.”

Harry looked at Draco with a raised eyebrow. Draco smirked and shrugged agreeing with whatever Harry wanted. Harry gave a silent apology to the twins before standing up and getting face to face with Ron and Hermione.

“I’m only going to say this once to listen closely,” He said annoyed. Ron and Hermione took a step back nervously at the look on his face, “I don’t like you. Either of you. You are both bothersome and annoying. I am not your friend. I will not be your friend. No now not ever. No matter how many times you cry to your mum. So leave me alone for this trip and for the

rest of our school years here. If you keep bothering me I have no problem transferring to another school just to get away from you.”

Ron and Hermione looked at him shocked.

“But-“Hermione started before Harry cut her off.

“But nothing. I’m being nice here but if you want to me start listing reasons I don’t like you and want nothing to do with you I will,”Harry threatened.

“Let’s go Ron,”Hermione said. Her voice was choked slightly as she felt tears threaten to overwhelm her. She didn’t know why Harry was being so mean to them.

“You will regret this!”Ron said heatedly before stomping away with Hermione.

Harry sat back down in his seat, “Annoying twits.”

The silent compartment filled with laughter at the annoyed look on Harrys face. Everyone in the compartment had their one share of dealings with the duo and not one of them disagreed with his assessment.

“Had it-“

“Coming really,”Fred and George said.

Neville nodded, “They really did. I’m surprised Harry didn’t say anything sooner.”

“I was trying to be nice before,”Harry said with a shrug.

“Waste of time,”Draco said with a huff, “You should have told them off last year.”

Harry rolled his eyes, “I know but I’m *nice*. You should try it sometime.”

“No thanks,”Draco said with a sneer, “I have you for that nonsense.”

Harry threw his hands up in the air and shared a look with the others, “Do you see what I have to put up with.”

The rest of the trip was free of any interruptions from other students. Neville and Luna spent most of the trip talking about herbology and different animals Luna has found interesting. Neville spent most their time talking looking confused but always gave her the right amount of enthusiasm. Harry and the twins played small pranks on each other and round after round of exploding snap and Draco found common ground with Lee as they spoke of their various trips to France.

~~~

Draco and Harry took their seats at Slytherin greeting their housemates with silent nods.

“Is that Gildory Lockhart?” Blaise asked as he gazed up at the table. Pansy was making a fool of herself primping her hair as she stared at him with stars in her eyes.

“Yes,” Harry said in distaste, “You haven’t been keeping up with the prophet?”

“I’ve been in Italy with mama, we only came back this morning to get on the train,” Blaise told him.

“You missed it then. The idiot grabbed Harry and tried to drag him into a photo in the middle of Flourish,” Draco said glaring Lockhart.

Lockhart sat next to McGonagall empty seat smiling a large smile at the students. Girls and some boys, around the hall were fixing their hair and fluttering their eyelashes.

“Merlin,” Blaise whispered, “He’s not even that fit.”

Harry snorted before quickly turning it into a cough, “I agree.”

“Your both wrong,” Daphne told them quietly, “He’s quite fit.”

“Your delusional,” Harry told her with a roll of his eyes.

“He’s gorgeous and has done so many great things,” Pansy hissed at him, “Your just jealous.”

Harry turned dark eyes on her and watched as she flinched back, “Your an idiot.”

“Harry,” Draco said quietly before nodding toward the entrance doors. First years followed after McGonagall, some staring with wide eyes at the ceiling others looking around for family members or friends.

“Good turn out,” Blaise said.

“Numbers are getting larger every year,” Harry said quietly. His eyes fell on Luna, she turned and gave him a smile. Luna said there wouldn’t be trouble tonight but Harry wasn’t taking the chance. As soon as the first years went to bed Harry and the house were going to have a little...*chat*.

“The hats songs get more ridiculous every year,” Blaise groaned as the song came to an end.

“I’m just impressed he’s able to think of a new song every year,” Harry told him with a grin.

“True,” Blaise agreed with a chuckle.

“Do we know anyone other then Luna?” Harry asked Draco quietly.

“No one that matters,” Draco told him just as quiet.

Harry nodded before his eyes took in a small child with mousy brown hair. Draco turned his head to him in confusion before trying to see what caught Harrys attention, “What is it?”

“Colin Creevey,” Harry said quietly.

“Oh,” Draco said with a frown trying to place him, “I don’t remember him.”

“I’ll explain later,” Harry said before ducking slightly as Colins eager eyes looked over to his table.

“What are you doing?” Draco asked with a raised eyebrow.

“He’s a muggleborn who has read a lot of those blasted books,” Harry told him trying to keep out of Colins eyesight.

“Don’t tell me,” Draco said a small smile tugging at his lips.

“Shut up,” Harry grumbled.

“You must remember to tell Father to find the author,” Draco told him smugly.

“If you remember then why haven’t you told him?”

“It’s more entertaining for me this way,” Draco told him.

Sometimes Harry missing the days when they hexed each other.

“I know what you're thinking and that’s rude,” Draco said with a frown.

Harry just grinned at him and went to take a drink of water from his goblet. He paused before the goblet reached his lips, his heir rings all burning up on his hand. Glancing at the head table he saw as Dumbledore had his face turned to the students being sorted but his eyes glanced to Harry. Harry pretended to take a drink of the water before placing it down. Fingering the rim of the goblet he vanished some of the liquid into a vial that was in his robes for this exact reason.

“Goblet is tainted,” Harry whispered to Draco.

“Sample?”

“Of course,” Harry told him.

“Luna Lovegood!”

Harry and Draco looked up as Luna made her way up the stairs to the stool. She sat down delicately as the hat was placed on her head.

A minute passed.

Another minute passed.

Harry and Draco shared a look.

“SLYTHERIN!”

Harry clapped loudly startling the other Slytherins until they to joined in. Luna skipped off the platform and down to their table, Harry gave the student next to him a look until he moved down enough for Luna to slip in next to them.

“Welcome Luna,” Harry told her with a wide smile.

“Thank you Harry. You can drink from my cup,” Luna said softly.

Harry just nodded before turning his eyes to the sorting.

“Ginevra Weasley!”

Ginny made her way to the stool slower then Luna did before sitting and letting the hat fall on her head. Just as with Luna the hat stalled.

“No,” Harry whispered.

“No,” Luna agreed.

“GRYFFINDOR!”

Ginny got off the stool and threw the hat down onto the stool annoyance coating her features before stomping off to the Gryffindor table to take a seat next to there brother.

“What was that about?” Blaise asked confused, “Did she not want to be a Gryffindor? She’s a *Weasley*.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Harry said sharper then he intended. Blaise instantly sat back and agreed no longer interested in the unusual action.

~~*

Luna followed Draco and Harry to the common room instead of the Flint, who had been made the sixth year prefect, he gave her a glance but didn't say anything.

"After Snape gives his speech the younger years will go to their rooms. You can go or stay with us," Harry told her, "I'm going to have a talk with the others."

"I'll stay with you," Luna said happily as she skipped along with them.

"Stay behind me with Draco," Harry told her nodding in agreement.

Severus was already waiting in the room when they arrived. Harry handed him the vial before taking his place with the other second years. Luna taking the place next to him between the first and second years.

"Welcome to another year of Hogwarts. I am your Head of House Professor Snape," Severus said before launching into his beginning of the year speech. Harry tuned most of it out before the end caught his attention, "as there is a uneven number of first year girls one of you may be rooming alone. Just place your wand on the plaque outside the door and it will be claimed as your own. If you have any questions you may reach out to your prefects and they will tell me if needed. Goodnight."

Harry waited until he was gone before looking over at the first years, "Luna will be in the single room."

"What makes you think you can tell us what to do?" A girl with curly black hair said hotly, "I already decided it's going to be my room."

"That's nice," Harry told her flatly, "But I decided it's going to be Luna's room. Who even are you?"

"Jessica Flint," Jessica said with a smirk, "My brother is Marcus and he will show you your place for trying to talk to me like that!"

"Marcus handle your sister before I do," Harry told him giving the other boy a look.

Marcus quickly nodded his head and gathered the other first years, "All of you follow me I will show you to your dorms and get you into the right rooms. The single room will be left for Lovegood."

"You didn't have to do that Harry," Luna told him but the pleased smile on her face told him she was thankful for it.

"I know but I will keep you safe. Speaking of," Harry turned to the rest of the students and gave them a sharp smile.

"This is Luna. She is a very important friend of mine and will be treated as such. If any of you see anyone outside of this room treating her in anyway that is acceptable either handle it or tell me. Understand?"

"Yes," The word was echoed around the room by every student.

“Great! I hope you all had a great summer!”Harry said happily.

“Go to bed Luna we will see you in the morning,”Harry told her giving her a quick hug.

“You as well! You to Draco I’ll see you in the morning,”Luna told them before making her way into the hallway to find her bedroom.

“You softy,”Draco said as they made their way to their room.

“Lunas old dorm-mates used to hide her things from her. I will not allow it to happen again,”Harry told him darkly, “She was teased a lot for being different. She walked around without shoes for crying out loud.”

Draco frowned, “Who?”

“I don’t know from her doormats but I do know Change and Edgecombe would get the items from them and do most of the damage,”Harry told him.

“We can cut off all their hair,”Draco offered, “Or unremovable zits like Granger did to her.”

“They haven’t done anything yet,”Harry told him, “You really need to learn to wait until they do something in *this* time. With exceptions of course.”

“Fine but if they stick one toe out of line,”Draco said seriously.

“You will have to beat me to it,”Harry promised him.

“What do you think happen with Weaslette?”Draco asked as they entered the room.

“I would bet my Lordships she tried to get herself placed in Slytherin,”Harry told him, “To get closer to me probably.”

“She would have been ate alive,”Draco snorted.

Their dorm was just as they remembered it, “Oh you beautiful beautiful room,”Harry said before throwing himself on the bed and holding his pillow to him.

The room seemed to vibrate as Hogwarts celebrated his return now that he was alone and could fully embrace it. Harry reached out a hand and placed it on the wall, his hand warmed as he released some magic to meet with the wards.

Draco crawled onto the bed next to him and flopped down, “I love my bed at the manor but these beds just have something about them.”

Harry laughed, “Only in Slytherin. The Gryffindor beds were no where near as comfortable as these.”

“Only the best for us,”Draco said tiredly, “Do that thing that changes us into our pajamas.”

Harry waved his hand with a shake of his head and sighed as his robes were replaced with soft clothes. Narcissa chose the best clothes.

“Get off the blanket you heathen,” Draco said trying to pull the comforter from under Harrys body. Harry lifted his body as Draco pulled the covers and they both slipped under.

“You have a bed you know,” Harry told him before pulling his spare pillow into his arms and curling into the bed.

“It’s tradition,” Draco said with a yawn, “Now shush I’m tired.”

Harry smiled and pulled Draco a little closer, not daring to put his arm around him but close enough to feel his warmth.

This year wouldn’t be so bad.

~~*

Harry was wrong.

This year was going to be very, very painful.

“Headmaster Dumbledore requests a meeting with you after Dinner,” Severus told him as he handed Harry his schedule.

“Of course he did. You're staying for it right?” Harry asked him with a glance at the schedule.

“If you request,” Severus said with a tilt of his head, “We will have a meeting afterward.”

“Alright,” Harry said with a nod. Severus continued down the table handing out the schedules.

“Bloody old coot,” Harry grumbled before starting his breakfast. He had snuck Dobby into the wards early this morning and entrusted him with his meals. The elves in the kitchens already knew of his status as soon as he stepped in and promised to let Dobby do his job without alerting Dumbledore.

Draco nodded in agreement not breaking his conversation with Theo.

“How’s it looking,” Harry asked Luna.

“Annoying,” Luna told him after a moment.

“I can deal with annoying. Have a good day find me if you need anything,” Harry told her as he and Draco grabbed their bags to go to class.

“I will,”Luna agreed grabbing an apple before making her way to her first class. Harry had given her a map he fashioned after the Maurders map, it didn’t show people but would show you the way if you got lost. It was handy and Harry already had plans to patent it for future students.

“DADA first thing in the morning,”Harry said with a frown, “what a horrible morning.”

“You better save me from these damn pixies,”Draco said with a shiver. He could still feel the evil little hands pulling at his hair.

Harry laughed, “I forgot about that. I’m not doing anything about them we are going to leave and let everyone else handle it.”

“Sounds good to me,”Draco agreed.

The students filled into the DADA classroom and took their seats on either side of the room. Gryffindors to the right and Slytherins to the left. Harry and Draco sat next to each other a the front of the room, their friends filing in behind them.

“Welcome class!”Gildory Lockhart announced from the top of his stairs. He threw his cape back over his shoulder and stood with his hands on his hips, his award winning smile plastered onto his face, “Welcome to Defense against the dark arts! I will be your teacher, Gilderoy Lockhart. Order of Merlin, third class, Honorary member of the Dark Force Defense League and five-time winner of Most-Charming-Smile Award!”

Applause came from various corners of the room, mostly from the girls and Harry sat deeper in his seat contemplating just killing Lockhart now and avoiding any further pain.

Bloody Hell, he thought, he needed to stop listening to Draco before he turned into Riddle and started killing people for annoying him. Although, as Lockhart kept on his tirade about how great was, maybe some did deserve to die.

He would need to think about that more later.

“You have thirty minutes for your quiz...starting....*now!*”

The room filled with sounds of papers moving and quills quickly scratching out answers.

Harry glanced at the test and frown in disgust as he read the questions.

- 1. What is Gilderoy Lockhart’s favorite color?*
- 2. What is Gilderoy Lockhart’s secret ambition?*

And on and on for three pages. Front. And. Back.

This man was on a completely different planet.

Was there a way he could skip class all year? Self study maybe. Harry would need to look into a plan to help his classmates to learn defense this year. He would need to search into the school bylaws and probably speak with Lucius about options they might have.

“Time!” Lockhart shouted with a smile, he waved his wand and all of the quizzes flew into his hand. His smile slowly turned into a frown as he read through the answers.

“No...no...no...well class this is disappointing,” Lockhart said with a large sigh as he laid the papers down in front of him, “only a few of you remembered my favorite color...Lilac...and only three of you remembered what my ideal birthday gift...”

Harry's head hit the desk with a thud. Draco and Neville started at him in amusement as they tried to restrain their laughter. Most of the class was looking at Lockhart in disbelief. A sinking feeling started settling over the class. Was this idiot really their teacher this year?

“Ms. Granger-” Hermione gave a start and leaned forward into her seat a little, “however did you remember my ideal birthday gift and my favorite color...in fact...yes! Full marks! Ms. Granger congratulations! You see students proper attention to detail in my books will always get you far!”

“Yeah in the Janus Thickey Ward,” Ron mumbled from his seat causing several students around him to snicker into their hands, Harry snorted from his seat.

“Ronald!” Hermione said scandalized.

Lockhart who had been examining himself in a silver dial on his desk looked up, “Hmm? Oh yes! Now..I have something here..” Lockhart pulled up a large covered cage onto his desk. As soon as it hit the desk the cage gave a terrible shake, Ron tilted back into his seat and Neville let out a small whimper.

Harry taped his wrist, “When I run you run,” He whispered. Neville let out a small nod.

“Freshly caught Cornish Pixies!” Lockhart announced as he whipped off the covering from the cage.

The pixies inside the cage went crazy as they were exposed to the light. Seamus let out a snort and the class breathed a sigh of relief.

“Is there a problem?” Lockhart asked Seamus with a smile.

“They aren't dangerous,” Seamus said with a shake of his head, “annoying I guess.”

“Oh don't assume..they could be quite...devilish!”

Lockhart took the moment to unlatch the door to the cage and Harry took that as his time to leave. As soon as the pixies were released Harry grabbed Draco and Neville wrists he stood them up and they as one ran to the door. The pixies ran straight to the students distracting everyone from Harry, Draco and Neville's escape. Harry had just closed the door behind them when they heard Ron squeal, cracking the door open slightly he burst into laughter. The pixies had picked Ron's ears this time instead of Neville's, “They have Ron lifted by the ears. Let's go.”

Laughing all the way to the Library they quieted down as they stepped in and took their normal seats at the table.

“What a prat,” Harry said as he caught his breath.

“He can’t really be our teacher,” Neville said, “I’m going to fail!”

“You don’t fail,” Draco said with a roll of his eyes, “We will make sure of it.”

“No one will fail. I’m going to see if there is a way we can self study or something,” Harry told them with a shake of his head.

“I’ll write father,” Draco said pulling out some parchment, “I’ll remind him about the author as well.”

“Thank you!” Harry said relieved. He had a lot going on, how was he suppose to also remember to hunt down a damn author as well?

“Since we aren’t in class do you guys know what we are suppose to be learning this year anyway?” Neville asked nervously.

“Take this,” Harry said handing over the twins old second year book, “The twins used this in their second year and gave us a breakdown of what they learned. I think it started here.”

~~*

“Ah, Mr. Potter,” Dumbledore said as Harry walked into his office with Severus. Oh ‘Mr.Potter’ not ‘my boy’, no offer of lemon drops? Harry was in trouble. Would it have been rude of him to smile?

“Headmaster,” Harry said with a nod taking his seat in front of the desk.

“You may leave Severus, thank you for escorting him,” Dumbledore said dismissing Severus without looking at him.

Oh he was big mad. Nice.

Was it because Harry was rude to Molly or because he went to the Malfoys? Or did Ron and Hermione cry to him already.

“Mr. Potter has requested I stay with him during the duration of this meeting,” Severus said calmly.

“Oh that’s not necessary,” Dumbledore said warmly, “It’s just a friendly chat.”

“All the same. A student has requested their head of house and it’s our responsibility to follow through,” Severus told him patiently. He had a long day, two cauldrons had exploded and a two forth years were apparently going through a break up and taking it out on his ingredients.

“If you must,”Dumbledore said before dismissing him and focusing on Harry, “My boy I must admit I’m disappointed in you.”

“What did I do sir?” Harry asked keeping his eyes to the left of Dumbledores shoulder.

“Molly Weasley has told me about your attitude in her home. She feels very disrespected by what had occurred and after she invited you into her home to spend the summer with your friends.”

“My only friends in that house were the twins and I spent the summer with them,”Harry told him softly.

“Ah yes, I have heard about your argument with Ron and Hermione, “Of course he had, “friendships can be fickle things but you don’t want to let good friends go because of..misconceptions.”

“No offense sir but they aren’t my good friends or even my friends. They have been rude to me and my friends since school started,”Harry told him honestly.

“I understand there was some misunderstandings but I really believe you should give them another chance,”Dumbledore told him seriously. Harry felt a push at his shields and let it slip through. Capturing it in his magic.

“I’ll think about it sir,”Harry told him with a nod.

“Excellent! Now onto the next problem, I heard that you left the Weasleys for the day and spent it at Malfoy Manor. Now this was very distressing my boy, I agreed to let you go to the Weasleys because you would be protected. Leaving the security of their location for somewhere that may not be safe for you was not right,”Dumbledore said with a deep frown.

“You told me I could visit Sirius during the summer,”Harry pointed out, “It was the only time I was able to see him this summer.”

“Yes..well..,”Dumbledore stroked his beard, “I think it may be best if you don’t see him until he is established in his own home. The Malfoys are dangerous.”

“I was with Sirius, Draco and the Twins. We did have tea with Mrs. Malfoy but that was it,”Harry said, “They aren’t dangerous.”

“I’m afraid there are things you don’t know about them Harry. I’m only trying to do what’s best for you,”Dumbledore said soothingly.

“I know they used to be Death Eaters,”Harry told him, “But Voldemort is gone now.”

“They told you?”Dumbledore said leaning closer, “What all have they told you?”

“Sirius told me,”Harry said leaning aback a little. Dumbledore really was creepy wasn’t he.

“Ah yes. Well I’m sure you will understand my reasonings then my boy. You will not be able to see Sirius until he has his own home this will include all holidays,”Dumbledore said

folding his hands in front of him, "Am I understood?"

"Yes sir," Harry said politely, "I understand."

Harry understood that he was pissed and Dumbledore was losing what little marbles he had left if he really thought he was going to keep Harry from Sirius.

"I'm glad we have come to an understanding! Severus please escort Harry back to his common room," Dumbledore said with a smile.

~~*

"What was in that vial?" Harry asked as soon as they were in Severus' office under security wards.

"A potion to make you more susceptible to compulsions," Severus told him, "Not very dangerous to you but to a normal child it would have made his job very easy."

"How rude," Harry said, "I'm not a puppet."

"I'm aware," Severus drawled.

"He tried to compel me just now, to be friends with Ron and Hermione," Harry told him. He ran a hand through his hair and frowned, "I really don't want to do that though."

"Then don't," Severus said with a light shrug, "You didn't drink from your goblet and his compulsion wouldn't have been that strong without actual eye contact. He will just think it wouldn't work."

"You genius you," Harry told him with a smile, "Excellent we will go with that. Now excuse me I need to go curse someone."

"Of course. Let me know if you need anything," Severus said with a smirk. He had seen some of Harry's training and Severus was worried for the poor soul who may cross Harry's path.

Harry's anger hadn't abated in the slightest by the time he made it to the common room.

"Potter!" Flint's voice echoed through the room as soon as the door closed behind Harry.

"Now is really not the time Flint," Harry told him automatically getting into a light dueling stance.

"Now is the perfect time. You seem to think you have the ability to order us around and that ends today. Lorry was an idiot but I'm not," Flint said menacingly.

“Who the bloody hell is Lory?” Harry asked him.

“The idiot you almost broke last year,” Draco drawled as he leaned against the wall behind Harry with Luna at his side.

“Oh that was his name?” Harry said before he shrugged, “Well he was an idiot. But I honestly don’t think you are much better Flint.”

“You Mudblood! You will learn your lesson today!” Flint said taking a step forward and shooting off a sticky orange hex to Harry.

Harry swatted it away as one would a fly. In one motion he threw a shield behind him to protect Draco and Luna and the next a bone breaker went straight into Flint’s knee. Flint screamed and fell to the ground his hands clutching his shattered knee. Unfortunately for him Harry was pissed and was far from finished.

“You know,” Harry said softly as he walked up to him, “I have only been able to cast this next spell once. I was very angry when I did it, the angriest I had ever been, but let’s see if it comes easier to me this time.”

Harry had always sworn he would never use another unforgivable and when he said it he meant it. But he wanted this squashed *now*. He would get his bloody point across that he was not going to be taken down by anyone here and really Flint was a are.

Harry didn’t bother with his wand. Sheathing it into his wrist strap he flicked a finger and watched as red sparks danced around his finger before leaving in a red light and hitting Flint in the chest. The room gasped and collectively took a step back, the spell was unmistakable. Flint was silent for a moment before his body bent back and he screamed. Harry only held the spell for a few seconds.

“Do we have an understanding?” Harry asked Flint quietly.

“Y-y-y-yes,” Flint stuttered out. His body racking with shakes, tears and snot running down his face.

“Good. The next time your little sister gets you up in arms make sure it’s directed to someone else Flint. I don’t care how spoiled she is at home this isn’t your manor. Understand?”

“Yes..please don’t..hurt..” Flint tried to stutter out.

Harry pulled his wand and healed Flint’s knee, “I would never hurt a child Flint. You have my word.”

Harry stood up, his wand held loosely in his hand, “Does anyone else have anything to say about the hierarchy of this house?”

“No,” The word was said as one.

“Great! Carry on,” Harry said with a smile before turning and going to his room. Luna instantly followed him. Draco followed shortly after giving Flint’s prone form a few kicks,

“Get him to Snape.”

“What has you so pissed off?” Draco asked as he sat on the bed and watched Harry pace around the room. Draco was beaming on the inside and out. Harry cast an unforgivable. During training he didn’t even like learning the theory of them because he said he would never use them. That had obviously changed but why?

“Dumbledore has decided I am not allowed to visit Sirius anymore until he has his own place including during Holidays. And he tried to compel me to be friends with Ron and Hermione,” Harry sneered.

“Your coming for Christmas!” Draco said hotly.

Harry grabbed his wrists gently, “I’m going for Christmas Draco. I won’t spend another here.”

“Good,” Draco said his cheeks a soft pink. He pulled his wrists away and cleared his throat a few times, “So what are you going to do?”

“I’m going to wait for the Diary to work,” Harry said with a shrug, “We still have no idea who has it but someone does. I can feel it in the wards somewhere but it’s...muffled so I can’t get an exact hold on it. The Dark Lord will attack someone by Christmas I know that. We can use the fallout from the attack to get me out of Hogwarts.”

“That’s evil,” Draco said before smiling, “I like it.”

“I thought you would,” Harry said with a roll of his eyes.

“Using someones harm for your own gain. My parents will be so proud. I’m going to write to mother right now!” Draco said going to his desk.

Harry looked at Luna, “What did I get myself into?”

Luna giggled, “A family.”

“That I did,” Harry said with a smile and a warm feeling in his chest. His family was completely different then his old family, but so much better.

~~*

Albus frowned into his goblet as he watched the Slytherins filter into the Great Hall for breakfast. He never paid them much attention, Severus did that for him and would let him know if anything happen, but there was something off about them today. They seemed..somber, perhaps even scared as they took their normal seats. Seventh years closest to

them and first years at the bottom, the only disrupt in the plan was Harry and his friends who sat in the middle of the table as they did have since last year.

Harry was becoming a problem. He seemed so polite last year, willing to do what Albus said and was not argumentative in the slightest. This summer however Molly had met a completely different child. When they originally thought of the plan to have him spend time at the Burrow they thought it would be just what was needed to mend the branch between the children. A time away from Hogwarts and the unsavory house Harry found himself into, a place to see how good people lived and create connections. Instead Harry was rude and combative to poor Molly from the moment he stepped foot into their house. Insisting on sleeping in his own tent, spending all of this time with those wretched twins and Arthur. He didn't even introduce himself properly to poor Ginevra.

It just would not do.

Keeping such close contact with the Malfoys was doing the boy harm, Albus was convinced of that. He needed to find a way to separate them. He couldn't do anything about Harry's house unfortunately but he knew they shared a room. He would talk to Severus about Harry getting his own room it would separate the boys and cause some strife amongst the rest of the house. As favoritism always did. He would talk to the teachers about changing their seating arrangements as well, mix the students up so they can sit next to students from other houses for inner school unity. Severus wouldn't do it of course but the other teachers would and that was enough.

Keeping Harry in the castle for the next year would be more than enough. Without the outside influence of the Malfoys and Black he will see the truth to their actions and why they couldn't be trusted. Albus had tried to look into removing guardianship from Sirius during the summer but had no luck. He was being a model citizen since leaving Azkaban, going to all of his mind healer appointments and passing all interviews that have been given since. He was a prime guardian according to the ministry and nothing Albus said changed it. They were too concerned with making another mistake where he was concerned to even properly look into it.

Albus still had the next school year to push things in the right direction and get Harry to the proper people before Sirius was in a real position to push back on what Albus wanted for Harry. Perhaps this year wasn't the best year to give out the Diary but it was no bother. He was confident by the end of the year Harry would have no problem going to save the student.

Taking a bite of his breakfast he went back to watching the Slytherin students..ah..Flint. Flint was not sitting with his doormats, instead was closer to the first years. He must have done something to disrupt his place, Albus made a mental note to possibly ask Severus about what transpired. If he had time of course. There was much more important things to worry about this year.

“Hiya Harry!” A small voice squeaked next to Harrys ear as he enjoyed his breakfast.

Blimey, he forgot about Colin.

“Hello,” Harry said politely.

“I’m Colin Creevey! I read all about you. I’m muggleborn you see so when I got my letter my parents were so excited they gave me this camera! Can I take your picture?” Colin asked shoving the camera up into Harrys face.

“Err. Listen Colin I’m flattered you want to take my picture but right now really isn’t the best time. Maybe we can meet before dinner and you can get a picture then but there will be some rules,” Harry told him kindly pushing the camera out of his face.

“Okay! I’ll see you then Harry!” Colin said cheerfully before making his way back to the table.

“Your really going to let him take your picture?” Draco asked with a raised eyebrow.

“If it stops him from taking candid pictures then yes,” Harry told him honestly, “and I do mean candid. He almost sold a picture of my bum to *Witch Weekly* last time,” Harry whispered to Draco.

Draco snorted before doubling in laughter, “Really?”

“Yes,” Harry grimaced, “I was lucky he had a guilty conscience.”

“Merlin,” Draco breathed as he tried to catch his breath, “That’s great.”

“For you maybe. I was on guard for months after that,” Harry pouted.

“Don’t worry Harry we will guard your bum,” Draco snickered.

“Oh you’re volunteering?” Harry asked with a sly smile.

Draco stopped laughing and turned a light pink, “It’s time to go to class. Let’s go.”

Harrys laughter followed him out of the hallway.

~~*

“Did you find it Sirius?” Narcissa asked as she walked into Sirius study.

Sirius put down the quill he was using and opened the bottom drawer of his desk.

“Yes,” Sirius said placing the wooden box he picked up on the desk, “It was hidden deep inside of my trust vault where my mother couldn’t get.”

Narcissa picked up the box and opened it, “Oh Sirius, it’s beautiful.”

The delicate bracelet was goblin made silver and filigree and diamonds that seemed to float around the leaves.

“Not to girly I hope,” Sirius joked as he leaned back in his chair, “I also have the necklace.”

“Draco will love it. When will we give it to them?” Narcissa questioned, taking a seat in front of him and placing the box back on the desk.

Sirius threw his feet up on his desk and shrugged, “When they tell us they want a contract. Giving it to them before will probably freak Draco out.”

“I don’t understand why he’s being so difficult about this. Lucius wasn’t that bad,” Narcissa said with a frown.

“They went through a lot,” Sirius offered, “he will come around we just have to give him time. Besides I don’t think Harry is truly ready either.”

“I suppose,” Narcissa sighed, “I just want to start planning already.”

Sirius snorted, “Like you haven’t already stated.”

“Well...maybe a few things,” Narcissa admitted.

“Great!,” Sirius exclaimed. Reaching back into his desk he pulled out a large book, “I have a few things down but I would love your input.”

“Sirius Black. You’re planning a wedding?” Narcissa asked reaching for the book. It was large and white, appropriate. Opening it up she saw some basic sketches and lists of flower options.

“Of course not. I’m just coming up with ideas. Your planning,” Sirius told her with a grin.

Narcissa rolled her eyes, “Just as well. I shudder to think of what you might be planning.”

“I’m not that-Is that Hedwig?” Sirius said looking past Narcissa shoulder to the window.

Sirius made his way to the window and opened it up for the impatient bird. Hedwig nipped his ear before flying to Narcissa and dropping a letter in her lap and flying to her perch by the fire.

“It’s from Draco,” Narcissa said concerned, “I hope everything is okay.”

Sirius took his seat across from her concerned as well, they had only been in school for two days.

“Oh merlin,” Narcissa mumbled. She looked up at Sirius with wide eyes, “Harry used an unforgivable on another student last night.”

“What?” Sirius quickly sat up and snatched the letter from her hands, “Oh a Flint. I don’t even need to read further to know he deserved it.”

Narcissa couldn’t argue that. The Flint family was a stain on Wizards everywhere, not only did they have an unfortunate disposition the newest generation all resembled trolls.

“It was a good spell choice. He won’t have any further problems in the house,” Sirius mused, “I wouldn’t have expected it. He had such a problem with them in training.”

“Just because he didn’t want to use them doesn’t mean he couldn’t,” Narcissa pointed out.

“Did you read the rest of this?” Sirius asked with a frown.

“No you took it from me. What does it say?”

“Dumbledore is telling Harry he can’t leave for holidays or see me until I’m living in a new place,” Sirius told her folding the paper and placing it on his desk.

“That man!” Narcissa fumed, “What are we going to do? I already made plans!”

“Harry is going to wait for Riddle to strike and use that to bring down Dumbledore enough to let him go,” Sirius said with a laugh.

“Oh he’s learning!” Narcissa said, “I have to order him another present.”

“Should we be concerned?” Sirius asked her, “He’s getting kind of dark Lordy.”

“No. Harry doesn’t have the heart to be a dark lord,” Narcissa said tilting her head, “He isn’t afraid of getting his hands dirty and he’s learning to put himself before others. It’s good.”

“Your right,” Sirius agreed, “Now let’s go tell Lucius I found the bracelet and watch him lose his mind.”

Narcissa shook her head but still followed her cousin out of the room. No matter how old they got the men in her life were still children.

The Death Day Party

Chapter Summary

Harry and Luna go to Nearly Headless Nicks Death Day party and Harry finds out some more information about his powers.

-oh and a cat is petrified.

Chapter Notes

Hello Friends!

I hope you are all having a good day!

Enjoy this next installment!

--I also might be uploading some one-shots for parts of the story that didn't quite fit but I know you would love to see.

Thank you!

Unfortunately for Harry there wasn't anything they could do about Defense. Self study was only an option if you were unable to attend class due to a medical problem or a close relationship with the teacher. Getting out of the class was not worth any type of close relationship of Gildory Lockhart.

Plan B it was. Harry and his friends would get together once a week and go over Percys old notes from his second year, curtesy of the twins who nicked them for Harry. It wasn't official so only their friends were able to be apart of it but that worked for Harry, he wasn't trying to teach an entire year defense...again.

"Idiots incoming,"Draco mumbled from his seat next to Harry. They were currently in the library doing homework for Transfiguration with Neville, Blaise and Theo.

"Harry! Come with us. We are going to go work on Transfiguration and you can use my notes,"Hermione said as she came to a stop by their table.

"Do you know any other words?"Harry asked her laying his quill down.

The week before several of their classes announced seating changes. Houses were to sit next to each other instead of on separate sides on their own violation. Most of the teachers were in agreement, except for Severus and Professor Sprout, both who grouped students by talent.

Harry ended up being sandwiched between Ron and Hermione in most of their classes together. His only saving grace was the fact that they only shared three classes this year, one of them being Potions, so he only had to deal with them for two classes. Unfortunately they had taken this to mean they were ‘study buddies’.

“What?” Hermione asked him confused.

“The only words you ever speak to me are about studying. Never “how was your day” or “Did you catch the last cannons game”. I’m starting to get concerned about your knowledge of words,” Harry said leaning back in his seat.

Hermione stared at him, her mouth opening and closing before sputtering out, “Excuse me?”

“Your excused. Have a good day!” Harry said brightly before going back to his work.

“You have to come with us!” Hermione said sternly, “You are required to study transfiguration with us because we are partners in the class.”

“I wonder how cold Durmstrang is,” Harry wondered out loud.

“It’s in the Romanian Mountains, so cold,” Draco told him, “We would have to make sure our cloaks are fur-lined.”

“That’s doable,” Harry nodded taking note.

“What are you talking about?” Hermione said looking at Ron for help.

“Durmstrang? Best magical school in Eastern Europe?” Harry told her, “All that studying and you haven’t picked up a book on other schools?”

“What does it matter if it’s cold?” Ron asked scratching his head.

“If you don’t leave me alone I’m transferring,” Harry said enunciating his words and speaking slowly.

“You-you can’t!” Hermione said shocked, “This is the best magical school in the world.”

“Try me,” Harry said with a sharp smile, “Pick up a book on Magical schools in the world on your way out of the library.”

“But-“ Hermione started.

“Listen mudblood I’m tired of your voice. Harry is to nice to curse you but I’m not. So go away,” Draco snapped pulling out his wand.

“Don’t call her that!” Ron shouted.

Draco quickly slipped his wand back into his pocket and gave them a smile as the sound of Madam Pince quick footsteps made their way to them.

“What is the meaning of this? This is a library not a stadium!”Pince snapped at Ron.

“I’m sorry Madam Pince,”Harry said quietly, “We were trying to study when they came and started harassing us.”

“We did not!”Hermione protested.

“Shh! This is a library! Both of you are banned for the rest of the week! Leave now!” Pince said pushing them out of the library.

“Banned! You can’t BAN ME!”Hermione said loudly, “How will I STUDY!”

“Make that two weeks! I will be having words with Professor McGonagall about your actions young lady,”Pince said seriously before shutting the doors briskly behind them.

“You may stay but keep it down,”She told Harrys group.

“We will!”

“She’s a broken record,”Harry said quietly to his group, “She really should try a new approach.”

“Would it change anything?”Blaise questioned.

“No but it would be nice to hear,”Harry told him with a grin.

~~*

The school year was actually going well. Harry agreed to let Colin take pictures of him as long as he didn’t sell them, give them, or in any way let any publication have them. He also had a stern talk with the muggleborn about letting other see the photos and what harm it could cause. Harry, Draco and Luna had kept an eye out for whoever may have been writing in the diary with no luck. It wasn’t a Slytherin, but they had no insight on the other house without asking for help and Harry didn’t want to take that step yet.

Harry had been wandering through the dungeons looking for secret passages when he ran, quite literally, into the Bloody Baron.

“Oomph!”Harry stumbled back and shivered trying to bush the cold off of him.

“Master Peverell,”The bloody baron intoned.

Harry froze, “What did you call me?”

“Your title,”the baron told him in his slow monotone voice.

“How do you know that title?”Harry whispered.

“All the dead will know you by your title Master Peverell,”The baron told him, “You were unaware?”

“So unaware,”Harry said distractedly, “You guys haven’t told anyone have you?”

“Of course not,”The baron said offendedly, “We would never betray you in that way.”

“Okay good,”Harry breathed a sigh of relieve, “Good. I would like to keep that quiet for a while longer.”

“The headmaster will not know from us,”The baron told him with a tilt of his head.

“Is that why you guys have been avoiding me?”Harry asked him. Since starting Hogwarts all of the ghosts quickly left any area he was in.

“You hold a power that many fear,”The baron told him.

“What power?”Harry asked leaning against the wall.

“The power to send us on to the beyond. There are no ghosts here that wish to be forced to move on,”The baron told him.

“Oh well...err..I promise not to force any of you on unless you ask? Can you pass that on?”Harry told him. It explained a lot and it was also something Harry had no idea he could even do.

“That is good to hear. I will pass it on to the others,”The baron said, “Expect visits from the others.”

The baron gave him one last look and left through a wall, it was only after he left that Harry realized that when he ran into him he actually felt him as if he was a person. Not a ghost.

Expect visits from the others? What was he Ebenezer Scrooge?

~~*

Harry dragged Draco and Luna into the dorm as soon as he met them in the common room.

“What’s wrong?”Draco asked concerned, “Are you okay?”

“Oh yeah,”Harry said sarcastically, “Except for the fact that I ran into the Bloody Baron, and I do mean ran into, like an actual person. The other ghosts were scared of me because they thought I was going to force them onto wherever they are suppose to go, and they are going to visit me like the bloody ghost of Christmas past!”

“What?”Draco said shocked. His eyes wide and mouth dropped open like a fish.

“Is that all?”Luna asked with a soft giggle.

“Luna this is shocking,”Harry told her exasperated.

“Silly. You need to read more of those journals you obviously stopped too soon,”Luna told him with a shake of her head.

“I’m starting tonight,”Harry said before going to his trunk and digging through to find said journals.

“If you can send them away can you bring them back?”Draco asked curiously.

“Of course,”Luna said.

“I’m going to not even touch on that,”Harry said from his position on the floor.

“You don’t want have anyone you would want to talk to?”Draco asked softly.

Harry paused in his search and looked over at Draco, “I already know my parents would be proud of me. No matter what path I follow, I don’t need to disrupt their afterlife to know.”

“You should,”Luna said swaying slightly, “They would like to talk to you.”

Harry eyed her. She was looking at him with her head tilted slightly as if she was listening but Harry knew she was somewhere else entirely.

“Someday I will,”Harry promised her, “But not until I have a better grasp on everything. I’d rather not use the ring unless I must.”

Luna was quiet for a moment before she nodded, “Of course. I need to leave now. Say hello to Nick for me.”

“Nick?”Draco asked her as she left the room.

“Yes?”

Draco jumped and let out a small sound as Nearly Head-less Nick came floating into the room behind him, “Bloody hell!”

“Hello Nick! Fancy seeing you here,”Harry said getting more comfortable on the floor, “I didn’t realize the Baron meant I would be seeing you tonight.”

“Oh it will just be me tonight. The others are still getting used to the knowledge,”Nick chuckled.

“Your dorms are much different than Gryffindor,”Nick said as he floated around and took in the room, “Larger.”

“I like them,”Harry told him, “How can I help you Nick?”

“Oh yes! I was wondering if you could make an appearance at my Death day this year! It would really be a boon for me,” Nick said with a smile.

“Of course I will! When is it?” Harry asked him.

“Halloween. You will be missing the feast unfortunately,” Nick told him with a small frown.

“I have no problem with that,” Harry told him, “I wasn’t going to the feast anyway.”

Nick clapped his hands together, “Perfection! You may bring whoever you like of course! I will see you then!”

“I’m not going,” Draco said as soon as Nick floated out of their wall.

“Did he just go into the lake?” Harry asked still looking at the wall Nick had floated through, “That goes to the lake doesn’t it?”

“Harry did you hear me? I will not be going to any Death Day party. What even is a Death Day party?”

“I heard you Draco. I never expected you to go,” Harry said going back to his search, “It’s what it sounds like. They celebrated the day they die instead of the day they were born.”

“Have fun with that,” Draco told him before pulling out his own book and laid on his bed to read.

“I will. Thank you,” Harry said with a laugh, “There you are!”

Harry pulled out the next journal on his list and made his way to Draco, “Move over.”

Draco moved over and Harry laid beside him.

The rest of the night was spent with them reading until they fell asleep curled up next to each other.

~~*

Harry had visits from the other Hogwarts ghosts throughout the next couple weeks. Most of them found him in empty corridors or his dorm, Moaning Myrtle somehow still managed to find him fresh out of the shower. Do ghost not care about the age of consent? They all gave him the same speech. They would keep his secret and they didn’t want to leave this plane. Harry, in return, promised he wouldn’t send them anywhere unless they wanted it and asked for it. Harry did learn that there were a few ghost hidden inside of Hogwarts that he had never met before. Old students, professors, and others who died away from Hogwarts but felt it was their home. Their existence would remain a secret from the school, with the exception of Luna and Draco of course.

The new seating arrangements in the classes failed spectacularly one Wednesday after noon in the sixth year Charms class. Flint being fed up with the Gryffindor girl next to him let loose a spell that ended up in a class wide duel and detention for more than half the class. The teachers unanimously agreed to do away with the new seating arrangements and let the students sit where they would like to.

All in all school was going pretty well when Harry first started hearing the Basilisk in the walls.

“Shh,” Harry told Draco as they walked to Charms. Draco stopped talking and tried to listen.

“...*hungry....master....hungry....*”

“The Basilisk is awake,” Harry told Draco quietly, “I can hear him in the pipes.”

“Lovely,” Draco said dryly, “Just what I want to think about when I take a piss.”

“Halloween is in two weeks. He’s keeping to tradition,” Harry said ignoring Draco as they continued on their way to charms. He didn’t really want to think about a snake in the pipe either.

“Are you going to go looking for it?” Draco asked.

“Hell no,” Harry said looking at him as if he was daft, “I’m going to spend the entire night at that Party. I won’t give anyone an excuse to pin this on me again.”

“You could be in America and they would pin it on you,” Draco said with a snort.

Harry groaned and pushed Draco into a wall, “Prat.”

~~*

“Your being watched,” Neville told Harry quietly.

They were sitting in the courtyard doing their essay on Mandrakes with Draco and Luna. It was one of the last nice days they would have until spring and students were spread out on the grounds to enjoy it.

“I know,” Harry said dismissively, “She always stars at me.”

“It’s kinda creepy,” Neville told him, “She talks about you a lot in the common room too. I swear she asked me questions about you for like three hours the other night.”

“I hope you told her what an amazing specimen of man I am,” Harry told him with a roguish smile. It looked odd on his young face but he would get there.

“I told her you were a prat actually,”Neville told him.

“Well that’s just rude,”Harry frowned.

“Do you want her to keep asking me about what makes your eyes sparkle?”Neville asked him dryly, “It was the only thing that made her go away.”

“Good on you Neville,”Draco declared.

“Has she even talked to you yet?”Neville asked Harry.

Harry snorted, “I lived in her house for a month and every time she saw me she screamed and ran away. Now she just avoids me and keeps out of eye contact so no.”

“What has she been saying about him?”Draco asked abandoning his work.

“Just how great he is and how bad she feels that he’s trapped with “Slimy Snakes”,”Neville said with a roll of his eyes, “It’s like having two Rons.”

“They need better insults,”Harry said, “That’s all they have, slimy and evil. We have so many more negative attributes they could use.”

“They are Gryffindors,”Draco pointed out, “No offense Neville.”

“None taken,”Neville said with a shrug, “Your not wrong. The twins have been giving them some creative ones.”

“Where are the twins anyway?”Harry questioned, “They were suppose to be joining us.”

“Last minute quidditch practice. Wood is determined to beat you this year,”Neville told him.

“Who’s your seeker?”

“It’s top secret, they haven’t even told the team. Whoever it is gets private practices away from everyone.”

Harry and Draco looked at each other, “Ginny.”

“No,”Neville denied, “It can’t be.”

“It can be. Who else is missing during these secret training sessions?”Harry asked him.

That caused Neville to pause, “But she’s a first year.”

“So was I,”Harry shrugged, “If she’s decent and they have no one else it wouldn’t be hard to get permission.”

“We are winning the cup,”Draco declared, “She’s going to take one look at you and fall off her broom.”

“Maybe I should take a break from the team. It won’t be nearly as fun with someone who isn’t an actual challenge,” Harry said with a frown.

“Don’t you dare Harry!” Draco exclaimed.

“I agree Mr. Potter. You will not ruin my chances at the cup,” Severus said as he came up behind Neville.

Neville squeaked and held his hand to his heart ignoring the snickers coming from the other students.

“We will be having a meeting after dinner Mr. Potter. Draco may come as well,” Severus said before gliding away, his cloak sweeping behind him.

“Your doing so well against your fear of him Neville,” Luna told him assuredly.

“Thank you,” Neville said. He had come along way in the last year with the help of Harry and Draco. His potions grade would never be good but he was no longer melting cauldrons.

“Neville how good are you at Occlumency?” Harry asked a few moments later.

“Bloody hell Harry,” Draco sighed, “You can’t keep doing this.”

Harry shrugged, “Neville?”

“Oh er decent I think. Gran made sure I knew before I came to school and my heir ring protects me some. Why?”

“Just wondering,” Harry said.

Harry sat up and stretched, “Come on. I want to go practice dueling in the classroom.”

“I’m still sore from yesterday,” Neville said with a grimace.

“You don’t have to participate,” Harry told him with a chuckle, “I’m just over being out in the open. I can feel her eyes burning into my back.”

“That’s fair,” Neville conceded.

~~*

Harry and Draco made it to Severus office right after dinner. Entering without knocking they took their customary seats in front of Severus desk.

“What’s up?” Harry asked him.

Severus sneered at him, “Must you speak as if you are an ignorant muggleborn.”

“Ooo you're in a good mood,”Harry snorted, “I’ll talk to you however I want.”

“How can we help you Uncle Sev,”Draco said smoothly over Harrys words. Harry gave him an innocent smile.

“Albus is planning on having you spend Christmas with the Weasleys. I am to...convince you that it would be for the best,”Severus said, irritation coating his voice.

“Why does he think you would be able to do that?”Harry asked him.

“I’m your head of house and you requested me to stay in the meeting. He takes that as we are ‘close’.”

“Tell him whatever you need to tell him to keep him off your back. I have a plan for Christmas,”Harry said, “Did Lucius get that Medallion for me?”

“Yes,”Severus nodded, “It’s an interesting item. Lucius had to go back three times before he was able to purchase it.”

“Why?”

“He couldn’t see it. He had to take Sirius with him and a note for the shop keeper,”Severus told him with a frown, “In fact once he brought it to the manor it was lost for three hours because they couldn’t find it.”

“Cool,”Harry said sitting up in his seat, “I wonder why. I haven’t forgotten where it was in the window and I haven’t been around it since summer.”

“As I said, interesting,”Severus said lightly.

“Your annoyed,”Harry said with a grin, “Because it’s besting you.”

“It’s not *besting* me. I haven’t properly examined it,”Severus sniffed.

“Because you can’t see it,”Harry sung.

“This conversation is unimportant. Let me know if you need any help with your plans, you are excused,”Severus said dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

“What do you think is special about the medallion,”Draco asked Harry as they made their way to the common room.

“No idea but I knew I had to have it. The nargles told me.”

“The nargles?”

“I didn’t know what it was at first, just that I *had* to have it. Once Luna taught me how to recognize them I realized what I felt when I saw it,”Harry explained.

“A medallion that keeps hiding from everyone that a spirit told you to get. Nothing could go wrong with that,” Draco said sarcastically.

“What’s the worst that could happen?” Harry grinned at him.

“Nothing good ever follows that statement.”

~~*

Harry woke up early on Halloween with a start.

His magic hummed under his skin, shifting and swaying as he felt it rushing through his veins as it begged to be let out. To be used. Harry knew it would happen every Halloween, when the veil between their world and the after life was the thinnest. His necromagic was the strongest that it would be this year and Harry wondered how it would effect his experience at the Death Day Party.

Harry spend most of the day in his room meditating in an attempt to gain control of the surging magic. He had been meditating every night to fully recognize his magic and the feelings it produced but nothing was comparable to today. As soon as he sunk into his magic he was drowning. Necromagic enveloped him and pulled him in, wrapping around him tightly as if stuck in a snakes coil. He felt the spirits urging him to use his magic, to pull them from the void and into the land of the living.

Harry was going to pass on that. Something told him the spirits that were begging to be freed were not ones that he wanted to be roaming around.

Harry pulled him self free with effort and came back to himself. His chest was heaving with his breaths, sweat coated his skin causing his clothes to uncomfortably stick to him. He wouldn’t be doing that again anytime soon. Summoning the Journal to him he flipped to the page he left off on and searched for the spot he had left off on.

“The magic was strong on this night. Master told me to not meditate and I didn’t listen, how I wished I had listened. The spirits were too strong, their begging echoed in my heart and soul to be free. So I released them.

The village is in flames as I write. Vengeful spirits have taken hold on the villagers causing pain and suffrage, the screams of women and children will haunt me for years to come.

Master is furious, he had threatened to stop my training for my insolence and we must leave before the actions are connected to us....

Master says my magic has gotten too strong. He has constructed me a medallion I must wear at all times. It will keep the spirits away while I fully learn my gift so I won’t be lost in their

world anymore...I still hear the screams in my sleep."

Harry set the book down. He ran his hand through his hair as he bit his lip before letting out a sigh. The nargles already knew he would need that medallion he saw in Knockturn Alley to help his control and now Harry knew that as well. As always he was jumping in without all of the knowledge of his actions. A lesson he had already learned with damning consequences.

Settling down on the floor he summoned the next journal of the set and buckled down to read them. He knew messing the necromagic was dangerous, it was quite literally playing with death, but he thought he was strong enough to do it anyway. What he failed to realize is that his strength only magnified the necromagic and made it that much harder. One more thing was glaringly clear.

He would not be telling Draco about this.

~~*

"You look amazing," Harry told Luna as he met her in the common room.

Luna was dressed for the occasion. Her thick hair was braided, a black victorian gown filled with silk and lace flowed to the ground.

"Thank you," Luna said with a smile, "I had father send this to me as soon as you told me. I should have had him bring something for you."

Harry followed Luna's advice and was dressed in black robes of velvet, "I don't even want to know what you think I should have worn."

"You would have been dashing," Luna said with a small laugh, "Let's go before we are late!"

The pathway to the party went back the common room entrances, tall black candles lined the path into a deeper section. The hallway turned cold as they took various twists and turns, a soft sound of music floated through the walls as they reached their destination.

"It sounded like nails on a blackboard last time," Harry whispered to Luna.

"You couldn't hear the melody of death before," Luna told him. She swayed slightly as she hummed to the music.

Nick stood in front of a doorway draped with black velvet, "Welcome friends..."

"Thank you for having us Nick," Harry told him giving him a nod of respect. Luna offered a curtsy before they made their way in.

The hall was beautiful, black velvet draped the walls as candles of all sizes were lit causing lights and shadows. A large diamond and sapphire chandelier blazed from the ceiling. Along the wall was a large table of food that Harry knew to stay far away from, last time the smell was stuck in his nose for days. Hundreds of ghosts were waltzing in the middle of the dance floor, long dresses sweeping across the floor. Others were standing in groups talking and laughing, catching up on their after life.

Until they noticed Harry.

A screech of violin stopped the music as all eyes turned to Harry as if they were of one collective mind.

“Master Peverell,” The ghosts said as one as the women curtsied and men bowed.

“Er..Hello,” Harry said with an awkward wave of his hand, “Nice to met you all.”

Some ghosts floated to the back of the room away from his gaze while the rest didn’t move from their positions.

“Carry on?” Harry offered glancing at Luna who gave him a reassuring nod.

His words were magic as the music started back up and the ghosts went back to their previous activities.

“Is that going to happen to every ghost I see? Because it would be obvious after a while,” Harry whispered to Luna.

“Only when in private,” a large jolly man offered as he stuck his hand out, “Sir Peter Montague, pleasure to make your acquaintance Master Peverell.”

Harry shook his hand, his mind wheeling over the fact that he could touch him, “Pleasure, please call me Harry.”

“Harry it is! When Nick told us the Master walked amongst us I must admit many did not believe him but I did! Good man that!”

“I was surprised myself,” Harry told him, “Had no idea really until he told me.”

“Ahh so your still learning! That will reassure many here,” Sir Peter leaned closer to him, “Some are worried you send them off.”

“Oh no. I wouldn’t do that unless it’s requested of me and even then I don’t know how to do it yet,” Harry assured him, “Pass that on will you.”

“Of course!” Sir Peter said before quickly floating away and speaking into the ears of various groups.

“Interesting man,” Luna said, “Oh look it's Myrtle.”

“Great,” Harry groaned quietly, “She’s popped into my shower twice.”

“It’s because you’re quite dashing,”Luna soothed him.

“Dashing or not I did not connect,”Harry hissed at her, “I need to find a ward against her.”

“Oh no,”Luna frowned, “You would hurt her feelings.”

Harry gave her a droll look, “Do you not care about my feelings?”

“Your much stronger than her. She will be one that asks you to move on at the right time,”Luna said sadly, “Her afterlife has been worse than her life was.”

Harry felt ashamed of himself in that moment. Myrtle had been taunted her entire time at school and instead of graduating and finding somewhere better she was stuck in the place she died. Being taunted year after year.

“Your right,”Harry told her, “I won’t do anything.”

“There you are,”a boisterous voice sounded behind Harry.

Harry turned quickly and his breath caught. The man was tall with wide shoulders, glasses were perched on his nose, his face framed by thick dark hair. “Harry it’s so good to see you,”The man said placing his cold hands on Harrys shoulders, “We have been waiting along time.”

“Oh Monty look at him,”a women with long hair and a beautiful dress gushed, “He looks just like you as a child.”

“Hello,”Harry said softly an idea forming in his head as to who these people were.

“You don’t know us,”The women said with a smile, “That’s okay. I’m your grandmother Euphemia, this is Fleamont your Grandfather.”

“Oh,”Harry said softly. Luna wrapped her hand around his allowing him to squeeze her hand.

Euphemia pushed Fleamont away and cupped Harrys face, “We are so proud of you darling.”

“Proud,”Fleamont echoed, “Imagine it, my grandchild finally caring on the Peverell blood! Never in my greatest dreams would I have imagined it!”

“You must come visit us at the Manor sometime,”Euphemia told him, “The ring will tell you where to go when you’re ready. Bring that charming Malfoy with you as well. You don’t have to live there of course but maybe a summer home?”

“Ephie leave the boy alone,”Fleamont said rolling his eyes, “She always does this.”

Harry let out a chuckle, “I will be sure to visit the summer.”

“Good and beware of Lady Tremain, she has been looking for someone to send her off for a very long time. Don’t let her pressure you until you’re ready,”Euphemia told him.

“I won’t,” Harry promised.

“She won’t have a chance! Come on lad we have been waiting for this chance for years and will not pass up the chance to get to know you,” Fleamont told him motioning to a corner of the room.

Harry and his grandparents had spoke for only a few moments when the music stopped once again.

“Oh no,” Euphemia said sadly.

“What is it?”

“The headless hunt,” Fleamont ground out, “Here to ruin Nicks party...again.”

“They ruin Nicks party?” Luna asked sadly, “That’s very mean.”

“Yeah it is,” Harry scowled, “Let’s go find Nick.”

Nick was waiting by his table with a frown on his face.

“Nick,” Harry called getting his attention.

Harry had just reached him when the hunt broke through the walls, a dozen men on horses burst through and ran around the crowd. Cheers broke through as they tossed their heads back and forth before coming to a stop in the middle of the room. A large man jumped off his horse and made his way to Nick, his head under his arm.

“Nick!” The man called out, “Good to see you chap! Where is this “Master” you have claimed to be here!”

The hunt laughed at the jab as they made their way from their horses.

“Hello,” Harry said from beside Nick.

The hunt froze as they moved their heads to stare at him, “Master,” They intoned with a bow.

“That’s me,” Harry sneered, “Who are you?”

“Sir Patrick at your service! Leader of the Headless hunt,” Sir Patrick said smugly, “Nick has been trying to join us for years...but look at the fellow...”

“Was that suppose to impress me?” Harry asked with a raised eyebrow, “because it doesn’t. Far from it really. Nick why would you even want to join them? They don’t seem very interesting.”

Nick looked at Harry as if he raised the sun. No one had ever stood up for him against the hunt, “Your right! Why would I want to join them!”

Harry turned to the hunt, "Quite rude of you to interrupt a party like this as well. Do you have no shame?"

The headless hunt started at him abashed, "We..we were late you see..."

"Pity. Well I do believe Nick was going to make his speech," Harry said dismissing them, "Attention! Fine lady and Gents the man of honor would like to give a speech!"

Harry didn't need to get their attention, all eyes had been on him since he started the dressing down.

"Thank you Harry," Nick said softly before clearing his throat and turning to the crowd, "My Ladies, Lord, Gentlemen..It is my great sorrow...."

Harry sent a wink to Luna and they stood next to Nick for his speech. His very long and frankly depressing speech, it was interesting.

The headless hunt sulked to the back of the hall quietly, their heads pensive as they held them in the crooks of their arms. Serves them right, prats.

The rest of the party was spent talking to multiple people, Luna and his Grandparents behind him at all times. His grandmother gave him breakdowns of everyone at the party, Harry had a feeling she was a bit of a gossip. A sentiment his grandfather obviously shared by the looks and winks he passed to Harry throughout the night.

It was near the end of the night when Harry came to a jarring revelation.

"Luna," Harry said quietly, "Where is Peeves? I don't think I've seen him."

Luna looked at him sadly, "He's dreadfully scared of you and has been on his best behavior since you entered the castle. Fred and George do his dirty work for him now outside of the other common rooms."

"We will find him tomorrow," Harry promised.

"That would be nice," Luna told him with a large smile.

Harry smiled back before freezing, the wards quivered fiercely and the ghosts in the dungeon shivered, "We need to go Luna."

Harry bid everyone goodbye, ignoring the headless hunt, and made his way out with Luna on his arm.

They met the house as they both reached the common room wall at the same time but from different directions.

"What happen?" Harry asked Flint who was standing in front of the door to let everyone in.

"Filch cat has been petrified. Where have you been?"

“Death Day Party,” Harry said gesturing to his clothes, “It was fun.”

Flint shivered, “If you say so.”

Draco met Harry in the bedroom as he was changing out of his robes.

“How was it?”

“Fun actually. Met a bunch of ghosts, including my grandparents,” Harry told him with a grin. He was feeling rather giddy in fact.

“Your grandparents? I didn’t know they were ghosts,” Draco said changing as well.

“I didn’t either but they are pretty great. You will meet them this summer when we go to the manor,” Harry told him.

“We are going to the manor?” Draco asked with a raised eyebrow.

“I’m under orders by my grandmother, I can’t disobey,” Harry told him with a laugh, “What happen with the cat?”

“Same as last time. We found him after dinner hanging by that light, *“THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS HAS BEEN OPENED. ENEMIES OF THE HEIR, BEWARE”*, on the wall.”

“Excellent,” Harry said clapping his hands together, “and I was no where near.”

“It was noticed,” Draco told him, “By Weasley.”

“Merlin,” Harry groaned, “Did he say anything?”

“He was going to but Granger stopped him. Who knows what he’s saying in their common room.”

“No matter I have hundreds of ghosts that will vouch for me,” Harry shrugged.

“Tell me more about the party,” Draco said as they got comfortable in their beds.

“Your coming with me next year, it wasn’t bad at all,” Harry told him before launching into what he had seen and done.

Draco watched as Harry became animated in his explanations. His hands moved about as he spoke of the party and meeting his grandparents. His distain of the Headless Hunt and how they treated Nick and tried to ruin his birthday. Draco found himself wishing he had gone to the party if only to meet Harrys grandparents. He hoped they liked him when they met this summer, he should ask Sirius on how to make a good impression on them. The last thing he needed was to offend them in some way and have a bad stain on his person.

As Harry reached the end of his story and wished him a goodnight Draco stayed awake to watch him sleep. He didn't do it often, the chance of getting caught was too high, sometimes he couldn't help himself. Harry was always so peaceful in his sleep. It was interesting to see how his face changed with time when he could get away with it without questions.

Draco was thankful he had these moments as he knew they would come to an end sooner than he wished and all he would have left is his memories.

~~*

Harry was annoyed as he made his way up the stairs to the Headmasters Office with Severus leading him. Breakfast had barley ended when Severus collected him for a meeting and all of his complaints fell on deaf ears.

"Come in,"Dumbledore said as they reached the top of the stairs.

Harry and Severus made their way in, Harry took a seat in front of the headmaster while Severus stood behind his chair.

"You wanted to speak with me Headmaster?"Harry asked.

"Ah yes. I noticed you were missing from the feast last night my boy,"Dumbledore said staring down at Harry.

"I was at Sir Nicks Death day party with Luna,"Harry told him, "He invited me a couple weeks ago and I thought it would be fun."

"Good. You gave us quite a fright when we couldn't locate you my boy. We do want to make sure all feasts are attended,"Dumbledore told him with a smile.

"I don't like Halloween sir,"Harry said sadly, "It's doesn't have good memories."

"Well you can build new memories!"Dumbledore said dismissing Harrys words, "No before I let you go I must ask, have you seen or heard anything unusual?"

"Is this about Filch cat? Because I had nothing to do with that,"Harry said defensively.

"I don't think you did my boy. Just wondering,"Dumbledore told him calmly.

"I haven't seen or heard anything sir,"Harry told him, "Should I be looking for something?"

"Oh no of course not. Go ahead and enjoy your Sunday, I must speak with Severus,"Dumbledore said.

"Goodbye sir,"Harry said with a nod. He quickly made his way down the stairs and to find Draco and Luna waiting for him.

“I thought we were meeting in the library?” Harry questioned as they started down the hall.

“Accusations are coming,” Luna said airily.

As soon as her words ended Ron and Hermione came around the corner from the Library with Seamus, Parvati and Lavender.

“There you are!” Ron yelled as he caught sight of Harry. Pointing his finger accusingly he shouted, “You killed the cat!”

“Excuse me?” Harry looking bewildered.

“We know it was you! You're nothing but a dirty Slytherin and a traitor!” Ron said. Seamus and the girls nodding in agreement behind him.

“I wasn't anywhere near that hallway yesterday,” Harry told them with a roll of his eyes.

“You weren't in the great hall with the rest of us,” Hermione said stiffly, “The only one missing in fact.”

“Luna was missing too,” Harry argued, “We were at Sir Nicks death day party.”

“What the bloody hell is that?” Ron asked, his confusion cooling his anger for the moment.

“A celebration of the day a ghost has died,” Hermione answered promptly, “Instead of their birthdays. Why did Sir Nick invite you and not us?”

“You would have to ask him,” Harry said with a shrug.

“You probably did it before the party!” Seamus said fiercely, “We can't believe him! He's a traitor to the light!”

“Traitor!” Was echoed by Lavender and Parvati as they stood with their arms crossing against their chest.

“Change the bloody record,” Harry told them before walking around them and continuing to the library, Draco and Luna staying close.

“At least they aren't trying to be my friend anymore,” Harry said happily as they made it into the library.

Draco and Luna shared a look behind him.

He wasn't really that daft was he?

The First Attack

Chapter Notes

Hello Friends!

I hope you are all having a great weekend!

This chapter was a bit of a pain and couldn't get it to work in the exact way I wanted but I like it enough.

Lucius swiftly made his way through the Ministry and up to Fudges office. His cane tapped the floor with every step as he greeted various people on his way up. His scheduled meeting with Amelia Bones and Fudge was starting in ten minutes and he had every intention of beating Bones to the office. Since her appointment she and Lucius had made a bit of a game trying to beat the other to the office, it was sure to be the highlight of this trip.

“Lord Malfoy for my meeting with the Minister,” Lucius said smoothly to Fudges secretary, Dolores Umbridge.

“Of course Lord Malfoy,” Umbridge simpered, “He’s waiting for you now.”

“Thank you.”

Lucius opened the door to the office and gave a silent cheer, he once again beat her.

“Ah Lucius right on time. Amelia has been held up and will be here in a moment,” Fudge said, “Please have a seat.”

“Thank you Cornices. Tell me how is your wife?” Lucius asked as he made himself comfortable in the chair.

“Oh she is doing well. We must arrange a tea sometime she misses the company of Lady Malfoy.”

“Of course. Narcissa has missed their teas as well,” Lucius said with a charming smile. Cissy was going to kill him, Veronica Fudge was one of the most annoying woman on the planet and Cissy had been successfully avoiding her invites for months.

“Drat! How do you get here so fast!” Amelia said in frustration.

“I am simply on time,” Lucius said with a smirk, “You always did run late Amelia.”

“Oh shush,” Amelia said before taking her seat, “Now why are we having this meeting?”

Lucius produced the letter that Draco had written him Halloween night, “My son has written me about a situation that is developing at Hogwarts. I don’t believe it’s anything we need to address now but we should keep an eye on it.”

Cornelius and Amelia frowned before taking turns reading the letter.

Amelia raised an eyebrow, “Chamber of Secrets?”

“An old rumor,” Cornelius said with a deep frown, “The castle has been searched many times Lucius. The chamber does not exist.”

Lucius inclined his head, “Even so Minister something petrified a cat. That alone will need to be looked into.”

“I agree with Lucius,” Amelia said, “Even if this is just a prank petrification is a very dangerous thing.”

Cornelius rubbed his nose in thought.

“Have your son keep an eye on the situation. If anything else happens alert us immediately. We can not trust Albus to tell us anything it seems,” he finally said.

Lucius nodded, “Draco is already aware to keep his eyes out as is Heir Potter.”

“I heard that Heir Potter didn’t spend the summer with Sirius. Is there a problem?” Amelia asked him.

“No problem. He wanted to spend a final summer with his relatives to say goodbye. They did see each other often,” Lucius told them.

“Oh good. I would hate for their relationship to be too damaged,” Amelia said relieved, “Will You tell him to write to me? I could use him back in the force.”

“I will but I do not think he will join back,” Lucius told her honestly, “He’s had his fill of fighting I believe.”

“I’m still going to try. We haven’t had a decent trainee in years,” Amelia said with a grimace.

“Hopefully the tides will turn soon,” Lucius told her.

With the evolving door of Defense Professors were greatly damaging the NEWT scores that were coming out of Hogwarts. The qualifications for becoming an Auror had changed due to the influx of lower scores. Fifty years ago you needed not only the N.E.W.T but it had to be at least an E.E, they now accepted A. Not a large change but big enough to effect the trainees coming in.

~~*

Harry sat with his head on his hand at his desk lost in thought. His finger drummed next to his unfinished Charms essay. It was the first game of the season tomorrow and tensions were running high. Three fights had broken out between Gryffindor and Slytherin in the last week and more detentions than Harry could count. Fred and George were making a killing on their bets thought, Harry was promised 30 percent if he won the game.

His real problem however was the basilisk in the walls and who the next attack would be on. Harry had heard him multiple times in the last week, hungry for food and blood. Last time it was Colin trying to sneak him grapes into the hospital wing. As Harry had no intention of going to the Hospital wing this time he had no idea if the beast would even attack tonight.

But it needed to attack someone for his Christmas plan to work.

Harry brought out his wand and ran it between his fingers. There was a way he could ensure someone would wander around late at night. It would be easy. No one would suspect an attack from another student, especially not from Harry Potter. But does the end justify the means?

Harry thought of Draco and the Christmas Day they spent together. His smile and the way he laughed in excitement when Harry came through the floo. How sad and lonely they both were during Christmas break last year when they were separated. Draco had been incredibly nervous that something would happen and they would be separated again this year.

Harry sat his wand down and stared at it.

In the end...the answer to his question was obvious.

