

We play checkers, but fate was playing chess the whole time

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We play checkers, but fate was playing chess the whole time

by [Blue Daisies In The Shadows](#)

Summary

Harry was such an odd child, being the Master of Death from a young age and all, luckily his soulmate is just as strange in a completely different way.

a.k.a. the one where Harry is the MoD and soulmates with Draco who can see magical auras.

Notes

So a few things first for the people that read these and so I can say I told you so if you don't read this. Firstly, I have no beta and often make little errors. If you point it out I will go back and fix it as soon as I can, so please do let me know if you see any errors. Secondly, this is my first Harry Potter fic and several characters are going to be OOC, especially Harry so if that's not alright with you this isn't your kind of fic. Thirdly, Harry does a lot of experiments in dark magic, often involving dead bodies or dying creatures/people. He's studying death and his power over it. It won't be a central part, but it's there. It will get a bit bloody, but I doubt I'll go into too much detail. In short the graphic violence tag is there for a reason, if blood and gore bother you don't read this fic. Finally, this story starts in the first book when the characters are eleven. I may continue it into a series, I don't know yet. Oh, and while this chapter is mostly in Snape's perspective it will normally be from Harry or Draco's perspective, and longer.

Otherwise, I hope you enjoy:)

So I noticed

Harry Potter was always a strange boy. He was too quiet, too smart, and his eyes... those belonged to someone far older than the small child.

The teachers were nervous around him and most of the other children were frightened of him. His relatives did not help with this image, spreading lies since the boy could walk.

If all you've ever been called is a freak, a monster, you'd never know anything different. You'd never learn that certain things are wrong, or what real monsters actually are made from. You'd never realize when those words started to become reality.

Maybe if certain things had not fallen into place so quickly then Harry might have been closer to what he was meant to be. But it was not to be.

Harry's parents were killed on a raid, a mere week before Halloween. Dumbledore placed him with the Longbottoms, believing that the pair would be safe together under heavier protection. Yet the secret keeper didn't change and Voldemort still came.

It was believed that Neville was the conqueror of the Dark Lord and he was hailed The-Boy-Who-Lived, known for the V shaped scar on his forehead.

No one noticed the lightning bolt on Harry's forehead or that, unlike Neville's, it was not made by falling debris. No, Harry was left at his relatives while Neville was raised as a prince in the magic world.

Maybe if Harry hadn't been the owner of a certain invisibility cloak that night things would have been different.

Maybe if Harry hadn't accidentally disarmed Dumbledore when the man was visiting his parents things wouldn't have happened as they did.

Maybe if Voldemort had not chosen to wear his favored ring that night, maybe if it hadn't ended up in the child's hands things would have been better for little Harry.

As it was, they did happen and Harry was never going to be the same.

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The eleven year old stared blankly at the letter in his hands, glancing up at the owl for a moment.

"I'll write a reply for you then." Harry said neutrally.

The owl hooted as he grabbed a quill and wrote down a quick acceptance. He was a little confused about the fact that apparently someone was going to drop by to take him shopping, but Harry supposed that it was perhaps concern over his lack of guardians.

Harry had taken care of himself since he was seven and could continue to do so, but adults were still strange and confusing to him, so he accepted this request and moved on.

He had experiments to do after all.

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Severus Snape was not pleased. As was Hogwarts tradition, each teacher was given a set of muggleborn students to introduce to the wizarding world. These were based off of how well the children would get along with the teacher in question. Magic, of course, decided this. Minerva always got the most, followed by Flitwick. Snape didn't usually get a single letter. The most he'd ever gotten in a year was three, and two of them had been twins. All had... harsh upbringings.

So he was none too pleased with whatever mistake had given him the single letter he held.

"Potter." Snape said slowly. "Get along with me? I'm quite certain there is a mistake Albus."

"There has never been a mistake before, Severus." Albus Dumbledore smiled. "Remember that he was raised by his aunt and uncle, not his father. Perhaps he took more after his mother?"

"Don't use her against me." Snape glared.

"Not at all, my boy." Dumbledore said. "I'm merely offering you possible reason that you were picked."

Snape just frowned at him.

"Perhaps you could go today?" Dumbledore offered. "It would be a nice birthday treat."

"Because I have nothing better to do." Snape said dryly.

"The letter did pick you." Dumbledore reminded him.

"Fine." Snape said stiffly. "Do not expect me to coddle the boy though."

Dumbledore merely smiled at the professor.

Snape left, apparating nearby the location the letter offered him. He was surprised to see a rather rundown house was the boy's home. Upon knocking on the door Snape had to wait long enough that he was on the verge of knocking again, much louder.

When the door did open, it was by a long haired boy with bright green eyes. Snape was surprised to see the boy didn't look much like his father. Harry's hair went nearly to his waist and was in straight, if tangled, locks. And his eyes, those were certainly Lily's.

"Hello sir, are you the man the school was sending?" The boy asked in a tone devoid of any emotion.

"Indeed I am." Snape replied. "My name is Professor Snape."

"Hmm, can you prove that your from the school?" The boy asked. "It wouldn't due to wander off with some crazed kidnapper."

Snape was mildly surprised that the boy was immediately so suspicious of him, but he easily pulled out his wand.

"I swear on my magic that I am who I say." Snape said.

He then flicked his wand and cast a lumos to prove his point.

"Thank you sir." The boy said, nodding. "Would you like to come in for tea, or are we to leave right away?"

"We will be leaving immediately." Snape replied stiffly.

This boy was not what he was expecting at all.

"Alright, let me retrieve my bag then." Harry said, closing the door quickly.

Snape blinked at the door suddenly in his face and scowled angrily. This was closer to what he was expecting and it didn't improve his mood any.

Harry appeared again a moment later, stepping through the door and locking it behind him.

"Are your relatives not home?" Snape asked, frowning a bit at that.

"Relatives?" Harry asked.

"The ones whom care for you." Snape said dryly.

"Oh, I take care of myself." Harry said. "Are we going to Diagon Alley?"

"Yes, but what do you mean no one cares for you?" Snape asked. "You're eleven."

"I know." Harry said. "Why does that mean I need guardians? I've been fine for four years on my own. I figured that they were sending you because you knew this?"

"No!" Snape exclaimed. "You've lived here alone since you were seven?"

"Of course." Harry said. "My parents left me enough money to buy this house."

"What happened to your relatives?" Snape asked.

"They died." Harry replied easily.

"How?" Snape asked.

"A fire." Harry replied.

“Why didn’t social service take care of you?” Snape asked.

“I was out that night, they must have thought I died too.” Harry shrugged. “Are we going to get my supplies?”

Snape took a deep breath and vowed to bring the boy to Dumbledore after this so he could deal with the boy.

“Fine, we’re leaving.” Snape snapped.

“Great.” The boy said in the same neutral tone he’d been speaking in the entire time.

This was going to be a very long day, Snape thought.

He was far from wrong.

Diagon Ally and dead wands

Chapter Summary

Snape and Harry go shopping.

Chapter Notes

No beta as usual, so let me know of any mistakes and I'll fix them. Also I got the list of school supplies directly from Pottermore, so that is all JK's writing.

I got the basis for Harry's snake from "Top 10 Most Venomous Snakes" (<http://listverse.com/2011/03/30/top-10-most-venomous-snakes/>), which told me that: "It has the most toxic venom of any land snake in the world. The maximum yield recorded for one bite is 110mg, enough to kill about 100 humans, or 250,000 mice! With an LD/50 of 0.03mg/kg, it is 10 times as venomous as the Mojave Rattlesnake, and 50 times more than the common Cobra. Fortunately, the Inland Taipan is not particularly aggressive and is rarely encountered by humans in the wild. No fatalities have ever been recorded, though it could potentially kill an adult human within 45 minutes."

So my bad if that's not right, I didn't research too much on the subject. Also the "Umbra" part is just Latin for shadow, I added it to make the snake a magical one.

Finally, this is all I have written right now, so updates won't be this fast normally- I'm in summer classes for college, so I don't have a massive amount of free time at the moment.

Otherwise I hope you enjoy:)

Harry looked around with cold eyes as he followed the dark professor into Gingotts. The man stepped forward, but Harry could already see where this was going and beat him to the counter.

He handed the goblin his key and requested entrance to his vault. Snape looked mildly surprise at this. Harry wasn't sure why, but decided not to ask as he followed the goblin.

Snape seemed to catch on to the fact that Harry knew where he was going and merely followed the boy as he walked around. Harry looked down at his list and decided to start by getting a trunk to actually hold everything for him. It was after all a long list. Upon further scrutiny Harry frowned, double checking the list.

HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY

Uniform

First-year students will require:

Three sets of plain work robes (black)

One plain pointed hat (black) for day wear

One pair of protective gloves (dragon hide or similar)

One winter cloak (black, silver fastenings)

Please note that all pupils' clothes should carry name tags

Set Books

All students should have a copy of each of the following:

The Standard Book of Spells (Grade 1) by Miranda Goshawk

A History of Magic by Bathilda Bagshot

Magical Theory by Adalbert Waffling

A Beginners' Guide to Transfiguration by Emeric Switch

One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi by Phyllida Spore

Magical Drafts and Potions by Arsenius Jigger

Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them by Newt Scamander

The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self-Protection by Quentin Trimble

Other Equipment

1 wand

1 cauldron (pewter, standard size 2)

1 set glass or crystal phials

1 telescope

1 set brass scales

Students may also bring an owl OR a cat OR a toad

PARENTS ARE REMINDED THAT FIRST-YEARS ARE NOT ALLOWED THEIR OWN BROOMSTICKS

“Professor?” Harry asked as they walked towards the trunkshop.

“Yes Potter?” Snape replied stiffly.

“It states that only owls, cats or toads are allowed.” Harry said. “Are any other pets permitted on the school grounds?”

The professor paused before replying.

“At the founding of Hogwarts each house allowed a pet that their founder was fond of. Ravenclaw named owls, Gryffindor wanted a cat and for some reason Hufflepuff picked a toad.” Snape replied. “Slytherin had snakes as their choice, but they have fallen out of favor in recent years. Those are the only four pets permitted, so whatever creature you want to bring will not be allowed.”

Harry blinked up at the professor and shook his head a moment.

“But you just said she was allowed.” Harry said.

“What are you talking about Potter?” Snape sneered slightly.

Harry held up his hand and the sleeve moved around until a small head poked out.

“Belladonna.” Harry said.

Snape looked at the snake a moment before finally speaking.

“Is that an Umbra Inland Taipan?” Snape asked slowly.

“Yes.” Harry nodded.

“A magical offshoot of the most venomous land snake in the world?” Snape asked, seemingly to himself.

“She’s still a baby.” Harry said. “She’d be able to wrap around my waist twice over if she was full grown.”

“Has she figured out her other ability yet?” Snape asked.

“She can travel short distances by shadow, yes.” Harry nodded.

“While she does abide by all rules, I don’t think she’d be welcomed at the school given how dangerous she is.” Snape said.

