

Seer Harry Potter and the first year

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by [Blackrove19](#)

Summary

Harry is weird. Even for the Wizarding World. He can "see" the past, the future and your true heart. He makes it his law to never interfere directly or indirectly in the life of people, as all his "prophecies" or "visions" are self-fulfilling. This is his first year at Hogwarts and he can't help but "see" what a disaster it is going to be. With little to no choice, Harry has to protect Neville Longbottom, the Boy-who-lived, Gryffindor's Golden Boy and suicidal idiot from dying before the end of the year.

It would be so much easier if he wasn't in Slytherin...

Chapter 1

This is my first chapter. Not a lot of action, but a lot of context. My chapters will be longer. This is just the intro. Please leave your comments in the section below and tell me your thoughts.

Also, I feel that there is a lot of hate towards Ron, but very little to explain how he became so rotten in the first place. So in my story, I will be explaining how and why certain characters are the way they are. Except Albus Dumbledore. I just don't like the guy at all. I do like a good Ginny bashing, but I like it better when she goes all badass and shakes the world around her. So here you go.

Chapter 1

Harry James Potter was never a normal boy. He was an orphan living with his aunt and uncle. He slept in a cupboard under the stairs. He was a wizard like his parents. He had no friend due to his mean, spoiled and overweight cousin. He worked long hours doing house chores far too difficult for him with barely any food. He got regularly beaten within an inch of his life by his uncle. He had accidental bouts of magic. And, oh! Yes! He was able to have vision of the past, the future and had sometimes the ability to see one's true heart... So, like we said. Not a normal English boy!

Most of his weirdness had nothing to do with him. In fact, it had almost everything to do with his relatives. They were so scared of his magic that they treated him like dirt and physically, emotionally and verbally abused him; which in turn caused him to accidentally make magic. Which made his relative more fearful and hateful and violent towards the boy. His magic wasn't a problem per se. Being a wizard wasn't anything to be ashamed of; a whole community existed made up of witches and wizards. However, his gift of sight was... strange and frightening even amongst the Wizarding World.

Harry could "see" things about to happen and things that have happened; it was incredibly useful for him when it came to tests, since all he needed was to use his gift to "see" what he had studied but could not remember on the spot. What he knew more than anything else however was to never, ever, under no circumstances, even if lives were at stakes, reveal his gift to his relative. Would he be given more respect, an actual room to himself instead of a cupboard, actual meals and not receive any beatings? No! It would get so much worse! While Vernon would love to make money off the boy's gift, he would chain Harry to the basement to make sure the boy would never leave the house and would barely feed the boy. After his thirteenth birthday, Vernon (and later on, Dudley) would start to use Harry in another perverted way. Aunt Petunia always did say he had a pretty mouth; only fair that the freak would put it to use for his uncle's pleasure... Right? And so, Harry never spoke a word of his gift.

Harry went to elementary school with his cousin Dudley, who bullied anyone to stay away from him. This of course, meant that Harry had no friends; not that he minded, they all had been told that he was an incurable juvenile criminal and to stay far away from him. Plus, he could "see" that none of these children would ever be good friends to him. They would either turn on him or abuse him into an early grave. It would be best to wait out his Hogwarts letter.

Oh, Harry knew that he was a wizard and that he would go to Hogwarts once he turned eleven; however, anything going on after September 1st 1991 was a complete mystery. In fact, all he knew was that he was getting the letter and that a teacher named Minerva McGonagall would come to make sure he was escorted to Diagon Alley. She would be strict, to the point and never allow him to explore. She would expect him to be a miniature version of his parents and would be quite disappointed in him. She would expect him to be as intelligent and polite as his mother, as brave and mischievous as his father and be the perfect Gryffindor. Instead, she would get a quiet, shy, bookworm, stoic and, in her mind, quite the coward as he would hide behind a fully-trained witch who could defend both her charge and herself from a creature he had never seen that his weapon pointed at him that he would later find out to be a goblin.

Harry would not like her during his seven years at Hogwarts; he didn't need his gift to tell him this. He would show her the respect she is due and do his best in her class; but he will never like her or enjoy her class. Her expectations of being a Transfiguration prodigy like his father would push the child away from her; if her blatant blindness to bullying didn't do the job first. No, Harry would not like Minerva McGonagall at all and she would be disappointed in him.

The boy could "see" that during this trip to Diagon Alley, he would meet two of his professors and he honestly could not wait to meet them in person. The first would be Professor Filius Flitwick. He would be at Gringotts to visit some relatives before the start of school. It would be him who would calm the goblin who threaten Harry's life for staring at his blade by gently reminding him that he was new to their world and that he was only admiring the work of his blade. The boy meant no disrespect to the warrior; in fact, Harry would be impressed and burning with the desire to know more about the Goblin Nation. He would quietly reprimand Minerva for sneering and judging young Harry for being scared of something new; it wasn't his fault that SHE, the experienced adult, had not told HIM, the child new to their world, that staring at a goblin's blade was offensive.

Harry would love the energetic, kind, patient and wise Charm master. The half-goblin would always encouraged the boy's curiosity and desire to learn and push Harry to do his best at everything. Not because he was the son of his favorite student, but because Harry had the potential of doing great things and had the curiosity and the drive to learn, regardless of what that subject was. In his seven years to come and beyond, Filius Flitwick would be both mentor, grand-father figure and confident to the orphan boy. Something that no one else would ever be to him.

The second professor Harry would meet would be Professor Pomona Sprout. A sweet and kind witch who instantly fell in love with little Harry with his big green eyes. She would be attentive to him and immediately would see three things about the boy that Minerva, in her own illusion that Harry would be like his father, had failed to noticed; much to her old

friend's shock and fury. One, Harry loved to read and learn. He would keep looking with a longing eye the books around him as he search for his school books. So she would distract Minerva while the boy searched and payed for the extra books he wanted. Second, she would noticed that Harry was clearly tired and hungry. So she would followed Minerva and Harry and offer to have a light luncheon before continuing their respective way. It allowed Harry to have his first full meal in 9 years, usually it's scraps and a lot of magic that keeps him alive. Third, she would noticed that Harry's glasses were not the right prescription for him. She would argue with the Deputy-Headmistress over it; eventually, she would make a gamble with her old friend. If she won, Minerva had to pay her a cake from that lovely overpriced bakery down the road; while if Minerva won, Pomona would no longer interfere. Obvisouly, Pomona won and Harry chose new glasses. Rectangular glasses that fitted him perfectly and made him look less like his father; much to the animagus's disappointment.

Pomona Sprout would always be a woman of great importance in his life. She would always be by his side, she would always defend him and always give him a chance to prove himself. Even when everyone would turn their back on him, Pomona Sprout would be there for him. She would offer comfort, safety and companionship to the boy. In all his seven years and beyong, she would be his friend, his grand-mother figure and his shoulder to cry on. She would be the most important woman in his life until his daughter reached the age of seventeen.

This trip would allow him to meet his friends and his foes. It would also be during that time that Harry would meet the god-awful Weasleys. The first Weasley that Harry would come across would be Fred. He would try to pass as George, but that won't work and never will with Harry. Fred would be hiding from his overbearing and demeaning mother. He would try to get into Zonko's shop for pranks and pratical jokes unnoticed to work on them. Harry would immediately shield him from his mother's gaze and blantantly lie to her face, saying that her son had gone into Florish and Blotts to find if he could get the new books on planks... Or maybe it was planktons... Or pranks..? Anyway, he was in the bookshop.

This simple act of kindness would be the start of an alliance that would last through the ages. Fred and George would always be friends with little Harry James Potter. They would defend him and his honor, they would privy him to their pranks and their ideas, they would make him a partner in their business after Harry offers them money to start their own joke shop.

He would then meet Ronald and Ginny Weasley. While he would actually like Ginny for her wit and her ambition to be more than a mere housewife like her mother, he would absolutely hate the arrogant, dimwitt, rude and bigotted Ronald Weasley. Harry would understand Ronald's lazy demeanor and his reluctance in working hard for what he wanted. He would "see" that Molly Weasley always treated Ronald as her least loved son, his accomplishments diminished, his goals mocked and always compared him to his older brothers. Even if Ronald managed to obtain the same milestones or accomplishments of his brothers, she would diminish it by saying he was finally part of the family; as if the boy had to work to be part of her family and for him to be worth anything. How did she expect her son to be anything if you kept telling him that he was worthless? His father didn't even spent time with him or even tried to make him feel important; his obsession with muggles and his worries for his family would blind him to his sons. Yet, just like him, Harry had no one for support and was told to be worthless every single day. That didn't mean that he had the right to insult or

scream at others just to make himself feel better! Nope, Ronald Billius Weasley was not someone Harry wanted to be friendly with.

Ginny, on the other hand, would be quite the spitfire. If her brother Ronald screamed at her or pushed her, she would retaliate by either words or a good punch to the gut (only when her brother would use physical violence with her to begin with. She didn't start fights, but she sure as hell finished them.). She had ambition, too. She wanted to play for the only all-female professional Quidditch team; if that didn't work, she would settle on becoming the first female tattoo artist in Europe. It apparently would be a job strictly for men; much to Harry's surprise, as he firmly believed in the power of women. After all, Uncle Vernon and Dudley could shout as loud as they wanted, but the second Aunt Petunia narrowed her eyes at them for whatever reason, those two coward and obeyed.

Harry's faith in and words of encouragement in Ginny's dreams would lead the two of them to become penpals over the year. She would always be friends with the boy, even in the darkest hour of their friendship, she would always be loyal and kind to him. Unlike her brother Ronald, Ginevra Weasley was the epitomy of Gryffindor; brave, courageous, tenacious and chivalrious to the end. Too bad for the lion pride, she'll end up in the snake pit with her friend Luna, much to Severus Snape's misery.

Percival Weasley would always bring up mix feelings for Harry. He would never hate the older boy, but he will never like him. His uptight, pompous attitude and his brown-nosing would make sure of that. However, his desire to be more than what people though of him, the strengh in his convictions, his willingness to work hard and protect those he loved, even at the expense of his hard-earned dreams would bring respect and a certain admiration from Harry.

As for Molly Weasley... Good Heavens! Even when Harry "saw" the future with her in the picture, she would always appear horridly overbearing, demeaning, rude, pushy, noisy, nosy, snob and bigoted. Usually, when Harry "saw" the future of someone, he would "see" the good, the bad and the ugly of this person. Molly Weasley? Nope! Just some bad and often ugly "visions" for her. In person, she would be more ear-splitting and horrid than Harry would ever have imagine. Yeesh!

All of this would happen soon. Just a few more days and number 4 Privet Drive and the Dursleys would be behind him forever. Just a few more days and Harry James Potter would be free...

Chapter 2

Please enjoy yourselves and let me know what you think. If you have any ideas or suggestions, feel free to let me know. Thank you and enjoy.

Chapter 2

Harry was sitting in the compartment he had chosen on the Hogwart's express, reading his Potions book to pass the time. He had already read the entire book, but felt that he imperatively needed to know the information in the book before even stepping foot into his future potion class. His "sight" couldn't tell him much more. "It" stubbornly refused to give him anything else than vague feelings that he should do this or do that before that time or before he arrived there. It had been like this all morning and, frankly... Harry didn't mind a bit of a surprise. Always knowing what's to come made it hard for him to truly be surprised.

His "sight" was particular. All his life, he could use his gift to "see" up to a year in advance and any point in time in the past fifty year before his birth. Every year had this special date where a great event would occur and change his life (for the better or for the worse) and once that special date arrived, Harry would "feel" more than "see" how he should proceed and what was to come. Once that date was passed, then Harry could see all the great milestones, important events and moments that wanted to be "seen" in the following year until that special date. However, there were moments where "Fate", with a capital F, specifically wanted him to "see" or "transmit" to the mortals around him. Thoses were prophecies. He never made one so far and he wasn't particularly eager for one.

Harry had come early on to King's Cross Station after mentioning that if he was late the freaks might come back to the Dursley family; Uncle Vernon had woken him up at five and all but threw him in the car before leaving. Now, the boy was waiting for the clock to strike eleven and for the train to start moving towards Hogwarts. It was still nine o'clock, so Harry had some time.

As he shifted in his seat, he felt the poking of his wand. Taking the long piece of wood out from his back pocket, Harry inspected the wand and remembered just what he had to do to get his wand. And all of it's implications...

Harry made his way to Ollivander's while Professor Sprout and Professor McGonagall were taking tea at that sweet, but overpriced, pastry/café. He had proposed to go along as he didn't want to bother the sweet professors; they already had so much to do and surely after helping who knows how many kids get their wands, it sort of got boring after a while. It didn't take long for the woman to simply wave him off, much to the Herbology teacher and the child's shock. Did she not care for her charge who could get into trouble in this new world? Evidently not.

He had entered the shop and was really creeped out by the owner of the shop. The man remembered his parent's wands to a T and was now looking through his inventory to make sure that he had a wand fit for the boy. Unfortunately, even after an hour and a half, Ollivander had no wand ready for him. He had to get a custom made wand from Knockturn Alley as only Ollivander was allowed to sell wands in Diagon Alley. McGonagall was not happy and had refused to bring him in the dark alley.

The boy tried to tell his future teacher that there was no other way for him to have a wand, but to have a custom made wand; the professor had told him to simply take the wand that worked the best for him from Ollivander's and stop wasting her time. A pregnant silence had accompanied this horrid statement, only broken by Ollivander barking at the woman to leave his shop immediately and to ban her for life. She tried to replied that it was not appropriate for a child to go to Knockturn Alley, even in the day light; besides, how was she to help muggleborn students get their wands. He simply replied to let them come in on their own as she clearly was unfit to care for her charges and that she was wasting his and the student's time.

The woman was pushed out of the shop before Ollivander closed and declared loudly to everyone in the street that since Minerva McGonagall, Head of House Gryffindor, was clearly too busy and too much of a coward to help a poor student get his proper wand than, he, Garrick Ollivander, would bring the unfortunate student to his competitor in Knockturn Alley and help him get a proper wand. Never had the scottish woman been so utterly humiliated. She didn't know what to say ; she simply pursed her lips and told the child that she would see him at the Leaky Cauldron to bring him home, under the whispers and the jeering of the public.

Harry barely acknowledge her and she him. Never would Garrick Ollivander allow Minerva McGonagall entrance into his shop ever again; no amount of pleading or "my boy" from Dumbledore would change that fact. To suggest to a child to even put up with a wand that didn't fit his or her magic was the hight of foolishness and cruelty, especially coming from a teacher. To have a wand that did not fit him would only hamper Harry's magic and his abilities; he would work so hard to mould his magic to fit a wand that did work for him that once he would find the right one, he would be unable to use it. It was cruel to say that a child's magical potential was worth less than one's time, to say that he should settle for an acceptable tool than the one he needed, to say that he wasn't worth the effort of trying to find an alternative solution In the worst case scenario, McGonagall could have simply told Harry that they would come back with Hagrid, who could intimidate anyone lurking in the dark alley, as it would be safer, then bring the new one to Ollivander to have the trace placed on. It had been done before by that very same teacher, so why would she say such a thing to that sweet and polite boy?

It had taken a few minutes to get to Zlowski's wand shop. It was not what Harry had expected. The store was clean and had seatings for customers and posters with informations on the woods, the cores, the binders and the stones used in the creations of the wands Mr. Zlowski Jr made. The shop keeper could not be older than twenty-nine, had a shaved head, a ginger goatee, ears filled with piercings of all sorts, tattoos running up his arms and was wearing skinny black jeans, dark blue t-shirt and dragon hides boots. The man was the epitomy of cool to the eleven year old with his laid-back attitude, his defiance of traditional

clothings and his blatant disregard for the archaic and backward system of the Brittish Wizarding World. No wonder McGonagall didn't want to come here with him. She would fear that the young wandcrafter would corrupt him into a hooligan!

“Good morning, mister Ollivander. How can I help you, today? In need of a wand?” teased the younger man with a smirk.

“Why, yes! This young man did not find a wand that fitted him in my store. Unfortunately, his escort had refused to bring him to Knockturn Alley to get a custom made wand and told him in the rudest manner possible to simply get a wand that fitted best and make due with it! Obviously, I brought the young man to you as you are the only responsible and respectable wand maker in this alley. We just need to see which components resounds better to his magic, then I would put the Trace on the newly made wand and send it to him before September 1st.” explained the old man with a large smile to his (unofficial) godson.

“Alright. I'll make him a wand. I'll need you to follow me in the back store to see my samples and then you should receive your wand in about three or four days max. Just out of curiosity... Just who thought to say such Merlin-awful things to a child? You know, so I can ban them from my store, as well.”

“Miverna McGonagall. That old tabby may be an excellent instructor; but a poor guide for children. She refused to help a child simply because he did not fit HER expectation of how the child should be. More interested in his parents than in who the boy really is. Shameful!” spat old Ollivander, still very much upset over the whole event.

Zowski approved and sneered at the thought of his old Transfiguration professor; he had never liked her and her obvious revoltion at children that did not meet her requirements. Elliot Zowski was the son of an immigrant who was forced to work out of Knockturn Alley despite his talents in wandcrafting. He had been a ravenclaw. McGonagall never liked his non-chalance, his debonnaire attitude or his originality. She expected him to be a bookworm who was more of a nerd than an intelligent, curious and studious rocker who never took sides. She was too strict, too set in her own ways, too predujicial, too eager to place people into neatly fitted boxes and judge those that did not fit in HER view of life.

Harry had a feeling he was going to like this Elliot Zlowski as he led him to the back of the shop; it seemed that they had many points in common and would enjoy talking to.

Once in the backstore, Harry was shown a multitude of types of woods. He was told to hover his wand hand (right hand) over each pieces of wood and concentrate on his magic and point which wood called out the most to him. He felt attracted to a few of them, but they only pulled at a portion of his magic, not his entire core. Finally, after what felt like an hour to the boy (but really only five minutes), Harry felt a strong pull and a sensation of power.

“This one. The... hum... Willow Wood...” said Harry as he pointed to the piece of wood.

“The Willow Wood... Interesting! The Willow tree is deeply connected to the cycle of life, death, rebirth and change. Willow wands are connected to the will of their masters, they are good for healing, rituals and divination. Now unto the core of your wand.” explained Zowski, before taking the wood sample with him.

Once more, Harry closed his eyes and concentrated on the samples before him to see which of the cores would better match his magic. It took longer than anyone would have thought since none of the samples worked. This only made Zowski and Ollivander more excited as they fetch the rarest magical elements the shop had to see what would be suitable for the little seer. It only stressed the poor boy couldn't help but fear that no wand could be made for him; making him a freak even in this world. The two men returned with the new materials and encouraged the boy to try again. Ollivander pointed out that only special and powerful wizards were this picky about their wands; ordinary and average wizards were easy as they were more normal and less... unique. It did feel nice that Harry could be unique, but after a lifetime of being called out for being not normal, it didn't make that much of a good impression on the boy.

Eventually, Harry's magic called out to the Thestral hair tail; another element closely related to death and to the ability of seeing what most do not see or "see". Good for the divination arts as the thestral was closely linked to the world of spirits and Fate.

Now that Harry had the wood and the core of his wand, he needed a binder. Binders were usually metals or minerals associated with a particular family. These metals and minerals helped bind together the different, and sometimes conflicting, elements of the wand. The binders reacted to the magic, the personality and the power of the wizard. However, some families had a shared metal that was directly linked to them and their Family Magick.

For example, the Malfoys, when they needed custom made wands, used silver as their binders, as it was the metal that represented their aloofness, the cold exterior and flexibility. The Weasleys, however, were more associated to aluminium; for their strength in will and their versatility. Potters, on the other hand, were attracted to gold or bronze, but stayed away from silver. The gold and bronze represented their nobility of heart and the inner strength they had. However, Harry was only compatible with Titanium. According to Zowski, call me Elliot, Titanium was one of the hardest and rarest metal in the world. It showed the strength of the caster's will, determination and mind. The metal was highly resistant to corrosion and to heat; thus, showing the resistance of the caster to the dark arts corruption, mental invasions and the wand's resistance to high powered and powerful spells shot at a rapid succession in battles.

Not all wizards needed a stone to concentrate their magic and balance the elements in their wands, but Harry absolutely needed one. The stone would act as a focus, a storage for extra magick and would offer greater protection against magical exhaustion as the stone also worked as a stopper if Harry used more energy than necessary in a spell. Something that could occur frequently in his first and second years. The ravenhead had an exceptionally large magical core.

The stone for someone like Harry turned out to be Black Obsidian. A black stone that is used to stimulate and balance the mind and soul, was good at expelling dark and negative energies and magic, and was perfect against blocks on one's magic, soul or mind. Any wizard or witch that had Black Obsidian in his or her wand was almost impervious to magical blocks and the stone destroyed almost any and all blocks the wizard or witch already had on them.

It was a truly powerful and unusual wand, but it was perfect for Harry. His whole wand helped to protect and develop his gift of "sight"... No one would ever be able to bind Harry to anything without his consent, so long as he had the power to break the bind of his enemy. He couldn't wait to be at Hogwarts.

Back to the present...

As promised, it had taken four days to make his wand, another day to place the trace on it (damn it, no magic outside of school!) and to receive it. Exactly three weeks before the start of school, Harry had gotten his custom made wand and knew instantly why Mr. Ollivander had lost his calm against the deputy-headmistress. Never had he felt something so right, so real, so perfect. This was his wand, his extension of his arm and magic, his friend and ally... This was why he needed HIS wand, not some cheap and generic piece of wood (no offense to Ollivander). Harry loved his wand.

Putting his wand back into his back pocket, Harry looked at the time and noticed that the train was about to leave. He hoped he wouldn't have to share a compartement with Ronald Weasley; his penpal had told him all about the boy's obvious idioticy, his rude manners and most of all, his hatred for anything Slytherin.

Harry had kept his promise and had exchanged many letters via Hedwig, his snowy owl Professor Sprout had bought for him. She answered so many questions he had about the Wizarding World and it's government. It had been fun to write to someone, especially when Ginny had regalled him with her older twin brothers many pranks. She had written about her numerous brothers and what they were like. He knew he would get to know the twins more this year and become great friends with Ginny when she would come next year, but he knew nothing of her two eldest brothers.

The redheaded girl spoke of her brother William, the cursebreaker in Egypt, and his rebellious looks and the easiness with which he made friends. She told him about Charles, the dragon tamer in Romania. About how Charlie loved dragons more than humans, how he loved his job and how he had left the family a mere few days after his graduation because he simply couldn't put up with his mother's attempt at presenting "fine, pretty and good girls" when everyone knew that he was gay. Ginny had been heartbroken had her older brothers departure, but couldn't blame them.

In exchange, Harry spoke of his life, how the muggle world actually worked (not the naive and romantic version Arthur Weasley saw it), how he had managed to get his wand, about his first trip to Diagon Alley and the way Professor McGonagall had acted towards him. He told her about Elliot and how cool he was; he told her about the fascination he had developed since for wand crafting. He didn't tell her about his abusive relatives, however; just that they didn't like him or magic. They had never laid a finger on him, but were not the most loving of people. Ginny had then sent him a package full of her brother's pranking tools and told him that they needed to test them out and a report on how well they worked. The last two weeks of August had been the most fun and entertaining of Harry's young life.

There was almost a therapeutic effect at conversing with someone through letters. Ginny had someone to confide in about her frustrations at home; someone that wouldn't tattled on her, that wouldn't make fun of her, that wouldn't blackmail her, that wouldn't wave her off or that would make her frustrations or concerns seem like pitiful and embarrassing attempts at getting attention.

When the youngest Weasley complained about her mom's obsession at making Ginny into the perfect house-wife or her mother's repeated advice at how her daughter could snatch a good and rich husband (preferably, Neville Longbottom, the Boy-Who-Lived); she had someone to listen and give her advice on how to handle the situation. When Harry complained about the verbal abuse and the awful long list of chores he had to do; Ginny was there to help with an ear to listen and some very imaginative, and slightly violent, scenarios where the Dursleys would get the comeuppance. She would frequently send him some food as Harry had let it slipped by accident (thought, it wasn't too obvious) that the Dursleys were not feeding him right, pranks to get revenge and multiple subscription for wizarding magazine. In exchange, Harry would send muggle stuff for Ginny's dad, pictures of the muggle world and send her muggle magazine that his aunt wanted to throw away.

It was Harry's first friendship and he loved it more than anything (even his wand. He could always make another one.). It felt nice to have someone to listen and talk to for a change. To be a normal little boy and have real friends. Something that was denied to him for such a long time.