~~~

The first game of the season was the quickest game Harry had ever played. Ginny had been chosen as the 'mystery seeker' to the dismay of many Gryffindor students and from the looks of it Professor McGonagall. The moment Ginnys came through the and instantly tripped over her own feet at seeing Harry the entirety of Gryffindor groaned and dropped back into their seats. McGonagall face fell into her hand and Severus smirked so widely it could be seen from the stadium floor.

Harry shared a look with Flint who gave him a nod in agreement. He wouldn't catch the snitch until they were one hundred and fifty points up to give them an edge for the cup.

Ginny was a decent flyer, she always had been and made a good replacement seeker when Harry wasn't able to but she was no match for him. Especially when she spent most of her time almost falling off her broom when he flew to close to her. Fred, George and Alicia spent

most of the game keeping her upright and not playing the game. Within thirty minutes they were up two hundred points and Harry caught the snitch right under Ginnys nose.

The Gryffindors left the stadium in low spirits. The Slytherins however left cheering and planning the after game party. Harry smirked as he saw McGonagall laying into Dumbledore from the teachers box, Ginnys placement was obviously not her idea.

In the cheers and aftermath it was almost too easy for Harry to slip out his wand. Luna caught his eye and gave him a quick nod, it was time. Looking over the students he fingered the end of his wand to make his choice. Colin caught his attention and Harry internally shrugged, no need to change everything. Allowing the Slytherins to block him from sight he quickly flicked his wand. Colin froze for a moment before shaking his head and continuing on with no one the wiser.

Harry took a seat next to Draco with his butterbeer and watched as Flint tried to get under the skirt of a seventh year girl.

“She doesn’t look very impressed,” Harry said to Draco as he took a sip.

The girl stood with her arms crossing in front of her chest, frowning at whatever Flint was spewing to her.

“Flint has never cared about whether or not they were impressed,” Draco told him.

Harry froze with his butterbeer to his mouth, “Do you mean....”

“Oh no,” Draco said quickly, “Nothing like that he just annoys them.”

“Right,” Harry said keeping his eye on the situation.

“Did you do it?” Draco asked him quietly.

“Yep. The alert should go out any moment,” Harry told him quietly.

“Stop!” The girl shouted at Flint as he reached out to take her hand, “Don’t touch me.”

Flint gave her a grin and said something else that made the girl bristle in rage.

“I’m handling that,” Harry said taking a final drink and placing his bottle on the table.

Draco smirked and got comfortable on the sofa.

“Flint,” Harry said softly as he walked up to them, “I think you should go to bed. Don’t you agree?”

Flint turned wide eyed to Harry, “I was just talking to her.”

Harry's wand slipped into his hand, "You can go to bed by yourself or be carried unconsciously. Which is it?"

"By myself," Flint said nodding his head quickly. Flint almost ran from the common room to the dorms.

"Thank you Potter," The girl said with a relieved sigh.

"Welcome. If he keeps it up let me know," Harry told her with a nod.

He made his way back to the sofa and dropped next to Draco, "He's a troll."

"I agree. Good Quidditch captain thought," Draco said.

"True," Harry said.

They tapped their butter beers together with a laugh and drank.

The party was still going strong when Harry felt it. The wards quivered and a spark ran up his spine a single word whispered through his mind.

...attack...

Harry nudged Draco and gave him a look. The bait had been taken.

Draco raised his bottle to him and smiled, "To Christmas."

Harry smiled and raised his, "To Christmas."

~~*

It took two days for the students of Hogwarts to realize that they were one short and for the questions to start. It wasn't until the next day that Dumbledore released a statement on the incident.

Near the end of breakfast on the third day Dumbledore stood from his seat, "Students may I have your attention."

The hall quieted down as all heads turned to face him in trepidation. Announcements during meal times, outside of special events, were never a good thing.

"I'm sure many of you have noticed we are one student short. I'm afraid young Colin Creevey was attacked the night of the Quidditch match. He is softly secured in the Hospital Wing and will remain there until he is back on his feet," Dumbledore said gravely.

"Was it the heir?" Ron called from the Gryffindor table. He wasn't looking at Dumbledore however, his glare was directly on Harry.

“I’m afraid it was. As of now curfew has been lowered to seven p.m. Please ensure you are safely in your common rooms by this time. We ask you do not travel by yourself when walking the halls, groups of two are more at all times. Thank you.”

Dumbledore took a seat as pandemonium broke out amongst the students. Questions were being yelled at the teachers as students grasped each other fearfully.

“So dramatic,” Draco said quietly.

Harry snorted, “They are scared. It’s normal.”

“I sent the letter to father last night. He will be here by dinner,” Draco told him as breakfast came to an end.

“He will be here by lunch,” Harry corrected him.

Harry was correct in his assumption.

The doors of the Great Hall burst open at lunch later that day but it wasn’t just Lucius Malfoy who entered the hall. Sirius and Amelia stood on either side of him looks of fury on their faces. Trailing behind them were two people Harry didn’t recognize, the look of amazement on their faces and the medallions around their neck gave him a good idea however. Dumbledore stared at them in surprise before remembering his place and taking a stand.

“What brings you to Hogwarts?” Dumbledore asked with smile fixed in place.

“These do,” Amelia said. All three produced letters written by their heirs that morning.

“I’m afraid I don’t know what those are,” Dumbledore said calmly.

“Don’t play the fool Dumbledore it’s not a good look,” Lucius said in a bored tone, “We know about Mr. Creevey and the attack. Unsurprisingly Mr. and Mrs. Creevey however were unaware.”

“I took the liberty of informing them and bringing them to see their son,” Sirius said with a sweeping gesture to the two muggles behind him.

Dumbledore’s eyebrows raised, “I sent them a letter just this morning informing them of the situation of course. Please come with me to my office to discuss this further.”

Dumbledore left the table quickly but the damage had already been done. Once again it was known that Dumbledore kept important information from parents in regards to the students, a muggleborn at that.

Sirius winked at Harry as they made their way out of the room.

“I love those men,” Harry told Draco.

“I didn’t expect Susan to send her aunt a letter,” Draco said with a frown.

“Things are different now. I’m sure Lady Bones had a conversation with her about keeping her up to date after last years fiasco,” Harry said with a shrug.

“True. Come on, we’re going to be late for Herbology.”

~~*

“What is the meaning of this Headmaster! We told you last year. You need to make us aware of *any* situations that arise in the school!” Amelia stated as the door the Dumbledores office closed. The Creeveys were in the Hospital Wing with Colin and Madam Pomfrey who was explaining his condition and keeping them company.

“I have been very busy Amelia. I was going to write you today,” Dumbledore said calmly.

“You should have written us on Saturday when it happen! This is inexcusable,” Amelia told him throwing the letter on his desk.

“It is very concerning,” Lucius agreed, “I would hate to think you're purposely keeping information from us. Again.”

Sirius didn’t say anything, instead leaned against the wall behind them with his arms crossed.

“The situation is being handled,” Dumbledore said as he stroked his beard.

“We will be doing a complete sweep of the school this winter break. All students must go home,” Amelia told him laying down the decree on his desk.

“That’s hardly necessary,” Dumbledore said with a frown, “I believe it's simply the work of a prankster.”

“A prankster that knows a way of petrifying students,” Sirius said flatly, “If that was the case we have much bigger problems.”

“I’m sorry, what exactly are you doing here Sirius?” Dumbledore asked him.

“Sirius is a member of the school Governors,” Lucius told him with a smirk, “Freshly introduced this year in fact.”

“Ah, I was unaware,” Dumbledore told them with a frown.

“Your attention problems are not what we are here for. The school will be shut down for winter and the students will be returning home for the duration. If any students are unable to we have set up a manor for them,” Lucius told him.

Another paper was placed on the desk in front of Dumbledore.

“What?”Dumbledore said grabbing the paper, “On who’s authority?”

“The Minister. It has been funded by myself and Lucius. The teachers may go as well but are not required. Aurors will be the grounds at all times,”Sirius told him pushing himself from the wall, “and so there is no confusion. Harry will be coming home to *me* for Christmas. If I find you are attempting to send him anywhere else I will be bringing it up with the Wizamagot.”

“Of course Sirius,” Dumbledore said in surprise, “I would never get in the way of your guardianship. I will say however if young Harry wishes to spend his Christmas somewhere else it should be allowed.”

“Nope,”Sirius said, “I’m his guardian. He will be with me whether he wants to spend it with me or not.”

“I’m disappointed in your attitude toward this Sirius. He had friends he may want to see,”Dumbledore told him sadly.

“He is more than welcome to visit whoever he likes. He can even spend nights at other places I have no problems with that,”Sirius told him with a smile, “I would never think to control his actions in such a way.”

“Now that that’s settled,”Amelia said standing, “We will be taking our leave but remember. All students and that includes you as well.”

Dumbledore started, “I’m the headmaster of this school!”

“We are aware however the search will be conducted by the Ministry and the Goblins. Your expertise will not be needed,”Amelia said shortly.

“I will make the announcement tonight at dinner,”Dumbledore sighed.

“Make sure you do. The Creeveys will be here for the rest of the week, I’m sure you can make accommodations for them,”Amelia said.

Lucius and Sirius didn’t both to say goodbye and followed her from the room. They quickly made the way out of the castle and onto the Ministry to alert Cornelius on the situation.

~~*

“It worked,”Harry told Draco with a large smile as he waved his letter from Sirius around.

“Excellent!” Draco cheered, “I never doubted you for a second.”

Harry rolled his eyes, “You bloody liar.”

“I wonder when Dumbledore will call you in for a meeting,” Draco mused.

“Probably closer to Christmas. He’s pretty busy right now according to Sirius,” Harry told him reading the letter again, “The Ministry is pissed that he didn’t tell them about Colin first.”

The Prophet released an article letting the masses know of the attacks the same night Lucius, Sirius and Amelia had spoken to Dumbledore. The Ministry was still in the process of figuring out a statement when they became over whelmed by angry and scared citizens demanding answers.

Dumbledore now took breakfast in his office so avoid the students seeing the barrage of letters he had been receiving every morning. In fact Dumbledore had been avoiding all student interaction since the news broke.

Severus swept into the room that night after curfew with a sneer plastered onto his face.

“Gather round and be quiet,” Severus snipped.

Harry raised his eyebrow. What had him so annoyed?

“I have placed a sign up sheet on the room board. If any of you are unable to go home for Christmas this year please sign up by the end of this week so we can make accommodations for you at the manor that has been provided. If there are any further questions see me during my office hours. That is all,” Severus said. He turned and swept out of the room as quickly as he came.

“Are you guys going home?” Harry asked the others at their study table.

“Yes. Maman is very excited for me to meet her new husband,” Blaise said with a roll of his eyes. Blaise’s mother had already told him about him in letters and he was less than impressed.

“Yes,” Theo said shortly.

“My parents are taking me and Tracy to Italy,” Daphne said with a grin, “It has been years since I’ve been.”

“I’ve never been,” Harry said, “But I hope you have fun.”

“What?” Daphne asked shocked, “Draco you must make sure you take him as soon as possible.”

“Working on it,” Draco told her, “Mother has many plans for him.”

“Really?” Harry asked him curiously.

“Of course. Your lack of cultural knowledge is appalling.”

“Sweet,” Harry grinned.

~~*

The next morning a large group of students were crowded around the notice board in the entrance hall. Blaise saw them and walked up to them. Nodding his head to the board he said, “It’s a dueling club. First meeting is tonight should be cool.”

The Dueling Club.

Merlin that’s why Severus was in such a mood the night before.

“Who is running it?” Harry asked him as they made their way into the hall for breakfast.

“No idea I guess we will see,” Blaise said with a shrug.

That night right at eight o’clock Harry and Draco joined the rest of the Slytherins in the Great Hall. Lockhart was standing on two tables that had been pushed together, the others sent to the sides of the hall.

“Hello! Welcome to the Dueling Club! Headmaster Dumbledore has graciously allowed me to create this club for you all to help you learn how to defend yourself! Now you may never need to use it as I have...as you can read in my novels...but it’s always good knowledge to have,” Lockhart said giving them all a large smile. He threw his cape over his shoulder and gestured to the annoyed Severus who had just stood up on the platform, “My assistant Professor Snape! He will help me show you the proper way to duel.

Taking their stands on either side of the table Lockhart pulled out his wand, “Now on the count of three we will cast our spells to start the duel. Now don’t worry I won’t harm your Potions Master, this will be a friendly duel,” Lockhart said with a laugh.

Lockhart and Severus stood across from each other and got into position, “*ONE...TWO...THREE....*”

“*EXPELLIARMUS!*” Severus said as a jet of red light was sent to Lockhart blasting him off the table and onto his back.

The students cheered and laughed as Lockhart struggled with his cloak to get back up.

“Nice,” Blaise whistled.

“Very good show Professor Snape,” Lockhart said brushing himself off, “I of course allowed it so the students can see.”

“Right,” Severus said dryly.

“Now let’s get some students shall we?” Lockhart said. He scanned the crowd, “Mr. Weasley! Please join me up here!”

Ron looked nervous but puffed out his chest as he made his way to the table and awkwardly climbed up onto it.

“Now who else...,” Lockhart looked around the room before his eyes fell on Harry.

Oh yes please.

“Mr. Potter! Will you join us please!”

Harry smiled and walked with more confidence than Ron had to the table and smoothly jumped up onto it.

Ron stared at him. His anger giving him a false sense of Bravado as he pulled his wand out, “I’ve been wanting to do this for months.”

Harry smirked and flicked his wand into his hand, “Your going to regret that.”

The Slytherins watched nervously as they took their positions.

“He won’t kill him will he,” Blaise whispered to Draco.

“Of course not,” Draco said looking at him as if he was daft, “There are too many witnesses.”

“Remember we non-lethal spells! Now....*ONE...TWO...THREEE!*

“*EXPELLIARMUS!*” Ron shouted at Harry.

Harry flicked his wand casting a shield before casting again, “*STUPEFY!*”

The spell slammed into Ron, he fell back and landed on the table with a loud thud. The Slytherins cheered Harry’s name as the Gryffindors gasped and ran to the end of the table where Ron was unconscious.

“Excellent!” Lockhart cried, “You must have been reading my books Mr. Potter that was an amazing stance.”

“Revererate,” Severus intoned to Ron.

Ron groaned as he sat up. He rubbed his head and looked around confused, “Wh-happen?”

“Harry handed you your arse,” Fred snorted.

“What? No! I want to go again!”

“I don’t see a problem with that,” Severus said softly.

“I was just about to offer that! Take your positions!” Lockhart said. His ever present smile plastered onto his face.

Ron stood up with his wand held tightly in his hand.

“Ready?” Lockhart asked both boys.

“Ready!” Ron shouted.

Harry inclined his head, “Of course.”

“ONE...TWO...THREE!”

Harry paused in his casting when he noticed Ron’s face screwed up in concentration. Standing up straight Harry let his wand hand drop and allowed Ron to figure his spell out.

“*Sep-Serpensortia!*” Ron shouted.

A large king cobra shot from his wand and landed on the floor with a furious hiss.

“Where am I? Stupid meat bag! I was going to eat!”

Harry felt his eye twitch. What. In. The. World. How the bloody hell did he know that spell!

“Calm yourself king serpent,” Harry hissed soothingly. The hall fell into silence as the students looked at Harry in horror. Harry crouched down to the snake and held his hand out, *“Come and I will ensure you are taken care of.”*

“Speaker!” The snake hissed happily. The hall gasped as it quickly slithered to Harry and climbed up his arm, *“I will trust you. I need warmth and a meal!”*

“Of course. Allow me to finish this first.”

“That is acceptable.”

Harry smirked at Ron who was pale and staring at him in fear, “It’s a very bad idea to pull snakes from their homes Ronald.....EXPELLIARMUS!”

Ron’s wand flew out of his limp hand and Harry easily caught it. Dropping it on the floor he jumped off of the tables and walked to Severus.

“We need to get him a tank professor,” Harry told him stroking the scales slowly.

Severus nodded, “Follow me.”

The silence in the hall was heavy as they watched Harry and his friends leave the hall with Professor Snape.

“I knew it,” Ron whispered.

The shocked students left in the hall shared glances, was Ron right?

~~*

“That’s going to be a pain in the arse,” Harry stated as he placed the snake into the tank that Severus had produced. The others had gone to the common room with Draco and Harry followed Severus to his office. The snake, who didn’t have a name but insisted on being called “King Serpent” had been taken from nature and not another person thankfully.

“I want to know how the bloody hell he knew that spell,” Draco said. He had cast it as a second year but he had more magical ability and training than Weasley.

“Hermione maybe,” Harry said, he ran a hand through his hair in thought, “He was focusing really hard on it so he hadn’t practiced it much before. He could have just heard about it.”

“He looked like he was constipated,” Draco said with a snort.

“You should have ended it before he cast anything,” Severus told him, “You had no idea of knowing what he was doing.”

Harry shrugged, “He was trying too hard and I was curious. I could have handled anything he threw at me.”

“Never underestimate your enemy,” Severus told him softly.

“I wasn’t,” Harry said with a grin.