“She’s never bit anyone I haven’t told her to.” Harry said. “And Inland Taipans are known to be peaceful snakes.”

“Until you add in magic.” Snape said. “You will likely have to get permission from the Headmaster.”

“Alright.” Harry nodded.

With that he walked into the trunk shop. He ended up buying a dark wooden piece with silver accents. It had three compartments, including one that allowed for an entire library. The second would fit all of Harry's clothes while the last held anything else Harry needed to put in the trunk. All sections were password protected, but Harry vowed to add some blood seals to them to keep everything secure.

Snape raised an eyebrow at the choice.

"Silver?" He asked.

"I love silver." Harry replied.

"I would have thought you'd prefer red and gold." Snape said.

"Why?" Harry asked.

"They are the Gryffindor house colors." Snape replied with a slight frown.

"Why would that make me like them more?" Harry asked.

"Do you not want to be in your parent's house?" Snape asked.

"I didn't know what house they were in." Harry stated. "I think I fit more in Ravenclaw anyways."

"Why not bronze then?" Snape asked, looking quite surprised at his comment for a moment.

"I don't like silver for its house origins." Harry said. "I like it because it's their color."

"Who's color?" Snape asked, slightly confused.

Harry tapped the spot over his heart.

"It's completely in silver." Harry said.

Snape's eyes widened slightly.

"Your mate." He muttered.

Harry nodded.

"Have you met yours, professor?" Harry asked blankly.

"Yes." Snape said shortly.

"I'm sorry." Harry said.

"Why would you say that?" Snape asked stiffly.

"Because even I can see it didn't end well." Harry said.

He then turned and walked into the bookshop, his shrunken trunk in his pocket.

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Snape watched the Potter boy walk into the shop, seemingly uncaring of their conversation. Snape placed a hand over his heart, right above his soulmark. Every being with a spark of magic was born with one, a mark that would lead you to your soulmate. One over the heart indicated a romantic bond, but marks in other places indicated a platonic bond. Those bonds were more rare, but it wasn't a surprise to have a second or even third mark.

Some magical beings even had more than one romantic mark, though those were extremely rare, particularly in humans or very similar creatures. Snape personally had two marks. A romantic mark and a platonic mark on his shoulder. As Harry had said, the romantic didn't work out well. He hadn't met the one that connected to his platonic mark.

It wasn't that surprising, given platonic marks usually didn't make themselves too noticeable until the bond was fully formed, usually by a hug. The most notable exception to this was for those that had no romantic mark. Those tended to overshadow most of the platonic marks and were most often sealed in a kiss.

Snape wondered if Harry had more than one mark, but after talking to the boy he found himself doubting it. Harry was far from like either of his parents. Neither had been near as cold as the boy was. Despite himself Snape found himself concerned over that.

If he had known that Harry wore three marks outside of the one on his heart he might have been less concerned, until he found out who those marks belonged to that is.

That likely would have brought much more concern.

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About an hour later Harry was nearly done with his shopping. The only items he had left were his wand and his school robes. He'd bought robes before, and was in fact wearing a pair at the moment. One he set aside for outings. It had never been to his basement. Harry decided to get his wand first and walked into the wand shop. Snape followed behind him, muttering about Ravenclaws and their books.

"I was wondering when I'd see you, Mr. Potter." Ollivander said.

"Hello sir." Harry said politely.

"And Severus Snape." Ollivander continued. "Blackthorn, 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches with a core of dragon heart string."

"Yes." Snape said stiffly.

Ollivander hummed for a moment.

"Well, put out your wand arm." Ollivander said.

Harry put out his right arm and watched as the measuring tapes buzzed around.

Ollivander set a few boxes down and offered Harry one. Nothing happened.

Ollivander frowned and tried another.

Snape sighed and sat down in the chair across the room, muttering about how he should have seen this coming.

An hour later Ollivander actually looked to be getting aggravated and Snape looked ready to strangle someone.

“I’ve never seen anything quite like this.” Ollivander hummed.

“Taking this long to get a wand?” Snape growled.

“While that is unusual, I’ve had many tough costumers. No, it is the way that the wands react to you young man.” Ollivander replied.

“How do you mean?” Harry asked.

“They act as through you were dead.” Ollivander said bluntly.

Harry blinked and nodded slowly.

“I can see how that might happen.” He said.

Ollivander looked curious, but didn’t ask as something else seemed to have caught his attention.

He looked at Harry critically and slowly nodded.

“Perhaps.” He muttered and walked into the far back of the shop.

Ollivander returned with a pure white box in his hand and slowly set it in front of Harry.

“Fifteen inches, made of elder wood with a core of thestral tail-hair, a tricky substance indeed.” Ollivander said.

“Fifteen inches.” Snape blinked in surprise.

“Unusually long, but not out of the range of possibility.” Ollivander replied.

Harry opened the box and his breath caught. He could hear the wand singing to him. This wand was already his, it had been for a long time.

Harry reached in and picked up the wand. Immediately the wand began to glow white and the shop shook for a moment before everything was quiet again.

“This one.” Harry smiled.

Snape looked shocked for a moment before he hid the expression and Ollivander looked pale.

“I was wondering why this wand came to me.” Ollivander said. “It seems we can expect great things from you Mr. Potter, great things indeed.”

“Came to you?” Snape questioned. “Did you not make this wand?”

“No, I found it sitting on my desk this morning.” Ollivander said. “It is not often that a wand goes to such lengths to find its master.”

“Thank you sir.” Harry said with a smile.

“A word of warning, Mr. Potter.” Ollivander said as Harry went to pay him.

Harry looked up at him as he handed the few coins over.

“That wand is said to have a very bloody past, many who have tried to master it have found their ends sooner than later. I would not spread the word that you are the owner.”

Harry smiled softly at the man, the most emotion he’d shown in years, before it turned cold once more.

“You need not worry, sir.” Harry said. “After all, it is said that only a wizard that has mastered death can control a core of thestral hair.”

Ollivander looked even paler at that remark.

“Best of luck to you Mr. Potter.” Ollivander said.

Harry nodded, leaving with an icy grin.

“Mr. Snape.” Ollivander said before the other wizard could follow his charge out.

Snape turned back to look at the man.

“That boy will need a guiding hand, I shudder to think of the consequences that his darker choices could have.” Ollivander said.

“There’s more to that wand than you said.” Snape narrowed his eyes.

“It is a wand of legend and fairy tales.” Ollivander replied. “How a child can even hold it, I do not know.”

“What legend?” Snape asked suspiciously.

“One that drove Grindleward mad.” Ollivander replied vaguely.

Snape frowned, but seeing that he wasn’t going to get anywhere with this conversation, he was forced to let it go.

“I will take what you said under advisement.” Snape replied.

Ollivander watched the man leave before shakily sitting down.

He never thought that he'd sell the legendary Elder Wand.

Blonde hair in robe shops

Chapter Summary

Draco meets Harry and the pair proceed to freak everyone else out.

Chapter Notes

No beta, the usual, ect...

Not much to say, hope you enjoy:)

Harry easily walked into the robe shop to get his school robes and was ushered to the back where there was already another boy. Harry felt the pull the moment he stepped into the shop and it doubled as he stepped into the back room.

“Mr. Malfoy.” Snape said to the blond boy on the measuring stand.

“Hello professor.” The boy grinned. “I’m surprised to find you here, you don’t make a habit of escorting students.”

“It seems this one is the exception to every rule.” Snape said stiffly.

Harry looked at the boy calmly, but with a slight smile. He wasn’t a fan of people in general, hated most of them actually, but this one was special. This one was his.

“Hello dragon.” Harry smiled.

Draco blinked in surprise.

“How do you know my name?” Draco asked.

“I don’t.” Harry replied.

“Why did you call me dragon then?” Draco asked.

Harry noticed that his mate kept glancing directly around him nervously and rolled his eyes. Aura readers.

Harry walked over and stepped up onto the platform beside the boy, not quite touching yet.

“Potter!” Snape exclaimed in astonishment.

Harry ignored him and leaned forward, gently pressing his lips to his mate's in an innocent brush of lips.

The ground shook and things began to fly around the shop as Harry drew back, eyes glowing as bright as the curse they resembled. His mate looked shocked, his eyes glowing a similar brightness in silver.

He gasped as everything settled back into place.

Harry slowly pulled his robes to the side, showing the boy the clear silver dragon on his chest.

"My dragon." Harry smirked.

Draco fumbled with his robes, showing a similarly clear symbol. The mark on his chest showed a midnight blue raven with its wings spread back over a black symbol of a triangle with a circle inscribed inside, both bisected by a straight line.

"My raven." Draco smirked back.

"Of bloody course." Snape groaned behind him.

"Aren't you thrilled godfather?" Draco beamed.

"He has issues with me." Harry said.

"What do you mean?" Draco asked.

"That's Harry Potter, Draco." Snape sighed. "And Potter, this is Draco Malfoy."

"As in James Potter's son?" Draco frowned.

"Yes." Snape replied.

"My father is dead." Harry pointed out. "I never knew him."

"That's right, Harry would never be my mate if he was like that prat." Draco said firmly.

"Just get your robes." Snape said. "I suppose I will be fetching your father, Mr. Malfoy."

"Mother went to look at wands, I'm not sure where father was headed." Draco replied.

"We must have passed her then." Harry blinked. "We were just there."

"You already got your wand?" Draco asked.

Harry nodded and pulled out the pale wand as Snape left them alone.

"It's fifteen inches long, made of elder wood with a core of thestral tail-hair." Harry said.

"Wow." Draco admired it.

“I can go with you to get yours.” Harry offered.

Draco smiled brightly at him and nodded happily.

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Draco was a bit shocked about what had just happened.

He'd been surprised to see his godfather walk into the robe shop, but had been shocked at seeing his charge.

Draco could read auras, essentially see how magic influenced different magic creatures.

Pure light wizards, likely like Dumbledore but as Draco hadn't seen his aura he couldn't be sure, had pure gold auras.

Most common wizards had a bronze color of aura, slightly dulled but still on the light side.

Dark wizards had closer to silver auras. Like Dumbledore, Voldemort was the only one to have a pure silver aura that Draco would bet on.

His parents both had grayish-white auras, as he himself did. Mirrors did come in handy.

The boy before him had none of those colors.

Sure auras could have other colors, extreme anger made red seep into them, sadness blue and happiness yellow. Emotions changed them a bit, but the core was always based on your magic.

Draco wasn't sure what the hell a black aura meant, but it made him a bit nervous.

Then the boy called him dragon and kissed him! Sure it wasn't an actual kiss, just a brush of their lips, but that was still rude to do to a stranger. Then suddenly that didn't matter because the strange boy was his soulmate!

Draco smiled at him and chatted casually as they were measured for their robes. He was thrilled that he had found his romantic soulmate.

Draco had two marks, one of each kind. He was rather curious what friend would leave a mark when his parents did not, nor did any of his friends growing up. It was a strange one too, a flower with three claw marks torn out of it.

“What house do you think you'll be in?” Draco asked.