He was pulled out of his thoughts when the train started moving and leaving the station. He hadn't even noticed! No one even tried to enter his compartment. Harry tried to ignore the hurt that such a thought sent through his chest, but it was rather hard. Everywhere else was almost full, but his compartment was big enough for eight people!

Just as Harry was about to bury himself in his book, the door opened to a blond boy with grey steel eyes and two hulking friends. They were pulling their luggages behind them and complaining that the girls could have helped them find a compartment! The blond boy stopped in his tracks and noticed Harry who was looking straight at him.

“Hullo. Do you need a place to sit? You and your friends can come in!” offered Harry before raising up and extending his hand to greet the blond boy. “My name's Harry Potter. And you?”

“... Heir Draco Malfoy. This is Heir Vincent Gregory Crabbe and this is Vincent Goyle.” said the boy carefully before taking the offered hand carefully and nervously.

“Nice to meet you all. Do you need help with your luggages? They seem pretty heavy.”

The three boys seemed to relax just a bit before accepting the help and placing their luggages safely. They all sat on the same bench and stared at the scrawny looking Potter heir. Their fathers had warned them to avoid certain families; especially, the Longbottoms and the Potters, who had been allies for centuries. The two young heirs would certainly become fast friends and would be sorted in Gryffindor; even if they weren't Lion material, just out of a sense of tradition. Yet, the boy before them clearly did not know who they were and their

families positions; he had been inviting and polite. He wasn't glued to the hip to the Boy-Who-Lived and didn't seem to hate them for being potential Slytherins.

Harry tried not to fidget too much under the other boys scrutinising stares. It was terrifying and slightly annoying. Almost as if they were trying to see if he was worthy of being in the same space as them.

“So... uh... Are you three excited for Hogwarts?” tried the ravenhead, desperate to have them stare at them like that.

“Yes! I can't wait to finally be at Hogwarts and learn some real magic! Not the kiddy stuff my tutors insist I learn!” complained Malfoy with a long suffering sigh. “However, I am mostly excited at seeing the Slytherin common room. My father says it's right under the lake, you know! They even have this giant widow that allows you to see into the lake and sometimes, you can see mermaids.”

“Wow! Really? What do they look like? I never saw one. Well... Except in a fantasy book for non-magical people.” said Harry with a big smile, excitement evident in his voice.

“Non-magical? Why would you read a book made by muggles? Surely, the Potter family has books about magical beast and beings in their library!” asked Vincent Goyle, confused.

“Maybe, but I was raised by my muggle aunt on my mother's side. I was told that everyone was dead on my father's side, so I ended up with her and her family! They... hum... don't really... euh... feel comfortable with magic... So, I had to go to the local library and they made them look like really pretty girls with fish tails.” explained Harry.

“Muggles? Really? Well... your mother was a mud... muggleborn. None the less, you should have be told about your heritage! I presume you have not been raised in the etiquette of the Wizarding World?” asked Draco, frowning at the idea that an heir of a Most Ancient and Noble family being ignorant in their way of life. It was a matter of pride and respect for their long traditions.

“No, unfortunately. I did buy a book on wizarding culture and manners while in Diagon Alley and I read it, but... There's so many things... I'm sort of afraid of making a laughing stock of myself and embarrassing my family name... I wonder if there's more books on etiquette at school!”

“You will learn some things from books, but you'll learn more with someone. We can help you there! Slytherin and Ravenclaw houses have etiquette and political clubs to help the muggle-raised that wants to get ahead in life.” said Draco as he extended his hand in a sign of friendship.

Harry eagerly shook hand with the blond boy and thanked him for his help and advice. Now that he knew at least one person at Hogwarts that would help him. He didn't know if he could be the proper heir and live up to his family's name and honor, but he'll try his damnest to succeed. His family was a Most Ancient and Noble one and he was the last of the Potter line, he needed to make sure that his family didn't lose it's standing or it's reputation by him being uncouth and disrespectful. It would be like spitting in his parents faces, in his ancestors faces

and mocking the sacrifices and the hard work that made won them their standing in the wizarding society. However, one thing made him nervous.

Draco had said that the Slytherins and the Ravenclaws had etiquette clubs, but he never mentioned the other Houses. What if he ended up in a different house? Would he be allowed to attend? Did Hufflepuffs and Gryffindors have their own clubs or something? Would Draco, Gregory and Vincent still want to talk to him if they weren't in the same house?

“What if I end up in Hufflepuff or Gryffindor? Do they have any clubs or classes for etiquette? Can I attend the one with the Ravenclaw and Slytherin? Do people from a house meet people from another house?” asked Harry, figuring he might as well pump as much information from the three of them if they ever decided that they weren't going to be friends; it might help him in the long run.

“Hufflepuffs are allowed to attend if they are invited, but Gryffindors stay away from those clubs. They think that if Slytherins are taking part of it, then it has to be evil and dark and wrong! They think we are all violent, mean and dangerous murderers, baby eaters and rapists! Slytherins get treated like monsters! Just because of some bad people!” spat Gregory Crabbe with resentment and viciousness, clearly this topic affected him greatly.

“You... Really? What kind of brainless morons would think that eleven years old are inherently evil just because of a house? I mean, if the house was so bad that it bred nothing but criminals, then wouldn't they have disbanded the house? How can they allow such prejudices and bigotry running? Don't they know that it can lead to outright bullying and segregation? If it is left unchecked or encouraged, then it could lead to verbal violence, then physical violence and even death! The child committing the crime against the Slytherin kid could actually believe he was doing the right thing and never see just how dangerous and evil he or she really is? That's awful!” cried Harry, scared and shocked at the news.

Unbeknownst to the first years, a Slytherin prefect had come to check on the Malfoy heir, as told by his parents, and had heard Harry's tirade. If the child didn't end up in Gryffindor or Hufflepuff, he could be a good and unbiased ally to the dark and Slytherin families. Clearly, he understood the problem and had an idea of the severity of it. Liam Selwyn would report this event to his father and to his Head of House. Granted, the boy was a Potter and a light wizard, but perhaps they could sway the Potter heir to their side or at the very least have him Neutral, as oppose to that of the Light faction. The Potters were a rich and influential family that would pull a great number of families to his side due to the fealty oaths made to them. Liam just hoped that Professor Snape didn't scare off or repulse the boy due to his hatred and anger towards the boy's father.

“Is everything alright in here? I heard someone shouting! You boys aren't starting a fight already, are you?” asked sternly the prefect, despite knowing full well that no such thing was happening.

Liam saw the little Potter heir blushed bright red. He looked down, ashamed, before apologizing for getting worked up about a subject that had hit close to home. Curious and always the Slytherin, Liam asked what subject could empower such a young man; it might be good to encourage and nurture. Again, Harry blushed at being so openly encouraged by an older peer; it was just so new to him. Carefully, as Harry had learned not to always trust

people at face value, he began to explain that bullying was something he had no lost love for; he explained how he had seen children that went unchecked and not held accountable for their actions become tyrants and who took joy in the violence of their words, and later on the violence of their actions, had brought.

It made sense now that the little ravenhead had become insensed at the description of bullying in Hogwarts. It wasn't some vague notion of doing something bad because Mummy and Daddy said it was wrong. Harry Potter truly knew what bullying did (and what it felt like, judging by the flicker of anger and pain in his eyes) and how dangerous it was and could be if not handled promptly and effectively. Perhaps Hufflepuff was not the House for him; they tended towards the "second chance" and "firm talking to" ideologies. While effective for the calmer and more respectful of authority House, it did nothing for Houses like the Ravenclaws who felt superior in knowledge and only respected those smarter than them or the Gryffindors with their brash and prideful personalities. Liam told the boy to simply take a deep breath and not to worry. Slytherins take care of their own. With this he left the four boys.

The four boys bid the prefect goodbye and changed the topic to Quidditch and it's rules when Harry confessed that the Muggle world didn't have any sports of the sort. It sparked a glorious praise and a reverent description of the game. The sport seemed dangerous and frightening to Harry, and like all little boys of 11 years old, he thought it was the second best sport in the world. After football, of course. Nothing beats football and Manchester United!

"Have you seen a toad? A boy named Neville lost his toad!" said a bushy haired girl with two large front teeth.

Hermione Jane Granger... Apparently, his "sight" was still working quite well despite this being the first day of the New Beginning. This girl was Hermione Granger, highly intelligent, highly loyal and courageous; but very narrow-minded, very opiniated, very rude, has a superiority complex, needs to show-off her intelligence in order to make sure that everyone knew, very smothering and quite arrogant. She wants to prove that she belongs here, but refuses to learn the culture of the new world as she deems it beneath her. She will be a good friend to someone else, not to you. Stay away from her. Do not let her know of your powers; she will tell the Lemon Manipulator because he can do no wrong in her eyes. Do not let the others insult her. It will ruin everything.

Oh, shite! This was one of the pivotal moments in life. The few moments in Time and Space, where everything could go right or wrong.

"Sorry, no. Have you thought of asking the prefects? I'm sure they know a spell to find him. I know there's one in the compartment to the left. I'm sure he can help you." answered immediately the ravenhead with a polite smile. "But, you should knock first. I think he's with his girlfriend and wouldn't like it if you barged in on him snogging his girl."

The girl blushed and thanked him for his help. As the door closed, Harry let out a sigh and slumped back into his bench. At the questioning stares of the other boys, Harry lied and told them that he had met her during his trip to Diagon Alley and that she could talk a mile a minute. Plus, she had been quite bossy and her attitude, which had to do with her excitement, tended to get on people's nerves. She also had been quite nosy and gave her opinion on a

private conversation during the time. She hadn't met to be rude, just overly excited and had gone overboard. Harry had assumed that such behavior would not be acceptable in polite Wizarding Society and moved to make sure that a fight didn't start before they had even set foot in school.

“Well played, Potter. You might just have what it takes to be a Slytherin. And you are right. In polite circles, barging in like that would have been seen as uncouth and ill-mannered. Well done, advising her to do so without actually telling her. I'm sure the prefect will appreciate. I swear the mud.. muggle-borns become more disrespectful and poorly mannered every passing year! Is this acceptable in muggle society to barge into other people's compartment and conversation?” asked Malfoy, not sure if he should ignore the girl or fight her.

“No, but I think she just needs to feel more comfortable and have someone explain to her the finer things about this world. She doesn't mean to be rude, but being alone without any friends doesn't help with social cues or interactions.”

“How can you know she never had friends?” asked Vincent Goyle before Draco could reply something nasty.

“The way she acts. The way she wants to help some kid find his toad when everyone is still new and shy. The way her eyes kept shinning as if eager to be invited into our compartment. I think she already knows that prefects can help her find the toad faster, but she's taking the long way because she wants to meet people who will talk to her and be her friend. She's really smart, almost a genius. You should have heard her talk in the book shop! That kind of smart doesn't make you many friends in the muggle world. You get teased and bullied for it.” explained Harry.

He really wanted to impress the notion that even if Granger was not very polite or considerate, it wasn't because she was mean or doing it on purpose. She simply didn't know any better.

They seemed to accept this as they changed subjects. The rest of the train ride was spent on helping Harry with his wizarding manners and knowledge. Time flew by quickly and it was now time to put on their uniforms. For Harry, this consisted on putting on his tie, his wizard robe and his pointy hat. He had put on his uniform in the morning to make sure that NO ONE saw him in Dudley's oversized clothes. Thankfully, he had a few good clothes from the second trip to Diagon Alley and was keeping them for the times he would need them.

Once the train stopped, the four boys left the compartment and made their way to the large man calling the first year to him. Never had Harry seen a man so tall! He seemed friendly enough, until he scowled at Draco, Vincent and Gregory who were standing next to Harry. Immediately, Harry could tell that the man was the Lemon Manipulator staunchest supporter and did not like that Harry was standing with what he saw a devil's spawns. The sheer amount of anger, hatred and outright worry made Harry very scared for his safety around the big man.

The boat ride was peaceful and enjoyable as the four eleven year olds tried to catch the first glimpse of the famous Hogwarts Castle. The wait was worth it. Hogwarts was big, beautiful, straight out of a fantasy novel and seemed to have been made by Magick herself. Harry was

so happy to have his “sight” blocked today; it meant that the first time he layed eyes upon the majestic school was all the more special to him.

As they accosted, Harry noticed that Ronald Weasley had made a friend. Some pudgy blond kid with a terrified expression on his face and a toad in his hand. Before he even had time to prepare himself, Magick showed him everything that was to come this year. The onslaught of images, sounds and knowledge made him lose his balance and almost fall down to the ground backwards. Thankfully, Draco had caught him before the worst could happen when he noticed his friend losing his footing.

Once the visions were done assaulting the poor boy, Harry was left with a pale face, sweaty brow and shaking hands. His legs felt like lead and his heart was pounding in his head. Before he knew it, he threw up everything he had eaten that day on the lawn of the school... Well, so much for a good first impression, I suppose.

Hagrid came rushing to the boys and helped Harry walked the rest of the way to the entrance of the Great Hall. Once there, Minerva McGonagall noticed the poor boy and wondered if the Potter boy had a sickness he had not told her about. He had seemed pretty famished and pale during their trip to Diagon Alley... She told him to sit down on the stairs and wait for her return. If things did not get better, than she would bring the school nurse to have him checked. After her speech and checking once more on Harry, the professor left.

“If you get sick over your sorting now; you won't make through school!” snickered a feminine voice from the crowd of students.

“Shut up, Parkinson! Potter was fine until he looked at Weasel! The sight of Weasel's month full of food isn't for the faint of hearts!” snapped Draco, glaring both at Pansy Parkinson, a girl who was under the illusion that she would one day marry him, and Ronald Weasley, who had chocolate, peanut and corned beef plastered all over his mouth.

“Shut up, Malfoy! Nobody cares what he think, you Death Eater asshole!” shouted Ronald Weasley, just as Professor McGonagall opened the doors to the Great Hall; letting everyone hear the insult and the bigotry.

After berating the boy for five minutes and taking fifteen points from his future house (and praying he didn't end up in hers), she led the first years through the Great Hall. She led Harry first so he could be the first to be sorted and then sent to the infirmary as he only got more sluggish in his movements and kept stumbling over his feet.

This was not a normal Sorting at all. To begin with, it was the year that Neville Longbottom, the Boy-Who-Lived, would be arriving at Hogwarts. Every House, minus Slytherin, wanted the boy. It would be such an honor to have him as one of their owns over the rest of the school. Gryffindors hoped to have Longbottom in their House as his father had been an alumny of theirs; Hufflepuff dreamed of having Longbottom become a badger like his mother. Ravenclaws wanted him if he was smart; but they didn't hold their breath as rumors said that he was quite subpar and almost a squib after fighting Lord Voldemort.

Then, there was the Weasley shit that had lost fifteen points even BEFORE he had been sorted, meaning that whoever got the little brat was going to be in the negative even before

the first day of school! Worse still, the boy looked positively disgusting with his chocolate and corned beef filled mouth. Everyone knew that Weasley's were Lions and every year, the Lion House welcomed the new member of the red headed family with open arms. But, this year, they prayed that the boy would be a fluke and stay the hell away from them. Hufflepuffs and Slytherins didn't worry over it; the boy was clearly too intolerant to be a badger and not cunning enough to be a snake. Ravenclaws were a bit worried as the boy could have some intelligence that he hasn't displayed yet and end up in their house. Lions shivered at the thought of having Ronald Weasley in their house (even his brothers didn't want him), the Badgers felt bad for the Lions, the Eagles felt nothing but dread at the possibility of having that pig with them and the Snakes... They were laughing their asses off like never before. At least, the boy would entertain them for a while.

The third element of surprise was the sickly kid that had gotten sick on his way to the castle. Some thought it was the nerves, some thought it was the excitement over going to a new school and some thought that a muggleborn had gotten some muggle disease and just needed to spend the night in the infirmary... Until they got a look at the kid. Pale as a corpse, eyes blood-shot red, sweaty brow, shaky hands and unsteady walk. This was not normal. Was that kid going to die? Was he contagious? What was going to happen to him?

Those were the thoughts that ran through Severus Snape's mind as he watch the Potter boy walk his way up to the stool and put on the Sorting Hat. There was a few moments of silence before the Sorting Hat began to chuckle lightly as if amused by what he saw in the boy's head. After five minutes (the boy was quite a hard case apparently), the Sorting Hat loudly proclaim:

“...Slytherin!!!”

A moment of silence as people realised that a Potter, a light family, had been sorted in the darkest House of Hogwarts, then thundering applause as the Slytherins welcomed the new snake in their pit. The boy got up on his shaky legs, gave a big wide smile to his housemate... Before passing out completely and smashing his head against the stone floor.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Here is the third chapter. Next chapter, we will see more of Harry's relationship with Draco, Blaise, Ginny and the Golden Trio. The troll scene and Professor Snape will meet the Dursleys. Tell me what you think by leaving me a small review or a long one. Please enjoy and until next time.

Chapter 3

Harry Potter woke up with a pounding headache, a dry mouth, itchy eyes and weak limbs. He couldn't move without feeling like his limbs were made of lead and they were aching. Simply rolling onto his left side was painful and hard; not to mention the nausea that threaten to overpower him. Never had the boy felt so weak and sick in his life and wondered if he was dying from poisoning or magic overload or something. That would be his luck! Dying of magic overload after the first day of school!

Thankfully for his spinning and pounding head, something cold and wet was settled upon his forehead. Harry let a sigh of relief flow out of him; it felt so good for his fever. Gentle hands placed him back at his original position and a soft voice told him to stay calm as she fetched something for him to drink. Mere seconds later, cold, refreshing and pure relief flowed down his throat as the kind soul tilted slowly and carefully his head to allow him to drink.

Instantly, his headache diminished, the fog in his head all but vanished, his mouth was no longer sore and he felt strength slowly, but surely come back to him. The glass of water was placed next to him on the nightstand and the nurse gave him his glasses. With his sight back, Harry could finally see and his headache was now nothing more than a soft annoyance due to the lack of eating.

"I am so relieved that you are feeling better, young man. When I saw you fall to the ground and hit your head, I was so terribly frightened! You looked so pale and weak. We actually called in healers from St-Mungoes, you know. Thankfully, it was just magical exhaustion. It means you lost a good deal of your magic and it made you weak to the ambient magic of the school. Everyone was so worried! I know your friends Mr. Malfoy, Mr. Goyle and Mr. Crabbe have tried many times to come and see you." said the kind nurse with a tender voice as she placed a tray before her charge.

On the tray there was a bowl of chicken and vegetable soup, a small bun, a cup of tea and an apple. It looked so good! After the nurse gave him the go to eat, Harry almost devoured the meal before him. Never before had he eaten such a meal. Good food was meant for good hard-working people, not freaks! Harry pushed the thoughts away and kept on eating.

Soon after he had eaten as much as he could, which wasn't much and did not make the nurse any happier (not that she showed it), Harry was told to lie back down and get some rest. He was given some crayons and paper to draw whatever he felt like to pass the time. It was new to him to have someone encourage his creative side and Harry wasn't going to waste his opportunity.

Twenty minutes later, Harry's drawing was interrupted by the arrival of the Headmaster and the Slytherin Head of House. Looking up, Harry pushed his drawings aside and welcomed the men who came to check up on him. Well, Professor Snape did; the Headmaster just wanted to be a grand-fatherly figure to a little snake who knew nothing of the new world he had entered and should have been, in the man's opinion, a lion, instead.

"Hello." greeted the little boy with a polite smile.

"Hello, Harry, my boy! How are you feeling today? You gave us all quite a fright!" said Dumbledore with a worried and tender tone.

Even if it sounded like the man cared about his health, Harry had a feeling as if the Headmaster was trying to make him feel guilty for having a health issue out of his control. Add to this the fact that the man seemed to think that he was entitled to call him by his first name and to call him his "boy" as if they were old friends, it did not endear the old man to the little boy.

"I'm fine. Madam Pomfrey said that it was my magic that made me tired and that I lost a lot of it and the magic in the castle made me sick." explained the boy as best as he could; he barely understood what the nurse had told him, but still tried to explain what he thought it all meant.

"Yes. I am quite curious, however, as to why you felt so magically drained and overwhelmed. You did not react this way to Diagon Alley, despite the fact that it has just as much magic as this old school. Young mister Malfoy said something about looking at young Ronald. Could you clarify, my boy?"

Nope. Harry seriously did not like the man. By the way he called Draco by his last name instead of his given name like Ronald, made it sound like he did not care for the blond boy very much. He inquiries, while quite natural, felt like he expected Harry to divulge any of his secrets directly to him, simply because the man was an authority figure and seemed like a kind old man who cared deeply for him. Harry had spent his entire life being disappointed in the adults around him, he had learned to be cautious and never truly accept anyone by the image they showed of themselves. Dumbledore's position as Headmaster meant squat to the ravenhead; he would need to prove himself worthy of his trust and respect before Harry divulge anything.

"It wasn't mister Weasley that made me feel sick. Even if his mouth covered in food and his breath could knock out a troll. One moment I'm looking over to the other kids to help them catch up to the giant man, then it's like I can *feel* everyone and everything at the same time and it was too much. The castle had a heartbeat and the ground, as well. It was really weird! It didn't stop for a while and when the singing hat called out my house, I felt an even bigger

rush... or pressure... or something hit me and I couldn't deal with it. Does that make any sense?"

All the adults seemed surprised at this revelation, it wasn't like he could feel everyone and every energies and presences all the time. It happens sometimes, but mostly around magical people. He figure that on top of everything else, he was sensitive to other people's magic and the magic that surrounded him. Not as powerfully as he described it, but still powerfully enough for him to know when someone was behind him or in the vicinity.

"I believe, my boy, that you are magic-sensitive. It means that you can feel the magic in wizards and magical areas around you. It is a very rare and useful gift that you have. With proper training, some were able to discern different types of magics, tell if a spell cast at them from behind was dark or light and even find a specific person through a crowd of a thousand people. However, seeing how it affects you so, I strongly insist that you train under the watchful eye of Professor Snape to make sure that your gift does not overwhelm you again. It wouldn't do for you to deplete your magic so much so very often. And, as Professor Snape is both your potion teacher and Head of House, he will be most able and delighted to help you control your gift. Isn't that right, Severus?" asked the Headmaster as he looked back to his employee, not giving him much of a choice in the matter.

Harry didn't need any special ability to see that such a prospect did not make the man, already in a sour mood, excited. He seemed like he was barely holding back a vicious and rude remark to the old man and sneer at the poor boy. The ravenhead seer could sympathise with his Head of House. He knew what it felt like to be put on the spot like this, to be commanded to do something unpleasant while it sounded like a question, to be tasked to take on responsibilities without even being asked if he could or would take them. It was just awful! The Dursleys loved to do this to him and he could see that Dumbledore had no compulsion or remorse to use this against people while making it sound like it was something nice or grand to be given such a task or the trust of the manipulative man.

"Are you sure that Professor Snape will be able to? I mean, he already teaches two classes for each years a very volatile and dangerous subject. He has to do corrections that could take up a lot of his time, and then, on top of that, he manages a House all by himself! It's a lot for one man. I don't want to be a burden and make him lose important sleep or make him do mistakes in his jobs. His schedual must be already hectic with the start of the year; adding my training will only make it harder. If it helps, I can wait. I don't feel any pressure right now."

He could tell that the Headmaster would dismiss his worries with a wave of his hand and just reaffirm his claims with a condescending tone all the while praising him for his concerns for the professor and for his kindness. Basically, trying to make him feel as if he was a good person for caring about someone else's and making Harry feel happy that such an important man was noticing it. It reeked of manipulation and dominance assertion that it almost made him roll his eyes at the man. I mean seriously! It was only polite to, at the very least, check if the person could take on another task or find a replacement if it didn't work out! It was basic common sense and manners.

As predicted, the man didn't listen and tried to stressed his pride in Harry's obvious kindness and thoughtfulness. He could tell that his Head of House was holding back a sneer and an

angry tirade; his anger would have been obvious to a blind person. Either the Headmaster was completely stupid or simply ignored the man. Not exactly how you kept people loyal to you.

After this, Dumbledore left the infirmary with a benevolent smile and a kind wave of the hand. Madame Pomfrey gave him some juice and apple slices before pulling a chair for the sour faced man that was his Potion teacher and Head of House.

Not wanting the man to resent him, Harry offered the man a slice of apple; it was only polite, after all. The man was sitting next to him while he had a snack; it was rude in the Wizarding World if he didn't offer to share or offer him something. The man refused with a shake of the head and pulled out some parchemins from his breast pocket.