“The entire school is going to think you’re the heir now,” Draco told him seriously, “What are you going to do?”

“Let them think what they want,” Harry said with a shrug, “I’m not the heir and I haven’t been around any of the attacks. I have hundreds of ghosts that will vouch for me for the first one and was at the party for the second. I have no fear of actually being accused by someone that matters.”

“What if they attack or something.”

Harry gave him a look, “If any of them raise a wand to me I’ll declare an official duel and wipe the floor with them. It should only take a couple times for the message to sink into their heads.”

“Their guardian could take the duel,” Draco pointed out.

“As can mine,” Harry said with a smirk, “Not many want to actually duel against Sirius Black.”

“There will be duels,”Severus told him, he pinched the bridge of his nose with irritation, “If they raise their wands to you protect yourself but do not duel.”

Harry pouted, “You take the fun out of it Severus.”

“I can not allow you to harm the students Harry. At least not on school grounds,”Severus told him, “Now leave. I will take care of the snake.”

“Thank you,”Harry told him with a grin.

Harry and Draco entered the common room to find the entire house waiting for them.

“What is this?”Harry asked.

“Your a Parseltounge. You are the heir,”Flint stated striding from the middle of the crowd.

Harry threw his hands up, “Did you miss that fact that I was no where near either of the attacks? I thought you were smarter than that.”

“Only the heir of Slytherin can speak to snakes. Everyone knows that,”A sixth year called out from the back of the room.

“Wizards all around the would have the ability to speak to snakes,”Harry told them shortly, “Which you all know. I am not the one attacking the students and if I was? There would already be several attacks on the Slytherins because you're starting to annoy me.”

“If it’s not you then who is it?”Pansy sneered from her coward position behind Flint.

Harry shrugged, “I have no idea,” the absolute truth, “Now don’t you all have better things to do?”

The group dispersed, some unsure glances thrown at Harry on their way out. Harry dropped on the couch in front of the fire and sighed, “This entire school is full of *idiots*.”

~~*

Harrys ability quickly made its way around the school and by breakfast the next morning everyone in the castle knew he could speak with snakes.

“Do you think if I shout ‘Boo’ they would scream?”Harry mused as he ate his breakfast.

Whether or not the students believed Harry was actually the heir he didn’t know but they did all keep their distance. Distrustful looks were thrown at him with every step he took and a handful of Hufflepuffs actually ran from him when he walked out of the dungeons. In front of him, across every table, was empty spaces.

“Probably,” Draco said, “We can test it later if you want. Find a group of Hufflepuffs.”

“Nah they are too easy. I’m thinking Ravenclaw or Gryffindor. Better payoff,” Harry said taking a drink of his tea.

“After classes, maybe we can get a group of both of them when they leave Charms.”

“I like the way you think.”

Harry never got the chance to test his idea.

Classes had barely ended when Severus found him walking down the hall with Draco, “The Headmaster is requesting your presence.”

Harry groaned and hoisted his bag over his shoulder, “Of course he does,” Harry muttered. He bid his friends goodbye and followed Severus.

Dumbledore's office door was already open when they made their way up the stairs. Dumbledore's desk with a disaster. Letters strewn about both opened and unopened. A large ledger was opened on the desk with red slashes through words all over the page.

“Ah there you are my boy. Please take a seat,” Dumbledore said ignoring Severus' presence.

Harry took the seat got comfortable before looking at Dumbledore. Harry kept his eyes averted over Dumbledore's shoulder and waited for him to start.

“I bet you're wondering why I called you up here,” Dumbledore said folding his hands in front of him on top of the open ledger, “As you know all students will be going home for Christmas this year.”

Harry nodded in agreement.

“Now Sirius has told me that he expects you to go to his house but you of course could make a different choice. I would like to talk to you about your other options.”

“What other options?” Harry asked curiously. He had a very good idea what the “options” might be and Harry was going to burst every bubble the man had.

“I believe you would be safer and have much more fun at the Burrow with the other Weasley children,” Dumbledore said with a smile.

“No thank you,” Harry said, “Ron is being very mean to me and I don't want to spend Christmas with him.”

“He's just having some fun,” Dumbledore dismissed with a chuckle, “No one really thinks you are the heir my boy.”

“Some do,” Harry said quietly, fishing his hands in his lap, “Sirius told me I could visit my friends during the break but I don't think I can spend the entire break somewhere else.”

“If you wanted to he would let you my boy. I believe it will be best you tell him that you will stay at the Burrow for Christmas,”Dumbledore said in a tone of finality.

“I’m sorry Headmaster but I won’t do that. I’m very excited to spend Christmas with Sirius and he is no longer staying with the Malfoys so I will be safe,”Harry told him apologetically.

“Oh? Did he say where the home was?”Dumbledore didn’t know that Sirius had moved to a new location. He needed to find out.

“No Sir. It’s a surprise for me.”

Dumbledore sighed, “I would like you to think about it my boy. It really would be for the best.”

“I’ll talk to Sirius about it sir,”Harry promised.

“Very well. You may go,”Dumbledore told him.

“Thank you sir,”Harry said.

The moment the door shut behind Harry he smirked. He would talk to Sirius about the option of a visit alright, but probably not in the way Dumbledore wanted him too.

~~*

A week before Christmas vacation there was another attack. Peeves, who Harry had finally tracked down and spoke with, was the one to alert everyone of the bodies. Harry and Draco had been walking to the Library and discussing Christmas when Harry felt the tell tale shiver of danger. The next moment they heard Peeves shouts. Sharing a quick look they ran along the corridor to the screaming poltergeist. Several other students from classrooms and other hallways met them just before they reached the area.

Peeves was screaming and swirling around the frozen bodies of Justin Flinch-Fetchley and a steaming Headless Nick. Eyes turned from the bodies to Harry, a few students taking an automatic step back.

Harry threw up his hands, “It wasn’t me! I wasn’t anywhere near here and I ran *with* most of you.”

A few students looked unsure and shared looks with their friends. Harry didn’t really care if anyone thought he was the heir, it was kind of amusing, but he also didn’t want this put on him as well.

“Are they dead?”Hannah whispered as she looked at her frozen classmate.

“Sir Nick is a ghost. Can he even die?” Another student whispered.

The sounds of heels clicking on the floor had the students turning to the opposite hallway. Lockhart and McGonagall were quickly making their way to the students gathered around. McGonagall let out a gasp as she took in Justin and Nick. She kneeled down next to Nick and examined him quietly.

“Ah if only I had been quick enough! I could have protected them both but alas I was writing a letter to Witch Weekly about my newest spread,” Lockhart said sending a smile to the students.

For once the girls didn’t swoon, the shock of petrified student and ghost still too new. Lockhart frowned for a brief moment before kneeling next to McGonagall, almost knocking her over. Harry quickly helped her stay up right and sent a glare to Lockhart, “Be careful! And get out of her way.”

“It’s okay Mr. Potter,” McGonagall said giving him a soft smile, “They have been petrified as well. Everyone go to your common rooms and stay there until further notice.”

McGonagall sent out a serious of Patroni to alert the other teachers in the building before bringing her wand to her throat, “*All students return to your common rooms immediately. Thank you.*”

Harry grabbed Dracos wrist and they quickly made their way to their common room. The news of Justin was spreading as quickly as the other students were running to their common room. By the time Harry and Draco met with the others in the common room a majority of the school knew and most of them were blaming Harry.

~~*

Dinner was served in the common room that night. The normal furniture had all been pushed to the very corners of the room, three long tables appeared in the middle of the room with just enough room for everyone to take a seat.

“What do you think is going to happen?” Blaise asked as they started their dinner.

The ministry and school governors have taken a larger role in the school since the visit from Amelia, Lucius and Sirius. Dumbledore has assured the public that he had a very good handle on the situation and there would be no other problems. With this new attack his popularity would be dropped even further.

“No idea,” Harry said as he slowly chewed his food. He swallowed before giving a grin, “Maybe we will get to leave early! That would be fun.”

“I hope not. Maman can’t get me until next week,” Blaise said with a frown.

“You can come with us if needed,” Harry offered, “Just don’t touch anything Sirius gives you. He’s been taking lessons from the twins.”

“Shouldn’t he be given the lessons?” Draco asked with a raised eyebrow.

“He said he’s been out of the game too long,” Harry said with a shrug.

Sirius was still in his prime and after an intense potions and health regime was in better shape now than he had been when he was originally arrested but he still missed a lot of action in the world. Fred and George were a breath of fresh air to him and he probably wrote to them more than he did to Harry. Harry didn’t mind however it was nice that they all had each other. Fred and George had an adult who genuinely cared about them and supported them in their ventures and Sirius had two teenagers who actually needed his support in a way Harry didn’t.

Severus swept into the room closing the door behind him with a snap. The students all placed down their utensils and goblets to give the man his full attention.

“It has been decided that the Christmas break will be starting early. Letters have already gone out to your parents in regards to the change. Tomorrow at noon the train will be arriving to take you to the station. If your parents are not able to pick you up on time or have not responded to our attempts by ten tomorrow you will be going to the manor until your parents can get you. Any questions?”

Harry raised his hand.

“Yes Heir Potter?” Severus asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Blaise will be coming with us until his mother can get him. We will send her a letter tonight,” Harry told him.

Severus nodded, “I will update the headmaster on the situation. Will this be okay Heir Zabini?”

“Yes Sir. My mother is close friends with the Malfoys she won’t have a problem with it,” Blaise told him.

“I will see you all tomorrow ready to leave by eleven in the Great Hall. Do *not* disappoint me with any tardiness.”

~~*

Harry, Draco and Blaise were waiting around the GreatHall promptly at ten thirty the next morning with the rest of their house.

“Hello Harry,” Luna said coming up next to him, “I will be going with you as well. Papa is still exploring the forest and will not be able to get me.”

Harry nodded, “Awesome. You can help me with something at the manor.”

“Harry,”Neville said running up to them. He leaned over and put his hands on his knees to catch his breath.

“Are you okay?”Harry asked concerned.

“Yeah...I...just...ran...from...tower,”Neville wheezed.

Harry placed his hand on Nevilles shoulder, “Breathe Neville.”

Neville took another moment before taking a deep breath and standing up.

“You good?”Harry asked with a frown, “Why did you run all the way down here?”

“The Gryffindors are furious and blaming you,”Neville told them. He moved and leaned up against the wall, “Ron has been talking all night and morning about how you're the heir and it's your fault that everything happened.”

“Bloody idiot,”Harry groaned.

“I agree but the others don't,”Neville told him, “They are planning on confronting you before we get on the train.”

“How far behind you do you think they are?”

“Twenty minutes or so. They won't come down without Ron and he didn't start packing until this morning,”Neville told them.

Harry nodded and leaned next to Neville as he waited. He had a few options and time to decide, if Ron was the deciding factor on them coming down he had much more than twenty minutes. He could just leave now and go to the station before the Gryffindors got there. Or he could just wait for them to come down and destroy them with logic....or spells probably. Logic wasn't really a Gryffindor forte.

It wasn't moments longer that Harry heard the sounds of footsteps on the stairs. Looking over he watched as members of the house came down the stairs to make a wall of people in front of him. Harry took note of the students. Ron had managed to convince most of the lower years but a few upper years were there as well. Fred, George and to Harry's surprise the other members of the Quidditch team moved to his side and leaned against the wall with him.

“Hey guys-,”Fred said.

“Having a good morning?”George finished.

“Yeah just relaxing before the train. You guys?”

“The house has been a bit louder than normal but not too bad.”

“HEY!”Ron shouted. He stood in the front with Hermione on one side looking at Harry in disgust and Seamus on the other side looking just as furious as Ron was. Ginny was behind Seamus and Ron staring at Harry.

Harry turned to him and raised an eyebrow, "Yes?"

"I don't know what you did to the others to trick them but we know the truth *Potter*," Ron snarled.

"The Truth?" Harry said confused.

"You're the Heir of Slytherin and the person attacking us!" Ron shouted taking a step closer.

"I'm not."

"You are. You're evil and have betrayed the light and good! No wonder you went into Slytherin you're just as slimy as they are," Ron told him. The students around him nodded in agreement.

"How?" Harry asked in a board tone.

"You tell us! You're an evil slimy bastard!"

"That will be fifty points Mr. Weasley," Severus said as he walked up behind the group of students, "There is no need for such language in these halls. What would your mother think?"

"But Professor," Hermione said.

Severus turned to face her with a frown, "Ten points for arguing with a teacher Miss. Granger. The carriages are outside I would suggest you go and find one."

"Let's go," Harry told his friends ignoring Ron and the rest of the students.

"We aren't done!" Ron said loudly, he pointed a finger at Harry, "I will prove that you're the heir."

"Good luck with that," Harry told him.

~~*

The train ride was blissfully quiet. Harry and his friends all took one compartment and played games as they took the long journey back to the school.

"I don't understand why everyone thinks Harry did it," Neville said with a frown, "Even before the Parseltounge thing Ron was going on and on about how you were evil and had to be the one to do it."

"I don't know really," Harry told them honestly, "He went from trying to be my friend to deciding I was evil over night."

“Some of it was Seamus,”Neville admitted, “He’s hated you since last year for not saving Dean.”

Harry looked at Neville in confusion, “What? How did he get that?”

“Ron told him at some point that you were the hero of the school so you should have been there. It stuck with Seamus I guess and he’s been saying a lot of rude things about you.”

“Bloody hell,”Harry spat, “I was eleven why would I go after a troll?”

Neville shrugged, “Don’t ask me mate.”

Harry groaned and flung his head back against the seat.

Harry had no idea that Seamus hated him. He was the one that took the longest to deal with the aftermath of the troll. Seamus had been quiet and withdrawn from everyone for most of the year. Harry knew from Severus that his grades dropped and he had to go to a mind healer once a week and that seemed to help. By the end of the year and for this year he acted like a normal kid. He also didn’t show in any way that he hated Harry. He didn’t glare at him or make any comments to him in hallways or the class. The only time they had any interaction was when Ron was stirring up the others.

“We will have to keep an eye on him,”Draco mumbled to Harry.

Harry nodded in agreement.

Beginnings of Necromancy

Chapter Summary

Christmas break has started and Harry gets a big surprise that starts his journey into Necromancy.

Chapter Notes

ello Friends!

I've had a few comments about Draco using 'Mudblood' so I'm expanding on that. He used it because she annoyed him. He's still Draco Malfoy. He doesn't want another war but he still believes he's better than muggleborns and doesn't like them much for various reasons. There will be more set up on it in later chapters I promise. But also he's still a berk.

Thank you for coming to my TED talk.

Lucius and Sirius had no problems transporting the two extra teens to the manor. Narcissa was already waiting for them when they arrived.

"Welcome to my home!" Narcissa said pleased. She kissed Blaise on the forehead and shook Lunas hand.

"Thank you. Your home is lovely ma'am," Luna told her staring around the house with her wide gray eyes. Her eyes caught onto the corner of the room and she tilted her head.

Blaise went to say something to her but Harry stopped him with a shake off his head. He didn't know what she was seeing but he could feel something in the air that gave him an idea.

"Dumbledore is at the Ministry with his concerns on Harry's placement," Luna told Harry.

Harry nodded and glanced at Sirius who shook his head, "There will be no trouble. Fudge is well aware of where my 'home' is and nothing Dumbledore says will change anything."

"That man," Narcissa said with a shake of her head, "Well. Blaise and Harry you two know where your rooms are. Luna you will be next to Blaise."

“Yes ma’am,”Luna and Blaise said.

“Dinner will be at seven but you may do what you like until then,”Lucius told them

“We will show you your room first Luna,”Draco said, “The elves will put all of our things in the rooms for us.”

Harry and Draco led Blaise and Luna up the stairs and to Dracos wing.

“Blaise is there,” Draco pointed to a door across from his, “Luna your there next. I’m across from Blaise and Harry will be across from you.”

“Oh will you not be sharing a room?”Luna asked confused, “The nargles say you sometimes sleep in my room together.”

Blaises eyebrows raised and he looked at the boys. Harry grinned and Draco turned a light pink before mumbling something and quickly going to his room and shutting the door behind him.

“He’s a bit shy still,”Harry told them, “And don’t tell anyone else that Luna.”

“You mean his parents? I won’t,”Luna promised.

“Isn’t it a bit early for you to be sharing a bed?”Blaise asked him amused.

Harry gave him a look, “It’s not really your concern Blaise.”

Blaise raised his hands,” I don’t even know what you’re talking about. What even is a bed?”

Harry grinned, “Exactly.”

~~*

The previous summer Lucius made Harry and Draco promise to not spend the night in each others room and they had agreed. If Lucius didn’t specify they couldn’t sleep together in other rooms, well that was his fault. He did raise a Slytherin after all. Harry wasn’t going to push it this Christmas vacation but that didn’t mean they couldn’t talk.

“Draco,”Harry whispered as he closed the door quietly behind him.

“Yeah,”Draco whispered back sitting up in bed and moving his covers showing a large book in his lap. He gave Harry a grin, “You took forever.”

“Your father was pacing the hall,”Harry said with a roll of his eyes, “He realizes our bodies are twelve right? We can’t even get it up if we wanted to.”

Draco wrinkled his nose, “Don’t be crass Harry.”

“I’m not wrong,” Harry said before slipping into the bed next to him and sighing, “Your bed is better than mine.”

“I’m the Heir,” Draco said with his nose upturned.

Harry laughed quietly and pushed Draco to the side, “I bet your mum would get me a new bed if I asked.”

“She would get you an entire room make over if you asked,” Draco said dryly. Narcissa had made it a personal challenge to give Harry the childhood he never had and was constantly making sure he had everything he ever needed.

“True,” Harry admitted, “So, Seamus?”

“Maybe,” Draco said with a frown. He pulled at the blanket in his lap, “Neville said he’s hated you since last year though. It doesn’t mean he has the diary.”

“He might have hated me last year but he was also lonely,” Harry pulled out a letter from the twins and Neville, “I had Dobby deliver a letter to the twins and Neville and wait for replies. According to them after the attack he didn’t really talk to anyone but Hermione and sometimes Neville. He was opening up more by the end of the year but still kept to himself. We don’t know why Dumbledore gave Ginny the diary, it might have been my connection to the Weasleys but it also might have been because she’s the youngest and he had already seen Ron’s inferiority complex and assumed it would be the same with her.”

Draco nodded in thought, “It would make sense.”

“Plus the diary does have an affect on you. Ginny was pale a lot and would get really weird but it was just looked past. It would be the same with Seamus.”

“And it would give him a place to vent about you when no one else would,” Draco pointed out, “Last year he might have hated you but no one else did.”

“Exactly.”

“So what do we do?”

Harry shrugged, “Unfortunately we need him to carry on for a bit until we can get to a place where Dumbledore will be removed.”

“He won’t stay gone,” Draco pointed out. Even with the hit to him he was still much too popular in the Wizarding World for it to last long.

“He doesn’t need to stay gone. It just needs to set our ground work,” Harry said.

The plan to remove Dumbledore from power was dependent on a lot of circumstances and Harry had refused to make a solid plan until this point. Not that he had much of a solid plan right now anyway.

“Who else is he set to attack again?” Draco asked wrinkling his nose, “I don’t really remember.”

“Course you don’t you little pureblood,” Harry teased, “Let’s see....Penelope Clearwater and Hermione. But that might change now.”

“It hasn’t so far,” Draco said, “Do you know if there a reason those specific people were selected?”

“They were muggleborn and in the right space at the right time,” Harry told him, “Ginny didn’t choose people she was upset with or anything as far as I know.”

“So for now we will work off the assumption that it won’t change. Now about Weasley. Do you think his change in attitude is weird.”

“No,” Harry denied, “Ron was always like that, he could flip his attitude to me in a heartbeat. He always let his jealousy and feeling that he was inferior override everything else in his mind.”

There had been so many times that Ron had pulled away when Harry would get even a hint of attention from others, and that wasn’t even counting the two times he completely abandoned Harry.

“So it’s not something we should really watch out for?” Draco questioned. Draco wasn’t really concerned with Weasley, they could handle anything he tried but from experience one could never underestimate their enemy.

“Ron is always someone we should watch out for but in this instance no. He will be trying to be my best friend again by the end of the year, if not the start of next.”

Draco’s next words were stopped by the sound of the door opening. Narcissa walked into the room with a soft smile, “It’s time for bed boys. Frankly I think you are able to make your own choices but the men in the house,” Narcissa rolled her eyes, “have different thoughts.”

“They do realize we are adults right,” Harry asked but still got up out of the bed and stretched.

“They will eventually,” Narcissa told them lightly, “Now you still look like children and it’s..difficult for them to look beyond your stature.”

Harry shrugged, he had no response for that. He understood them to a point but if they kept trying to control what he did there would be words.

Narcissa kissed Harry on the forehead and bid him goodnight. With a wave to Draco Harry left the room for his own.

To his surprise his room wasn’t empty.

“Luna?” Harry asked, “Is everything okay?”

Luna was standing in the middle of the room, her eyes locked onto the large window in his room.

“The nargles are quite insistent,”Luna said softly.

Harry tensed, “What’s going on?”

Luna turned her eyes to him, they seemed to close in the moonlight in an eerie way that caused a shiver to go down Harry spine, “They want to meet you.”

Harry relaxed instantly, “Oh. I don’t know how to do that.”

“I know. I’m going to help you,”Luna told him with a smile, “Come sit with me.”

Luna folded onto the ground gracefully, sitting with her legs crossed under her.

Harry followed her down and had a brief moment of regret for the sleep he knew he wouldn’t be getting tonight.

“Let’s get started,”Luna said with a sharp smile, “It’s going to be so fun!”

Yeah. Fun.

~~*

The next morning Harry had to drag himself to breakfast. Ignoring everyone at the table he sat in his seat and took a long drink of the coffee that appeared in front of him.

“Thanks Dobby,”Harry told the air. In response another cup of coffee appeared, bless that elf.

“Are you okay?”Draco asked with a raised eyebrow.

Luna bounced into the room and sat in her seat, “He’s just tired. I kept him up late last night.”

Sirius choked on his tea at her words, “What do you mean?”He wheezed.

Harry rolled his eyes and pounded on his back, with maybe more force than was needed, “The nargles told her it was time to start my training.”

“He’s very impressive,”Luna told them all, “He has a very strong connection to the after life. It shouldn’t be long until he is able to fully connect.”

“What will that do?”Lucius asked curiously from the head off the table. Knowledge of Necromancers was a closely guarded secret, no one knew the true length of their ability. Lucius himself thought it was mostly about brining the dead back.

“I will be able to pull spirits through and send them back. It’s also the first step to the Dark Lord problem,” Harry said as he started his breakfast. He missed out on running this morning, maybe he would go after lunch.

“There are steps to the Dark Lord problem?” Sirius asked surprised, “I thought you were just...going with it.”

Harry blinked at him, “Of course there is a plan. There is a plan for everything.”

“What is it?” Sirius asked.

Harry grinned, “Blaise is coming down.”

Blaise ambled into the room and stopped. Everyone was staring at him, Lucius and Sirius in slight frustration, Draco was smirking at him and Harry grinned at him in amusement. Luna was staring as well but Blaise wasn’t sure what was on her face.

“What? Am I late?”

Narcissa glided into the room after him and frowned at the table before turning to him, “No Blaise you’re not late.”

“Alright..” Blaise said slightly unsure before taking his seat next to Lucius.

“Your fine Blaise,” Harry promised him, “Ignore the old men. They are always grumpy in the morning, beauty sleep isn’t really working anymore.”

“Hey!” Sirius snapped, “I don’t need beauty sleep! I’m beautiful!”

Harry gave Blaise a sad look, “Their minds are also going. It’s such a shame.”

Sirius threw a napkin at Harry who laughed and caught it in the air, “Throwing at the table?”

Sirius opened his mouth but it quickly snapped shut when Narcissa gave him a glare, “Do not throw anything at my table Sirius Black! You are 33 years old! Act like it.”

“Yes Cissy,” Sirius grumbled.

Harry gave him a smirk before turning to Blaise, “Did you sleep well?”

“Always do,” Blaise said with a grin, “The beds in this manor are the best.”

“I agree,” Harry said with a nod.

“They are from Greece,” Narcissa told them, “There is a custom bed maker there that the family has used for many generations.”

“Are they wizards?” Harry asked.

“Most of them,” Narcissa told him, “Some are squibs but they are not sent from the family.”

“As they should,” Harry said with a nod.

Blaise gave him an odd look. Harry ignored him. The kicking out of squibs was disgusting in his opinion. No one should grow knowing they were kicked out of their family because they weren’t seen as ‘good enough’.

“I’m going for a run,” Harry said as he finished eating, “Anyone want to join?”

“I’ll pass,” Draco said with a wrinkle of his nose, “We are on holiday.”

“I’ll join you,” Blaise offered.

“Your going to regret that,” Sirius mumbled.

“Why?” Blaise asked him confused.

“Ignore them,” Harry told him, “They are being overdramatic.”

The grin on Harrys face waylaid his words however.

~~*

“Your right,” Blaise panted to Sirius as he laid on the ground in front of him, “I regret it.”

Sirius laughed and set down his paper. He and Draco had taken tea outside while the boys ran. Blaise started off strong, keeping up with Harry for the first mile at least. By the third however he started moving much slower and now, just after the forth, he had given up and collapsed in front of him.

Harry laughed as he ran by him and kept going for the rest of his miles.

“I used to run with him but gave up,” Draco told him, “It’s like he’s taking three pepper ups.”

Blaise agreed with a weak nod.

“He’s not done either,” Sirius told him, “After this he will go into his work out room and work out for a hour.”

“Then there is dueling training,” Draco said, “You can join that. It will be more up your alley.”

“Dueling training?” Blaise asked hopefully, “I can do that.”

“Just don’t duel Harry,” Sirius told him, “He will wipe the floor with you. No offense.”

“He only duels father and Sirius anyway,” Draco said waving at Harry as he ran by them again.

Blaise shivered. He had heard about the prowess of Sirius and Lucius in battle, he wanted nothing to do with that.

Blaise finally pulled himself off the floor and flopped into a seat. Grabbing a water from the table in front of him he took a long drink, "He does this every morning? He's got to be buff. Is he?"

Blaise directed the question to Draco who stared at him with wide eyes.

"I have no idea," Draco said scowling at him, "I don't watch him dress."

Blaise shrugged, "I didn't think you did but you share a room."

Sirius broke into laughter between them and shook his head as both boys turned to him. Draco glaring and Blaise in amusement.

Harry appeared and used a towel that appeared into his hand to wipe his face down, "What did you guys do to him?"

"I just asked if you were buff," Blaise said looking over at Harry, "So are you?"

Harry just gave him a look and adjusted to make sure his shirt was fully down, "I'm not a piece of meat."

When puberty really hit his friends it was going to be a pain. Especially Blaise if Draco's words were meant to be true about his bed hopping.

"I'll meet you guys in the dueling room in an hour yeah?" Harry asked them taking a quick drink of water.

"See you then," Sirius agreed.

Draco watched Harry walk away and couldn't help but wonder what exactly was hidden under Harry's shirt. Both him and Harry didn't really look at each other, their bodies were twelve and neither liked that fact. If anything it was more uncomfortable than anything and they had an unspoken pact to just leave it until they were older.

But if he was already buff now, what would he be like in 3 years?

~~*

Blaise watched Harry's training with his jaw dropped and terror in his heart. He knew Harry was powerful, he had seen his power in person when Harry took care of Flint at the beginning of the year. But this was something he would have never expected. Harry danced around the room as he dueled Sirius Black, who was terrifying in his own right, and was holding his own. Easily by the looks of it.

Blaise glanced over to Draco who was going over wand work with Lucius. He realized midway through last year that they were not what they seemed. He never told anyone of his suspicions, not even his mother, but every day he spent in their company solidified his thoughts. Theo and Daphne both thought they were more mature than several of their school mates but as a rule most Slytherins were. It was how they were raised really, to be independent and mature so handle all situations. You never knew when you would have to take over your family after all. But there was something...different about Harry and Draco.

Luna, who had been making flower crowns in the corner of the room, stopped what she was doing and looked directly at him. Her eyes brightened slightly and took on a sheen as she stared at him. Blaise couldn't look away as much as he desperately wanted to. His shields were strong and he knew she wasn't getting through to them but it seemed as if she was staring into his soul.

Luna tilted her head slightly and nodded as if listening to someone Blaise couldn't see. She gave him one last swipe of her eyes before turning her face to Harry. Blaise followed her eyes and watched as Harry released a spell before pausing and sending up a red flare into the air above him. Sirius instantly stopped the duel and stood up straight. Harry was looking at Luna intently, his head slightly tilted just as hers was before his head turned and he looked directly at Blaise.

Draco caught on to the act and looked away from his father. His eyes went between all three of them and he mumbled something to his father with a frown. Lucius frowned as well and replied something that had Draco shrugging.

Blaise felt unease shoot down his spine.

"Blaise," Harry said quietly, "We need to have a talk."

Harry's wand slipped back into his holster but it gave Blaise no comfort, he was sure Harry wouldn't need it if he really wanted to hurt him.

"I don't know if that's wise," Lucius hedged next to Draco.

"It's a good thing I didn't ask your opinion Lucius," Harry said without looking at him.

Lucius stiffened and Blaise watched on in confusion. Lucius was going to let Harry talk to him that way? What the bloody hell was going on?

Draco gave his father a look before moving to Harry and standing next to him, "Your sure?"

Harry nodded, "The nargles have spoken. He's necessary."

"Why?"

Harry looked at Draco and shrugged, "No idea."

"What is a nargle?" Blaise asked hesitantly.

"Spirits," Harry told him with a grin.

“Spirits?” Blaise asked skeptically.

“Spirits,” Luna confirmed.

Blaise looked at Sirius for help.

“Let’s all go sit in the Library. I want to sit down,” Sirius sighed.

“So let me get this straight,” Blaise said with a frown, “You two,” He pointed at Harry and Draco, “are from the future to help fix the Wizarding World. And Harry is a necromancer.”

They didn’t tell Blaise about the Master of Death situation or how they really were brought back in time. Just that they were from the future and Harry was learning Necromancy.

“Baby necromancer,” Draco corrected, “He can’t really do anything right now.”

“I’m learning,” Harry defended himself, “I’m getting much better. I don’t exactly have a manual here.”

“I wonder if you could get one,” Draco said thoughtfully, “Someone had to have written their works somewhere.”

Blaise hesitated slightly before raising his hand, “I have something that might help.”

Harry and Draco looked at him expectantly.

“My grandfather on my mother’s side. He was a well known necromancer in Italy. He left an entire vault of knowledge that can only be opened for ‘the one’. I don’t know if it’s you but you can try.”

“Sweet. Christmas in Italy,” Draco said rubbing his hands together, “I love Christmas in Italy.”

“Draco we already have plans,” Lucius said tiredly as he rubbed his temple.

“This is more important,” Draco argued, “Harry needs to learn how to control himself before he gets even more powerful and accidentally raises an army of inferi. He has quite a temper.”

“He’s right,” Harry admitted shapelessly, “I’m better at it now but I even this time I’ve had problems with accidental magic.”

“I think Christmas in Italy would be wonderful,” Narcissa said cutting in with a bright smile, “It’s been so long Lucius and none of our plans can’t just be adjusted to our property there.”

“We haven’t even talked to Blaise about interfering with his Christmas plans. He might just want to spend time with his mother,” Lucius said with a frown. He really didn’t want to go to Italy. Italian men were much more forward with Narcissa.

“I have no problems with it,” Blaise said, “Mother wouldn’t either. She would be very excited to meet another necromancer. She adored her Grandfather.”

“She can’t know about anything else,” Harry warned, “Only the necromancer part. How good are your shields?”

“I have necromancer shields,” Blaise admitted, “Mother does too. It was the only part of the bloodline to make it through.”

“Good,” Harry nodded.

“Necromancer shields?” Sirius asked looking between the boys.

“Necromancers have natural shields against intrusion. We still have to work on them to actually get them working but once we do it’s nearly impenetrable. It’s rumored it was given to them by death as they do work for him,” Blaise explained.

“I wish I had known that before I spent years working on my shields,” Harry said with a frown, “It would have been so much easier.”

“You didn’t always know?” Blaise asked him.

“Didn’t know until last year,” Harry told him honestly, “It was very unexpected.”

“That’s lame,” Blaise told him, “Who else knows about this?”

“Everyone in this room, Severus and the twins,” Harry told him.

The twins were fully brought into the fold shortly after Halloween when Harry decided their shields were strong enough. To say they were shocked was an understatement. Harry missed their shock, once it had worn off they asked question after question.

“Isn’t it dangerous to have this any people know?” Blaise asked. Time travel was not to be messed with at all. If anyone even hinted at it, Blaise shivered, he didn’t want to think about that they would do to Harry and Draco.

“Not really,” Harry shrugged, “We chose each person for a specific reason.”

“Except the twins,” Draco said, “They, like you, figured out something was weird.”

“Are you going to tell anyone else?” Blaise asked.

“We have no plans too. I think I’m going to just start obliterating anyone else who’s suspicious to be honest,” Harry told him. Everyone was chosen for a reason but even Harry thought they might have been pushing it at this point. It was still hard to wrap his mind around the fact that the twins know and support him.

“Isn’t that dangerous?” Blaise asked him.

“Probably but I will do whatever I need to do to keep us safe.”

~~*

Lunas father picked her up the night before they were set to go to Italy and Harry was kind of thankful for it because he was exhausted. She said the only true time to practice his powers was a tight when the moon was high in the sky, or something like that. Harry didn't pay much attention to that point if he was honest. So every night, for hours, they spent sitting on the floor in his room and meditating. Luna could only do so much for him really, just helping with his connection with the spirits that came so easily to her but it was a step up to the right direction.

"Is everyone ready?" Lucius asked as he held out a necklace that was to be their portkey. They were going to land in Blaise's family home in Italy, where the vault in question was located, and would meet with Blaises mother there before continuing to their own manor.

"Ready!"

Harry sent a quick prayer to Merlin before grasping onto the necklace. A sharp hook pulled from his bellybutton and he felt himself flying as they traveled through space.

"Now Harry!" Draco shouted.

Harry let go as he was told and felt the magic current carry him down gently instead of slamming him down as he was used to. Harry landed on his feet with everyone else and punched a fist in the air.

"Yes!"

A sultry laugh met their ears and they all turned to see Gabriella Zabini. Harrys eyebrows raised at the sight of the beautiful woman. Her olive skin seemed to glow and she had not a single blemish, her dress fit her voluptuous body perfectly and hugged her hips before falling into a silk red wave. Her face was regal and framed perfectly by her long chestnut hair. Harry didn't have to wonder how she got the many husbands she did have.

Draco glared at the look on Harrys face. Yes she was beautiful but really?

"You must be Heir. Potter," Gabriella said coming up and holding out her hand, "I have heard much about you. It's a pleasure to welcome you in my home."

Harry kissed her hand and gave her a smile, "It's my pleasure to be here ma'am. You are simply enchanting."

Gabriella laughed and patted his cheek, "Just as suave as your father before you."

"What about me?" Sirius asked cheekily as he pushed Harry out of the way and kissed Gabriellas hand, "I have missed you Gabby."

Blaise looked at them in disgust before looking at Draco and mouthing, “Gabby?”

“And I you Siri,” Gabriella said softly before giving the man a strong hug, “I am so happy to see you healthy. The twins would be so proud of you.”

Sirius gave her a sad smile, “I couldn’t say the same for you. Husband number seven was it?”

Gabriella gave him a sharp smile, “I’m working on eight.”

Blaise threw his hands up and pulled Sirius away, “I don’t know what’s going on here but no. I refuse to have Sirius Black as a step-father.”

Gabriella threw her head back and laughed, her neck arched perfectly, “Blaise darling that would never happen. Sirius could never handle me.”

“Nor would I want to try,” Sirius mumbled to Lucius who nodded in agreement. Gabriella was a force to be reckoned with and was just as terrifying as she was beautiful.

“Shouldn’t we get a move on?” Blaise asked with force nonchalantly. He didn’t care what they said, he didn’t want Sirius Black around his mother any more then he needed to be.

“Of course!” Gabriella said giving him an amused look, “It’s deep in the dungeons. Come on.”

“These are nice dungeons,” Sirius commented as they made the trek down into the dungeons. They had been walking for at least ten minutes but every step was well lit and the walls seemed to shine.

“Of course,” Gabriella said giving him a look, “We aren’t savages Black.”

The group paused as Harry froze on the steps and his eyes became slightly unfocused.

“You guys stay here,” Harry said quietly, “You can’t be down there when I do this.”

Draco shook his head and grabbed his arm, “What are you doing?”

Harry turned and smiled at him. He grabbed Draco’s hand and gave it a kiss, “The plans are in my trunk. If anything happens you will follow them to a T.”

Draco shook his head, his eyes wide with panic, “You’re not going down there if it’s dangerous Harry! The information isn’t that important.”

Harry held Draco’s face in his hands and leaned his forehead against his, the rest of the group looked away, “Draco this is more important than we ever knew. I *have* to do this.”

“What if something happens?” Draco whispered.

“I’ll come back,” Harry said simply, “I won’t let anything keep me away. Trust me.”

Draco shook his head lightly and squeezed his eyes tightly. He had felt fear many times in both of his lives but this was something he had never known. Terror climbed up his throat and threatened to suffocate him.

“Draco,” Harry whispered.

“Come back,” Draco whispered back looking him in the eyes, “Come back to me.”

Harry gave him a soft smile, “I’ll see you soon.”

Harry gave the rest of them a nod before continuing down the stairs by himself deeper down.

“Come,” Gabriella said going back up a few steps and tapping the wall with her wand in sequence. The bricks reformed and created an entrance into a small sitting room, “We can wait in here.”

“I’m staying on the stairs,” Draco said with a shake of his head, “The rest of you go.”

“I’ll stay with him,” Sirius said wrapping his arm around him. The others followed Gabriella silently into the room. Draco and Sirius both took seats on the stairs and stared down the staircase.

“He will be okay,” Sirius said quietly.

Draco didn’t reply. His hands tangled into his robes and a tear escaped down his face. He wouldn’t move from this spot until Harry was coming back up the stairs and if he never did? Draco will die on these stairs with him.

~~*

Harry slowly walked down the stairs carefully not daring to look back at Draco’s face. He knew he had to do this, his magic was pushing him to it, but the look on Draco’s face nearly made him stop. From one step to the other the tempter seemed to drop 30 degrees. Harry shivered and breathed out, watching his breath turn to steam in the cold air.

Why was necromancy so bloody cold.

The stairs came to an end at an old wooden door. It was at least ten ft high and five ft wide. The door looked heavy and solid and was engraved with thresholds hidden in ebony and a man in the middle wearing a long cloak and holding a scythe.

If this wasn’t the right door Harry would eat his shorts.

Harry hesitated in front of the door and looked over his shoulder at the stairs. Stairs had never looked so inviting in his life. Squaring his shoulders he took a deep breath and put his hand on the door.

Here goes nothing.

Harry's scream jolted Draco from his seat. Sirius quickly stood up and grabbed him before he could run down, "Draco stop. Harry said we had to stay here."

Draco gave up his struggle and nodded silently. Sirius sent a quick prayer up that it would all work out.

"Bloody Fuck," Harry spat as the door swung open, "You bloody bastard that was unnecessary."

A ghostly chuckle echoed through the room and Harry glared at the figure standing in front of a podium with a large book that was open. His robes were perfectly manicured but very old. His beard was perfectly trimmed with his hair pulled up in a low pony tail.

"It wasn't my idea," The ghost said holding its hands up.

"I'm sure," Harry said rolling his eyes, "So did I pass the test?"

"One of them," The ghost said with a nod of his head, "I will walk you through the rest of them. I am Master Zabini."

"Well met Master Zabini," Harry said with a bow.

"You may leave to say goodbye to your friends. You will be in this room for three days to undergo all of the tests and the ritual needed. Do you have a medallion?"

"I can get it," Harry said with a nod. Lucius had it locked up somewhere safe and to be completely honest Harry had forgotten about it.

"You will be back by nine," Master Zabini said with a nod before he faded from view.

Harry let out a sigh of relief and mumbled, "Draco was not going to be pleased."

"What do you mean you have to stay down there for three days?" Draco screeched.

"I'm only telling you what he told me," Harry told him calmly.

"How will you eat? Where will you sleep?"

"I don't know," Harry said, "He only told me to get the Medallion and that it would take three days."

"You could have asked," Draco grumbled.

“I’m sorry but I didn’t want to seem disrespectful,” Harry told him honestly.

“Grandfather would not have taken it lightly,” Gabriella said from the side, “Has he been down there the entire time?”

“I think he showed up when I did the first test,” Harry told her, “But I’m not sure. I’ll ask him.”

“Please do and give him my love,” Gabrielle said with a smile. She hoped he hadn’t been hidden all of these years, she would have loved to spend time with him.

“Here you go,” Lucius said as he came back into the room holding the Medallion in his hand, “I’m lucky I put it in that damn box or I would have never found it.”

“Thank you,” Harry said taking it into his hand, “I have until nine to be back inside the room.”

“Oh good! We can have dinner and I can get the rooms ready,” Gabriella said standing up. She brushed her dress off with her hands and gave them a smile, “That is if you’re staying of course?”

“We are staying,” Draco said without hesitation.

Lucius and Narcissa nodded in agreement, they wouldn’t dare take Draco away right now.

“Can I ask you a question?” Harry asked Gabriella, “You don’t have to answer if it’s offensive.”

“Of course dear.”

“He’s your grandfather but Blaise shares the same surname with you,” Harry hedged. How did you ask someone if they married a family member anyway?

“Harry,” Draco hissed, “You don’t ask those things.”

“It’s okay Draco. Blaise has my maiden name,” Gabriella told him, “His father insisted on it because he was a third son and could not offer any heirships.”

“Oh okay. Sorry if I offended you I was just curious,” Harry told her.

Gabriella waved her hand, “The Wizarding World is full of family members who have intermarried. The Zabini have never subscribed to that notion, even if we had to pull people from other countries.”

Probably for the best, Harry thought.

~~*

“Welcome back,” Master Zabini said as he appeared in front of Harry.

The wooden door behind Harry slammed shut, the heavy thud echoing around the room.

“Are you ready?” Master Zabini said holding out his hands.

Harry swallowed, “Ready.”

Harry walked forward held out the medallion. Master Zabini took it in his hands and examined it closely, “Do you know who the last owner of this was?”

“No,” Harry said with a shake of his head, “I saw it in a shop and just knew I had to have it.”

Master Zabini nodded his head, “It belonged to your ancestor Aldrich Peverell. Given to him by his master after he caused the destruction of an entire village.”

“I read about that in his journal,” Harry said with a frown, “It couldn’t be a coincidence that I saw it in the shop.”

“Life rarely has coincidences apprentice Peverell. If that medallion was meant for you then it would have made sure to find its way to you.”

“That’s not creepy at all,” Harry muttered.