“Probably Ravenclaw, maybe Slytherin. I'm assuming you wish to be in the later given your last name?” Harry replied calmly.

Draco wondered if the boy had ever raised his voice.

“Yes, my family has been in Slytherin for centuries.” Draco replied. “Why do you think Ravenclaw?”

“I like books and information.” Harry said. “Much more than people.”

Draco frowned a bit.

“You being the exception of course.” Harry smirked at him.

Draco grinned back.

“Do you have any others?” Draco asked.

Harry nodded.

“I have three others.” Harry replied. “But I’ve only met one of them. As far as I’ve found at least.”

“A friend?” Draco asked.

“In a way.” Harry replied. He’s more of a big brother though. Or sister, depending on their mood.”

“A Metamorphmagus?” Draco asked.

“In a way.” Harry replied. “I have a tiny bit on one side of the family.”

“Really, what can you do?” Draco asked.

“I can change my hair to be whatever length I want, well basically anything but the color.” Harry replied. “I can change my eyes a little too, but I can’t do anything fancy.”

“That’s still really entertaining.” Draco grinned.

“Thanks.” Harry replied.

Draco paused, a thought occurring to him.

“Why is uncle Severus taking you to get your things?” Draco asked.

“My parents disappeared in an attack during the war. A dark spell went off, preformed by You-Know-Who himself that ripped everything in the area apart.” Harry said. “So I lived with my mother’s muggle sister and her family until I was seven.”

“Why did you leave them?” Draco asked.

Harry tilted his head.

“Can you keep a secret?” Harry asked.

“For you.” Draco said. “I can keep anything a secret.”

“Good.” Harry replied, stepping closer to Draco until he was centimeters from Draco’s ear.

“My aunt and uncle hurt me and one day I decided to hurt them back.” Harry whispered.

Draco blinked in shock.

“What did you do?” He whispered back.

“I could control my magic enough to knock them out, so I did.” Harry whispered. “Then I walked outside to watch the flames.”

“You killed them?” Draco asked to be sure.

“Does that scare you?” Harry asked.

Draco turned to look him in the eye.

“No.” Draco said. “They deserved it for daring to touch you.”

Harry grinned sharp enough to cut glass, eyes alight with flames.

“I love you.” Harry said easily.

“I love you too.” Draco said just as easily.

Harry was his soulmate after all. Draco might only be eleven, but he could feel their bond and knew that he’d spend the rest of his life with this boy. He was endlessly pleased by that.

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Narcissa Malfoy was surprised to see her husband arrive much earlier than expected. She had planned to see him for lunch, and that was still set for an hour from now.

“Lucius.” Narcissa smiled in surprise. “I wasn’t expecting you so early.”

“It seems there was a magical earthquake in the area that has the Ministry running in circles.” Lucius sighed.

“Yes, I felt it.” Narcissa replied. “It didn’t seem to cause any damage though.”

“It didn’t.” Lucius rolled his eyes, making his thoughts on the matter clear. “Where is Draco?”

“I left him in the robe shop to get measured.” Narcissa replied. “He should be finished soon.”

“Let’s go collect him then.” Lucius nodded.

As they left the wand shop the couple quickly met with Severus Snape, whom appeared to have been headed to Ollivander’s shop.

“Severus.” Lucius said in surprise.

“Lucius, how fortunate that you’re here as well.” Snape sighed.

“You were looking for us?” Narcissa asked.

“Yes, I just met with your son.” Snape replied.

“Is he alright?” Narcissa asked in concern.

“Draco is fine.” Severus replied. “Rather thrilled at the moment, I’m sure.”

“Thrilled?” Narcissa frowned. “Over robes?”

“No, he’ll want to tell you himself though.” Snape said, gesturing for them to follow him back to the robe shop.

The Malfoy’s followed, a bit in confusion. When they got to the shop they found their son standing very close to a small black haired boy in the front of the shop, the pair seemingly waiting on them.

“Mother, father!” Draco grinned, stepping forward and pulling the boy with him as their hands were locked together.

“Draco.” Narcissa smiled. “And who is this?”

“This is Harry, Harry Potter.” Draco grinned. “He’s my raven!”

Narcissa gasped softly and Lucius’ eyes widened.

“You’re soulmate!” Narcissa exclaimed in delight.

“I was charged with escorting Mr. Potter around.” Snape said. “He met Draco in the back.”

Draco pulled Harry in front of his parents, grinning brightly.

“Harry this is my mother and father.” Draco grinned.

“Narcissa Malfoy.” Narcissa said, offering Harry her hand.

He took it and smiled stiffly.

“A pleasure to meet you ma'am.” Harry said.

“Lucius Malfoy.” Lucius said, offering his hand as well when his wife stepped back.

“A pleasure, sir.” Harry nodded.

“Would you care to join us for lunch Harry?” Narcissa asked.

“I’d be honored.” Harry replied.

He turned to Draco and gave him a sweet kiss on the cheek.

“I’ll see you in an hour then, Dragon.” Harry smiled almost sweetly.

“See you soon.” Draco agreed, watching his soulmate leave with his new robes.

The elder Malfoys blinked in surprise.

Snape had quickly followed with a parting nod to Lucius, so the family was mostly alone in the shop.

“How did he know?” Narcissa blinked.

“Harry knows things.” Draco said. “He knew we were mates before we touched.”

“But that’s...” Lucius muttered.

“He’s a bit strange.” Draco shrugged. “I like that though.”

“Of course.” Narcissa nodded. “Well, shall we get your wand then?”

Draco nodded eagerly.

-

The small family was still in the wand shop nearly forty-five minutes later, Ollivander frowning in confusion.

Finally Draco spoke up.

“My soulmate said his wand was waiting on him.” Draco told the wand maker.

Ollivander’s eyes widened and he hurried to the back of the shop.

The elder Malfoys watched with mild interest.

When the wand maker came back he held a silver case that he set carefully before the youngest Malfoy.

“Fifteen inches, yew wood with a core of dementor’s bone.” Ollivander said.

Draco picked up the wand and it immediately began to glow, the room trembling slightly.

Ollivander looked slightly nervous.

“The pair you two shall make.” Ollivander said slowly.

“What do you mean?” Lucius asked.

“I did not make that wand.” Ollivander said. “It appeared in my office beside one other.”

“Harry’s wand.” Draco nodded.

“Yes, your soulmate’s.” Ollivander nodded. “It is very rare for wands to seek out their owners, but I’m not surprised those two did.”

“What is so special about it?” Narcissa asked.

“It is, if you believe the legends, meant to be only held by the consort of the one to conquer death.” Ollivander said.

“Of course, that makes sense now.” Draco nodded. “Thank you Mr. Ollivander.”

“Best of luck to you Mr. Malfoy.” Ollivander nodded.

Draco happily left, followed by his confused parents.

“What makes sense now, Draco dear?” Narcissa asked as she headed to the restaurant that Draco was certain Harry would be waiting at.

“Harry’s aura.” Draco replied. “I didn’t understand how any living person could have that color, but if he mastered Death then it would of course be black.”

“Harry’s aura is black?” Lucius asked in surprise.

“Yes.” Draco nodded. “It’s very pretty, like looking into an endless abyss.”

“I’m very much looking forward to lunch.” Was all that Lucius said in return.

Indeed, he was eager to learn more about Draco’s mysterious soulmate. He was a bit concerned about both of the young boys.

-

Meanwhile Snape was thinking along very similar lines as he looked down at his charge for the day.

Harry just smiled knowingly up at him.

Lunch date and big brothers

Chapter Summary

Harry has a very busy day and Snape now needs to reevaluate his life.

Chapter Notes

No beta, the usual stuff. Kudos to anyone that figures out whom Mort is. I tried not to make it too unclear.

Otherwise, I hope you enjoy!

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

“Harry!” Draco exclaimed happily as they approached the shop.

The elder Malfoys at this point weren’t even surprised to see the boy at the correct restaurant at the correct time with the potions professor behind him.

“Hello Draco.” Harry smiled.

He lead them inside and the group was quickly led to their table.

There was a moment of silence before Lucius gathered his wits and went for the direct approach.

“Tell us about yourself Harry.” Lucius said with a smile.

Harry tilted his head to the said before shrugging and answering.

“Of course, what would you like to know?” Harry asked.

“Well, what are your hobbies?” Narcissa asked.

“I like to experiment with my magic and read.” Harry replied.

“What kind of experiments?” Draco asked.

Harry paused and looked blankly at Draco for a second.

“I want to improve the Sorcerer’s stone.” Harry said.

“Impressive goal.” Lucius commented.

Harry nodded.

“What about your guardians?” Narcissa asked. “You must live in the muggle world if Severus is with you.”

“I live alone.” Harry said. “On the outskirts of a muggle town.”

“You live alone?” Narcissa repeated in shock.

“Yes.” Harry said with no concern at all.

“You are only eleven, you’re legally required to have a guardian.” Lucius said. “The ministry would have been alerted if your previous ones died.”

“Mort must have sighed the paperwork then.” Harry shrugged.

“Who’s Mort?” Draco asked.

“The platonic I met.” Harry said, he turned and carefully revealed the mark that matched Mort.

Everyone at the table, except Draco of course, politely averted their gaze. To stare at someone’s mark when you weren’t bound to them was often considered rude. Many shops sold items to help cover marks if one chose to wear more revealing clothing or if you were one of the rare few to have a mark on a very visible part of your body such as your face.

Draco leaned closer to look at the scythe mark on Harry with interest. The mark was rather simple, just a classic black scythe with a shiny silver blade attached.

“Interesting mark.” Draco hummed.

“It fits him well.” Harry hummed.

“Then this Mort takes care of you?” Snape asked.

“No, he’s more the busy older brother type.” Harry replied. “He visits pretty often though.”

“Then no one takes care of you?” Snape demanded. “Since you were seven?”

“Mort drops by often enough.” Harry said. “I’m capable of caring for myself.”

“Of that I have no doubt.” Snape muttered.

“You can’t live by yourself.” Snape said, much louder now.

“Why not?” Harry asked in a genuinely curious, but flat, tone.

“You’re too young.” Snape replied.

“But I have no need for anyone else's care.” Harry said.

“It's a legal matter.” Snape sighed.

“I don't want anyone else bothering me.” Harry glared at the professor.

“You don't have a choice.” Snape said.

“Mort is fine.” Harry said. “He always comes when I call him.”

“You have no social skills.” Snape said bluntly. “And frankly I'm concerned about your emotional state.”

“Why is that?” Harry asked.

“Because your tone has barely fluctuated this entire conversation.” Snape said frankly.

“Why does that matter?” Harry asked in the same flat, cold tone.

“It indicates emotional abuse.” Lucius said.

“I'm fine.” Harry stated.

“Does Mort actually interact with you?” Draco asked.

“He often helps with my experiments.” Harry stated.

“Does he do anything else with you?” Narcissa asked. “Something just for fun?”

“He doesn't have time to waste on that.” Harry said.

“If he's your guardian he should.” Lucius stated.