“This here is your schedual mister Potter, as well as the House's rules. Do not share thoses with anyone from outside of the Slytherins. Do not mention them to anyone; even if they are your friends from the time you were in nappies! I do not care how or if it was intentional, if students from other houses finds the Rules of the House or the password of the Slytherin common room and you are, in any way, related to the matter, I will be punishing you. Am I clear?” he explained with a stern and growling tone; allowing no arguments about the subject.

“Yes, sir.” Harry replied firmly, maintaining eye contact. The professor seemed please enough that he didn't glare or sneer at the boy.

“Glad you can understand something as simple as this. Now, Madam Pomfrey has made several tests and has checked upon your medical history while you were out as a way to determine what was ailing you. She discovered some... irrregularities. Such as malnutrition, evidence of bones breaking and not being properly fixed... In these instances, I am forced to asked a few uncomfortable and very important questions regarding your home life. You will answer me truthfully and completely, so that I may make sure that this does not happen again. Tell me about your family, about your financial situation, about how you are treated and about thoses injuries and health problems that you have. Are they related to your gift?”

Dread filled Harry's whole being as he knew that this man would get his answers one way or another; if not from him, then from the Dursleys themselves and that would be dangerous. The Dursleys would obviously lie and tell the Professor that he was a hooligan and a liar; turning the man against the boy and making him assume the worst of his student. Harry didn't want to tell him anything about his situation at the Dursley's home. He could take care of myself, he had been doing it since he was four years old and understood that his so-called relatives didn't care if he made it to see another day.

The beatings, the starving, the verbal and emotional abuse, the cupboard under the stairs... It was too embarassing! People would think he was a freak! Only freaks lived in a cupboard. Only freaks got beaten up without fighting back despite knowing they could if they choosed to. Only freaks didn't use their magic on the people who tormented them. No one would want to talk to him or be his friend! He would be alone and, unlike in the muggle world, he really wanted to belong in this world. It was the world of his parents and he wanted to become great.

“Mister Potter, breathe. I can see that this particular subject is making you uncomfortable. Just tell me the names of your family members. Tell me about where you lived or about your schooling before coming to Hogwarts.” Tried the man with a much calmer and softer voice.

“Well... I... uhm... I live in Little Whinging, Surrey. At 4 Privet Drive. All the houses look the same down to the number of grass leaves on the lawns. I went to Little Whinning Elementary and I was good in English and chemistry, but I like chemistry better. I live with my aunt Petunia, my uncle Vernon and my cousin Dudley. They... hum... don't like magic. They think it's freaky and they don't really like people that can do magic. They never told me about it until Professor McGonagall came to take me to Diagon Alley.” He explained pathetically in a mumbled voice; he was just too ashamed to look the man in the eyes.

“I see. Well, Madam Pomfrey has recommended a nutritional and dietary regime for you to make sure that you get back to your health and to make sure that you are safe from fainting anymore. I will figure out a place for you in my busy schedual for our lessons and you will adhere to both without fail. It is for your own good and I will not have you waste all of Madam Pomfrey's and mine time and efforts.”

“Furthermore, I have assign you a student from your year to help you and make sure that you are alway accompanied should you feel faint again. We don't need you to fall down the stairs! His name is Blaise Zabini. He will come to see you after the classes are over and you can learn more about each other. This does not mean that Mister Zabini is your personal servant or that he will do everything for you! You will do your own work and carry your own school bag! He is simply there to make sure that you are not sick or too weak! Nothing more. Am I understood?”

“Yes, sir!” said Harry, a bit shocked at the harshness of his teacher's tone.

The man gave a small nod and left the boy's bedside without a look behind. He had a lot to think of. In the meawhile, Harry returned to his drawings of what he remembered of Hogwarts from the boat ride. He wanted to always have a reminder of the beauty of the majestic castle. He would send one to Ginny; she always was so eager to see the school in her letters. Harry was sure she would like the gesture. None of her brothers would take the time to tell her anything about the school; they were all so invested in their own little world and life that they completely ignored or overlooked her. Well, the twins would try to send her stories of their time at Hogwarts and a few tricks to avoid detentions or something of the like, but Percy and Ronald? Not a chance.

Percival was in his OWLS year, he didn't have time and being the perfectionist that he was, he would dedicate all his time to studying. It wouldn't be his fault as this was the same for every student in their fifth year. Ronald would be too caught up in his own world and desire to make a name for himself while being the Boy-Who-Lived's best friend. He would write to his sister, but mostly to rub it in her face that HE got to be friends with the most popular guy in school. No one would be giving information that could actually help her next year. Such as where the kitchens, the differents classrooms and the Main Hall were. No one was going to tell her about what to look out for, such as the moving stairs or Peeves or Filch and his nasty cat, Mrs Norries. No one was going to tell her how to prepare for her classes, what to expect from each teachers, how to behave, how they liked the essays they wanted, where to find the

best books in the library, where to sit to have the least amount of distraction in said library... No one was going to tell her that and it would make her life very hard at this school. Some would argue that this was how things were done for centuries and that they all learned the hard-way and so should Ginny; but Harry knew how hard it was to do something to someone exact expectation and not having a damn clue about it. The Dursleys had done it so many times. Harry had learned how to change a car's motor oil through trial and error and beatings.

Of course, some things were meant to be discovered on their own, such as the sorting process, the ghosts, the Forbidden Forest...

A month later, in the teacher's lounge...

Teachers were sitting down at the round table that the Headmaster insisted that they used for every teacher meetings, all waiting for the man to finally show up. Albus Dumbledore enjoyed arriving late to these meetings since it kept the teachers from having much time to do what they wanted and at the end, they were so tired that they never brought up a fuss when he wanted to implement his new rules or ideas. Many of them were not conclusive to the health or well-being of the students, but they were for the Greater Good. Besides, a bit of rivalry between Slytherins and Gryffindors never killed anyone... Right?

Snape sat down in his chair with his smoltheren hot coffee with a cloud of milk and waited for the old goat to show up. After his third year teaching, Severus Snape finally figured out that if you just brought your work to the meetings, you would have enough time to finish a good part of it and have the rest of the night off. Flitwick and Sprout sure got the idea quickly when they started to teach, but McGonagall never did and constantly just waited and got annoyed that the old man showed up late. She was always complaining about too much work and not having enough time, never realising when time was offered to her. Honestly, how she managed to do everything was beyond the sour man. He didn't have her years of experience, but he could see where Minerva could improve and change things around her to do all her duties on time.

Fifteen minutes later, and another cup of coffee, Albus Dumbledore finally graced his employees of his presence with a smile and an apology. Once seated down, he took the cup of lemon tea offered to him by a house-elf and gestured to his Deputy to start the meeting.

The meeting started off with the problems each teacher met with their classrooms and their equipment; as usual Dumbledore simply waved them off and barely allowed any money to be spent on such frivolous things such as better ventilation for potions classes or new brooms or new tools for Herbology. They went on the talk about the seventh years and the ways they could help them achieve the NEWTS properly. The sixth years had nothing interesting to say about them. The fifth years, the same as usual with the OWLs. The fourth year were absolutely a bore as they were simply the calmest and least provocative year in the school. Third years... The Weasley twins. Enough said about this. The second years were a bit more interesting as three students had not returned to Hogwarts: a muggleborn student who had been bullied far too much (despite attempts by the teachers to help her), a pureblood that was transferred to Durmstrang and a last student that had, quite unfortunately, fallen to Fenrir Greyback's attack during the summer.

Then, the first years, the students Dumbledore was the most impatient about. From the Hufflepuffs, there was no big issue for now, but Zacharia Smith and Justin Finch-Fletcher did seem to be arrogant and snobs to their fellow Puffs. Something Pomona had promised to keep an eye out. From the Ravenclaws, only Terry Boot seemed to have trouble with riddles, but none of the first year seemed to have trouble with their housemates or their work so far. From the Gryffindors...

"Miss Granger is quite the gifted student. Never, since Lily Potter herself, have I seen such an intelligent mind."

"Miss Granger might just be the smartest witch in her generation!"

"She writes such well-worded essays, too."

"She is rude, condescending and is an entitled little brat." said Snape with a sneer as he thought of the girl in question.

Most of the staff looked at him with wide eyes. While it wasn't uncommon for Severus Snape to badmouth Gryffindors, one would think that he would be happy to have such a brilliant and intelligent girl in his class. With her smarts and inquisitive nature, she could become a great potion mistress.

"The Art of making potions, my dear McGonagall, requires imagination and the desire to find new paths to obtain the desired result. Miss Granger follows the recipe in the book and never strays from it. If you even dare to suggest such a thing, she will lecture hours on end about how you should always follow the books. She will be a great potion brewer, but no more. She is not made for potion making, but rather for brewing." the sour man replied, sneering at the offended look the Transfiguration mistress through her.

While others accepted his expert opinion on the subject, it was clear that McGonagall did not believe a word of it. Clearly, the snake was just jealous of her lion's prowess and loathed to admit her genius. Never did it come to her mind that perhaps the man knew what he was talking about since he WAS a master in the field of Potions.

The teachers changed the subject of their conversation to Mister Ronald Weasley. Almost none of it was good. The boy was loud, obnoxious, rude, always talking during class, disturbing his classmates, handed homework half-assed done or not at all, never tried to actually apply himself and had horrid manners. McGonagall had written to Molly about her son's behavior, but she had simply sent him a howler that did nothing in the end but humiliate him a bit. Which he then took out onto Hermione Granger. The only redeeming quality was that he wasn't a prankster like his older brothers, Fred and George; he was just too damn lazy for that.

"Now, what can you tell me about Mister Longbottom?" asked Dumbledore, smiling kindly as if to portray an image of a caring grandfather. Snape was not fooled for a second.

Aside from Herbology, Neville Longbottom was a pretty average student. While he didn't get the spell on his first try, he did understand the theory behind it and could explain quite well. He simply lacks a bit of confidence and needed better a study partner than Ronald

Weasley. Snape couldn't help it but admit that the boy simply didn't have what it takes to make potions. He was reckless and did not pay attention, however, he suspected that Weasley was mostly to blame for this.

This had infuriated McGonagall to no end. She accused the man of favoritism and of not giving proper training to her Lions. He replied that had Mister Longbottom and Mister Weasley not fooled around and actually payed attention in his class, their cauldrons wouldn't be exploding every single time. It was a miracle that no one had been hurt so far! He could deal with students that had trouble with potion class (it was a hard class afterall, the most dangerous one), but not students that did not pay attention to security rules and distracted the rest of their classmates. And how dare she accuse him of favoritism, he may be strict and greedy in complements, but he gave fair markings to Miss Lavender Brown and Mister Thomas who were quite skilled for Potions. While Miss Patil and Mister Finnigan were, unfortunetally, constantly distracted by Longbottom and Weasley goofing around. Why hadn't one of his snakes noticed just how bad the two of them had screwed up, half of Gryffindor's first years would be dead or permanantly crippled!

It had happened during his first class with the Gryffindors and Slytherins. He had began making the roll-call when both Weasley and Longbottom started to whisper and giggle. They were not as discreet as they thought themselves to be and everyone heard them calling the potion teacher a "slimy, greasy bat". The Slytherins were properly schocked and insulted by this, while the Gryffindors were mortified by their actions.

After taking ten point each for disrespect and for not paying attention in class, Snape began to ask random students questions about potions that could be answered had they simply opened their books. Most of the class could answer the questions; some couldn't because they had forgotten or made a mistake, others because they just didn't care. When it came time to the security rules and the very loud and explicite warning to NEVER, EVER put porcupine quills while the cauldron was still on the fire OR still boiling, the two lions didn't pay attention and the worse that could have happen happened.

For some umphantomable reason, Ron had thought to add the quills while the cauldron was on the fire and was highly unstable. The cauldron had bubbled and hissed and started overflowing. Instead of warning their teacher, they decided to turn off the flames under the cauldron, only to mistakenly make the flames stronger.

Suddenly, a loud shout was heard throughout the class to duck under the table and a large white cloud of dust burst through the air and landed right into the boy's cauldron. Severus cancelled the flames and began to look around to see if anyone was hurt. By some divine miracle, the worse anyone got was being covered in the white dust that just so happened to be a Annuling Powder, a powder that renders any and all potions inert and ineffective.

Turns out, Harry Potter had seen the boy's cauldron and their mistaken with the burner; he had shouted the warning to get people out of the way and in a desperate attempt to save people's lives, he had wordlessly and wandlessly summoned a bag of Annuling Powder that weight ten pounds and banished it wordlessly and wandlessly towards the two dunderheads. It was the fastest response of accidental magic Severus Snape had ever seen; in a mere fraction of a second, Potter had tapped into his magic and produced two very powerful and

complicated spells to save everyone. And judging by the weakness in his legs, the glassy eyes and the trembling hands, it had been done out of desperation to survive.

That day went down in History! Both Ronald and Neville had been taken 20 points for not paying attention after being repeatedly told; another 20 points for putting the lives of others in danger by their reckless actions and another 20 points for not even trying to warn others of their mistake. They had ducked under the table without even trying to warn the professor or the students; leaving them at their own device. While some could argue that they were eleven years old, that they didn't know what they were doing and never meant any harm, that it was normal to be scared; they hadn't listen to the warnings and rules. They had been reckless and foolish.

Severus immediately awarded 20 points for each to the spells performed wordlessly and wandlessly to Potter and another 20 points when he had calmed down and explained exactly what had caused the potion to react in such a way. Turns out, when an instruction was difficult to understand or if Ron felt that it was too much work to follow the guidelines, they simply skipped it or half-assed it.

In conclusion, Slytherins had gained 60 points thanks to Harry, got a boost in their reputation and quite some gossip and dirt on the Boy-Who-Lived and the Weasley Blood-traitor. Gryffindors lost a total of 140 points in a single class, got a major blow to the ego and the first years were now indebted to Potter for saving their lives. In fact, both Slytherins and Gryffindors owed a life-debt to Harry.

This, of course, was old news by the time of the Teachers meeting, but it still felt amazing to rub it into Dumbledore and McGonagall's faces about just how foolish and childish their supposed saviour was and what a bad influence Weasley was on Longbottom. As if they hadn't suffered enough when both Augusta Longbottom and Molly Weasley had arrived to school to berate their irresponsible boys. It was humiliating for them, more so when both Molly and Augusta had to walk up to Slytherins table and, in front of the whole school, thank Harry Potter for his help. Alliances and the repayments would be discussed at a later date, in private.

Potter had simply told Augusta and Molly that one day he would call upon them for help before the Wizenmagot and that once they stood beside him, he would consider the life-debt repaid. It was the same answer he had given to every other families who proposed to repay their children's life-debts through alliances and marriage contracts. No one knew why such a young boy would need help in the future against the government, but it was what the boy wanted and it did show his maturity that he only wanted support instead of something more like for them to become vassal to him or totally childish like a broom! Plus he wanted to wait instead of having everything handed to him at the very moment.

Albus had been shocked and had tried to ask what Harry could possibly need all this support and alliances for. If he had trouble with the Ministry, the boy could always come to him as he was the Chief Wizard of the Winzengamot. Harry had thanked the old man for his help, but he had simply asked for support because he didn't know what to ask for that was equal value to children's lives and didn't want to insult anyone. Perhaps, with time, his request would change, but for now, he just asked for help and support if he was in hot waters with the

Ministry. The old man had chuckled and agreed that it was quite a wise and intelligent decision and had waved the boy away.

Of course, the Headmaster had flocked to his followers and the Light sided families to tell them when young Harry would call on them and for what he asked and the reason for such help. He wanted to make sure that Harry made the right decision and wasn't being influenced by someone inappropriate, like Death Eaters. Many agreed, others refused as it would be an absolute insult to the young man. However, they could inform him when he called upon them; but not the reason or what he asked for. It was the best he would get, Albus supposed.

Back to the present, Snape listened to the other teachers speak of Potter and what a sweet and charming young man he was. All agreed that Harry Potter was a curious little boy who asked a multitude of pertinent questions and was always doing his best. He wasn't in the top five of ALL his classes, but he was close. He was hard-working, determined and very serious about his education. He excelled at Charms and Transfiguration, had a good grasp of Herbology and Astronomy, was in the top three in his Potion class (much to Snape's confusion. On one hand, the boy showed he was Lily's son, but on the other hand, he was James Potter's spawn. However, his resemblance to his father was only skin deep as it appeared, best to reserve judgement for now.) In History... Well, it took him longer to fall asleep than the rest of the class; Granger not included. His potions were good, but not perfect as the boy had no prior experience with the subject. His use of the knife to prepare his ingredient was almost perfect and while his potions were not perfect, Potter tried to see where he made the mistake and tried to change his approach. If guided right, Potter could become the Potion Master his mother never could be.

However, it was Madam Hooch that had the news about Harry Potter. It had happened just earlier this day and she was so excited to finally tell her own story (for once, as she never had anything interesting to say during those meetings). Apparently, as she was teaching the students how to fly, one of the brooms went crazy and poor Mister Longbottom had been shot up into the air. The broom went too fast and was too erratic to stop; it was almost as if the broom was cursed and someone wanted the boy to fall from the broom from a dangerous and deadly height. Anyway, the poor child barely could hold on and at one point, the broom jerked hard left and Longbottom was thrown off the broom, falling to his death.

Madam Hooch had barely taken her wand out that she heard a little boy scream a levitating spell. Just as Longbottom was about to hit the ground and die, he found himself floating a few inches off the ground. Looking up, he saw Harry Potter sweating, arms shaking due to the effort needed and teeth clenched, concentrated on keeping his spell up and making sure that his new friend did not fall to his death. After a while, the strain became too much and Harry had to let go; his wand had refused to go on when it sensed that its master was overexerting himself. Longbottom fell to the ground with a loud "OOFFF" and was immediately checked upon by the teacher.

Concluding that the child needed a calming draught she sent him to the infirmary with a fellow classmate, Miss Granger, and turned her attention to the little ravenhead hero. He was

out of breath and tired, but still in good shape for now. So, she let him take a break. That is until she heard some commotion behind her.

Apparently, Goyle had found Longbottom's Rememberball and was looking at it when Weasley had demanded to have it back and accused the Slytherin of trying to steal it from the Boy-Who-Lived. Of course, Goyle had immediately denied the accusation and refused to give it back to the boy; he was going to give it to the teacher and that was that. It wasn't good enough for Weasley who started a shouting match between Goyle, Hooch and himself. After having his mother called a... Pardon my language... A "Death-Eater cock-sucking whore of a bitch", Goyle got, understandably, pissed and decided to retaliate accordingly... Meaning he threw the ball over everyone's head. The ball was going to smash against the pavement of the court, when Potter caught the ball and threw it right back into the teacher's hands.

The boy, realising his "mistake", let out a loud "Shite!", before looking sheepishly to the teacher. Understanding the boy's tactic, Hooch simply told him to mind his language and gave a detention to Mister Weasley for his god-awful language and insults, taking 10 points for the shouting, another 10 points for the insults and another 10 points for his language. Goyle received a stern talking to for his deplorable reaction, but justifiable. She told him to sit next to Potter and take a deep breath; she would be taking the situation in hand and would speak with his Head of House about the whole issue.

"So, there you have it. I have spoken to you about it and now I feel that you should handle this situation. Mister Goyle still hadn't calmed down after the class. I doubt he will take this affront lightly." said the Flying Instructor, before turning to McGonagall with a frown. "Minerva, I have never, in all my career, interfered or told any of my colleagues how to handle and discipline their students, but that Ronald Weasley is absolutely out of control! To even say those things in front of a teacher and to having the audacity to yell at a teacher... That boy needs more than a simple Howler from his mother! He needs discipline, detention or put on probation!"

"Now, now. Madam Hooch, I know that Mister Weasley has been impolite, but to suggest that he be put on probation is a little hard. It's not like he harmed the other boy." said Dumbledore with a kind grand-fatherly voice.

"No, you are right. His mother just died of Pixie Tumor three months ago. No harm there, is there? It's not like the wound is still fresh and the boy could still be mourning his deceased mother!" snapped sharply Severus Snape with a hate filled glare. "Mister Goyle has only been waking up every nights since arriving here, crying himself to sleep! But, you are right, it's not like Weasley has harmed the boy physically, just psychologically and emotionally."

After that, an awkward silence filled the room and all eyes now glared at the Headmaster. Albus knew that he could not overturn the detention or the loss of points without losing his employees' trusts. Damn it! He had told that stupid boy to watch his mouth! He was going to have to face Molly with this. If he didn't convocate the parents for a meeting, the Board of Governors would crucify him. Because the Board would get wind of this!

"I apologise. I was not aware of the situation regarding Mister Goyle's mother, but even so, such behavior is unacceptable! I will convocate the parents and will be handling this situation

personally.” he wisely and carefully said, knowing no one was going to let him forget his promise. “Now, Severus, how has the special training for young Harry been doing?”

No one was blind to his change of subject, but they let it slide. Everyone in the Wizarding World now knew that Harry Potter was magic-sensitive and taking special classes for it. Everyone was curious as to how it was going and if the boy was as gifted as the rumours say. The Auror department already had their eye on him, such a valuable gift could be a great asset for them. If the Unspeakables didn't get their claws into him first, that is.

“The boy is doing as he is told without complaining. He has been working on his own and made a few inquiries and bought a few books to help him. He took up meditating, but has admitted to falling asleep most of the time instead of actually meditating. Nothing unusual there for a beginner. I have him started on the basics of Occlumency as I know that it can help magic-sensitive people have better control. He seems to be doing fine, but he has confided in me that unless he concentrates on it, he can keep his gift from overwhelming him. So far, he has only, a few times, felt faint and seems to take his time. He is able to tell if something is enchanted or not, already. He can tell if the object is only a conductor, like a wand, or if it has magic in them, like a painting. It seems he can tell the difference between certain... auras? Like an animal or a human, a living plant or a dead plant. That is all for now.”

This was far more than Dumbledore had expected from the child. Yes, he knew that James and Lily were powerful and talented, but for their child to be so skilled... It was unheard of! Summoning and banishing a ten pound bag in a fraction of a second, casting a levitating charm on a human (the bigger the object, the harder to control the spell and the more energy is required) on a five second time frame and now his gift has developed so early in his life... This boy had such potential! Tom could NOT get his hands on Harry Potter, nor the Ministry. He had to make himself adored by the boy! With Harry on his side and worshipping him, he would be unstoppable!

The meeting changed subject shortly after that to another student and many were left with lingering thoughts about Harry Potter. Minerva McGonagall was furious at the boy to have shown up her favorite lions once more and to hold another life-debt over Mister Longbottom's head. She could see that Albus was too preoccupied with gaining the boy's trust to truly comprehend the situation they were going to have on their hands once Augusta hears about this. That boy was infuriating! Why couldn't he be like his father and be a lion, instead of a snake?

Severus Snape was quite happy knowing that Potter was nothing, and I mean nothing, like his father aside from his looks. The boy was all Lily and it showed in his behaviour. Sure, he could be playing them for fools and Severus was going to keep his guard up, but the boy was nothing like his brash, stupid and arrogant father. He had cunning, determination and a sense of brotherhood that extended to all his fellow Housemates, even Parkinson and Nott who hated the boy's guts with a passion. He had made friends with almost everyone with his kindness and his eagerness to learn more about their customs. Many had reported how the boy defused situations by either intervening or simply misdirecting the ire away. Severus wondered how far Potter could go and if he would make himself worthy of his potential.

Lord Voldemort was conflicted to say the least. On one side, the Potter boy was what he had always wanted in his followers. Smart, cunning and talented, the boy would be great in the future. His gifts with the mind arts, his quick reflexes, his latent potion skills and his very out-of-the-box thinking when it came to fights were impressive. Voldemort loved to listen in on the boy's classes as he always had some strange and quite bizarre tactics that, once you stopped and think about it, made sense and could be applied. Such as, if a troll's skin is too thick against spells, why not use the club they always carry around with them to bash them in the head, the weakest and most vulnerable part of the body? Why not cast a sonorous spell and whistle loudly to incapacitate a werewolf who's hearing was overly sensitive to noise? Or even a stink-bomb, their sense of smell would be compromised and it would make it harder for the beasts to navigate. Harry Potter was a promising young wizard... However, as great the boy's potential was, the fact still remains that Bellatrix Lestrange had tortured and killed his parents when he was just a baby.