“Necromancy has a tendency to be...creepy. Now stand in front of me,” Master Zabini said putting the gold chain in his hands. Harry walked in front of him and knelt down. Master Zabini placed the medallion around his neck and Harry let out a shiver. The necklace felt as if it was made of ice and slowly absorbed into his chest.

“Uh was it suppose to do that?” Harry asked nervously.

Master Zabini snorted, “Yes. Once it is no longer necessary it will remove itself, at that time you will wear it as a normal medallion.”

“Will I ever not wear it?” Harry asked him as he felt his chest. It was bloody weird to know a medallion was in him.

Master Zabini brought out the medallion hidden under his robes, “It will most likely be buried with you. Some however will hide theirs in personal places if they feel another generation will require it. Aldrich Peverell disappeared from his body shortly after his death, it was thought to be missing for years.”

“What do you think happen to it?” Harry asked him curiously.

“We are all under death’s domain and he makes our rules,” Master Zabini said cryptically.

“How-“

“I don’t know how much he truly knows but Ive always thought him...omnipotent. He knows and sees all. Future, Present and past. Now,”Master Zabini swiped his hand and the lights around the room went out. Moonlight filtered through a small hole in the ceiling Harry didn’t notice before. The light illuminated Master Zabini and Harrys face, casting the rest of the room into a deep darkness.

“You have been working with a Seer. She has given you a good start and your meditations have been extremely sufficient as well,”Master Zabini said softly looking down at Harry, “What is done in this room will remain a secret for the rest of your life. No one will be allowed to know until you gain an apprentice yourself, if you ever do.”

“Yes,”Harry told him seriously. He doubted he would ever have an apprentice but would take the information to his grave.

“When the days are over, if you have passed all of the trials and survive, I will remain your Master until I believe you are ready to shed the title of apprentice and become a full fledge Master. Do you agree to these terms?”

“I do Master,”Harry swore. Harry was concerned, he was doing something extremely dangerous and it could very well end his life. But it didn’t beat the excitement was coursing through Harrys veins like a car on a speedway.

“Let’s get started,”Master Zabini said with a smile that was sharp and deadly.

It should have scared Harry, but all it really did was shoot up his excitement.

~~*

“What do you think he’s doing?”Draco whined at breakfast on the second day of their stay. Harry had been locked inside of the room for 35 hours and Draco was getting more nervous every minute that passed.

“I don’t even want to know,”Blaise said queasily, “I tried to find some information about the induction ceremony but the only things I found were..disturbing.”

“And most likely true,”Sirius told him pointing his fork at him, “I had a great uncle who tried but never made it through all three days. He wouldn’t talk about what was happen but whenever it was mentioned he would turn pale and ran away.”

“How far did he make it?”Blaise asked curiously.

“Less than a day,”Sirius said, he suddenly grinned, “according to my aunt Cassandra he it really took him down a few pegs. Said he was completely unreasonable before it happen. She never could stand him.”

“I miss Casandra,” Gabriella said with a sad smile, “She taught me many a great lessons.”

“Lessons in what?” Blaise asked curiously.

“Great Aunt Cassandra was an expert in poisons,” Sirius said with a smirk.

Blaise, Draco, Lucius and Narcissa all looked over at Gabriella who gave a shark like grin, “As I said. Lessons.”

~~*

“Is it suppose to look like that?” Harry asked Master Zabini.

The small rabbit he had reanimated was hopping around just just as a normal rabbit would but had places of gleaming white bone sticking out where the skin didn’t quite reach.

“It’s normal for a beginner,” Master Zabini said watching the small rodent, “It’s honestly quite good. My first rabbit was missing its ears and had much less skin.”

“It’s kinda cute,” Harry said with a smile. He crouched down and reached out to the rabbit. It bounced to him and sniffed his hand before allowing him to pet it.

“You can keep it as a pet if you would like. You have enough magic to keep it reanimated for as long as you would like. I could also show you how to have your medallion hold the magic for you,” Master Zabini told him with a shake of his head. Harry wouldn’t be the first apprentice to keep a reanimated project, but he would probably be the first to keep it up for longer than a few weeks.

“Nice,” Harry said, “I want to do that. Draco will love him.”

Well Draco would love him eventually.

“You are doing much better than I had originally assumed,” Master Zabini said as he stroked his beard slowly, “The next test will be to bring a soul back from the after life and make them corporal. You have already shown that you can bring souls back and send them away. This will be the next step.”

Harry shivered at the reminder of the soul he forced to move on. The man did not want to leave and put up a large fight to stay on this plain, it was a very uncomfortable experience. Master Zabini assured him that it would be easier when they did want to leave.

“Can I ask something?” Harry asked him.

“Of course.”

“How much more to necromancy is there? I feel like I’ve done everything I’ve already heard of.”

Master Zabini gave him a lazy grin, “There is so much more than you have ever known Apprentice Peverell. We are just covering the basics right now. The ritual will give you a much better insight to what your true capability truly is.”

“That’s...concerning,” Harry said with a hard swallow. He was extremely grateful for this opportunity but he has already touched more dead things than he had ever wanted to.

“You will get used to it,” Master Zabini assured him.

“Right,” Harry clapped his hands together, “So who am I making corporal.”

“Me,” Master Zabini said spreading his arms out, “Be careful to not banish me. You will have no other Master.”

Bloody Hell.

~~*

“Is it time yet?” Draco asked as he bounced on the staircase. He was on the same stair Harry had left him on and was extremely impatient.

The last three days had been the longest days of his life. It didn’t help that no one had any idea what he was doing in that room with a bloody ghost. His only word of hope was the letter that he received from Luna that told him Harry was okay.

The sound of a heavy door opening sounded though the staircase followed by Harrys laughter. Draco sagged in relieve before stiffing in anger. How dare he laugh when Draco has been worried sick!

“Draco!” Harry called running the last few steps to give him a hug.

Draco returned it tightly before jumping back in horror, “What is that!”

“I named him Bunnymort,” Harry said with a grin holding out the half decomposed white rabbit.

“Oh dear,” Narcissa said softly, her hand clutching at Lucius.

Lucius and Sirius looked green while Blaise stared at Harry in horror. Gabriella however laughed delightedly and held her hand out for the rabbit to sniff, “He’s gorgeous! Was this your first try?”

“Yes!” Harry said, “Master Zabini said it was very good for a first try.”

“Well are you doing with it,” Draco asked in disgust.

“He’s my new pet. Plus it’s going to be used as a kind of test. Master Zabini is curious for how long I can keep it going even being at Hogwarts.”

“It can’t come with us!” Draco squeaked.

“Of course not,” Harry told him as if he was crazy, “He’s going to stay at the manor while I’m at Hogwarts.”

“Merlin,” Lucius whimpered, “Your not serious?”

“Of course I am. You don’t even need to feed him or anything, he won’t be a bother,” Harry promised.

“Mother,” Draco whined, “Tell him he can’t keep that thing.”

“Draco,” Harry frowned. He put the rabbit next to his face and right on que the rabbit turned its big eyes on Draco. Harry widened his eyes and looked at him as well, “You’re really going to turn this face away?”

“Harry he’s missing half his face,” Draco hissed before sighing, “Fine but it’s staying in your room and if it touches *anything* of mine you're responsible for replacing it.”

“So what did you have to do anyway?” Blaise asked jumping lightly on the stair.

“You don’t want to know,” Harry told him darkly.

Blaise opened his mouth to comment that he did in fact very much want to know but was cut off by Sirius, “Blaise he’s holding a half dead rabbit. Trust me, none of us want to know.”

“He’s very sweet,” Harry assured them, “Now can I eat something? I’m starving.”

~~*

“So can I ask you what you learned?” Draco asked later that night.

Bunnymort was bouncing around the floor and sniffing the corners of the room that Harry had been settled into. Gabriella gave them an adjoining room with a wink out of Lucius and Sirius watchful eyes.

Harry let out a breath, “Yeah I can tell you what I learned just not how I learned it or how I do it.”

“Well?” Draco asked impatiently. He was sitting in the middle of Harrys bed keeping his feet clear off the ground. He was still freaked out by the rabbit regardless of what Harry said. It

was creepy.

Harry threw himself on the bed and laid next to Draco, “I can now reanimate small things animals and magical creatures. Nothing large then a dog or so but eventually I can do large things like Dragons. I can call spirits from the after life and talk to them without causing them pain with the ring but I can use the ring as a focal point to pull them if needed. We will be working on more of the ring at a later time. I can also send ghosts to the after life, both when they want to and when they want to fight it. Master Zabini told me ghosts will come to me for release when they are ready.”

“That could be a problem,” Draco mumbled, “Imagine the look on Dumbledores face if a ghost just appears in front of you at dinner.”

Harry laughed, “They won’t come to me when I’m in public. I can also make them corporal for a certain amount of time but we aren’t sure how long because I’m a special case.”

“Can you create infer?” Draco asked laying next to him and hugging a pillow to his chest.

“An army,” Harry confirmed, “It’s really a lot easier than you would think.”

“If you say so.”

“The hardest part is pulling the souls into the bodies but after a while that becomes second nature,” Harry told him, “Now for the best news.”

“What is it?”

“I can pull the horcruxs from their vestals and force them into a single soul,” Harry grinned.

“How do you do that?”

“I have no idea. Master Zabini said I had to wait to learn it until I had a better handle on my gifts.”

“When will that be?”

“Couple years at least,” Harry said with a frown, “Maybe sooner depending on how well I do.”

“Well we have hope.”

“That we do. Now I haven’t slept in three days so be quiet.”

.

.

.

.

“Potter don’t put that thing in the bed!”

~~~

His skeleton will I stay in the Chamber forever

Chapter Summary

Christmas break is over and the trouble at Hogwarts is just beginning.

Chapter Notes

Sorry I'm so late my doves! I got abducted by Aliens and I had to teach them the thriller dance before they let me go. Also, the wifi in space? Horrible.

--Also, is this the best chapter, no. I couldn't get it perfect and I figured what the hell I can always edit it later.

-Enjoy!

The rest of Christmas flew by. Between training with Master Zabini, spending time with Draco and Blaise, extra training with Gabriella (who offered when she found out about the other training) that Harry almost regretted because that woman was vicious but Draco took to her training like water, Harry sometimes forgot how vicious he could be when he needed, and just general Christmas festivities with the rest of the family Hadrian barely had time to think. It was one of the best Christmas's he had ever been apart of and the last thing he wanted to do was go back to Hogwarts.

"Remind me why we can't just take an aging potion and not go back?" Harry groaned as he laid on the floor of his and Draco's bedroom at Zabini manor. Technically it was Harry's room but they had used the door between their rooms religiously. Draco had become quite needy after Harry's tests.

Draco paused from his packing and looked down at him with a raised eyebrow, "It would be too suspicious and we need the connections we can build now."

"Why do you have to be so...so..."

"Reasonable?" Draco said warily.

"Yes! That!"

Draco rolled his eyes and closed his trunk with a snap before going to Harry's to organize it. Opening the trunk he let out a wounded sound, "You are 29 years old and you still can't pack a trunk."

"Excuse me. I am twelve. It says so on my birth certificate and everything," Harry said with a sniff before sitting up and glancing at his trunk. It wasn't that bad, he had managed to make everything fit and it closed. He counted that as a win. Draco however was a perfectionist and if it wasn't perfect he tended to get twitchy.

"Twelve my arse," Draco mumbled already elbow deep in the trunk and throwing things to the side so he could properly fix it.

Harry grinned down at him and turned onto his stomach and rested his chin on his folded arms, "I'm only a disaster to make you feel useful."

"Prat," Draco snapped at him with a smile pulling at his lips, he refused to smile, "What are you going to do about that thing."

Harry looked over to Bunnymort who was sleeping so close to the fireplace he was almost in it.

"He's staying here until summer. Gabriella insisted."

"I'm sure father is thankful," Draco said with a snort. Draco may not like the blasted rabbit but his father still ran from any room that it hopped into.

"You would think it was ravenous or something," Harry said with a laugh.

Draco hummed in agreement before putting the last of Harry's things away and closing the chest with a snap, "We are ready."

Harry groaned and flopped back onto his back, "I don't want to go back."

Draco rolled his eyes and laid next to Harry, laying his head on Harry's arm, "Me either but next year we can do our OWLS early."

Lucius provided this nugget of information a while ago, one they are thirteen they officially are able to take their OWLS if wanted. One they were done they could leave Hogwarts and do what they wanted, including their NEWTS.

"We still need Dumbledore's permission," Harry said lowly, "He might give it to you but I doubt he will give it to me."

"You can petition the Board of Governors and they will agree," Draco pointed out.

"I know but if we leave early we will miss some of the connections that we could make."

Draco frowned in thought.

"Boys! It's time to go!" Narcissa's voice called out magnified through the manor.

“Let’s go,”Harry said with a pout.

Draco rolled his eyes and pushed Harry lightly. Harry pushed him back before they left the room pushing each other the entire way.

~~~

As Luna told Harry before, “some things can’t be changed” and it seemed the creation of Polyjuice potion in the girls bathroom was one of them. When Crabb and Goyle took seats next to Harry and Draco they got a raised eyebrow and Harry]was confused. While outside the common room Crabb and Goyle followed Harry and Draco around inside the room they had almost no contact.

“Yes?”Harry asked slowly.

“Uh..”Goyle elbowed Crabb.

“It’s cool the chamber is open huh,”Crabb said looking at them.

Ah, Harry knew what was happening now.

“Not really,”Harry said as he looked between them. He looked over their shoulder to a portrait of a past Slytherin who gave a nod and left his frame.

“I’m still wondering who’s behind it,”Draco said absently.

“You have some idea don’t you?”Crabb pressed.

“You know we don’t. If we did we would have told the Aurors, at this rate the school is going to close,”Harry said with a shake of his head.

“But-“

Crabb words were cut off as the passage to Severus office opened up and he stepped into the room, his cloak swirling around his ankles.

“Mr. Crabb, Mr.Goyle come with me,”Severus said to the polyjuiced students.

“Err..Why?”Goyle said nervously.

All eyes in the room turned to the duo and looked at them suspiciously. No one was so disrespectful to their head of house. Not even those two idiots.

Severus raised an eyebrow at the two,”Excuse me? You will be serving detention with Filch for the disrespect of your head of house. Now come!”

Severus turned sharply and went back into the passage pausing slightly in as he waited for the other two. Goyle and Crabb looked at each other nervously before getting up and following Severus into the hall. As soon as the passage closed behind them everyone gathered around Harry and Draco.

“What was that?” Blaise asked, the only one brave enough to ask.

“I suspect it wasn’t actually Crabb and Goyle,” Harry said idly.

“What do you mean?” a fifth year girl, who’s name Harry never bothered to learn, asked.

Harry shrugged, “Don’t know. Now I’m going back to my work. I suggest you all do the same.”

Draco snorted as the students around them almost ran in their effort to get away, “That will never be funny.”

Harry sent him a smirk and lost himself in his book, Severus would tell them what happen later.

~~*

“Harry, Draco. Follow me,” Severus said later that night after Dinner. Crabb and Goyle had yet to come back to the room and rumors were running in the house. Students watched in jealousy as Harry and Draco followed Severus knowing they were going to be told what happen.

“So?” Harry asked when comfortable in Severus office.

“Twenty minutes after being in the office the polyjuice faded. Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger were revealed. Unfortunately Albus found the act impressive as Granger had created the potion they used. I was able to remove fifty points each for the act and another twenty-five for breaking in and stealing ingredients from the cupboard but Albus stopped any further punishment and gave them both twenty-five points back, each,” Severus said with a growl. Dumbledores favoritism of the Gryffindors would never end and it was definitely a sore spot for the man.

“And the real Crabb and Goyle?” Draco asked.

“Found in a storage closet on the first floor. Both had been potioned with sleeping draft and are sleeping it off in the hospital wing to make sure they will be okay,” Severus told him.

Harry hummed and looked around the office, “We need a story for the house. Everyone knew something was wrong when they sat with us and questioned us as soon as you left.”

“Do you have a suggestion?” Severus asked with a raised eyebrow.

“The truth,” Harry said leaning forward into his seat, “It won’t leave the house so it doesn’t really matter.”

“Should it leave the house?” Draco asked looking between them questioningly.

“What would that accomplish? other than giving Granger props for being able to brew the potion,” Harry asked, his full attention on Draco. Who, in Harry’s humble opinion, was looking absolutely adorable today.

“If we get the information out first it will stop them from twisting it to something else. I doubt they will tell the truth, gaining access to anyone’s house like that is a big no no.”

“In that case I have a better idea of who can spread the rumors,” Harry said with a grin, “The twins.”

It didn’t take long for the story of Ron and Hermione sneaking into the Slytherin house to be around the school. While some, mostly Gryffindors the one’s who weren’t furious about the loss of house points, fell for their sob story of just trying to help and get evidence that Harry was the heir of Slytherin most of the school was offended at what they did and made sure that they couldn’t be polyjuiced. The fact that they didn’t even get any evidence also concreted the fact that it probably wasn’t Harry because he would obviously have his friends in on it.

Ron and Hermione were so embarrassed about the whole thing they had been avoiding Harry since. So it wasn’t so bad.

~~*

By the beginning of February there had been no more attacks and they were no closer to figuring out who had the diary. Harry could feel something would happen soon, like a buzzing in the back of his head that never ended. He spent more time carefully listening to the walls for any hint of Basilisk activity but even there it was silent.

“You know last time Ginny tried to drown the diary and I found it in a bathroom. That would have made things so much easier,” Harry commented as he and Draco did their work in the den. Every few minutes a pop and a puff of smoke sounded from where the twins were bent over a table. Harry was waiting for it to go arse up.

“Why?”

“She was scared. She started having missing time, found red paint and chicken feathers on her clothes and she started to feel tired and weak. She figured it had something to do with the Diary so she ditched it. When she found out I had it she stole it back worried the diary would tell me what she wrote,” Harry told him. He twirled his quill between his fingers as his finished essay started to dry.

“Right. Hagrid chickens were killed, why not this time?”

“They are dead,” Fred said from the table, “He was inconsolable for days.”

“We didn’t hear about that,” Harry said giving them a look.

“Didn’t think much of it,” George said apologetically.

Harry waved them off, “I should have told you what to look for.”

“Has there been anything else?” Draco asked.

“Nope,” George said with a shrug, “Not in Gryffindor at least or Hufflepuff.”

“What no connection in Ravenclaw?” Harry teased.

“We *had* one but Fred messed it up,” George said giving his brother a side eye.

“That was not my fault!” Fred denied, “I didn’t even know they were friends and nothing even happen! Birds are just too sensitive.”

Harry and Draco stared at him before looking at each other and just shook their head.

“What?” Fred asked.

“You will understand one day,” Harry teased.

“Am I being picked on right now?” Fred asked George who nodded his head.

“Well that’s just rude,” Fred huffed.

Fred turned back to his and George’s project to continue whatever they were doing. Before George could join back there was a much larger pop and the area filled with smoke, George quickly dispersed the smoke. Fred stood there with his eyebrows up in surprise or he had where his eyebrows were supposed to be raised up.

“Merlin,” George choked through his laughter.

“What?” Fred asked patting his face. The moment he reached where his eyebrows were supposed to be his jaw dropped and he started patting the area before whining, “Nooo.”

The others dissolved into laughter as Fred started begging for someone to help him fix it.

~~*

“Harry,” Severus said calmly as he walked into his and Draco’s dorm, “You need to come with me.”

“Do I really?” Harry whined.

Lockhart, in true form, caused havoc on Valentines day. Pink hearts, streamers and dwarfs running around the school giving poems and notes. Unlike last time Harry had many more dwarfs coming for him then just the single one Ginny sent him last time. Once well placed curse later they avoided him. The moment classes were over he and Draco took cover in their common room and later their dorm before Draco went to talk to Severus about something.

Wait.

“Where is Draco?”Harry asked.

“Come with me,”Severus said not giving him an answer.

Harrys stomach dropped. All he could think was *not Draco* as he ran past Severus taking every short cut he knew to get to the hospital wing in minutes. Harry threw the doors open and ran in only to come to an abrupt stop. Draco was laying on a bed, a grayish tint to his skin as he looked up with open and unseeing eyes, his mouth opened just slightly. Harry felt a rage come over him and he fought to squish it down and not make it obvious. Madam Pomfrey and Dumbledore had been standing next to the bed speaking quietly, they turned to look at him as he walked slowly to Dracos side, his eyes taking in every detail.

“How did you get here so fast,”Severus said as he stepped out of Madam Pomfrey office brushing soot of his robes.

“What happen?”Harry asked him, he lifted his hand to Draco face and brushed his hair away from his forehead frowning at the coldness that radiated from his body. The moment he touched Draco his rage turned into something else. A fury like he had never known filled him and the need to kill was so strong he was willing to throw the few morals he had left out the bloody door. He didn’t care about the rest of this school, they could have all been a snake snack for all he cared but attacking Draco? Whoever Riddle was controlling could consider their life over. He would take every thing from them until they were wishing for death.

“He was found in the hallway by my office,”Severus told him.

Harry nodded,”Lucius?”

“I have sent him an owl but I intend to fireball him as soon as possible,”Severus told him. He came up to Harry and rested a hand on the boys shoulder,”the mandrakes will be done shortly and we can give him the potion.”

“I realize this is concerning my boy but as Professor Snape said the mandrakes will be done soon,”Dumbledore said with a reassuring tone, “For now however there isn’t much we can do but we will keep Mr. Malfoy comfortable. I believe for now it would be best for you to make your way back to the dorms with everyone else. Severus if you would escort Mr. Potter back to the dorms.”

Harry slowly raised his head to look at Dumbledore, his face calm and collected not showing a hint of his true feelings,”Of course Headmaster.”

Severus kept his hand on his shoulder as he lead him from the hospital wing with one last look back at Draco. Instead of heading to the stairs that lead to the dungeons Harry instead went straight before taking a left. Severus frowned as he followed him until they came to the entrance of Dumbledores office.

“Open it,”Harry told Severus.

“I don’t-“

The tip of Harrys wand was pressed under Severus chin before he could complete his sentence,”I wasn’t asking. Open the fucking office Severus.”

“Mars bars,”Severus quickly said to the statue that guarded Dumbledores office. The moment the griffin started to turn Harry was already on the stairs and made his way up. Severus hesitated for a moment before following him up. Harry entered the office with full confidence and flicked his wand absently to bind the picture of previous headmasters. His steps were soundless in the quiet office as he made his way behind Dumbledores desk. Harry looked at the sword on the wall for a moment before grabbing it, the sword of Gryffindor warmed in his hand for a moment accepting his grasp. Fawkes let out a trill and lifted his wings a couple times.

“It won’t be necessary but I will be telling him you provided it to me,”Harry told the Phoenix and left the office, he flicked his wand as the door shut to reactivate the frames.

“What are you doing?”Severus asked his eyes locked to the sword that was now held tightly in Harrys hand.

“This is ending now,”Harry said shortly,”Go and tell Lucius what happen immediately. Tell him I expect him to be here with either mature Mandrakes or Mandrake draft before tonight. I don’t bloody care what he has to do to get them but he will have them here. Also contact Madam Bones so she is fully aware I doubt Dumbledore has let her know anything. Do you understand?”

“Yes,”Severus said not daring to disagree.

“Good. Now go,”Harry said before walking directly through a painting.