He was also often busy, but he never neglected Malfoy because of that.

“Why?” Harry asked. “I don't need to that.”

“When was the last time you did something just because you felt like it?” Narcissa asked.

“Something outside your experiments.”

Harry blinked at her slowly.

“Never.” He said. “That would be illogical.”

“That's the point though.” Lucius sighed.

“I don't understand.” Harry blinked.

“You care for me when we have only just met.” Draco said. “Isn't that illogical?”

“You are my soulmate.” Harry stated.

“And what is the logic of that?” Draco asked.

“We are bound, you are mine and I am yours.” Harry said. “Mort explained it to me.”

“And what else did he say?” Draco asked.

“That my soulmate could never hurt me, that they would always care for me.” Harry said.
“No matter what. So I should cherish them.”

“That’s very nice, but soulmates can betray you.” Snape said.

Harry stared intently at him frowning. Then he leaned forward slightly and the others watch in shock as his pupils widened and a silver line cut across his eyes, much like a reptilian.

“What...” Snape blinked in surprise.

Then just as suddenly Harry leaned back.

“Oh, well that explains it.” Harry said easily.

“Explains what?” Snape asked.

Harry responded by leaning over and hugging the professor. Snape froze, shocked, before he recognized the warm feeling that was accompanying the hug.

“Impossible.” Snape breathed out in a rush.

Draco looked confused before he grinned widely.

“I’m jealous, Harry.” Draco laughed.

“I don’t understand.” Snape said slowly.

Harry tilted his head before cupping his hands and concentrating on them.

A moment later a shock of magic swept through all the occupants of the table and they were looking into the backyard of someone’s home.

“What did you do?” Draco asked.

“It’s the supposed to be.” Harry said, pointing to the gardens.

The group looked in surprise to see a younger Snape come out of the house, followed by a grinning young boy.

The boy was chattering about how excited he was that Draco was visiting later and clinging to that Snape’s hand.

Snape froze when the boy called him dad and looked over towards them with those bright green eyes. Lily’s eyes.

“What is this?” Snape asked.

“What should have been.” Harry replied. “If fate was followed.”

The group watched as a beautiful red head walked outside with a light smile. She kissed the other Snape sweetly and picked up little Harry with a bright smile.

And then they were back in the restaurant.

Snape trembled slightly as he looked down at the boy that was meant to be his son.

“What are you?” Lucius asked bluntly.

“Harry.” Harry replied. “Harry Potter.”

“Beside that.” Lucius frowned.

“We don’t know exactly.” Harry said.

“It’s fine.” Draco shrugged.

Lucius frowned at that, but set it aside on the sole basis that this was his only child’s soulmate.

“Hey, Severus can adopt you then!” Draco grinned.

“I can’t move.” Harry said. “All my... things are there.”

“I’m sure they can be moved.” Snape sighed.

Harry frowned.

“Mort won’t like that.” Harry said.

“Then he can take it up with me.” Snape said dryly.

“Alright.” Harry shrugged. “Mortem!”

Before anyone could even blink there was a man cooing over Harry as he lounged in a chair next to the boy that certainly hadn’t been there before.

“Hi Mort.” Harry said.

“Harry!” Mort cooed. “I’ve missed you little one.”

The rest of the table stared on stiffly.

“Who are your guests?” Mort purred as he ran his fingers through Harry’s hair.

“Two of them are my mates, the others are the parents of my soulmate.” Harry replied.

“Oh.” Mort hummed. “Congratulations little one.”

“Thank you.” Harry replied.

“I do wonder why you called though.” Mort grinned with all the warmth of a starving tiger.

“Severus Snape wants to adopt me.” Harry said. “I have no wish to move.”

“So say no.” Mort shrugged. “I legally am your guardian, platonic or not he can’t take you away.

“Hmm.” Harry nodded.

“You’re not taking proper care of him.” Snape spoke up.

“So?” Mort smirked. “Harry can care for himself, he has no actual need for me.”

“Other than the obvious emotional abuse.” Snape said dryly.

“Oh, that was there before we met.” Mort said. “I got him to talk at least.”

Snape blinked in surprise.

“How did you meet?” Draco asked.

“I was at work.” Mort said. “He happened to cross my path.”

“I was seven.” Harry said.

Snape watched as Draco tilted his head in consideration before a flash of understanding went through his eyes.

“I see.” Draco said. “It’s an honor to meet you Mortem.”

“A pleasure to meet you as well little dragon.” Mort smirked.

He turned to look at Harry with amusement dancing in his cold eyes.

“We best be going now, little one.” Mort purred. “Much to do.”

“Alright.” Harry said. “I’ll see you at the station Draco.”

Mort glanced at Draco as he continued to play with Harry’s hair and smirked.

“Congrats to you too, little dragon.” Mort smirked.

“Thank you.” Draco smiled a bit nervously.

“Wait!” Lucius tried to interrupt.

Mort didn’t glance at him as he and Harry disappeared without a trace... or the customary pop of apparation.

“That went well.” Draco swallowed.

“What makes you think that?” Snape scowled.

“None of us died.” Draco said bluntly. “So I’d say it went great.”

“Do you know where Harry lives, Severus?” Narcissa asked.

“Yes.” Snape replied.

“Well, I’m sure we can all arrange a visit before school starts.” She said with determination.

“Hopefully when he’s not around.” Draco muttered.

Snape just frowned at the spot Harry had left. Hours later, alone in his office, Snape would let the full implications of the day come crashing down.

But for now it was best to return to the school. He was due a long talk with the headmaster.

Chapter End Notes

For anyone whom is curious, Snape's mark on Harry is a black cauldron brewing something green with a gold crown wrapped around it. Harry's mark on Snape is the Deathly Hallow symbol in black with a dark blue snake wrapped around it. Lily's mark on Snape was a red lily flower with thorns. It's now smeared gray as Lily rejected him. I'll probably describe them in more detail later in the fic, but for anyone that is curious that's what they look like.

Harry at home and Severus at school

Chapter Summary

Severus tells the other professors about Harry, meanwhile the subject of conversation discovers something exciting.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: A rather graphic description of an OC character's death. If that bothers you skip the end of the chapter after Severus' part is done and please leave me a comment at the bottom and I'll give you a summary of Harry's part of the chapter.

This chapter is a bit shorter, but next chapter will be the ride to Hogwarts, so it'll pick up a bit more there:)

Otherwise, no beta so let me know of any mistakes and I hope you enjoy.

Severus Snape swept into the headmaster's office, noticing that the other teachers of the year had already arrived. He easily took his spot and quietly picked up the cup of tea that had appeared before him as he sat down.

And so the meeting began.

Minerva spoke of the muggleborns that she'd spoken too, there had been no problems with any of them and she was quite excited about the potential of one young girl in particular.

Similarly Flitwick hadn't had any issues and was quite pleased that he'd gotten a confirmation of attendance from every child he'd spoken to.

Eventually it was Severus's turn to speak of his single charge. He'd spent most of the last hour debating exactly how he was going to go about this. He'd eventually decided for the blunt approach, there were very few Slytherins at the table after all.

"And how did the visit with Mr. Potter go, Severus?" Albus asked.

"Not as expected." Severus said bluntly.

"Oh?" Flitwick asked.

"I'd say that he's near destined for your house." Severus told the professor. "With the amount of books he got... and that I'd be genuinely concerned if he ended up in mine."

“Just because he’s James Potter’s son...” Minerva began.

“Not what I meant at all.” Severus interrupted. “And if I didn’t know better I wouldn’t guess he was related to either of his parents. He’s nothing like either. He reminds me more of...”

“Of who?” Poppy asked curiously.

“Tom Riddle.” Severus replied. “He’s cold, uncaring, I’m not certain he actually feels anything at all.”

Albus frowned.

“He didn’t react at all?” The man asked.

“I believe he might have been pleased to find his soulmate, but I’m not certain of even that.” Severus said.

“He found his mate?” Minerva smiled.

“My godson.” Severus frowned. “Draco at least was thrilled.”

“The youngest Malfoy?” Minerva frowned. “His parents didn’t get along with that pair at all.”

“As I said.” Severus sighed. “He is nothing like his parents.”

Severus debated telling them about the unusual wand, but decided against it after remembering what Ollivander had said about the blood spilled that the wand was responsible for.

“Did he seem truly dark?” Albus asked.

“No.” Severus shook his head. “If anything he’s the epitome of gray. With his lack of reactions I’d say that he’s a neutral as a person can possibly be. Although, Draco is likely the exception to that.”

“Perhaps he is simply shy then.” Albus said.

“I would use the term apathetic.” Severus replied. “He also had a request of you headmaster.”

“Oh?” Albus hummed.

“He found a snake that seems to be very fond of him and wishes to remain with his companion.” Severus stated.

“He bought a snake?” Minerva asked.

“No, I believe he found it at his home.” Severus replied.

He neglected to state what kind of snake Harry had, as his mate Severus would rather give Harry this at least.

“He may keep it then, so long that the animal not harm any other students.” Albus nodded.

“I will inform him.” Severus nodded.

“Was there anything else then?” Albus asked.

“One other noticeable oddity.” Severus nodded. “He is not living with his relatives as I was led to believe.”

“What?” Albus blinked.

“It seems that the rest of the family died in a house fire when the boy was seven.” Severus replied.

“Then who is taking care of Harry?” Minerva asked, concerned.

“One of his platonic soulmates.” Severus replied. “An eccentric man named Mort.”

“You met him then?” Poppy asked.

“Briefly.” Severus replied. “He is very powerful and seems very fond of Harry. I’m not sure exactly what he does, but Mr. Potter indicated that Mort was often busy with his work. I would guess that he is some type of researcher.”

“But he seems to care for Harry?” Minerva asked.

“I believe he is a lot like Mr. Potter, but that they care for each other in their own way.” Severus replied.

He might not like Mort or how he was raising Harry, but the man appeared to have saved the boy from the muggles that Harry had indicated hadn’t been kind to him by any means. Severus would have preferred to have raised the boy himself, but at this time he was forced to let things be. Harry had no wish to leave and Mort appeared to have only done any damage in an emotional sense. With Draco’s help he hoped that they would be able to assist Harry in that manner.

Severus was secretly concerned that Harry was naturally a bit apathetic. He would have to quietly look into whatever this mastering of death murmuring was about. Until then he would have to be patient.

Albus nodded at the reply and Minerva sat back as the meeting continued.

“Now, the matter of the stone.” Albus said seriously.

-

Harry placed his hand on the cold, stone door that led to his basement and felt the blood wards surrounding it recognize him as the door slid open. Harry waved his hand, lighting the many torches in the windowless room and lighting up the entire room. It was a simple square room with bookshelves lining every wall, only stopping for the door. Several tables were

placed near the edges of the room, one set up with a potion currently boiling. The fumes disappeared a few feet away from the cauldron, magic preventing the occupants of the room from being poisoned the moment they opened the door.

In the center of the room there was a ritualistic table with a complicated rune on the ceiling directly above it that would allow direct light from whatever source was required.