Once he was back in power, Voldemort would have no choice to free her from Azkaban and offer her protection if Potter sought revenge. No self-respecting Dark Lord could ignore the fact that he had to protect his followers or vassals in times of danger; if not, then the rest would see this as a break of the oath of allegiance and either desert the Dark Lord or turn against him. He couldn't turn her over as she was his most faithful follower and others would see this as a betrayal. He may know the boy very well, but he knew that Potter would never even entertain the idea of following him if Bellatrix was still alive and free. There had to be a way to get Potter without sacrificing Bellatrix... There had to be!

And thus ended the teacher's meeting for the first term of the school year. Teachers and Headmaster with heads filled with plans and ideas about a bespectacle ravenhead that was currently comforting a friend who's mother was insulted. Never realising just how much of a target he had painted on his own back, but then again, the Fates never did allow a seer to "see" their own fate...

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I wasn't able to describe much of the Golden Trio's relationship towards Harry, but I did get rid of the Drusleys. I simply can not approve of them. I wanted to get rid of them before Christmas. It was always my plan, I just moved it forward. I hope you enjoy this chapter.

The next chapter will see a more of Harry's friendship and his crush towards Blaise.

Lucius and Narcissa will make an appearance and Percy will meet Barty.

Please leave me your thoughts and comments. If you have any suggestion, please let me know. It helps with the story.

Chapter 4

It was Saturday and it was pouring down like a shower, every first year were in the common room trying to stave off boredom one way or another. The library held no fiction books what-so-ever and there was only so much Exploding Snaps and chess games one could play before being bored again. There had been a grand piano once for students, but it had been destroyed during Professor Snape's school days when a bunch of hoodlums from Gryffindor had broken into the Slytherin common rooms and put fireworks in it.

The students were either doing their homeworks or just trying to start a conversation. Except for Harry. He was currently reading a third year book on Runes. He had found it on a table, unattended and brand new. Some rich and spoiled pureblood kid had been bribed by his parents into taking Ancient Runes as an elective and the fool was wasting his time and his education. Instead of actually trying to do the bare minimum, he believed his parents would always make sure he had everything he needed or want. What a fall it would be when, in the boy's seventh year, his family would go bankrupt and he would have no skills, talents or chances to get a job worth anything. Ah well, too bad for that poor chump!

Harry decided to take advantage of the situation and see if Runes could be something he would like to study in his third year. While it was a bit early in his education to think about such things, having an idea of what classes could help him in his future and which were complete waste of time was a good idea. After all, he didn't want to spend 4 years studying a subject he hated only to find out it was useless for him.

“Oi! Potter! Why are you reading an Ancient Runes book, for? You don't have to choose until another three years!” called out the Slytherin whose book Harry was reading.

“Because, it's interesting and pretty easy if you really put your mind to it. Plus, most jobs require the use and study of Ancient Runes. How else am I supposed to get a good job?”

“Why bother finding a job? Your parents were rich! Almost as rich and old as Malfoy. You could live off your family's money and never be short on gold.” scoffed the older boy, as if his arguments were self-evident and Harry was stupid for not seeing it.

“Just because I could doesn't mean I should.” was the cryptic reply of the first year.

Before the older boy could ask what Harry was going on about, Professor Snape entered the common room and motioned the ravenhead to follow him. Harry got up from his seat and quickly walked to his Head of House. The man said nothing but began to walk out the common room to make his way to his office. Once the two ravenheads entered the eldest's office, Snape gestured Harry to sit down in the chair in front of his desk.

Still saying nothing, Snape proceeded to pull out the file he had on Harry Potter. Professor Snape was the only teacher who had actual records on his students; which helped him keep track of their behavior, health, grades, home life and accomplishment. Harry's file was quite thick already for a first year and surprisingly, none of it was for bad behavior, detentions, points deducted or for failing grades. In fact, most of the file showed the boy to be a model student who managed to accomplish more in the month and a half he was at school than a seventh year in all his academical career. A few blemish here and there, such as his poor health at the beginning of the school year, his cussing during his first flying lesson and his guardians.

“Mister Potter, I have been trying to reach your guardians for almost a month and a half now to schedule an appointment with them. I wished to discuss with them your gifts and learn more about how it was dealt with, how it was perceived and other instances where you used your gifts. I also wanted to know more about your medical history since they have not send it to us as Professor McGonagall had asked them to. Having not received a single word from them, despite the many letters I have sent them by owl post and muggle post, I decided meet with them in person. Mister Potter, do you live at No 4 Privet Drive?”

“Yes. My relative don't really like me or magic. I tried to hide it from them to make sure not to make them too uncomfortable. They pretend I don't exist and I do the same.” lied the boy, knowing full well just what would happen if Professor Snape found out about his relatives treatment of him.

While the professor would move mountain and earth to get him out of that hell-hole, Dumbledore would throw him right back in and tell the Dursleys to make his life even worse. In doing so, the man planned on appearing as a kind and loving grand-father figure to the little boy by providing a safe-heaven in the form of magic and Hogwarts. Thus, making Harry feel indebted to the old man and do as he would command and be faithful to him and only him. That was one of the few times the Fates allowed Harry to “see” his future; since if Harry did not heed their warning, his life would be in danger.

Professor Snape wrote down the boy's response, knowing full well it was a bold-face lie. Usually, lying was one sure way of making Severus Snape your enemy. However, once being a child victim of abuse himself, he knew that Potter had no malicious intent; he was simply scared that no one would believe him or that it would make things so much worse than before. Add to this the shame of being a victims and the fact that he was a wizard and his aggressors were muggles... Who could blame him for not wanting to tell the truth? In the

Wizarding World, magical people who got beat up or killed by muggles were often ridiculed and seen as weak fools and cowards. In Slytherin house... It was a death sentence!

“Mister Potter... When I arrived at your residence, I was met with the Andersons. There was no Dursleys. At first, I thought that perhaps I had mistaken the address. Privet Drive being a, surprisingly, common street name in the towns near London. However, after verifying the information, I concluded that I was at the right address in Surrey. It would seem that once you left on September first, your... well... your relatives... If they deserved to be called as such! Your relatives were arrested for multiple crimes. Two of them is in relation to their treatment of you and I confess to be quite worried. It seemed that your aunt was arrested for child neglect and abuse; while your uncle was arrested for assault on a officer of the law, resisting arrest, child neglect and abuse and... Well... He was arrested for having pictures of children naked and in suggestive poses.” Here Professor Snape took a pause to catch his breath and keep himself from losing his breakfast (while it would seem that paedophilia would be something quite normal for terrorists like Death Eaters, it actually was one of the worse crimes one could do. For a race that could only have two or three children, at the upmost, per generation (bar the Weasley, of course), children were a precious resource and no one, not even Dark Lords, could approve of such a vile act.)

“I must ask you, Mister Potter, if you... If your uncle has ever touched you or hurt you or forced you in situations where you felt uncomfortable. I am not judging you or wishing to humiliate you. I simply wish to know to make sure that your uncle never does this sort of things again and to get you out of that house as fast as possible.”

Harry simply sat there with shock written all over his face. He couldn't believe it. It was so hard for his mind to wrap around the idea that... No, it couldn't be... It simply couldn't! It had been so long that he... What if it was all a dream? What if it wasn't real? What if they still escaped justice with Vernon's many friends and acquaintances? Surely he would know... He would suspect at the very least. And that was all he needed to punish Harry before. This time, no need for an accusation! Vernon would lash out on Harry as a focus, as a reason, as a culprit for his ruined life, reputation and family.

Harry Potter, sat still before his Head of House, looked straight into his eyes and felt the emotions swell up inside his chest. It was too much! Too fast! Too strong! He couldn't keep it in anymore. And so, Harry burst out laughing like never before.

The boy laughed and laughed at the glorious gift the Fates had bestowed upon him. He laughed at the thought that he was finally free of his tormentors. He laughed at the stupidity of his relatives who thought themselves untouchable. He laughed as his plan actually worked! He laughed at his professor's face who looked at him as if he had grown a second head.

“That is the best news I have ever heard! I can't believe it actually worked! I never could have imagine the bobbies would have found his private collection!” said Harry as he wiped the tears of joy from his eyes.

“I... I don't understand...” stammered Snape, utterly confused.

“I'm sorry. I'm not making a lot of sense right now, am I? You see, I knew all of this for a long time! I knew that my uncle had pictures like that and I knew who was supplying him

and... well... A few days before leaving for school, my uncle's supplier came by the house and started his usual transaction. It never went further than a few pictures until that day. I came into the house after finishing my chores outside and... The look that man gave me told me everything I needed to know about his plans. I left the room immediately, but stayed back in the hallway, just to make sure that the man wasn't going to follow me. I heard the two of them discuss about what a nice price they could get for me and if the man could... "borrow" me. My uncle said that I was going to school, but that next summer, I would be free for him. I knew that if I didn't do something I would be... well... like the little boys in those pictures, but worse! So, I tricked my uncle into driving me to King Cross's Station really early, then I made a phone call to the police. I told them that I was at my mate's house and that I saw the parents beat up a small kid before throwing him into a boot cupboard for asking questions about some pictures of naked little boys. I knew that it would be treated right away and that it would be easy since... It's all true..." explained the little boy, avoiding looking at his Head of House.

Severus Snape took a deep breath and exhaled slowly to calm the raging inferno trying to overtake him. What sort of pathetically mediocre excuse for a subhuman treated a child like this? He knew that some people were like this and did those things to their own children, but it never truly hit home that something like this could have been done, or almost done, to one of his students. Thank goodness that he forced himself to meet with the parents of his first years. He couldn't even begin to imagine how this would have been treated in any other houses.

Looking at the little boy before him, Severus could see the shame and apprehension that perhaps the potion master might not believe him and punish him for tricking his relatives in getting arrested. If he had not seen nor heard of the bastard's deeds, then Severus knew he would have the boy hauled up into the Headmaster's study and have him expelled.

"Mister Potter, I take it that your... (deep breath) *relatives* have once raised their hands on you." stated the professor with a calm and soft voice, trying desperately to have his theories confirmed before going to Albus.

Harry simply nodded silently, not sure if he could voice the truth more than he already did. Snape didn't seem bothered one bit by it; actually expecting the boy to lash out and fight back; claim that it was not him who was the victim, that he wasn't weak, that Severus was making a mistake.

"They also made you stay inside a boot cupboard as punishment." continued the man, observing the boy carefully.

"Not really. It's were I slept all my life before being moved to Dudley's second room. My letter was addressed to the cupboard under the stairs and they were afraid of being watched, so they moved me and told me to never tell anyone..."

Harry was founding it harder and harder to keep back the tears threatening to spill. This was humiliating and so horrible. He could lie, but what was the point when Snape probably already knew the truth from the police reports?

“I see. The good news is that your relatives will not be escaping justice. I heard that your uncle tried to make a deal for his family to receive protection for muggle law-enforcement for revealing all the secret of the criminal organisation involved in the distribution of this disgusting business, but his supplier beat him to it. He will be spending the rest of his life in prison. Your aunt will spend five years in prison, lost any right over your cousin and you. You will not be going back into their care. Now your cousin will be living with his paternal aunt and it was asked if she could take you in, but her vehement and rather explicit refusal put that matter to rest.”

“Unfortunately, I must find you a new legal guardian. You have no one on your mother's side and your father was an only child. It will be up to the Ministry to find you a new home. However, I must warn you that with the two life-debts that House Longbottom personally owes you, it will not be hard to figure out into whom's care you will be place. The Longbottoms and Potters have been allies for centuries; having you as their ward would clear out atleast one life-debt and taking in consideration that the Boy-Who-Lived's family asked, it will be granted to them. There has been talks about having Dowager Longbottom become your magical guardian to teach you the ins and outs of the Wizarding Society. Which means she would have authority over your whole education, regardless of what your legal guardians in the muggle world would say. She could force you to have a resorting and make you go into Gryffindor. I don't need to tell you what sort of trouble that would bring.” explained the professor.

Harry didn't need to be a seer to know what would happen. Being a Slytherin first and then placed into Gryffindor, would make him a traitor in the eyes of his old housemates. Regardless if he had wanted it or not. There would be fears of him revealing their house's secrets. Just as Gryffindor would expect him to reveal said secrets, act like them, stop talking to his old friends and start hating Slytherins; all the while never truly being respected, trusted or liked for being a snake first and for revealing said secrets. Not even being the ward of the Longbottom family would make the others even remotely tolerate his presence. It would be a nightmare! Thankfully, Harry was a seer and knew this long before it was laid out for him.

“I kind of figured this would happen, so I contacted Griggotts to put up an adoption contract with the last of my distant family. Turns out, I am related to the Malfoys through my paternal grand-mother, Dorea Black, who is Lady Narcissa Malfoy, née Black, aunt. When Draco explained in details what a life-debt would mean and that the fact that I was an heir to a Most Noble and Ancient Family and living with muggle would not be well received in society, I figured that taking me under their wings would clear the Longbottoms of their debt. Plus, you can't have the famed Boy-Who-Lived owe a life-debt; especially to a Slytherin, right? Rumors of the Longbottoms talking about becoming my magical guardians have been running rampant in the dark factions. Everyone knew this and I decided to strike first to make sure to never give anyone the chance to take control of me or my gifts.” said the boy with a conniving smirk, all trace of earlier shame disappeared.

“I sent a piece of paper tissue with some of my blood on it to Griggotts to have them checked if there wasn't a distant cousin or relative that could be of help. I also found out it was very dangerous to do so, since anyone could take my blood for who knows what. Anyway, they came back with two families who could take me in and they are both magicals. The Malfoys through my father and the Lovegoods through my mother.”

“Excuse me? Your mother was a muggleborn. She was the only witch in her family. How can she be related to the Lovegoods?” asked Snape, confused and shocked.

“Well, turns out she wasn't. Apparently, my grand-mother, Violet Evans, had an affair with a certain Propero Lovegood, father of Xenophilius Lovegood. That means that, as my uncle by blood, Xenophilius Lovegood would be my magical guardian. We already discussed it and he would be willing to take me as his ward, in about a week. The time needed for the adoption process to finish. There was even talk about seeing if the Dursleys would give him custody of me. It was my plan if the police didn't work.”

This. Was. So... Slytherin! Many had their doubts about the boy belonging in Slytherin, Snape being the first amongst them. Now, however... Well, Slytherin himself would have been proud of such a move. Sure it was a gambit and there was a big chance of it blowing up in his face, but had it not work out with the Lovegoods, the Malfoys could and would have taken him in. There simply wasn't a chance in Hell that Narcissa would refuse to take in family; especially since the boy had a good relationship with Draco and of his gifts. The Malfoys had the gold, the influence over the Minister and the standing in society to pull it off. While Augusta Longbottom had her experience and skills (not to mention the prestige of the Boy-Who-Lived in her hands), she did not have a fan in the Minister who found her absolutely irritating and with Dumbledore's meddling... It would have been quite the battle, but she would have lost.

“While I applaud your cunning and planning ahead and your discovery of newly found family, there is still some obstacles ahead of you. The Lovegoods do not have a lot of power, financially or politically. They do not have a seat in the Wizengamot. They are seen as crazy or downright insane by most of the population. While they are blood, the Longbottoms would be seen as a more stable and healthy environment for you when it will be discovered how your relatives lost your custody. And I can assure you that it will be known!”

“It is, unfortunately, my duty to inform the Headmaster and the authorities of such a development in your life. The Ministry and the Headmaster will want to speak with you and see what they can do. I am afraid that your opinion, while they claim to care for it, will not be taken into consideration. However, if the adoption process were to be done before the Ministry or the Headmaster got wind of this, well... There is simply nothing that anyone could do about it! I will be informing them... in about eight days. Time to give you the chance to grieve the *terrible* news of your relatives being in prison for such horrid crimes without you putting up with even more stress. Do you think that would be acceptable for you, mister Potter?” asked with a devious smile.

“It would be much appreciated, professor. Thank so very much for your compassion.” replied Harry with the blinding smile to his coconspirator. “It would be helpful, if my Head of House went to inspect my prospective family before anything was finalised. After all, if there is a chance that I could end up with the Lovegoods, you must make sure that they are well-equipped to receive me and are nothing like my previous guardians.”

Severus nodded his head in consent. This would help the boy in his goal as it would show that verifications were made to insure the safety and well-being of the child. If Severus were to do this to the Malfoys (which they would accept once they heard of the plan, providing

they took Harry under their wing to teach him his role in society.) and the Longbottoms (which they would instantly refused as this would be insulting for them. They had been allies to the Potters for centuries, they looked out for one another. Completely ignoring the fact that they had essentially forgotten the Potter heir for the better part of a decade.), then there could be no doubts that his proposition was fair and honest.

Severus quickly dismissed his student as he noticed the time. In about ten minutes, he would have to meet with Albus, Minerva, Hooch, the Goyles and the Weasleys concerning the incident during the flying class. Albus had tried to stall as long as he could, but the Head of Slytherins and Madame Hooch had been hard on his case. As if, the potion professor would allow this matter rest without some form of punishment for the youngest male Weasley! The brat had been insufferable in the last two months. He was going to make sure that stupid idiot pay and cry for mercy.

Samhain day, first class of the day...

It had been a three days since the meeting in the Headmaster's office and Ronald's behaviour showed a drastic change. No longer was he shouting insults or bullying other students; he simply consisted of mumbling under his breath, glaring holes into peoples skulls and talk behind their backs. Still an ass, but atleast, he wasn't screaming or insulting people's dead mothers. A vast improvement for the Slytherins and the professors.

Molly Weasley had told her son to straighten his act or be prepared to be homeschooled by her great-aunt Muriel Prewett. She made sure to paint a clear and horrifying picture of just what that would intel. While Harry Potter may never like Molly Weasley and her loud, obnoxious and nosy personality, he could appreciate how she had handled the situation. Instead of backing her son and denying his wrong doings, Molly Weasley made sure to get the whole story straight and then, punish her son for what he had done. She didn't cuddle him or was blind to his faults.

However, Harry disagreed completely with the punishment. How was an private apology (as a public one would be far too humiliating and traumatising for the poor boy), a week of detention (with the Headmaster who would just teach the boy how to make not to get caught again) and fifty points (which Granger was simply going to win back in two days) was going to change anything or even teach him a lesson? None of the Slytherins were happy about such a weak punishment for something that would definitely happen once more.

Despite this, Ron's behaviour changed when he was told that should Molly or Arthur receive so much as a letter regarding his deplorable behaviour, he would be pulled out of school. This prompted the Slytherins to goat, subtly, Weasley to his breaking point. Harry had put a stop to that when he told everyone that Dumbledore and McGonagall were paying extra attention to them; since, they obviously expected the snakes to do just that. Harry couldn't tell who was the most disappointed, the Slytherins or the Headmaster and his pussy-cat.

Today was Halloween, the day of the Defeat of You-Know-Who, the day the Longbottom's died to protect their son, the day the world was free of the tyranny of a megalomaniac, the day where everyone should remember about those who had fallen or given body, blood and life for their world's freedom, the day where everyone forgot about this and overindulged in candies. To say it was Harry's second least favorite day of the year would be correct. He simply couldn't understand how the school refused to allow students to mourn their dead loved ones or to simply light a candle in the windows with an apple as the mildest wizarding tradition asked for. Granted the muggleborns might not understand or agree with the wizards, but if explained the reason behind it, there would be no problem. Instead, they were forced to attend some stupid feast filled with candies and fake stereotypes of Halloween.

It was the mood of the Slytherins, of the majority of Ravenclaw and of a few Hufflepuff. If a Gryffindor was against the feast, that lion was probably the smartest one of them all as the punishment would be brutal and vicious against him or her. Harry knew that Neville Longbottom disagreed with the feast and had tried to convince his grand-mother to pull him out for the day to visit his parent's graves. His request was denied as it wouldn't be proper for Gryffindor's Golden Boy to not attend the feast with the others... Or so said Dumbledore, who had managed to convince, somehow, Augusta Longbottom of this. Every lions knew this, yet no one felt bad for celebrating while one of their mourned the death of his parents. Shameful!

Harry, Blaise and Draco had just left Herbology with the Hufflepuffs when Sue Li arrived in a hurry and ran straight to Susan Bones and Hannah Abbotts. She came bearing the newest gossip about the Boy-Who-Lived and his "bottomless-pit" of a friend and everyone wanted to hear about it. Turns out, Sue Li heard from Terry Boots who was sitting behind Parvatil Patil who overheard Seamus Finnegan and Dean Thomas recount how Ronald Weasley had offended Hermione Granger in Charms class.

Granger had tried to help Weasley with the spell they were learning, with her usual tact and social graces, only for the boy to snap back at her. The class ended on this and nothing bad came of it... Until, Weasley had the *bright* idea of telling his best-mate, Neville Longbottom, that it was no wonder Granger had no friends being so bossy and such a know-it-all. This loud enough for the girl to hear and, quite obviously, made her very upset. She had ran away in tears and locked herself into the second floor bathroom. No one could get her out of it and she even skipped her classes. The git never even tried to apologize for his remark even after he knew that she had heard it.

This did not sit well with Harry at all. That idiot had learned nothing despite his mother's threat. He actually thought that since he was on Dumbledore's side that he could do and say anything he wanted and get away with it. Well, not if he had anything to say about it. Going to the Headmaster or McGonagall would produce nothing but trouble for Harry, so he went to Professor Snape who would not bother with telling either of the Gryffindor allumnies until after he had sent a letter to Molly Weasley.

Harry made his way down the dungeon with a scowl on his face and a decive speed walk, he made it to his professor's office in record time. He politely knocked on the door and prepared himself with his story. If there was one thing that Professor Snape hated was students shouting or mumbling; so Harry had to calm down before he got in. His temper would see

him stumble on his words and his voice level rise exponentially. This would not be in his favour.

After a minute or two, Snape answered the door to an angry Potter asking for a minute of his time. The man simply moved out of the way to allow the boy to come in and gestured for him to start as he made his way to his desk. Harry wasted no time in retelling the story; while it could be nothing more than hearsay since it was reported by many others before the first year ever heard about it, all the different people Harry had spoken to reported the same crucial facts. In Charms class, Ronald Weasley made fun of Hermione Granger by telling his friend about how she never had friends and no one wanted her as their friend. Granger had locked herself in the second floor bathroom and refused to leave; too embarrassed and hurt. Harry had even tried to speak with the girl, but she had screamed at him for being in a girl's lavatory.

Snape took a deep breath before exhaling while pinching the bridge of his nose. He couldn't believe just how stupid the Weasley boy was. Not even a week after the meeting with his mother and the Headmaster, and the boy was back to his old tricks. Worse of all, the boy had no remorse what-so-ever! A bloody Slytherin had more compassion for the ungrateful know-it-all's pain!

“Professor, I know that this is a Gryffindor matter, but we both know that McGonagall will never tell Misses Weasley. It would be too much of an embarrassment to her house and her skills as Head of House to have a student pulled out of school for his behaviour. She would simply tell the girl to either be more thick-skinned or to assimilate better to fit Gryffindor's house. I know you can't do much, but surely something or someone can do something about this situation. A girl locked herself up in a bathroom for an entire day because she was mocked and bullied for trying to help another student. As much as Miss Granger can be annoying or clueless about social graces, she doesn't deserve to be bullied; especially, by her own house!” said Harry with a pleading voice; as if trying to convince the man to do something.

“Mister Potter, while I am proud to see that someone is standing up against bullying and that you used the sensible solution by coming to a professor that would actually listen, I am afraid there is nothing I can do. While I could give mister Weasley a detention, I can't do so simply because of hearsay. Unless, other lions or miss Granger herself come to me, I would be disciplined for punishing a student simply based on rumors.” explained the potion master with a defeated sigh, waiting for Potter to explode at his news.

To his surprise, Harry simply agreed. It did make sense that Professor Snape couldn't do anything other than report to McGonagall, the Head of Gryffindor House, about the fact a student came to him about this incident. It would then be up to the scottish woman to decide how to processed. Neither of the two expected her to take their word for it and actually do something. Potter had said it so well, McGonagall would never allow such an embarrassment of a student being pulled out of her house for disciplinary issues. It would look bad on her! Especially with all the point loss, the scandals with the life-debts and the meeting with the Goyles and Weasleys...

“I thank you for bringing this to my attention. I will speak with this with the other Head of House and see if any other students reported this. If not, then at least they will be informed and neither Professor McGonagall nor Headmaster Dumbledore can get away with saying they were never told.”