Severus raised an eyebrow and poked his head through the painting to find a short hallway that had steep stairs at the end. Well that explained some questions, just how many secret passages did Harry know about? Shaking his head Severus moved away and started making his way through the hallway to the stairs to do as Harry bid. He knew the boy was powerful and was coming into his true Slytherin self but Severus had never felt scared of the child until tonight. Harrys magic was leaking from him, angry and sharp, Severus would not want to be at the end of his wand right now.

~~~

Harry didn't pause going into the second floor girls bathroom. Myrtle flew out from a toilet and looked at him curiously, "Master Peverell."

"If anyone comes in here before I come back I was not here."

"Of course."

Harry turned to the sink and hissed **Open**.

The sink opened and Harry jumped into the tunnel hissing **close** as he fell down the tunnel. The sound of the sink grating as it went back to place was lost as Harry's feet hit the water at the end of the tunnel. Harry waved a hand to dry and clean his clothes and another wave to create a scabbard that he slipped the sword into it before marching out, he didn't take a moment to stop as he opened all of the doors on the way to the chamber slipping through as soon as the opening was large enough.

The chamber was empty when he stepped fully into it, his footsteps echoing loudly in the cavern. Taking a quick look around he threw his cloak over him and stood off to the side of one of the large carvings and waited. Every moment that passed his fury abated just enough for him to think. Harry pulled out a simple black journal, an exact copy of the Horcrux, a jagged hole was already in the diary and it had leaked black ink through it, Harry brought out his wand started casting spell after spell that he had learned both from the Malfoy library and Master Zabini, when he was complete he looked at the diary and tested it. The diary glowed and felt as a ruined horcrux, with that done he thought of the plan that he and Draco had come up with. They decided to use this opportunity to gain the Diary and convince Riddle to wait until Harry could bring him back safely. If he disagreed Harry would just kill him. At this point he hoped Riddle wouldn't listen so Harry would have something to kill.

An hour later Harry heard footsteps coming from the hall and watched calmly as Seamus walked into the chamber, his robes and hands were stained red. Seamus' eyes were a blood red as he walked smoothly to the middle of the room where he gasped and fell to the floor the diary falling next to him. The diary opened and the pages shuffled before it glowed a bright gold and Riddle appeared ghostly next to it he slowly solidified until he was opaque. Harry blinked, when he opened his eyes he was able to see the tether that connected Seamus' soul and life as it slowly drained and connected to Riddle, he had a brief thought that this happened sooner than it did previously but he had no idea how much Seamus was actually writing in the diary or how willing he had been for Riddle to take over.

Harry removed his cloak as he summoned the diary into his hand. Riddle turned quickly and sneered as he caught sight of Harry.

"Harry Potter I presume?"

"Tom Riddle," Harry replied, "Or Voldemort, whatever you call yourself now. Also, just so you know, "Flight of Death" and an anagram? That's pretty lame mate."

“How dare you,” Riddle hissed, “I am Lord Voldemort, I will not be spoken to in such a way!”

“You a wrath floating around Albania and surviving by possessing snakes. Excuse me while I shiver in my boots,” Harry said sarcastically, “You also got beat by a fifteen month old. I wouldn’t be so high and mighty if I were you.”

“Yes, beat by a baby. Hard to believe..especially seeing you in person,” Riddle said as if disappointed, “Seamus told me all about you. Supposedly beating me as a child but mediocre at best in school. You gained the allegiance with the Malfoy heir, I would congratulate you but I’m assuming the heir isn’t as wise as his grandfather had been. A true Malfoy would never side with such an upstart.”

“Yeah yeah,” Harry said dismissing his words with a wave of the diary. Riddle’s eyes focused back onto the diary before giving Harry a smirk.

“You have been accused of being the Heir of Slytherin, allow me to show you the true power of the Heir of Slytherin!” Riddle sneered.

Harry had no desire to kill the basilisk so he decided to just skip over that part. He held up the diary with one hand as his other hand conjured a bright flame that swirled in a fiery swirl, begging to be used.

Riddle paused and raised an eyebrow, “You can attempt to burn it but it will not change your fate. Or the fate of this child. I will soon be at full power.”

Harry raised an eyebrow and flexed the hand holding the fire. The fire rose to form the full shape of a fiery serpent.

“Fiendfyre,” Riddle breathed, his eyes widened before flicking to his diary briefly.

“Yep,” Harry said cheerfully.

“That is an extremely dark spell for someone so light.”

Harry let out a chilling laugh, “You learned about me from Seamus. He knows nothing about me or what I’m capable. I am more than capable of controlling this fire the only person with better control would be Draco but of a pyro that one is. Now. We are going to have a talk and if I hear one hissed syllable from you or you attempt to attack me I will destroy this horcrux and watch as you die with relish. Understand?”

“How do you..”

Harry brought the fire closer to the diary, “Do. You. Understand?”

“Yes,” Riddle replied tensely. He relaxed slightly as Harry brought the fire away from the diary.

“Good. Now. You are an idiot. You ended up creating seven Horcruxs without proper knowledge of the consequences.”

“They weren’t of concern,” Riddle said.

“For one maybe but seven? With every new horcrux that was created your soul became smaller and smaller. It caused you to not only lose power but your sanity as well. You turned into a crazed wizard who dismissed your original plans and started a war, not to mention you heard half of a prophecy and it caused you to hunt down children to try and kill them. Does that sound wise to you?”

“Divination is a weak subject. I would never allow it to rule my actions,” Riddle hissed.

“Exactly my point” Harry said lightly, “Why do you think you tried to kill me? A follower heard half of one that stated ‘the one with the power to defeat the dark lord born as the seventh month dies’ and ran with it. Which proves my point on your sanity.”

Riddle stared at him in contemplation, “My power?”

“Drastically weakened. You were still more powerful than the average wizard of course but for you? You were weaker than Dumbledore and we both know you were as powerful of him if not more.”

“Why should I believe you? You could be lying.”

Harry shrugged, “I also could have destroyed this diary without talking to you but I didn’t. I wouldn’t waste my time talking to you if that was my intention. Especially after you attacked Draco, that was a huge mistake on your part by the way. If I didn’t know Draco would have been pissed at me for just killing you this conversation wouldn’t be happening.”

“It was the boy’s idea. He quite hates you both, his anger was delicious,” Riddle purred.

“His anger is nothing compared to mine Riddle,” Harry said darkly, “There is a reason I’m in Slytherin and you know what happens in the common room stays in the common room. If you ever get the chance you should ask Flint, he still flinches when I walked into the room.”

Riddle’s eyes flicked to his diary again, his eyes went back to Harry and he looked at him with new eyes, “What do you want.”

“You to get your arse back into this diary for a while longer. I have a plan for you and if you get free now I won’t be able to complete it. You may think that you feel sane now but the moment you are free your soul will catch up with reality and you will quickly become as you were. If I’m allowed what I want you will be back whole and we can work on a new plan for the Wizarding world that doesn’t involve a bloody war,” Harry told him, “So which is it? Diary or Death?”

“How do I know you will fulfill your side and not betray me,” Riddle demanded.

“You don’t but if planned to kill you I would have already. So chose,” Harry hissed at him allowing the flame to raise up again.

“Don’t!” Riddle shouted, “I’ll get back in the diary.”

“Good. I will put you into a safe place where you will not be found nor will you be able to try this again,” Harry told him before placing the diary on the floor but keeping the flame aloft, “Go ahead.”

Riddle sneered at him once more before his body became translucent once again and flew back into the diary. The pages shuffled one more time before it went still, Harry quickly picked it up and slipped it into his pocket. The life that he had been pulling from Seamus flew back into the boy and his eyes flew open. Seamus sat his shaking body up, he felt his arms and chest and sighed in relief.

“Seamus,” Harry said.

Seamus jumped and scrambled to his feet almost slipping in the water on the floor before catching himself and staring at Harry with wide terrified eyes, “Ha-harry?”

“Are you okay?” Harry said gently.

“Y-y-yes, I think,” Seamus said, he looked around the chamber worriedly.

“I killed him,” Harry told him.

“What?” Seamus breathed.

Harry narrowed his eyes, “I killed him and you're a bloody idiot. You do not talk back to inanimate objects that speak to you. Allowing him to control you? You could have killed someone!”

“You have no room to talk!” Seamus shouted, “You killed Dean!”

“I was in my dorm when that happen and last I checked he was killed by a troll. Do I have the ability to turn into a troll now?”

“You should have been there so save him! If you were in Gryffindor you could have saved him!”

Harry stared at him in disbelief, what a moron, “Even if I had been in Gryffindor I still would not have been at the feast Seamus. My parents died on Halloween and I never celebrate it. Regardless of what house I would have ended up in.”

Seamus took a shuddering breath, “You could have stopped it.”

Harry grabbed Seamus shoulders and looked into his eyes, “I know you're hurting from losing Dean. I understand that pain of losing someone but you have to listen to what you are saying. If I was in the same house I could have saved him but I could not have. I didn't even know about the troll until after the fact and it would be the same if I was in Gryffindor. I wouldn't have known anything until the rest of the house appeared in the common room. I would not have known. I would not have been able to save him.”

Seamus closed his eyes tightly, “He shouldn't have died.”

“Your right he shouldn’t have,” Harry agreed, “The person who was truly responsible, the person you should hate, is dead.”

Seamus averted his eyes, he wouldn’t think on Harrys words, he knew the truth.

“Come on we need to get out of here in case something else shows up,” Harry said with a shiver.

“There is a snake,” Seamus said glancing back to the statue of Salazar Slytherin, “It’s huge.”

Harry pressed his wand to Seamus temple **Obliviate**. Seamus’ eyes glazed for a moment as his memories rewrote themselves. Harry took the moment to run his wand over his clothes making it seem as if he had been in a fight. Seamus would remember the snake but not that it was alive, to him Harry had killed it. Harry slipped his wand back into his sleeve and pulled Seamus the still dazed Seamus along the corridors until they reached the tunnel that lead up to the bathroom.

“How did you get back up?” Harry asked as he peered up the tunnel.

“Stairs,” Seamus whispered.

Harry shrugged, might as well try, **Stairs**

The stone walls started to shift, the blocks of stone slipped out in a spiral staircase until it touched the ground. Together they slowly made their way up the stairs, Harry in the front leading a silent Seamus up the stairs until they climbed out of the sink. Myrtle was watching them and gave Harry a shake of her head when he looked at her questionably. Harry moved his head in a nod subtly, he turned to the opening and threw blasting charms around the tunnel and watched as it crumbled until it blocked the entrance when Harry was pleased with the results he closed the opening. Seamus remained quiet as they made their way up the stairs, Fawkes appeared in front of them in a flash of fire that had Seamus gasping and almost tripping down the stairs.

“Calm down, they belong to Dumbledore,” Harry told him with a roll of his eyes to Fawkes.

The Phoenix gave a trill and started flying up the stairs waiting for them as they started back up. The Phoenix lead them to the hospital wing before flashing out again. Harry pushed the doors open and pulled a resisting Seamus into the room. The room was full. Amelia Bones was there with two other Aurors, Lucius, Narcissa and Sirius were standing by Dracos bedside and all the heads of house stood next to the Headmaster. They all seemed to be in a loud argument that covered the sound of the hospital doors close.

“Hey!” Harry shouted over them when he got closer.

The fighting stopped instantly and all eyes turned to them. Seamus flinched and cowered back keeping his eyes firmly to the floor.

“Harry!” Narcissa cried, she ran to him and wrapped her arms around him tightly, “We have been so worried! A note was found written on the wall and you were no where to be found!”

"I'm sorry," Harry said returning her hug, "I figured out what was happening so I took the chance to end this."

Narcissa made a distressed sound and glared at him, "You are grounded for a month."

"That's fair," Harry said.

He pulled away from her and pushed Seamus closer to the teachers, "Seamus is responsible but I think he was enchanted. He had a book with him. I stabbed it with a basilisk fang and Seamus acted normal."

"A what fang?" Amelia said weakly.

"Basilisk at least I think that's what it is," Harry said scratching his head as if unsure.

"Where was this?" Amelia demanded.

Harry opened his mouth but was interrupted by Dumbledore, "Now Amelia the boys have obviously been through an ordeal. Do you really believe now is the proper time for this?"

"Absolutely!" Amelia said giving Dumbledore a glare, "You will remember that this is a criminal investigation and you are not in charge of it," She turned back to Harry and her voice softened, "Can you tell us?"

"It was The Chamber of Secrets. I thought I knew where it was and found it. The entrance caved in when we climbed out."

"THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS?" Amelia screeched.

"Yes ma'am," Harry confirmed.

"You will need to show me but not tonight," Amelia decided.

"Yes ma'am," Harry agreed. His eyes went to Draco with a frown, "When will he wake up?"

Did Severus or Lucius disobey his orders?

"Ah. Mr. Malfoy brought mandrake draft but only enough for one person. We have been trying to decide who to give it to," Dumbledore said annoyed at both Harry for telling Amelia about the chamber and that they weren't listening to his suggestion of who to awake first.

Harry stared at him, "Lucius brought it should be given to Draco."

"That's not fair to the others my boy," Dumbledore chided, "I think Mr. Creevey would be a better candidate. He is the youngest and has been petrified the longest. It would be the right thing."

"He's also the only Gryffindor," Harry said flatly not in the mood to deal with Dumbledore, "I just killed the ruddy snake that did all of this and I want my best friend."

“This discussion is ridiculous. We will just wait until the other drafts are complete before we give them to anyone,”Mcgonagall cut in, “That would be fair for all the children.”

Harry did not have time for this. Harry pushed past the adults and took the potion from Madam Pomfrey who let him easily, before going to Draco and slowly pouring the potion into Dracos mouth until it was gone and the cold gray tint slowly left Draco and he woke up coughing.

“Mr. Potter!”Dumbledore said, “That was not your choice to make!”

“Then expel me,”Harry said helping Draco sit up and pressing a cup of water to his lips.

“Albus,”Flitwick said, “Harry did us a great service today with his actions. If he wanted Mr. Malfoy awake first I believe it was the right choice.”

“I agree,”Professor Sprout said next to him.

“I concur as well,”Severus said, “Lucius provided mandrakes for me to use for the other drafts. The others will be awake by the end of the week.”

“Harry,”Draco said quietly, Harry moved his head closer so he could hear Dracos whispered words, “I want him dead.”

Harry moved his own lips to Dracos ear, “He will wish for death love.”

It was a testament to how upset Draco was that he didn’t react to the use of the word ‘love’. Narcissa and Lucius moved closer to Dracos and quietly spoke to him while Sirius moved behind Harry and rested his hand on Harrys shoulder squeezing lightly, Harry relaxed slightly allowing Sirius to comfort and ground him.

“Now that that is done we need to discuss Mr. Finnegan and his actions,”Severus said smoothly.

Seamus let out a sob as all eyes turned to him, “I’m sorry,”He whispered.

“He was enchanted,”Dumbledore pointed out, “We can not blame him for what occurred while he was enchanted.”

“Be that as it may we need to find out exactly how he was enchanted,”Amelia said sharply before turning to the child, “I would like you to come with me. We will send Arorus to get your parents and bring them to the Ministry before anything is done.”

Seamus swallowed and nodded, “They live in a muggle area.”

“I will send the proper people,”Amelia promised.

“Lady Bones can I talk to you in private?”Harry asked standing from Dracos bed. Draco grabbed Harrys hand and held it tightly, Harry could feel the tremors that were racking Draco and amended his statement, “In private over here.”

“We will put up proper silencing wards,” Sirius said taking steps back away from the bed, Narcissa and Lucius doing the same on their side.

“Of course,” Amelia said walking up to the bed and sitting in the chair next to the bed.

Harry waited for the silencing ward to be up before starting, “Seamus needs help. He’s convinced if I was in Gryffindor I would have been able to save Dean.”

Amelia frowned, “That is concerning. Susan told me you do not celebrate Halloween and don’t go to the feasts correct?”

“Yes. I stay in my dorms during them,” Harry said with a small shake of his head, “I don’t want him in trouble or anything. I saw him and he was not himself at all but I think he needs help.”

“I agree. I will be speaking to his parents in regards to this. Thank you for letting me know,” Amelia said with a soft smile.

“I wanted to make sure he had help,” Harry said simply.

“You’re a good kid Heir Potter,” Amelia said patting his hand, “I hope you feel better Heir Malfoy.”

“Thank you Lady Bones,” Draco said.

Amelia gave the boys hands a pat before standing up and leaving the ward. She walked up to Seamus and put her hand lightly on his shoulder, she gave the headmaster a nod before leading Seamus to the door, “oh!” Amelia said turning back to Harry, “Do you happen to have the object in question?”

“No,” Harry said apologetically, “I just wanted us to get out and didn’t think of grabbing it.”

“That’s perfectly okay. We have other ways of checking,” Amelia assured him before leaving with Seamus in tow.

“If you will all back away from my patients I need to check them both,” Madam Pomfrey said pushing past everyone and making a ‘shoo’ motion with her hands.

“If my heads would join me in my office so we can have a meeting,” Albus announced, “Mr, Mrs Malfoy, Mr. Black. You may stay until ten and then I request that you leave the campus.”

“Of course,” Narcissa answered for them.

Dumbledore nodded, he gave Harry a quick look before leading the others out the doors and up to his office.

“You may stay until morning,” Madam Pomfrey said with a huff, “He has no control over my ward and who I allow to stay. I believe the boys would appreciate it as well.”

“Thank you,” Narcissa said giving the women a smile.

“Of course. Now Mr. Potter, if you would provide me with any injuries you may have.”

“Just bruising I think. I was able to distract the basilisk by speaking to it and then just jumped on it and stabbed it,” Harry told her, he ran a hand through his hair and allowed his magic to run through his body. He held in a flinch as he felt his body bruise.

“Well let’s see,” Madam Pomfrey said before running her wand over him and reading the report carefully, “You would be correct. I do see some major bruising but nothing more,” she summoned a potion and gave it to Harry, “Take his pain reliever. If you have trouble sleeping I will provide a draft.”

Harry nodded and took the potion quickly to stop the pain from his self inflicted bruises.

Madam Pomfrey ran her wand over Draco next, “Your report is clean. You will both stay overnight so I can monitor you. As long as you are okay tomorrow I will allow you to leave.”

“Okay,” Harry and Draco replied at the same time.

Madam Pomfrey hesitated before flicking her wand, privacy curtains and shields appeared around Draco’s bed and the bed next to it, “I will check on you in the morning. I expect to see you in your own beds in the *morning*. ”

“Yes ma’am,” Harry said surprised that she would allow them to share and curious as to how she knew.

“Will you three be staying?” Pomfrey asked the others.

“We will not be. As long as the boys are okay we will leave them be,” Lucius told her.

“My floo in my office is the only other floo other than Albus’ that connects outside of the school. Feel free to use it when you are ready to leave,” Madam Pomfrey told them before going into her own room.

Sirius waited for her door to shut to turn to Harry, “Well?”

“Like a charm,” Harry told him, he passed a velvet sack over to him, “Keep it in this bag and give it to Griphook. He knows what to do.”

“Alright,” Sirius said slipping the bag into his pocket, “Copy?”

“I’m going to give it to the Headmaster tomorrow,” Harry told him.

“That will help.”

“We shall leave now my dears. I expect a letter from you both by the end of the week,” Narcissa said giving both boys a kiss on their cheek.

“Yes mum.”

Lucius grasped both boys shoulders and gave them a squeeze, “Do make sure you sleep in your own beds.”

“Of course,” Harry said seriously.

“Good,” Lucius said pleased.

Narcissa gave the boys a wink before accepting Lucius arm. Sirius gave the boys a roguish grin and wink before following after them to the floo.

“Your father is ridiculous,” Harry said as he slipped into Dracos bed. Draco shifted over until Harry was settled before moving close to him and laying his head on Harrys shoulder. Harrys arm wrapped around Dracos waist, “What happen?”

“I went to talk to Severus as you know. I heard the hiss and kept my eyes firmly to the wall as it got closer. I just barely caught its eyes in a stream of water coming down the wall and then I woke up here.”

“I see,” Harry tightened his arm around Dracos waist, “It won’t happen again.”

“Did you march into the chamber to avenge me,” Draco teased.

Harry smiled down at Draco, “Of course I did. I think I might have scared Severus but he was questioning me. He should have known better.”

“He should have,” Draco agreed, he yawned and curled in closer to Harry, “How am I tired?”

“You didn’t sleep when petrified,” Harry told him, “You just freeze in your current state. I’ll set the alarm for morning so I can get to my bed you go to sleep.”

Draco nodded with his eyes closed already drifting to sleep. Harry moved the arm that was wrapped around Draco and ran the back of his fingers down Dracos cheek.

“You silly man. I will always avenge you,” Harry said softly. He wrapped his arm back around Draco and held him close, Draco relaxed into his arms and moved as close as he could in his sleep, Harry smiled and closed his own eyes to follow Draco into sleep.

~~*

Harry took a deep breath before making his way up the stairs to Dumbledores office. Giving him the Diary should fix the damage from Harrys actions yesterday, not that he regretted it Draco was getting that potion one way or another.

“Come in,” Dumbledores voice came from behind the closed door as Harry hit the landing.

Harry pushed the door open hesitantly, "Can we talk Headmaster?"

"Of course my boy,"Dumbledore said a gentle smile coming to his lips but not meeting his eyes that was absent of their normal twinkle.

Harry sat in his normal chair and chewed on his lip, "I just wanted to apologize for yesterday."

"There is no need my boy. You were distraught and wanted your friend, it's completely understandable."

"Thank you sir. I..um..have another thing I need to tell you but I don't want to get in trouble,"Harry said looking down at his hands in his lap as if ashamed.

"We will see what will need to be done,"Dumbledore said peering at him over his glasses.

Harry reached into his robes and placed the sword of Gryffindor and the copy of diary on the desk, "Fawkes brought me this and I wanted to return it. And I told Madam Bones that I didn't have the book but I did. I just thought I should give it to you."

Dumbledore's smile this time reached his eyes, "You did well. It will be much better for me to have this than the Ministry as for the sword Fawkes must have known you would need it as it will always be available for those who need it. I say we just keep this between ourselves so there is no reason for any punishment."

"Yes Headmaster,"Harry said happily.

"I'm glad we reached an understanding,"Dumbledore said with a wink, "Now I must get back to work. The paperwork never ends."

Harry laughed, "I've heard my uncle say the same thing."

"Its an unfortunate situation for both worlds,"Dumbledore said with a sigh, "Have a good day Harry."

"Thank you Headmaster."

~~*

Albus looked closely at the diary Harry had just given him. After he gave it to Seamus he became concerned. The boy had been so angry that he didn't even try and fight Tom from taking him over and if Seamus allowed it so easily then using his soul to come back would have been much easier. When this became obvious to Albus it was too late to do anything. Draco being attacked was a saving grace and just the push Harry needed to get into the chamber.

Albus ran his wand over the diary and mumbled a spell. The diary glowed red and he leaned back relieved. The soul piece had officially been destroyed and he knew for a fact that Tom had made Horcruxes now he just needed to find out how many and what they were. There was

no doubt in Dumbledores mind that Tom wouldn't have been happy with just the one but how many did he make?

Inner thoughts

Chapter Summary

A glimpse into the minds of our favorite boys.

Chapter Notes

Hello Friends!

Am I extremely late? Yes. Yes I am.

Do I have a good excuse? Maybe? Possibly? Depends.

Is there any good news? I have the next three chapters of this half done so they “should” be up right after another, I’m aiming for a week or so apart. So I mean you have to forgive me right?

Second, I started writing a random ass story on some how I’m at 100k for it..AND IT WAS A ONE SHOT.

Am I even going to post it? I don’t even know. It has BDSM, like twenty tags... somehow the dynamic turned into Sadism and Masochism?

Y’all, I have no idea what the hell happened it started off CUTE AND SWEET and now its just dirty, filthy, obscene and probably slightly illegal sex.

.....okay maybe I started a like five new stories and got a little obsessed with them.

Manic Episodes are a bitch.

Thank you for your patience!

Enjoy!

Harry was lost in thoughts as he walked down the hallway to the Den. Sometime after the adrenaline and fear wore off and Harry was actually able to think he came to a realization. Kind off.

He knew he loved Draco. Hell all of Hogwarts knew he loved Draco, he didn’t exactly hide it and going after the monster because Draco was effected certainly didn’t help any matters. Since the incident Draco slept in his bed almost every night and stayed close to Harry, according to him it was because he was furious that Harry could have gotten hurt and he wanted to keep an eye on Harry and his ‘Gryffindor tendencies’. Harry thought it was because Draco had been petrified and then Harry went into the chamber so he stayed close to reaffirm they were still together.

Draco wasn’t as careful as he has been for the last two years. He let Harry wrap his arms around him and didn’t push away. He absently held Harrys hand when they are studying or

just by themselves somewhere and when Harry squeezed his hand Draco would squeeze back and give him a smile. Harry would enjoy it for as long as it lasted however it did bring up a slight problem. The normal urge to kiss Draco that he would have every once in a while was now an almost constant feeling that was admittedly annoying.

“Can I talk to you Harry?”

Harry stopped walking and turned to Hermione with a frown on his face, “It depends. Are you going to start calling me a dark lord or something else stupid?”

Hermione blushed, “No. I wanted to apologize.”

“About what?”

“How I have been acting. It wasn’t right for me to say those things about you or say bad things about your friends,”Hermione said looking at Harry earnestly.

Harry looked back and slipped into her mind quickly, she had absolutely no defenses. Looking around he tried to figure out why she was doing this and quickly found it. Dumbledore. Of course.

“Okay,”Harry said.

“Okay?”

“Okay,”Harry confirmed, “I won’t say I forgive you because you were very mean but I will let it go.”

“Thank you. Can we try again?”

“I need to think about it,”Harry said hesitantly, “I won’t give up my Slytherin friends so that will need to be okay.”

“Of course! Just let me know,”Hermione said nodding her head quickly.

“I will. I’ll see you around.”

Harry ignored her parting goodbye as he walked away. Dumbledore was right to chose her for this and not Ron. If Harry didn’t know better it probably would have worked but he did. He would need to talk to Draco to see if he thought she would be useful. Harry opened the door to the den and joined Draco, Neville and Luna at the table.

“I had an interesting conversation,”Harry said pulling out his own work, “Granger just stopped me to apologize and ‘start over’.”

“What did you say?”Draco asked him.

“I needed to think about it and if I agreed I wouldn’t give up my friends,” Harry told him before turning to Neville, “What’s been happening in Gryffindor?”

“They are still upset that Seamus was the cause of everything and haven’t been talking about anything else,” Neville said not looking up from his herbology homework.

It was decided Seamus wouldn’t be coming to school for the rest of the year and was going into intensive therapy with the mind healers. His hatred of Harry was much worse than anyone thought and he made it more than clear that he fully blamed Harry for what had happen, Ron had egged the feeling on according to Lucius. He wasn’t to blame but he sure as hell didn’t help either. At the end Harry realized Seamus was very wrong in the head and needed help, Harry had already set up a value for his treatments.

“Are they still being prats to you?” Draco asked looking at him closely.

“Not since they found out it was Seamus. Some have apologized but most of them avoid me.”

“And they are suppose to be Gryffindors,” Harry snorted.

“They are disappointing,” Luna said with a shake of her head, “The nargles don’t like them at all.”

“Err right,” Neville said shooting Harry a confused look, he still wasn’t sure how to handle Lunas unconventional ways.

“So what should I do about Granger?”

“Will it be useful to have her as a friend?” Draco asked.

“Slytherins,” Neville said with a shake of his head, “Some people make friends because they like them.”

“That’s why you’re our friend,” Draco said as if it was obvious, “We also have Luna and Blaise.”

“Thank you Draco!” Luna said with a wide smile.

Harry rolled his eyes, “Ignore Draco, we have other friends as well. Granger is just a special case that requires an actual reason to put up with her.”

“Does she truly want to be your friend?” Neville asked.

“Probably not,” Harry said.

“It will keep Dumbledore off your back,” Draco pointed out.

“For that alone I should make her my girlfriend,” Harry said tilting his head in contemplation.

Draco however didn't find the comment amusing and glared at Harry before grabbing his things and leaving the room, letting the door slam behind him. Harry groaned and dropped his head on the desk. Along with Draco being more open he also started to have strange moments of jealousy followed by assurance that he didn't care if Harry dated someone else.

"I think you hurt his feelings,"Luna said with a frown.

"You definitely hurt his feelings,"Neville agreed.

"I don't understand,"Harry groaned keeping his forehead on the desk, "If I even do a hint of flirting he laughs me off or changes the subject. I make a comment about dating someone else or even being too close and he gets pissed and storms away."

He had kept Draco's other changes to himself.

"He gets jealous,"George corrected him.

"He is very deep in the closet,"Fred agreed.

Harry snorted, "Tell him that I dare you. Now excuse me I need to go find Draco and apologize."

"Does Draco really not know?" Neville asked the others after Harry ran out of the room."

"He's in denial,"George said with a shake of his head, "He even glares at me if I stand too close to Harry."

"Harry has a battle in front of him that's for sure,"Fred said.

"He does,"Luna said softly.

They all looked at her knowing not to dismiss her but also curious to what she meant.

"You will see,"Luna said with a shake of her head, "We will need to be there for him."

"When?"Neville asked seriously.

"You will know."

Draco was in their rooms when Harry found him, going through his notes quite aggressively Harry heard the parchment rip.

"Draco?"Harry asked softly.

Draco stiffened in his chair but didn't look at him, "I'm busy."

Harry ran a hand through his hair in thought. He could leave Draco alone and Draco will either be moody for days or be back to normal tomorrow or make him talk tonight with a better chance of Draco being tonight.

Harry walked to Dracos chair and spun it around before he put his hands on the arms of the chair and looked down at him.

“Draco. You know I was joking. I don’t even like women and even if I did I would rather get my dick stuck in poison ivy.”

“I know you were joking,”Draco said, “I just didn’t want to be around other people right now. Now if you will excuse me I need to take a shower.”

Harry took a step back and let Draco up as he evaluated his next step. Harry had been thinking about it since Draco had started his random jealousy and Harry knew something he could do but it might make things worse later. Dracos stiff back as he walked away made his choice for him.

Harry reached out for Dracos should and spun him around.

“Excuse m-“

Harry put his hands on Draco face, his thumb lightly rubbing his cheek, “Draco. You know how I feel about you and no one will change that, you know that.”

Draco stayed silent as he looked at Harry.

“Do you know that,”Harry insisted as his eyes scanned Dracos face.

Draco gently pushed Harry away, “I know.”

Harry sighed as he heard the door shut behind Draco before throwing himself onto his bed. He felt like he as missing something important that was staring him in the bloody face and it was quickly getting old.

Draco went into the bathroom and shut the door behind him, he leaned against the door hiding his face in his hands. He both hated and loved when Harry said those things, Harry meant every word he said and if things were different he would bask in his words. Things weren’t different though. Harry was still Harry Potter, Draco was still Draco Malfoy and they wouldn’t work. Draco turned on the shower before he stepped in and slid to the ground, he leaned his back against the shower and opened his eyes watching the water falling from the shower head. For a moment he forgot and his worry and fear controlled his actions complicating things between them once again.

Harry needed to ask Death if they regressed or if they were just both horrible at relationships because this seemed to bloody hard.

Harry listen to the shower running lost in thoughts of Draco. The older their bodies got the more confusing Draco became, he was two different people who wanted two different things from Harry but he was tired of that. He wanted to know who the real Draco is and what he actually wanted.

Was he the Draco that climbs into his bed and nestles into Harrys arms before falling asleep. The Draco that wakes up first and strokes Harrys hair as he wakes up before giving Harry a smile that would make his heart pound. The Draco that would turn to Harry for comfort when he needed it. The Draco who smiles at him and Harry could swear there was more in this eyes than friendship.

Or was he the Draco who would roll his eyes and make a joke when Harry flirting. The Draco who made comments about them being best friends and best mans at each others wedding. The Draco that will avoid all of Harrys touches unless they are in their dark locked bedroom. The Draco who won't look him in the eyes, runs and avoids Harry for the day for what seemed like no reason. The Draco who pushes Harry away in the moment Harry think something might happen.

Did Draco want him now? Did he want him later? Did he not want him at all? Harry had no idea and damn if that wasn't a depressing thought.

~~*

"I can't believe we still have finals," Blaise groaned, "We were being attacked by an overgrown snake! The trauma has to count for something."

"I killed the bloody thing and I still have exams," Harry snorted.

Blaise pointed his quill, "That right there is just wrong."

"I agree," George complained from Harrys side as he dropped his head on the essay in front of him, "Harry go suck up to Dumbledore or something. Suck him off for all I care just get these exams canceled."

Harry gagged, "Why would you say that!"

"I don't know," George said with a grimace, "It just slipped out. Maybe I need to get laid."

The sound of Dracos book falling to the ground had every look at him. Draco was already under the table before he sat back up with book in hand and a normal look on his face.

"What?" He asked as everyone stared at him.

George quietly slid away from Harry and closer to Blaise.

“Nothing,” Harry said before checking his watch before he looked back at Draco, “Draco will you come with me?”

“To do what?” Draco asked him as he eyed Harry with suspicion.

“It’s a surprise, you know how you like surprises,” Harry said lightly,

Draco faked a groan and gathered all of his things in a pile, “I do, but you better not get me into trouble Golden Boy.”

Harry gave him grin, “I don’t cause trouble, never not even once. In any case this will not get us into any trouble.”

“I’m holding you to that,” Draco mumbled before Harry grabbed his hand and lead him out the door.

George released the breath he had been holding, “Bloody hell. He scares me sometimes.”

“He scares me all times,” Blaise said before lowering his voice, “I watched him duel Harry this summer and I’m still terrified. They were vicious.”

“They have to learn as fast as they can,” George said as he scratched the back of his head, “You don’t think Draco thinks there’s anything going on between me and Harry right?”

Blaise shrugged, “I have no idea what goes through his head. He stormed through the common room last night followed by Harry and then Harry came back to the common room looking depressed as shit until Draco came out and called for Harry who jumped up and ran to him and let Draco take his hand and lead them back to their dorm. Then this morning I overheard him telling Harry that he could date whoever he wanted than ten minutes he got pissed because Harry was talking to that Hufflepuff Diggory.”

“Last night Harry made a joke about dating someone and Draco stormed out furious,” George whispered.

“So he says he doesn’t want to be with Harry but in reality does want him?” Blaise asked confused.

“I think so. You would think they would have things figured out by now considering,” George said his hand making a circular motion.

“I think it’s Draco that’s slow on the uptake mate, the entire school knows Harry is half in love with him.”

“Maybe he’s not slow on the uptake and just sees Harry as a friend? He could be jealous because he doesn’t want someone else to take away away,” George suggested, “He’s a possessive brat, I could see him being angry about something like that.”

“Draco is very possessive of his friends and with their past it would add another layer to that,”Blaise said.

George nodded. They had started finishing their homework when George broke the silence.

“Do you think Diggory is even gay? Because I wouldn’t mind getting my hands on him.”

Blaise threw a piece of paper at George before turning back to his work, “Probably but I don’t want any details.”

~~*

Dracos suspicion only grew when Harry lead him out the front door and to the grounds.

“Harry,”Draco whispered clutching Harrys hand, “Its curfew!”

“Calm down, we have permission.”

“From who?”

Harry nodded his head to Hagrid who was standing by his house in excitement.

“This had better not be about his spiders! I still have nightmares about those beasts and I will feed both of you to them while I run,”Draco hissed.

“Hagrid!”Harry said with a smile. He wasn’t nearly as close to Hagrid as he had been before but the soft giant had still managed too warm into Harrys heart a little.

“Are ya ready?”Hagrid said roughly as he rubbed his hands together.

“Yes!”

“No?”

Hagrid and Harry both turned to look at Draco who shrugged back.

“Harry didn’t tell me what we are doing. For all I know you dragging me into a nest of something terrifying and dangerous,”Draco said with a shiver.

Hagrid laughed as he went to pick up everything they would need.

Harry pulled Draco closer, “If you really don’t want to do this we can go back to the castle, I just thought you would like it.”

Draco placed his hand on Harrys chest, absently thinking how hard Harrys chest after all his training ,”I know I do want to see it, I just don’t have good memories in that forest.”

Harry smiled and kissed their entwined hands, "I am very used to this forest and can control Fiendfyre. I will burn this forest down before anything gets within twenty feet of you."

Draco felt his cheeks warm slightly from Harry's kiss on his hand, "My knight," He teased.

"Maybe right now but you never know, one day you might be my knight," Harry said with a wink, "Come on now."

Harry pulled him over to Hagrid who had been waiting by the edge of the forest. Draco tensed and tightened his grip on Harry's hand as the forest became denser and their only light was lantern and lumos charms. Harry let go of his hand and wrapped an arm around Draco's stomach before whispering, "There isn't anything in this forest that you can't handle."

"Really?" Draco asked trying to keep his breath even as the warmth of Harry's arm and hand was pressed around his waist.

"Of course. I wouldn't take you anywhere you couldn't handle like I said you might need to be my knight and drag my unconscious body out."

Draco giggled quietly and shook his head as he leaned into Harry's warmth. Harry glanced down to his arm that was wrapped around Draco and tightened his arm. Draco would pull away as soon as he realized but until then Harry was going to enjoy it.

Draco rationally thought to himself as they walked through the forest that if something happened it was best to be close to Draco so he could pull him out so it only made sense that Harry had his arm around him. Harry tightened his arm lightly and Draco smiled softly placing his hand over Harry's.

Draco didn't know how long they had been walking before a soft light started to break through the trees.

"Don't get close," Hagrid whispered. "If they want to come up it will, just hold your hand out and allow them to touch you first. If they get startled just drop your hand and wait for them to try again."

Draco looked at Hagrid in alarm. Harry better have not taken him to a horde of hippogriffs or something, Draco knew the plan and he was positive he could find a way to make it work without Harry. Harry chuckled at the look on his face, "Come Draco."

Draco nodded and allowed Harry to pull him through the final trees before gasping at the sight in front of him. Unicorns of all ages grazed around a large circular field, the adult white ones were standing guard around the area while the silver ones played and the newborn gold ones stared at them in curiosity.

"Those ones are newborns," Hagrid said pointing to the two closest to them, "The adults probably won't come to you as they prefer witches but the silver and gold ones will most likely come to you. They are more curious than the adults."

Draco nodded absently as he took a couple steps forward. Harry dropped his arm and stared softly at Draco as he moved to the edge and kneeled down looking at the two newborns who were staring at them with their heads tilted. A neigh broke the quiet night and a large white one came to Draco and sat right down next to him. Draco stared at the unicorn in frozen surprise before the unicorn made a small sound and tapped its horn against Dracos head, Draco smiled widely and ran his hand down the mares hair. Harry leaned against a tree as he watched Dracos face light up as he pet the unicorns and spoke to them in slow words.

Draco laughed delightedly as the newborns tried to make room for themselves on his lap, he fully sitting down and spread his legs allowing them to fit, the newborns neighed happily before circling each other and laying down. Harrys heart felt like it was going to burst as he watched Dracos beautiful face light up from the soft glow of the mare and his laugh as he shifted for both of the small ones to come close to him.

Merlin, Harry loved him.

Harry closed his eyes and pushed back the thoughts and words that Draco was no where near ready to hear and may never be ready to hear considering how he got when Harry even made an illusion to it. Draco looked over to Harry and smiled that smile that made Harrys heart pound and made him want to throw it to the wind and kiss him. Harry smiled back and slide down to the ground as Draco played with the babies until one of them broke away and ran to Harry, he smiled down at him and rubbed his soft head gently. The unicorn let out a pleased sound before it bit Harrys sleeve and he pulled at it. Harry stood up and followed the happy unicorn as it hopped back to its group, looking back to make sure Harry was following. Once Harry was next to them the same unicorn sat in a spot next to Draco before getting up and looking at him.

“Of course,”Harry said before he sat on the ground next too Draco.

“This is amazing, Thank you Harry,”Draco said happily.

“Your welcome,”Harry said staring at him with a soft smile that made Dracos stomach flutter and caused a light pink to brush against his cheeks, again. Draco scowled internally, he had never blushed so much in his bloody life so why was it happening now!

They spent two hours with the unicorns and to the surprise of everyone, except for Harry, several adult unicorns came to Draco for a few moments before glancing at Harry and leaving. The only ones comfortable around Harry were the newborns and the single silver which Harry was more than fine with. When he created this plan he had no intention of going near the pure creatures knowing the darkness that ran though him.

Eventually Hagrid was able to pull them away and they made the back to the castle in peaceful quiet. Draco surprised Harry as he stepped close and allowed Harrys arm around his waist once again before he launched into telling Harry all about it as if he had not been there. Harry quietly listened to Dracos words, Draco wouldn't have liked being interrupted but would ask questions after to make sure Harry had been listening. Harry still had no idea why he thought it was adorable. The walk back to the grounds seemed to take half the time then the walk to the unicorns did, as they broke the tree line Hagrid handed them a slip of paper and bid them a good night.

“Wait,” Draco said softly as Harry tried to walk him to the castle, Harry turned to Draco with a soft smile and waited to see what he needed. Draco gently grabbed Harrys robes and made a pulling motion that had Harry raising an eyebrow but leaning down for him anyway. Draco kissed his cheek softly before pulling away and looking at Harry but staying much too close for Harrys self control.

“You really are the best Harry,” Draco said softly, “I have never experienced anything like that before and I’m glad I got to do it with you.”

“As am I,” Harry whispered as he brushed a knuckle across Dracos cheek. Dracos eyes fluttered shut at the feeling before he opened them and looked up at Harry unable to pull away. Harry felt his chest warm as he looked into Dracos eyes, he was much too beautiful with the moonlight shining down on him as he looked at Harry with a soft smile. It was almost enough for Harry to give into temptation but before he could Draco pulled away completely and looked past Harry as he wrapped his arms around his waist.

“We better get back,” Draco said with a glance toward Harry before he started making his way back up to the castle. Harry clenched his fists in the robe of his pockets and followed after him as he concerted the memory of tonight in his mind.

~~*

Draco groaned as he pressed his palms to his eyes and laid with his back to Harry, his curtains around his bed shut tight. Stupid Potter and his stupid amazing romantic gestures, he had to be taking lessons from Black because Harry had always been clueless about this things. On top of that Draco wasn’t sure what *he* had been thinking letting Harry wrap his arm around him and Draco had no idea in bloody hell he was thinking when he kissed Harrys cheek. Well no, he had been caught up in the bloody moment thinking how sweet and romantic and amazing Harry was for doing that.

Stupid Potter.

Thank Merlin they weren’t older with their hormones insane because Draco wouldn’t have been able to stop himself from kissing the annoying man. Hell for something like that Draco probably would have dropped on his knees. NO. NO. NO. Draco rubbed his face trying to expel the images his treacherous mind had populated, didn’t his brain know it was forbidden to picture those things?

Stupid Potter.

Draco opened his eyes and stared at the top of his canopy in annoyance at the disappointment Draco was feeling from not kissing Harry. Which was ridiculous because he didn’t even want to kiss him, but if he did could anyone blame a bloke? Harry didn’t like unicorns. He actually tried to avoided anything to do with them, with him still feeling guilty about Riddle drinking the blood of one and the fact that Harry knew he would make him uncomfortable due to his

manic, so this entire thing was for Draco. Harry took Draco too somewhere that Harry wouldn't be comfortable, and most likely not welcome, because he knew that *Draco* loved them and would have given his wand arm to see and touch the beautiful gold newborns. So Harry gave him the chance. Inevitably it lead to Draco thinking of Harrys words from the other day, his stupid, heart stopping words.

“Draco. You know how I feel about you and no one will change that, you know that.”

Yes, Draco may have been jealous of Granger for some reason only Merlin himself knows but Harry didn't have to reassure Draco of his feelings. Draco was well away of Harrys feelings, the entire school was well aware of Harrys feelings, Harry would probably put it on a banner to hand off Big Ben if he could. Draco should just tell him to keep his stupid decorations to himself so Draco won't keep confusing his thoughts and getting caught up in moments he shouldn't be caught up in.

Fifteen minutes later Draco let out a breath of frustration, his mind was keeping him up with thoughts and questions and feelings, that Draco certainly did not feel, and wouldn't stop! Draco bit his lip, he knew one way to make them stop but it would be very counter productive at this point but Draco still found himself peaking his head out of his curtains and looking to Harry. Harry was of course sleeping soundly on his back with his curtains wide as if inviting Draco to crawl onto the bed and into Harrys warmth.

Draco lasted another five minutes before he sat up with a pout and slid off his bed. He walked quietly, his bare feet not making a single noise, as he made his way to the bed and stood by the edge telling him self he was still trying to decide what he was going to do. Harry seemed already know what he was going to do because without even opening his eyes he lifted his blanket and shifted his body for Draco, he had to have a tracker on Draco at this point because without fail he always knew when Draco was at the side of his bed. Draco hesitated for just a moment before shrugging his father always said it was rude to turn down an invitation. Draco slide into the bed before curling into Harrys side and laying his head on his shoulder, Harry shifted the rest of the way and wrapped his arms around Draco pulling him in closer until Draco was cocooned in his warmth.

“Go to sleep baby,”Harry mumbled before kissing his forehead and pulling him closer.

Draco ignored the butterflies in his stomach that he always got when Harry called him baby. It only ever happens in these times when Draco crawls into Harrys bed with the night already half way gone, so Harry wasn't awake enough to censor his words as he normally did. Draco didn't think of it more(lies) as he felt himself relaxing in Harrys arms and allowing the heat and the feel of Harrys arm around him to pull him into sleep.

~~*

When Harry woke up in the morning he instantly knew Draco had joined him sometime in the night by the weight he felt on his chest. Glancing down he saw Draco fast asleep with his

head over Harry's heart and his hand grasping Harry's night shirt. Harry carefully shifted up a bit so he could see better but didn't move past that, the moment he did Draco would be up and going to the bathroom and Harry would lose this little moment in time all too fast.

It didn't used to be like this unless one of them had a nightmare and they needed to comfort of each other's arms. On normal nights when one of them joined the other, for whatever reason, they would go to sleep separate before waking up with Draco nestled into Harry. Somewhere along the line they just skipped the middle part and Draco would instead go directly into Harry's arms before he fell asleep and around then is also when Draco started to instantly leave the bed after he woke up. So Harry wouldn't give up this opportunity.

Harry looked down at Draco as he felt Draco's steady breathing just a brush through his shirt, Draco still lost in dreams, his nose twitching every few moments and silent mumbles escaping his lips. To Harry's disappointment it was only a couple minutes later that Draco started to wake up, his long lashes fluttering against his cheeks as he yawned and shook his head lightly. Draco blinked as he woke up and looked at Harry with his bed-mused Harry and flushed cheeks from sleep and a sleepy smile on his face. Harry had to forcibly remind himself that he couldn't kiss Draco because that would be bad. Very bad.

"Good morning Harry," Draco said softly as he laid his head back onto Harry's shoulder.

"Morning Dray," Harry replied hiding his surprise that Draco just laid back down, "Ready to start finals?"

"I'm ready for them to be over so I can have a nice summer of talking to adults and not acting like I don't know anything," Draco grumbled.

"Isn't that the truth," Harry mumbled, "You're going to be number one this year right?"

"Of course I am, last year was just a fluke," Draco huffed as he snuggled in closer to Harry's side and picked at Harry's shirt.

Should Harry ask?

No, he was going to let that sleeping dog lie.

"Do we have any big plans for summer?" Harry finally after a few moments, he didn't remember anyone saying anything but it wouldn't be the first time he just forgot.

"No. But I believe mum wanted to go to the beach and was talking about Spain."

"I'd like that. I've never been to the beach," Harry mused as he carefully ran a hand through Draco's hair.

Draco sneered, "I have dibs on those bastard relatives, make sure everyone knows that."

"I already have. Sirius pouted for three days before he realized I wouldn't budge and agreed," Harry chuckled, the man was fully healed but sometimes he acted like the age Harry should be.

“You are coming straight to the manor this summer right? You don’t have to go to the muggles at all,” Draco asked looking up at him.

“Yep. Sirius is established and already got a clean bill of health and he’s getting the guardianship papers signed either the night before we get on the train or the morning of. We’re trying to time it perfectly so Dumbledore doesn’t have a chance of talking to me about it but he probably has people monitoring for this exact situation,” Harry said with a huff and roll of his eyes.