The table was currently occupied with a trembling figure dressed only in a pair of boxers and a piece of stained cloth that acted as a gag.

Harry walked over to the man, slowly pulling out his new wand as he did so. Before he had been using a wand that Mort had given him, it worked well enough but wasn't the perfect fit that the elder wand was.

"Mr. Thompson." Harry said slowly. "I would think that you'd be less frightened given how many others you have put in similar positions. Your basement was testament enough to that, isn't that right Mr. Serial killer."

The man mumbled something into the gag and shook his head.

"I can see your guilt, it seeps out of you in waves." Harry said blankly. "It's why you're here after all."

The man looked pleadingly at Harry.

"I don't hurt innocents after all." Harry said. "I feel that Draco wouldn't be pleased at that. Even more so now that we've met. A killer like you though, I doubt my dragon would care in the least."

He walked over to the potion and carefully extracted a small vile in a large needle that would be more at place in a hospital. He tapped it a few times and carefully checked that he was ready to inject it into the man. Behind him the tar black potion bubbled and hissed, the poison lashing out as though it were angered.

Harry walked back over and placed the needle directly over the man's heart.

"This may hurt." He said blankly before injecting the man with the thick liquid.

Harry quickly stepped back checked his silencing charms as the man began to scream. Harry flicked his wrist again, using his wand this time. A quill and parchment appeared beside the boy as he watched the man writhe on the table.

Harry sighed as his shielding charms were put to use and the quill slowed to a stop, nothing else for it to note on the current trail. He looked blankly at the sheet of red the seemed to drip down from thin air in front of him before letting the charm drop.

Another failed attempt.

Harry stepped forward and blinked in surprise, well perhaps he'd been too hasty. This had promise. A rare smile flickered across Harry's face as he looked down at the corpse.

Yes, this showed promise. He was almost there.

-

Thousands of miles away a cloaked figure paused in it's current observation of the older man that paramedics would be unable to save. Mort suddenly jerked up and grinned brightly as he realized what the sensation meant.

Oh, his little mate was quite the genius.

The train ride that may lead to years of therapy

Chapter Summary

The train ride over and the sorting begins.

Chapter Notes

No beta as usual, so let me know of any mistakes and I'll fix them. Also a minor warning for several characters being very OOC, if that bothers you then you won't like this chapter at all. Sorry about that, but I did warn you in the tags. I will also be going back to school soon and I'm not sure if I'll be able to update this fic again before that (I need to work on several others). I'm taking all upper Divs so after that I won't be able to update remotely often until around Christmas. Otherwise I hope you enjoy:)

Harry arrived three hours early to the station, not wanting to be trapped with any annoyances on the long ride to Hogwarts. Mort had taken him there through his unique form of travel, that he'd never explained properly to Harry, and dropped the first year off after fawning over the boy for several minutes. Harry stared blankly at his guardian as the being teared up and sobbed in a manner that seemed faked, yet could be real. Harry was relatively certain that it was, faked that is. He wasn't sure if anything could actually make Mort cry.

He didn't want to know what could if that was possible.

Harry sighed as he claimed a compartment and waited for his soulmate to join him. Given the time he pulled out a book, one gifted to him by Mort, and began to read.

With thirty minutes to spare Draco appeared in the doorway, smiling widely when he saw Harry sitting there calmly.

"Harry." Draco smiled down at the smaller boy.

Harry looked up and returned the smile, well actually he didn't but Draco was pleased that his mate appeared to no longer have an aura of a funeral attendee around him.

"Did you enjoy the rest of your summer?" Draco asked.

"It was very productive." Harry stated, seeming pleased with something.

“A break through in your research?” Draco asked.

“Yes.” Harry grinned, looking much like a lion staring down its prey. “I’m getting close.”

Draco smiled back, not disturbed by the twisted expression.

“And you dragon?” Harry asked.

Draco grinned and began to tell Harry of the rest of his summer, neither noticing as the train left. The conversation was only interrupted when the door was slowly pulled open by a red haired boy that peeked inside.

“Hello?” The boy said. “Do you mind if I sit here, everywhere else is full.”

Harry tilted his head, realizing it was more likely that the boy had been turned away due to his tattered appearance. He could make an easy ally.

“Sure.” Harry shrugged.

Draco blinked in surprise.

“My name is Harry Potter and this is my soulmate, Draco Malfoy.” Harry continued, offering his hand.

“I’m Ron Weasley.” The boy said, shaking Harry’s hand. “It’s nice to meet you.”

Ron took a seat across from the two boys, looking uncomfortably at Draco. Harry glanced between the two before sighing.

“Have you two met?” Harry asked.

“No.” Draco said shortly.

“Our fathers don’t get along well.” Ron said tightly.

“Don’t be illogical Draco.” Harry said. “Ron isn’t his father, nor are you Lucius. Put aside your stupid grudges until you have a reason for them.”

Ron relaxed a degree and Draco frowned at his mate.

Ron reached out and offered Draco his hand.

“Hi, I’m Ron Weasley.” Ron said.

Draco stared at the hand for a moment before slowly taking it.

“I’m Draco Malfoy, a pleasure to meet you.” Draco replied.

Harry nodded firmly.

“Any reason your family’s don’t get along?” Harry asked.

There was a moment of silence before Draco spoke up.

“They’re a very light family, they disapprove of my family’s affiliations and associations.” Draco said.

“Mum and dad agree there, I just don’t think you should hate muggleborns.” Ron said. “The Malfoy’s seem to think that purebloods are better than anyone else.”

“We don’t hate them for their blood.” Draco scowled. “I don’t like muggleborns because they’re destroying our culture!”

Ron blinked in surprise at that.

“We don’t even celebrate Yule or Samhain openly anymore.” Draco continued. “They’ve been replaced with muggle holidays! Muggleborns come in expecting us to cater to them while they ignore our traditions.”

“That’s a good point.” Harry committed.

“Then you don’t care about their blood status?” Ron asked.

“My soulmate is a half-blood.” Draco frowned. “While a Malfoy has never been paired with a muggleborn, a soulmate comes before anything else. Blood status is a focus because of what it represents. My father calls your family blood-traitors because you have turned your back on our traditions and spit on the gift we’ve been given.”

“I never thought of it like that.” Ron said. “That makes sense though, I know dad used to celebrate Yule instead, but he’s obsessed with everything muggle nowadays.”

Draco looked surprised that the other boy was agreeing with him.

“What would your suggestion be then?” Ron asked. “To compromise?”

“I-I’m not sure.” Draco admitted.

“Purebloods are home schooled until eleven, correct?” Harry asked.

Both boys nodded in curiosity.

“It’s simple then, we simply need to introduce specialized classes earlier. Purebloods can take a class on muggle culture before they go to Hogwarts or another school and muggleborns can take a class on wizarding culture. Then both groups would be able to understand each other better. Half-bloods could go to whichever class they weren’t raised heavily with.” Harry said.

The other boys gaped at the small raven haired boy in shock.

“That’s actually a really good idea.” Ron stammered.

“My mate’s so smart.” Draco smirked.

Harry's mouth twitched.

"It's amazing what a bit of logic can do for you." Harry snorted.

Draco blinked at the unusual display of emotion before smiling brightly at it. His love was already opening up more.

The moment was broken when the door opened again, this time revealing a bushy-haired girl with rather large front teeth.

"Have any of you seen a toad?" The girl asked.

Draco frowned.

"No." He replied shortly.

"No need to be rude about it." The girl sniffed.

"Pardon me miss, but you were quite rude first." Harry said. "Slamming open the door and demanding answers from us without even introducing yourself is quite rude, wouldn't you say."

The girl blinked at Harry in surprise before blushing heavily.

"You're quite right, I do apologize." The girl said. "The boy that lost the toad is quite concerned and I suppose that I wasn't thinking."

"That's quite alright." Harry said. "Your apology is excepted, miss...?"

"Oh, Hermione Granger." The girl offered her hand to Harry.

"Harry Potter." Harry replied, shaking her hand. "The gorgeous blonde beside me is my soulmate Draco Malfoy and this is our new acquaintance Ron Weasley."

"A pleasure." Hermione nodded.

"You're a muggleborn." Ron stated.

"Yes." Hermione said proudly. "First witch in my family."

"Then you can be last piece in our conversation." Ron said excitedly.

"True." Draco nodded, turning towards Hermione. "We were discussing the pureblood views on muggleborns that many light families disagree on."

"Draco comes from a pureblood family that dislikes muggleborns that ignore wizarding culture and force their own on us." Ron said. "I'm from a family that's excepted the changes, but I agree that it's not fair to force us to celebrate Christmas over Yule and the like."

Hermione blinked in surprise and blushed a bit.

“I’m afraid I don’t know much about wizarding culture, I only found out recently about magic.” She replied.

“That’s where Harry comes in.” Ron replied.

“I suggested integrating the two worlds to a degree earlier.” Harry said. “Having muggleborns take a class before Hogwarts to understand the world they are coming into and having purebloods take a class on muggle culture so they can understand where muggleborns come from.”

“That’s brilliant!” Hermione said brightly. “I’ve been so worried that I’m going to be so far behind.”

“Actually, Purebloods aren’t far enough ahead that you can’t catch up within the first year if you work hard.” Draco said. “Most children can’t control their magic to a large degree until around their eleventh birthday, that’s why formal education starts at this age.”

“Most muggleborns are just behind in the written knowledge and cultural differences.” Harry agreed.

“Then your class idea would be perfect.” Hermione said, sitting beside the boys.

“I also think earlier information would be helpful.” Draco said.

“What do you mean?” Ron asked.

“Well, Hermione just found out she’s a witch.” Draco said. “I believe that her parents should have been informed far earlier, it would give them the opportunity to give her up if they needed to.”

“Give me up!” Hermione exclaimed.

“Was it easy for your muggle parents to raise a child that has magic that lashes out when she’s upset?” Draco asked. “I know I destroyed quite a bit when I was young.”

“We’ve almost burned down the house between all of us.” Ron agreed. “I have five older brothers and a younger sister, I’m amazed the house is still standing.”

“That doesn’t mean that any parent would want to give their child away!” Hermione exclaimed.

“Muggleborns have approximately a ninety seven percent higher chance of being abused than a pureblood or halfblood raised by a magical parent.” Harry said absently.

“What?” Hermione whispered, pale.

“Purebloods, especially from dark families are very protective of children. Only someone mad would harm a child, in fact the black family is the only recently known case of abuse. They’re mostly crazy though.” Draco said. “My grandmother and her sister were both very hard on one of their children. When it got out they were shamed to the point of suicide.

That's not an uncommon reaction. Magical children are precious, child abuse holds the harshest sentence of any crime."

"Muggles often lash out at what they don't understand." Harry said. "You got lucky."

"Is it really that bad?" Hermione asked.

"My aunt and uncle starved me for years." Harry said. "I still consider their death a blessing."

There was silence at that casually stated fact for a moment before Draco stepped back in.