Severus was about to accompany the boy out when he noticed something strange about his student. Harry's eyes were glazed over and glowed a poison neon green, his breath was shallow, his whole body looked tired and heavy with his arms laying limply by his side, and his hair was floating as if someone had turned off the gravity near him. The boy opened his mouth and a deep, echo like voice came out while the boy never moved his lips.

“Beware the Two-Faced-Man... Beware of the danger... On the night of Samhain... A beast shall be unleashed upon this castle... In the dungeon, the Two-Faced-Man will say... On the second floor, the beast shall be... The Bat must fly quickly before the beast kills the young oneM... The Lightning Bolt and the Pumpkin will try to save the Mouse... But they will fail... Should the Beast kill the Lightning Bolt, the Pumpkin or the Mouse... The Dark One shall rein supreme and engulf the mortal realm in a century of darkness... Beware of the danger... Beware of the Two-Faced-Man...”

Snape barely had time to catch the little boy before he fell to the ground, narrowly avoiding crashing his head on the stone floor. Again.

Potter was now passed out, but seemed to slowly regain consciousness. Once he had awoken fully, Snape had the boy sit down on the floor while he summoned a Pepper Up potion to help with the boy's fatigue. Harry cringed at the awful taste of the potion, but dutifully drank it all up. Slowly, but surely, his head stopped spinning and the Potter heir looked at his professor with a confused expression. He had no idea what had just happened.

“Mister Potter, are you feeling alright? Do you need anything? Do you need to go to the infirmary?” asked the man, a bit nervous as this was all quite bizarre.

“Just a glass a water to get rid of the after taste of the potion. Otherwise, I feel okay for now. What just happened? Even exhausted, I never felt like this. Only at the Welcoming Feast.” pondered the boy as he slowly got up with the help of his teacher.

“You don't remember anything? About the warning? The Two-Faced-Man? Or the Lightning Bolt? The Pumpkin? Anything?” asked Snape, unsure as he walked his student out of the office and to the infirmary ward; not sure if what to make of what happened. Harry looked puzzled and confused at the older man, confirming said man's fear.

“Sometimes, my aunt would say that I spout out strange random things and I wouldn't remember any of it. Is that what happened? When it happens, I don't feel this bad; just light headed...” told Harry with barely above a whisper, too confused and weak to make much sense of what was happening.

Snape said nothing as he walked his student to the infirmary ward. Once there, he directed the child to lay down on one of the beds and wait while he went to fetch Madame Pomfrey. Before the man had finished his sentence, Harry was already in Dreamland and never heard either of the two adults coming near him. Not wanting to wake up the boy from his needed

slumber, the two adults quietly checked on his vitals and soon left; concluding that it was a mild case of magic exhaustion.

Snape never told anyone about what he had heard Potter say, it kept repeating itself in his mind all throughout the feast. It never made sense... Until Quirrell ran into the Great Hall about a troll in the dungeons!

November the first, 1991. The next morning...

Harry woke up in the infirmary the next morning, feeling much better than the previous day. Before he had time to get up, a tray with scrambled eggs, toast and bacon appeared before him to eat. The little boy took his time to eat the breakfast and enjoyed the quiet morning. Lord knows it won't stay like this for very long.

Proving his prediction true, Draco, Blaise, Gregory and Vincent all rushed to his bedside soon after and began to all ask questions at the same time. Harry simply let them all talk and when they finally stopped to hear his answers, he began to spoke. He was fine now. He had a small fainting spell while he was talking with Professor Snape about the incident with Weasley. He was here all night and he could leave as soon as Madame Pomfrey allowed him.

“That's a relief! Everyone in Slytherin was so worried about you. Well, anyone that matters did. When we heard that you had gotten sick, we tried to come see you, but you were asleep and Pomfrey said you couldn't receive any visit. You miss the feast, the argument between Professor Snape and Professor McGonagall and the troll!” said Draco with relief in his voice; he had been worried for his best-friend.

“What? A troll? What fight? What happened?”

“Well, it happened during the feast. You see, Professor Snape told McGonagall about Weasley's behaviour and the fact that Granger wasn't at the feast because she was stuck in the second floor bathroom. She went mental and started a whisper fight between the two. It was interrupted by the Headmaster, but it was clear that they would be another talk about it. They weren't that discreet about it. It seemed the other Head of Houses got angry at the news of Weasel's actions. Then, Professor Quirrell burst into the Great Hall shouting about a troll in the dungeons! Everyone started to panic when he fainted and Dumbledore called the prefect so they could escort us to our common rooms...” explained Vincent, getting more pationate by the minute.

“Wait! Our common rooms are in the dungeons! Dumbledore has to know that and he ordered the Slytherins to go down there while a troll was roaming in that part of the castle? Are you kidding me?” cried out Harry, his shock and his disgust plain on his face. If Dumbledore held any esteem in Harry's eyes before, it was now all gone.

“That's what Professor Snape said and told us to stay right where we were and that the teachers would lock and secure the doors. Then, Professor Sprout said that the Hufflepuff's common room was near the dungeons and it would be too dangerous to send children out with a troll wandering around. Then, it was Professor Flitwick's turn to tell his students to

stay put as well. The last thing anyone needed was to have some wandering students cross path with a dangerous beast. Professor Dumbledore and McGonagall were shocked that anyone either questioned the old man's orders or of the logic behind it. I can't be sure, but they were furious. They had to agree and the Gryffindors stayed as well.” explained Gregory, picking up where his friend had left off.

“They spent the entire time complaining and telling anyone what they would do if they came across the troll. Weasley was surprisingly quiet about it, come to think about it. It would be his type to scream as loud as he could that he could take on the troll like a courageous lion that he is instead of being a coward like the rest of the Houses.”

Blaise had the answer to that. From what his cousin, Lucretia Zabini, who heard it from the Bloody Baron who heard it from Snape himself, had told him, Longbottom and Weasley had managed to escape the Great Hall and made their way to the girl's lavatory on the second floor, only to cross path with the troll. Apparently, the boys forgot where they were and decided to lock the troll in the bathroom it had just entered. The same one where Granger was hiding! The two boys rushed in like a bunch of idiots and tried to rescue the girl. Only for Weasley to break his wand, Longbottom to get his left leg shattered from the troll's club and for Granger to be hurt by the debris flying everywhere. It looked like all three of them were about to die, when Professor Snape came into the bathroom and used Windgarden Leviosa to levitate the troll's club and bash the beast's head in. Saving all three lions.

“After that, he healed up the three as best as he could, then ripped a new one into them. He screamed at Longbottom and Weasley about being reckless and foolish for trying to take on a troll by themselves and for leaving the safety of the Great Hall. Longbottom actually had the guts to tell Professor Snape that if they hadn't disobeyed the rules, then Granger would be dead. He said that they stalled the troll long enough for help to arrive. That only made him even more angry, obviously.”

“According to my cousin, that's when Professor Snape got real calm and told the two dunderheads that if they hadn't locked the bathroom door, the troll would have left; thus never seeing Granger. He then turned to Weasley and told him that if Granger was in the bathroom it was because of his taunting earlier in the day. If they hadn't provoked the troll like they did, then it would never have gotten violent and they would not be hurt like they were. If they had simply told a prefect about this, then they would have contacted the teachers and they could have saved Granger sooner.”

“That's when the others arrived. Immediately, Dumbledore gave points to Longbottom and Weasley for courage and even mentioned a special award for service rendered to the school! Can you believe it? But Professor Snape was having none of it. He explained the whole situation and pointed out that none of this would have happened if Weasley hadn't bullied Granger. Of course, Dumbledore tried to sweep it under the rug and McGonagall was trying to back up her students, but Sprout and Flitwick backed Professor Snape and pointed out that not once had McGonagall had thought about her student. They both saw her rushing to the dungeons and never once tried to look for her student that she knew was in the second floor's bathroom. When McGonagall tried to reply that neither of them had thought of Granger, they told her that the student was a Gryffindor and that it was up to the Head of her House to care

about her well-being. It's what she's always telling them when they complain about her students.”

“All three Head of Houses turned on the two idiots and began to take points from them. They both lost 75 points each! And when Dumbledore tried to give them points to make up the points lost, the three of them completely lost it and started to yell at the old fool. They even threatened to send a letter to the Board of Governors about it. Dumbledore was rightly pissed, McGonagall almost in tears of anger and the three Gryffindors were sent to the infirmary. Longbottom has two weeks of detention with Professor Snape scrubbing dirty cauldron. Granger has three days of detention with Professor Sprout pullying out the weeds from the pumpkin patches for not telling the teachers where she was during a mandatory feast. Weasley got one week for insulting Granger, two more for his actions during the whole troll incident with Filch and his mother will be called to the school for another meeting.”

This completely blew Harry's mind. While he could admire the two boys rushing in to help an ignorant Granger about the danger, he simply could not understand how someone could be so careless. There were literally two dozen prefects in the Great Hall (three boys, three girls, per Houses, plus the Head Boy and Head Girl) that had more experience and abilities than them who would have gone to help or search for help. Ronald's older brother, Percival, was a bloody prefect himself for crying out loud!

Harry had nothing to say about this. He was simply couldn't believe just how lucky these kids were and knowing what he could “see”, they thought the man had either stolen their thunder (Ronald), been too strict and unfair (Hermione) or had let the troll in the school to create a distraction to hide the fact he was attempting to steal something valuable (Neville). Never did it register in their minds how close they had been to getting killed.

Then something crossed Harry's mind. Wasn't Professor Quirrell an expert in trolls? It was the whole point of him being hired as the new Defense Against the Dark Arts professor! Why had he ran away instead of taking care of the troll like Professor Snape had? He was an adult who had a large arsenal of spells and curses, and experience in the field with these same creatures. He had said so in one of his classes! Why was he even a teacher if he fainted for such a thing as a troll, when there are far more dangerous creatures out there in the world that he should know how to handle calmly?

While the other boys talked about the feast, Harry promised to speak with Professor Snape about his doubts. If anyone could make head or tails of this puzzle, it would be Severus Snape. Hopefully, he wouldn't faint this time around...

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

So here is the next chapter. It is from the perspective of others, however. There will be more action in the next chapters. Please leave me your ideas and impressions. It is a joy to read them.

On another note, I find myself blocked on how to make Quirrel more suspicious to Harry. Neville doesn't play Quidditch and i need a scene where Harry finds more damning evidence against the man. Of course, a scene with the golden trio doing something stupidly dangerous and Harry saving them. It's not mandatory to have it be life-threatening, but pretty dangerous. Also, I was thinking of a sweet moment between Blaise and Harry.

Leave me your thoughts and ideas and I'll if they can be incorporated into the story.

Chapter 5

Ginny put down Harry's latest letter and couldn't hold back the excited squeal that left her lips. Harry was going to come live at St Ottery Catchpole with Luna and stay only ten minutes away from the Burrow. She was so excited to see him again and actually have a new friend to hang out with her. The news that Harry was related to the Lovegoods had shocked everyone, especially Ginny and her family.

Hogwarts had finally learned of Harry's relative's fates and the dragon dung had hit the fan. As if his new fainting spell hadn't gotten him enough attention, now that the truth was out, everyone wanted to know every sordid little details about the affair. Hufflepuffs, being the sentimental and caring type, all but harrassed the dark haired boy to find out if he needed help or someone to talk to about the whole thing. They seemed convinced that Harry was holding back what his relatives had really done to him and had been heart-broken to find out just how horrible the Dursleys were. Zacharia Smith, the jerk of the House (a titled given by his fellow Puffs and that he wore proudly), had offered Harry his aunt's card who worked as a mind healer with children. The boy had written that this show of sympathy and kindness had touched him so much that tears nearly fell from his eyes.

Pomona Sprout had forced her way into McGonagall's office and proceeded to verbally shred her to pieces. How could she not noticed this when she had first met Harry? Pomona had seen the signs the first time she laid eyes on the boy. Was she blind? Why hadn't she reported anything? Let's just say that after that day, the Gryffindor and Hufflepuff relations were very much cold.

Ravenclaws, being the cool and logical type, had completely lost their minds. They were filled with outrage and disgust. They began to do what they do best. They research anything they could on the crimes, the judgement passed on those monsters, the criminals and how they fell. They needed to know how to make sure they could spot other victims of abuse and prepare a proper protocole for similar situations. It may never be implemented due to Dumbledore turning a blind eye to such things, but at least, they would have something for their house. They would not stand for this! Ravenclaws were the smart ones and they would make the smart choice to learn from this experience and change their broken system. This meant the world to Harry, his situation would help others like him escape their nightmarish home-life.

Professor Flitwick had offered the boy a safe place to speak safely with him; in addition to teaching him a bit of the goblin language, mostly to help the boy feel more comfortable and opened to talk. He, of course, had given a piece of his mind to the animagus professor and the relationship between the two houses were coldly distant and cordial at best.

The Slytherins, the plotting and the aloof type, were uncertain of how to treat the boy. On one hand, he was still the same little boy as before with his big smile and wonder-filled eyes that asked a milion questions; on the other, he was a victim of abuse and could have been sold as a sex-slave by his own relatives. While anyone else would have been seen as weak and mocked for being the victims of abuse from muggles, Harry had been abused by his family. His blood, his relatives, his caretakers... This went against every morals and values they stood for. Family and blood were sacred. Children were sacred. Parkinson, Nott and a few others had tried to put Harry in his place, but were being ridiculed themselves when the boy revealed (for Slytherin ears only, of course. No need for the noble lions, the kind-hearted badgers and the proper ravens to know the whole truth) just how his relatives were caught. It gave him a lot of Slytherin cred!

Professor Snape had followed his colleagues in the dressing down of the Head of Gryffindor's house. He had been furious when it had been reported to him that McGonagall had not only entered the house, where there were no indication that Harry lived there, but she had even spoken to the Dursleys. She had heard them call him a freak and their ideas punishment! She had seen the locks on the boot-cupboard and had not said a word about any of this to anyone! She was the Deputy-Headmistress of Hogwarts, Head of Gryffindor, the Transfiguration Mistress of their century in the world, a venerated teacher that had known and worked with thousands of students... How could she ignore all the signs? Who would not have believed her if she had said something? How would she ever explain this to Lily and James in the afterlife? The Slytherins no longer respected to woman or her positions. She was only showed a minimal respect because she could still take points, but even that wasn't enough for some.

Gryffindors, the courageous, noble and bold type, they... They were shocked at how everyone had bought that pack of lies! A snake abused? Bitch, please! Slytherins were all spoild, lazy and rotten kids with rich parents that had house-elves to wipe their asses with golden cloths.

Everyone knew that! Well, according to Ronald Weasley that is. Neville Longbottom was appalled (probably the only one in his entire House, aside from a duo of redheads) that poor Harry had to suffer through such horrors. At least, he now had a family that would take good care of him. The rest of the house was shocked at the fact that they were now the parias of the school. No one wanted to sit with them or talk to them. The Weasley Twins, in a rare and miracle happenence, had had the wise idea of not pulling any pranks, knowing it would not be received well. All agreed however (minus three of them), that it was Potter's fault. If he hadn't whine about it and had done the courageous thing (what that action was, not one lion could come up with), than they wouldn't be hated like slimy snakes! Potter was going to pay!!!

Minerva McGonagall soon found herself given the cold shoulders by most of her colleagues. Some down-right refused to speak with her. She now knew that she had acted poorly in regards of Potter, but what was she supposed to do? Dumbledore would never have listened to her and she had thought that the boy was exaggerating the whole thing. That's what his father always did! Just like with that story about Black's parents torturing him and his brother with the crutiatius curse. Juvenile pranksters who don't know when too much is too much... How was she supposed to know?

According to the letter, Dumbledore had sent for Harry and Snape to tell them the news, only to find out that they were already aware of the situation. This had infuriated the man. Why was he not made aware of such a situation from the start? He was the Headmaster of this school and was responsible for the well-being of Harry until the end of his schooling. This sort of things had to be reported to find the boy a safe place to live! This was unacceptable!

Snape had tried to advised his superiors of the situation on time. He had left a file on the man's desk with the police reports, the adoption solution, the proof of filiation between Harry and the Lovegoods, the confession of the boy and the reports on the his visits to the Lovegoods and the Malfoys, both of them being the closest relatives of Harry. Everything was there! He even tried to speak with Dumbledore about it, but the man had blown him off when he first mentioned his suspicions about abuse. Again and again, he had tried to tell him and show him the truth, but the man had never listened. Even McGonagall had refused to listen to him. What was he suppose to do? The Board of Governors had received his file and they had done nothing, not even reply to his letters. Lucius Malfoy was the only one who had payed attention and then mentioned it to Amelia Bones of the DMLE.

Ginny couldn't believe that no one had listened to the Potion master when he had risen the alarm on the abuse! No one listened to him and had Harry's relatives not been arrested beforehand, the poor boy would have returned to that hell-hole come summer. It cast a dim light on the man her family nearly venerated. The girl had lived her whole life hearing of how great and powerful and kind Albus Dumbledore was, but now... Now it looked like the man had faults and not the kind that were excusable. And Gryffindor House... The House her family had always attended, sounded like a bunch of macho and arrogant jerks who refused to see the evidence right before them. Ginny wasn't to sure how she felt about being sorted into that house anymore...

On a lighter note, Harry gleefully recounted how the Slytherins had crushed the Gryffindors into the ground on the first Quidditch match of the school year. He had never been all that enthusiastic about the game before he actually had seen one. The speed, the violence, the excitement, the aerial acrobatics... It was marvelous! He didn't know which position was the best for him, but did promise his best-friend Draco to try out with him next year.

After the Slytherin's crushing victory, Flinch had left the common rooms to go and gloat a bit at Oliver Wood, the Gryffindor's team captain, who was trying to drown himself in the showers. He never came back and Harry was sent to investigate. Apparently, the two of them were fond of wrestling naked under the showers. For some reason, Flinch kept beating with his hips (talk about a weird body part to use in a fight) Wood over and over and the boy was screaming for more. Teenagers were weird!

Draco Malfoy was Harry's best-friend. While she had no problem with not being Harry's best-friend, she didn't know how to feel about the fact that a Malfoy and a Weasley shared a common friend. Their two families were as opposite of one another as can be. Yet, the way Harry spoke of the boy, Draco seemed like a nice guy that had to put on a tough mask all the time. He wrote how the Malfoy heir would teach him patiently the ins and outs of their society, how he would tell the lamest jokes ever and still laugh at them, how he liked to ask about the muggle world discreetly when they were in their shared room at night, how Draco always defended his friend or cheered him up or just goof around with. That had surprised Ginny more than anything else. Anytime the Malfoy family was discussed or mentioned, they were always aloof, cold and snobs. The boy Harry was writing about sounded like just an average kid who liked to have fun. Just a normal kid that loved Quidditch, thought girls were weird and gross, liked candies and games. He seemed human instead of the monstrous ferret of pure evilness that her brother Ron described or how her dad would growled about Malfoy senior.

There was Vincent Crabbe, he sounded like wicked fun. According to Harry, Vincent had hyperactivity and needed to physically burn the extra energy if he wanted any chance to actually sit down and pay attention in class. After Harry had managed to convince all but two first year Slytherin to have a try at a muggle game called "footyball", the burly boy was calm enough to sit down for two hours and study. Two days later, he had the highest mark he had ever gotten in his Transfiguration essay. From that point on, Harry and Vincent would play footyball, with a few others who occasionally joined it, after school. Which allowed Vincent to calm down long enough to study. Professor Snape had been so impressed that he had converted an old classroom in the dungeons into a gym and it allowed Vincent to workout a bit before classes. His grades had risen up quickly, earning him the title of most intelligent amongst his family and the praise of his parents.

Then there was Gregory Goyle. The poor boy simply wasn't catching a break. Not only did he lose his mother a few short months before leaving for Hogwarts, but they had now discovered that he was near-sighted (thus unable to properly read the textbooks before him) and that he had something called dyslexia. The boy had trouble recognising symbols, letters, numbers and had trouble reading. Those horrible brats Parkinson and Nott had taken to laughing at him for his learning disabilities, thus, making him more and more self-conscious and more prone to making mistakes. Harry had put a stop to that when he had payed Ginny's twin brothers to set a series of humiliating pranks on them. It was tough hard work and patient

tutoring that Goyle was able to accomplish his work. Harry had offered books on the disability from muggle bookstores through the goblins to his friend. It would help him and his father to understand what was going on and how to deal with such a handicap. It wasn't all, however. The little ravenhead had offered Gregory his very firsts and very own superhero comic books: Ironman, Captain America, Spiderman, Thor and the Hulk. The format and the stories encouraged Gregory to keep on reading; and now, you couldn't see the boy without a comic book with him.

And finally, Blaise Zabini. The tall dark-skin italian boy who had a voice that made Harry's tummy funny. Charged at first with helping the boy, Blaise soon became a very dear friend of Harry. The italian boy was intelligent, wise and kind. He was always there if one of his friends needed him and always made sure Harry was never too sick, never too tired and never too cold. The boy took his duties seriously. While together, the two boys spoke of a myriad of subjects. From politics to economy, from this week's Charms essay to the new plant learned in Herbology, to the beauty of Italy to the dreams of world travel. It didn't matter what Harry wanted to talk about, Blaise would always listen first, then speak if needed be. Something that felt wonderous for the often ignored and neglected child. It had gotten better with their shared study of languages. Blaise teaching italian and Harry teaching Russian (he had learned it on his own at the local library in Surrey when he wanted to avoid Dudley and his gang. So basically, three hours for five days a week.). Draco would sometimes join in and teach french, but it was Blaise and Harry's special time together. Harry was so excited to tell his friend that Blaise was now holding his hand in the hallways and liked it.

Ginny was pretty sure that Harry and Blaise had a crush on one another. Being only ten however, made it hard for her to be absolutely sure. She'd have to ask Luna about it. Could boys like-like each other? Her mom had always told her of stories between a girl and a boy. Maybe it was a Slytherin thing...

The youngest Weasley child placed her friend's newest letter in a box that looked like a book from the Boy-Who-Lived series her mother had given to her. She took a fake letter and placed it in the shoebox underneath her bed. Ginny knew for a fact that her mother would snoop in her room the second she was out of the house and read her personal letter. In her desperately need to control and protect her family, Molly Weasley had no qualms about snooping in her children's rooms. If her mother found out that she had been conversing with a boy that wasn't family or the Boy-Who-Lived... Ginny genuienly feared her mother would placed a few obedience potions in her food.

For as long as the little girl could remember, her mother had always gone on about Ginny becoming the next Lady Longbottom and how she would be rich and famous for being the wife of Neville Longbottom. As a child, she had fantasied with the idea and even became obsessed with it, much to her shame. It took a ball at Longbottom manor, the meeting of the Boy-Who-Lived and a waltz to find out just how much she wanted nothing of that. While Neville was certainly rich, famous and would one day be the head of the most powerful and influencial family in Great Britain, even maybe Europe, he simply came with too much package and just didn't live up to the dream.

First, Neville was a kind, respectful and gentle boy with a love for Herbology that Ginny could only admire, but he was also very much insecure. Between his grand-mother's constant

reprimand, his cousin's jealousy, his uncle Albie's drinking problem and the endless praising one day and vilifying the other day of the press, Neville was a mess of a boy. Ginny just wanted to hold him tight and protect him from all those horrible people. However, Neville didn't want to be protected and even got offended when she had defended him from his nasty cousin. Going so far as to call her a shrew!

Second, the expectations required of being the next Lady Longbottom had been laid down very clearly to her by Augusta Longbottom. Essentially, she had to be a passive, always smiling, always well-maintained lady and couldn't have a job for herself. The last Lady Longbottom had done so and look where that got her. Ginny didn't know what was more shocking, the blatant disrespect for the brave Alice's sacrifice or the fact that the woman had said this in front of a packed hall with Neville right next to the woman. As if being a pretty trophy wife with no opinion or brains of her own wasn't bad enough, she had to pop out an heir, a spare and a girl within the first five years of marriage! That's basically a pregnancy every six months after giving birth!

Third, the fact that nothing in her life would be private. From Albus Dumbledore poking his crooked nose into the family's political agendas, to Augusta dictating every aspect of her life (down to how the wedding night should be), to the Daily Prophet always trying to find fault in her...

No! Marrying Neville Longbottom was out of the question! Her life was her own to live, to choose, to dream, to build. No one was going to tell her that she needed to wear blue on Monday or that she needed to convince someone to ally themselves with her house for the machinations of an old goat! Ginevra Molly Weasley was her own girl and no one's puppet. So mote it be, damn it!

The young red head ran out of her house to meet up with her friend, while the matriarch of the family sneaked into her youngest's room to find out who had written her daughter a letter.