“Good. So Spain for your Birthday, the fifteenth to the fifth would give us plenty of time to get school supplies before the rush,” Draco said as he shifted and rested his arms on Harry’s chest to look up at him.

Oh was Harry supposed to be listening?

“Yeah sounds great,” Harry thought but telling Draco his idea was great normally worked.

Draco rolled his eyes, “Spain. Beach. Your birthday?”

“I told you it sounded great,” Harry said refusing to give even a hint that he didn’t know.

Draco laughed lightly as he shifted up a bit more, to be comfortable of course, “I want to go to a Muggle amusement park for my birthday.”

“I can make that happen,” Harry said weakly as Draco moved until he was only inches away. Harry took a chance to put his hand on Draco’s cheek and brushing his thumb over Draco’s cheek...*he was so soft.*

“Promise?” Draco whispered inches away as he leaned lightly into Harry’s hand.

“Anything for you,” Harry whispered afraid if he was any louder it would ruin everything.

They were as close as they had been the night before, Draco’s hands were gripping Harry’s sleep shirt as his eyes looked at him wide and beautiful. Harry watched as Draco’s eyes flicked to Harry’s lips before meeting his eyes again....and then Draco was off the bed and backing away.

“Better take a shower,” Draco said quickly before he ran into the bathroom and closed it with a click.

Harry fell back onto his back and glared up in frustration. That time was definitely Draco’s fault, he starts it and then runs, he was so bloody confusing! Harry grabbed his pillow and put it over his face before he groaned into it. Draco had always been a bit back and forth with things but the last couple weeks it was like he was trying to give Harry whiplash. This was all Seamus’ bloody fault, if he hadn’t of petrified Draco then they would have went into the chamber and handled Riddle together. Draco wouldn’t be dealing with the after effects of being petrified (which he wouldn’t admit) and hit with the fear of Harry going by himself down there and possibly dying (which he also wouldn’t admit) and this wouldn’t have happened. Draco would have kept his distance and not

Harry knew they had years to figure it out but he also knew in less time than they thought their hormones were going to hit and that was going to make it that much worse, for Harry at least. At this point he had an even less idea about Draco and that was really saying something. Harry tossed the pillow and rubbed his face before looking up in contemplation. Draco knew Harry loved him, even if he , probably knew that Harry had loved him since those nights in their original life, so there wasn't anything left he could do. Harry could remind him all he wanted but until Draco was ready to admit anything it wouldn't get him anywhere. Harry needed to just pull back a bit, he wouldn't really hide his feelings and still plenty of things they were going to do this summer that Harry knew Draco had never been able to do but always wanted to. Harry had already been thinking of pulling back after realizing that when Draco pulled away or ran from him after letting Harry hold him or show he cared was starting to hurt instead of being adorably frustrating.

That was the plan. Pull back but still show how he felt in different ways while he waited for Draco to come to him or at least let Harry know in a gentle way that he didn't feel that way about him so Harry could drink an entire bottle of Firewhisky and find a way to push all of his own pesky feelings away.

Hopefully he would figure it out before they graduated.

Dracos cheeks were bright red as he got into the shower and leaned against the wall before hiding his face in his hands. What the bloody hell was wrong with him! He just told himself last night to stop getting caught up in the moment, if that could even be counted in the moment.

Well..

Draco thought of waking up curled up in Harrys side, he was warm, comfortable and had no desire at all to move. He could feel Harrys eyes on him like a stoke against his skin and when he looked up Harry was looking at him with his green eyes and a soft smile playing at his lips and Draco is weak to Harrys stupid soft smiles.

It didn't help that Harry went and acted like a stupid Gryffindor to go after Riddle just because Draco had been petrified. It wasn't exactly a walk in the park but Harry knew he would have been find as soon as they had the Draft ready so he didn't need to go all knight in shinning armor to revenge him. Not only was it terribly *romantic* but it reminded Draco how easily all of this could fall apart. When Draco mixed that with the fact that they were getting closer to the place that Draco desperately did not want to be made him want to just bask in all the moments and let go if only for a while.

The real problem was that Draco didn't know if that would make things easier or harder and he was a Slytherin, he would not do anything without knowing the full consequences.

He just needed to be stronger

~~*

The morning that they were going to get on the train Harry received a note from Sirius with only one line.

Good to go.

Harry passed the note to Draco as he took a sip of his coffee.

"Thank Merlin," Draco said, "Not that I wouldn't have loved to kidnap you but I'm too young for murder charges."

Harry snorted, "Thank you."

Draco winked at him before turning back to Theo and leaving Harry to stare at him in amusement. Draco had reverted back to how he was before the chamber incident, for the most part. He certainly kept his distance now, there had been absolutely no more almost kisses but he had stopped running away and avoiding him. Now he just brushed it off like it never happened and to an extent it was better but Harry still felt the sting of rejection.

But it was better.

"Heir Potter," Severus drawled next to them, "the Headmaster has requested your presence as I still have things to do we will go now."

Harry grabbed a piece of toast and whispered "headmaster" into Draco's ear before following Severus out of the hall.

"He should have gotten it done today," Severus said quietly as they walked through the halls.

"The clerk said it would have been very busy. Apparently the last day of Hogwarts is very busy for parents trying to gain guardianship of their children, or other children they wish to bring into their family."

"I see. Will there be trouble?"

"No idea. I'm requesting you stay in the room though, Dumbledore won't try anything with you in the room," Harry told him truthfully. Harry was sure he would try with some people but not Severus he would be able to tell instantly if Harry was compelled.

"Banana Taffy," Severus said to the Griffon.

Harry wrinkled his nose, "Banana Taffy?"

"I don't think he tries all the candy he just finds a new name and uses it."

"Come In!"

Harry rolled his eyes but followed the command

"You wanted to see me Headmaster?"

"Yes my boy! Go ahead and take a seat. Severus you may leave I assume your busy,"Dumbledore said cheerfully.

"I requested him to stay with me Headmaster,"Harry said, "I need his help with an ingredient after this and don't want to miss him. He assured me he has the time."

"Of course. Please take a seat as well Severus."

"I will stand."

"If you wish,"Dumbledore turned back to Harry and placed his folded hands onto the table, "Now Harry we must talk about this summer. Have heard Mr. Black has gained guardianship but it is still best for you to return to your relatives."

"Why?"Harry asked.

"I'm sorry, Why?"Dumbledore asked surprised.

"Yes sir. Sirius is officially my guardian, I don't have to go to the Dursleys anymore."

"I will be honest with you Harry, "Dumbledore said with a sad sigh, "I fear that Sirius has always been very good at fooling people and the Ministry is no exception to this. I have spoken to him and it is very obvious that he is still effected by his time in Azkaban and is living situation would be much to dangerous for you. As such I believe it will be safest for you not to spend the summer with him. If you stay for at least two weeks I can arrange for you to spend the rest of your summer with the Weasleys. They so enjoyed you last summer,"Dumbledore ended with a smile.

Harry was probably going to regret this.

"I disagree Headmaster. Sirius has had weekly meetings with a mind healer and a Healer to make sure he was okay to get custody of me. I don't know about the ministry but his doctors said he was okay. Also I don't want to go to the Weasleys, I and did not have a good time last summer and won't stay with them again."

Albus stared at him in shock, "Now my boy I understand how you feel and you don't have to stay with the Weasleys if you find it so displeasing. However the fact remains that Sirius is still suffering from his stay in Azkaban and is not living in a safe space for you. You will be going to your aunt and uncles this summer, I have already written to them and made sure they know."

“That will be kidnapping,” Harry told him, “Sirius has guardianship of me in the muggle world along with the Wizarding world. If anyone forces me to the Dursleys I will call to the police.”

“You are obviously not understanding me my boy,” Albus chuckled, “You have no say in this. You will be going to the Dursleys for the summer and that is final. If Mr. Black attempts to take you I will have to bring it up with the Wizmagot and I assure you that you do not want that.”

“No, you don’t understand,” Harry said flatly, up with this shit he will not put, “You can bring it up to anyone you want but it won’t change. Sirius is my guardian and I will be going with him because that’s where I want to be. I respect you as a Headmaster but that’s all you are, my Headmaster.”

Harry watched as Dumbledores calm grandfatherly faced crumbled. He sat up straighter and pointed his finger at Harry, “You will listen to me. You will be staying with your Aunt and Uncle this summer if you want any chance of leaving the castle for Christmas and seeing Sirius. As of now I give you no permission to speak with Sirius, you will not see him during this summer or during Christmas vacation next year. At the end of the year I will decide if you can visit that summer. I am Albus Dumbledore and I can and will have Sirius guardian ship revoked this summer and I will decide who should be truly deserving of it,” Albus dropped his hands to the desk and gave Harry a cheerful smile, “Thank you for agreeing Harry. The meeting is over make sure you don’t forget anything!”

Harry stared at him with a raised eyebrow but didn’t say anything, as he left the room he caught the eye of Phineas Black. The previous headmaster gave a subtle nod and would warn Sirius of this conversation. Harry left the room first so Dumbledore couldn’t get his back with Severus following quickly behind him. No words were said as they made their way to the dungeons and into Severus personal office. Draco jumped up as they walked in and went straight to Harry stopping close and putting his hands on his chest. Bloody confusing!

“Is everything okay?” Draco asked with a furrowed brow.

Harry grabbed Dracos wrists and rubbed them with his thumbs, “Everything is okay. Dumbledore is fucking insane though. That man needs therapy.”

“What happen?”

Harry pulled Draco to the chairs and sat down before gently pulling on Dracos wrist but letting him choose. Draco sat in the other chair but didn’t pull his wrist away. Harry quickly told him what happen in the office and Draco was torn between anger and the hilarity of what happen.

“He is insane,” Draco said with a snort, “Maybe we can trick him into Therapy or something.”

“Is there a wizarding version of a 72-hour hold?” Harry asked Severus.

“Of course not. Wizards are superior and do not suffer from mental illnesses as muggles,” Severus said with a roll of his eyes, “Ironically it’s Dumbledore who has been

stopping the petition to become law.”

“He already knows what would happen to him,” Harry laughed.

Draco pulled on Harry's robes who looked at him intently “Can you get the guardianship revoked? He would stick you with the Weasleys immediately.”

“It's solid,” Harry assured him, “Sirius handled everything to the letter and he is well established in the Ministry now and he is good friends with several Wizamagot members and even some of the ICW. Plus he has the head of the unspeakables on his side. Dumbledore would just be waisting his time.”

“I'm surprised he even suggested it,” Severus said, “It's an extremely hard thing to accomplish even without recommendations from others.”

“Of course he can accomplish it he's *Albus Dumbledore*,” Harry mocked before frowning, “I'm surprised he snapped like that though, normally he's much more..manipulating.”

Severus tilted his head, “He has been on edge lately, he's been having difficulties with the Ministry to my understanding. Now the trains depart in two hours and you are required in the great hall in a hour and a half. I assume your trunk is not packed?”

“Mine is,” Draco said smugly.

“Good you can help me then!” Harry said cheerfully as he stood up before smirking and turning to quickly pick up Draco.

Draco squeaked and looked at the ground, “Did that even strain you?”

“Nope. You're actually pretty light, we should get you more snacks.”

Draco slapped Harry's chest and wiggled until Harry dropped him.

“Let's go. Maybe I will help you,” Draco sniffed before leaving the room.

Harry grinned over at Severus, “He's so testy sometimes.”

Severus waved Harry off with a shake of his head, “Leave now. I will see you next week.”

Harry almost skipped out of his office as he made his way to his and Draco's dorm, his smile must not have been as happy as thought because other students quickly got out of his way as he walked through the common room.

“Is my smile scary?” Harry asked Draco who already had Harry's trunk open and emptied.

“Of course not it's beautiful,” Draco said distractedly.

Harry looked at Draco with a soft smile at his words before he cleared his face as Draco looked over at him.

“How do you find anything in this bloody trunk! We are getting you a new one with compartments,” Draco said throwing another piece of trash behind him.

“Sure,” Harry agreed knowing full well his trunk would still be demolished.

Draco sent him a glare and started mumbling under his breath about useless men who couldn't clean.

Harry snickered before he felt a wave of cold come over him and warning bells rang through his head as he felt desperate souls coming.

“Draco,” Harry said sharply, “Get behind me.”

Draco quickly made his way to Harry and slipped behind him, he placed his hands on Harry's shoulders and peaked in front of them.

“What is it?” Draco asked.

“A soul but I don't know who,” Harry said keeping his eyes sharp.

“Soul? A ghost? Why am I hiding from a ghost?” Draco asked confused.

“My magic is fully active now and souls, any type of souls, can find me. They are desperate for something and since I can't tell who they are they could be wraths or poltergeists. So you stay there in case I have to do something that might hurt you,” Harry told him softly.

Draco shivered and placed his hands on Harry's waist, “Okay. You need to learn how to tell them apart.”

“I agree,” Harry agreed as he felt them getting closer. Harry relaxed as three ghosts appeared in front of him. The Gray Lady, The Bloody Baron and Moaning Myrtle were lined up in front of them.

“What do you three request,” Harry asked sharply.

“We wish to pass,” Myrtle said.

“We have been trapped for many years.” the Baron said.

“We wish to be with our family.” The Gray Lady said.

“We request you remove us from this plane Master Peverell,” They all said at once.

“I accept your request and offer thee forgiveness. For your deaths. For the love that turned into horror. For the feeling of inadequacy that lead to a betrayal. For all of you mistakes you made in this world. I will grant you passage to beyond where your families are awaiting your return.”

Draco watched with wide eyes as the ring of Resurrection appeared on Harry's hand, Harry held out his hand with his ring up. One by one the ghosts kissed the ring and Harry whispered something before they faded with smiles. When the last one was gone Harry let out a breath and slid down to the floor.

"Harry!" Draco said concerned as he dropped to his knees next to him, Harry was very pale and Draco could feel the cold coming off his skin, "Are you okay? You're freezing!"

Harry laughed softly, "Necromancy is cold, I am okay though, my magic is like a muscle. The more you use it the stronger it grows, I haven't used it in months so it took a bit out of me. I am going to take a warm shower though."

"Okay," Draco said standing up and helping Harry up, "I'll finish your trunk."

"If you insist," Harry called as he went into the bathroom. Harry grasped the sink in the bathroom as he stared at himself in the mirror, his medal was pulsing in his chest happy to be used and Harry's necromagic was swirling in his veins begging to be let out again. Harry tightly closed his eyes and took steady breaths, slowly he pushed and pulled at the magic until it was calmed down. Harry opened his eyes again and stared into the mirror again his shoulders now relaxed.

Regardless of his plans this summer one thing was true, he had to train.

Conversations and Searching

Chapter Summary

Harry's first official summer with the Malfoys has started and now he just needs to curse Sirius for opening his big mouth and find a present for Draco. It's off to a great start.

Chapter Notes

Hello Friends!

So I went completely MIA but in my defense this has been the WORST WINTER EVER. I have literally been sick almost everyday of the last two months, what kind of shit is that?

I'm glad to be back and I hope you all enjoy!

--Check the Bottom A/N for real, I really wanted to mention something but I didn't want to make this too long.

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

"She was furious," Sirius cackled as he landed in the Malfoy entrance hall a few minutes after everyone else.

"Did she say anything?" Harry asked half distractedly, his eyes were scanning the hall for his bloody teacher. He could feel him but he couldn't see him, which meant this was a test of some kind.

Harry was probably failing it.

"No she just looked betrayed and oh so surprised that you didn't run to her," Sirius told him with a roll of his eyes.

Harry didn't have a chance to reply, his magic surged behind him and he spun around while the others screamed. Standing in front of him were three Inferi, growling and angry, their movements jerky as they walked. Harry looked to Draco, his hands already moving out and back in, crossing near his chest and separating, circling Draco in a circle of fire, Harry turned back to the Inferi. He would trust the others to protect themselves. Harry dropped his hands to his sides, palms out, fingers curling, the medallion in his chest glowed the runes showing

clearly through. Harry lifted his hands palms facing out, fingers still curled, in one smooth motion his hand closed into a fist, his wrist turned bringing the inside of his fist facing him and jerked his inward. The first Inferi screamed, it's body vibrating until a glowing black ball flew from it's chest directly into Harry's hand and it fell apart into pieces on the floor. Harry brought his hands together palms facing each other and pulled them in opposite directions, his palms swiping against each other, when he pulled them away the black ball was now hovering in his other hand, he repeated the gesture for the other two, combining all of the balls into one until he had a glowing black ball the size of a grapefruit sitting in his palm.

"Really!" Harry called out into the hall, he waved his hand behind him and the fire around Draco dissipated not leaving a single trace. Draco took a step forward but hesitated and waited for Harry to wave his hand towards him before he took those final steps and stood on Harry's side that wasn't holding the ball. Narcissa and Sirius shared a look before simultaneously taking another step back.

"What is that?" Draco asked as he looked at the ball curiously but made no move to touch it.

"That was bloody wicked," Sirius said laughed weakly, he quickly stepped away from Narcissa's slap.

"A soul that's been corrupted by Necro magic," Harry said ignoring Sirius and lifting his hand in front of him so Draco could see better, "a true Necromancer created this Inferi and not a black magic user."

"How do you know?" Sirius asked from the back of the room.

"Black magic users have to use a complicated ritual to raise them and they don't work as well because they are only powered by magic. Only a Necromancer could pull the soul back from after and place it into the body. It creates a true Inferi," Harry told him, he grinned at Draco, "mine are very well behaved, some of them can even talk."

"Harry James Potter! Do you have inferi sitting around?" Narcissa demanded taking a step forward.

Harry winced and turned to give her his best innocent smile, "I have no inferi sitting around. Technically they are sleeping."

Narcissa's eyes narrowed, "we will be talking about this."

"I'm a bloody necromancer what did she think I would be doing," Harry whispered to Draco who covered his mouth to muffle his laughter.

"Good Job!" Master Zabini's voice boomed a moment before materializing in the hall, floating and slightly opaque, "I admit I was not sure you would remember that."

"And if I didn't?" Harry demanded.

"I assumed you would have just killed them," Zabini intoned.

Harry paused, well he did have a point, Harry shrugged, “true.”

“Absorb and release so that we may go, we have much to discuss about your summer training,” Zabini said crossing his arms and waiting for his apprentice.

Harry took a step away from Draco and slammed his palms together black soaked into his hands created thin black veins that faded almost instantly. When Harry pulled his hands apart there were three white balls tinged with blue, Harry shook his hand and they separated floating up about a foot before faded out into the air.

“Perfect! Now I believe Lady Malfoy should have your portkey. I will see you at the castle.”

Harry groaned as soon as he left and held out his hand, “May I have the portkey?”

Narcissa handed it over and a moment later he was gone.

Narcissa gave Draco a hard look, “You will make sure he does *not* keep any inferi on these grounds!”

“Yes mother,” Draco said biting back a smile.

Sirius waited until Narcissa had fully left, mumbling about a ghost teaching her boy horrible things and making sure Harry knew the manor was a dead free area, before turning to Draco.

“I’ve always wanted to see Inferi, do you think Harry will show me one? I wonder if we get get a good ball of football going.”

Draco looked interested, “I’ll find out. We will have to do it at Zabini manor though, mother would kill us if she found out about the inferi in the pond.”

Sirius threw his head back and let out a laugh that sounded more like a bark, he wrapped his arm around Dracos shoulders, “I love that boy.”

Draco laughed and allowed Sirius drag him to the sitting room to talk more about Inferi.

~~*

Harry threw himself into his bed in Malfoy Manor with a groan, he never wanted to create another Inferi in his entire life. Master Zabini had him do it over and over again, adjusting them all by small bits so that some spoke, some were fast, some slow, some almost human like. By the time we was done he had a bloody army under just sleeping deep in Zabini Lake waiting for his command, Harry would need to make sure Narcissa didn’t find out about that. Harry yawned and closed his eyes for what he thought would be just a minute but found himself falling asleep.

Harry didn't know how long he had been asleep when he felt himself waking up but he could sense the moon had risen quite a bit ago. Harry heard the sound of a page turning, opening his eyes slightly he found Draco lounging next to him and reading the Arithmancy book he had gotten the week before, Harry had looked at it and wasn't ashamed to say that it scared him a bit, Draco had just laughed when Harry told him that bit of information.

"I don't remember inviting you in here," Harry teased as he sat up and ran a hand through his hair.

"This is my house," Draco said loftily not looking away from his book.

"Technically it's your parents house and I'm sure Narcissa would agree to me that this is my room there for my territory," Harry pointed out as he fully relaxed into the pillows behind him as he started to get sleepy from the practice he had done and the comfort of the bed and Draco's presence, "what time is it?"

Draco looked over and smiled softly, "It's a little after ten."

"Good. It would be embarrassing to go to sleep before nine like a grandparent," Harry mumbled pulling a pillow from the side and holding it to himself.

Draco rolled his eyes, "you were asleep when I came in at eight thirty gramps."

"You try creating Inferi for three hours straight and see how you feel."

"Mother is not going to like that," Draco smirked.

"Mother is not going to find out," Harry said pointedly with a glare, "You will wake up with a cat in your bed that makes Bunnymort look fully formed."

"You would not!" Draco exclaimed in horror, his eyes moved around the room intently as if the said cat was already laying in wait.

"Tell mother and find out," Harry said with a grin that bordered on smug.

"Fine. Your secret is safe with me," Draco huffed, "How was training?"

"Long," Harry groaned, he shifted down back into bed and stretched out, relaxing further into the bed, "like I said he had me creating Inferi over and over again until I could do it fast enough to his liking and with his specifications."

"Specifications?" Draco asked with a confused look.

"They are puppets and we are the masters," Harry said his voice deepening to mimic Master Zabini, "if you know what you are doing then you can create them for different tasks and how they respond to things. I have an entire section that's only job is guarding you."

"Romantic," Draco said drolly. He pushed down the part of him that did think it was romantic but honestly, an army created to protect him? Who wouldn't think that was romantic. The

reasonable sliver of him however was appalled at the thought of an undead army but that part was usually wrong.

“I thought so,” Harry agreed with a yawn, “We also set a schedule up Tuesdays and Thursdays and Sundays for fours each time. He doesn’t care what the actual start time is though. Guess you don’t get very busy when your dead.”

Draco snorted as he pulled out a piece of parchment and handed it over, “Speaking of training, father, Sirius and I created a training schedule for the summer as well.”

Harry looked it over and groaned, “Arithmancy? Really?”

“It’s one of your electives next year so you need to get started now,” Draco said with a shrug, “I won’t have you embarrassing me by struggling with basic Arithmancy.”

That wasn’t a tease either.

Harrys jaw dropped, “is that all you care about? Not my happiness but whether or not I embarrass you?”

“I care about your happiness and you should be happy to not embarrass me,” Draco said with a bright grin wiggling his fingers at Harry.

Harry would never admit how true that statement was.

“You think very highly of yourself,” Harry told him, he held out his hand and his duvet flew to his hand, “now lay down.”

Harry promised himself that he wouldn’t do this and he would let Draco come on his own but he spent hours with dead things and promise or not he needed Dracos warmth. That was his story and he was sticking to it.

Draco hesitated for a moment but in the end they both knew he wasn’t going to say no.

“Father is going to be irritated,” Draco said softly as he crawled under the covers and shifted until he could feel Harrys warmth.

“I’ll sick an inferi on him,” Harry yawned, he reached out and pulled Draco closer until he was curled into Harrys side. Harry felt his eyelids drop, “I’m bloody freezing and your warm so stay.”

“Of course,” Dracos words were a quiet whisper in the air. Harry didn’t reply, his breathing already evened out in his sleep but his grasp on Draco was still firm and comforting. Draco watched his face relax in sleep and soaked up the feeling of Harrys arms, this would always be worth his fathers wrath. Draco relaxed into Harry and closed his eyes, sleep followed quickly after.

Lucius was already glaring at them as they walked into the dinning room for breakfast the next morning. Harry couldn't help but roll his eyes even as a fissure of irritation ran through him.

"How long have you been glaring at that door waiting for us?" Harry asked not hiding his amusement as he sat slightly stiffly next to Draco.

"I believe we have rules," Lucius said shortly his glare fully on Harry now.

"Lucius I spent four hours yesterday playing with dead bodies, that I had to go grave robbing for might I add, and I needed my friend and I'm not going to argue or defend myself further," Harry's tone was short and his eyes were cold, "It won't happen again but this time since, you know, it's the first time in months that I've had to do things like that, I think you can let it go."

It came off as a light suggestion but everyone knew it wasn't. The small pulses of pain rising from Lucius' mark and traveling up his arm let him know it wasn't a light suggestion. It was easy, too easy, for Lucius to forget the power Harry had, the power he had over them, he could easily control their actions and choices because he never did. Lucius gave a short nod and let out a inner sigh of relief as the pain stopped but still left his arm slightly sore.

Harry probably should have felt guilty for lying about the effect his training actually had on him and purposely hurting Lucius but he couldn't bring himself to care. He truly wasn't in the mood for Lucius today, not after Draco ripped himself out of his arms that morning and ran to his room without looking at Harry once.

"Now, now," Narcissa said smoothly as she glided into the room, "No fighting at the breakfast table. Lucius we already agreed to let this one slide considering the circumstance and Harry thank you for your agreement to not let it happen again."

"Of course mum," Harry said with a grin, his eyes warming up instantly for the Malfoy matriarch.

"Yes, Dear," Lucius grumbled as he picked up the paper and disappeared behind it.

Sirius who had been watching the show suddenly grinned, "Lucius is only so touchy because you guys can now get it--"

"Sirius!" Narcissa and Harry both snapped.

"Merlin are you thirteen or thirty-three," Harry said shaking his head amusement pushing through the last remnants of hurt from that morning, he reached over and poked Draco, who had been studying his eggs studiously with his fist pressed against his mouth to cover his snickers. Draco glanced over with bright eyes and Harry knew he got the message, Harry wasn't upset.

Sirius raised his hands,”I’m just saying what he’s thinking, which reminds me,”Sirius turned to Narcissa and Lucius, “Do we give them the talk?”

“Oh my god,”Harry groaned dropping his face into his hands. Draco had his hand over his mouth but Harry could still hear the giggles that couldn’t be fully contained, Narcissa was pinching the bridge of her nose while Lucius had dropped the paper and was staring at Sirius in horror.

“It’s a valid question!”Sirius defended,”we don’t know if they need it or not!”Sirius turned to Harry with a wicked grin, “So, did you get some hands on experience or do you need the talk?”

Dracos laughter instantly stopped, he dropped his hands from his mouth and sent a glare at Harry, “No, he doesn’t need the talk.”

Harry grimaced, he really should have bloody lied, and glared at his godfather, “I think we are both good on that. Thanks though.”

“Oh,”Sirius looked between them, he opened his paper and promptly hid behind it, a muffled,” sorry bout that coming from behind it.

“So Draco was telling me you want to go to Spain for your birthday?”Narcissa asked Harry in an attempt to break the tension that had fallen in the room.

“I don’t really know. I just wanted to go to the beach because I’ve never been and Draco thought Spain would be good,”Harry told her grateful for the change of topic, to bad it didn’t happen before Sirius stuck his bloody foot in it.

“I agree with Draco in that case. Spain will be the better option,”Narcissa said with a slow nod, “I’ll make sure the plans are made.”

“Excuse me. I need to start a potion for when Severus comes by later,”Draco said abruptly before standing and leaving the room, he kept his eyes ahead and didn’t look at anyone else.

Harry groaned and dropped his head on the table for a moment before standing himself, “I’m going to go train. See you at lunch.”

Sirius waited until Harry was out of the room before turning to Narcissa, “I don’t think mine needs the talk but I’m thinking yours does.”

“I think you may be right,”Narcissa agreed quietly, “I’ll see him after he has time to calm down. I suggest you stay away from Draco until then.”

Sirius once again lifted his hands before going back to his breakfast.

~~*

Harrys knuckles tingled as he knocked on the door to Sirius study and he rolled his eyes, nice try, “Sirius?”

“Come in!”

With a twitch of his fingers Harrys wand slipped into his waiting hand. Grinning madly he swung the door open and slashed his wand across the threshold. A pink light shot from the doorjamb and hit Sirius before he could dodge from his spot behind his desk.

“BLOODY HELL!” Sirius exclaimed, he brought his hands to the top of his head to feel the pigtails before grabbing one and pulling it forward. A pained noise escaped him as he saw the hot pink against his skin instead of smooth black.

“I like it padfoot,” Harry said with a laugh as he lounged against the doorway, his wand tapping on his thigh, “really brings out your eyes.”

“You little shit!” Sirius snapped at him, crossing his arms he dropped into his chair and gestured to the one in front of his desk.

“I will fling that one at you too,” Harry said amusement coloring his tone, his wand pointed to the chair in question. Sirius twitched, he waved his wand over his chair and desk, both flashing a white light as the spells were disabled.

“I don’t know why you thought that would work,” Harry said dropping into the seat. He turned his body and threw his legs over the arm of the chair crossing his ankles.

Sirius shrugged, “I figured you would think I wouldn’t try because it wouldn’t work.”

“Have I not mentioned I can feel magic? See it as well if I wanted to,” Harry said with a grin that left no doubt to the fact that he knew he hadn’t told him.

Sirius sat up and placed his hands on the arms of the chair before leaning forward, “What? How?”

“Necromancy. You’d be surprised what you can actually do with it,” Harry answered honestly. Harry didn’t even know what he will be able to do with his magic when fully trained. Master Zabini would sometimes make off hand comments during training but refused to expand on it much to Harrys frustration.

“I don’t even want to know,” Sirius decided after a few moments of contemplation, “anyway! What brings you to my humble study today?”

“Well the first thing,” Harrys eyes narrowed. Sirius yelped, dropping his hands and cupping himself as he felt something tie around the base of his dick tightly. Harry grinned, “that my dear godfather is a version of the impotency curse that can only be removed by the caster. I would suggest to not even *think* of sex until it’s removed I’ve heard it can be quite painful.”

Sirius looked at him in horror, “Come on! I said I was sorry!”

“That doesn’t change the fact that Draco is going to be pissed at me all day,” Harry snapped, “Be thankful I didn’t cut it off completely.”

“Keep the spell on me as long as you want,” Sirius said brightly, he hesitated a moment on his next question but went for it anyway, he was a Gryffindor after all, “So *you* don’t need the talk?”

“Seriously?” Harry asked him incredulously.

“I’m your godfather,” Sirius told him with a grin, “we are supposed to talk about things like this and I’ve been waiting for this moment since you were born.”

Harry shook his head with a laugh, “Merlin. No I don’t need the talk, no it wasn’t Draco and no I won’t tell you who it was.”

“I assumed it wasn’t Draco considering,” Sirius gestured his head blowing up.

“It’s a topic that we stay very far away from but he knows,” Harry said running a hand through his hair, “enough of that. Do you have it?”

Sirius reached into his desk and pulled up a large white envelope and handing it over, “It’s all there. We decided I will be the one to chaperone.”

“Thank Merlin,” Harry mumbled in relief, “I wasn’t looking forward to obliterating a bunch of muggles or listening to Lucius complaints,” He added.

“Amen to that,” Sirius said lifting his tumbler. Harry rolled his eyes and sipped his tea. Sirius had reconnected with a muggleborn he had gone to school with to learn about the muggle world before Dracos birthday. They took great pleasure in teaching him about the muggle world and how it works and naturally Sirius picked up various muggle phrases but at least he used them correctly.

“Sooo,” Sirius said in a tone that instantly had Harrys guard up, “How is it going with baby Luci?”

“Fine,” Harry said looking down into his cup with just a little to much focus.

“You would lie to your dear old godfather?” Sirius cried, he put his hand to his chest and clutched over his heart, “you lie to Lucius and sometimes Cissy but never to me!”

“Your an idiot,” Harry said flatly. Sirius just shrugged and looked at Harry silently. Waiting. Well he would just have to keep waiting because Harry wasn’t going to give in.

5..

4...

3..

2..

1..

“Okay fine!” Harry exclaimed, he sat his cup down with a clatter and swung his legs until they were in front of him. He placed his elbows on the desk and dropped his face in his palms. Sirius took a sip of his drink and motioned for him to continue.

“You know how Draco is, if I got too close he would either move or push me away but after I came back from the chamber Draco didn’t let me out of his sight for weeks, I could barely go a foot away from him before he would pull me back. He slept in my bed, which isn’t unusual really but he never did it that much, if I wrapped an arm around him he kept it there, if I grabbed his hand he turned it until we were actually holding hands, when we studied he would lean against me, if it was reading he would hold my free wrist or hand.”

Harry dropped one of his hands onto Sirius’ desk and started to drum them onto the surface, “his jealousy was also kicked up to ridiculous levels. Anytime I was within five feet of an attractive bloke he lost his shit and would leave in a huff. Then the next day he would point out people I should date that he could stand. I don’t think I have ever been so confused in my life, and that’s counting my sexuality identity crisis during my fifth year in my original time, that he also caused.”

Sirius ran a hand through his hair and let out a breath, “okay but other than the jealousy thing isn’t that good?”

“It would be if it stayed that way but it doesn’t. It’s like he can’t make up his mind, sometimes it’s like we are heading somewhere and other times it feels like we are stagnant or worse, going backwards,” Harry said softly. He hadn’t thought he would talk to anyone about this, he wasn’t used to talking about these things nor did he even know who to talk to, but he couldn’t deny that it was making him feel better.

“Sometimes *I* think I’m seeing things that I want to see but then...,” Harry closed his eyes and thought back to Draco seeing the unicorns, pressed close to Harry as they walked, his hand on top of Harry’s where it rested on his stomach, the happiness on Draco’s face, the way he looked in the moonlight—the way he looked at *Harry*, “I took him to see newborn unicorns and it felt like we were more, he *looked* at me like we were more and he kissed my cheek. *Then* he ran away to get to the castle like he grim was on his tale and ignored me for the rest of the night but when I woke up the next morning he was in my bed. Then he avoided me for the rest of the day.”

Harry didn’t know why he didn’t mention the near kisses, something about telling him about it didn’t feel right like they were only meant for him and Draco.

Sirius finished his drink, his mind turned trying to figure out what he could say. He never dated in school, there were too many people and broom closets in the school for that, so he never had personal experience with this. Remus and Peter never dated as far as he knew and James didn’t have much luck with Lily for years but at least when he did she was ready to be all in and wasn’t hot and cold

“Have you talked to him about it?”

Harry gave him a look of exasperation, "I've tried. He panics and makes up a reason to change the topic or leave the room."

Sirius nodded, "So what have you already decided to do?"

"To back off and wait for him to figure out what he actually wants. It's not going great," Harry admitted, "I forget sometimes and when he starts it it's incredibly difficult to pull away from him."

Well it probably would be, he hadn't actually tried.

Sirius toyed with his lordship ring before letting out a sigh, "I have no idea what to tell you. I can ask my therapist."

Harry looked at him for a long moment, long enough for Sirius to be concerned for his safety. Then his lips twitched, he let out a snort, choked and then laughed. Laughed so hard that he held his side and almost fell out of the chair, his knees hitting the desk in front of him his only savior. Sirius was offended for half a second before he followed his godson into laughter.

"Your horrible advice!," Harry said as he gasped for breath, his hand rubbing at the stitch in his side. He had no idea why he found that so funny, the stress probably making him lose his mind.

"Hey! I'm good at advice! I can give you plenty, just not about dating troubles," Sirius told him with a shrug, "Never really dated myself. I did find out the flexibility of most of the birds and blokes in school though. Valuable information."

"How? Wait. No. Don't tell me," Harry said with a grimace, he had no desire to find out anything about Sirius' exploits.

"Maybe when you're older," Sirius said with a smirk before his face turned serious, "My only advice I can give is to be yourself. You have always been the open one, you never made your feelings for Draco a secret and you were always *touchy*. As long as you aren't making him, or yourself, uncomfortable I don't see a reason to change that."

The problem was Harry didn't see a problem with that either until it happened and it hurt. Harry eyed the scotch next to Sirius, "That's not bad advice actually. Now what's the chance of getting a drink myself?"

Sirius looked between the glass and Harry before shrugging, "you can put a little in your tea."

Harry silently cheered and pushed his cup towards Sirius.

"Best godfather ever."

~~*

Draco knew he needed to let the George thing go, he really did, but every time he was reminded of it he couldn't think past his jealousy and the feeling that Harry had betrayed him. Which was so idiotic he wanted to choke.

"Darling?"

"Come in," Draco called finishing his stir before placing the potion base in stasis. Narcissa came in and wrinkled her nose at the smell of the potion in the air, she never did like the smell of potions. Draco smiled and waved his wand, the air clearing of the smell getting a thankful smile from Narcissa.

"Come sit with me," Narcissa patted the seat next to her on the small couch in the warded corner of the room where a small bookcase had been placed with advanced potions text and safe from potion fumes and kept magic cast there away from the rest of the room. Draco easily sat next to his mother and leaned back into the couch, she wouldn't call out his lack of propriety like his father would, and waited for her to ask what she wanted to.

"You know why I am here," Narcissa said instead, she snapped her fingers and tea appeared on the table in front of them. Draco didn't say anything as he made his tea and took a sip. He stared at the potion sitting on the bench, steam rising from it and mixing into the air.

"It's ridiculous," Draco finally said after several minutes of silence, "being upset because Harry had *experience* before his death."

"You did not?" Narcissa's question was assuming, simply curious.

"This is a very weird conversation to have with one's mother," Draco said with a grimace but answered, "I did not. My sixth and seventh year it was the very last thing on my mind, after that I was in Azkaban and when I was released I didn't want to be around anyone."

"Are you upset you didn't get the same experience or is it just the fact that Harry did?" Narcissa asked honestly curious, she assumed it was the latter but one never knew.

"The latter," Draco said quietly, "like I said, it's ridiculous. We hadn't even talked for over a year, I'm pretty sure he hated me for letting the Death Eaters into the castle, and had made no promises to each other. I shouldn't care, I don't have the *right* to care."

Except Draco did think he had a right to care. As ridiculous and wrong as it was he felt like Harry had given something that belonged to him away, even though the thought of it made him want to cringe in disgust at himself. Harry, and what he chose to do with his body, was in no way Draco's business and certainly not a possession of his, even if he wanted to torture George to death for daring to touch Harry. Absently he wondered if Harry felt that way about him, he didn't think he would mind if Harry thought of him as a possession. Draco wasn't sure what that said about him. Not that he wanted Harry to think of him in anyway but a friend, Draco reminded himself forcefully.

“Perhaps not,” Narcissa agreed, her head tilted slightly in thought for a moment before looking at Draco, “that does not mean you can’t be upset about it. Your father wasn’t pure when we married and while it happened before the contract I found myself quite furious when I found out.”

Draco choked on his tea, “what?!”

Draco didn’t know why he was so surprised. It was common for people, especially men, to have lovers before their contract is signed. You weren’t supposed to of course but they tended to put more pressure to stay ‘pure’ on the women. Sexist arses. But still, it has his *father*.

“Your father had a dalliance with a man that started his seventh year and continued until the contract was signed but from my understanding it was going to end before the contract was even mentioned,” Narcissa told him remembering the night Lucius drank too much and the truth spilled out of him with tears and apologies.

“Can I ask who?” Draco asked delicately, he didn’t want to bring up bad memories for his mother but he also *had* to know. Harry would never forgive him if he didn’t.

“Frank Longbottom,” Narcissa said easily taking a drink to hide her smile as Draco spit out his drink and fumbled with his cup.

“WHAT,” Draco shouted, he blushed and cleared his throat before saying again, in a calm voice, “I apologize. I meant, what?”

“My sentiments exactly. I will tell no more than that, it is your father’s past but you can ask him if you truly want to know,” Draco truly did and he would be asking, “but my original point stands. I had no claim on Lucius, he was nothing more than a family friend, but emotions do not hold to logic.”

“True,” Draco said quietly.

“Eventually it will not matter to you. After our wedding I found it easier to accept and as time went on it no longer mattered,” Narcissa assured him.

“Me and Harry won’t be getting married so if that’s needed to ‘get over it’ we have a problem,” Draco grumbled, he watched the tea slosh around the cup almost spilling as he set the tea down with more force than needed.

Narcissa started in surprise before forcing herself to relax and push the surprise back.

“Draco-“

“I don’t want to talk about it anymore mother,” Draco said quickly cutting her off, “I apologize for interrupting.”

“It is quite alright,” Narcissa told him, she squeezed his arm and offered him a smile, “go back to your potions. I will see you at lunch?”

“I’m having it with Severus in his office so dinner,” Draco told her, he held out his hand to help her up.

“Dinner then,” Narcissa smiled.

~~

Narcissa frowned the entire way up from the dungeon and to her sunroom. She sat in her normal spot and grabbed the book she had been reading but didn’t open it, her thoughts somewhere else. Draco had never been so blatant about the future of his and Harrys relationship and the certainty in his voice as he said it made her feel as if she was missing something. Narcissa had checked on them last night and they were wrapped up in each other in a way they hadn’t been before. She thought something had changed for the better since she last saw them but now she was sure something changed for the worse and she did not like it. It was a problem that will need to be fixed, either by themselves or with gentle nudging from her if needed, Draco would not ruin her plans.

Harry Potter would be her son-in-law.

~~

Draco turned and laid down across the couch after his mother left and put both hands behind his head. What the hell universe did they end up in? His father had a relationship with Frank Bloody Longbottom. It wasn’t that his relationship was with a man, it was the who the man was that had him so off kilter. Maybe it wasn’t fair to be so surprised considering he and Harry became *friends* and their animosity went further then normal house disagreements and general dislike.

But still, Frank Longbottom.

Draco didn’t know much about Frank Longbottom, other then how he ended up in Mungos, and he wondered if he was like the old Neville or the new one, or neither and what was their relationship. Did his father love him? Did Longbottom love his father? Was it serious, well as serious as it could be for purebloods without a contract.

Without a contract.

Draco sat up and grabbed the cup still full of cold tea and threw it across the room, watching in satisfaction as it hit the wall and shattered into pieces and landed in the puddle of tea that dripped to the floor.

His mother had tried to hide her surprise when Draco said he and Harry wouldn’t be getting married but he still saw it and he knew it was going to be the first look of shock out of many and he was already irritated by just the thought of it. Sure he let Harry hang on him more then usual but he didn’t understand why everyone in the bloody school, and apparently his family, thought that meant anymore more then it did. Harry liked showing and getting physical attention that was just how he was and if it was focused on Draco that wasn’t his fault. Last

night wasn't his fault. Draco knows he should have left Harry's room last night, told Harry that he didn't want to and Harry would have given him a smile and sent him off to his own room. No pressure and no expectations just Harry asking and giving Draco the option.

Always giving Draco the option.

Draco groaned, he laid back down on the couch and pressed his palms to his eyes. Draco didn't want the bloody option. The option made things hard and confusing and painful and he *didn't want it*. At the same time he couldn't find the will to tell Harry to stop, to be his friend only and treat him as he treated Neville or Fred and George. He finally admitted to himself that he didn't want to lose Harry's attentions but it didn't mean he wanted to be with him, he had just been alone for years before he died and Harry was the only one who knew what he had gone through, and telling him to stop would, well make them stop. Just tell him "can you stop touching me so much? I want you to treat me like you do your other friends" that's all he had to do, that's what will be expected of him.

Draco had always done what was expected of him to make his parents proud, keep the Malfoy name to the greatest standard he could and, if possible, raise the name to a higher standard. Harry being his best friend made everything easier this time around. The Malfoy name being attached to Potter automatically raised the Malfoy name to a higher standard and Draco didn't have to worry falling out of favor and causing problems for his family. Draco flinched at those thoughts that made it seem as if Harry was nothing more but a stepping stone for him and what he truly was. Draco didn't care if Harry become a hermit who didn't do anything and offered nothing, he would still be Draco's best friend.

Draco turned to the side, almost on his stomach, he dropped one hand to the ground and used his finger to trace the cracks in the stone flooring. Expectations had always followed Draco; to make strong connections in Slytherin, get top grades, help Umbridge control the school, give up Harry's friendship (not that he had to considering Harry had been obliviated), take the dark mark willingly, try and kill Dumbledore (Merlin that was a disaster), get the Death Eaters into the school, torture this muggle and that muggleborn and *No that's not how you do it nephew! Watch!*

It was second nature to give up what he wanted to follow what was *expected* of him. So why was it so hard this time?

~~*

Sirius wanted to cry as he took a good look at the enormous vault Harry had brought him to. Filled to the brim with gallons, sickles, knuts, piles of jewels, trunks of all sizes, and cabinets, tables and shelves full of things, he couldn't even see the end of the damn thing.

Sirius turned to Harry and looked at him with an imploring look, "Don't you think he will like something newer? I know a great jewelry shop in Germany, bit of a jaunt but worth it."

“He would but I don’t want to get him something newer,” Harry said rolling his eyes, “Now don’t so such a baby. We need to get started, if we don’t find anything here we need to check the others.”

Sirius came to a stop and looked at him incredulously, “The others? Your on your own kid.”

“You were always so dramatic Sirius,” Narcissa said gliding into the room with Severus at her side, “if he needs further help we will all be happy to do it.”

“Merlin,” Severus murmured. He looked around with wide worshiping eyes, “If we don’t find something in here I will give Weasley and outstanding for the entire year.”

Harry snorted and let his own eyes scan the large vault. Even though Harry already arranged a ‘Muggle Week Extravaganza’, as Sirius had taken to calling it, he wanted to get something else for Draco. He had no idea what it was and had no look going through every wizarding district that Narcissa and Sirius knew, hopefully he would find it in the vault. For obvious reasons he had chosen the Slytherin vault (though he had really considered Gryffindor, mostly for the entertainment of Dracos when he found out, but it was much larger then anticipated.

It had been *generations* since anyone had been able to take the Lordship and gain access to the vault, naively Harry thought this meant it wouldn’t be so bad. He obviously missed the part of the conversation where the goblins told him he would be walking into the Quidditch World Cup stadium of vaults. Harry squinted to try and find any of the walls but was unable to see past the piles and stands. Merlin, maybe Draco would like something knew.

“What are we looking for?” Severus asked as they wandered deeper into the vault.

“Anything Draco would like,” Harry told them, “we will meet later and go over it. There are cursed items in here so be careful and anything that has the Slytherin name or symbol don’t touch. You will die.”

“Blood only?” Narcissa asked, she leaned over to look at a hideous goblet that in, Harry’s humble opinion, needed to be destroyed.

“Yeah. Blood purity is kind of important to them, who knew.”

Severus rolled his eyes, “and if we find something that we believe Draco would like of that nature?”

“Remember where it is and I can look at it. I can make an exception if needed,” Harry told him already walking off to another part of the vault.

~~

Sirius weighed the benefits of cursing Harry as he walked around the maze that was Slytherin’s vault. It had been over two hours and Sirius felt as if he had only walked twenty feet, it was never ending and he regretting ever agreeing to help. He wasn’t even a Slytherin.

Sirius paused at a table and picked up a beautiful goblin made dagger, he wighted it on his finger before placing it into his bag.

“Any luck?”Severus asked meeting him at a corner where Sirius had been looking at a dagger.

“This is *Slytherins* vault,”Sirius snorted as he moved to an ostentatious Jewelry box, “Of course I’m having luck.”

“I saw you add a dagger, I don’t think that’s something Draco would appreciate,”Severus told him as he pulled a different jewelry box to look through.

“Oh that’s for me. I’m not going through this bloody maze and leaving with nothing,”Sirius said as he frowned at the jewelry in the box. It was all large, gaudy and hideous.

“I see,”Severus mused before dropping a different dagger into his own bag.

“Are you looking for yourselves?”Narcissa asked amused as she came up next to them.

“You aren’t?”Sirius asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Of course I am, this is *Slytherins* vault,”Narcissa said with a sniff, she glanced into the box Sirius had open and wrinkled her nose, “those are hideous.”