"One of the reasons that I think there needs to be more involvement in that direction." Draco said. "Many pureblood families would foster muggleborns through their school years."

"Why hasn't anything been done yet?" Hermione asked. "If abuse is so much more common in muggleborns?"

Draco huffed angrily.

"That would be due to the light side and their leader." He scowled.

"What do you mean?" Ron asked, leaning forward.

"Albus Dumbledore is an eternal optimist that doesn't believe in that kind of change. He doesn't want to believe the facts so he ignores them. It's nativity, but with his influence after the defeat of the last dark lord most of wizardry society goes along with it or is forced to go along with it." Draco explained. "The light side has the majority at the Wizengamot, therefore the dark side can't pass any bills. Dumbledore is the head, so everyone on the light side follows him."

"How can one man have so much power?" Hermione asked.

"He technically doesn't, he just has a lot of influence." Harry said. "And the dark has had bad luck with their political leaders."

"That's true." Draco sighed. "Dark magic is more addictive, it's much easier to corrupt a witch or wizard than light."

"What's the difference between the two?" Hermione asked.

"Dark magic is used to hurt others, while light magic doesn't harm anyone." Ron replied.

"Totally wrong." Harry muttered.

"Light propaganda." Draco sighed.

"What do you mean?" Ron frowned. "The Unforgivables are all dark magic and they certainly harm others."

“Sure, but that doesn’t mean you can’t use light magic to do the same thing.” Draco said. “The Wingardium Leviosa charm is a light spell, correct?”

“Yes.” Harry agreed and Ron nodded uncertainly.

“So, if I levitated a boulder and dropped it on your head, that would hurt you quite a lot, yes?” Draco smirked.

“It depends on how you use the spell!” Hermione said excitedly. “But then how do the classify dark magic?”

“Some spells are dark because they can only harm others, such as the Unforgivables.” Draco said. “But most are dark from the emotional connection.”

“Emotions?” Ron asked.

“Most light spells need control, they use a clear intent and instruction. To preform a light spell you need a clear head with no strong emotions.” Harry said. “It’s why I’m very good at light magic.”

“Then most dark magic is fueled by strong emotional intent.” Draco said. “By preforming a dark spell you are telling everyone your emotions and intent. You have to really want to kill the person to preform the killing spell. If you don’t want to the spell won’t work.”

“Don’t you have to want to preform light magic too though?” Hermione asked.

“Yes, but you don’t need a strong push. You want the feather to float so you picture it doing so and preform the spell.” Draco said. “Light spells are based on a clear focused intent, dark are on a strong emotional intent.”

“I never thought about that.” Ron blinked.

“Most light wizards don’t.” Draco shrugged.

“Why do you keep referring to Ron as a light wizard and yourself as a dark?” Hermione asked.

“Everyone is born with a natural disposition.” Harry replied. “Ron could preform dark spells, but he would struggle with it. Draco is the opposite, but due to the light disposition at Hogwarts most dark British witches and wizards are trained from children so they can preform light spells without struggling too much.”

“Oh, how can you tell what someone favors then?” Hermione asked.

“It typically runs in families, but most have to go by trail and error.” Draco replied.

“Most?” Ron asked.

“Draco is the exception.” Harry smirked coldly.

“How so?” Ron asked curiously.

“I’m an aura reader.” Draco said softly.

Ron’s eyes widened in amazement at that.

“That’s a one in a billion trait!” He exclaimed. “There hasn’t been a known aura reader in Britain in centuries!”

“What’s an aura reader?” Hermione asked.

“Everyone has an aura that has a color reflecting their magic.” Harry explained. “It’s said that strong emotions can seep into it too.”

“That’s true.” Draco nodded. “The magic is more important though, it shows light wizards verses dark wizards.”

“What color is mine?” Ron asked excitedly.

“A bright bronze, meaning you’d be able to preform dark magic but it would be more difficult for you then an average light wizard that has a simple bronze.” Draco replied. “I have about the opposite with a pale gray color.”

“What about me?” Hermione asked with bright eyes.

“I’ve actually never seen your color in person.” Draco said. “You have a gold aura, the brightest of all the light wizards. You’re likely very powerful, but will never be able to preform any dark magic.”

“Really?” Hermione grinned.

“It’s very rare.” Draco nodded. “I’ve heard that the only other living wizard with that color is Dumbledore.”

“What about Harry?” Ron asked as Hermione glowed with joy.

“He’s an exception.” Draco replied.

“Like me?” Hermione asked.

“No, you’re a rarity.” Draco replied. “Harry’s an impossibility. I wouldn’t believe that his aura looks as it does if I couldn’t see it. It’s never been recorded. Not a single case.”

“What color does he have then?” Ron asked.

“Black.” Draco said. “A black so deep that it makes all other blacks look gray.”

Harry’s lips twitched.

“And I’m sure he knows what it means.” Draco pouted.

“I may have an idea.” Harry said absently.

“Prat.” Draco frowned.

Harry didn’t reply and was saved from more questions as the compartment door opened for the fourth time since Harry had sat down.

This time there was a small group of children at the door, all first years if their unmarked robes indicated anything. There was a girl with a frown across her pugish face at the head with three boys behind her.

“Draco!” The girl exclaimed. “I’ve been looking everywhere for you!”

“Pansy.” Draco said stiffly.

“It’s quite rude to barge in without any introductions.” Hermione said, remembering her own mistake.

Pansy sneered at the other girl.

“I don’t particularly care for your opinion, mudblood.” Pansy sniffed.

Hermione looked confused as both Draco and Ron stiffened further.

“Why are you here Pansy?” Draco asked coldly.

“I was looking for you of course.” Pansy said. “I’ve found us a compartment away from this filth.”

“I’m perfectly fine here.” Draco glared. “My soulmate selected this compartment.”

“Soulmate?” Pansy whispered angrily. “No, you’re going to marry me!”

“No I’m not!” Draco shouted back. “I don’t care what your father says, I’ve found my soulmate and I’m going to marry him!”

“To come between soulmates is quite frowned upon.” The dark skinned boy behind Pansy stated.

He stepped forward and offered a smile to Draco.

“Congratulations to both you and your mate.” The boy said.

“Thank you Blaise.” Draco replied with a slight smile. “You’re welcome to sit with us if you so wish.”

“I think I will.” Blaise nodded, sitting across from Harry near the window.

“I believe you should leave now Miss. Parkinson.” Harry said smoothly.

“Who are you to speak to me like that?” The girl sneered.

“Harry Potter, soulmate to Draco Malfoy and mate to Mortem. Heir to the Potter family and future heir consort to the Malfoy family.” Harry stated. “Now leave before I make you.”

“How dare you!” Pansy began.

She was quickly shut up as the doors were slammed shut in her face and the blinds dropped. The lack of outraged cries from the other side indicated a silencing charm had also been cast.

Ron looked at Harry in shock as Draco smiled at his soulmate thankfully.

“Thanks, raven.” Draco sighed, sitting back down.

There was a moment of silence before introductions were exchanged with the dark skinned boy, Blaise Zabini. He was from a neutral family and Draco indicated that the boy had grayish-white aura, indicating that he personally was closer to the darker side of magic.

The rest of the trip went in relative silence, Ron stepping out to change and Blaise leaving to find his friend Theodore Nott a few minutes before the train was due to arrive.

As the group of four first years exited the train and were quickly ushered to the boats.

“It’s beautiful.” Hermione whispered as the castle came into view.

Two of the boys nodded at the statement while the third looked on blankly. When they arrived at the castle Hermione ran over to a boy, apologizing for forgetting about his toad that had been found for him at their arrival. The boy was introduced as Neville Longbottom and seemed very nervous about his placement.

“It shouldn’t matter what house you get into, your family shouldn’t care about that.” Ron frowned.

“Gran wants me to be in Gryffindor like my father.” The boy muttered.

“That’s ridiculous.” Hermione said. “You should be in the house that will help you the most.”

“Yeah, my brothers were almost in Slytherin and no one would have been upset by it.” Ron said.

Given what Draco knew about Ron's parents he doubted that, but didn’t speak up.

“What do you enjoy to do the most Neville?” Harry asked.

“I like herbology.” Neville replied.

“Then Hufflepuff would be most helpful.” Harry said. “Their head of house is the herbology teacher.”

“I’m supposed to be some kind of hero though.” Neville said softly.

“The boy who lived nonsense?” Draco asked.

“Yeah.” Neville said.

“Ignore that.” Harry said. “You should be your own person and do as you please, you’re not an object for others to gawk at.”

“Right.” Ron said. “If you get into Gryffindor that’s great, but all the houses are fine.”

“But aren’t all Slytherins dark?” Neville asked.

“No, just most.” Draco said. “But that shouldn’t matter, we snakes take care of each other. It’s a rule, boy who lived or not.”

Neville smiled a bit at that. As the group went in Harry glanced over at the smirk on his soulmate’s face.

“You just want to upset the light side’s perfect image.” Harry whispered.

Draco grinned viciously in return.

The now group of five stood together as the hat sang out its song and the names began to be called by professor McGonagall.

“Abbott, Hannah.” Was called first.

She was shortly placed in Hufflepuff and the sorting continued.

“Granger Hermione!” Rang out eventually.

Hermione stood up carefully and hurried up, putting the hat on happily.

There was about a minutes pause before her house was called.

“Ravenclaw!” The hat shouted.

Hermione hurried to her new house, smiling at the others from her train ride over. Ron grinned back and Draco nodded coolly. Harry just looked on.

Neville was the next of the group to be called and many took note as the boy walked up to the hat. Whispers of the boy who lived spread across the hall rapidly and Dumbledore leaned forward.

“Hufflepuff!” The hat called out after a moments pause.

There was a shocked silence before the Hufflepuff table went mad, clapping in utter joy at the placement. Draco grinned victoriously as Dumbledore grimaced, going unnoticed by all but two people in the hall. Severus Snape scoffed quietly at the old man’s displeasure and Harry just filed the information away.

“Malfoy, Draco!” Professor McGonagall called out.

Draco walked up confidently and sat on the stool as the hat was lowered to his head.

The hat immediately made its choice known...

Cross house alliances, aka Draco is a conniving little snake

Chapter Summary

Draco and Harry are sorted, both look at their new houses and Snape is really fed up with Dumbledore's meddling.

Chapter Notes

Well, last chapter of 2017! Happy New Years everyone!

In other news, this chapter is very late but I've been too sick to write anything for most of my Holiday break. I'm recovering now, so I finally got something typed up even if it is very short. That you all for waiting and I'll do my best to update again before I go back to school!

As usual no beta, point out any errors and I'll fix them.

Otherwise, I hope you enjoy!

“Slytherin!” The hat shouted out.

Draco smirked knowingly and easily strode to his new house and Harry quietly smiled at his soulmate's obvious joy.

Draco and Harry both continued to observe the sorting, Harry memorizing every name and face in each house as he waited his turn. Draco tilted his head, humming thoughtfully as he wondered what was going through his soulmate's head. He doubted it was anything too pleasant.

He wasn't wrong.