At Malfoy manor...

Lucius Malfoy and his beautiful wife, Narcissa, were sitting in the gorgeous green living room looking at each other worryingly. In Lucius's hand, lay a letter from the Parkinsons stating that if they did not control their son's behaviour than the betrothal between Draco and Pansy was off. The Malfoys didn't know what to think. Draco wasn't out of control, if anything he seemed to be thriving at school!

According to the letter, Draco was consorting with a half-blooded blood-traitor and disrespecting his betrothed in favor of teaching that mongrel of Potter how to act in their civilised society. As if the boy was actually one of them! Draco was being rude to Pansy by snapping at her, ignoring her and once even pushed her off the sofa they were sharing! Potter was clearly a bad influence and it had to stop!

Narcissa was over the moon that her son took care of his family, however distant he may be. It comforted her that her little dragon had taken the poor boy under his wing and showed him the true way of a member of a Most Noble and Ancient House as well as a member of the

Black family. When her son had written her about how he was imparting the golden rules of her birth family and teaching the boy about the Black family's history, her heart had almost burst out of her chest from sheer pride and joy. Her son was acting like the leader he was destined to be and making a name for himself instead of relying on his father's shadow.

She had also noticed the general maturity that came from her son. Before Hogwarts, Draco was prone to temper tantrums, goading others into fights, had no idea of the word discretion and was so intitled, that Narcissa had feared her son's future. Now, he was more grounded, more sure of himself, less volatile and less prone to fights. He very deeply cared for Harry Potter, even calling him his best friend. Not an ally, but a friend.

Draco had written to her once that Harry had once seen him cry when he had failed a test for Charms. The boy had been terrified of what his father would say that he had simply lost his cool. Instead of taking advantage of the situation to blackmail the Malfoy heir or mocked him, Harry had sat with him and asked if he could help in any way. It was such a new feeling to be comforted by someone other than his parents or godfather that Draco had cry even more. Harry took advantage of chumps and his enemies, not his friends, had said Draco.

Harry was kind, loyal and a good person. Something that hideous pug-faced girl wasn't. Narcissa knew without a doubt that the Parkinson girl would never be kind enough not to share or take advantage of her baby's secrets; she would betray him at every turn and would no doubt flaunt a lover around the mansion as soon as she was married. As far as the Lady Malfoy was concerned, the Parkinsons could take their betrothal contracts with them and wipe their arses with it.

Lucius, on the other hand, was not as sure as his wife. Lucius had seen the changes in his son and couldn't be happier. That his son had managed to attract and befriend the missing Potter heir, took him under his wing and managed to get him into Slytherin (that's the version Lucius wanted to see) had brought pride to the man's heart. Draco had managed to snatch the Longbottom's oldest and strongest allies right from under the cursed Boy-Who-Lived had made the man squeal from glee... In the privacy of his own head, of course.

However, the Parkinsons had more political and social power than the boy. Edmund Parkinson had been one of the few people to still agree to a betrothal between his daughter and Draco after the fall of the Dark Lord. Granted it was due to the fact that should Lucius end up in Azkaban, than Edmund could legally demand almost anything from the Malfoy family, even make himself Regent of the house. Narcissa would have no power or recourse against him since she was a woman and the Malfoy Regent ring didn't allow woman. Edmund would have been chosen over his precious wife and his family's fortune, property and position would have been all in the hands of that bastard. It was a power move on Edmund's part, but it afforded a protection for Draco against the crazier member of the Black family like Bellatrix or Druella.

"Lucius, dear. The Parkinsons only sent this letter to intimidate us. If we tell Draco to stop associating with his friend, it would only hurt us. They would see this as a way to bully us and they only need it to work once to know that it will always work. And think of Draco. How would he feel if we told him not to be friends with that lovely boy? He would be miserable and he would either rebel against us or hate us. Our bond with him would be

damaged, especially if we tell him it is due to the Parkinson's demands. We both know that our son hates that girl and neither of us likes her. Why would we fight for a union that will no one wants and will cause more damage than good?" wisely told Narcissa as she took her husband's hands in her own.

"You know just as well as I that this girl will shame the Malfoy name and drag this family's good name into the mud with her arrogant and disgraceful attitude. She is eleven, for Merlin's sake! Yet she acts like she is twenty-one! She wears make-up like a tralop, she flirts like a loose woman with other boys in front of our son, she spent her entire allowance in one single shop and then, proceeded to throw the temper tantrum of the century when her father didn't give her more money. I know you have seen how miserable and closed in Draco becomes when he spends a day at the Parkinsons. If it's not Lucinda, then it's Edmund, or Pansy, or her brothers and sisters! Do you really want this for your son? At worst, we will find another girl outside of the country. You have ties in France, it won't be strange for Draco to be betrothed to a french girl. Please! Draco deserves better than this..."

Lucius couldn't fault the logic in his wife's arguments. Draco was more important and that girl simply wasn't cutting it as the future Lady Malfoy. They would have to find someone else. He agreed with his wife and told her that he would be sending a letter of reply to the Parkinson immediately when an owl with a letter from Draco.

Narcissa immediately got up, took the letter and began to read it's content. She simply kept smiling as she read everything her son had written down. It made her so happy to read the news for Hogwarts and the excited scribble of her precious son. His beautiful and elegant calligraphy was almost unreadable from all his excitement; it was adorable.

"Anything I should know about?" asked Lucius upon seeing his smiling beautiful wife as he walk back into the living room.

"Oh! You would not believe just how Draco writes! His writting is almost unreadable! His excitement is so cute. Apparently, the entire school found out about poor Harry's relatives. It seemed to have made him even more popular and liked in Slytherin, especially after explaining just how he got rid of them. The boy called the muggle aurors himself just before boarding the Express, then proceeded to send for adoption papers to be sent to his newly discovered uncle and kept all of it a secret until after all the papers were signed from Dumbledore and Dowager Longbottom. Somehow Harry found out about the plan of adopting him and moved to have the adoption moved faster." explained Narcissa with a smug smile at the idea of screwing with her enemies. That boy had Black blood in him and no muggle blood was going to change that!

"Really now? Interesting! I know Dumbledore was absolutely furious at not being told. Accused Severus of withholding the truth from him, but was gently and politely reminded that he had been told and he had ignored everything by our dear Director Bones. She was insenced and did not hold back. Even the Board of Governors didn't do anything until I showed up with the proof! I can't tell you the good publicity it gave me... I might be able to run for president of the Board next school year. Augusta Longbottom nearly had a conniption when she found out." recounted the Malfoy lord with a smug smile and amused tone to his

beloved wife. As bad as the situation was, the fallout of the whole thing was quite profitable for him.

“She was so infuriated. She demanded that I hand over the boy's adoption onto her as she was the Head of the Longbottom's House and that the House of Potter were long-time allies. It was therefore only natural that she took care of the last Potter! Foolish old hag! Could you believe the nerve of that woman? I pointed out that it was the Lovegood who had the child's custody and that Xenophilius was his blood-relative. I, then, pointed out that if the Longbottoms were such good allies with the Potters, than where were they when poor Harry was at the tender mercy of his magic-hating and violent relatives? Had they ever even thought about him in the last decade or have the fame of the Boy-Who-Lived blinded them to their responsibilities to their ally's lost heir? Her face showed me everything I needed to know.”

Narcissa sneered at the rudeness of the venerable old woman. Once upon a time, she had been a woman considered a formidable and respectable lady even by her enemies and the Dark Lord. Now... She got on everyone's nerves with her domineering attitude and disgraceful remarks against her heroic daughter-in-law. The Lady Malfoy simply did not know what made the woman think she could demand a child like it was a piece of property; especially an abused child. If Augusta Longbottom spoke to her grand-son like he was garbage, how would she treat poor Harry? He came from a verbally, physically and emotionally abusive home and she expected him to accept being spoken the exact same way?

“Onto more pleasant news. It would seem that the Goyles have invited young Harry to spend a week at their home this summer and the Crabbes have followed as well with an invitation. It shouldn't be too hard to fit two weeks of visits in the summer schedual. It sure would help Harry interract and develop his social graces...” mentioned Narcissa as she pulled out her calendar to write down the dates, as she did with anything.

“What summer schedual? Why would Potter's summer plans have anything to do with us, unless Draco invites him over?” asked the man of the head, confused.

“Lucius, darling. Xenophilius Lovegood may have custody of Harry, but he is ill-equipped to teach the boy anything about his place and duties as the future head of A Most Noble and Ancient House. The Lovegood can teach him the basic, but we will be teaching him politics, finances, social graces and all the important things he should have learned already. The only reason no one gets offended by his lack of knowledge or manners is because he was upfront about his ignorance and his desire and efforts to correct it. However, coming next year and being adopted by the Lovegoods, it will no longer be accepted for him to not know or recognised the power of a family or to not perform the proper protocole. As his only other living relative in position of helping him, it is my duty to make sure that Harry is prepared and taught what he needs to know. That's why it was decided that Harry and Luna Lovegood would spend at least three days a week at Malfoy Manor to learn what needs to be learned. If we don't, Augusta could have a motive to pull Harry from Xenophilius's home and into her grap. Thus, Dumbledore's grasp.” explained Narcissa with a tone that broke no arguments, not that Lucius had any to say. “Oh, dear...”

“What's wrong, my love?” quickly asked the blond lord, still digesting the news his wife had just given him.

“According to Draco, our young protégé is a penpal with... well... the youngest Weasley. The little girl. They apparently met during Harry's trip in Diagon Alley and became friends. I am not sure on how to feel about this... They were bound to meet as the Lovegoods are neighbors to the Weasley, but... I don't understand how they could be friends. Draco often wrote how poorly Harry thought of the youngest son of the family.”

“While I don't like this anymore than you do, perhaps the girl is different than her brothers. It is my understanding that her mother deeply wishes her daughter to be the next Lady Longbottom. Perhaps the Weasleys have enrolled her into classes to make sure she fitted the part. It would explain the poverty of the family, those classes are not cheap. I shall write to Draco and tell him to ask more questions about this relationship. The more we know about the ins and outs of their friendship, the easier it will be for us to act. If this is a ploy by Dumbledore to catch the boy into his claws, we have to warn the boy. Is there anything else in the letter?” asked the blond man with worrying thoughts running through his mind.

“Why, yes there is! It would seem that the Zabini family might be getting closer to the Potters. Draco noticed how the two act together and the fact that they smile like loons whenever they see or speak to each other, how they hold hands all the time and how... Oh, my! It would seem the Zabini Heir asked if Harry was betrothed to anyone to our son! My, oh, my! Draco reports that the boy actually got very defensive when a mudblood... Which reminds me, we will have to stop using that words around Harry. The Nott boy ended up in the infirmary with a broken nose, a split lip, a broken wand and now is in a blood feud with the boy for using it. We will have to teach him patience and proper decorum. At least, Severus wasn't too harsh on the boy.”

“Now as I was saying... It seems that Zabini got jealous when a mud... muggleborn girl by the name of Granger asked if Harry would consent to a study session just the two of them. She seemed adamant that the Zabini boy didn't attend as well, despite Harry telling her that it was the boy's duty to look after him. She did not seem happy about it, then asked if he would escort her to the Great Hall, before pulling Harry along. My word, how terribly rude and presumptuous! Even muggles know better than to impose themselves in such a way! Zabini got angry and pulled Harry back to him... Oh, how adorable! And proceeded to tell the girl off. When Harry wouldn't get offended on her behalf, she stormed away in tears. The entire evening, the Zabini boy shot dirty glares at the girl and kept Harry very close to him! Oh, I can smell a betrothal contract coming!” said excitedly Narcissa, practically bouncing off her sofa in trepidation over the new piece of gossip.

After a small talk with Belladonna Zabini of course, Narcissa intended to drop this little piece of gossip to her weekly tea party tomorrow. This would partially eclipse the news of the broken betrothal contract between the Parkinsons and their family. In fact, any news about Harry Potter, the magic-sensitive boy raised by awful magic-hating muggles would eclipse the resurrection of Merlin! Only a new Boy-Who-Lived scandal could outshine the Lady Malfoy's newest gossip. Narcissa could hardly wait to speak with the mother Zabini about all of this...

Lucius was pleasantly surprised at the bit of news. Like his wife, he liked the fact that this would distract people's attention away from the broken contract between Edmund and him. If a betrothal contract did happen, it would be to a notorious Grey family. Which would allow Potter to have allies in both the Light and Dark factions of their society. Light through his own family's past and alliances and Dark through his husband. It would be far more beneficial than if Potter had married into a Dark family like the Selwyn or the Flint families; it would allow him space to act that usually restricted others. Politically speaking, this was a good match.

Even on the financial side, it would be beneficial for many. The Zabinis had family scattered across the Western parts of Europe, from England to Italy, crossing France and Spain, Portugal and Denmark, Germany and Greece... The Zabinis had contacts and family alliances that made many envious. The Potters were always savvy business men and women (less not forget Mary Potter who created the Black Sea Trading Company, a financial institution that held up to this day and was a major economical foundation of this country) and had contacts in all the Eastern parts of Europe, all the way to Russia. Together, they would be the most influential family in the trading business. A very profitable ally for the Malfoy family...

Ideologically speaking, however... The Zabini were a family that dealt in shadier business than the Potters. Murder, black-mail, torture, kidnapping and thievery were the norm for the Italian family, but the Potters were always noble and had integrity. Not one Potter would ever even consider the possibility of even speaking to a Zabini in the old days; their opposite ways of doing business would never allow it. Then again... There had never been a Slytherin Potter before... So perhaps... Draco did often mention that the Potter boy had many schemes that would have made more than a few Gryffindors balk. Such as his idea of selling one page at a time of a rare and valuable book to the Ravenclaws... Or his idea of installing a underground black market of muggle candies to the home-sick muggleborns and muggle-raised at an inflated price. The goblins were more than willing to help for a small fee. It wasn't like their parents would voluntarily send them sweets and goodies that could rot their children's teeth.

So perhaps... It was worth considering. And should the Zabini hesitate, then Lucius could always speak on Harry's behalf as he would be teaching the boy his place in their world. Maybe this idea of training the boy might not be as daunting as he had thought.

At the Rookery, the same day, after Ginny left for her house...

Xenophilius was slowly preparing the room for his dear nephew, Harry. Oh, how the inhabitants of the Rookery were excited at the news! Luna kept making nargles repellant earrings and necklace protection against warlocks. She was so excited to have an older brother to play with her and Ginny that she had painted a mural for the boy on his room's ceiling. His Moonbeam could barely stand still anymore due to her excitement. It was such a relief to see his daughter laughing once more after... After the tragedy... Of course, the Weasley girl had done everything she could to help them and her efforts were greatly appreciated by both Lovegoods.

As for the editor of the Quibbler, he was just glad to finally have found the son of his sister. Shortly before the war ended, Prospero Lovegood had passed away, but not before revealing that he had been unfaithful to his long-time suffering wife. Xeno wasn't impressed or shocked by these news. It was well known that the man couldn't keep it in his pants! Lad or lass, it made no difference to Prospero Lovegood. A hole is a hole, as he used to say. Xenophilius had lost respect for his father a long time before he even attended Hogwarts.

What shocked him and disgusted Xeno, however, was the fact that the man revealed that he had an illegitimate daughter with a MARRIED muggle woman and that the man did nothing to help his daughter or his one-night stand deal with the magic the child had. The man knew of his daughter's existence, had more money than he could spend in a life-time (no matter how hard he had tried), had knowledge of the location of said child and never even tried to help. He even mentioned in his will that should Xenophilius seek out his sister, all his money would go to the Dark Lord! One last screw you to his one and only heir.

As a response, the man acted like the Slytherin his mother had always wanted him to be and proceeded to say nothing about the subject, emptied the entire Lovegood vault onto his wife's name except for a nut (he truly hoped the Dark Lord like almonds, Xeno didn't have pistachios for him), destroyed the betrothal contract to the disgrace of a man that was his father had made for his baby girl (to a man forty years older than Luna), and then... Proceeded to seek out his sister. When the goblins told him that the content of his family's vault had been given to the terrorist that was destroying their country as per his father's will, Xeno had smiled and thanked the goblins for the wonderful and professional services. He even wrote a delightful letter to the Director of the bank to express his gratitude and his impression of the work ethics and diligence of his employees. It got the Lovegoods a lot of brownie points with the goblins, as you can imagine.

Xeno had tried everything to find his lost sister, but the war had ended and it was revealed that the late Lady Potter had been the woman he had looked for all this time. Her son was lost and no one knew where he was; his file was sealed by the Wizengamot and try as he might, Dumbledore had simply more power and influence than he ever did. The editor had never forgiven the Headmaster when he had gone to him to explain the situation. The old bastard had the gall to look him in the eyes and tell him his MAGICAL nephew would be better with his MUGGLE relatives and that he had placed wards around him to make sure Xeno didn't try to contact him, as per the promise he had made to Prospero Lovegood before his death.

The insulted man had tried to enroll his daughter into Beaubâtons Academie of Magic instead of Hogwarts, a school better equipped to handle the Lovegoods' gifts, but a new law had passed saying that any child born in Britain had to attend Hogwarts. Xenophilius knew it was a way to have control over the Boy-Who-Lived, but couldn't help but take this law as a personal affront.

However, all of this was in the past now. Xeno had custody of his nephew, Harry, as it always should have been. He was going to right the wrongs of his father at long last and he would teach the boy how to use his gifts. Lady Malfoy had generously offered to help with Harry's education as a Lord of the Realm which lifted a huge burden from the man's shoulders as the classes were not exactly in their price range. She had even invited his little Moonbeam to come along. Xeno was pretty certain that she had done so due to the fact that Narcissa

Malfoy had always wanted a little girl of her own and never could have one. Xeno didn't care, it would do a world of good for the woman and his Luna.

A knock on the door broke the man from his thoughts. It was strange to have visitors at this hour of the evening; it was almost dinner time! The Lovegoods never had any visitors for dinner aside from the occasional times where Ginny had permission to dine at their house. This was unexpected and suspicious to say the least. Xenophilius worked for the Unmentionables during and after the war up until his wife's death, he had been part of many things and knew too much to not be a threat to many of their world. His paranoia kicked in and gestured to his daughter to quietly make her way down to the cellar.

Luna and Pandora knew that should their home ever come under attack, they were to leave and not look back through the secret passageway that connected their cellar to the local pub in town. The owner of said pub had agreed to the secret passageway during the war as an escape route should the worst happen.

Slowly, but surely Xenophilius arranged the wards around his house to check if there were anti-apparition or anti-portkey wards placed on his home. Sensing none, the man made his way to the front door, where the uninvited guest kept knocking more impatiently and furiously. Quickly looking through the peep-hole on his front door, Xeno was shocked to see Augusta Longbottom and a man in a dark suit and blue robe and a briefcase in his hands. Her retainer, if Xeno had to guess.

“Hello, Dowager Longbottom! How good to see you! How may I help you this fine evening?” asked the blond man with a smile as he opened the door to the stritc and frustrated woman.

“Good evening, Mr. Lovegood. I apologise for arriving unannounced to your house like this so close to dinner time. It is of the upmost importance that I speak with you regarding the custody of your nephew Harry Potter. May we come in?” asked the woman with grace, but no smile. She attempted to make her way in past Xeno, but the man stood his ground and his eyes narrowed as his smile left his lips.

Oh, fucking no! Xenophilius knew that the Longbottoms had wanted to adopt Harry, but the boy wanted none of it and had acted behind the scenes to cut the grass right under their feet. This of course did not make the Dowager Longbottom happy and had demanded that custody of the boy to be handed to her to Lucius Malfoy! In front of the entire Ministry! Only to be told that it was the Lovegoods that had custody and that the Malfoy would only be teaching Harry his duties as future Head of Potter House. This must have really hurt her ego and her prestige in the Wizengamot.

“Mr. Lovegood...” started Augusta, offended that someone might block her way.

“Dowager Longbottom, with all due respect. I was present at the Ministry when you confronted Lord Malfoy about Harry's custody and you demanded for it to be handed over to you on the basis of an old alliance YOUR family spat on when you abandonned MY nephew. I have search for him for ten long years! You only cared about him when he started to show signs of a rare magic gift! I have fought this past decade like a madman to find the son of my lost-sister. I wanted to take that boy in the second I learn his parents had passed away and

that his god-parents couldn't take care of him. I have been close to being sent to Azkaban for harrassment towards the Department of Child Welfare, all because I was desperate to find out where he was and help him or at the very least, be part of his life! You have done none of this! You only care about the TWO life-debts your grandson contracted with my nephew and your precious reputation! So, my answer to your demand is no. I will not and will never hand over my nephew's custody into your care.” declared the editor, angry and ready for a fight.

The old woman knew that the Lovegood patriarch was serious and would never hand over the custody. And since they were confirmed blood-relative through the boy's mother and verified by various authority in his capabilities to take care of the child, Augusta would have no chance to adopt him if she went to court. So she offered a second alternative.

“I see. I won't lie and say that I am not disappointed. I would like to offer my help in training young Harry for his role as Head of the Most Noble and Ancient House of Potter. He could learn next to Neville and develop friends and allies amongst the Light families like he would have had his parents not perished.” offered the woman with a tight smile.

“I thank you for your offer, but I already signed a contract with Lady Malfoy and I simply cannot break it. She agreed to teach Luna as well. Lord Malfoy even invited Harry and Luna to his villa in France this summer and show them a bit of the country and the language. I would be a fool to pass up this opportunity for Harry and Luna. Have a nice evening!” countered Xenophilius with a tighter smile and a smug voice as he was closing the door.

“Are you sure that is a good idea? Your daughter has no betrothal contract, does she not? I could find her one if she and Harry were trained by the Longbottoms. The publicity could get her a respectable husband that can take care of her. Besides, she will need a strong female role model after your wife's accident. The way you allow this poor girl to go on with her imaginary friends cannot be healthy. She would do well next year if she has the friendship and protection of the Boy-Who-Lived. She could make friends...” proposed the woman, completely oblivious to just how rude and disrespectful she was.

“Are you... Are you implying my daughter cannot have friends on her own? That she is broken? My daughter is not delusional Dowager Longbottom! She is not weak! She is an independant, intelligent and creative young girl who does not need to be fixed by an arrogant and mean-spirited old hag like you! She does not need a husband to make it in this world and she sure as hell does not need the protection of anyone in school. If she did, she would have her cousin and her friends! Now, get the hell off my property and never show your face on my doorstep again! If you do, I will be well within my rights to hex you and that penguin of yours off of my lawn!” snapped Xeno, before angrily slamming the door in the woman's face.

It took a few moments for him to calm down enough to go and fetch Luna, the last thing she needed was to see her father so worked up. Unfortunately for him, Luna had come up from the cellar when she heard Augusta's voice. Seeing as there was no threat, she had left the cellar and heard every word of the conversation. For the first time in her life, she could actually feel herself disliking someone. She felt indifferent when Ronald Weasley or others like him made fun of her; the Warcksports were clouding his brain or was just repeating what others said to be accepted. But, that woman...

Luna made a vow here and then that she would prove her father's words right. She would make something of herself without the need of a man and would prove that her precious Longbottom family wasn't the greatest family that ever lived. She knew that Neville never believed in what his grand-mother was doing regarding Harry, he really wanted him to be happy with a good family that would take good care of him. Even if that family was dark! Neville couldn't approach Harry without his Slytherin friends around and without causing some type of scandal in the process with Ronald following him like a lap dog that couldn't keep his mouth shut.

The little girl could hear the old hag walking away and cursing her father for his rudeness. Knowing that it was wrong, but unable to resist it, Luna took her mother's wand and cast a Stinging Hex right in the middle of the old hag's butt cheeks. Which caused her to have a small accident in her knickers... On the good side, she no longer was constipated!

“Only three more weeks and Harry will spend Christmas with us. I hope Harry likes pineapple wine.” wondered the little girl out loud with an airy voice, now once more happy.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Here is the next chapter. I tried to put as much feels as possible. I am trying to find a way to have Augusta inviting Harry and the Lovegoods to her Yule Ball and Harry refusing. If you have any idea of how the story should follow or have any suggestion as to what could happen next, please leave me a comment and tell me what you think.

Chapter 6

Severus Snape was sitting at his desk in his office, grading his first years essays and simply couldn't understand what the hell was going through their heads. While the majority of the first year had produced something worthy of being called a proper essay to be handed in, five of them had handed in pure garbage. He just didn't understand how they could even possibly believe that handing in work half finished or copying everything out from the textbook would be accepted and have a passing grade. This never happened to him before. Never had he gotten a class where the majority actually understood so well and took his class as seriously, but he also never had such stupid and lazy students before. In the same year!