“I would have thought Slytherins would have had better taste,”Sirius said as he shut the box and threw it back where it came from.

“The Guants were of Slytherin blood and their taste was worst then Aunt Wallberga,”Narcissa said distractedly as she examined a silver necklace.

Sirius snorted in agreement. Narcissa paused and looked at Severus before throwing the necklace in the bag and clearing her throat.

“Severus, you are at school with the boys,”she started.

“Yes,”Severus said eyeing her in suspicion.

“Since they came back there has been some tension between them and Draco has told me that he and Harry will never marry, he was quite positive of it. Have you noticed anything?”Narcissa asked. Sirius straightened up and looked at him as well wondering if he had anything to add to what Harry told him earlier.

“I don’t pay attention to the love lives of the students,”Severus said rolling his eyes.

“You haven’t noticed anything?”Narcissa pressed.

“I have not.”

Narcissa pursed her lips and looked at Sirius, “You?”

“Harry told me something,” Sirius admitted, he looked around briefly before lowering his voice, “Draco doesn’t know if he’s coming or going but gets extremely jealous, we all saw that this morning, and now Harry has no idea where they stand. Draco hasn’t out right told him they won’t be together either he just runs when Harry tries to talk about it. Harry also cursed me for mentioning ‘the talk’ I can’t even think about sex without it hurting.”

Severus raised an eyebrow, “you asked if they needed the talk? Really Black.”

“It’s a valid question! I didn’t know Draco was going to get pissed about it,” Sirius defended.

“Should I ask?” Severus asked raising an eyebrow and looking between them.

“Harry shagged someone before they died and it wasn’t Draco,” Sirius said with a snort, “Draco isn’t very fond of it being brought up.”

“Ah,” Narcissa sighed, she fingered her wedding ring, “I was able to talk to him about that, I told him about Lucius and Frank. It seemed to help or at the very least distracted him.”

“You did what?” Severus choked, “Does Lucius know?”

“I thought it would help to speak from experience and no he doesn’t, it will be much more entertaining for Draco to surprise him.”

Sirius laughed and had to grab onto a shelf to keep himself up as Severus nodding in agreement.

“I couldn’t get him to talk about him and Harry past ‘never getting married’ comment. I had hoped we would have more time before we had to worry about their relationship,” Narcissa mused.

“Really?” Sirius asked in surprise, “I’m almost surprised it hasn’t happen earlier.”

“Maybe it was more of a hope,” Narcissa admitted, her eyes went back to Severus, “you could talk to Draco for us. He wouldn’t talk to me about it and we are keeping Lucius away from all of this. Merlin knows how he would ruin it.”

Severus grimaced, “is there a reason we can not allow them to figure this out themselves? They are adults.”

Narcissa scowled, “I suppose. If nothing is figured out by Christmas you will have a talk with him.”

“Agreed,” Severus agreed even though he still thought the entire situation was ridiculous.

“If you are done gossiping about me I think it’s time to meet at the front,” Harry’s voice echoed around the vault and caused Sirius to scowl and Narcissa to fluster. They quickly made their way back to the front, a few wrong turns here and there, and made it back to the front to Harry who was sitting at a table that looked to be made of pure gold with three other chairs around it.

“Give him this,” Sirius said slapping the table as he sat down, “he would love it.”

“Gold doesn’t go with his skin tone,” Harry said slightly muffled as he dug into his bag to get his choices.

“How do *you* know that,” Sirius asked with a snort.

“Pansy had given him some gold necklace for Christmas in our fifth year and he spent an hour ranting about it,” Harry told them setting things out.

The adults all shared a look but kept quiet.

Harry watched in amusement as the others started pulling things out and placing them on the table, all three pulling out things that were defiantly not for Draco.

“Were you looking for Draco or yourself?” Harry teased as he started going through the items.

“I wanted to give you options for my birthday,” Sirius said with a charming grin.

Harry waved him off, “Feel free to take whatever you want think of it as a thank you for helping me today.”

“Best godson ever,” Sirius chanted putting his goods in his pockets.

“Oh! Except that Sirius, that is mine,” Harry said summoning the dagger that Sirius had been drooling over. Harry pulled out another dagger that had been hidden in his shirt and held it up, “Matching set.”

“Do you even know how to use that?” Sirius pouted as he watched Harry slip both of them up his sleeves.

Harry gave a sharp smile, “Gabby taught me during Christmas.”

“Of course she did,” Sirius grumbled, “Did she teach you anything else we should know about?”

“How to poison someone with no evidence or residue in the body,” Harry said picking up a necklace and looking at it in interest.

“I fell like we should have watched their training,” Sirius murmured to Severus.

The next thirty minutes were spent going through what everyone had picked with no luck. Harry had tossed down another necklace in frustration when a glint behind Sirius caught his eye. Harry stood up from the table and walked past the others to the other side of the room, sitting on top of a hideous table was a box that had been partly opened, a necklace peaking over the side the silver of it shinning in the candle light. Harry tilted his head in curiosity and opened the box, his breath caught in his chest at revealed necklace. Goblin made silver the chain was thin and delicate, on the end was a large briolette emerald attached by a silver

snake wrapped around the top. The entire necklace sparkled in an impossible way as Harry held it up in front of him.

“Oh my,” Narcissa breathed with her hand on her chest.

“Think he will like it?” Harry asked her softly.

“I think if he finds out you found it and didn’t give it to him he will kill you,” Sirius half-joked next to her.

“It is acceptable,” Severus agreed.

Harry put the necklace back into the box and held it tightly in his hand, “Go ahead and grab whatever you guys wanna take so we can get out of this damn place.”

“Thank Merlin!” Sirius cheered running back to the table followed by Narcissa and Severus at a more sedate pace. Harry shook his head with a smile and slipped the necklace into his pocket, now he just needed to find the right time to give it to Draco.

Chapter End Notes

I just want to touch on something real quick-

While the boys are technically adults it does not mean they will act like proper adults for one simple reason, they didn’t die at a ripe old age where they had plenty of life experiences behind them and had a chance to be well developed adults. They essentially died as teenagers. Teenagers full of untouched trauma.

So I get the frustration that they aren’t acting like adults but what makes you an adult, what matures you, isn’t your age but the things you learn and live through as you age.

Thank you for coming to my Ted Talk.

Dracos Birthday

Chapter Summary

Dracos birthday week!

Chapter Notes

Hello all!

I am alive and THIS CHAPTER WAS A BITCH. WORSE THEN DELORES UMBRIDGE.

MERLIN.

I also convinced myself I was a horrible writer and couldn't subject you fine people to it. Fun shit.

With that in mind it's half of what I normally give you guys but I figured that would be okay. Plus, to be completely honest, this was going to be added to the previous chapter but I figured it was too long already. I deeply regret that choice now.

On another note:

Do y'all remember when I updated weekly? Yeah. I miss those times as well.

Other than the general struggle to figure out the chapter we also had to deal with my problems with time perception. I swore it had only been like a month but nope, it was three. Excuse me?

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

Every window in the circular room was open, a breeze drifted through the window and drifted over the wizard hunched over the desk with his hands folded on the desk in front of him. Albus glared at the half written letter as the edges of the parchment ruffled in the breeze. His last conversation with Harry weighed heavy on his mind. Albus could count on one hand the number of times someone had disobeyed his orders and the fact that that...that...child had the nerve to attempt sent a fissure of rage down his spine even now weeks later. His reaction to it was a mistake, that was glaringly obvious, but not unfixable. Albus eyed the destroyed book on the corner of his desk, the blame for his words would be laid at the feet of the destroyed book. No one truly knew what it was and wouldn't be able to dispute his words, it truly was the perfect excuse. However. Albus needed to decide how to get the boys compliance. He was never alone with him long enough to attach a spell and a potion seemed too obvious. Possibly a ritual? His thoughts interrupted by the fireplace flaring green. A blonde and gaunt man in worn robes stepped through.

"Remus!" Albus said cheerfully, pushing back his irritation. Remus had finally replied to his summons the day before to to Albus satisfaction he had expressed interest in Albus ideas.

“Albus,” Remus said, a small smile coming to his tired face. “It’s good to see you.”

Remus glanced around the room before shuffling over to the chair in front of the desk and sitting down, moving his robes around him nervously. Remus had no intention of replying to Albus’ letter when it first arrived in a fiery flash. He was..content, in the muggle world and had a somewhat decent job that didn’t seem to mind his monthly disappearances, going back to the wizarding world where he was feared and hated was the last thing he wanted. Then he got fired and received another letter and it changed everything. Remus’ hand brushed over his pocket where a letter, that was worn and wrinkled from over handling sat. Sirius letter arrived a few days after Albus’ and Remus was still unsure how to feel about the contents of the letter.

“It’s good to see you as well my boy. How have things been?” Albus asked. Albus allowed himself to relax into his chair, Remus would be more than happy to listen to Albus’ instructions.

“As well as possible,” Remus said with a small smile. “You said you had a proposition for me?”

“That’s good to hear,” Albus said with that same cheerful grin. “Yes! As I mentioned in my letter we are in the need of a Defense against the Dark Arts teacher. I have already spoken to the governors about you and as long as certain rules are followed there will be no problem with you coming on board.”

Remus’ eyebrows rose up to his hairline. That seemed more of an order than a proposition. “I see. To be quite honest with you I’m not sure I want the position Albus. The board may have agreed to my placement but many of the parents would not and I find myself quite content in the muggle world. Less discrimination.”

Albus inwardly twitched in annoyance. “I understand your worries my boy but do remember your..affliction..is unknown to many. With proper precautions it will remain a secret.” Albus sat up and his face turned serious. “I will be honest with you Remus but the information must not leave this room.”

“I understand,” Remus said, already knowing where this was going.

“Have you been keeping up with the news of our world?”

“In regards to Sirius being freed. I am aware of it.”

“Then you are aware that he has gained custody of young Harry,” Albus said. He frowned and put the tips of his fingers together. “Once released Narcissa Malfoy was able to gain power of attorney over him and he has lived with them since. Harry has now joined them and it has caused me concern.”

Remus frowned. “Do you think they may be controlled in some way?”

“It is my belief they may be,” Dumbledore said solemnly. “Young Harry is showing very concerning attitude. When he first arrived he was a sweet child, so much like dear Lily, but since he has been in contact with Sirius he has changed in very worrying ways.”

“I see,” Remus said, his frown deepening.

“It is my hope that being able to meet you and spending time with you we will be able to help him.”

Remus was quiet for a long moment and Dumbledore started to worry he would have yet another person to not be loyal to him. He would fix it of course but it was still irritating.

“I will gladly accept the position Albus. I owe it and more to James and Lily.”

Albus grinned broadly. “Excellent! Now let’s get this pesky paperwork over with and I will show you to your future rooms.”

Remus sat down heavily on the sofa in his new professor quarters and let out a deep sigh. He closed his eyes and rubbed his eyes with his thumb and forefinger before pulling out the letter from Sirius.

Remus,

This will be my last letter to you. I was never as smart as you but even I know that after three ignored letters you want nothing to do with me and I can't blame you. So I will tell you in this all those things I wanted to tell you in person. I am full of regrets Remus but none of them sting more, fill my thoughts more, haunt my dreams more, then suspecting you as the traitor and betraying your trust and our bond as brothers in such a way. I want you to know that while me and James were absolute idiots Lily..lily never suspected you. Not even for a moment. After all those years you would have thought that me and James learned to always listen to her but as I said, and as you both pointed out so many times, we were idiots. How none of us suspected Peter is beyond me. When I look back now I see so many signs that there was something wrong but like so many things with Peter I disregarded it. It was Peter, the timid one between us, the one that always hid behind us and cowered to threats. I never would have expected anything from him, especially not betrayal. This was a mistake and I feel ashamed of it, both because of the betrayal to you but also because of the way I treated Peter. I have wondered more then once if things would have been different if I offered him more and didn't disregard him as I did, even once but I didn't and it caused the death of our family and a childhood of pain for Harry.

Harry. Merlin Remus, Harry is an amazing kid. He is so much more then James and Lily, truthfully he reminds me of Effie. His presence fills the rooms just as hers did, he gets caught up in research just like she did, if I didn't know any better I would have thought she raised him instead of raising himself as he did. And Remus, he did raise himself. He was given to Petunia. Petunia. He doesn't talk about it much but it seems neglect was most of his childhood but he came out stronger and respectful and so responsible I feel like I'm fifteen again. I wish you could get to know him.

I miss you my brother. If you ever change your mind, ever, you will always have a place in my family. A place that never should have been removed.

Your brother,

Sirius Black.

Lord of the house of Black.

Remus set the letter onto the table in front of him. He leaned forward with his elbows on his knees and his hands pressed together, the tips of his fingers pressed to his lips. Knowing his friends thought the worst of him was one of the most painful things he had ever gone through, and considering he spent one night a month getting his bones rearranged that was saying something. On the other side of the coin Remus didn't truly blame them. He spent months undercover and secretive, in their shoes he would have been suspicious as well. It didn't erase or help the pain that Remus has carried for so long but it made it easier to accept his willingness to forgive Sirius, if he decided to. But first there was something more concerning then that. Sirius said this was his last letter but to Remus this was his first letter and Remus wondered why he hadn't received the previous letters. A cheerful smile and sparkling blue eyes flashed in his minds eye. Remus owed Albus many things, his education, his friends, even acceptance, but if Albus was the reason that Sirius letters haven't been getting to him Remus was going to find out.

~~*

Dracos thirteenth birthday arrived on the first Saturday in June. Draco was currently curled up in his blankets and Draco had no intention of leaving his bed before nine am.

Unfortunately Harry had another idea.

“DRACO!”

The shout was quickly followed by a body landing on Dracos bed, just barely missing his legs. Draco groaned. Pulling the covers up he wiggled further under the covers and used his foot to push the unwanted, Draco never thought he would say that, body off of his bed.

Dracos felt Harry move and his foot hit nothing to his frustration and he paused waiting to see where Harry would be to try again. Draco started when the light from the room entered his blanket cocoon briefly before Harry was under the blanket with him in the darkness.

Harry laid on his side and they looked at each other for a long and quiet moment.

“How does it feel to officially be a teenager?” Harry asked.

“It doesn’t feel any different. It was more exciting the first time,” Draco told him. “I don’t remember why turning thirteen was so important then. Do you remember the first time you turned thirteen?”

“Not really. I had blown up Vernons sister that summer and was in Diagon Alley for my birthday. The only thing that really stands out was that damn Monster Book of Monsters that Hagrid assigned to us. He gave me one for my birthday,” Harry scowled. “I hated that bloody thing.”

Draco snorted. “Mine tried to eat my curtains, even got a few bites in. Mother was furious.”

“Do you think he assigned it again this time?” Harry asked curiously. Neither of them were taking Care of Magical Creatures this time around. Harry had thought about it, he did like the class enough last time around, but Draco wouldn’t let him. “Is he even the teacher this time around?”

“Probably,” Draco replied. “Nothing changed there. Grubbyplank is still retiring.”

“True. So what about you? Do you remember your thirteenth?”

“Officially I had a large dinner, it was a political thing. Unofficially mother took me to France for the day and Severus taught me a potion I wanted to learn,” Draco said. He smiled softly in remembrance before a grimace came to his face. “It was the last good birthday I had. The next one was pretty much looked past with fathers Dark Mark getting darker and him spending more time with the ‘old crowd’. Mother sent me off to Blaises or Daphnes a lot. After that...well you know.”

Harry nodded. “It will be better this time around even if I have to kidnap you.”

“I appreciate it.”

“Just celebrating my birthday is making this time better for me,” Harry said. Dracos eyes tightened at the reminder of Harrys original childhood with his muggle ‘family’. Harry still hadn’t told him everything they had done, or forced him to do, but Draco knew enough to know it was horrible and made him worry about the information Harry was keeping to himself.

“Hey.” Harry brushed the back of his fingers along Dracos cheek. “Don’t think about them. I will never see them again and I already gave you permission to make them regret it. It’s not worth being angry over a past that no longer exists.”

“I disagree,” Draco mumbled. He laid his head on his hands and closed his eyes. Harry however had different plans.

“Oh no! Get up,” Harry laughed. He pushed the blanket off of them and climbed out of the bed before grabbing Dracos hands and pulling him to the edge. “Everyone is already waiting

for you at breakfast.”

Draco groaned. It was his birthday damn it. He should be able to sleep in later!

“Did I mention your presents were waiting for you?” Harry taunted.

Draco slid out of bed. “Come on Harry! We have to get to breakfast!”

Harry laughed and followed behind the birthday boy.

~

“What is this?” Draco asked. He held up a few colorful pamphlets that he pulled out of an envelope.

“You wanted to go to an amusement park and what’s better than one amusement park?

Three!” Harry said cheerfully. Harry waved his hand sending the breakfast dishes to the edge of the table, where they stacked perfectly. Harry took the pamphlets from Draco and laid them face up and fully extended on the table. “I couldn’t make up my mind so I chose three instead. We will spend two days at each park, unless you want to spend more. I also made plans for the cinema as something to do in-between.”

Draco couldn’t speak. The pamphlets were spread out in front of him, each one spread out showing a large map of a park and pictures of different things to do. Next to them were confirmations of the cinemas that Harry had bought out for the day so that they could watch whatever they wanted and have privacy. Draco also saw a page of muggle hotels and tickets for something Harry called a airplane, their muggle way of getting around. Harry had planned a completely muggle week.

“Is it to much? We don’t have to do all of it or any of it. I can get you som-“

Harry’s words came to an abrupt end as Draco leaned over and kissed his cheek softly.

“I love it. Thank you,” Draco said softly.

“Right. Welcome,” Harry replied. He stared at Draco for a long moment before clearing his throat. “I’m going to proactive. Your taking the day off for your birthday and I will be warding the room so don’t try to get in!”

Draco nodded and watched Harry quickly leave the room before turning back to the item still on the table. In truth Draco didn’t really want to go to a muggle amusement park for his birthday or at all really. He could easily think of ten things he would rather do off the top of his head, but Harry had always wanted to go to one. Draco thought back to the night they sat on the floor of the classroom, the only light coming from the moonlight shining through the window and a lumos that hovered over Harry’s hand. Draco was wrapping a potion soaked cloth around Harry’s hand to heal the words that had been carved into his skin as Harry told him of the Dursley’s. How they would take trips to zoos, amusement parks, beaches and anywhere they wanted with their son and leave Harry alone with the squib down the street or locked in his cupboard if it would only be a couple days. His tone had been wistful when he talked about the piece of his childhood that he never had. Things were different now and Harry could make those memories now but he never mentioned it and when Draco did Harry brushed it off as unimportant and changed the subject. Draco was determined to make it happen and get Harry those memories. He would give up his birthdays, his summers, his breaks, anything he had to to make sure that Harry would get those memories and Draco wanted those memories with him.

Draco shook his head and picked up the papers. He carefully put them back into the envelope before heading to the dungeons. Severus had promised to teach him how to make Felix Felicis for his birthday and Draco knew it was going to take a few tries. Three melted

cauldrons later Draco threw in his potions rod and Severus promised a rain check when Draco wasn't distracted and didn't blow them up. Or worse blow up Severus' lab.

~

"I am never doing that again Potter!" Draco sneered. To say Draco was not a fan of airplanes would be a understatement. He didn't mind the take off or the landing but being stuck in the air, surrounded by metal, was unnatural and terrifying. Draco didn't trust that it wouldn't just fall out of the air even with Harry explaining how it worked five times. Regardless of Harry and Sirius promises. Muggles were insane.

Harry bit his lip to stop the laughter that was threatening to bubble up. "We also have Portkeys so we can take those from here on out. In city we still have to drive though."

Draco came to a stop and scowled at Harry. "If we have Portkeys then why did I have to get on a bloody plane!"

"For the experience."

Draco sniffed once. "You knew I wouldn't like it."

"I wasn't completely sure," Harry hedged. Draco pouted and turned his head away in irritation. Harry snorted wrapping his arm around Dracos shoulders. Draco huffed but leaned into his side and didn't try and dislodge Harrys arm causing a grin to cross Harrys face. "You have to admit it wasn't as bad as you thought it would be."

Dracos shoulders tightened slightly and he looked ahead with a small pout. Draco felt Harry fidget and could practically hear the conversation he was having with himself. Keeping his face turned away to hide the curl of his lips he started to silently count down.

...3

...2

...1

"I'm sorry Draco," Harry said squeezing his shoulders lightly. "I'll make it up to you."

Draco gave himself a pat on the back and glanced over to Harry. "How?"

"Have you ever heard of a store called Tiffanys?" Harry asked with a sly grin.

Draco raised an eyebrow and shook his head.

"I think you will like it. I'll make Sirius stop on the way to the hotel."

"You think a store will make it up to me?"

"You will see."

Draco was in full pout mode by the time they finally made it to the carpark to find Sirius.

"Are we sure this is a good idea? How does Sirius even know how to drive?" Draco asked staring at the red car with uncertainty.

"Do I know how to drive," Sirius mumbled under his breath. "I've been driving longer then you have been alive."

"You spent ten years in Azkaban," Draco snapped.

"He spent time with a muggleborn while we were at school for a refresher course," Harry interrupted before a real fight could break out between them. Draco hadn't inherited the Malfoy way of arguing, calm and cold, he had inherited the fiery and explosive way of the Blacks and when Draco and Sirius got into they got into it.

Draco huffed but didn't say anything more. Giving Sirius one last glare Draco started to climb into the backseat but stopped and reached out to grasp Harrys wrist. "Your with me,

Potter.”

“Yes dear,” Harry drawled. Ignoring the look Sirius gave him Harry climbed into the backseat and pressed his shoulder against Draco's. Draco scooted closer and pressed completely against Harry's side while eyeing the steering wheel in suspicion.

“Oh, Sirius,” Harry said as the car roared to life. “We have to stop at Tiffany's.”

Sirius snorted and looked at him from the rearview mirror. “You already upset him?”

Draco laughed and Harry flipped him off. “Just drive.”

~

Sirius leaned closer to Harry from their place leaning against some display cases. “Are you going to stop him at anytime?”

Harry shrugged, his eyes following Draco going from one case to another with a worker, picking out various pieces, some being placed on a velvet encased holder and others being put back with a shake of his blonde head.

“He's going to buy the entire bloody store.”

Draco looked back at Harry and the smile that lit his face was one of Harry's favorites and warmed him. As far as Harry was concerned Draco could buy the entire bloody company if he wanted. Sirius snorted at the look on Harry's face and shook his head. If this was the start of Harry spoiling Draco it was a very good thing his vaults were bottomless or Draco would drain him dry.

~

“I think Draco spent more than this entire trip cost,” Sirius snorted looking at the various Tiffany blue bags that were placed on the table inside of their hotel.

“It's his birthday trip,” Harry defended taking in the sight of the bags with a slightly sheepish look before adding, “and with the conversions he barely spent anything.”

Sirius looked at him unimpressed. “You're just trying to excuse the fact that you spoil him.”

“Oh Sirius. I haven't even begun to spoil him,” Harry said giving Sirius a bright smile.

Sirius shook his head. His eyes following Harry as he pushed away from the wall and made his way over to Draco. Draco's face lit up as soon as Harry was in sight and a small smile crossed Sirius' lips.

That night Draco once again broke his own rules and found himself slipping into Harry's bed in the middle of the night. It was his birthday week after all, he would give himself the present of just enjoying the moment. Future plans be damned.

~~*

Draco eyed the large metal structure with wary and nervous eyes. It was much larger and scarier than Draco had thought it would be when he first created this plan. Draco was so distracted by the sight of the rollercoaster that he started when he felt Harry's arm over his shoulder, looking up at Harry smile Draco decided he would go on a million rollercoasters to see it. Even if he was sure they were muggle death traps.

“I made sure we go priority tickets so we didn't have to wait in any lines,” Harry said cheerfully holding out a colored bracelet.

“Lovely, I would hate to have to wait for my death,” Draco said with only a hint of sarcasm.

Harry laughed and squeezed his shoulders. “We fly hundreds of feet off the ground on sticks that go faster than anything here but rides with belts and bars worry you?”

“We control those sticks,” Draco huffed. “and I’m not worried.”

“Sure, sure,” Harry teased. He bounced lightly in place and glanced around before his gaze settled onto Draco. “So, which one first?”

Draco’s eyes softened and his lips twitched as he stared back at Harry. Draco had never seen Harry so excited. Acting with such abandon. He was pretty sure Harry’s arm around his shoulders was the only thing keeping Harry from actually bouncing around the park. Draco forced his gaze from Harry and looked around the park, his teeth nibbling on his bottom lip.

“That one,” Draco said pointing to the left.

Harry followed Draco’s finger and couldn’t hold back his snort. “The carousel?”

“It looks fun,” Draco defended, a bit weaker than he meant to.

“Yeah...no,” Harry said with a shake of his head and a chuckle. He hummed and looked around the park before a grin came to his face that made Draco instantly wary. “That one.”

Draco swallowed. The rollercoaster Harry pointed out was one of the smaller ones but still it had loops. “Shouldn’t we wait for Sirius?”

Harry rolled his eyes. “He’s still chatting up that bloke we met in the parking lot. Now don’t be such a scaredy cat! Come,” Harry said. He grabbed Draco’s hand and started to pull the slightly resisting body towards the rollercoaster.

“Ready?” Harry asked with bright eyes and a large smile. Draco swallowed and shifted on the uncomfortable piece of metal, feeling the restraints pull against him and gave Harry the best smile he could. They both knew it was fake but Harry didn’t call him on it.

“Let’s see what all the fuss is about.”

Draco didn’t like rollercoasters. He loved them. His fear had lasted until the first drop and his stomach dropped then swooped up with a thrill of adrenaline. Harry threw his hands up in the air and laughed and cheered with every turn and drop. Sirius, who had joined them as they reached the front of the line, did not like the rollercoaster and instead went back to the hotel with the man he had been chatting up to ‘watch movies’. At Harry’s disbelieving look Sirius patted him on the head and told him to not be jealous. Harry’s response was a look to Draco and a dry, “he’s either the best chaperon or the worst.”

Harry and Draco spent the next several hours going around the park and getting on every rollercoaster they could, each one getting taller, faster and more complicated than the previous. In-between they went on slow moving rides through fake mountains and musical scenes, a large pirate ship that swung back and forth getting higher and higher with every swing, and everything in between. Harry also showed off his arm in various game booths, winning stuffed animals and toys. Draco discovered a unknown ability to bounce balls into floating cups and easily figured out the maze full of riddles. They handed out the animals and toys to children they passed on their way to lunch, except for a large stuffed Dragon Harry had won that he insisted Draco keep.

“How can you eat this much?” Draco asked wrinkling his nose as he watched Harry eat another slice of pizza. It was his second piece after a hamburger, hotdog and a bag of popcorn that was almost as tall as Draco.

Harry swallowed. “You know how the more I use my Necromagic the stronger it gets?”

Draco nodded. “Magic takes energy. The larger and more powerful your magical core is the more energy it takes to power it and we get energy from food. You eat more now than you did before but it’s not as noticeable because your power isn’t being released as quickly as

mine.”

Dracos brows furrowed in thought. It was true he was eating more then he was two years ago but he had thought it was because he was growing. In fact..”Is more core larger?”

“Of course it is,”Harry said. He tilted his head slightly. “Your core came with your soul and merged with the core you had here previously. You haven’t looked at your core?”

Draco looked away, his face pained. “The last time I looked was before I died. It was..horrible. It was so twisted with darkness..it didn’t even feel like mine anymore.”

Harry pulled Draco against his side and wrapped an arm around him. “It will never be like that again Draco. I promise.”

“I believe you but...I still can’t.”

Harry tightened his arms and lifted his shoulders slightly. “Then don’t. You still have a few years before your magic is fully released and it becomes a necessity to meditate. We can work on it then.”

“A few years,”Draco mocked. “I’m glad I’m not a over powered wonder boy.”

“Oi!”Harry exclaimed offended. “It’s boy wonder. If your going to call me names get them right!”

They glared at each other for a moment before a giggle broke from Draco and they both broke into laughter. Draco held onto Harry as he laughed until his sides hurt and it was difficult to breath. Harry wasn’t doing much better. When it was over Draco stayed leaning against Harry and looked out at the park. The sun had gone down and darkness had fallen over the park, the lights from the rides were lighting up the park like a multicolored prism. Harry jumped away from the table and pulled Draco up. “The park closes in two hours and we have to go back on the rides now that it’s dark!”

Draco laughed. Accepting Harrys had he grasped it tight as he followed Harry eagerly back into the park and to the first ride they went on.

~~*

“I can’t believe it!”Sirius fumed inside of the bathroom of the Zoo attached to the theme park. Harry and Draco were leaning against the wall, both shaking from holding in their laughter. Sirius scowled at them. “It’s not funny!”

“Yes it is,”Harry snorted. Draco started to quietly giggle before they rose in volume as Sirius turned his glare to him only.

“I thought animals were suppose to be in cages!”

“It was an aviary, they were in their cage,”Harry pointed out with a smirk.

Sirius didn’t reply. He bent over the sink and once again tried to get his hair under the faucet to remove the bird droppings. Sirius breathed a sigh of relief when the last muggle left the room, as soon as the door closed behind them Sirius took out his wand and spelled his hair clean and fresh.

“No more birds,”Sirius demanded.

Harry grinned and shook his head. “No more birds. Reptiles are next.”

“Oh goody. Snakes,”Sirius said flatly and with a shiver.

“Don’t worry, they will be in their cages,”Harry pointed out. Sirius sighed in resignation and took the lead out of the bathroom.

“Isn’t there a ‘hands on experience’,”Draco whispered to Harry.

“Oh I know. I timed it pretty well, don’t you think?”Harry asked with a wicked grin. Sirius had been taking so much time trying to find all the birds in the aviary that Harry thought they

would miss the snake experience and that was just inexcusable. Draco laughed and accepted Harry's hand as they ran up to catch Sirius.

The sound of Sirius high pitched scream when he saw the snakes out of their cages was going to make for an amazing patronus one day.

~~*

Renting out the entire cinema was not only a fantastic idea for viewing but also was the only thing that saved them from Draco giving them up instantly. An hour into Jurassic Park Draco was nearly in Harry's lap, eyes wide and lips parted in awe as dinosaurs wrecked havoc on a large screen. The T-rex breaking through the trees had Draco officially climbing into Harry's lap and pulling the hoodie he had stolen from Harry, up to his nose, ready to hide at any time. Harry didn't think he had ever seen anything so cute in his life.

"That was great!" Draco gushed as they left the cinema. "We have to do that again. With the others next time, can you imagine Blaise watching that?"

Harry laughed and threw his arm around Draco's shoulders. "We can do that. We just need a day that everyone can get together and then a cinema."

"Would it be too much to do it again next week?" Draco asked looking up at him.

As if Harry would say no with that look being thrown at him.

"Hell no. There are so many movies we need to catch up on," Harry said already making plans to find the closest and best cinema to get a schedule going. It shouldn't be too hard.

Harry found many doors opened with the words 'money was no object.'

"Wait," Draco said. He stopped and looked around with a furrowed brow. "Where's Sirius?"

Harry rolled his eyes. "Midway through The Godfather he snuck out when some bloke looked into the room. I think it was the ticket guy."

"Bloody hell. We should just find the man a brothel," Draco snorted. Sirius had been sneaking off at least once a day with someone. It was both impressive and concerning.

"Nah. This way is free," Harry said with a wink. "Now let's go get ice cream while we wait for our wayward chaperon."

Said chaperon finally appeared with a guy on his arm, a guy that was defiantly not the one he left with. Harry and Draco shared a look and Harry shrugged. The man had been in Azkaban for ten years, Harry couldn't blame him for taking the chances that were provided.

Harry made sure to throw up extra silencing charms around his and Draco's room.

~~*

"I have one more present for you," Harry told Draco softly as the ferris wheel came to a stop at the very top on the last night of their trip. Draco pulled his eyes from the amazing view of a lit up amusement park and over to Harry.

"You just gave me an entire week of presents," Draco laughed. "I don't need anything else."

"As the present giver that is for me to decide," Harry declared with a wink. Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out a small box made of dark wood with the Slytherin emblem engraved into the top of the wood. Draco's breath caught. His gaze flicked from Harry to the box and back to Harry. Harry held out the box. "Open it."

Draco's hand was trembling when he took the box from Harry's hand. Draco held the box in one hand and lightly trailed his fingertips over the emblem on the box. He had to take a

moment to steady himself before slowly opening the box. His breath left in a sharp exhale. Draco carefully lifted the necklace from the box and held it up. The emerald was a briolette, eye-clear, sharp and perfectly transparent. A incredibly detailed silver snake wrapped around the top of the emerald and matched the delicate chain it was hanging from.

“Harry,” Draco breathed. “This..it’s...it has to be worth millions.”

“It belonged to Salazar Slytherins wife, given to her as a wedding gift and worn until her death. Griphook priced it in the millions somewhere but I wasn’t paying attention,” Harry said with a shrug.

Draco choked on his breath and stared at Harry with wide and disbelieving eyes. “Harry... I..you..you can’t..Harry,” Draco stuttered out, his mind unable to find words. Harry laughed quietly and shook his head. He gently took the necklace from Draco and moved closer until only a few inches separated them. Harry took both ends of the necklace and quickly hooked them behind Dracos neck and letting the necklace go. Draco shuddered as he felt Harrys fingers brush across his neck when he pulled away. The stone sat just under Dracos clavicle, the minor weight of it feeling so comforting. Harrys eyes took in Draco for a moment before his eyes met Dracos.

“I can and you can,” Harry said, his voice soft and serious. “It’s been sitting in a vault for a very long time and it deserves to be worn. I couldn’t imagine anyone more perfect to wear it but you.”

Dracos eyes left Harrys. He looked around the beautiful view of a lit up park and surrounding woods. He took in the sounds of laughter and the screams of joy and terror from around them as muggles sung around on large swings lifted off the ground and the rush of rollercoasters. He felt the weight of a priceless stone against his collarbone, the delicate chain around his throat. Draco looked back to Harry who was staring at him as if he was the precious stone, as if the necklace he had was nothing but a cheap trinket. Harry. Harry, who walked Draco out of the dinning room on his first visit, defying both his parents without hesitation. Harry, who took Draco to see the newborn Unicorns regardless of his own feelings in regards to them. Harry, who called him baby in the middle of the night as he pulled Draco close and held him close as if he never wanted to let him go and keep him protected in his arms. Harry, who planned an entire muggle week simply because Draco wanted to go to one park.

Draco had spent years trying to convince himself that he and Harry were just friends, in two different lives. The jealousy he felt seeing Harry talking to and spending time with other guys, spending time with George who he knew Harry had a crush on before, wasn’t because they actually had the chance to be with Harry when he would never have that chance but because he didn’t want someone to take his place as Harrys best friend and take Harrys attention from Draco. Draco could spend years pretending and lying to himself but it would never change the fact that those nights spent hidden in a dark classroom, telling each other things they had never told another and baring their souls, had changed something in deep in Draco. His preconceived notions had been blown to smithereens, the future that had been laid out so clear and precise started to waver and blur and the only thing that had been left as clear as the emerald around his neck was Harry. His Harry. The boy he fell in love with slowly and easily. So easily that he didn’t even realize he had fallen in love until it was already to late. Draco could lie to himself and pretend all he wanted but it would never change the fact that....that he was inlove with Harry.

“Harry,” Draco whispered, his body filled with nerves and anticipation.

Draco didn’t know what Harry saw in his eyes as his own green searched Dracos, so deep that Draco felt it in his soul, but his hand reached out and brushed against Dracos neck before

resting on the back of Dracos neck. Draco felt his nerves fall away and were replaced with excitement. Nothing more was said as Harry pulled him close and the rest of the world faded away as Dracos lips met his in a kiss that was soft, sweet, and everything Draco didn't know he needed.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who has commented and stayed around for the update. I might take some long breaks but I have no intention of abandoning any of my stories and if I ever did I would make that very clear and tell you how the story is suppose to end. Stories being abandoned are bad enough but not knowing how it was to end?? Trauma.

Now, I have some plots that won't leave my damn head until I get them down and that is annoying for me but good for you? Possibly?

So look out for some one shots of Harry paired with random people. So random. Some from HP world and crossovers. So many crossovers.

I hope you all have a good day!

Contracts and Heartbreaks

Chapter Summary

Answers are finally answered on Dracos attitude but is everything as it seems?

Chapter Notes

Hey!

So, I accidently uploaded the rough draft at first, my bad.

I hope you all have a great day!

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

There were times in life that Daphne wished her sister was adopted or an affair child. Anything would be better then knowing they actually shared a full blood connection. Daphne set her book down and watched Astoria as she enthusiastically danced around the library. Astoria had always had an exuberant personality. Daphne always thought it was to make up for the fact that she was dummer then a box of biscuits and more then once it made Daphne want to pull her hair out of sheer annoyance. Hogwarts had been a nice getaway from Astoria but unfortunately that was coming to an end this year. With any luck Astoria would be placed in a different house.

Daphne cringed as Astoria started an rendition of some love song. It probably wouldn't have been so bad if her sister didn't sound like a dying cat.

Standing from her chair Daphne grabbed her book and left the room quietly, crossing her fingers that Astoria wouldn't notice. If her sister tried to stop her Daphne wouldn't hesitate to curse her and their parents tended to look down upon that. She let out a sigh of relief as she crossed the threshold and the doors closed behind her. Tucking her book under her arm Daphne walked down the hallway and to her favorite sitting room with quick and quiet steps. Daphne paused in the doorway and held in a sigh before eyeing her parents in suspicion. Her parents were sitting on the sofa beaming with their 'we won something great and can't wait to rub it into someones face'. The look never boded well for anyone. Not even her idiotic parents. Daphne contemplated leaving the room before taking the steps forward, her curiosity to know what had them like this outweighed her normal urge to avoid them.

"Mother, father," Daphne softly said. She swept into the room and took a seat across from them. She brushed her skirt out. "Everyone seems to be in such a good mood."

Her parents smiles widened even more, she didn't even know that was possible. In fact they looked like they were about to get up and dance a jig. Daphne glanced to her fathers bouncing leg. Maybe they were.

"Today is a very important day Daphne," her mother simpered. Both Daphne and her mothers

heads turned to her father. Her mother was the perfect 'pureblood wife' and would never share such important information. Whoever Daphne married would be in for a major surprise if they expected that from her. She wasn't raised to be a bloody doormat.

"Astoria's betrothed turns thirteen today," her father started his voice dripping smugness.

Daphne waited a moment. She held in a eye-roll when it was obvious he wasn't going to continue until she asked further. He did this frequently with important information, holding it close until someone questioned further. Like he was better than the other person and was honoring someone with the information. He wondered why no one liked him.

"Oh?" Daphne said in surprise. She cleared her throat lightly. "That is great news! I wasn't aware she had a contract for her." Her voice had the perfect amount of curiosity and jealousy that her parents would expect from her. "May I know who it is?"

Her father puffed out his chest and reached into his pocket for a handkerchief to clean his glasses. Daphne waited patiently while her mind ran through the birthday of every influential family she knew. Whoever it was had to be high up on the food chain for them to be this happy.

"Draco Malfoy." Her father practically purred. "I have been in talks with Lord Malfoy for quite a while now. All we must do now is wait for Astoria's birthday and then it can be signed and declared official."

She pulled every ounce of heiress, political and occlous training she possessed to keep her face clear of the shock that absolutely rocked her system. "How wonderful! It is a great match for her!"

Until Draco snapped and killed her anyway.

"Isn't it. I can only hope we find such a match for you as well," her mother said, dripping with sarcasm. She looked at the clock and let out a soft 'tut'. "If you will excuse us darling we have an appointment at Gringotts to set her dowry."

"Of course. I will see you at dinner." Daphne raised and left the room not waiting for a reply knowing she wouldn't get one. She walked as quickly to her room as she could without running through the halls. Why did her room have to be so far up the bloody manor?

Daphne's room slammed behind her and she threw up the strongest silencing charm she knew.

"WHAT. THE. FUCK." Daphne threw her book onto the bed and picked up her hair into her hands before setting them on-top of her head and holding it there with her hands before pacing in front of her bed.

Draco has a contact with Astoria?

ASTORIA?

He would have been better off married to Granger. At least she could hold a semi-intellectual conversation. Daphne let out a huff of air. Her parents were out of their bloody minds if they thought this marriage was truly a good idea in any sense of the word. Daphne gave Draco a month until he snapped and cursed Astoria. That's not even thinking on what Harry- Daphne stopped suddenly, her feet stumbling a few steps as she let go of her hair and allowed it to tumble back down. The words slipped out of her almost silently. "Oh fuck."

There was only one thing that all of the teachers and students, from all of the houses, agreed on. Harry and Draco were going to end up together. It wasn't a question. It was a statement of fact. A known, stone cold, carved into a diamond wall fact. Draco may have been hot and cold with Harry but it was still obvious how he felt about him.

Daphne set down heavily in her chair and pulled her legs under her. She picked at her dress and lost herself in staring out

the window to her mother's prized garden, even though her mother had never stepped a single foot into the garden.

Given the fact that her father is still alive Daphne would bet her inheritance that Harry didn't know but did Draco? Daphne bit her lip and thought of the last couple years. It would explain why Draco acted the way he did with Harry. Daphne sighed. It didn't matter. Knowing her father and Lord Malfoy any contact they created would be binding. The moment Draco signed it his future would be set in stone and any future he had possibly wanted would be gone. Where would it leave Harry?

Daphne sat up quickly. Under normal circumstances it was preferable until both children were thirteen to ensure a stronger connection. Obviously her father was willing to take a lesser connection to ensure Astoria wouldn't be tossed aside for someone else. This did mean the contract wasn't signed yet. There was still time for Draco to convince his father to change his mind.

Merlin. Daphne hoped that was the face. She would be Lady of Greengrass Manor someday and that would be hard to do if it Harry destroyed it.

Daphne grimaced. She hoped something would be figured out before it was too late. If not, nothing would be able to save her father or Lord Malfoy from Harry's wrath.

~~*

Sirius hid his grin behind his coffee cup the morning they were set to Portkey home. Draco couldn't look to Harry without looking away quickly, blush staining his chest. Harry didn't have the same problem. He kept his eyes on Draco and grinned every time Draco looked away. Sirius deeply regretted not staying with them last night and missing whatever happen and he was with a gymnast. Limber.

"The Portkey is set to leave in fifteen minutes," Sirius said near the end of breakfast. "Are you both ready?"

"I finished our packing this morning," Draco said. He rolled his eyes at Harry. "Harry was useless at packing as normal."

Harry shrugged. "I made everything fit your just a perfectionist and didn't like how it looked."

Draco sniffed and lifted his nose, his lips twitched. "I'm perfect."

"You are," Harry said softly.

Draco blushed and looked away. His mind was running in circles about the night before. He had kissed others before but none of them made him feel even a fraction of what Harry's kiss did. The moment their lips met Draco's body filled with warmth and the fluttering in his stomach moved up to his chest and he impossibly feel even more in-love with Harry. But then the harshness of reality popped in and he knew it couldn't happen again.

Draco's stomach dropped at the thought. He had avoided the thoughts for months now. What would Harry do when Draco told him he didn't want to be with him? Would Harry still want to be his friend or would he lose him permanently? Draco didn't have the answer to that but he knew damn well the kiss wasn't going to make anything easier. It felt like Draco gave Harry hope and now he had to rip it away. Well no, that's exactly what he did.

"Draco?" Harry's voice broke through his thoughts. He placed his hand gently on Draco's forearm and leaned forward a little. "Are you okay?"

"Of course," Draco smiled.

Harry looked at him intently for a moment before nodding. "Okay. Are you ready to go?"

"Yes."

Draco took Harry's hand and pushed his guilt away. He didn't know what the future would hold but he would cherish what he could get.

~

Harry's heart was light with happiness and love but his mind was growing heavy with apprehension.

The look on Draco's face right before they took off was seared into his brain and Harry, who knew Draco like the back of his hand, knew that face spelled doom for something and he had a sneaking suspicion it was for him.

Any hope Harry had were quickly dashed when Narcissa handed Draco a letter. His eyes widened and glanced to Harry quickly but not quick enough that Harry didn't see the guilt, and he tucked the letter away. Draco didn't look at anyone before excusing himself to his room by himself. Harry watched him go and waved off the questions of the others. He left the room and went to his own room to rest for a while.

"What happen?" Narcissa demanded rounding on Sirius.

Sirius raised his hands. "I have no idea. They were acting all smitten right before we left."

Narcissa frowned. "I don't like this."

"Who was the letter from?" Sirius asked.

"I don't know. I didn't recognize the owl or the writing."

"Did you see the look Draco gave Harry after he looked at it?" Lucius asked.

"Guilt," Narcissa said with a nod.

"Do you think he's talking to someone else?" Sirius ventured.

"Of course not! Don't even bring such a thing into existence," Narcissa snapped.

"It would explain some things dear," Lucius said softly and hesitantly.

Narcissa glared at her husband. "Draco does not want to be with anyone but Harry. We know this and I will not here another word on it!" With a final glare she swiftly turned and left the room. Settling into a chair in her sunroom she picked up her book, after a few moments she sighed and put the book in her lap. She chewed on her nail, a horrible nervous habit she picked up and never managed to break, and thought. She denied Sirius words and she knew Draco only wanted to be with someone else but he was right and it would make sense.

Did Draco have someone else?

~

Draco closed the door behind him and took a seat on his bed. He pulled the letter out of his pocket and stared at it, his name inked on the page in black. The writing was delicate and curved to the right slightly, Daphne. Draco didn't want to open the letters but broke the seal and pulled it out.

Draco,

Pardon my French but what the bloody hell is going on?

I'm writing this on the assumption that you know of this, I could be wrong but I very much doubt it.

My parents told me you have a contract with Astoria? Astoria, Draco. Granger would have been a better option than my airhead of a sister. She's been even more insufferable since our parents told us and I didn't even know that was possible. I might just kill her before she even has a chance to sign the damn thing.

What was your father, no, what are you thinking?

Does Harry know about this? Should I be looking into heightening the power of my manor words? Making sure my father's will is settled?

Write me back as soon as possible.

-Daphne.

Draco clutched the letter in his hands until his knuckles turned white and the paper started to tear around his fingers. His heart pounded and a headache started to form at his temples. His father had yet to tell him about the contract and Draco couldn't help but keep a tiny sliver of hope that it didn't exist. That hope had been replaced with darkness and regret.

Draco walked to his fireplace and threw the letter inside of it. He watched it burn to ash as if destroying it would change the words that were written.

A glint of green caught in the light of the fire caught his eye and he brought his hand up to the emerald that Harry had given him the night before. He wrapped a hand around it and squeezed it.

This was it. His time was up. He had to let Harry go.

~~*

Harry stood outside of Draco's door and rocked on his feet. Since they got back from the trip last week Draco had been avoiding him and Harry was tired of waiting for Draco to say what was wrong. He knew whatever it was had to do with that letter and probably the kiss.

Stealing himself Harry took a deep breath and knocked on Draco's door before opening it slowly not waiting for a response. "Can we talk, Draco?"

"Of course," Draco said not looking up from his book. Draco's heart was pounding uncomfortable and he felt his palms get sweaty. It was time and he wasn't ready.