Finally Harry was called up to the stool and the hat slipped over his eyes.

“Well, well, well.” The hat hummed into the boy's head. “What do we have here?”

“A cliché.” Harry replied coldly.

“You seemed to have already decided your house.” The hat commented. “Given that you won't let me any further into your mind...”

“Then just place me already.” Harry replied.

“Not yet, you remind me of another boy I've been placed upon.” The hat said stiffly.

“We are not that similar.” Harry replied.

“Indeed, he had yet to kill a human before arriving here.” The hat replied.

“Nor have I.” Harry replied.

“I’d request you not lie to me, Mr. Potter.” The hat snapped.

“I’d request that we get to the point of this.” Harry replied.

“Do not harm the students in this school.” The hat stated.

“I have not interest in harming children.” Harry replied calmly.

“An oath.” The hat demanded.

“I swear on my magic that I will not seriously harm any children within Hogwarts.” Harry said in an absolute monotone.

“So mote it be.” The hat replied.

“Can we end this spectacle now?” Harry questioned in a deadened tone.

“Ravenclaw!” The hat shouted out, the only word the hall had heard of the conversation.

The table clapped politely as Harry sat down and Draco offered his mate a questioning look at the long wait.

Harry slowly gestured around him and then pressed a brief hand to his own throat.

Draco paused a moment before nodding in understanding and turning back to the sorting.

There were no other shockers and as Ron Weasley went to Gryffindor and Blaise Zabini joined Draco in Slytherin the sorting came to an end.

Dumbledore stood up and said a few words, but Harry’s eyes were looked on another teacher’s. A bright smile flicked across his face for a moment so brief it was as if the smile itself was terrified to find itself in such an unfamiliar place. Draco shivered slightly upon noticing that his soulmate was quite pleased.

This was going to be an interesting school year, that was certain.

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Harry easily made himself at home in his single room, the only in his year that didn’t have to share. Given the preassigned name cards on the doors Harry was reasonably certain that Hogwarts had something to do with that.

Terry Boot, a fellow Ravenclaw in Harry’s year had opened his mouth to complain about the arrangement but a blank look from Harry had put a stop to that argument before it began. He liked his quiet, the peace of it.

Best to do his experiments in.

Harry nodded in contentment and begun to unpack.

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Draco listened to his godfather's opening speech attentively as he analyzed his year mates around him.

Pansy Parkinson. Already on the outs, had a slight obsession with Draco. Needed to be promptly crushed.

Blaise Zabini. Possible ally. Supported Draco over Pansy. From a neutral family. Mother known as the 'Black Widow,' possible danger. NEVER flirt with or allow allies to.

Vincent Crabbe. Not the brightest, but loyal to the Malfoy's. Good bodyguard, but more of an ally to show off and avoid using for too much else. Already signed up for tutoring with Severus and the prefects.

Gregory Goyle. Platonic soulmates with Vincent. Seem to share a brain. Same notes as his platonic mate.

Millicent Bulstrode. Pureblood of lesser notability. Book smart, no social skills, not overly attractive. Known to be cruel. Dark family, possible ally, not Draco's first choice.

Daphne Greengrass. Beautiful, but known as the ice queen. Middle standing Pureblood with a sharp tongue. Very socially skilled and while not brilliant, far from stupid. Good potential ally, very likely to stab him in the back the moment it suited her.

Theodore Nott. Higher standing Pureblood. Already an ally, only know to Draco and the boy. Powerful father, mother was deceased. Dark family. Soulmates with a half-blood girl, the only half-blood in Slytherin their year. Brilliant, very quiet. Will likely be a contender for top of their year.

Tracey Davis. Half-blood. Theo's soulmate. Already an ally. Strong willed and brilliant at dark arts and defense. A prodigy with hexes built out of self defense. Mother also deceased. Father mostly ignores her. More social skills than Theo, though much more likely to start a fight.

That was four allies out of eight students, only half. He'd need more. Greengrass was a risk, but worth more than Bulstrode. He'd wait to see whom Pansy upset first. If he could turn the entire house against her, well that would be a beautiful sight.

He wasn't sure how much help Harry would be on that front, after all a Slytherin his mate was not. He'd work well to back up any threats Draco needed to deal out, though. After all Harry scared him sometimes and Draco was the boy's soulmate.

Luckily he already had allies in other houses, Harry included. He was even on decent terms with the-boy-who-lived. That may be a double-edged blade, but Draco knew if he played his

cards right he could gain a lot from that brief conversation. Neville being sorted into Hufflepuff was a real blessing in that respect.

Draco steeled himself and looked around the room. Give him a few years and he'd be king of all of them, not just his year-mates.

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Severus Snape sighed as he sat through yet meeting, this time centered on the precious boy-who lived.

Pomona was thrilled of course, while Minerva seemed to be quite confused. She kept muttering something along the lines of "both his parents were in my house" and staring at the tabletop.

Flitwick seemed amused by the whole thing, Severus was certainly less so.

"This is a waste of time." Severus finally interrupted. "What does it matter what house the boy ended up in? I for one have my own students to be considering at the moment."

"Of course Severus." Dumbledore sighed. "Report to me anything of concern."

Everyone nodded, but Severus knew that comment was directed at himself. He internally scowled, Slytherin didn't mean evil.

After all, Salazar himself would be proud of how manipulative Dumbledore himself was.

It was going to be a long year

School Begins

Chapter Summary

Harry and Hermione talk, Draco plots and Ron is more ambitious than expected.

Chapter Notes

Hey. I'm back! Sorry for the long wait, I've had a hellish quarter. Four upper division engineering classes are a lot of work. I was planning to update this at the start of the week, but my dog became very ill. As he's almost twelve years old I was too depressed to write anything. My family believed that one of his benign tumors could have become cancerous, but this thankfully wasn't the case. As of today he's finally eating normally again:)

In other news I am starting summer classes on Monday and have applied for a laboratory research assistant position, so my updates will continue to be slow. Hopefully in about seven weeks (when part of my classes ends, summer schedules are so weird) I'll be able to update a bit faster. Sorry and thank you for your patience!

Finally, no beta and very quickly proofread so let me know of any mistakes you see and I'll fix them. Otherwise I hope you enjoy!

Harry did not have any roommates, the only Ravenclaw of his year that didn't. This was strange because the rest of the boys were split between two rooms and the girls were split in half between two rooms as well. Harry knew that this change was Hogwarts' attempt to protect the other students from them and almost found it amusing. He was bound by oath after all.

The first morning of class Harry was already sitting in the Ravenclaw common room, reading a fifth year book on astronomy as he waited for Hermione to come down. He was not waiting out of the kindness of his heart, he was waiting instead to assure himself an ally. This was, of course, Draco's idea as Harry had yet to figure out many people skills.

"Good morning Harry!" Hermione smiled as she stepped over to his chair.

"Good morning." Harry replied, closing the book. "Are you ready for breakfast?"

"Yes, thank you for waiting for me." Hermione replied, pleased that she seemed to have a friend in the strange boy.

“Draco has been encouraging me to communicate with our peers more.” Harry replied as he stood up. “I do not completely understand why this is necessary, but have decided to abide by his advice.”

“I’ve never really had friends either.” Hermione replied, becoming more used to Harry’s manner of speech. “I’d be glad to be yours though.”

“That would be possible.” Harry replied as the pair left to go to breakfast. “I will likely need more allies than my Draco.”

“The possessive is adorable.” Hermione giggled. “You’re so lucky to have already found your soulmate.”

“I knew he was mine.” Harry replied. “Magic told me.”

“Magic told you?” Hermione asked.

“She likes to sing, but most people don’t listen to her song.” Harry replied.

“I wish I could hear it.” Hermione sighed. “Hmm, does that mean that you could tell who my soulmate is?”

“Maybe.” Harry replied. “Souls like to dance to her song.”

“It sounds beautiful.” Hermione said kindly. “Could you tell me if you see my mate?”

“Acceptable.” Harry agreed. “I can point them out.”

“I’ve noticed that you’re looking at the upper years books.” Hermione said as the pair sat down at the Ravenclaw table, awaiting their schedules as they began to eat. “But you said you grew up with Muggles?”

“They died when I was seven, a magical being took me in after that.” Harry replied.

“So they taught you a bit of magic?” Hermione asked.

“I’m not like most wizards.” Harry frowned. “I’ve always been able to use my magic easily. I could probably pass my NEWTS.”

“But what about all the written knowledge that would need?” Hermione asked.

“Mort provided any books I wanted and I have an edatic memory.” Harry replied.

“Oh, that’s so lucky!” Hermione exclaimed. “I have a really good memory, but it’s not perfect.”

“It is rather convenient.” Harry agreed.

“Why don’t you test out then?” Hermione asked. “Is that not allowed in the wizarding world?”

“It is, but taking these classes gives me time to focus on my research without concerning myself with outside opinions.” Harry replied. “And I can remain beside Draco.”

“That’s real sweet.” Hermione smiled.

She pushed her dark curls out of her face as she reached for the pumpkin juice pitcher to pour herself more. Harry watched her silently, weighing Draco’s advice in his mind.

“I’m still have my wizarding politic and culture books that I could lend you if you’d like.” Harry said.

“I’d be very grateful!” Hermione agreed eagerly. “But, wait, does Hogwarts not have any?”

“Hogwarts is a strictly light school.” Harry replied. “All the books outside of a few in the restricted section are very biased in that matter. My guardian made sure I had the most neutral books available when he adopted me.”

“Why would the school only teach about light magic though?” Hermione asked. “If some of it’s students have trouble with it or even if they were against it teaching dark magic conceptually would help combat it, wouldn’t it?”

“The trouble is that that would go against all of the light’s propaganda.” Harry replied. “It could also strengthen the dark side if dark magic was practically taught. Only teaching light magic to students that are going to struggle more with it places a handicap on the dark side. This is why many dark families teach their children at home and send them abroad.”

“I was told Hogwarts was the best wizarding school in the world, though.” Hermione frowned.

“For light magic it is.” Harry replied. “Overall it ranks closer to the bottom though. Durmstrung has the reverse problem and ranks similarly overall.”

“Why don’t all dark families send their children abroad then?” Hermione asked.

“Well, some can’t afford the travel costs to other countries.” Harry replied. “Most though send their children here to network and make up for it with tutoring over the summer.”

“Oh.” Hermione frowned.

“At the moment the OWLS and NEWTS are heavily light based as well, so in a way Hogwarts does assist students in passing the British tests needed to be employed here.” Harry added.

“Shouldn’t the tests be based on our cores?” Hermione asked.

“They used to be before the light took over the Wizengamot.” Harry replied.

“Well, thank you for giving me actually factual information.” Hermione sniffed.

“I’d advise learning a different language as well, even with the light’s heavy influence there is still a bias against muggleborns in most government positions.” Harry said.

“Really?” Hermione asked. “But if the light controls everything, I thought it’d be the opposite. Not that I want there to be a bias at all!”