Hufflepuffs were supposed to be hard-working and took pride in always doing their best, yet this fool of Zacharia Smith couldn't even be bothered to hand him a half-assed and half finished essay. He knew the boy was arrogant and that he needed a good kick in the arse to make him do things he didn't have any interest in, like transfiguration and potions. However, he knew the boy could do better than this. The boy could brew rather well and knew what he was doing, but he insisted on presenting garbage like this essay. He simply didn't understand. He would have to speak with Pomona about this.

He wasn't surprised that neither Longbottom nor Weasley had given in absolute non-sense. Longbottom's essay was a mix of pertinent information that was poorly explained and things that had nothing to do with the subject of the essay. The boy clearly didn't understand the subject of potions at all. Weasley on the other hand... He really wondered how such a fool could be related to the Terror Twins. While they were pranking monster and never seem to take anything seriously, they were nothing if not potion prodigies. Even the older Weasley were better than this. The boy had written the explanations from the textbook, verbatim! He had even found a way to make mistakes in the grammar and spelling. On top of that, his essay had traces of strawberry jam and BBQ sauce!

What really pissed him off however was the essays of Parkinson and Nott. For Magick's sake! He was their Head of House and Potion Professor! If they didn't understand the work or if they had troubles, they could come to him. Or they could ask Malfoy or Potter! The two boys were in the top three with Terry Boot from Ravenclaw. Potter was always ready to help those who asked for help! He was the one tutoring half of his year and always found time to

help more. Severus understood they didn't like the boy and didn't want anything to do with him, but Malfoy was there as well. So why did they handed in an essay written in pink glittery ink about a subject that had nothing to do with the homework assigned (Parkinson) or an essay that was just a draft written at the last moment? Honestly, if this persisted after his talk with them, he would have to write to their fathers! Oh, joy...

He had just finished grading the last of the essays when a knock on his office's door brought him out of his thoughts. Looking up, he saw Harry Potter standing in his doorframe looking nervous. Severus motioned the boy to enter and pushed his paperwork to the side. The boy made his way to the chair before his office and seemed to try to find a good way to voice the reason of his visit.

“Professor... I... There is something that has been bothering since Halloween and I was wondering if... Well, it's probably nothing, but...” said the boy nervously as if afraid of saying something wrong and get in trouble.

“Mister Potter, if something is bothering, the best thing to do is to speak about it. Maybe it is nothing, but what if it isn't? It could be important to someone else. What's wrong?” encouraged the potion master.

“Well... It's professor Quirrell... He doesn't make much sense to me. He is supposed to be a teacher with an arsenal of spells far more powerful than most students in the school. He is teaching the Defense Against the Dark Arts class. He is an expert on trolls, he said so in one of his first classes. He must have been taught the basic of how to handle emergencies and crisis when he got his post. Yet... He decided to run in panic into a hall filled with impressionable kids that looked at him as a protector – some more than others -, he screams about a troll, he faints and leaves the rest of the school to take care of it. Shouldn't he know how to deal with these things? Shouldn't he have known that running in the Great Hall the way he did would cause a panic? Why didn't he use his skills to take care of the problem himself by discreetly staying behind the troll and knocking him down or confusing him into leaving the school? Why didn't he discreetly explained the situation to the Headmaster if he couldn't take care of the problem himself? It would have stopped the panic and keep the students safe. As for Granger, the teachers were aware of her position... It just doesn't make sense to me. Plus, that stutter is as fake as my uncle's old boss's toupey!” explained the boy with a confused look, trying to make sense of it all himself.

Severus was stunned to silence. This eleven year old boy had figured out more about the situation at hand than the adults who were supposed to be on the lookout for such things. Aside from the Headmaster and himself, no one had noticed the little things that made no sense in the whole act that Quirrell was playing. Anyone else that had any suspicions were not forthcoming with their questions. Most likely thinking that the adults wouldn't pay attention to them and would dismissed them. The potion master couldn't blame them. It was how the school had worked ever since Dumbledore had taken over as Headmaster.

The boy had noticed something that could potentially be a threat and had reported it to the authorities in charge. While Severus would like nothing more than to brush away the boy's suspicions and reassure him with false hopes and lies, he had a feeling the boy wouldn't be satisfied and would simply investigate by himself only to cause himself harm. Worse,

however, would be that the boy would lose his trust in his teachers. This was not something that Severus wanted. The boy had had his trust broken far too many times by figures of authority.

“Mister Potter, I thank you for coming to me with your suspicions. I know it is hard for you to trust adults after... well... everything that you have been through. Your suspicions have been noticed by the staff of the school and we are all keeping a closer eye on Professor Quirrell. I am asking you to not go investigating or try to find clues! I want you to come and see me if there is anymore strange occurrences. As you said, Professor Quirrell has an arsenal of spells at his disposition and has more than enough experience to take on a first year student. Please, do not try to do more than come to see me if you see or hear of anything out of the ordinary!” asked the potion professor, knowing that an eleven year old child had the curiosity of a cat and the preservation instinct of a dodo bird when it came to adventures and discoveries.

Harry really wanted to argue and tell him he knew how to spy on the professor without being seen, but had to concede that if the man had what it takes to take down a troll, he would be capable of protecting himself against a student. A first year, no less. However, he had spent his childhood taking care of things and of others (if you call cooking, cleaning and slaving for his family taking care of someone). He was used of doing things himself, but he could see that in this particular instance, he couldn't deal with the problem on his own or without an adult. It rankled against his instinct and his mistrust against incompetent adults, but... Professor Snape had a point. Harry couldn't take on Quirrell and he couldn't do much in this situation.

It was infuriating for the little boy. He knew, intellectually, that Professor Snape did not think of him as a no-good, stupid and weak punk who couldn't do simple tasks, like his relatives thought of him. However, a part of him felt indignant at the idea of being on the sidelines and doing nothing about the situation. It was a very confusing conflict for the eleven year and the boy simply did not have the maturity to understand this conflict raging inside of him. He understood the man's point, but it still made him feel as though he was seeing Harry as a stupid and useless child.

“I am no fool, mr. Potter. I can tell that you agree with me, but at the same time you feel as though I am treating you as a little child. That is why I am asking you to keep an ear and eye out for suspicious behaviour around the castle and with Professor Quirrell. I don't want you to snitch on your friends for every little misdemeanor or if you see two students snogging in a corner. I am asking you to tell me when you see something dangerous or hear rumors that could get others hurt. I know it is not as glamorous or as exciting as a mystery, but every detective must collect clues and sometimes it is tedious and frustrating work.”

Severus was trying to appease the boy. The last thing he need was for the boy to get hurt trying to prove himself worthy or some other non-sense. His relatives had ingrained in him that he had to fix everything himself and that he had to take on adult responsibilities. This line of thinking could lead to a child developping a sense of responsibility and autonomy that sorely lacked in this day and age, but only in moderation. Harry Potter did not have moderation in his upbringing. He was expected to perform adult tasks perfectly or be disregarded as a proper human being worthy of existing (how else would you describ the idea

that for a uncompleted chore, the child was locked in a cupboard and starved). It forced him into the mindset that he had to fix everything himself and that by doing nothing or letting others do it, he was unworthy of anything. To survive, he had to be capable of doing anything thrown at him and be the one to fix things. Severus knew that the boy needed to learn he didn't have to do a grown-up's job and that he could rely on others to take the lead.

By giving a small task of reporting suspicious behaviour, events or rumors, the potion professor hoped to give the boy some purpose in the whole thing and make him realise that he could depend on adults around him. It would be a slow process and would have its fair share of set backs, but Severus truly believe that the boy could learn to trust adults and enjoy his childhood without thinking he was unworthy of humanity for not fixing every problem around him.

“Would telling that Longbottom, Weasley and Granger have been sniffing around the third floor corridor be considered important? They think you want to steal something precious that is being kept there for safe-keeping. From what I heard of their discussions, they believe that the Gringott break-in was in relation to the ban on the corridor and that you want to steal the treasure. It's not really well thought-out and they were not being that discreet about it either. They have been trying to find a way to get through the big dog with three heads that's behind the door and are looking through the library for a way to go past it.”

If Severus did not have such a perfect control of his occlumency shield, he would have cussed like a pirate. How..? Why..? Seriously!!! He could understand that he would be cast as a villain by the three lions. He fitted the role too perfectly. However, what in Circe's name, made them think that trying to by-pass a cerberus was a good idea? They couldn't even take down a troll, who was far less of a threat than a fully-grown cerberus!

“It probably won't make you any happier, but if it can stop someone from dying and Hagrid from losing his dog... Most of the students know about the three-headed dog. The Weasley Twins tried to go there on the first week and saw it. They almost got killed when they went back a second time to take a picture of it. They told anyone who would listen about it and showed the picture as proof. Maybe, there should be better protection than just a single locking charm a first year can deal with.”

The potion master was amazed at the stupidity of the students and of his employer. He was even more amazed at the fact that his occlumency skills had been so honed that he could keep such a straight face to such revelations. How could the headmaster allow a fucking cerberus to be in the student's reach? How could no one on the staff know that the student body knew about what was hiding behind the door? How could three first years be capable of accessing the third floor corridor? Dear Mother Magick! Did no staff member realise just how easily the beast could escape and kill innocent students?

Severus was having a small internal panic attack. His face showed nothing of his inner musing or troubles, but his balled fists showed just how pissed he was. Harry wasn't stupid enough to disrupt the man as he was trying to calm himself down. So he waited patiently and quietly for the man to get himself sorted and be ready to listen to the rest of what he had to say. It took a few minutes, but the man had calmed down enough to listen to the rest. But, first he needed to know a few things.

“Did any student managed to get pass through the cerberus? Do you know how many tried to get a look at the beast? Were any of them hurt?” asked Severus, dreading the response.

“No students that I know managed to last more than five seconds in the same room with the big dog. There is an actual challenger game going on between the older students about who could tame, defeat or stay the longest in the room with it. Someone should really be doing something about it. I wanted to talk about it with you, but I didn't know if I came to you with nothing but rumors, it would have been taken seriously.”

“I know that Longbottom, Weasley and Granger met the dog the first time on the night that Weasley tried to challenge Draco to a duel at midnight. It was so stupid too. Weasley had it in his head that Draco made him trip over his laces, but it wasn't true, he just didn't tie them and was looking for someone to blame. A few words were exchanged and at one point, Weasley challenged Draco to a duel at midnight and said that Longbottom was his second, but Draco refused. He said that he wasn't going to risk getting caught out of bed after curfew for Weasley's ugly face. As you can imagine, Weasley didn't like that and said that Draco was a coward. I pointed out that the only coward was the one who challenged someone else and had no intention of actually showing up to the duel and warn Filch about the party who actually was honorable enough to show up. The idiot turned red of shame that I saw through his plan.”

“Anyway, Weasley still showed up to be able to prove that he wasn't a dishonorable coward , which made no sense, since Draco had been pretty clear about not coming or accepting the duel. Anyway, the three of them ran away from Miss Noris and made their way to the third floor corridor. Those three don't seem to know the notion of discretion. They were talking about their nightly excursion so loudly in the library that they got kicked out for a week.”

Thank goodness for Potter's quick thinking! The last thing he need was a midnight duel between two pre-teens who knew nothing of magic with volatile tempers killing each other over something as stupid as tripping someone! On the bright side, he could take points off the three of them for breaking the rules. Twenty point for being out at night with malicious intention of hurting another student, twenty points for going anywhere near the Forbidden corridor for each students, not once but twice now. And another twenty points from Weasley for goating someone in a duel and for attempting to frame said student for breaking the rules (most dishonorable and cowardly), twenty points from Longbottom for helping his friend goat a student into a duel and not reporting anything to the adults, twenty points from Granger for not reporting anything to the adults as well and for disrupting students in the library. So, the total came up to 60 points each, times three... Damn! 180 points from Gryffindors... They were not getting the House Cup this year, that's for sure.

“Thank you for warning me about theses tibbits of information that do help more than you think. I will be bringing this to the rest of the faculty and we will end this challenger game. I don't fancy having to tell parents that their child has died on my watch because of some foolish game.” said Professor Snape as he wrote down all of the information he received.

There wasn't anything else that needed to be said, so Harry took his leave from his Head of House and left the office lighter and somewhat giddy. Someone had believed him! Someone took him seriously! Someone cared enough about to protect him! Someone had cared... for

him. For Harry. Not because it was his job or he wanted to be seen as a hero, but because the professor cared about him.

The realisation brought tears to the boy's eyes and his throat close up. It didn't take long for the boy to cry tears of happiness to have someone care, tears of relief to be believed and not dismissed as a liar or just a stupid kid, tears of pain at the knowledge that a virtual stranger cared more about him than his own blood. Harry didn't need his "sight" to know that Professor Snape was behind him.

Harry turned around and hid his face deep in his Professor's robes, wailling his pain and holding on to dear life as the emotions raced and fought against themselves in his little boy's heart. Knowing what the little boy needed for being in the same position at his age, Severus wrapped his arms around the boy's too small frame and gave him the first and only hug he received since his mother's last moments. It felt so good to be held, to be comforted and to be protected, even if it was from his own pain, that Harry finally started to heal from the horrors that were the Dursleys.

The sour man held onto the little boy crying rivers of tears into his robes as tears welled up in his own eyes. Oh, how it hurt to see such a smiling and strong child finally break down! How painful it was to hold such a hurt and fragile child. How could any child suffer to the point that simply believing them and caring for them for a moment would cause them to break down in such a way?

Leading the child to his couch, he let the boy cry his eyes out and kept on holding him. Before long, Harry began to calm down, his wails turning to soft hiccups and slowly the boy started to drift to sleep. His breakdown had taken a lot from the boy and now, his head told him to sleep so that his heart could start mending itself. Gently laying the boy down on his couch, Severus quietly summoned a blanket and a pillow for the boy. The man left his office after telling his house-elf to come and warn him if the boy woke up before his return from the headmaster's office. Harry needed to rest and Severus was loathed to wake the poor boy up from much needed sleep.

At the Rookery, a few days later...

Xenophilius knew that his nephew had been badly hurt during his stay with the Dursleys, but this... To be deprived of something so essential as caring, love and respect was simply barbaric. It was a miracle that Harry was such a well-adjusted boy. By all accounts, he should have been dead long ago. Affection and love were a fundamental part of any child's survival, to be deprived could lead to them not give up on life. Lily Potter was known to be quite stubborn, perhaps her son was simply too stubborn to give up on hope or give his tormentors the satisfaction of defeat. Either way, it was a miracle.

The man planned on scheduling sessions with a mind healer. Harry had just started to heal, he needed to continue on this path and move on from the pain. The effects will always be there and nothing would change this, but Xenophilius intended to help his nephew heal as much as he could. He had already offered the boy a home, a family and a chance to leave the hell-hole that was his homelife, but it wasn't enough. He would be hard, there would be set-

backs and lots of tears and anger, but he knew they would get through them and come back stronger and tougher than ever before.

“Don't you worry daddy. Harry will be fine. He has good friends, a family and a good home. He will get better. I can tell that the mind healer will help him, even if he doesn't want to or feel he doesn't need it. It will be what he needs. We may be his family, but there will be things he can't tell us. Miss Andromeda Tonks will be good for him.” reassured Luna as she placed her hand on her father's arm.

Unable to hold back, Xenophilius placed a kiss on his beautiful daughter's head and agreed with her. He started to pen a letter to Mind Healer Tonks with a lighter heart. It will be fine, Harry will be fine, they will be fine and a family.

Back at Hogwarts, in front of the Headmaster's office...

Bartemius Crouch Jr was an Unspeakable that was sent to Hogwarts in order to evaluate the progress and abilities of the Potter heir. Being the youngest Unspeakable to reach the level of Head of Project and his abilities with the mind arts, the Crouch heir was the perfect choice to see just what was the extent of the boy's powers. The Minister was impatient and excited at the idea of having such a young wizard with such a rare gift. Magic sensitive magicals were even more rarer than metamorphigius and far more useful as well. Magic Sensitive magicals were capable of pinpointing a single shred of magical trace out of a thousands and use it to find the owner, it could feel wards and knew when someone was using magic in their close vicinity. Truly powerful ones could tell if the spells were dark, grey or light, they could tell the direction of the flow of the magic, who cast magic recently and if someone was under a spell and know who had cast it. Any types of magic sensitive magicals were experts in occlumency and legilimency. They were skilled illusionist and could fool even dragons who were immune to any sort of illusions or disillusions.

If the boy was truly as strong as his old friend Severus said he was, then the Departments of Mysteries and Law Enforcement had very good reasons to be subtly trying to get their claws into the boy. As if Dumbledore and his brown-nosers were already trying to control the boy for his fortune and gifts wasn't enough. Atleast the boy had the sense to ally himself with powerful allies from all factions; Dark through the Malfoy, Goyle and Flint heirs, Neutral through the Zabini boy, the Greengrass girl and Light through the various others in the Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw houses.

However, if his escort didn't arrive soon, he wouldn't be able to meet and test the Potter heir. While he understood it was for the safety of the students that he be accompanied, it still rankled the man's nerves to be led through the castle he had spent seven years of his life inhabiting. He knew it was a way from the Headmaster to subtly tell him that he didn't trust him, as well. Dumbledore had never believed in his innocence in the Potter Massacre incident. He had tried to appeal to the minister to send someone else who didn't have a link to the tragedy that had befallen the boy's parents, yet it didn't work.

Barty was a Death Eater. He was proud of it. He never deny it (mostly because no one asked). He diligently spent a decade to find ways to find out what had happened to his beloved

master and how to bring him back to his former glory. He had tried to use his own Dark Mark as a link to his master as the great wizard used it to find his followers. He dealt with the pain that came with tickering with the Mark. Rockwood had tried to tell him to use the ones in Azkaban, like Bellatrix or Rodolphus, but Barty had vehemently refused. He would find their master even if it killed him. Besides, after what those two had done to the Potters, even the most hardened Death Eaters had felt revulsion and pity for the fate that had befallen the two heroes. This included Barty, who had refused and fought his way out of Lestrange Manor with Rabastan when the plan had been proposed.

Finally, a student came his way. A prefect most likely. As Barty Crouch Jr turned around to meet his escort, his breath caught short in his throat and his pupils dilated so fast, his head was left spinning. Before him stood the most gorgeous young man he had ever seen. Tall, but not taller than him, fiery red hair perfectly coiffed, striking sky blue eyes, a sea of adorable freckles on his cheeks and nose, full red lips that simply demanded to be kissed and fair porcelain skin. The young man stood tall and proud, his uniform perfectly cleaned and pressed despite being second-hand, his head held up high and his posture straight and elegant, there was no slouching for him.

Despite being from a poor family who had renounced their roots and cared very little about social graces, this boy made sure that he did not reflect that image. The young man took pride in his appearance, took pride in his responsibilities and his studies, but most importantly, he was ambitious. He wanted to be seen as someone important, he wanted prestige. He wanted to be acknowledged for his hard and dedicated work. Not that Barty could blame the young man. After seeing his father being mistreated, berated, undervalued and laughed at, he had clearly made his mind to be what his father wasn't. In other words, respected. It was obvious he was proud of his family, if he had not, a number of cosmetic potions could have been used to change his look and make his relation to the Weasley family disappear.

“Well, hello. Am I to assume that you are my escort to Professor Snape's office?” practically purred the Death Eater as he flashed his most gorgeous and charming smile.

The young man blushed oh so deliciously and, to his credit, did not stammer or stutter. Letting the youth to lead him, Barty took his sweet time to undress the other male and specially his butt. It was so perky and tight looking! The way it swerved and taunted the older man should have been made illegal, because it was the only way it would have been made any better.

“Tell me, what year are you in? You must be preparing for your NEWTs.” casually asked the youth before him.

“Oh no. I am actually in my OWLs year. I still have some time before my NEWTs. However, I hope to have the necessary grades to get an internship in the Department of Foreign Affairs and possibly work in British embassies across the world. I am working on my french and I coming along quite well.” said the Weasley young man with a large smile and passionate eyes, clearly it was his dream.

Shit! The young man was fifteen at most! Barty never was attracted to minors and abhorred the very idea of paedophilia. He knew that he wouldn't have tried anything with the gorgeous looking male before after graduation and maybe a little bit later on, yet he still felt like a

cradle robber and it repulsed him. Putting on his most charming smile, Barty showed none of his unease and settled for a long courtship. Like hell, he was going to renounce on the beauty just because of his age. He will just have to practice patience. Which looked to be a herculian task when a booty before kept swaying like this...

“Really? Well, I would recommend to learn more than just one extra language and one that isn't latin base. Other applicants usually speak french or a latin base language due to their ancestry and lordships in other countries. Russian, Norwiegan, Mandarin or even Punjabi are all languages that are considered “too hard” to learn according to some, yet it is people speaking thoses languages that are sorely lacking in the Ministry.”

“Think of it like this, a Head of Department has the choice between two candidates. The first one is the son of a rich pureblood friend that barely speak french and the second speak perfect french but is from a poorer and less prestigious family. The Head should choose the most qualified, but the reality is that the Head will choose the incompetent that is the heir of his friend who gives him a nice bribe. It's wrong, but it's the reality of the situation. However, if you spoke more than one language and the ones that you speak are rare or less known, the Head will still not choose you, but he will recommend you to his friends who needs a good translator. You start with helping one guy from the Department of Magical Games and Sports, then you help out a few aurors who just arrested a bunch of teenagers with diplomatic immunity, then soon enough, you will make yourself indispensable to the entire Ministry. The best part is that, once you start making a name for yourself, you can set your own price. I would estimate that if you learn Russian and Farsi before graduation, you could be making at least 35 000 galleons a year by the third year after your graduation. That is at least 672 galleons a week. Divide that number by six translations per week, that's a slow week at the Ministry, you would be making 112 galleons for every job. Far more than any rich spoiled pureblooded heir who got in on their daddy's good word.”

“Did you know interns get paid 20 galleons a week, no overtime payed – even for the rich kids -, no vacation, no health benefits and you get the worst jobs that no one wants to do in the whole department. So trust me, if one day, you want to make it in the ambassies overseas, working on learning as many diverse languages and cultures. Learning the languages isn't enough, especially if you end up insulting dignitaries due to your ignorance.”

The young man looked at the Unspeakable before him with a mix of surprise and gratefullness. This was the first and only adult that hadn't dilluted the truth about the Ministry like his father and his teachers. He knew his father didn't want to scare him away from his dreams, but he needed to know theses things. The idea of being his own boss and being in high demand in the Ministry appealed to him. He would have to work hard to be able to learn two whole new languages and the cultures tied to them, but it was a challenge and a Gryffindor never backed down from a challenge. He could do it.

For the first time in a long time, the young prefect felt that his dreams were not as far out of his reach and impossible as he had once imagined. His parents were encouraging him and were doing their best to offer him the opportunities he needed, but he knew that they thought that he couldn't possibly escape the impression of mediocre loser that seemed to befall upon all Weasley. His brothers mocked him, only his sister believed in him and his dreams. He knew that she didn't like the role their family had placed her in and the loud, but wordless

expectations placed on her young shoulders. She too wanted to break free from the image of the poor and unsuccessful Weasley who strive for the bare minimum. All of them wanted the same thing, Bill became the best Curse-Breaker he ever could be, Charlie became a dragon tamer in one of the best dragon reserve in Europe, the twins worked hard on their jokes and pranks to open their own shop, Ginny wanted to become a tattoo artist – not the most respectful job for a woman, but much better than being a brainless, vapid trophy wife for a husband who didn't appreciate her and cheated on her all the time with a mistress. They all had the ambition that their father didn't seem to have, well... all but Ronald. The idiot only cared about food, Quidditch and sleeping.

“Thank you for your advices. I will take them into consideration. It is appreciated to have someone with such an important schedual taking the time to help me. Thank you very much. The professor's office is just over here.” pointed the Gryffindor with a sincere and blinding smile of happiness and gratefullness that simply made all the more beautiful in the eyes of the Unspeakable.

“Thank you for your guidance, mr... I don't think I ever asked for your name.” said Barty as he took the younger male's hand before placing a chaste kissed on his knuckles.

“Oh! Percy... I mean, Percival Weasley. Percy, that's what my mother calls me... I... hum... Sorry! I didn't mean to... hum... Well... hum... I... Thank you and have a nice day.” stammered Percy with a face as red as his hair and a thundering heart.