Harry took a few steps closer but stopped a few feet away. "What-" Harry's voice cracked. He cleared his throat. "What is going on? You've been avoiding me since we got back."

"I haven't been avoiding you," Draco said. He placed the book down and stood up. He turned around to face Harry and leaned back against his chair. Draco felt guilt rush through him.

Harry's hair was messier than usual, his skin pale and making the red of his eyes stand out.

Draco knew Harry was stressing about it all and he was about to make it worse. Suddenly it was hard to breathe through the guilt that was climbing up his throat. "I've been busy."

Harry frowned. "You have been avoiding me, Draco. You know you have."

"I'm not lying," Draco insisted.

Harry stared at him intently for a long moment before his face softened. "Is this about this kiss?" Draco stiffened and Harry's heart dropped to his feet. "I'm sorry I kissed you. Well I'm not sorry but I'm sorry if it made you uncomfortable."

Draco barely held back his flinch. The kiss had far from made him uncomfortable but he could never tell Harry that. "It's fine, really it is, I wasn't uncomfortable but I think I gave you the impression that it meant more to me than it did and I wasn't sure how to bring it up."

Harry's face fell and Draco almost had to look away at the pain that appeared in his green eyes.

"More than..." Harry took a shaky breath. He had been putting off this question for so long but it was time to ask. He had to know. "Draco-" Harry closed his eyes briefly before opening them again. "Draco what do you want from me? What are we? You know I'll give you anything, I'll be anything. You just have to tell me."

Draco swallowed. He could do this. All he had to do was say the words.

Say the words.

Say them.

SAY THEM.

"I just want to be friends," Draco forced out. His voice as steady as he could make it and from the look on Harry's face it was. "You know I care about you but only as a friend. I'm sorry if I made it seem like it was or could be more but I only feel friendship."

Merlin, it hurt. Every molecule of Draco's body was screaming at him to take the words back apologize and run into Harry's arms where he knew everything would be okay and he wouldn't feel this horrible pain ripping him apart.

"Oh." Harry's voice was no more than a whisper. He ran a hand through his hair and gave Draco something that was meant to be a smile but looked more like a grimace. "I should have..I'm sorry if I've been making you uncomfortable. I'll back off, yeah?"

The words pressed against Draco's lips. No. Please don't back off. Please don't let me go.

"You've always been like that Harry," Draco said with a small smile. "I didn't mind."

Harry looked down at his feet and nodded. Draco watched Harry's throat constrict with a swallow that looked harsh and painful. Harry gestured his thumb over his shoulder. "I'm gonna go to my room for a bit. I'll see you later."

"Maybe tomorrow we can go to the pond?" Draco knew it wasn't right, he should let Harry have time to accept it but he had to know that Harry was still his...his friend.

"Maybe," Harry said.

No other words were said as he turned and left the room, the door closing softly behind him.

A vase hit the door and shattered. Draco stood in the middle of his room breathing harshly.

He took a deep breath and pushed it all back. He did what he did. There was nothing he could do.

~~*

Takotsubo Cardiomyopathy. Death of a broken heart.

Harry had heard about it but never understood it. Emotional pain was just chemicals in your brain. How could that equal to something physical like a weakness of muscle around the heart that caused death.

Harry understood it now, the pain in his heart certainly felt fatal. Any moment he was going to just drop to the ground dead. Merlin, he almost wished it would, anything to make the pain stop for even a moment.

Harry's feet didn't take him to his bedroom but to Sirius' office. Harry was in autopilot as he opened the door and walked in without knocking. He could only imagine what was on his face but whatever Sirius saw had him jumping up from his chair and rushing around the desk to him.

"Harry?" Sirius said urgently. He put his hands on Harry's shoulders and gripped them. "What happen? Is everything okay? Draco?"

Oh. Draco. That hurt.

Harry opened his mouth but the words caught in his throat. Saying them out-loud would make them real in a way he wasn't ready to face so instead he said, "Can we leave?"

Sirius' eyebrows furrowed in concern. "Of course. Did you want to go out to dinner?"

"No," Harry said shaking his head. "Not dinner. I want to go somewhere with just you, to spend time together. Grimmauld place is ready right?"

"Yes," Sirius said slowly. "What happen?"

Harry shook his head and swallowed back his sob. "Can we just go? I need..i just need to leave. Please Siri."

Sirius pulled a necklace from his pocket. Family portkey. Go ahead and I'll let Cissy know

that we are leaving for a bit.”

Sirius blinked when Harry disappeared the next moment. He stared at the place Harry had been for a long moment. What in Merlins name happen?

~

Narcissa raised her eyebrow as Sirius walked into her sitting room with slumbered shoulders and a face pinched in concern. “Sirius?”

“Cissy,” Sirius sighed. He sat next to her on the sofa and leaned forward, laying his forearms on his knees. “Harry wants to go to Grimmauld place for a while.”

“Oh? Well it would be nice for Draco to see it.”

Sirius shook his head and looked to his cousin. “Just me and him, Cissy. Something happen, something bad and I have no idea what it is.”

Narcissas’ eyes widened. She glanced to the open door of the sunroom before focusing back to Sirius. “Explain.”

“That’s all I know. Harry didn’t say anything but he looked,” Sirius ran a hand down his face.

“Merlin, Cissy. He looked devastated. Ive never seen anyone look like that.”

Narcissa touched the tips of her fingers to her mouth. “Okay. I’ll handle things here. Go to him and take all the time he needs and keep me updated.”

Narcissa watched Sirius leave and flicked her wand shutting the door firmly behind him. She stood and walked to the drink cart, pulling out a bottle of her favorite vodka she poured a generous helping and took a sip.

Whatever had happen between the boys Narcissa would bet her favorite necklace that it was Draco who caused it. Call it mothers intuition or just common sense but she couldn’t see Harry doing anything that would end with him as upset as Sirius described but Draco..Her mind went to the conversation she and Draco had a few weeks ago in the potions room and Dracos staunch believe that he and Harry would not end up together.

She didn’t know why he was so convinced then and even now the answer evaded her.

Narcissa searched her memory for anything that could have been said to Draco that would make him think he and Harry were so impossible but there was nothing. Unless Lucius..Was this something Lucius had done?

Narcissas eyes narrowed. She would wait for Draco to mention something about the situation and go from there. Narcissa quickly swallowed the last of her vodka and set the glass down with a clink. Some things were beyond her reach but she did know one thing. This situation would be fixed. Harry Potter would be her son in law. She wouldn’t accept anything else.

~~*

Kreacher was waiting for Sirius in the main hall. The old elf twisted his gnarled hands in his small apron and was mumbling words to himself Sirius couldn't catch. Relief spread across Kreachers face when he realized Sirius was there. He gestured upstairs. “Young master is in his room. His is most upset.”

“Thanks Kreacher,” Sirius said before turning and going up the stairs two at a time. The closer he got to the room he had decorated for Harry, the Heir room that once belonged to him, he heard the soft sounds of crying.

Sirius didn’t both knocking and slowly opened the door. “Harry?”

Harry sat on his bed, his legs were drawn up and and he held them to his chest with his arms. His face was hidden in his knees but it did nothing to muffle the cries. Sirius sat next to him

and wrapped his arm around Harry's shoulders before pulling the shaking body closer to him and wrapping his other arm around him. Sirius had so many questions but he kept them back. Harry needed silent support right now not questions.

Harry probably should have been embarrassed about sobbing all over Sirius but he couldn't feel anything other than the pain that seemed to radiate from deep inside his bones and the anger that simmered right behind it. He was heartbroken but he was also so, so angry at Draco. All these years and he never said anything but he acted like there was something. The looks, the jealousy, the waking up in the morning to find Draco nestled against him. Harry would have sworn Draco felt more for him. Harry was an idiot.

Harry knew it wasn't fully Draco's fault. Harry had never asked but Draco still could have said something.

A part of him regretted the kiss, if it hadn't happen Harry could have had more time to fool himself. A much larger part of himself thought that was pathetic and fuck him that kiss was everything.

Harry's sobs slowed down to tears, then sniffles and finally silence. Harry took a shuttering breath before breaking the silence. "I'm an idiot."

"You're not an idiot," Sirius instantly denied.

Harry pulled away and wiped his face. He gave a watery chuckle. "Only an idiot would convince himself that there was more than friendship between him and his best friend."

Harry felt Sirius stiffen and he thought it was nice he wasn't the only idiot in the house.

Sirius cleared his throat. "Are you sure?"

"Positive. One hundred percent. No question. No take backs. Only friends."

Sirius was silent for a long moment. "Want some bourbon?"

"I'd prefer scotch."

~~*

Draco stayed in his room until a house elf appeared and informed him his mother was demanding him to dinner. Draco closed his eyes and took a deep breath, it was time to face the music and Draco wasn't looking forward to it. It was going to be a long and awkward few days until it all calmed down but it would calm down and everything would be okay.

Narcissa ran her fingers up the stem of her wine glass as she waited for her child to come into the room. Lucius sat next to her stiffly, she hadn't told him what had happen but he could feel the tension and unease practically dripping from her and knew his wife enough to know not to be the one she ended up erupting on.

Narcissa watched Draco enter the room calmly and his eyes swept the table before a small frown came to his face.

"Where are Harry and Sirius?" Draco asked sitting in his seat.

"Harry and Sirius have decided to go to Grimmauld place for a while," Narcissa told him. She felt Lucius stiffen even more next to her but her attention was firmly on Draco. His face fell for a brief moment but he couldn't hide the pain that shined from his silver eyes before he dropped his head down and fixed his eyes onto his plate. Narcissa tilted her head slightly.

"Harry didn't say anything?"

Draco shook his head but didn't look up.

Lucius looked over to his wife. His lips turned down into a confused frown. "Why wasn't I

made aware of this?"

Narcissa sent him a glare. Lucius found his meal even more interesting than Draco did and kept his eyes down. She turned her attention back to Draco. "Sirius said Harry seemed upset," Narcissa's words were soft but they hit Draco like bludgers. "Did you fight?"

"Not really." Draco took a sip of his water and cleared his throat before looking up again. "We cleared up a misunderstanding is all."

"What misunderstanding?"

Draco squeezed his fork in his hands. Why his mother insisted on acting like she didn't know the situation was beyond him. Although it was possible his father had yet to bring her into the fold, he didn't before and his mother was furious when she eventually found out. Draco glanced at his father and saw him staring down at his dinner intently and knew then he was correct. Well he wouldn't be the one to let his mother know of the contract. Father would have to come clean soon. Astoria's birthday was right after Harry's so he didn't have long.

"I'd prefer not to talk about it right now maman," Draco said softly.

Narcissa pursed her lips but nodded. "Okay dear. For now we can leave it be."

The rest of dinner was eaten in silence and Draco spent it pushing his food around his plate and only taking a few bites before escaping as soon as he could.

He walked up the stairs to his room quickly but paused outside of Harry's door. Glancing both ways down the hall he pushed the door open and stepped inside. Draco knew Harry was gone but he still wasn't prepared for the punch at the sight of the empty room. Draco closed the door behind him and kept the lights out and walked to the bed. He didn't allow himself to think and slipped under the covers. He grabbed Harry's pillow to himself and held it tightly. In the darkness of the room alone and surrounded by Harry's scent Draco stopped fighting the sobs that had been trying to escape since Harry left his room that morning. He wanted Harry. Harry would make everything bet-

No.

Stop this Draco.

Stop it now.

~~*

Luna didn't know what roused her out of sleep but she knew something was wrong. Closing her eyes she focused for a moment and soft words echoed through her mind. "...It's time..." She looked harder but there was nothing but darkness. Whatever the future held it wasn't for her to see.

Throwing off her blankets Luna got out of bed and changed into jeans and a jumper. She flicked her wand and shrugged at the time. Her father wouldn't mind her leaving and it wouldn't be the first time he woke up to her gone. Still, she quickly jotted down a note and stuck it to her father's press before going to the floor.

"GRIMMAULD PLACE!"

Luna stepped out of the fireplace and gave Kreacher a nod as she walked past him. Sirius met her on the steps of the stairs, still dressed in his robes from the previous day with bloodshot eyes.

"Luna Lovegood?"

"Hello, Lord Black. Harry is in the heir room, yes?"

"Er..yes but-"

Luna gave him a bright smile and brushed past him. Sirius stood there for a moment before turning and quickly following the girl up the stairs. He was still trying to figure out what to say or do when Luna opened Harry's door and walked to his curled up figure on the bed.

"Harry?" Luna whispered.

Harry shifted to the side and lifted up the blankets. Luna crawled in next to him and wrapped her arms around him tightly before she started humming something peaceful and soft.

Sirius watched from the doorway for a minute before letting out a breath and shrugging.

It was late and he was tired, Harry was gay and Sirius didn't have the energy to ask the daughter of Pandora any questions. He would deal with it in the morning.

Chapter End Notes

...y'all still love me right?

Okay so I need opinions.

I'm getting a way to keep y'all updated and also maybe to give little tidbits to things I'm working on or sneak peaks so you have something during these long waits.

Here are some options.

I have a Patreaon-it will be of course free but I'm not sure if that's like toeing a line, you know?

I can make a tumblr.

I can figure out discord.

I can make a facebook page.

What do y'all think?

Truths and Contracts

Chapter Summary

It's time for Harry's birthday trip but tensions are high amongst Harry and Draco. Can they figure things out or will the trip be a failure in more than one way?

Chapter Notes

I cried too guys. I cried too.

Until next time.
Have a great day!

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

The two weeks leading up to Harry's birthday trip could be summed up in one word: Tense.

The morning after Harry's escape from Malfoy manor found Sirius, Narcissa and Lucius at a loss and after an emergency meeting of the minds they came to the decision to let the kids do what they wanted and they would watch from a comfortable distance.

Xeno Lovegood arrived at Grimmauld place the same morning of Luna's surprise appearance with a bottomless bag full of her items. Sirius had learned to just go with the flow around him and welcomed in the man. Xeno assured Sirius he had no problems with Luna staying, his only request was to see the nargles in the library. Sirius wisely didn't ask any questions and escorted the man to the Library.

At the same time as Sirius was showing Xeno the library letters were being delivered to Blaise, Neville and the twins. Blaise gathered his things and kissed his mother's cheek goodbye before making his way to Malfoy manor. Neville's grandmother was a little harder to convince but had agreed Neville could spend time with Harry as long as it was at Longbottom manor. It went unsaid Neville was not to be near Draco. Fred and George simply lied to their mother about their whereabouts and made spent time at both houses.

The two weeks were spent keeping both boys occupied. Fred and George started a prank war with Sirius, they had yet to win a single round but that only excited them more. They spent afternoons in the potions lab with Draco testing different potions and attempting to create their own. Blaise used the same tactic with both boys, studying. Luna had no tactic and simply floated about doing everything by whim. Neville taught Harry how to grow Lilys, showed Harry old photos of their parents and even got his gram to tell them stories.

The only time Harry was mentioned to Draco was when Blaise made the mistake of telling Draco that Harry had spent the day before with George. Dracos sitting room gained a new bookcase and table. No one dared mentioned him again. Harry on the other hand was giving updates on Draco per request.

Narcissa had tried to speak to Draco about what had happen but every time he had shut down and stared at her as if it was stupid to ask, as if she should have known. Draco also gave those looks to Lucius and Severus but if either of them knew they weren't saying. Sirius spoke to Harry about it in length. It left more questions then answers.

Then it was time for Harrys Birthday trip.

~~*

Harry didn't think his first beach trip could have been more beautiful if he tried. The Spanish style villa sat on a cliff over looking the sea, a stone pathway carved down to the white warm sand of a private beach covered in anti-muggle charms.

Harry stood on the Veranda of the ground floor that lead to the pathway and stared out at the expansive sea. The sound of the waves and smell of ocean surrounding him, he took a deep breath and tried to relax.

Harry hadn't seen Draco in over two weeks and he missed him more then he thought he could miss someone. When they spent time apart during the previous summer it wasn't as bad, they still talked every night and Harry knew Draco was waiting for him as impatiently as ever. This time was so different. They didn't speak and Harry didn't even know if they were friends anymore.

No. That's wrong. Harry knew they were still friends but he didn't know what it meant or how to be Dracos friend. What was acceptable now? Did Harry keep a physical distance between them now? Harry closed his eyes and tightened his hands on the rail. Memories flashed through his mind. Holding Draco at night. How he looked in that field. The kiss. The way Draco looked at him when he thought Harry wasn't looking.

Time and distance had certainly cleared the picture for Harry. He knew Draco wasn't being fully honest with him. Harry didn't know what Draco was hiding but he knew Draco felt *something* for him. Maybe not as strong as Harry felt but there was something and if Draco wanted to keep that to himself then Harry would let him. He was in Dracos life and they were best friends, it would have to be enough.

“Harry?”

Harry twirled around and came face to face with the object of his thoughts. All of the worries, insecurities and uncertainty fled from him as he and Draco reached for each other. He wrapped his arms tightly around Dracos waist and he felt Dracos own around him.

Draco hid his face in Harrys shoulder. "I'm so sorry."

Harry pulled away enough to look Draco in the eye. "You have no reason to be sorry. My feelings are not your burden and I'm sorry if I made you feel like they were."

"I didn't want to hurt you."

"I know,"Harry said quietly. "It was going to hurt regardless of when it happen Draco but it's okay. Still best friends right?"

"Best friends,"Draco smiled but it felt wrong. In fact since the moment Harry walked out of his room nothing had felt right.

~~*

"Look at them,"Narcissa said quietly. She was standing at the window with Lucius and Sirius in the upstairs window of the sunroom.

"There is no way Draco wants to be just friends,"Sirius announced. "I call bullshit."

"Yes Sirius we know,"Lucius drawled.

"We are missing something!"Narcissa said frustrated. She threw her hands up. "Think!"

"Like we haven't been?"Sirius snapped at his cousin. "Harry told me everything he knows and it didn't make it make anymore sense."

"Maybe we aren't looking at the right place,"Narcissas eyebrows were furrowed. "Maybe the answer lies in their first life."

Lucius suddenly stiffened and swore quietly. Narcissa and Sirius turned to him with raised eyebrows, their family familiarity shining from their face.

"What did you do,"Narcissa asked her husband.

"I think I may know what's wrong,"Lucius said quietly.

"Well share with the class,"Sirius said crossing his arms.

"I was in...talks with Horace Greengrass about a contract for Draco and Astoria-"

"YOU WHAT!" Narcissa exclaimed loudly. Sirius snickered at the terrified look on Lucius face as he took a step away from his enraged wife. Narcissa slowly advanced on her husband.

“Why wasn’t I made aware of this?”

“It was only talks,” Lucius defended himself weakly. “If it had gone further I would have let you know.”

“I can’t believe you! A contract for my child and you didn’t think to let me know?” Narcissa hissed.

“I admit it may have been a lapse in judgement.”

Sirius snorted. “I would stop while your ahead mate. She’s going to kill you.”

Lucius grimaced.

“How far in talks were you dear husband.”

“...the contract was outlined.”

Narcissas eyes flared with a familiar madness and Lucius swallowed. Sirius wisely took a step, several steps, away from the couple and leaned against a pillar. Narcissa took a deep breath, she let it out slowly and pursed her lips.

“So if you did that in *this* life you probably did it in their other life.” Sirius mused. “Are we all under the same assumption that Draco thinks this contracts exists here as well?”

Narcissa nodded slowly. “It would seem so.” Narcissa glared at her husband. “We need to have a talk with our son, immediately. And you,” Narcissa pointed to her husband. “Need to pick a room your going to stay in for this trip because it will not be in mine.”

“Yes dear,” Lucius sighed.

~~*

“Is it just me or are the others acting weird?” Harry asked Draco. They were in his room relaxed in his bed, Harry on his stomach and holding his head up with his hands while Draco laid sideways facing him and prompted up by his arm.

“They were acting weird,” Draco agreed. “If it wasn’t all three of them I’d be concerned Sirius was planning something.”

“I’m not convinced he’s not.”

Draco laughed. “If he is it can’t be to bad if mum is involved.”

“True.”

“What do you want to do tomorrow?” Draco asked him.

Harry shrugged and Draco started throwing out suggestions.

Harry didn't know when they dozed off but he woke sometime in the middle of the night to a sight all too familiar. He had moved up next to Draco during their talk and like always Draco had found his way into Harry's arm and was nestled against him. Harry slowly and gently brushed Draco's hair out of his face and looked at him.

If this was before their talk Harry would have just went back to sleep, holding Draco close to him but he promised distance. Harry gently pulled himself from Draco. He got off the bed and went to Draco's side before gently lifting him into his arms. Draco turned into him and murmured something before settling in his arms.

Getting Draco into his own bed was easy. Forcing himself not to join and leave the room was the hard part. With one last look at Draco Harry quietly shut Draco's door and went to his own room. Closing the door behind him he climbed back into his bed and to the warm spot that Draco had left behind.

Sleep didn't come easy.

~

Draco was not as warm as he should have been and was missing the feeling of arms around him when he woke up the next morning. He reached out to Harry's side and instead of the warmth of the boy who lived he felt cold silk sheets. Draco opened his eyes and turned onto his side facing the side and stared at the empty space. He wasn't greeted with a head full of gravity defying hair and a sleepy smile on lips that offered a soft 'Good morning Dray'.

Draco's heart clenched in his chest. He didn't *purposely* fall asleep in Harry's bed the night before, at least that's what he was telling himself, but he also didn't get up and go to his room when he felt himself drifting to sleep either. So waking up alone in his bed was jarring and..heartbreaking.

Tears slipped from Draco's eyes and fell down his cheeks. This was his future and that was a awful, horrible, terrible thought. Draco allowed himself five more minutes of feeling sorry for himself before he sniffled and reigned in his emotions.

As horrible as it felt Draco knew this was the right thing. Harry belonged in his room in his own bed. Not in Draco's.

Draco wondered how many more times he would need to tell himself that before it was true.

~

Draco fidgeted outside the door of his parents room. His heart had stopped and then restarted in a pounding rhythm when they told him to meet them after breakfast. His mind mentally did the calculations, Astorias' birthday was in two weeks, just after Harrys. Were they telling him now? While celebrating Harrys birthday?

Blood Hell.

Draco was considering running when the doors opened and he found himself staring at his parents sitting on the couch.

“Will you come in son?” Lucius asked humor in his voice.

Draco flushed and swallowed. “Of course.” Every step felt like it was a step closer to the end of a cliff. He sat across from them and held his hands in his lap. “Mother, Father.”

“Have you settled in, dear?” Narcissa asked him softly. Tea appeared in front of them. Draco shook his head and declined a cup. His shaking would be that much more apparent if he was holding a cup.

“Yes. My room was just how I left it.”

“Excelet.”

They fell into a silence that to Draco felt oppressive. Looking between his parents, his mothers slightly pursed lips and his fathers blank face that gave way to emotions he didn't want to show, Draco thought maybe it wasn't just him feeling it.

“Lucius.” Draco raised an eyebrow at his mothers tone. She sharpness in it wasn't new but Draco had only heard it being directed to his father a few times and each time meant his father wasn't going to be sharing his mothers room.

“Draco,” Lucius cleared his throat and shifted. “It has come to our attention that a discussion needs to be had regarding your future.”

Draco stiffened and he nodded his head.

“In your..original..life you had a marriage contract with Astoria Greengrass. Correct?”

“Yes.”

“When did it become active?”

Draco raised an eyebrow. “On her eleventh Birthday officially but you and Lord Greengrass signed for the contract on my eleventh.”

“I see,” Lucius said.

Draco sighed. “Can you just get it over with? When am I signing it?”

Narcissa turned furious eyes onto Lucius and even Draco felt the need to back away from her.

Lucius flinched and shifted away from his wife slightly. He cleared his throat once more. "Actually, you won't be signing it."

"What," Draco said flatly.

"The plan *was* for us to sign it on your eleventh to start the contract however with the changes that happen I missed the appointment. After that the contract was the last thing on my mind. Once you told us the truth I knew the contract would never be able to work."

Dracos heart dropped and his mouth dried. "What are you saying?"

"You don't have a contract," Narcissa told him softly. "Not now and not ever, unless you want one."

"There has to be a contract!" Draco exclaimed jumping up from his seat. "If-if there isn't a contract that means I...I broke Harry's heart for *nothing*. There has to be one!"

Narcissa stood up and pulled Draco into her arms. He wrapped his own arms around her tightly and buried his face into her shoulder. The scent of her perfume invaded his senses but instead of the calm it usually produced it did nothing.

"I'm so sorry, Draco. Your father told me nothing of this until this afternoon."

"I am sorry son," Lucius said from Narcissa's side, standing at a safe distance.

"Why didn't you say anything?" Narcissa asked. She pulled away from Draco and held his face between her hands. "Why didn't you come to any of us?"

"I didn't want to think about it," Draco whispered. "I knew it was coming and I thought if I ignored it then it would be easier."

"Oh darling," Narcissa kissed his forehead and brought him closer again. "I hate that you have been worried about this for all this time. Do remember from here that you are in complete control of your life."

"Oh I will," Draco said firmly. He pulled away and wiped his eyes before they widened. "Oh Merlin. I have to go see Harry!"

"Go," Narcissa urged.

Draco turned and ran out of the room, the doors slamming shut behind him. Narcissa turned to Lucius and placed one hand on her hips and the other she pointed to the couch. "Get comfortable husband. That will be your bed until further notice!"

Of all the times for Harry to disappear it had to be now. Draco had ran through the small manor looking for the boy in question and came up empty. Draco made a sharp turn to the terrace doors.

When Draco arrived the day before he found Harry outside and subsequently they spent the entire day out in the sand until they had to go in for dinner.

Draco opened the doors and a quick glance let him know his suspicion was right. Harry was sitting down in the sand a few feet from where the water reached and staring out. Dracos heart was in his throat as he made his way down the short staircase and then across the sand to Harry. The happiness he felt at knowing he could spend his life with the person that he was in love with was tampered by the terror that Harry wouldn't want to be with him. Which he knew was ridiculous but the thought still nagged at him.

Harry looked up as Draco sat next to him and gave him a brilliant smile.

"The beach idea is the best one you ever had,"Harry announced.

"All of my ideas are the best ideas,"Draco sniffed.

Harry hummed. "If you say so Mr. Inquisitional squad."

Draco slapped his arm. "I thought we promised to *never* mention that!"

"My bad."

Draco rolled his eyes and they fell into a silence as they watched the waves. Draco didn't know how to start the conversation. How do you apologize for breaking someones heart unnecessarily because you stubbornly refused to ask a damn question? Draco also had a suspicion that Harry wasn't going to be happy with the knowledge that Draco was just going to go along with it.

So how?

"I love you,"Draco blurted out. Well, that was NOT how he was suppose to start that conversation. Draco turned and met Harrys shocked gaze with his own wide eyed stare.

"What?"

"I love you,"Draco repeated, it was already out so screw it.

"Like a friend,"Harry said slowly.

"No,"Draco shook his head. "Not as a friend. Well I mean yes as a friend but also as more. So much more."

"You just told me two weeks ago that you only wanted to be friends,"Harry argued. He wasn't completely sure why he was arguing and not thanking every god available but that's

what was coming out of his mouth.

“I lied.”

Harry ran a hand through his hair, ignoring the sand that was on his hand and falling into his hair. “You lied?” Harry repeated incredulously. “Why would you lie?”

“I thought I had to.”

Harry let out a huff of breath. “Draco!”

“I thought there was a contract between me and Astoria Greengrass,” Draco said quickly. “I had one before remember? The only way out of it was if Astoria broke it off and she did on account of the whole ‘Death Eater’ thing. Since that won’t be an issue this time I know she wouldn’t let go of the contract even if I tried to pry it out of her cold dead hands.”

“I remember you saying something about it,” Harry said with a frown. “On the train?”

“Yes,” Draco nodded. “The contract was signed on my eleventh birthday the first time around so by the time I was on the train it was already a done thing.”

“But you don’t have one?” Harry asked slowly.

“Father wasn’t able to sign it because of how I acted on my birthday and didn’t have time to go back after that. Then they found out the truth and apparently decided he wouldn’t do it because of the situation....” Draco trailed off. Harry had been staring at him with wide eyes but his face dropped as a thought came to him.

“You knew about this?” Harry asked quietly.

“Yes..” Draco confirmed slowly. Draco felt like the air had been pulled from around them and it was hard to get a breath of it.

Harrys eyes narrowed. “All this time? You knew that you had a contract all this time. Since we came back.”

“I thought I had a contract-”

“No,” Harry cut him off sharply and Draco sucked in a sharp breath. Harry shook his head. “You knew you had a contract and you didn’t say *anything*. You just let me carry on. You shared my bed, you let me assure you that there was no one else but you. You let me fall even deeper in love with you then I was and have hope for something you never intended to give.”

“It wasn’t like that,” Draco defended.

“Oh? Then what was it like Draco?”

Draco swallowed. “I wanted to live in the present with you before it all fell apart.”

“*Live in the present with me?*” Harry repeated. “Draco-” Harry took a deep breath. “Do you realize how fucked up that is?”

“I’m sorry!” Draco cried feeling the prickling of tears at the back of his eyes. “I didn’t know what to do! I just wanted to be with you so bad and it was the only way I could.”

“If you wanted to be with me so bad you could have said something! To me or your parents, hell to Sirius!”

“There wouldn’t have been a point! It was iron clad Harry. I could have cried and begged and screamed to anyone and it wouldn’t have changed anything.”

“It could have been looked at! We could have tried!”

“Okay yes we could have looked at it but even if it was able to be broken I would still have to do it so-”

“What?” Harry said cutting Draco off. “You would have still done it? Even if we could have broken it?”

Draco shook his head. “You don’t just *break* contracts Harry. That’s not how it works.”

“Not even for *us?*” Harry’s voice was nothing more than a whisper. Draco wanted to lie but after everything he couldn’t make himself and without that he didn’t know what to say. His silence answered for him.

Harry let out a hallow laugh. “You know after all this time I actually convinced myself you were different but your not, are you? Just like everyone else you used me-”

“No!” Draco exclaimed, fear raising in him. “That’s not true Harry. I would never use you. I love you!”

“You used me Draco,” Harry whispered. His face was pinched in pain. “You can lie to yourself all you want but you used me. You wanted to ‘live in the moment’ but it wasn’t living in the moment for me. It was my dreams and my future. *You* were my dreams and my future my *everything*. And I was nothing more than a place holder and some good memories.”

Draco jumped up and shook his head violently. “No! It-it wasn’t like that! I swear! I love you Harry with everything I have.”

Harry shook his head and Draco felt something inside of him break at the look on Harry’s face. The hurt and the anger but the worse, the thing that Draco would never forget in his life was the betrayal that was shining from those green eyes.

“Tell me something. If your parents brought out a contract right now, for anyone, and told you to sign it. Would you?”

“Harry...” Draco didn’t know how to continue his sentence. Would he? Could he?

Harry nodded. "I thought so."

Draco reached for him but Harry pulled away and took a step back.

"No. I'm done Draco. I'm so fucking done. Go ahead and sign whatever contract you bloody well want to Draco. Whatever this is, what ever we were? It's done. I'm done."

"Harry, please," Draco begged as he reached out again. Draco had to stop him. He *had to*. He couldn't lose Harry like this. He couldn't let Harry think that's how he really saw him. He had to make Harry understand. Harry had to understand.

"No!" Harry spat. "I'm *done*."

Draco couldn't say anything as Harry walked away from him. He didn't know what to say to fix things and he needed to know the right words and he would find them. Draco wasn't going to let Harry go without a hell of a fight. The great battle would be nothing on the war Draco would rage for Harry's heart.

~~*

Later that night Draco was laying on the floor in front of his fire and staring at the ceiling. Harry had disappeared and only Sirius knew where he was and other than a vague 'he will be back' no other information was shared.

Draco had avoided his parents and Sirius and stayed in his room for the rest of the day telling them he didn't want to be disturbed. It only took two hours after dinner for Sirius to walk into his room.

"You didn't knock," Draco drawled not moving from his spot.

"I was coming in regardless," Sirius said with a shrug. He dropped onto the floor next to Draco and leaned against the couch. "How does the ceiling look? Need any touch ups?"

Draco sighed and sat up. He shifted until he was leaning against the chair across from Sirius and glared at him. "What are you doing here?"

"Doing what everyone else is afraid to do," Sirius said with a snort. "I'm finding out what the bloody hell happen."

"You already know."

"What happen when you went to talk to Harry," Sirius clarified.

Draco sighed. He was tempted to tell Sirius to fuck off and while it would have been satisfying he knew it wouldn't actually accomplish anything. So instead he spent the next several minutes explaining everything to the head of the Black family.

Sirius stayed quiet and only nodded when Draco was finished. Sirius let out a breath and shook his head. "I won't say you didn't fuck up because, let's be honest, you did."

"I got that, thanks," Draco sneered.

Sirius raised his hands up. "I'm just saying. Now, let's figure out how to fix it."

"Well I have no ideas so I suppose I can listen to some of yours," Draco said without too much sarcasm.

"First thing first. If the contract did exist and we found a way out of it why wouldn't you have taken it?"

Draco stared at him as if he was a idiot. "Because it's a *contract*! It would have been my duty to marry the twit regardless of what, or who, I wanted."

Sirius grimaced. "You sound like my brother."

"I'll take that as a compliment."

Sirius snorted. "I wouldn't but to each their own I suppose. But you know that's not true right? You don't have a 'duty' to your family."

"Everyone has a duty to their family," Draco mumbled. "I've been told about it my entire life."

"I was told my entire life I was going to be a Death Eater and marry some pureblood witch that may have been my cousin," Sirius held out his hands. "Here I am. Not a death eater and happily single."

"That's different," Draco said with a frown.

"How?"

"They wanted horrible things for you. No one should have to do any of that."

Sirius raised an eyebrow. "You don't think a marriage contract to a empty headed child is a horrible thing?"

"Of course it is but it's different," Draco stubbornly said. "It would have been awful but I still would have had freedoms."

"As would I have, outside of being a Death Eater of course. Even married I could have mistresses and done anything I wanted while my wife sat at home playing the part of a perfect pureblood wife. Our marriage contracts tended to favor the men but I can guarantee yours wouldn't have had the same opportunities."

Draco knew where Sirius was going with this and he hated that he was making sense and in doing so making Draco feel even stupider than he already did.

“In my first life I did everything my parents wanted of me,” Draco said after a few moments. “Joined the Slytherin team, got the top grades, accepted the contract and even became a Death Eater. Each one I was able to do with minimal complaints because it was what I was suppose to do it. To make my parents. “Draco paused and shook his head. “No, to make my father proud of me. I always knew mother would be proud no matter what I did but not father. I know he loved me but he never once told me how proud of me he was. He gave expectations and I hit them and he just gave higher ones. This is a new life and so many things have already changed but that hasn’t. Not for me at least. I just want to do what’s best for the family.”

Sirius’ eyes were sad when Draco met them.

“I understand Draco, I do. As much as I hated my family leaving them was one of the hardest things I had ever done. I spent years fighting back against them and it wasn’t until I left that I really had to shed the feeling of obligations I owed them. It was harder than I expected, much harder, but in the end it worked and I was happier than I ever would have been staying in the family and doing my *duty*.”

Draco was silent. All of those years all he wanted was to bring light to the Malfoy name, to make it better and rise it to a new standing to make Lucius proud of him. His own thoughts and wants were always pushed to the side and it had always been okay but now it wasn’t. He might have lost Harry for good because he was caught up in trying to fix things and he could admit to himself now that it wasn’t truly worth it. Draco would give up everything, his name, his money, the prestige, all of it to have Harry by his side.

“You need to do what makes you happy Draco,” Sirius continued. “I don’t know about the Lucius you originally grew up with but I do know this one and above all else he does want you happy. If he truly cared about the family name and all that jazz he would have gone back and completed that contract.”

“What if it’s too late?” Draco asked, finally voicing the question that had been floating around his head that he refused to think of. “Harry is furious with me.”

“He won’t be forever,” Sirius assured with a roll of his eyes. “He has a temper, especially when he’s hurt, you know that. He will calm down and listen to what you have to say.”

“What if he doesn’t?”

“We can tie him up until he does,” Sirius said with a grin.

Draco snorted. “I don’t think anyone is powerful enough to keep him tied up.”

“You are,” Sirius pointed out.

Draco gave him that point. “I don’t want to tie him up to listen to me.”

“All the tying up you would want to do is in the bedroom, am I right,” Sirius teased before laughing at the blush that covered Dracos cheeks.

“I’m thirteen. You shouldn’t be talking to me like that.”

“My bad,” Sirius said sarcastically.

Draco flipped him off. He bit his lip. Sirius was right. Harry would eventually calm down and listen to him but Draco didn’t want to just give him meaningless words. He wanted to do something to show Harry that he meant what he was saying.

“Sirius,” Draco said cautiously.

Sirius sat up straight and eyed him with suspicious. “What?”

“Could you get me the Black bonding bracelet?”

A slow smile crossed Sirius face and he reached into his pocket pulling out a dark wooden box. “I thought you would never ask.”

~~*

Two days later Sirius found Harry laying in the sand and he snorted at the memory of finding Draco in the same position the other night. Harry had avoided being in the same room with Draco for two days and wouldn’t even acknowledge him when they were at a meal or when Draco followed him around. Sirius was tired of it.

He dropped to the sand next to Harry and laid down. “Your not being fair to Draco.”

Harry snapped his head to Sirius and sat up. “I’m not being fair? He took advantage of my feelings and kept a pretty important secret from me for *years*. A secret he only told me because he found out there wasn’t even a bloody contract!”

Sirius sighed and sat up before turning his body to Harry. “He did and that wasn’t okay and I’m not saying you have to forgive him either but you should listen to him.”

“He will just blame being a ‘pureblood’ again,” Harry said with a frown.

Sirius turned and looked out to the waves. “Your not seeing things fro his point of view. You grew up in the muggle world and didn’t have the same expectations on you as we did growing up in a pureblood home. We are raised knowing that if we don’t already have a contract from birth that there will be one coming for us once our parents decide who to sell us off to. Very few purebloods are allowed to choose who they marry and even less who actually have the ability to chose whoever they want and not someone their family will tolerate because they are the ‘right’ person.”

Sirius looked back to Harry with a smile. "James was very lucky in that regard. Monty and Effie didn't give a rat's ass who he married as long as he was happy and in love. But my family?" Sirius's smile dropped. "Andy was contracted to Rabastion when she ran away with Ted and broke the contract. My parents were considering a cousin from my mother's side or," Sirius shivered. "Umbridge."

Harry choked. "Umbridge or a cousin? Merlin your parents were touched in the head."

Sirius shrugged. "Inbreeding and a whole lot of indoctrination. To my family marrying within the family was completely normal and nothing to blink at. Hell I didn't even know about incest until I went to Hogwarts and found out it wasn't normal."

"Thank Merlin you did."

"I agree," Sirius said with a nod before continuing. "Draco grew up like I did. Waiting for the day his parents announced who he was to marry and he would take a blood quill to paper. He never knew a time when he thought he would be able to marry who he actually wanted to marry."

"He could have asked!" Harry argued. "He just assumed he would be stuck and that was it!"

"He didn't think he had a reason to," Sirius pointed out. "The contract had already been signed on his birthday before. As far as he knew the contract had already been signed when we found out the truth."

"And he was just going to go with it," Harry said throwing up his hands before letting them drop into the sand. "No questions."

Sirius looked at him and raised an eyebrow. "Yes Harry he was because he didn't know he had another option. You would have fought it but Draco isn't you. He's a pureblood who has been conditioned his entire life, two of them, to believe that 'Family Duty' was the most important thing in his life. There is no questioning there. They say jump you jump. They say marry this idiot you marry the idiot."

"But it's us," Harry said quietly. "Me and him. He was just going to let that go."

"Your right. Draco was going to let you guys go. I want you to think about that for a minute Harry. Draco was going to hide the fact that he was gay and marry a girl. He was going to give up the person he has been in love with for Merlin knows how long. Do you think that would have been easy for him? To sit there and tell you he didn't love you? It didn't just break your heart Harry. It broke his as well and I think you need to remember that."

Harry was silent for a long moment. Harry wanted to fight Sirius but he couldn't fight the truth.

"Fine, I'm a selfish prick," Harry finally said. "But he still should have told me and not lead me on."

"You've both been pretty selfish and self absorbed about the entire situation."

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Harry asked with a glare.

Sirius shrugged. “You wouldn’t have learned that way. At the risk of sounding like a cliché you both have a lot of learning to do about life and love. You both died as adults but neither of you had time to actually *live*. You spent your life fighting and Draco spent his life trying to be perfect and then in Azkaban. No time for actual life experiences to learn from but you will get there.”

“Your therapist told you that didn’t he.”

“Oh, yeah,” Sirius breezed. “Azkaban stunted my mental growth tremendously according to him. I think I paid for his own Spanish vacation to be honest.”

“Worth every penny.”

“Every single one.”

~~*

Daphne was once again interrupted by Astoria but instead of obnoxious singing she was met with obnoxious sobbing. And relief like no other hit her like a train. Her sister had been flying high for *weeks*. This breakdown of hers could only mean one thing.

“Ca-ca-can yo-u believe it!” Astoria sobbed falling over Daphne’s lap.

Daphne grimaced and rolled her eyes before patting her sister’s head. “What has happen dear sister?”

“T-the contrac-c-ct! Ma-mal-malfoy cancelled it!”

Thank Merlin.

“Oh! I’m so sorry! Did they say why?”

“Father never got the contract signed!” Astoria cried. Her tears all of a sudden gone.

“Apparently he just *assumed* that it would be signed when I was eleven!”

“Oh merlin,” Daphne murmured. Her father was a absolute idiot.

“What will I do!”

“I’m sure father will find you someone even better then Draco Malfoy,” Daphne soothed her sister.

“There is no one better! Our children would have been beautiful! You just don’t understand!”

Astoria stood up and ran from the room, her renewed sobs following her.

Daphne rolled her eyes. Bloody drama queen. Daphne brought her book back and opened to her page before the sound of something crashing from the other room caused her to look up.

Daphne stood up and quietly made her way down the hallway and peaked into the sitting room. Her father was pacing back and forth shouting words with his hands waving in the air as her mother cried on the sofa. Daphne couldn't help her grin as she backed away from the door and turned to her bedroom.

Her entire family was made of idiots and she was very thankful she had somehow escaped it.

~~*

Ten minutes to midnight and his birthday Harry sat on top of a large rock that sat on the inside of a small alcove. His mind was on Draco and that bloody contract. He understood where Draco came from but that didn't stop him from feeling hurt and betrayed.

It all could have been avoided if Draco had just told him about the contract. Even if Draco wanted to go through with the contract it would have been something. Harry wondered briefly if he would have changed the things he said or did if he had known about the Contract but he knew he wouldn't have. He could have lived in the moment just like Draco had been.

He didn't know if that would have made it better or not but it was too late for 'what-ifs' now.

"Harry?"

Harry looked over to the side of the rock that he heard Draco's soft voice. The anger that had still been simmering inside of him evaporated at the hopeless look on Draco's face.

"Come up," Harry told him with a small smile. Draco's face lit up and just like that Harry forgave him. They still needed to talk and it would take time to fully trust again but Harry knew no matter what they would be okay.

Draco climbed up the rock with his limbs feeling heavy and chest full of nerves. The box sitting in his robe pocket felt heavy. Maybe he should wait to offer it? No. He would offer it now. He was nervous, read terrified, but something inside of him told him to do it now. He didn't trust his instincts like Harry did but there was a first time for everything.

"I didn't want to miss midnight," Draco said quietly. He sat on the blanket close but farther than he normally would.

"I'm glad you found me. I was going to send you a patronus," Harry admitted. "I know things are *tense* but I didn't want you to miss this."

Draco smiled brighter then he had been able to for weeks. Harry smiled back and gestured Draco closer. Draco quickly scooted over to him and rested against Harry's side. Harry's arm went around Draco's waist and Draco rested his head on Harry's shoulder.

"I'm sorry," Draco said looking up at him. "I should have said something."

"You should have," Harry agreed. "Nothing would have changed if you did. I would have kept you for as long as I could." Harry looked down and ran the back of his fingers down Draco's cheek. "I'm sorry to. I should have handled it better. Sirius talked to me and made me realize how different things were for you growing up compared to me. I didn't think of it before and I should have."

"Let's just agree we are both idiots," Draco suggested.

Harry snorted. "I'm glad you can finally admit you're an idiot."

"Oi!" Draco exclaimed jokingly.

A chime sounded from nowhere and fireworks started to appear in front of them over the ocean. Harry and Draco watched with wide eyes.

"Was this you?" Harry asked.

"No," Draco denied. Harry and Draco looked at each other and as one said, "Sirius."

"Happy Birthday Harry," Draco whispered. "I, um, have something for you."

"I should hope so. It is my birthday after all," Harry said with a laugh. The laugh faded when he got a good look at the nervous look on Draco's face. "Why are you nervous? I'm sure I'll love it."

Draco took a deep breath. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a dark wood box with the black family crest carved on top of it. Harry raised an eyebrow and took the box. He glanced at Draco once more before opening the box. Inside the box on gold velvet sat a bracelet made of goblin-made silver, filigree with diamonds sparkling around the bracelet. Around it was a goblin-made silver chain made of the same filigree but thicker and without the diamonds.

Harry's brain screeched to a stop and he felt like the breath was punched from him. Harry knew what this was.

"The Black bonding bracelet," Harry breathed. He looked at Draco with wide eyes. "Why do you have this?"

Draco rolled his eyes. "I asked Sirius for it."

"Why?"

Draco huffed and mindful of the bracelet grabbed Harry's shirt. He pulled Harry to him and kissed him. He pulled away after a brief moment and smiled at the shocked look on Harry's

face. "I know I messed up. I should have said something and found out the truth the moment I could and instead I ignored it and look where it got us. I thought long and hard about everything these last few days and I realized that even though I had planned to I wouldn't have actually been able to go through with the contract. I love you and if I'm going to sign my life away then it's going to be to you. Your my dreams, my future, my everything Harry. You always have been and I'm sorry it took me so long."

"If we do it will give us a golden contract," Harry said looking at him with soft eyes that had widened in surprise at Dracos words.

"I know."

"It's unbreakable."

"I know."

"If we end up not getting married we can never try again."

"I know."

Harry opened his mouth again and Draco put his hand over Harrys mouth and narrowed his eyes. "Are you trying to talk me out of it?"

Harry shook his head. He reached up and pulled Dracos hand away and wrapped his hand lightly around Dracos wrist.

"I wanted to put this bracelet on you the moment I read about them during Christmas of our original fifth year."

"What?" Draco choked. "But-really?"

Harry shrugged. "It was more an abstract thought I suppose but when I read about it you came to my mind and it never really left. Until I forgot about you but when we came back and met on the train it came back."

"You never mentioned it."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "In our first life we were both activlly ignoring our feelings and this life you were as skittish as a baby goat. If I had tried to give it to you you would have bolted. Not to mention you already thought there was a contract so who knows what you would have said about that."

"True," Draco grimaced. He pointed to the box. "So...will you put the necklace on and start a contract with me?"

Harry grinned. He reached into the box and pulled out the bracelet. "You first."

Draco lifted his left hand. Harry took his hand and kissed Dracos palm before wrapping the bracelet around and clicking it together with a touch of his magic. Draco let out the breath he had been holding and shivered at the feeling of Harrys magic traveling through him and

sinking into him. Harry kissed his wrist and held out the box. Draco picked up the necklace and put it around Harry's neck, his own magic clasping it shut.

The moment it closed golden light flooded from the jewelry and swirled in front of them before it solidified into a golden contract. Harry caught it and grinned at Draco.

“Our dreams, future, everything.”

“Dreams, future, everything.”

Harry laughed and pulled Draco into a kiss that Draco easily fell into. They still had to talk and Draco was sure that his father was going to lose his mind when he found out what they did but for right now he was going to enjoy and bask in the love that radiated from the bracelet and the warmth of Harry's hand on the back of his neck and his waist.

Chapter End Notes

I did mention in the previous summary that not everything is as it seems.
If you cried this time I hope it was in joy.

I'm still deciding what to do about contact by the way but if anything I think things should be better now.

Thank Merlin for antidepressants.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!