“Purebloods tend to have a lot of money, and while that doesn’t sway the laws as much as it could it does speak. They also have a network.” Harry replied. “After all, it’s not who you know, but how you know them. Many places will hire family first. Britain is particularly bad about that.”

“What language would you suggest?” Hermione sighed.

“The French are rather fair, as are the Spanish.” Harry replied. “The Japanese tend to look at skills if you’re good enough.”

“I’ll add that to the research list then.” Hermione sighed.

“It seems our schedules are here.” Harry noted.

The pair thanked Flitwick as he hurried on, passing out all of the schedules for Ravenclaw.

Harry looked down to see that the Ravenclaws had most of their classes with the Hufflepuffs, but that flying covered all four houses together and that they had astronomy with the Slytherin’s tomorrow.

“That’s just trying to start a fight.” Hermione frowned.

“Of course.” Harry shrugged. “Everyone knows that the Slytherins and Gryffindors hate each other, yet Dumbledore always places them together.”

Hermione shook her head in disgust.

“And I believed that he was a great man.” She sighed.

“Propaganda is a powerful tool.” Harry shrugged.

“Well, shall we head to Transfiguration then?” Hermione sighed.

“Of course.” Harry nodded.

And so the first day of class began.

Harry found it very boring, he was after all past the NEWT students in most subjects and above most of the professors in practical skills. Being hand taught by Mortem would do that.

Hermione on the other hand was vibrating with excitement, writing every detail down with gusto. Harry wasn’t surprised, many muggleborns had this reaction. Learning magic? That was a dream come true. Of course they’d throw themselves into it. Harry sighed and

continued his notes on the sorcerer's stone. He wished he could somehow get his hands on it, that'd make his research so much easier.

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Draco was having a rather tiring morning. Every word at breakfast had to be carefully measured and selected, nothing could be out of place. This was his first big impression after the initial dinner, he had to make it good. So far he was pleased that he'd managed to confirm his alliance Theodore, include Tracey in his circle along with Blaise and had both Crabbe and Goyle annoying Pansy. Unfortunately it seemed that Pansy had been roomed with Millicent and as such upset her first. Well, nothing could be perfect. Draco at least was able to began a positive relationship in that direction via enemy of my enemy alliance.

He hoped that Harry had taken his advice to make nice with Granger, but he couldn't afford to be searching the massive hall for his soulmate yet.

Draco was pleased that at least he could start with Charms, even if it was with the Gryffindors. Why Dumbledore insisted on that paring was as obvious as it was frustrating. Draco was just thankful that Flitwick was a very fair professor that awarded points fairly and took them just as fairly. He was the only head of house that didn't favor his own house in any way. Even Sprout allowed the Hufflepuffs more leeway than any other house in the greenhouses, even if she was very fair with points. Snape, of course, favored the Slytherins, mainly to combat McGonagall and Dumbledore's blatant favoritism. Not that Severus couldn't be down right unpleasant because he was far from a cheery person.

Draco was a little disappointed that he didn't have any classes except flying and astronomy with his soulmate, but was already planning to amend their separated time. While using his soulmate's talents to Draco's advantage of course.

Draco was planning on creating a study group from all four houses. This would give him the largest pool of allies and the ability to sway at least a few light witches and wizards to a neutral position is not an ally's position.

Harry and Granger would represent the Ravenclaws for now and bring two geniuses to the table as a way to motivate any uncertain to remain in the group.

Ron Weasley would be the only Gryffindor for now, in part because their type could really grate on one's nerves, but also because there would be too much of a bias for anyone else to be swayed over so soon.

By the end of the day every Slytherin of Draco's year would be there with the exception of Parkinson. He doubted Daphne would be a hard push knowing that everyone else would be involved. She was too smart to destroy her best networking chance to turn him down.

As for the Hufflepuffs, Neville would be the first to join. Draco was hoping to pull in both Susan Bones and Hannah Abbott after that given that they both had good connections in the political and medical words respectively.

Over lunch Draco easily sweet talked the Slytherins into the study group, failing to mention two of the houses he was including. Having finished that Draco left a touch early to ambush Ronald Weasley outside of their poisons class.

“Weasley!” Draco hissed, pulling Ron into a small alcove.

“Malfoy?” Weasley asked in confusion.

“I’m making a study group.” Draco said bluntly. “You’ll be coming.”

“I’m not sure your friends will approve of that.” Weasley replied.

“Which is why Granger will be bringing both you and Longbottom.” Draco replied smoothly.

“And what will stop them from leaving?” Weasley asked.

“Harry could pass all the core NEWTS right now.” Draco replied. “He’s a self-taught alchemist that’s both a master Legiliment and Occlumun.”

“Remind me not to piss him off.” Weasley muttered.

“A smart idea.” Draco nodded. “So are you going to come or not?”

“My eldest brother is a curse breaker, Charlie is a dragon tamer, Percy is a prefect and the twins are geniuses in their own right.” Weasley sighed. “This is honestly my best chance to make my own mark. I don’t want to be the forgotten brother.”

“I knew there was more to you then a pair of frankly hideous robes.” Draco sneered.

“I suppose you’ll know what to get me for Yule then.” Weasley sniffed.

“This is going to go better than I expected.” Draco grinned savagely.

“Am I informing Hermione of this then?” Weasley asked.

“I will get her and Harry.” Draco dismissed. “You get the-boy-who-lived.”

“Fine.” Weasley shrugged. “Let me know when you want to meet then.”

With that Weasley walked away, Draco waiting until it wouldn’t seem like they had been together to head towards the classroom.

This was going even better than planned.

Draco grinned, how fortunate.

The Study Group

Chapter Summary

Draco hosts his first study group and Harry is eternally impressive.

Chapter Notes

Hey all, I'm not dead! This chapter was kind of a filler one, but we'll get to the main mystery of the first book next chapter.

Also no beta and I'm too tired to edit this very well right now so let me know of any mistakes and I'll fix them.

Otherwise I hope you enjoy!

Harry smiled softly at the chaos around him, humming thoughtfully. Beside him Hermione was reviewing her notes with Daphne from Slytherin house. The two got along quite well as both were quite brilliant, but where Hermione was best with books Daphne could play people like a puppeteer.

Draco was getting the rest of the annoyances in order, which were the remaining Slytherins. Blaise was the first to give in however and after his fall the rest took their seats with a huff.

Finally their first study group had begun.

“Well,” Draco began. “I think we should put someone in charge of each subject so we have an expert of sorts in each area to cover everyone.”

“What subject do you want then?” Harry hummed. “You’re best at curses and jinxes after all.”

“Which fall under charms technically.” Draco shrugged.

“I’ll take Transfiguration then.” Hermione said.

“Politics.” Daphne said, and though it wasn’t an actual class no one challenged her.

“Potions.” Blaise offered.

“History of Magic.” Millicent added.

“I can do Herbology.” Neville said softly.

“Astronomy.” Tracey and Theodore added.

“I can do Defense.” Harry smiled.

“I guess that leaves me with flying.” Ron sighed.

“You’re rather good at chess, aren’t you?” Harry hummed.

“Yeah?” Ron agreed.

“Team up with Daphne.” Harry said. “Between the two of you we’ll have strategy and people-pleasing done.”

“Alright.” Ron agreed, eyeing Daphne apprehensively.

She sniffed condescendingly, but didn’t complain.

“Great.” Draco sighed. “So who wants to start?”

-

“How do you know that?” Theodore exclaimed.

“Magic.” Harry hummed.

He was in a very relaxed mood today.

“That’s not a real answer!” Theodore hissed.

“It is for him.” Draco rolled his eyes. “You think Granger is bad? Harry is worse than a walking encyclopedia.”

“So kind dear.” Harry smiled, just poorly enough to send a shiver down Theodore’s spine.

“But the summoning spell is fourth year work!” Theodore sighed.

“I was only born human.” Harry replied as if that answered anything at all.

“Exactly.” Draco agreed as if he had understood that any more than the rest of the room.

“Okay, what other spells can you teach us then?” Theodore asked eagerly.

“You want an impressive spell?” Draco smirked. “How about the Patronus?”

“No way.” Daphne said, eyes going wide.

Harry nearly smiled at his soulmate’s manipulation.

“Is that light or dark magic?” Hermione asked.

“It’s dark magic, but is a bit of an oddball in that most can cast it no matter their cores.” Harry replied. “Most think this is some kind of inherited trait from when demontors were a huge problem.”

“Interesting.” Hermione nodded. “And you know it?”

“Expecto Patronum.” Harry said softly, gesturing vaguely with his wand.

From the tip of his wand a misty smoke quickly formed into a fierce, but calm looking Owl that proceeded to perch on Draco’s shoulder.

“Fitting.” Draco muttered.

“Well, who wants to impress?” Draco asked louder.

“What do we do?” Hermione asked with a fiery determination burning in her eyes.

“I’m sure you heard the incantation and there’s not really a wand movement.” Harry replied. “The most important part is to picture your happiest memory as clearly as possible.”

“Happiest memory?” Goyle asked.

“A strong memory that you can clearly recall. Something that is pure joy to you.” Harry said softly.

“And you have one of those?” Blaise asked with narrowed eyes.

“I have two, though one is from when I was very young. Hard to recall.” Harry replied.

His happiest human memory before he had picked up the mantle as the Master of Death.

“And the other?” Ron asked.

At Harry’s look Ron blushed and hurried to correct himself.

“I mean if you want to tell us that is.” Ron said.

“It’s warm... flickering flames and quiet peace. Freedom and a cool breeze through my hair. My first platonic soulmate is beside me as we watch the flames. It’s peaceful.” Harry replied.

“That sounds nice.” Hermione said sweetly.

Draco retrained from laughter, having realized exactly what moment that was and knowing it was far from “nice.”

“Well, you try then.” Harry said, gesturing lazily to the room.

As the others thought of their memories Draco immediately knew his.

A dusty shop.

Surprise.

Soft lips for the briefest moment.

The rumbling Earth under his feet.

A black blanket of aura cooing softly around him.

A broken smile.

Peace, finally whole.

Draco didn't open his eyes as he pointed his wand, picturing the moment in absolute clarity.

"Expecto Patronum." He whispered.

Harry felt a warmth spread through him for a brief moment as he coolly watched his soulmate.

The silver Norwegian forest cat that joined his owl was beautiful and just as naughty as his castor.

"Oh, wow." Hermione said with wide eyes.

"Good job Draco." Blaise added.

"Thanks." Draco smirked.

By the end of the lesson no one else was able to cast the spell, but Hermione had been able to pull up a weak shield.

"It's a difficult spell." Ron offered to her with a small smile.

"Yeah, I'll get it though." Hermione said fiercely.

"Yeah." Ron agreed, equally driven.

Mastering such a spell at eleven would certainly make him stand out. The first step in making himself his own person. He would not be the forgotten brother.

Draco was pleased about how this little study group had gone down. They would all certainly be back and once it was known that the group had more than one eleven year old that could cast a patronus there would certainly be more students calling.

Draco grinned at his soulmate who only blinked back.

Now, it was time for the next phase.

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