Finally, Bartemius Jr allowed the young male that had captured his eye leave for his class, knowing that, tonight, the youth would be thinking about him in his bed. Hopefully, his dreams will be as dirty and sensual as his will be.

Turning around, Barty knocked three times and waited for the door to open. Expecting to see his old friend Severus to greet him, he was completely taken off guard when a miniature James Potter with the most startling green eyes ever opened the door and gave him a look that wouldn't be out of place on his mother's face if she had caught him doing something stupid. The boy didn't move and kept on looking at him as if he was searching his soul...

“There's potential. Just make sure to remember theses three rules and you will have all that you could have ever dreamed of in less than seven years. **One**, always remember that he is a minor and that anything happening between the two of you will destroy everything you have and your dreams. **Two**, that is a human being who could make you or destroy you, do not treat him as a piece of ass to be used than disregarded. Treat him like the pearl that he is. **Three**, it doesn't matter who your father or his mother are, never let anyone disrespect him or allow any word of cruelty or hatred go unanswered. The road won't be easy and there will be tears and fights, it will seem like an uphill battle at times, but just remember of what you dreamt of when you were a child and hid under your bed after your father took his belt to you and your mother couldn't help you. This is what he could give you. Don't mess this up! The professor and the Headmaster are waiting for you, please come in.”

Barty walked in as the boy moved out of the way. Too schocked at being given the «Big Brother Talk» by an eleven year old boy, that he couldn't do more than enter the office and mindlessly sit down on the sofa. Right in front of said eleven year old. It was at that moment,

that Barty realised... The boy knew things he shouldn't know and had glowing green eyes.
Like a Seer does when they use their gifts. Could it be..?

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait. Here is the next chapter, please enjoy and let me know what you think.

Chapter 7

Harry was sitting in the train compartment with his friends, making their way back home for the holidays. Munching on some taffey, the ravenheaded boy watched in amazement at his friends before him. At the beginning of the year, they had been closed-off, too mature for their ages, their shoulders drooping from the weight of expectations and duties placed on them. Now, they seemed more like children, they played games, read comic books, told stupid “Yo mama...” jokes (in the privacy of their own rooms or groups, no need for the elders to hear them say such stupid and Gryfindorish jokes), ate lots of candies (most of them being muggle candy brands, believe it or not) and barely spoke of alliances, plots or politics like they were the only acceptable types of discussions allowed for pureblood scions. Sure they still talked about it, but not every single hour of every single day.

Blaise interrelated more with his peers, became less guarded and started enjoying being in groups as oppose to before. Before Hogwarts, it was a battle to have him speak more than one sentence to another child his age. His mother despaired for her son. Sure he was Slytherin aloof and composed, but when the child wouldn't even spend more than five minutes within a four peer group before making his way to the library, one could reasonably be worried. It was one of the reasons that Belladonna Zabini was so in favor of her son being so close to Harry.

Vincent had made leaps and bounds since September. Previously, the boy would often times lose his temper and destroy everything in his path. He would never sit still and had been overweight for most of his life. Now..? Vincent had shed most of his extra weight, was healthier, had better concentration and had grades that made him pass as the smartest one of his siblings. Which was simply hilarious for the boy since he had always been known as the fat lump of stupidity by his family. Now, he was going home with grades that eclipsed even his sister Mirabel. The bint never stopped throwing the fact that she had gotten the fifteenth place in her year of forty-two students in his face. Yeah? Well, Vincent got eighth place in his year, even beating some Ravenclaws! On top of that, Vincent was a massive fan of Manchester United, something that caused Dean Thomas and Terry Boots, Liverpool fans, to become his mortal ennemies (as much as eleven year olds could be “mortal ennemies”) on the football field.

Draco had become more relaxed and far less a snobby git (unless you were a Weasley, specifically Ronald Weasley). After some time, Draco had come to see that always acting as a spoiled, impulsive and rude brat was the opposite of what Slytherins were. Draco had come out second in his year for the term and would have been dreading facing his parents, but now... Well, better to simply accept that someone else had done better for now and work harder next time. He didn't like it and raved about it, but he accepted the fact. He still had some arrogance and spoiled brat attitude, but not to the point of being hexed by his dormmates. He had grown up and he liked the new him a lot more than the whinny brat he had been three months ago. He had grown one hell of a sharp tongue against his opponents, he excelled in back-hand compliments. And ever since his betrothal contract with Parkinson had officially ended, he felt as if a huge weight he never knew existed had been lifted from his shoulders. He no longer had to pretend to be nice to her, put up with her pretentious and demeaning siblings, try to avoid Pamela Parkinson's wandering hands (no where near his privates or anything of the sort, but honestly, the woman could, at the very least, stop massaging his neck with her disgustingly long nails) and not feel as though his future father-in-law was contemplating his murder to gain his inheritance. That simple decision his parents had made changed a lot of Draco's attitude.

It was Gregory that had changed the most however. Gone was the solemn, introverted, lazy child. Thanks to the hard work of Harry and Professor Snape, Gregory had opened up and began to make his own place in the world. He discovered a passion for drawing and stories through his comic books, he found out that he was pretty good at Astronomy and Charms, he spoke up more often than not and participated more than ever in classes. The road had been hard and it would not get any easier with time, but he knew that he could make it with his friends by his side. He finally had a reason to be proud of himself and hold his head up high. He now had a dream for the future. Before Hogwarts, Gregory thought that he would follow in his father's footsteps and become a mediocre quill-pusher at the Ministry, but now... Now he wanted to become the Stan Lee of the Wizarding World and create a universe of magical superheroes and create stories that would captivate millions of people. He had already started with Lloyd Fetterly, a first year wizard that encountered mysteries and adventures in his magical school of Ludlowing. He even had a plot of an evil transfiguration teacher in the shape of a cat with a scottish accent that was trying to take over the school with her evil army of cats and force the students to become her slaves. Muwhahaha!!! The fact that the villain had so many common traits with Professor McGonagall was purely coincidental.

As the train rushed through the country side, Harry couldn't wait to finally meet his new uncle and cousin. They had written to him atleast twice a week and sent him enough pictures to make an photo album, which he did make with a lot of spare parchment and glue and glitter and stickers he had found laying around the common room. Many would think his album photo was a mess, but it was perfect to him. This was the first time he could actually do some art without fearing doing better than Dudley. So you bet that he was going all out!

Luna and Ginny had both told him that they lived close by and they could all meet up during the summer. How wonderful it would be to spend a summer running around carefree and

laughing with friends instead of slaving away under the merciless sun for hours on end. Then he could see Draco during the week and his lessons, then spend a week at Greg's house and then at Vincent's house. Maybe, he would also see Blaise... Shaking his head to get back to reality, Harry scowled himself to take one day at the time. It wasn't even Christmas and he was already thinking about summer! But, he was just so excited! He had friends and a new family! This was so new and exciting to him.

“Say, why are the Weasleys leaving the castle for the Yule break? I thought that they had left for Romania to see their son that worked at a dragon reserve.” asked Gregory as he heard the youngest male Weasley yelling at his pranking brothers.

“Lady Longbottom invited them to her mansion for the break. They were threatened to behave or be thoroughly punished. Since the youngest Weasley is such good friends with Longbottom, she decided that they should be invited to her Yule celebrations. According to Ginny, her mother wanted her to go as well, but she managed to convince her mother that she terribly miss her older brother in Romania and got to skip the whole thing. Apparently, the whole thing is super pompous and one step out of line and you get THE Stink Eye Of Death from the old woman.” replied Harry, shuddering at the idea of attending something so utterly unpleasant.

It seemed to Harry that the fame and popularity of the whole Boy-Who-Lived affair had gone to the old woman's head and gave her the idea that she was entitled to look down upon all the world. She was milking the death of her own son and his wife as much as she could. It was sickening. It was like she had forgotten all that it had cost to stop the Dark Lord. All the sacrifices, all the pain, all the blood and sweat and tears shed in the hopes of stopping the war and the death of their world. It was a sad thing to watch; especially considering all that it had cost her family.

Harry had lost his parents and his ancestral home because of the war. All had been layed to waste, all the properties were burned to ashes. In the end, his parents had been forced to hide in a small cottage in the middle of nowhere and lock themselves away from the world. Well according to professor Snape who had agreed to give Harry a few bits when he had learned that the boy didn't even know what his parent's names were or what they had looked like. Never had he seen someone as frightening as his Head of House than at that moment. He was glad it wasn't directed at him.

Professor Snape had glossed over the whole thing. Saying that some things are better unknown and to remember his parent's smiles instead of trying to imagine their deaths. According to the man, what had happened was that a woman named Bellatrix and her hubby Rodolphus Lestrage had found out their location and broken into their home. A fight had broken out and only Bellatrix had survived. Of course, anyone trying to hurt Lily Magnolia Potter' family wasn't going to come out of the fight she would give them unharmed. Bellatrix had lost her wand arm, her left ear and had been burned to the third degree on her right leg, on top of having her lungs permanantly weaken due to the fumes of a potion Lily had invented. And that was nothing compared to what she had done to Rodolphus Lestrage

before dying. In the end, Harry had managed to get a promise from his head of house to tell him exactly what he knew of his parent's murders once he had passed his OWLS.

Harry's attention was brought back to the present moment when he heard Blaise shout out as juice was spilled on his shirt. Pansy had apparently come in and had begun insulting Harry, who was ignoring her, and it turned nasty. Blaise, ever the gentleman, did not tolerate this and told her to leave them alone. Her presence was not welcomed in their compartment. In response, the eleven year old brat decided to throw her juice onto Blaise's shirt and leave screaming bloody murder.

“And she wonders why the Malfoy broke the betrothal contract between her and Draco! Who would want to marry that shrew?” thought Harry in bewilderment at the attitude displayed by the girl.

As Blaise was leaving to change his shirt, Harry got up and followed him. His bladder needed to be emptied and he really didn't want to let his friend get ambushed alone by either Parkinson or Nott. Knowing Parkinson, she would not hesitate to hex him behind his back with a curse that could severely harm her victim. Nott would be smarter and have a spell that had a delayed time on it to make sure that it couldn't be traced back to him.

“Blaise, do you think I could use the lavatory first? I need to pee really bad! It won't be long, I promise.” pleaded Harry as he was doing the “pee-pee-dance”.

“Oh, sure!” agreed Blaise as he let his friend go first.

True to his word, Harry took no less than three minutes and forty-three seconds to do his business and wash his hands (he wasn't like those idiots that claimed they didn't need to wash their hands since they didn't pee on them). Blaise entered the lavatory and Harry waited for him outside. It would take a bit more time for Blaise than it did for Harry, since the boy insisted on changing all of his clothes. His new blue shirt would be clashing with his deep burgundy pants and he simply did not tolerate not being well-dressed.

While waiting for his friend, Harry noticed that both Neville Longbottom and Ronald Weasley were coming their way. He told them that Blaise was changing after an accident with his juice ruined his clothes and that he would be out shortly, answering their questions before they even asked them.

“So... hum... Potter... Do you have anything plan this holiday? My Gran is having all my friends over and throwing a ball on Christmas night! Ron and his brothers will be there.” said cheerfully the blond saviour of the Wizarding World, shocking Harry who never thought the boy would actually try and be nice to him.

“Yeah! There's going to be so much food! And only the Light families will be there and the twins can't prank us! It's going to be wicked!” added Ronald, overly excited at the prospect of spending Christmas in a rich person's house instead of the school, something Harry could understand. “It's an exclusive party, so only the best of the Wizarding World can be there. None of the slimy snakes can come, but I'm sure that Neville's Gran can find a place for you if you need some time away from the Looneys.”

Honestly, Harry couldn't believe how rude and inconsiderate the youngest Weasley boy was. He openly insulted his family and acted as though it was no big deal. How exactly was this troll with an garishly orange wig on its head managed to be related to the other Weasleys?

Never showing his disgust or his anger that was boiling under his skin, Harry simply shrugged and simply replied: “That's nice, I'm quite happy for you.” This was Petunia's go to line when she really wanted to tell Misses Number 5 and Misses Number 7 to go to hell and get buggered by Hitler's tiny cock. She had said that it was the way her mother used to reply to people she didn't like and it was paramount to Iris Evans to be as courteous and polite to your enemies. For as Iris Evans used to say:

“If your enemies have to give one good quality about you, make sure it is your good manners.”

Harry could tell that his apparent indifference was not the answer the redhead had been hoping for as the boy's face grew thunderous and confused. Apparently, Harry should have been begging for an invitation instead of going to his «crazy» relatives or spending time with Slytherins. Ronald firmly believed that Harry should have jumped upon any chance he could get to be on the side of the Light after disgracing his family by being a Slytherin. The dark haired boy didn't even show any sign that he cared about his opinion, which pissed the boy off even more. Ron hated to be ignored. Knowing that the boy was going to yell, Harry cut him off.

“My uncle and cousin and I are going to spend Christmas night together and try to learn more about one another. I'm really excited! My uncle promised to show me his editorial room of his newspaper and Luna, my cousin, said she would show me how to spot Nargles and Humdiggers! I don't know what they are, but I bet it's going to be so much fun. Plus, between Christmas and New Years, the Malfoy are organising a huge ball and they invited us over. All my friends will be there! I can't wait!” said excitedly Harry with a huge smile lightening up his face.

It was at that moment that Blaise came out of the bathroom with his new outfit. He looked at the two lions with a frown, but seeing as Harry was perfectly calm and unharmed, he appeased his expression. He grabbed Harry's hand and walked them back to their compartment, making sure that Harry walked in front of him as to protect him from the other two boys. No one was going to hurt his Harry!

At the platform, later on in the day...

The train finally arrived at the station and hoards of students came rushing out to meet their parents after being away for so long. Parents, eager to meet their children, rushed towards them. Thus, creating chaos and mayhem. Thankfully, Vincent had believed that the extremities of the train would be less crowded as the entrance to the platform was faced directly at the middle of the train and would be jam-packed with people. It was surprising to see that, as Vincent had predicted, the end of the train only held the parents of the group.

For the first time, Harry could finally meet his new family in the flesh. While, the pictures were appreciated and meant a lot to him, meeting them in real life was so much better. Slowly making his way to Xenophilius and Luna, Harry nervously wondered if they would still want him after the holiday. Would they find fault in him so great that they would abandon him? Would they like him? What if he did something wrong and they beat him or worse, threw him out? Would they...

“Hello, Cousin Harry! I'm so glad to finally meet you! I've always wanted a big brother! I can't wait to show you your room! I painted it myself! I hope you will like it!” said Luna as she hugged her cousin tight, not realising that he had stiffen or completely ignored it.

“It's nice to finally meet you Harry. I have search for so long to find you. I am so happy to have you for Christmas. I'm sure we're going to have a lot of fun together... as a family.” said Xeno as he took the boy's hand and gave him the softest and warmest smile Harry had ever seen.

“I can't wait! I... I'm so excited!” replied Harry, excited and almost jumping up and down.

The man took his nephew's trunk and asked him to present him his friends. Excitedly, Harry introduced each of his friends to his new family. Everyone greeted Xenophilius and Luna warmly. After a few goodbyes and promises to write over the Holiday Break, the Lovegoods and their nephew went to leave the station. Only to be intercepted by the fearsome Augusta Longbottom, her nervous looking grandson and his excited friends. Immediately, Harry noticed both of his relatives stiffen and their faces grew dark and closed off. There clearly was some bad blood between the Dowager Longbottom and the Lovegoods.

“Mr. Lovegood. Miss Lovegood. Mr Potter. I was told that you would be attending the Malfoy New Year's Ball. Now, it would be absolutely improper to try and convince you to attend the Longbottom party, however... I was told that you did not have any plans for Yule. I

would like to invite you and your... family... to our Yule Ball. It is a formal event and it is required that all guests are dressed properly in the latest fashion. Nothing too extravagant or wild or... Unique... If you understand my meaning.” said the woman with a tight and obviously fake smile.

“Oh... hum... I do have plans for Yule. I intend on spending Yule with my new family and learning more about my mother's side of the family. I appreciate the offer, I really do! It's just that... I never had a real Christmas or Yule and... I want to spend that time with my family. I'm afraid I will have to refuse your offer, Lady Dowager Longbottom.” replied Harry with a tiny amount of hope that the woman would understand his position, family was important in the Wizarding World.

“I understand. It's a shame that you would throw away a eight centuries long alliance for personal and selfish pleasure, but I understand that you never truly had any family who loved you before. If you were to change your mind, however, simply send a missive to Longbottom Hall and I will personally make sure that you are received as the true and appreciated ally of House Longbottom that your father would have wanted you to be. Have a good day!” replied the woman, before dragging her grand-son and his friends along with her.

The Lovegoods stood in place, shocked and frozen at the sheer amount of balls the woman had to say such things. The Malfoys, who had stayed a bit longer to make sure that nothing untoward was happening, all had their mouths hanging in a rather uncouth and uncivilised way. So great was their shock. If looks could kill, then Augusta would be laying dead at the feet of Blaise and his mother. Neither one had appreciated the way this woman had spoken to their Harry. For Harry was Blaise future spouse, if either of them had anything to say about it.

“Maybe I should sent another stinging hex at her butt. It did help get all that stuck-up garbage out of her last time. Too bad I don't have mummy's wand right now. Ah well! There's always next time.” declared Luna before making her way out of the train station, leaving two stunned males behind.

“Wait..? What? Luna?” called out Xenophilius as he and his nephew raced out to catch up to his daughter. No doubt wanting an explanation.

Two days later, in the Minister of Magic's office, in the Ministry of Magic...

Barty Crouch Jr was currently sitting in the most uncomfortable and tasteless chair he had ever seen in Minister for Magic Cornelius Fudge's office, sipping his tea and waiting for the bumbling idiot that served as the political leader of their Wizarding nation. The tea was weak

and the ticking of the clock on the wall was grating on his nerves. The man just wanted to deliver his bloody report on the Potter boy and then go home for some rest and visit Rabastan later on tomorrow. Was that too much to ask for? For a man who all but harrassed him for information after his interview, Cornelius Fudge didn't seem all that interested in meeting him...

Almost as the thought crossed his mind, the door violently swung open and an irate, red-faced Fudge walked in brisquely. He stopped shortly upon seeing the one person he had wanted to see all day and took a deep breath to calm himself. It wouldn't do to start snapping or yelling at Crouch Jr because of Dumbledore and Augusta's constant whinning about the Potter boy.

"I thank Mother Magick that you are here. I simply must apologize for my tardiness. Dumbledore wouldn't stop trying to block my way to speak about the Potter heir's placement and Augusta... Well, I'm sure you have had the pleasure of hearing about her concerning this affair..." explained the man with the green bowler hat while taking his seat behind his desk.

Oh, Barty had more than heard the woman about this issue. Augusta Longbottom had all but stalked him and stolen his reports on the Potter boy. She constantly wrote to him to demand that he informed her of the findings and of the boy's mental capacities; likely wanting to secure the boy if he was declared mentally inapt or defecent in any way. The Lovegood would not be considered a good and stable home otherwise. She had invaded his office on multiple occasions to "talk" with him about adding this or that line into the report that would make the boy more of this or less of that. After managing to have the woman banned from the Department of Mysteries, her god-forsaken brother, Algernon, had started to make his life hell. Thankfully, Croaker had put a stop to it before it went too far and had the man transfered to field service for the Brain Team. Only rookies and seniors who needed to be reprimanded ever worked for other teams. Considering the man had been Croaker's possible second-in-command alongside Rookwood, his attitude and behavior had been career ending.

"Most unfortunately, yes. However, I believe that we both would like to go home and rest after this... very trying day." agreed Barty with a sigh. He just wanted to go home and relax.

"Can't disagree. So please, tell me what you have. The sooner we go through the report, the faster we can go home."

"To begin with, I strongly recommend that, no matter what anyone else says, that Professor Severus Snape keeps on training Harry Potter. I cannot stress this enough, Minister. The boy trust his Head of House implicitly and actually flourishes under his tutelage. At the beginning of the school year, Mr Potter would feel faint atleast once every day. Now a days, the boy could go an entire fortnight with feeling lightheaded. Thanks to the occlumency lessons and the training, Mr Potter has exceeded any expectations we could have hoped for."

“Traditionally, magic sensitive children don't learn how to decipher if something in a channel for magic, like a wand, or if magic is infused into the object, like a painting until later on in their lives. Furthermore, it takes years of practice and meditation before a grown man can even tell if a spell they perceive is either dark, light or simply neutral. Yet, for most of the spells cast, Mr Potter could tell its affiliation. In fact, if two people were to cast dark spells in the presence of the boy, he could tell which one was stronger, darker or where it came from, if he concentrates enough. This is a degree of control over his abilities that I would have expected from a OWL student, especially considering he was muggle-raised.”

“However, the boy has a lot of trouble differentiating between people's magic. He can tell the difference between a dark and light wizard. They apparently “taste” different. Light is sweet, Dark is salty and Neutral is bitter. Differentiating between the magicks of two different people is harder for him.” explained Barty Crouch Jr as he flipped through his notes, before passing them to the Minister.

“My word! It already is extraordinary that he can do so much. Would it be pushing him too hard if we kept on focusing on him recognising people's magick? The last thing we need is for him to have a burn-out.” asked Fudge, worried about the bad press if people were to find out about him overdoing it with the Potter boy.

“For now, yes. Magical Signature Recognition, as the proper term is, is a very difficult and advanced technique. Almost like the Patronus Charm. I compared Mr Potter's abilities with other magic sensitive wizards and witches, and from what I found, the boy would be considered a prodigy by now. Pushing him too much would be so detrimental to his physical, magical, psychological and spiritual health that Mr Potter could lose his mind if we aren't careful. This is why I insist that Severus Snape is the best teacher for the boy. The man knows when too much is too much and knows how to encourage and support his student adequately. Granted he makes mistakes, but for a first time teacher in such arts, he has done well. I have seen all of the books, the treaties and the research the man acquired to properly teach his student. He wrote to other magical sensitive magicals and is in constant contact with them to make sure that he can properly guide and help Mr Potter.” explained the Death Eater, once again pointing out his more detailed notes to the Minister.

“Well, this will piss off Augusta and Albus. The best part is that there is nothing they can do about it since the boy is now followed by one Andromeda Tonks. Lovegood, for all his eccentricities, did do the right thing and scheduled meetings with a professional and respected mindhealer that both Albus and Augusta have previously used as witness in the past. They would be laugh out the Wizengamot if they tried to discredit her.” laughed Fudge as he could almost picture their faces in his mind.

Reading the rest of the notes, Cornelius had to hand them to Crouch Jr. The man did a thorough job and even had his medical records, keeping tracks of the progress of the boy. Everything in

the report showed that the boy was thriving and growing into, perhaps, the strongest magical sensitive wizard of the century. This would look good on him during the re-election in a few years.

“I see that you have an extensive and well detailed folder about the utility of a magical sensitive in the Department of Mysteries, while practically nothing about for the DMLE. Trying to sway me, Unspeakable Crouch?” joked Fudge with ruefull smile, knowing full well the debates and arguments Croaker and Bones have been having about gaining the boy for THEIR department. Thankfully, the law prevented any department for recruiting a minor before they passed their OWLS.

Barty said nothing to this. His position was clear on the matter. The boy had the gifts and brains to be a good asset for the Department of Mysteries; his talents would be wasted chasing petty criminals and psychopaths. He would do whatever bribing and ass-kissing necessary to have the boy into his department; after all, if he was to mentor the boy, he could better recruit him into his Lord's side. It would be much easier than if the boy were to be an auror.

The two men kept on discussing the progress and the steps needed to be taken in the near future for a few more minutes. With his report done, it was time for Barty to leave. The Minister saw him out and nearly swore a storm when Dumbledore walked right into his office without being invited. Unfortunately, Crouch Jr was asked to stay a bit longer by the Headmaster to discuss the man's finding. The meeting lasted no more than five minutes with short, straight to the point answers and the Unspeakable refused to clarify anything. He didn't have time for this, his superior was waiting for him.

Fudge, knowing that he wasn't going to get rid of the man that easily, threw an abreged version of the report to the old man and told him to leave as he had to get ready for a meeting with both the Head of the Department of Mysteries and the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. Of course, Dumbledore tried to invite himself, but at this point, Cornelius was done being nice and coldly and snappishly told him that he wasn't invited and that his insistance at being present at a meeting that did not concern him was quite frankly rude, disrespectful and out of bound. Thus, Dumbledore was summerally dismmitted and left there standing in the hallway alone.

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